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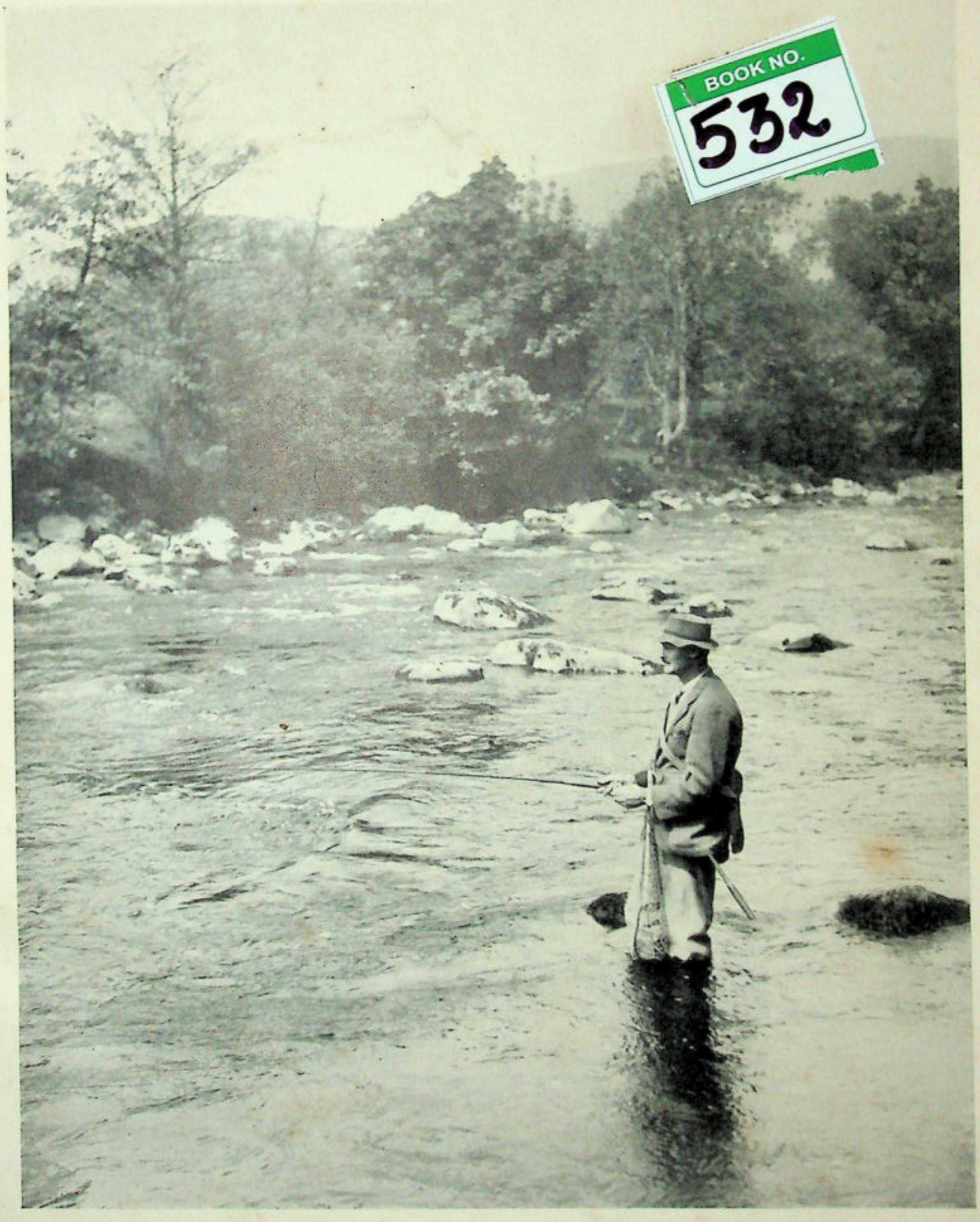

A BEAT OF THE WYE

Captain C. E. Pert trout fishing at Builth, which has been favoured both by salmon and trout this year. The gentle art is not Captain Pert's only accomplishment, as he played for the Army in India Team, representing Hurlingham, in their first match at Meadowbrook in the 1927 Westchester Cup contest

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OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP CONDITIONS

ONCE more a familiar question, raised year by year, has been asked regarding the conditions of play in the British Open Golf Championship. Some enthusiasts feel that the scores in the two qualifying rounds should be counted in the total aggregate; others contend that what is virtually a test over six rounds is too big a strain on the competitors, and that four rounds, two of them counting as qualifying, should be quite sufficient for the purposes of the tournament.

It may be worth while to give a brief outline of the history of the championship. Prior to 1892 the event was decided by play over 36 holes, which occupied just one day. Then from 1892 to 1914 the conditions were four rounds of stroke play, which necessitated two whole days for the meeting. But in that latter year two qualifying rounds were instituted for the first time, after various other schemes had been tried, in order to cope with the increasing numbers of competitors. This method was continued for ten years and then a conference between the two bodies concerned—the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the Professional Golfers' Association—was held, with the result that it was agreed to hold qualifying rounds for the 1926 Championship in various parts of the country. The country was divided into three sections for the purpose, the number qualifying from these sections being fixed at one hundred in proportion to the entries, plus those tieing for the 100th place. This scheme, however, was found to be unsatisfactory, and so in 1927 the present system came into force, namely, one qualifying round on the course over which the championship is to be decided, and the other on one adjacent thereto.

It can be seen, therefore, that after due experiment the authorities have reached a method which has given satisfaction to the competitors themselves. As the British Open Championship is recognised as the leading fixture in the world's golfing calendar, the entries increase each year, so that eliminating rounds are essential. Every player realises beforehand that they are only eliminating rounds, and should treat them as such. If a professional, or an amateur for that matter, cannot secure a place among the first hundred after two rounds of stroke play, then he should not feel that he has been treated harshly. This year the last score to qualify was 152—an average of 76 per round—and if a professional cannot better or equal that, he has little right to be competing.

Four rounds of stroke play is recognised universally as the best test of all. It produces the best golfer of the time. Whilst the strain the competitors have to undergo is by no means slight, anyone enjoying normal health should be able to emerge successfully. It has to be realised that to-day we have to cater for young athletes, players from abroad as well as those in our own country. The days of the middle-aged and older golfers are over so far as tournament play is concerned. After all a championship is held with one intention—to discover the best player of the year. And to-day in all our games athletic prowess plays a big part as well as skill, and our oversea competitors are setting the pace.

Time, in short, has supplied answers to the various questions raised, and we feel confident that little improvement is needed, unless it is by tightening up the qualification of the amateurs. After an interval of eleven years we have a British Open Golf Champion. And that champion, Henry Cotton, deserves the heartiest congratulations not only on his magnificent performance but on the preparation which made his record possible.

ENGLISH HERALDRY

FOR the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation by Richard III. the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street are holding a Commemorative Exhibition. At a time like the present when so much that is fine and traditional seems to be disappearing one can take hope from such an exhibition, which shows that an institution traditional to a degree is not out of touch with popular sentiment. A grant of arms has never in this as in some continental countries been unduly difficult to obtain, from the days when a good man with a tilting spear was given a coat in much the same way he might acquire a badge for the team for Wimbledon. And since then grants by purchase have not been refused except to manifestly unsuitable applicants. This has caused some comment abroad, but it is one of the sources of the strength and vitality of our aristocracy, many of whom have their origins in the rich merchants of the City of London, and who have never at any time been an unchanging clique. They have risen and fallen, fallen and risen for four hundred years, giving to their country much of disinterested public service and never presenting an exclusive front to the newcomer, who in a couple of generations is fully accepted. And of this aristocracy the Heralds College is the official guardian of tradition.

EARLY MANUSCRIPTS

In the present exhibition will be found much that is of interest. Some of the illuminated manuscripts alone, with their glorious colouring and laboriously prepared lettering alone would be worth many hours of study. Besides this there are a number of tabards and other heraldic badges, a draft of the grant of arms to Shakespeare's father, a pedigree of Nelson, signed with a shaky hand by him in 1797 as the result of the loss of his right arm, the beautiful Warwick or Rous Roll, the original patent of a Coat of Arms to the Drapers' Company in 1439, and the coat of arms of an attainted Knight of the Garter erased with two crosses from the records. One can almost see Henry VIII. scratching him out. The exhibition is well worth a visit, and it should do much to bring before the public the invaluable work that the college has done in preserving historical records.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Within less than a month the two great ducal families who represent the line of the great English soldiers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been robbed of their heads. Both were country gentlemen and landlords of the best type, and both held the estates granted to their ancestors by a grateful country from the Sovereign on the same tenure. The late Duke of Marlborough was a very able man, who never perhaps fulfilled the promise of those abilities which have re-occurred in every generation of Churchills. He was at times overshadowed by the great palace whose preservation was his constant care. But he had done good service to agriculture, in which he interested himself increasingly. He was a landlord much loved by his tenantry to whom his loss will be very real, and a friend who will be deeply missed in his own circle of acquaintances.

CRICKET IN ART

Sir Jeremiah Colman's loan exhibition of cricket pictures at the Tate Gallery, which lasts until September 30th, should attract the attention of all lovers of the game. Matches at Hambledon, one on a pitch that would be considered a danger to life and limb to-day; at Eton and at Harrow; in Holland; amid beautiful Kentish country at Maidstone, with the old George as a refreshing part of the composition; and on pitches with the old type of wicket (two sticks and a bail, which had to be bowled through) prevalent when curved bats were used. These and other valuable paintings and prints of the game's history, together with commemorative silk squares, make up a collection of great interest. One of the verses on a coloured engraving recording the prowess of William Baxter, of Surrey, is worth quoting to-day:

> "All parts he play'd with equal strength and skill,
> Batting or fielding, both had his good will.
> Ye cricketers, would you but act the same,
> No wrangling then would mar this noble game."

PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT

Considerable ingenuity has gone to the making of the Pageant of Parliament now being enacted at the Albert Hall. The staging is in tiers in front of the organ extending to the well-known boxing arena, and with simple scenery impressive effects are obtained by spotlights. From Magna Charta, through Tudor, Cromwellian, Carolean and Georgian periods, to the present day the outstanding incidents in English History in their relation to Parliament are each picked out in succession. A difficult feat in the production of a spectacle of magnificence under conditions peculiar to the Albert Hall has been successfully negotiated. The costumes of all periods have been designed with great skill. The pageant is a novel production excellently carried out, and is accompanied by a good orchestra, aided by the organ, and all who take part in it are to be congratulated.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a letter to a Scottish paper entitled "Bird Song at Night." "Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. Menzies Anderson, probably heard the nightjar, one of the sweetest of singers."

NEW ROSES AT CHELSEA

"Note the fragrance" is a recommendation for a new rose which will meet with approval from old rose growers, especially when scent is allied with colour and shape. There is every sign that these three ideals are now being sought. There were new roses in plenty to choose from at the National Rose Society's Chelsea Show, and the gold medal went to Phyllis Gold (H. Robinson), a pale yellow with a sweet scent. Elizabeth Lee (Chaplin Bros.) is a lovely deep red and a fine scented rose, as also is Bertha Gorst (Beckwith & Son), a fiery crimson cerise sport of Autumn with backs of the petals bronze veined; and Lal (Easlea & Sons), a perfectly shaped salmon pink, suffused yellow. Among reds which should become popular is a cross between Hortulanus Budde and Etoile de Hollande (Wheatcroft Bros.), and also Margot Asquith, a glowing cerise red. A beautiful cerise has been obtained from Mme. E. Herriot and Chas. P. Kilham and Marie Young (E. Young & Son); Mrs. Edward Laxton (Laxton Bros.) is a combination of old rose and flaming orange; Klondyke (E. B. Le Grice), a sport of Lady Forteviot, is a strong growing very deep yellow; and among striking McGredy productions are Dorothy McGredy, with petals crimson inside and yellow outside, and Edward Sloan and Comet, combining orange and red. The Poulsen family has been joined by Annette, an even bigger flower of vivid red, and two noteworthy cluster roses (from W. E. B. Archer and Daughter of Sellinge, Kent) are Hythe Cluster, a semi-double glowing pink, and Fairy Cluster, a single pink with flowers 2in. in diameter.

THE SMALLEST BIRD

There are many species of humming birds, some as large as swifts, others no larger than moths. In a small collection that arrived recently at the Zoological Gardens from Brazil was one example of a very small species, the pigmy hermit hummingbird, probably as small as any bird in existence. It was not brilliantly coloured, being of a buffish-brown hue, and its beak nearly equalled its body in length. So small was it that it was necessary to keep it in a cage apart from the others which might have injured it.

This tiny mite took a considerable amount of exercise, hovering in front of its food vessel, sucking the nectar from a flower or capturing a minute fly; and if one listened to the sound of its wings one could not distinguish any difference in the humming note from that of a bumble-bee. It appeared to be far more dependent on insect food than the other species in the collection, and, although a regular supply of fruit-flies was provided, its death after five weeks in Regent's Park was possibly due to insufficient live food. The body was carefully weighed and turned the scales at 1 gramme 400 milligrammes, which is the exact weight of a new threepenny-piece.

JULY TROUT STREAMS

Duckweed is a legacy which the drought has left on many trout streams this year. The slow, almost imperceptible flow of the water which the uncut weed beds have been designed to retain has allowed this floating nuisance to annex the surface till of open water there is nothing left save a dark band of a yard in width which meanders slowly and with many twists and turns through the widespread canopy of green. But it gives fine cover to the fisherman where otherwise the low, bright water would make approach well nigh impossible, so its presence is not all loss, though the hatch of fly seems scarce in that winding channel where alone it is of service to the angler. But the trout are surprisingly well fed. Is it that the drought's green ceiling makes escape for the nymphs more difficult and that fish have not been slow to take advantage of it?

IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

One at least of modern poets, in a summer such as this, "when skies are blue and days are bright," has declared for the kitchen garden in preference to flowers. That is Katherine Tynan in the nine delightful stanzas of *The Choice*, of which these are the last three:

> "Cherries in nets against the wall
> Where Master Thrush his madrigal
> Sings, and makes oath a churl is he
> Who grudges cherries for a fee.
>
> "Lavender, sweetbriar, orris. Here
> Shall Beauty make her pomander,
> Her sweet-balls for to lay in clothes
> That wrap her as the leaves the rose.
>
> "Take roses red and lilies white,
> A kitchen-garden's my delight;
> Its gillyflowers and phlox and cloves,
> And its tall cote of irised doves."

WHEN DOGS COME TO THE END

Safeguards Needed For Their Humane Destruction

By LIEUT.-COLONEL WAKEFIELD RAINEY, C.B.E., M.R.C.V.S.

AFTER more than a year spent in the intensive study of the question of the humane disposal of the ever-increasing numbers of superfluous dogs and cats in civilised countries the writer has been able to publish some reasonable conclusions regarding the means to be employed, but is now for the first time attempting to deal with the equally important matter of the personnel engaged in this work.

It is generally admitted that in this respect the efforts of humanitarians have broken down; but it would be wrong as well as ungracious not to remember with gratitude their efforts in the past. As in so much other humanitarian and social work there has been a transitional period in which, without these efforts, there would have been an unthinkable amount of misery and suffering. The veterinary profession alone could not have coped with the difficulty. Moreover, the veterinary practitioner of 25 years ago did not want to cope with it, with few exceptions he was, prior to 1905, primarily occupied with the larger animals. Dogs and cats in most instances were not merely a secondary consideration, they were, for vital economic reasons, a negligible consideration.

Veterinary practice has never been over-remunerated, and until dogs and cats began to be very numerous the practitioner as a rule could not afford to give time and thought to these animals. Just as we ought to respect, therefore, the efforts of those lay workers who have borne so long the burden which has at last become too heavy for them, so ought the animal defence societies to realise that not through negligence but from sheer force of circumstance has the veterinary profession had to wait until now before taking its proper share in the work.

The observations which follow are concerned with the unwanted animal or the animal belonging to people who cannot afford to pay for veterinary services, the animal, in short, that would ordinarily be taken to a free clinic, or "shelter," or "dogs' home" for ultimate disposal. What is done by the veterinary practitioner in his private practice is quite another matter, and he in any case only deals with a tiny proportion of the total destructions to-day.

As things are at present there is no sort of safeguard for the animals in their hour of death. The masses to be destroyed have long since exceeded the powers of the relatively small number of earnest, intelligent and devoted people who were formerly able to cope with the work, consequently all sorts and conditions of men and women, boys and girls, have taken a hand, many, if not most of them, entirely unfitted for their dreadful task.

If the great army of "lethalisers" could be assembled it would present a sorry spectacle from the point of view of efficiency. Old ladies, young and ignorant novices, underpaid drudges, quacks, chemists' shop boys, neurotics, and commercial exploiters: all these would greatly outnumber the well-informed, the sound in body and mind, and the experts. It is, to say the least of it, inconsistent to find that whereas some animal defence societies should so rightly have insisted upon some sort of a qualification and training for the butcher, others should demand none whatever in their own enterprise as regards the killing of dogs and cats.

The position of the practitioner at present in this work is as a rule unsatisfactory. His rôle is usually a subordinate, and, if he wishes to keep his job, a sycophantic one. He is seldom given full responsibility. He is the servant of many masters, or rather mistresses, and is not expected to have original ideas or forceful methods. In such circumstances his value is small; he inevitably becomes part of a vicious circle in which there is no place for a progressive and self-respecting scientist. In the end, if he is so humble-minded as to stay, he does more harm than good by lending the appearance of a scientific approval to a completely unscientific procedure.

I only know of one large animal protection organisation in the South of England where the veterinary surgeon is given full responsibility for the whole of the lethalising work and treated with proper consideration, and it is significant that the animal disposal work in that organisation is on a sound and scientific basis. Indeed, it is to this practitioner that I am chiefly indebted for any inspiration that may be contained in these observations. It seems clear that what had been achieved by this worker might be done by others if equal opportunities were given.

It is believed that for the effective destruction of unwanted dogs and cats the following radical changes in personnel are necessary and that they would lead to a dramatic improvement of existing conditions:

A. Large Animal Protection Organisations in cities with (1) A whole-time veterinary surgeon with modern qualifications in receipt of a salary of not less than £500 a year, to be placed in complete charge of each group of lethalising centres and to be solely responsible for the efficiency of the work, with power to appoint or to dismiss subordinate personnel. (2) One ex-soldier of the R.A.V.C. or other equally trained and disciplined man to be in charge (under the veterinary officer) of each centre, for, by virtue of their training ex-soldiers of the R.A.V.C. are obviously the most likely people to become efficient at this work.

B. Small Animal Protection Organisations with a local veterinary practitioner to be given a definite and adequate salary and placed in full charge and made solely responsible as in (A), the only difference being that he is a part-time official. Whenever financially possible an ex-soldier of the R.A.V.C. to be employed in full charge of the executive work in the absence of the veterinary officer.

It may be objected that the scheme would be far too costly. Efficiency in organisation, however, leads to economies, and increased subscriptions would result from better work. There is, moreover, a large amount of money being expended by animal protection societies at the present time which could be applied to this greater need. One organisation known to the writer spends some thousands a year in buying horses for destruction. The sufferings of a dog are as important as those of a horse and a thousand dogs could be protected for the money spent on five horses. Excellent as this work for horses may be, regard should also be had to what is without doubt the most urgent need of the moment in animal protection work in England.

The use of electricity instead of chloroform and morphine for lethalising purposes would save a great amount of money. In London business-like arrangements could be made for the economic disposal of the bodies of dogs and cats in a way which might result in considerable savings.

JUST A SMALL SECTION OF THE CROWD WHICH FOLLOWED COTTON TO THE CLUBHOUSE AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

HENRY COTTON THE RECORD BREAKER

The Man Who Has Killed the American "Bogey" in Professional Golf and His Methods

By E. R. TIPPLE

AFTER eleven long years in America the British Open Championship trophy remains at home once more and at last it has been demonstrated that our championship is not held for the especial benefit of the Americans! The anxiously-awaited British triumph was thoroughly complete, and for once the "stars" from over the Atlantic occupied subsidiary positions. Indeed, from the very first qualifying round a British golfer set the pace and a hot one.

Last week at Sandwich one young man held the attention of everyone. It was a case of Henry Cotton all the time. The performances of the other competitors were eclipsed, they paled into insignificance in comparison to his. I know of no one who deserved to shatter the American "bogey" more than Cotton. It must not be imagined that his victory was just a glorious fluke. It was not even incidental; on the contrary, it was the direct result of years of hard work. And, because of my personal association with Cotton, I know to what extent he slaved, the sacrifices he made, and the manner in which he practised.

At the age of 27, Cotton has attained his life's ambition despite many set-backs, disappointments and hard criticisms. Now that he has won the title I see no reason why he should not win it again and again; for, after all, the first time is the hardest. Did it not take Bobby Jones nearly eight years to win a major event? Then, when he did break through, the others could not stop him winning.

Cotton took part in the first Boy's Championship in 1921, when he was fourteen years of age. He became a professional in 1924, being assistant at Fulwell, Rye and Cannes. In those early days he was so determined to improve his play that most of his spare time was spent in practising. One man who used to play with him at Rye told me that he was always amazed at Cotton's enthusiasm, because even after two rounds he would go out and practice. He became professional to the Langley Park Club, Kent, before he was 20, and it was whilst attached to this club that he first tasted the fruits of victory. Day after day have I seen him out on that course attempting to master the game. The hours he must have spent on the greens, on the tees, and indeed on every part of the eighteen holes! His whole life was for golf and to him golf was life, for he thought of little else.

COTTON DRIVING FROM THE 4TH, A MAGNIFICENT FOLLOW THROUGH IN WHICH THE STRAIGHT LEFT SIDE SHOULD BE NOTED

Cotton was fortunate in having Charles Whitcombe (seen on left) as a partner for the last two rounds. Whitcombe did all in his power to encourage the winner and in fact placed his interests before his own

Many of the members could not understand why he practised so seriously and so often. They believed that his game was excellent and needed little improvement; but Cotton knew otherwise. He was always out to do better. Nothing satisfied him. His aim was, and is, perfection. He was big enough to try experiment after experiment in the hope that he might find that which he was seeking. Even to-day Cotton is extremely painstaking, and tries all manner of clubs so that he can satisfy himself as to their merits, never having left anything to chance. Therefore it is not astonishing that he has risen to the very top flight in the golf world.

But like the majority of first-class players, Cotton has had to fight against "nerves." Once he used to be impetuous; after a bad stroke the offending club used to be hurled away. Then he became more balanced, concentrating so much during a game that he did not converse with his partner or opponent. That attitude has disappeared also, and to-day, whilst still full of concentration, Cotton chats with the man playing with him and acknowledges friends in the crowds following him. Again, like many others before his time, Cotton has had to overcome ill-health. All his constant serious practising, his solitary application to one object, the regular competitions, placed a strain on his system, a strain that it could not stand. However, from the beginning of this year, he has been an entirely different person. He gives credit to an expert dietitian for his present good health, and to the golfer the question of physical fitness is of paramount importance.

In the past Cotton has received a great deal of adverse criticism, much of which was quite unjustified. Few of his critics really knew him or understood his ways and his keen desires. I do not suggest that he has never made mistakes, I

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know he has, but I do know that he has never behaved badly intentionally.

He was criticised for not taking part in the International match before the Championship, but as he believed that such a game might interfere with his chances in the primary event, he practised instead. And he was right. It is quite the wrong time to hold an international game immediately before the most important competition in the calendar, and the authorities should alter the date and give the professionals the benefit of a day's extra practice in place of a day of serious golf. Moreover, the match then would receive the proper support.

Cotton has shown all young sportsmen what can be done if the individual really works. His victory, I hope, will restore confidence in British golf and in British golfers. That wretched inferiority complex should be forgotten for ever. He has given the lead, others should follow in his footsteps. They should remember that even the best players can still learn something.

Records are not usually of any consequence these days, yet I doubt whether Cotton's achievement will be bettered or even equalled for years to come. When he broke the course record by doing 66 in the first of the two qualifying rounds, many experts felt that he had begun too soon with the "fireworks." Not a bit of it; that score was only the barest taste of what was to follow. A great deal has been written already concerning his first two rounds, and nothing need be added; the stock of superlatives has proved quite inadequate for the occasion. It is sufficient to repeat that his score of 132 for 36 holes sets up a new world's record for championship golf over a championship course. It is seven strokes lower than the previous best returned in the whole history of our event. And his 65 is the lowest single round score ever to be returned in the championship.

At the end of the second day the situation was almost too funny to be true. The championship was "open" no longer. All that mattered was the amount of the winning margin. Yet the comedy turned into a real drama—almost a tragedy—and the uncertainty of the game was proved. Four rounds of stroke-play always has been, and always will be, a terrific test for any golfer, and the third stage usually is deemed the most dangerous. Few players have been able to play consistently over four rounds, and Cotton himself must have remembered the time in the past when he had blown his chances sky-high.

His 72 was a wonderful score in the high wind, and it showed that the "machine" was not in danger of breaking down. But the afternoon saw the change, and the crowd were in as much pain as was Cotton himself. Nothing is worse than to see your lead gradually being reduced stroke by stroke. The fours became fives and even two sixes went down on the card. Then, when it appeared as if he had slipped beyond recovery, the tide turned. A putt that went in for a four at the thirteenth restored him to his high estate, and after that it was a question of whether he would beat Sarazen's record total or not. It is history now that he could only equal it, but that is one record for him to break next year. Cotton showed that he is a worthy champion by his play during the crisis, at a time when his ardent supporters were in agony.

He has been dubbed an artificial player, in that his swing is not natural. But is there a natural swinger of a club? I doubt it, because the whole action of the golf swing is not natural; it has to be acquired. Cotton's style is wonderfully steady. He keeps on swinging in the same way shot after shot, and this should be the aim of all players. His iron play is above reproach, and this year he has improved his putting beyond all knowledge by completely changing his methods. Now he stands with his feet wide apart, ball opposite the left, knees bent and head over the ball with the arms pointing outwards. He keeps his wrists stiff, not allowing them to "break" in the normal manner.

Whilst this method may not look attractive, it does produce results, and that is what matters. Particularly was I glad to see him hitting the ball up to the hole. He attacked the whole time, yet when occasion demanded, he deliberately played short, showing that he knows the value of tactics. No wonder Sarazen remarked that the Americans who did not come over this year were "wise guys." If they had come they would have learned a great deal.

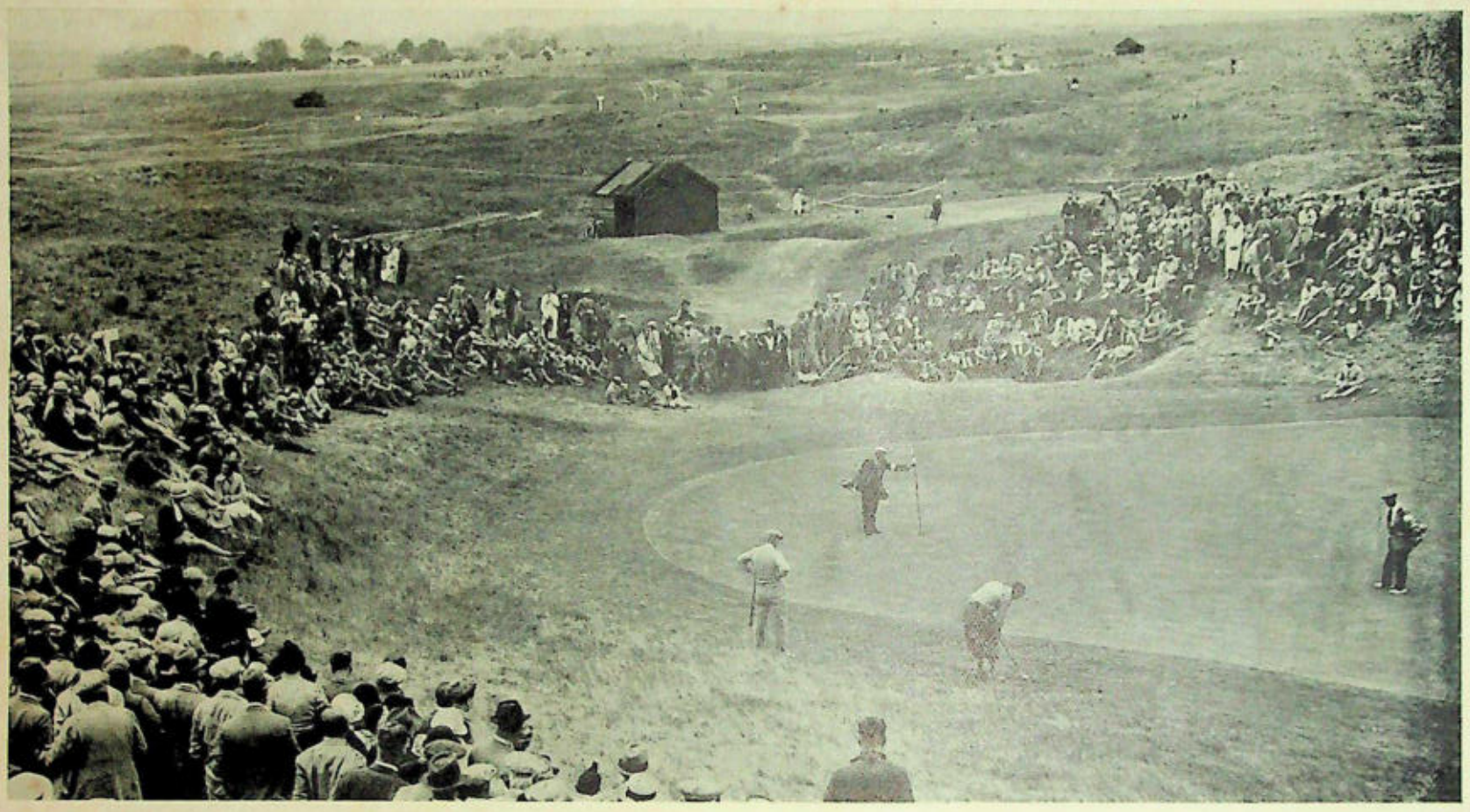
As I forecast, S. F. Brews, the six-times winner of the South African title, finished well up the list—in second place. His aggregate of 288 would have won the championship 99 times out of 100; he was unlucky to strike the odd occasion. Brews deserves the greatest possible credit for his display. Indeed, since he has been in this country he has been consistently successful. Those who subscribed to the fund which enabled him to make the long journey must feel extremely satisfied.

For a golfer to go round Royal St. George's links in a high north-easter in 70 and 71 is proof of his quality. Brews picked up ten strokes on Cotton over the final two rounds, which was a magnificent feat. Yet at least four holes were not reachable in two strokes—a fact that delighted golf course architects.

Padgham who, throughout this year has been producing remarkable golf, would have finished higher than third if he could have putted with his usual skill. All the same, he helped to make the British victory more complete. First three places to three British players!

Marcel Dallemagne, the young French player, enhanced his reputation, and Macdonald Smith and Kirkwood showed that they are by no means past forces. But for the second year in succession, A. J. Lacey failed to qualify, failed to finish among the first 100 after two rounds. Cotton has given him an object lesson which he would be advised to digest. Havers, Duncan and Compston also failed to pass the eliminating contest, and it would almost appear as if they have had their day as far as competitive golf is concerned. Much was expected of James Wallace the finalist in this year's Amateur Championship, but his professional début was not successful. There is a wide margin between amateur and professional golf, as he must have discovered.

Whilst Densmore Shute was being blown off his feet—I pointed out beforehand that a wind would upset his game—Jack M'Lean was obtaining three after three. He got seven in the first nine holes to turn in 31 strokes, and scored a 69 for his third round—the only player to "break" 70 on the last day. He finished in his right position as leading amateur.



COTTON PLAYING A CHIP SHOT ON TO THE 6TH GREEN IN THE LAST ROUND OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Here the excited crowd caused Cotton embarrassment by shouting that he was playing C. H. Whitcombe's ball. Cotton retorted, "Leave me alone, let me play the shot!"

Once again the difficulty of dealing with a crowd was revealed. One of the greatest additions to the strain which the last round imposes on a leading competitor is the wild rush of the crowd, the clicking of cameras and the whirring of cinematographs, and audible comment on the play. Cotton was even embarrassed by some excited spectators shouting out that he was about to play the wrong ball at the sixth hole during the last round. He was obviously very much disturbed, and replying, "Leave me alone and let me play the shot," began his preparation all over again. This unfortunate incident cost him a very valuable stroke.

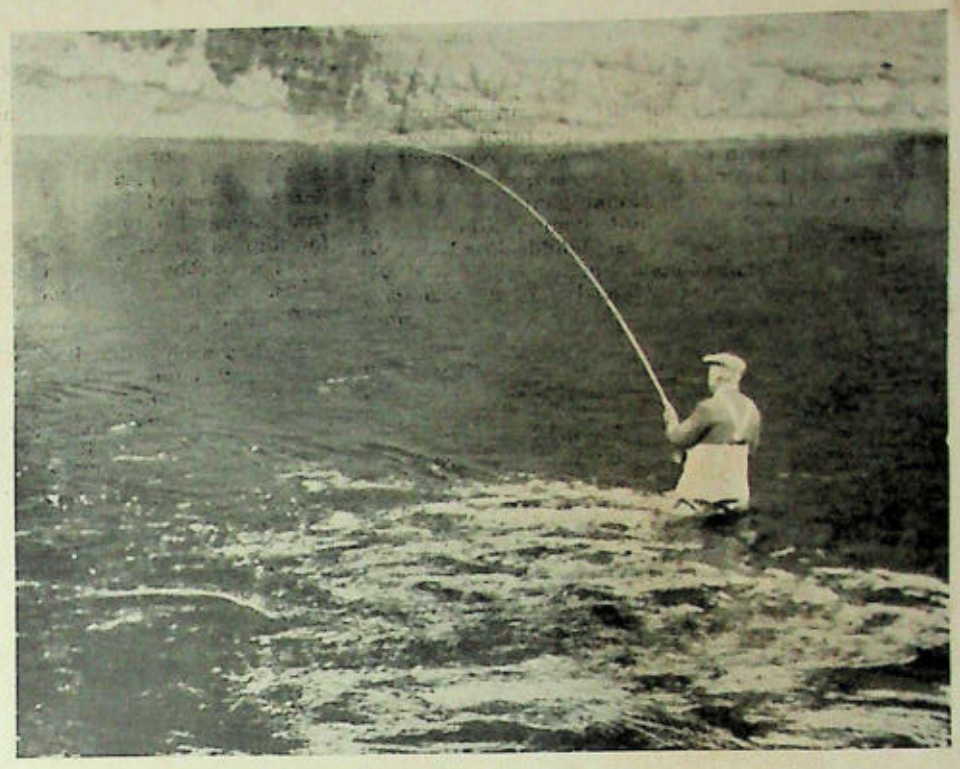
The stewards, instead of checking the exuberance of the crowd and remaining back to keep spectators in control after the ball is struck, surge forward with them. It is even the case that prominent golfers serve as stewards with the object of being well placed in the gallery. On the final day Whitcombe's ball landed near my feet short of the thirteenth green. To my amazement a steward came forward, picked it up and put it in his pocket; when I told him that it was a competitor's ball, he looked surprised and said: "But it can't be; their shots haven't been signalled yet." However, I was able to convince him, and he replaced the ball.

One method of checking the crowd was adopted with success in the Ryder Cup match at Southport and Ainsdale. It consisted in having stationary stewards posted at vantage points over the various holes. They were all in position to hold up a rush of spectators.

PROFIT AND LOSS IN SALMON FISHING

Lessons Learned from Escaped Fish

By WEST COUNTRY



"IT IS THE LIGHTLY HELD SALMON WHICH RUNS FASTEST"

IT is less pleasant to write about losing salmon than to recount stories of those which were safely landed. Yet one is apt to remember fish which escaped when others, bigger and better maybe, that came to bank without undue incident are forgotten. Moreover, a salmon which gets away often teaches a lesson that might not have been learned, at any rate until a later date, if it had been secured.

Some fish depart leaving one lamenting, but none the wiser. The biggest I have ever hooked was like that: it simply came unstuck after eight minutes of uneventful play, during which time I had the impression of being hitched to a tram-car, so deliberate and irresistible were its movements, so unlike the antics of the lively ten-pounders which usually fall to my lot.

Another salmon I shall always remember, although it was nothing out of the ordinary size, taught me two very useful lessons before we parted company. I have told the story before, but the moral is so valuable that maybe it will bear repetition for the benefit of a new generation of salmon anglers.

It was hooked while fishing for sea trout in a very nightmare of a pool. At the head lay a great tree with underwater branches reaching out octopus-like tentacles to clutch my gear. At the tail overhanging bushes dipped into the water, offering a hooked fish quick release there also. I had in fact a space perhaps seven yards long by five wide in which to conduct the battle.

ONE WHICH DID NOT ESCAPE; A NICE FISH FROM THE WYE

Yet for awhile all went well; held lightly on the fine tackle the fish did nothing desperate; thrice it came almost within reach of the gaff, but each time saw me and sheered off. At last it was I who cracked, for in those days I had not killed many fish, and it was on a river where a salmon was not a weekly or even a monthly event.

The strain became unendurable, every moment I felt sure the next run would take the prize I coveted so badly into the branches or bushes, and so next time it came near I jumped in and tried to gaff. The inevitable happened. By moving forward I relaxed the tension, the salmon sank deeper in the water, and the gaff, instead of going home, just grazed its back and frightened it thoroughly. Like a torpedo it bolted down stream, tied the cast up in the bushes and escaped.

Five minutes more patience and I should in all probability have killed that salmon. Yet on the whole I think I gained by the loss because it taught me lessons I have ever remembered. First, never try to gaff a fish deep under water; second, never try for one which is really out of reach. The professional gillie may achieve both feats on occasion; but then he has only the single job, and when one is playing the salmon at the same time it is foolish in the extreme to try either unless the circumstances are exceptional.

Hooking a salmon is sometimes a very devastating business to those people who only on rare occasions connect with anything so large. They seem to become temporarily paralysed with excitement and hang on like grim death, and refuse to let the line run, with the result that something breaks.

A more elusive form of losing fish came under my notice a few years ago. The sufferer was a lady whom I had taught to fish, and who had killed a salmon or two. But she was always coming to me with tales of woe—that a fish had come unstuck or, in some cases, got away by breaking or bending out the hook. As her triangles were identical with those I was using I could not understand these mishaps.

It so happened that for a long while I was never at hand when she got into a salmon, but at last she hooked one going down the pool just in front of me, and I reeled up and went to watch the fun. Then the cause of her losses was quickly discovered. Like many beginners, she hated giving line, and kept her hand on the reel so that every time the handle turned it went bang against her fingers.

She seemed quite oblivious of the pain, but the result was that the tackle was stressed by a series of violent jerks, quite sufficient to tear out any but the most secure hold, and in the case of a heavy or violent fish to break or bend out a hook, particularly as in her excitement she let the rod be pulled down to an angle of about 30 degrees with the water, in which position the fairly powerful 10ft. spinning rod was exerting a tremendous strain. Admonition to keep the point up, the hand away from the reel, and not to be afraid of letting a fish run, completely cured her trouble.

I wonder how many of the salmon one feels and has on for a few seconds in reality did not come at fly or bait at all, but were foul-hooked? Personally, I think it is a much higher percentage than most anglers believe. A fish hooked in the back or in the dorsal fin does nothing very exciting as a rule. But hook one near the lateral line and see what happens.

The lateral line is the nerve centre through which fish are enabled to steer (probably automatically) and avoid rocks in a river, which doubtless accounts for the gymnastics of the runs when a hook penetrates by accident anywhere in this vicinity. In this connection I once had a very extraordinary experience. Trying one pool with a small Devon armed with one triangle, I got into three salmon one after the other and lost the lot. All three behaved in exactly the same way. The moment I felt something and tightened, each shot straight into the air with a wild leap, and then raced off like a scalded cat, to come unstuck in a few seconds. I am quite convinced that all three were foul-hooked near the lateral line, and the odds against this sort of thing must be simply incalculable.

What are the most fruitful causes of lost salmon? One, I should say, was too stiff a rod. I lost a lot one year because a new rod I had just bought erred in this way. It is easier than many people imagine to pull the hook out of a fish when it is in soft flesh. Spinning rods are more likely to sin in this respect than those built for fly fishing. Another is hooks, especially triangles, which are too small and only take a shallow hold, and hooks which are blunt and never get a proper hold at all. A third is holding a fish too hard. This naturally depends on the kind of rod being used, and whether it is properly "mated" with the rest of the gear. The old adage that more salmon are lost by being too easy on them than by being too severe is only a half-truth, and consequently dangerous. It might well be replaced by the slogan, "The longer a fish is in the water the more likely it is to escape." Bullying a fish with heavy gear is dangerous. It is the lightly-held salmon which runs fastest, and, especially if it is encouraged to run upstream, gives in soonest.

A last and most fruitful source of trouble is letting a fish get below one and just lie in the stream, held there without exertion on its part by the strain from rod and line. This is a most common mistake which may be seen season after season on every river. The salmon is tiring itself not at all, but there is the constant pull on the hold, and, as was remarked just now, the longer a fish is in the water the more likely it is to escape.

There are places, of course, where it is not possible to get below a fish once it has gone downstream, but in the majority of cases some manœuvring will bring the angler to the downstream side of his salmon where he can get a pull in much the same direction as the flow of the stream. Thus the fish has to stand the double strain of the force of the current and the pull exerted by the rod, and gets no chance of the rest and consequent recuperation which hanging on the angler's line gives it.

"One Crowded Hour"

DECIDING A DEAD-HEAT

The Closest Race I Ever Rowed

By T. A. BROCKLEBANK

THE difficulty of being able definitely to say "the best . . . ever" is probably greater in rowing than in any other sport. An individual oarsman is only one part of a machine—supposing that the crew is a good one—and what mere piece of a machine is to say which of its performances is better than others? In rowing, I have only nebulous ideas as to whether any given race was won because of or in spite of the rowing of my crew, or indeed whether success did not depend purely on the errors of the enemy.

Yet one particular race will always stand out for me as containing most of the qualities which enable an oarsman to enjoy his rowing enough to delight Mr. Steve Fairbairn's heart. The race was the final of the Light Fours at Cambridge, in the October term of 1929. For some years, Third had regarded the Fours as their speciality, for it was usually rather difficult for so small a club to have an eight of any standard in the May races. But in 1929, of those who had rowed in previous winning Third fours, only a stroke was with us, in the shape of the writer. There were, however, three of a winning Third Trinity Visitors' four, and most important of all, Mr. Peter Haig-Thomas again came up and coached us.

At that time, Jesus were always Third's chief rivals in the Fours, and by luck we found ourselves on opposite sides of the draw and met in the final. They also were a young four; in fact, it has often been Jesus's misfortune in this race that whenever they had a really good four Third had one just better, and conversely whenever Third were rather poor Jesus were even worse. Thus Third's record of nine consecutive wins after the war did not entirely represent the true facts.

The race promised to be interesting. Neither Third nor Jesus had shown any real pace in practice, and both were young. Third were extremely variable, our pace depending from day to day on whether stroke could be induced to keep his button up and hold his finish out. If he didn't (which was approximately every other day) the crew dissolved into its component elements, each doing his little bit of work at a different time, but scarcely ever all together.

Owing to the deficiencies of the Cam as a river, crews race there 100yds. apart, with two starting posts and two winning posts. We drew the front station, and looked forward to the satisfaction of seeing Jesus toil further and further behind. But the race did not work out like that at all.

We made a shocking start. It was clearly going to be one of the Third stroke's poorer days. By First Post Corner Jesus were 3sec. to the good, and at the half-way mark they had increased their lead to 6sec.

In the Long Reach we settled down to a great struggle; all of us in the Third four were by now more or less convinced that we were beaten, for Jesus have always had a tremendous reputation for their pace over the last part of the course, while Third—well, they used to consider us hot-house flowers at best! Yet, to our immense surprise, we began to hold them!

By the Railway Bridge they had actually gone back a little, and working the stroke up to very nearly 40—no easy task in a four with 12ft. 3in. oars at the end of eight minutes' rowing—we gradually went up on them.

In the last minute I was far too tired to see how we compared with Jesus, even if I had wanted to; I could only be conscious of Peter Haig-Thomas's hypnotic explosions down his megaphone, surely the greatest asset a crew could have. "You're still down, boys; you've got to race, boys, you've got to go!"—how many races have been won by that voice alone?

Anyway, the voice on this occasion just managed to stave off defeat. The two guns went off together, amid an unbelievable chaos of shouting and excitement. Had Third been beaten at last? Both crews were almost too tired to care.

Minutes went by, both crews resting on their oars and drifting downstream. We could not understand why the umpire should take so long to decide if it was a dead heat; or if not, who had won. It transpired that some seconds before the guns had gone off the umpire's horse had put both hind legs in the river and deposited its passenger over its stern into the water, no doubt on the perfectly correct supposition that the umpire was more at home with the river than with horses. At the actual moment of all the shooting he was almost totally submerged and not unnaturally took some time in coming to a reasoned decision on the result of the race.

When the verdict at length came to us that it had been a dead-heat, there was great conferring as to what should be done to decide the race. As captain of Third, I gave it as Third's wish that the whole race from start to finish should be rowed again immediately. How this surprising idea was born is already rather obscured by time, but it was almost certainly connected consciously or subconsciously, with a dinner engagement that evening with our Tutor in Trinity, which we were most emphatically not going to give up in order to remain in training over the week-end!

Jesus most chivalrously agreed to row again at once, although, as we afterwards discovered, their No. 2 was a sick man. We all disembarked for a short rest, a rather gloomy and dispiriting business, which was enlivened only by the comedy of both crews trying, separately and unsuccessfully, to induce an innkeeper to sell them a little brandy out of hours "to give them courage to start again."

It was well within an hour of the dead-heat that we came to the starting-post again. We all felt extremely pulled-out and wished heartily that we had been one second better or worse in the first race. It is no small undertaking to row twice over a ten-minute course within an hour, at a racing stroke. The Cambridge four's course takes more out of a crew than the Henley course, being longer and having three bad corners; while to row on, the water of the Cam is as treacle to champagne compared with that of the Thames. We came up to the start with heavy hearts and began the race again

This time, Third made a really good start, plumb together and with a good long finish. Slides, bodies and arms combined in a very fair approach to the way in which a four should be rowed. Perhaps it was because stroke's arms were too tired to be able to tear out the finish, but certainly it was better rowing than this Third four had yet done.

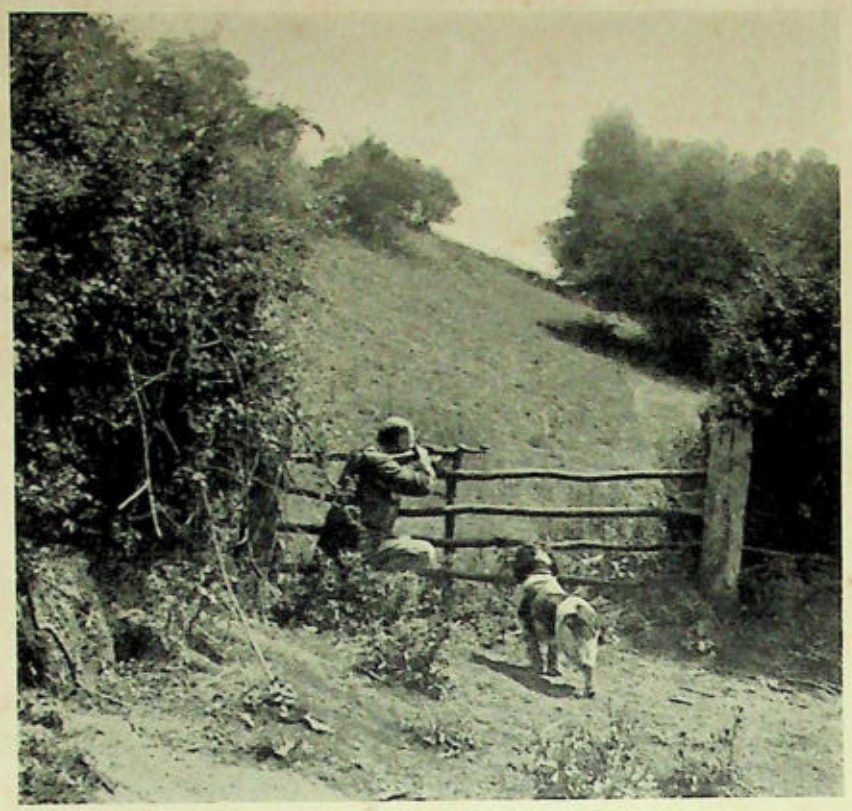
THE THIRD TRINITY LIGHT FOUR 1929: T. A. BROCKLEBANK, R. A. DAVIS-COOKE, H. R. N. RICKETT, W. A. PRIDEAU

By the Red Grind we were some three seconds to the good; Jesus were evidently rowing to orders and saving themselves for some dreadful shock tactics later on. Contrary to all expectations, we not only held on to our lead in the Long Reach, but actually increased it, swinging out in the head wind and squeezing her away at the finish as we had not been able to do before.

At the Railway Bridge, with two minutes to go Jesus launched their surprise attack. They made a little ground, but by this time they could not make enough. Third, a very tired four, managed to reach the post a bare three seconds ahead.

It was a memorable race, of which not the least satisfactory part was the friendly spirit in which it was undertaken, great rivals though the two clubs had been for years. The extreme exhaustion entailed was to some extent offset by the more humorous incidents, which added something of the flavour of an old-fashioned Irish Point-to-Point. From the rowing point of view, we were left with that satisfactory feeling that the crew had done its utmost and had raced in the re-row better than anyone would have thought possible during practice. And I imagine that all eight participants were effectively cured of wishing ever again to row a dead-heat.

(*Next week: "The Best Innings I Ever Played," by Lord Tennyson.*)



A SHOT FROM AN EASY REST

SUMMER EVENINGS WITH A RIFLE

Stalking the Humble Rabbit

By the HON. JAMES BEST, O.B.E.

RABBIT stalking sounds poor sport to the experienced shot. It reminds us of our youth when we were taken out to shoot our first rabbit with a crude shot-gun, an elder brother's merriment at our zeal, and a bruised shoulder the next day. Yet I have seen Bisley shots sadly discomfited, and known even experienced shikaris admit that there is more in the stalking of the humble rabbit than they had thought.

There can be few better training grounds for the sportsman aspiring to bigger beasts; a knowledge of the sound of a bullet hitting meat is worth a lot; and even young soldiers can learn much from this game of hide-and-seek.

It may be said that it is as dangerous to use a rifle in overcrowded England as it is in the plains of India. That may be true of many parts, but there are places in hilly country where a rifle can be used in perfect safety. Nor is it any more cruel than shooting with a shot gun. Even with a light .22, so long as hollow-nosed bullets are used and the sportsman has the use of a well-trained dog, there should not be more rabbits escaping wounded than is the case with a shot gun.

As successful stalking entails much crawling (which is good for the figure), old clothes should be worn, which many of us prefer. Memories of Pachmarhi pebbles and a knowledge of English thistles rule out shorts so far as I am concerned.

I use a B.S.A. .22 with telescopic sights. There is a lens behind the back sight and another over the foresight centred by a ring. When the rabbit is focused in the middle of the ring a steady pressure of the trigger generally brings about its downfall. Occasional testing of the sights on a target ensures the correct adjustment of the range for anything up to 60yds. I have known them to be killed at longer ranges, but I do not care for long shots; they mean delay in the adjustment of sights and risk of wounding a rabbit. A final word on sights. Care must be taken that the lenses are clean, or it will be found on taking a shot towards the light that nothing but a misty blur will be visible.

A prejudice against telescopic sights should be easily overcome when it is realised that their use may mean the difference between killing a rabbit outright and losing one wounded. I have found that the greatest difficulty my visitors experience is in picking up the rabbit in the limited field of the telescopic sights. Practice eliminates this handicap, which does not occur with ordinary sights. A game bag, a dog, and a child complete the equipment. Both dog and child should be steady.

There are many places where after a short crawl it is possible to look over the edge of a steep incline and to take a steady shot from the prone position at a rabbit up to 60yds. away. Frequently one can have two or three shots in quick succession—not necessarily at the same rabbit. Here the good dog proves his value, waiting for the word to retrieve, and saving his master a weary climb down the hill and up again. The child carries the rabbits in the game bag—and the fleas. Other stalks mean more crawling, which is better medicine than ever came out of a doctor's bottle. A low hedge makes an excellent position for a stalk, and where other covert is not available a hurdle or two placed in suitable positions is a help.

Wind and light are two important factors. Up-wind stalking is, of course, the most likely to be successful, but shooting towards the light is not easy, more particularly through telescopic sights.

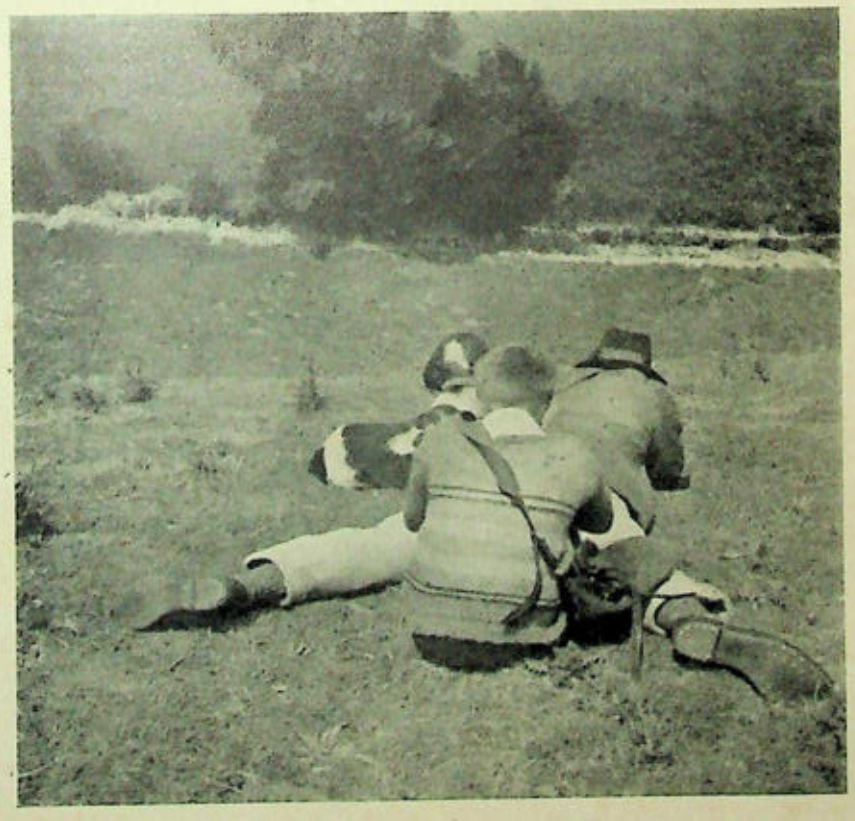
I would not dare to lecture seasoned readers of the *Field* on the art of stalking. But a few hints for the benefit of young beginners may be useful.

A rabbit is a very suspicious animal which dislikes being shot at. Its ordinary means of giving the alarm is to thump the ground with its foot. For which reason any sudden jarring of the ground by the stalker should be avoided. Rubber-solded shoes are an obvious necessity. Normally, the first part of a man to appear over a brow is his hat, then comes his white face; both are conspicuous objects likely to catch a rabbit's eyes. The hat can be discarded and the face hidden so far as possible. The rabbit does not like it. Again, novices should remember that white collars are conspicuous; moreover, however careful a stalker may be to keep the front part of his body flat, the sight of the raised seat of an old pair of trousers gives no comfort to a rabbit. The quick movement of white hands is a warning of danger.

It is not always possible to take a shot from the prone or the kneeling position, but one can bring off successful shots from the standing position, more particularly if the marksman exercises his muscles as taught in the school of musketry.

It is easier to shoot, and the sportsman is less conspicuous, at a left-hand bend than on a turn to the right.

Where rabbits are very plentiful it is possible to spend a couple of hours profitably in the afternoon concealed in dead ground or a hide. They soon come out again after being disturbed, more particularly if they are hungry after a wet night. It should be remembered, however, that it is cruel to shoot at a rabbit with a light rifle when it is sitting over the mouth of its hole. Whatever shot is taken it is essential to remember that there must be a solid bank behind the target and in front of any possible danger to human life.



BOTH DOG AND CHILD SHOULD BE STEADY

SCENT AND MEMORY

Looking Back from London

THE gulf that separates the post-war from the pre-war world is a wide one. In many places it is unbridgeable, but here and there it can be crossed in the twinkling of an eye. We hear some familiar sound, or we sniff some pleasant—or unpleasant—smell, and straightway we are out of London and back again in happy pre-war surroundings.

Again a whiff of hot damp steam blown back from a railway engine beside a suburban platform, takes one straight to a bare wind-swept platform in the West of Cornwall. Heavy rain is falling, splashing into the puddles beneath the station lamps, while outside in the station yard we hear the quiet thudding from the exhausts of the waiting cars. We see it all, in the mind's eye, the piles of luggage, the shiny oilskins of the porters, the cheery greeting from the station-master, and later as we swing in through the lodge gates, under the dripping beeches, we smell (in imagination) that typically English smell of dying leaves and rich rain-sodden earth.

A heap of burning leaves in St. James' Square, a whiff of their soft blue smoke, and we are in Ireland. There is a big untidy oak-wood holding a few wild pheasants and a fair show of woodcock. The shooting has been none too good, but as we round the last corner of the wood, beside the keeper's cottage, a woodcock passes across the ride with slow and owl-like flight. It is an easy shot, with nothing remarkable about it, but it has been retained in the back of the memory for many years.

Coming in from posting a letter late at night we pass a bicyclist beside the pavement fiddling about with his lamp. There is a strong smell of acetylene, and once again we are in the West Country, but this time on Dartmoor. Snow is on the ground and we have been snipe shooting. Six and a half couple are in the bag, and we are unutterably tired after tramping all day from bog to bog over the frozen hills. We light our bicycle lamps, kick the snow from our boots and start off, wobbling perilously on the long ride home.

Waiting for a bus at Hyde Park Corner there comes a lull in the rush and roar of the traffic. Suddenly we hear, high overhead, the chattering "talk" of flighting wild duck, and clear against a fleecy sky we see three duck, making down from the Serpentine towards St. James' Park. In a flash London is forgotten. We are kneeling in six inches of water in a flooded seaside bog, with an old spaniel beside us, quivering with suppressed excitement. Gradually the light fails, and nothing comes our way, and then at last when it is too dark to shoot we hear the ducks coming in from the sea. "MUGDRUM."

FORTUNE AND THE TEST MATCH

How the Weather Influences the Game

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IT is Test matches and nothing but Test matches this summer. I confess I am getting tired of discussing them, but the public will hear of little else about cricket. I particularly regret that the University match will clash with the struggle at Manchester. Could not this unfortunate collision between two important engagements have been avoided? The University match is a national institution, part of the summertime's lovely pageant, like Henley and Ascot. In future, let the Tests be kept in their proper and grim places.

The games at Lord's and Trent Bridge proved that England and Australia are so evenly matched that neither side is in a position to offer the slightest hostage to fortune. In other words, the balance of ability is so delicate that a gentle wind from fortune is likely to settle the issue. Neither England nor Australia hold a technical advantage that could be trusted to overcome a piece of bad luck. Obviously the task of picking the England eleven in this rubber is more than usually onerous. A single mistake might well prove disastrous.

At Lords, we were saved by rain from the consequences of a stupid gamble with fast bowling. A week or two ago, I protested in these notes against the parrot cry to the effect that the Australians are weak against fast bowling. Weak against Larwood and his leg-trap maybe; but you must first catch your Larwood! Old Trafford can easily prove a fast bowlers "graveyard." McDonald once told me that the wicket at Old Trafford was the least helpful in the world to pace pure and simple; the turf is invariably on the slow side. One fast bowler will be ample at Old Trafford.

The Old Trafford match will, of course, be in its second day before these lines are read. Little use, then, any speculations here about the constitution of the England team. But I cannot resist expressing the hope that Wyatt is given as much spin bowling as can be got into the eleven without disturbing the general poise of the batting. A thousand pities is it that F. R. Brown and R. W. V. Robins have both temporarily lost form. Given a good wicket at Old Trafford, few of us will expect to see Australia put out for less than 350 in an innings, unless a leg-break bowler is at Wyatt's service—and where, indeed, is there a fine leg-break bowler in all the land at the present time, save Mitchell of Derbyshire and Richard Tyldesley, who this year is doing famous deeds in the Lancashire league?

In unsettled weather, England must always go into the field favourites, because of Verity. It was Verity who won the match at Lord's on a wicket which helped his spin. The Australian batting at Lord's on the fatal Monday has been severely criticised. No doubt it lacked the "sticky wicket" technique. But is English batsmanship at the present day much better than Australian against the turning ball on a spoiled pitch? On the day that Australia collapsed at Lord's, English wickets all over the country were collapsing likewise. There are not half-a-dozen English cricketers who can play Verity skilfully, in conditions that lend him a pennyworth of aid.

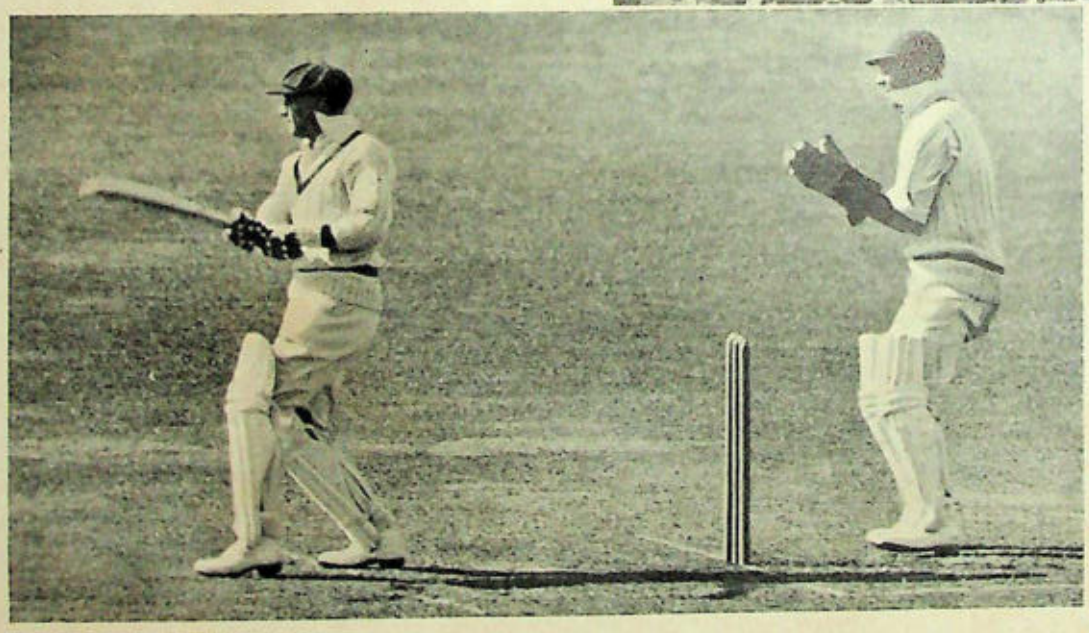
Verity, and not Australian incompetence, achieved the victory at Lord's. But if Verity performed the "happy dispatch," it was Leyland and Ames who built the executioner's stout block. A failure by Ames in England's first innings would have been irretrievable. For, mark the state of affairs, as they were when Ames came in to bat: England were 184 for five wickets, with the "tail" now almost exposed to fire. If Ames had not stayed with Leyland, England would have been all out on the Friday evening. Australia would have enjoyed a whole day's batting on a beautiful wicket on the Saturday, and it would have been England's lot to tackle Grimmett and O'Reilly on the dubious wicket of the Monday.

Ames is splendid, worth his weight in gold to the England eleven. And he is a vastly improved wicket-keeper this season. I am aware that in the past I have often thought that Ames as England's stumper was a blasphemous thought; but he is, at the moment, safe and efficient, both at catching and at whipping off the bails. He does his work so quietly that it is easy to miss the excellence of it. When he takes a catch from a fast ball, he is always in position before the snick is "on" him; he is quick on his feet—being a batsman—so that at the moment of contact between gloves and ball his body is "behind" the catch; seldom, if ever, do you see Ames "snatching" or leaping sideways. Ames goes to work modestly; he has not yet received his due recognition from the crowds; but the cricketers know him and admire him.

Australia's chances in the rubber have been complicated by the remarkable metamorphosis of Bradman. This player, who in 1930 was a remorseless adding machine, is to-day the most capricious of all batsmen, a will-o'-the-wisp of the cricket field. Given the Bradman of 1930, Woodfull would be able to strengthen his bowling. He could set the Bradman mechanism for 200, and safely leave it at that, and turn to a consideration of his attack. With 200 runs more or less in hand before a match began, there would be no great risk in putting Ebeling into the side in place of, say, Darling. And Ebeling's power as a reserve for Grimmett would prove valuable.

Bradman is, I believe, a better player technically to-day than he was in 1930. His view of the game has changed, or is in the transitory stage. When he has modulated perfectly from the old chilly objectivity to a really mature subjectivity, then, I am certain, we shall see one of the greatest batsmen of all time—a great scorer and a great artist. He has not been blessed with good luck so far this summer. He was dismissed rather fortuitously in both innings at Trent Bridge. But there is no denying that many of his strokes have verged upon the bizarre! Frankly, I am prepared to see a colossal score by Bradman at Manchester; by the inscrutable workings of the law of average, his turn must surely be on the way. Well, if England can win at Old Trafford, I am all in favour of a wonderful innings by Bradman; in form or out of form, he is one of cricket's crown jewels.

TEST MATCH FEVER IN ENGLAND
The crowd seen swarming across the ground at the end of the last Test match at Lord's



TEST MATCH PERSONALITIES
Bradman hitting out, and Ames, a vastly improved wicket-keeper behind the stumps

TWO GREAT VICTORIES

Some Test Match Reminiscences

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

I BELIEVE and hope that this is going to be a notable year in the annals of British sport. We have had two glorious victories in one week. The first an amazing one over the Australians at Lord's, and the second, a break, at long last, in the succession of depressing defeats inflicted upon us by the Americans in the Open Golf Championship. No less than twelve victories stand to the credit of America in the last thirteen years.

When Henry Cotton handed me the cup to look at on Friday last at dinner, he told me that for the first two holes of his final round after lunch, he had the greatest difficulty in preventing the re-appearance of that self same lunch, every time he struck the ball. To those who appreciate the immense mental and physical strain of six rounds of medal play in a competition of such importance as the Open Championship, this will not seem the least bit surprising. And that being so, the manner in which he pulled himself together and played the last six holes was really about the finest thing he did in the whole competition, and that is saying a good deal. Just one point more that seems to have

escaped notice. Cotton's first four rounds at St. George's were 66, 67, 65, 72—270, which means 18 under fours! That is a record that will probably stand for all time.

As to the victory at Lord's it was so unexpected and so amazing that its full import was difficult to grasp until the following day. If anyone had suggested on Saturday evening, or even on the Monday morning, that England would be victorious by an innings, they would have been regarded as almost insane. But then no one did suggest it. And yet it actually happened. No less than eighteen Australian wickets fell for 210 runs in one single day! Verity bowled continuously from 11.15 to 5.50 and only sent down three bad balls during that period. Wilfred Rhodes at Melbourne in 1904 took, like Verity, seven Australian wickets in the first innings, and eight in the second, or fifteen wickets for 124 runs. Verity's fifteen cost 104 runs. Rhodes said to me: "Ai, lad, bowled vara nicely," which in Yorkshire, means that he bowled d—— well.

When I got to Lord's at 10.30 and saw that the brown parched cracks in the ground were black and soft, I sought out Mr. White, the head groundsman, and asked him what had happened: "Well," he said, "we had heavy rain from 5.15 to 6.30 this morning." "Any hope, White?" I said, "Yes," he said, "I think so." I was spared the anxiety of wondering if we should make Australia follow on, as I thought it was necessary for a side to be 200 runs in front in a four days' match before they could compel their opponents to follow on, as is the rule in Australia.

Poking the ground as I did on my arrival on the Tuesday morning, reminded me of the interesting story A. E. Stoddart told me relative to the greatest cricket match ever played. It happened at Sydney in December, 1894. Australia batted first and made 586, Sidney Gregory making 201, and George Giffen 161. England then made 325, and following on, scored 437, and Australia, who were left with only 177 to win, had made 70 odd for one wicket on the drawing of stumps on the fifth day. The match, bar accidents, was therefore all over. But an accident, in the shape of the heaviest rain storm that has ever descended on the town of Sydney (or is it a city?) did actually occur.

Blackham, the famous wicket-keeper, rose at 2.30 a.m. and went round and awakened Giffen, or rather spoke to him, for only one living person in Sydney slept through that rain storm, and of him anon. "We shall lose this match," said Blackham. Giffen, who knew what a glue-pot the Sydney wicket could become after heavy rain, assented. On the Thursday morning at about 11 a.m. Stoddart was standing by the pitch, when Bobby Peel came up, looking like nothing on earth.

Suddenly Peel went down on his hands and knees, and poking his thumb into the ground, said: "It's been raining, Mr. Stoddart." He was the only living creature in Sydney who was unaware of this fact. Stoddart looked at him and said significantly: "Yes, it has, and don't forget to take advantage of it," and then walked away. Nor did Peel forget. He took, I think, five wickets for 37 runs that morning, his full analysis being six for 67, and England won the greatest cricket match that ever was played, by 10 runs! Stoddart told me that when they were celebrating the victory in the Pavilion after the match was over, Peel, not as yet fully recovered, sat by himself, and took no part in the general rejoicing.

ROUND THE WICKETS

The Varsity Elevens

WHAT sort of cricket shall we see in this year's 'Varsity match, which is due to begin at Lord's on Monday? It is, of course, almost useless to predict anything about this match, which is as likely as not to refute current form. Oxford last year appeared to have considerably the stronger batting; yet in the end of a rain-ruined match Oxford had to struggle hard to avoid defeat against a Cambridge score of no more than 209. If all the portents worked out correctly this year's match should be drawn, for both teams appear to be stronger in batting than in bowling and have shown themselves capable of long scores but without any very pronounced capacity to score quickly. But that, again, is subject to qualification, for there are on both sides batsmen with the ability to score quickly if only they will play a natural game. Unfortunately, the 'Varsity match suffers from the tense atmosphere of too serious conflict which now surrounds all big match play, inevitably creating a tendency to safety-first tactics. It is not only bad weather that has caused five of the last ten matches between Oxford and Cambridge to be drawn—which is a large proportion of fourteen matches drawn since the Universities first met in 1827. It is perhaps interesting to recall that there was once a period of 43 years (1845 to 1887) without a single drawn match.

Oxford supporters may take it as an expression of confidence that the Oxford captain, F. G. H. Chalk, announced his team far in advance of Cambridge. He had last year's opening pair of batsmen still available—D. F. Walker and D. C. H. Townsend—though they have played very little together this season owing to the absence of Townsend from several matches. Batsmen were needed to take the places of Hone and Melville at 3 and 4, and F. C. de Saram and N. S. Mitchell-Innes were not long in making their Blues secure. As a Freshman from Sedbergh, where he last season had an average of 109, Mitchell-Innes has shown exceptional gifts as a batsman. His innings of 171 last week against Surrey, including a six and 21 fours, was worth going a long way to see. J. W. Seamer also took his chance, when it came, with both hands and virtually played himself into the side with fine innings of 146 and 194. I have seen the bowling look very good and also very ordinary. Singleton and Tindall are both fastish without being really fast. Barlow is medium, and though he has not, I think, been as successful as he was last season, he can give a great deal of life to the ball from the pitch and is as likely as not to come off at Lord's. Dyson, the slow left-hander, began the season unusually well, but, of course, has been much handicapped by hard wickets.

The Cambridge captain, J. H. Human, had to find another partner for A. W. Allen to open the innings, and has apparently decided on G. W. Parker, the Rugby Blue, who has proved himself this season an excellent all-rounder. Allen himself has been fulfilling the great promise he showed last season, and Human, Winlaw and Davies have also improved considerably as batsmen—particularly Human. H. T. Bartlett, the hard-hitting left-hander Freshman from Dulwich, might easily demoralise any bowling if he strikes his best form. It is a pleasure to see A. G. Pelham get his Blue at last as a bowler. Four years ago, when his medium-pace bowling was one of the outstanding features of the Eton team, and he took eleven Harrow wickets for 44 (seven for 21 in the first innings), Pelham looked a strong candidate for a Blue at Cambridge, but never somehow found his proper form at Fenner's. He was not played in the early matches this season, but has since been the most successful of the University bowlers. Jahangir Khan has not done as well this season as last, but Grimshaw has shown distinct possibilities as a slow left-hander.

In one respect at least the 'Varsity match should live well up to tradition. The fielding of both sides has usually been a joy to watch.

That the Australians are as big an attraction as ever to spectators was well demonstrated at the Oval last Saturday. There was a huge crowd round the ground after lunch—a typical Oval crowd, with one or two raucous elements who did their best to make the Australians feel at home with an occasional "Never get 'em out!" and "Get a bowler!" when Brooks and Gover were putting up a gallant last-wicket stand for Surrey. There was no question of "never get 'em out!" during the rest of the Surrey innings. The wicket was, perhaps, not all that a batsman could wish; Grimmett seemed to be able to do almost what he liked with the ball, and McCabe could make it come back from the off with vicious bite. But the Surrey batting could not have been more worried-looking if the wicket had been at its worst. The way in which Brooks and Gover treated the attack in putting on 62 for the last wicket was really amusing. They made it look a simple business to reach out and smother Grimmett's break or lay back and hit him to leg, and now and again they took proper advantage of the absence of a man over Grimmett's head, jumping in and hitting him high to the pavilion rails. Gover did his level best to run out Brooks, who was limping, and flatly refused to tempt Providence, and they brought about a double change of bowling before Brooks was caught at the wicket.

In view of the invitation to Gover to be present at Lord's as a possible selection for the last Test match, there was naturally much speculation as to how he would fare when the Australians went in to bat at the Oval. He appeared to be trying to bowl too fast, and consequently lacked accuracy; and much as one must admire the tremendous effort and spirit which he puts into his bowling, it is difficult to see how he can get the best out of himself while his action is so laboured, and he makes so little use of body leverage. The Australians made comparatively light of all the Surrey bowling, though M. J. C. Allom bowled very well, and P. G. H. Fender got a big round of applause all to himself for one splendid over, in which he had Ponsford completely tucked up and beguiled him into giving an easy catch to short leg, which was promptly put on the floor by Gover, usually one of the safest fieldsmen. Just the luck of the game!

F. I. W.

THE STORY OF LORD'S

How the Ground Was Established and Maintained

CRICKET at Lord's! Honour to Thomas Lord, the founder, by whose enterprise and sagacity this most famous and favoured of cricket grounds was established. Born in Yorkshire of Catholic parents, Thomas Lord is supposed to have sprung from a Scottish family, to which some support is given by the fact that his father was "out in '45." When Bonnie Prince Charlie landed in the Highlands, William Lord, owner of broad acres, raised a troop of 500 horse at his own expense, to share defeat on bleak Culloden Moor.

His possessions were forfeit, he and his family driven forth from their home, and to get bread for their mouths he toiled as a hind on the estate he had formerly owned. So that the register at Thirsk reads: "Thomas, son of William Lord, Labourer, born November 23, 1755; baptised December 29, 1755." Thomas as a young man came to London to better his fortunes, and he is first heard of at the London Cricket Club, which then played on the old Artillery ground at Finsbury. The London Club, founded about 1700, with the Prince of Wales as president and supported by many noblemen, was the acorn from which sprang the mighty oak of the M.C.C. Its code of laws dated 1744 is the oldest extant.

In 1780 the London Club migrated to White Conduit Fields, an open expanse of turf near the present King's Cross Station, becoming known as White Conduit Club, of which Lord was an attendant, a kind of retainer of the Earl of Winchilsea, that great patron of the game, bowling to his lordship and his friends in practice and making himself generally useful. Soon the growth of London interfered with the privacy of the players. The earl and his friends decided that patrons of the game should provide and support a private ground. Well acquainted with the remarkable business capacity of Lord, by their association with him in the conduct of the White Conduit Club, they enlisted his aid.

He rented from the agent of the Portman family a parcel of land in Marylebone, now the site of Dorset Square, but then a grassy expanse. Toiling assiduously at the ground, he got it into order and the first match on the first ground to be called Lord's, "Middlesex v. Essex, for 200 guineas," was played on May 31st, 1787. The next year the White Conduit Club became the Marylebone Cricket Club, ever since the leading club in the world and the supreme arbiter of the laws and conventions of cricket.

After twenty years the growth of London again compelled a move, owing to the increased value of the land, and Lord transferred his ground to the top of Lisson Grove, where the St. John's Wood Cricket Club had been established for two years. For some reason the M.C.C. did not prosper in this environment, and then in 1813 Parliament authorised the cutting of the Regent's Canal right through the middle of the ground. Again Lord looked for and found a new site, in the then rural district of St. John's Wood, at each migration taking up and relaying the original turf. On May 9th, 1814, the present Lord's was opened. It was enclosed in a high fence, and had a pavilion and a tavern. Soon arbours for refreshment and stabling for members' horses were provided, with an ample staff of groundsmen. Lord's quickly became popular as a national institution.

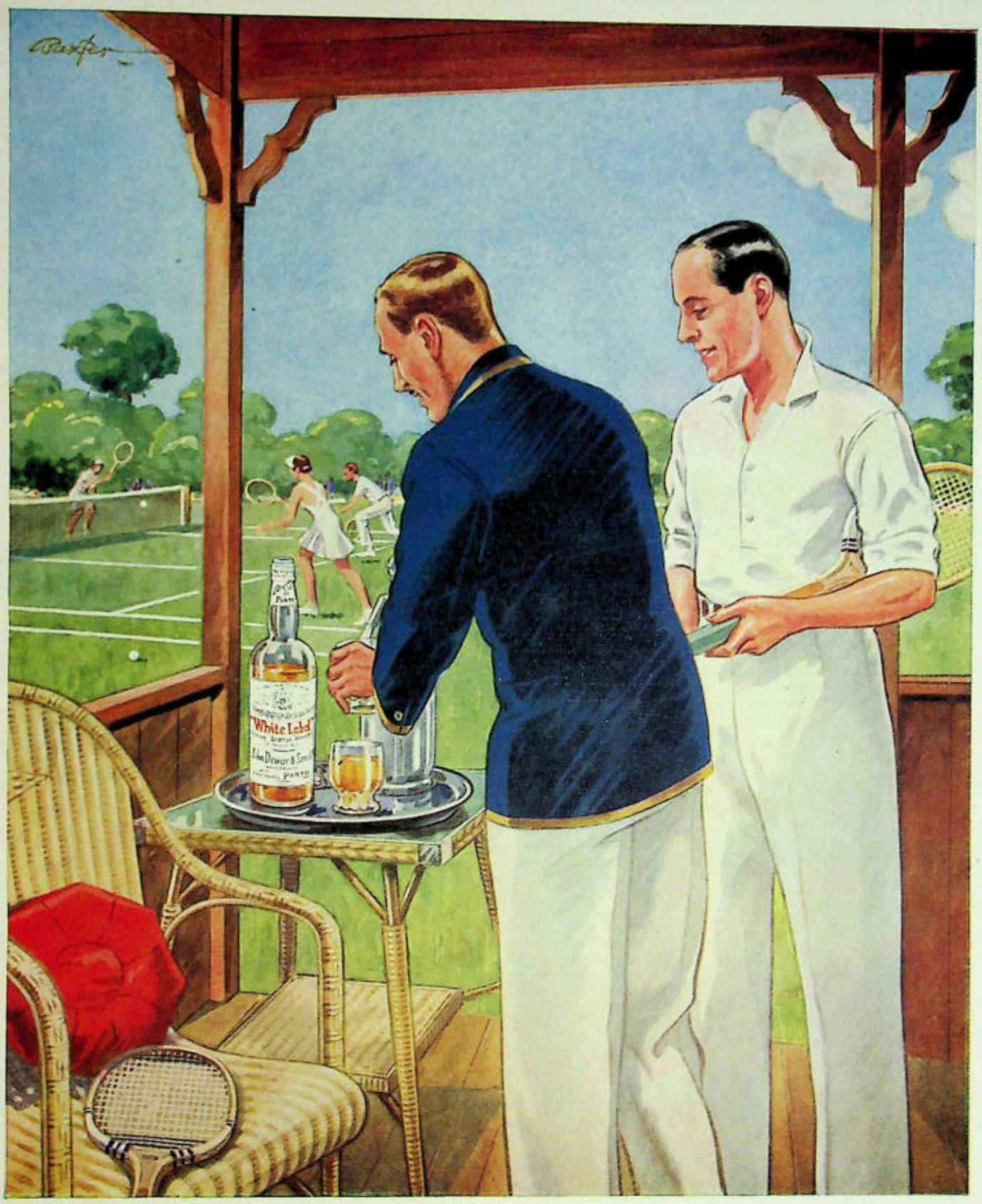
Among the precious cricket mementoes preserved in the present pavilion is a poster of 1818 giving particulars of "A Grand Match in Lord's New Cricket Ground between Two Cricket Elevens of All England." Among the players named is William Ward, whose record of 278 for an individual score at Lord's was not surpassed for a hundred years.

Ward was a banker and M.P. for the City, and it was he who saved Lord's from extinction in 1825, the disastrous year when the pavilion was burnt down and the priceless early records of the game perished. Lord grew dubious of the ground's future prosperity and contemplated building seven pairs of houses on the circumference, when Ward stepped in and purchased his entire interest for £5,000.

Five years after he sold his interest, Lord left London for good. He had combined his catering for cricket with the business of a wine-merchant, for many years supplying the wine for the royal table, at that period running to no small account. He was a man of handsome presence and irresistible bonhomie, a dignified and distinguished figure, a friend of the King and of many men of rank and eminence. There is an excellent portrait by Morland.

ANTHONY CLYNE.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET



"That was a rattling good "double" Smith"
"Yes — and this is going to be a better one!"

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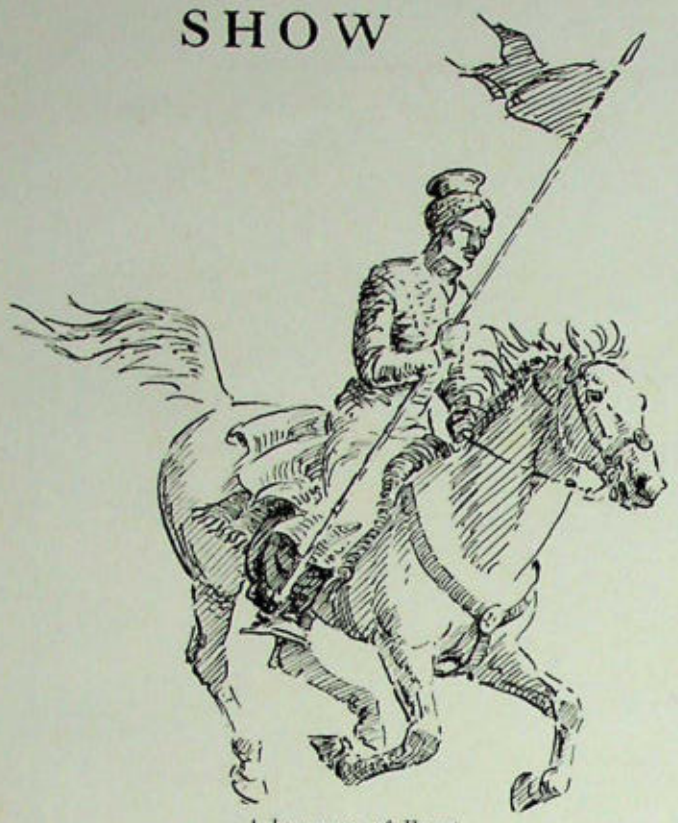


A horseman of Egypt

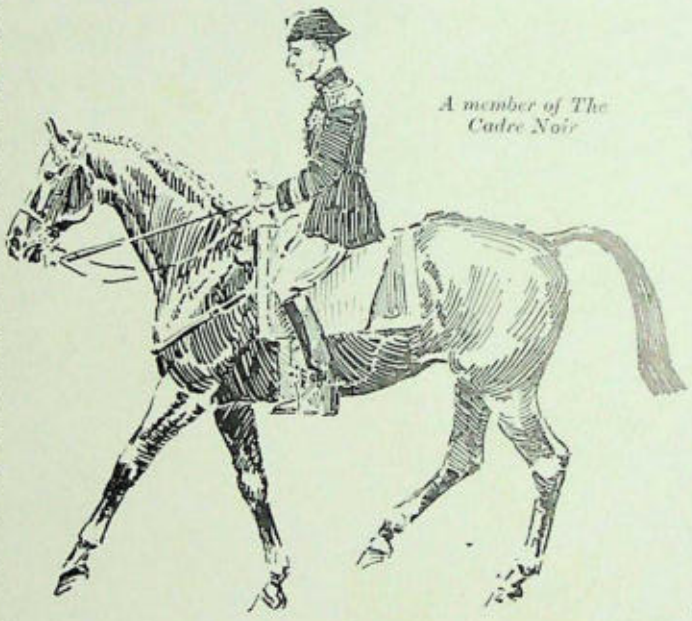
SUCCESS is a word which generally requires to be employed with certain qualifications, but I do not think that any are necessary so far as the 22nd International Horse Show was concerned. From the beginning to the end the whole show was a pleasing and, more important still, paying institution and is likely to be permanent. The classes for hunter and hack, coach and jumper still found a place in the programme, but the judging was speeded up all along the line, while the many and varied displays—many of which it is gratifying to note were suggested in the columns of the *Field*—amused and instructed the general public, and perhaps gave those who were born in a mechanical age some idea of the manifold uses that the horse may be put to. Is this perhaps the reason why the average attendances were up over 80 per cent. on previous exhibitions?

Upon two occasions at least the "house full" boards were put up, and not for very many years have I seen so many long queues of people lined up outside the box offices after the performance. But they knew that there was plenty to attract at the Horse Show this year. Many of us would have travelled long miles to see the wonderful display by the Cadre Noir, which one leading judge of hacks told me was the most impressive show he had ever seen. I know it taught him much, and I am more than ever convinced that school riding is the foundation stone of successful horsemanship.

And it was good to see the children of the Meynell hunting an imaginary fox with a boy—he could sound a horn very much better than many professional huntsmen I have heard—made up to represent the renowned Hugo Meynell, who did so much to change the science and system of foxhunting. Every attraction carried with it a weight of appeal from the first strident note of the coach horn to Colonel Fred Lindsay's last pistol shot-like crack.

The jumping classes, too, are ever one of Olympia's focal points, and possibly this year the jumping was better than ever, or at least it seemed that there were much closer competitions, a fact due to the eliminating rounds which Mr. R. G. Heaton instituted before each performance and which effectually dispensed with much of the weary boredom which we have known at past shows. The High Jump went to France with Commandant Laissardiere (he is almost an institution at the Horse Show) and his black horse Trevoux, and the Irish Army Challenge Cup to Ireland with Lieutenant J. J. Lewis's Tranmore Bay. It was good to see the George V. Gold Cup won once more by Mr. J. A. Talbot Ponsonby on Best Girl, while the Show Jumping Association's Cup went to the North with Mr. Ernest Bradley's Goblindale, which put up a remarkably smooth performance.

But the most interesting thing for me during the whole show was the children in the saddle, and my impression of the classes as a whole was that the coming generation will ride very much better than ever their parents did. But then tuition is vastly different from the days when one was flung on to a broad withered pony, *sans* mouth and *sans* manners. There was plenty of competition too, especially in the Belvoir Cup, which was divided into two sections, one for girls, the other for boys.

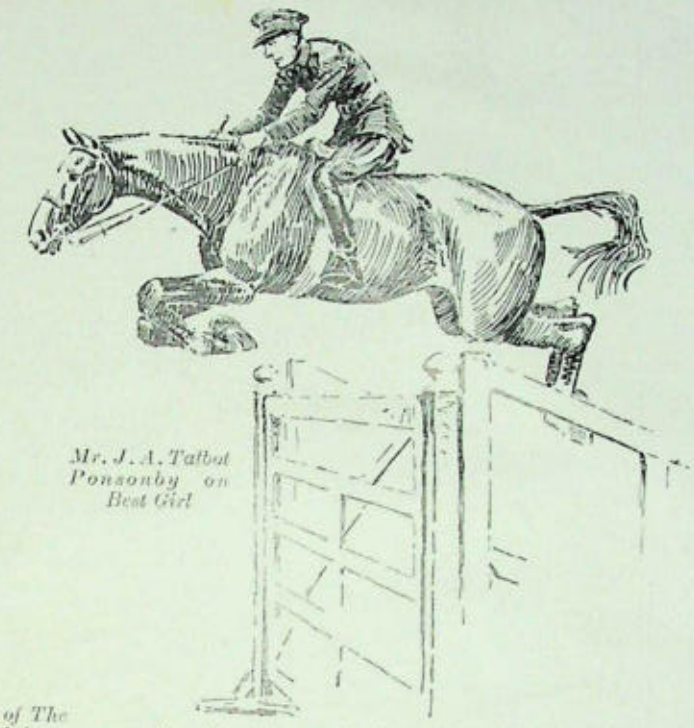


A member of The Cadre Noir

The former must have been a close thing, for there was not a great deal to choose between Miss Monica Dunne's Gold Flake and Miss June Lees-Smith's Flash, though the first named seemed to want a little in the shape of manners. Perhaps she was upset in the ring, but one cannot apply the same remark to Master Tony Stubbing's Primula, which won the boys' section with his handy grey which moves in the right style. The ponies throughout were of a level character, well bred and well made. Surely that is a tribute to the work of the breeding societies.

And one can apply the same remark to the hunter classes, which were quite above the average. For the second time Middleton II took the Schweppe Challenge Cup. Mrs. Stanley Barratt's brown was well ridden by Mrs. Massey, and he used his limbs in the right way. Then we saw a very promising novice hunter in Moonlight Chase, owned by Lieut.-Colonel M. Beckwith-Smith, who commands the 1st Battn. of the Welsh Guards, beat Middleham, and further, run third to such a distinguished horse as John Peel III for the championship. A well-balanced chesnut, with wonderful liberty of action, Moonlight Chase is by that redoubtable hunter sire Red Prince, and is one of the few show hunters which go well to hounds. Perhaps another year he may run John Peel III close for the championship, but at Olympia this year the brown heavy-weight had matters all his own way.

He had indeed just about the busiest week in his life, I should imagine, for not only did he, in the hands of Mr. Sam Marsh, win the championship at the International Horse Show, but also the Nork Champion Cup, and in addition was sold on the fourth day of the show to Lady Helen McCalmont for a price which ran well over four figures! But then such a free-moving horse, one which conveys a general sense of perfect balance and hunting conformation, is easily worth such a sum. If one wanted, perhaps, to be captious, one might say that he could possess rather a longer length of rein, but taking him all round he is a better stamp of horse for carrying a heavy man to hounds than Handley Cross, the last Horse Show Champion, was. And he is certainly many pounds above the chesnut Sherry, who was reserve to him, for the latter, although possessing a good framework, is inclined to be a lazy mover.



Mr. J. A. Talbot Ponsonby on Best Girl

Among the hacks there were several surprises, for we saw Lord Slane winning again in his tenth year, and Radiant going like the good horse he is in the pair of hacks event with his stable companion Ruby. Somewhat unexpectedly, Radiant was only placed reserve in the Champion Cup, given by Mr. J. V. Rank, that coveted trophy going to Mrs. E. M. Heseltine's grey mare Quaker Girl, which was ridden by Mrs. Kent, and put up a useful show. It should not, however, be forgotten that the grey mare was receiving two years from the bay son of Regent, a fact which may have influenced the judge's decision, especially as the winner is made on taller lines.

A Cotswold jumper goes through the hoop

I must mention that Mr. Claud Goddard scored a notable double with the coaches, for he not only won the Lonsdale Cup outright with his Tallyho! road team of chesnuts, which possess just the right amount of bone and substance, but also the Coaching Marathon with the same team. Further, his well-balanced Park team of blacks were placed at the head of the private drags in the same competition, and I do not think I have ever sat behind such a fast team in my life. They were well handled in the Marathon by Major-General Geoffrey White, and I had the pleasure of acting as referee on this well-appointed drag.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

A Meynell "Buck" of 100 years ago

Sketches specially drawn by Maurice Tulloch

EVENTS ON LAND AND SEA

Navy Week, the Horse Show and Yachting on the Clyde

THE LAUNCH OF THE GOLDEN HIND

This half-size model of Drake's famous flagship will play a prominent part in Plymouth's Navy Week celebrations which take place during the first week of August. The vessel has been built on an old 32ft. sailing pinnace by the Mechanical Training Establishment of the Royal Navy at Plymouth, and a mass of historical data has been examined to secure accuracy in all details of the construction. The Hon. Lady Fullerton, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Fullerton, is seen naming the Golden Hind in the lower picture. After the ceremony her naval crew in Elizabethan dress went aboard

WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHALLENGE CUP

The winning French team at the International Horse Show. From left to right: Lieutenant Bizard, Commandant de Laissardiere and Lieutenant de Maupeou

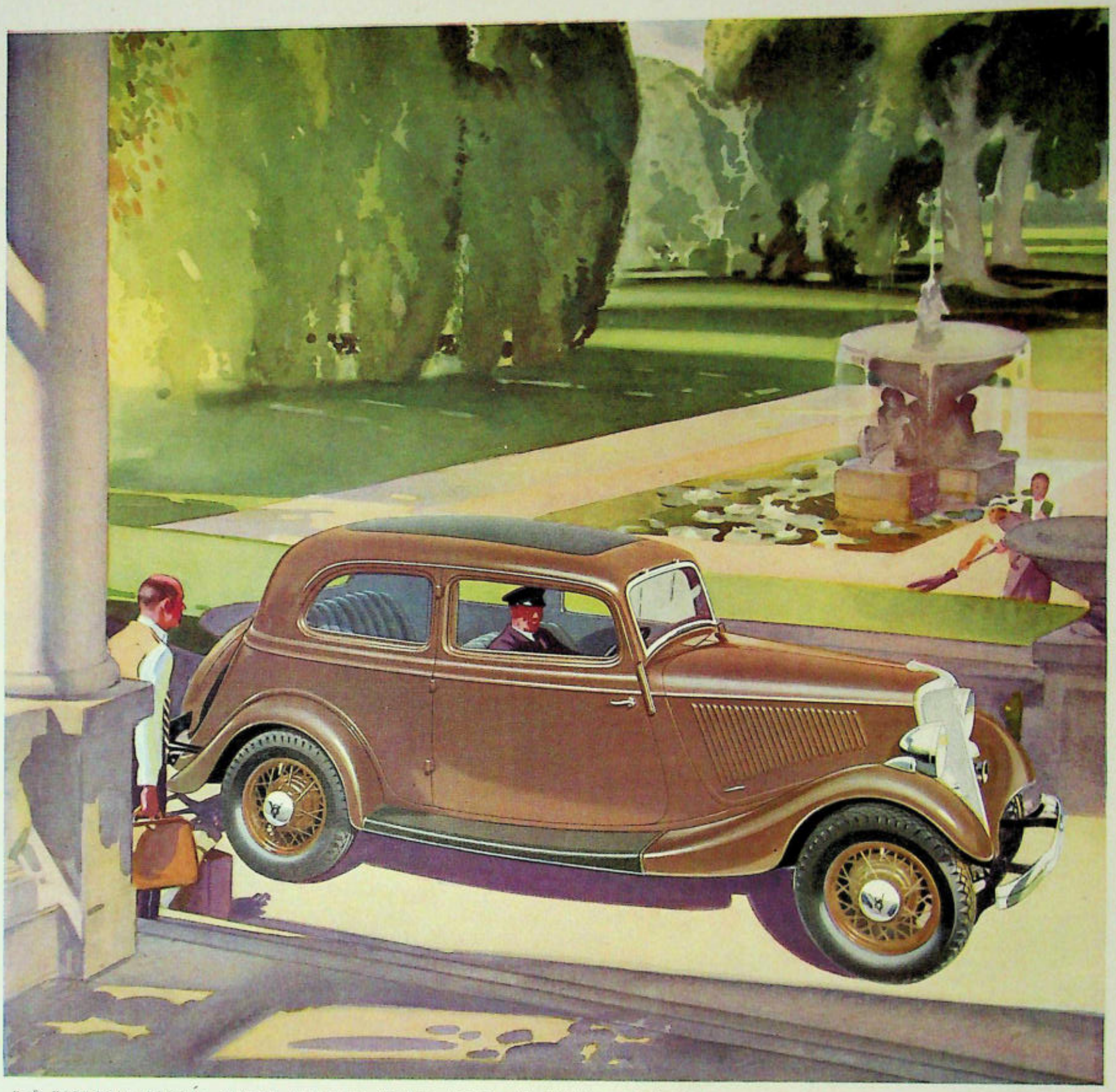
W. A. Rouch

CAPTAIN A. F. TOD ON BLUE DUN

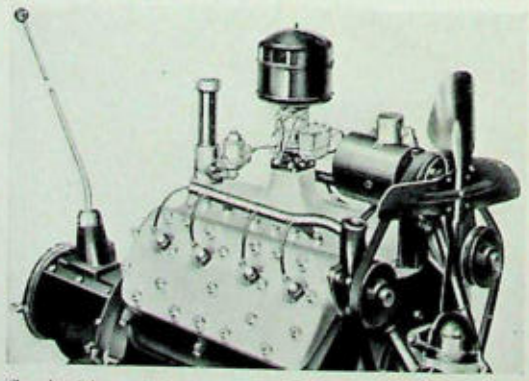
The winner of the Connaught Gold Trophy for Jumping in a class for British officers only

POSSIBLES FOR THE SEAWANHAKA AND BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP RACES?

From left to right are four of this year's Clyde six metres: Melita, Volga, Kyla and Saskia II. Melita has won more races than any other six metre this season



V-8 VICTORIA COUPÉ, NEWLY REDUCED PRICE, £230, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM



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IN THE LAND OF THE GIANT SABLE

Africa's Rarest Antelope

By MAJOR HERBERT NOYES

THE country of the giant sable antelope—and its only habitat—lies remote and somewhat difficult of access far in the hinterland of Angola; but the building of the Benguela Railway has brought it appreciably nearer to civilisation.

Four hundred miles inland, on the Central Plateau, in the watershed of the Cuanza and Luando Rivers, is a triangle of country formed by the confluence of those streams; to the westward, lies a vast expanse of more or less unexplored land, lacking in water and traversed by a few so-called roads; and to the east, reaching southwards, is a sandy waste exhibiting the worst features of the Kalihari. Between these wide spaces of inhospitable desert, in a veritable oasis of wooded, upland grazing, this noble buck has evolved a type of its own, and the river-bounded territory it occupies has been until comparatively recent years, its natural sanctuary. In this seclusion, except for the trapping proclivities of the primitive native, it has flourished undisturbed, evolving a type which, mercifully, has not deteriorated by over-specialisation. It is due to the efforts of Captain H. V. Varian that the sanctuary has now become an official one.

On this plateau between 4,000ft. and 5,000ft. above sea level, the climate is pleasant enough, not unduly hot, with cool nights and grateful breezes; the country is well-watered, and though deficient in heavy timber, there is forest enough and to spare. But for the most part the landscape shows low, fairly dense bush in which flat, open spaces occur either on the banks of the streams or in the heart of the forest. These are known as "dambas," and although the roan are sometimes found grazing on them, the sable prefers the shelter of the bush, and is rarely seen far from cover.

It is not known who first discovered the giant sable, which differs so far from the ordinary variety that it has been classified as belonging to a distinct sub-species. Selous once told me that he suspected its existence somewhere west of the headquarters of the Zambesi; and in his life by the late J. G. Millais, reference is made to this belief, and the probability that he would have solved the problem had not the Mashukulumbe disorganised his plans when he was heading for Portuguese West Africa, from the Kafue, in 1889.

The Boers who trekked to the Mossamedes district of Angola after the first Boer War and settled on the plains of Bulu-Bula, near Huila, no doubt heard of it from the natives, who, in those days were permitted the unrestricted possession of firearms. It is certain that the Dutch raided the sable country in force in 1912, and contemplated another expedition which would have completed its extinction, for the handsome 60in. heads made valuable trophies which, even to-day, sell for large sums.

It was then that owing entirely to the exertions and official representations of Captain Varian, that their intentions were defeated, and that the animal is now strictly preserved. It may be said, indeed, that it is generally associated with his name, for he had spent several years in Angola, and was the first to point out the difference between it and the common variety—hence its classification as *Hippotragus Niger Variani*.

In 1928 the Boers were repatriated to South Africa; the use of firearms by natives had been prohibited; and to-day, the giant sable is royal game, permits to shoot which are restricted to museum collectors only; it is not too much to hope that their credentials are always unimpeachable.

But the natives—the Luimbe—a poor type of African, whose principal industry is bee-keeping, are still addicted to trapping; in that far region, where officials are rarely seen, prevention of snaring is difficult, and the Portuguese authorities would do better to make illegal all trafficking in the heads.

Captain Gilbert Blaine, who has a wide knowledge and experience of Angola, has done much to draw attention to the characteristics of this new species, its habits and surroundings; his description of it in its native bush, in a paper read before the Zoological Society in 1922, being likely to remain a standard reference for all time.

He tells us amongst a wealth of interesting matter that the numbers in a herd vary from eight to twenty, about one half of them being bulls. In a small herd there is usually only one big black bull, he spends a great deal of his time in lying down, and often a great pair of curving horns rising distinctly above the undergrowth discloses his position. On the other hand, the brilliant chesnut cows easily catch the eye; the spoor of herds is easy to distinguish, cow sables having a neat triangular hoof resembling that of a waterbuck, and that they have few natural enemies such as lions or wild dogs. It is well known, of course, that the adult bulls possess a peculiarly pungent smell, which pervades the whole animal, and clings to the pelt for weeks after death, however exposed to heat or wind.

A less subtle drawback to the amenities of a safari proceeding to the upper Cuanza river, will be found in the presence of innumerable swarms of the "mopani" bee, which is no respecter of person, and which infests the neighbourhood of the sable. The journey to its haunts, via Benguela, Vila General Machado and Cuanza, presents no difficulties to-day.

A TRIUMPH OF TAXIDERMY

A giant sable set up by Rowland Ward Ltd., of the Jungle, Piccadilly. This magnificent animal is now offered full protection by the Portuguese Government, and it is to be hoped that these measures will prove adequate to preserve it for all time

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN

Mediterranean—1.

MANY excellent shooting grounds are to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean, but it is always essential to visit them at the correct time of year, for the only resident game birds are the partridge and the rock pigeon. There are a few pheasants to be found in Macedonia and Thrace, but they afford but poor shooting. These birds are of the Colchican specie, have no white ring round the neck and are probably the same as were introduced into England by the Romans or Phœnicians, and thereafter called the common pheasant. All the other game birds to be found in the Mediterranean are migratory ones, and it is therefore necessary, if good sport is to be obtained, to study the fundamental points of migration as they apply to this part of the world. This subject will therefore be dealt with at some length, for on a clear understanding of it will depend in great measure the weight of the bag.

Speaking generally, all migratory game choose for their winter quarters localities either in the North of Africa or the warmer portions of Europe which supply to the various species their favourite feeding and surroundings. Each species congregate year after year in unfailing regularity in considerable numbers in these favoured localities, the areas of which moreover are rarely increased, for the herding instinct appears to be very strong at this time of year. About the middle of February considerable restlessness occurs in all migratory game, and shortly afterwards the spring migration to the breeding grounds in the north of Europe commences, the old birds being the first to leave. This northern migration lasts about four months, but the actual journey is made at great speed with comparatively few stops en route. The breeding season in many cases is amazingly short, for the end of July sees the commencement of their return to their winter quarters in the south. This autumn or southern migration is carried out in much more leisurely fashion, the birds flying much slower and taking many more rests on the journey owing undoubtedly to their poor condition after breeding and to the presence of the young birds. The southern migration is at its height in September and October and is completed in November.

Migration through Europe follows the valleys of the great rivers, notably those of the Vistula, Oder, Elbe, Danube, Dvina, Volga, Dneiper, Don, Onega and Petchora. There is an enormous migration over the Mediterranean, the chief routes across it being the Straits of Gibraltar, the Balearic Islands, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Cyprus and the Greek Archipelago, all of which were probably continuous land routes in the dim ages. The Nile, as one would naturally suppose, supplies the chief route through Egypt. The average distance of migration of the woodcock is about 1,500 miles and of wildfowl 4,000 miles, but some birds travel up to a distance of 6,000 miles. It is fortunate for the sportsman that most birds travel during the dark hours—generally choosing moonlight or bright starlight nights—and rest during the daytime when they are comparatively easily approached.

Several of the smaller species of big game are to be found close to the shores of the Mediterranean, but naturally better sport is to be had if time permits of a trip being made into the interior. Wild pig are to be found in great numbers in many parts, notably in Asia Minor, Turkey, Macedonia, Corsica and all along the north coast of Africa. They are preserved at Tangier, where really excellent pig-sticking can be had in the winter and spring, the boars there being a good deal bigger and heavier than those found in India. Ibex exist at Marmarice, in the Black Mountains behind Smyrna and in the White Mountains at Crete, while moufflon are to be found in the mountains of Morocco, Corsica, Sardinia and Cyprus.

The most usual method of shooting pig is to have a stretch of country beaten up to a line of guns. It is in my opinion a very dull and dreary entertainment necessitating very long waits during which not the slightest slackening of attention can be permitted, for it is remarkable with what silence a boar can move through the thickest undergrowth. Rifles are generally used, but personally I think they are much too dangerous for this type of shooting. It is much better to use a 12-bore with cartridges loaded with four or five soft lead balls which the French call "Chevrolet," and which are easily obtainable in most big towns.

In these articles dealing with shooting in the Mediterranean Commander Douglas Lang will consider the various shooting grounds in much less detail than has been gone into in previous articles. This is in part due to considerations of space, but to a greater extent to the fact that whereas, say, in South America there is so little local information available that every shooting ground has to be described in detail, in the Mediterranean a great many of the necessary facts can be acquired on the spot, as the localities are so well known. There are also other and obvious reasons for not writing in too much detail of spots where naval officers have enjoyed good sport for many years.

PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW

Larger Entries and Improved Quality

AWAITING THEIR TURN IN THE RING
Huntsmen and hounds at Peterborough

PETERBOROUGH Foxhound Show has been accused of creating a false standard—a bulky hound whose only merit was its show-ring appearance, who "knuckled over at the knees," and whose work in the field was negligible. This is a somewhat unfair accusation, apart from the "knuckling over," now happily conspicuous by its absence, as Peterborough is the gathering ground of the hounds breeders' world, and many Masters go there to see stallion hounds which will improve their kennels. One can say, indeed, that Peterborough has done much, to judge by the example of this year's show alone, to improve the breed of the foxhound. Bulkiness has given place to quality, well-balanced conformation, and to an appearance of quality, as those two most efficient judges, Major Gordon Foster, one of the best amateur huntsmen in England, and Captain T. Wickham-Boyton, not only Master of the Middleton (East), but also a very fine judge of a hunter, found when they judged the dog-hounds. In the first class the Cattistock had it all their own way for an unentered hound, a great tribute to the breeding and judgment of Mr. A. H. Higginson, the American Master of this Dorsetshire pack, and one of the best judges of a hound. Second to this shapely dog—he is a stallion hound in the making if ever I saw one—came the Bramham Moor Regent, a son of their own Revel, who has much to commend him in the way of well-placed shoulders and typical hunting outline.

In the second class, for the best couple of unentered hounds, the Duke of Beaufort's had no difficulty in winning with their home-bred couple, Palafox and Rasper, both of which hark back to that "undeniable hound," Tiverton Acton, from whom they no doubt inherit their striking coat livery. Next to this well-matched and well-made couple, distinguished by well-sprung ribs and the best of legs and feet, came the Puckeridge Brimstone and Gameboy, carrying dark coats, with an appearance of being rather on the big side. But then the Puckeridge is a plough country, which demands a hound of this description. To Palafox went the special prize for the best hound exhibited in the class. It was, I think, a just award, for the Beaufort dog carried himself well through the strenuous test the judges put him through. Tom Newman, the Duke's huntsman, took the silver hunting horn.

The Badminton run of success was interrupted in the third class, for the best two couples of entered hounds, for here the Oakley Cardiff, Gordon, Chaplain and Tradesman, well assorted and carrying with them an appearance of quality allied to substance, proved too good for the Beaufort Pedlar, Pembroke, Victor and Palatine, although Tom Newman did his utmost to try to carry off the winning rosette with his favourites, but had to be content with second place.

One of the most interesting classes of the day was that for stallion hounds, for here one can more or less determine whether progress in breeding is being maintained, or whether there is a retrograde movement. Ringside opinion soon singled out the Beaufort Fencer, and the Cheshire Ridley as possible candidates for the championship award. So the contest developed into a duel between the very light lemon-pied dog from Badminton and the more heavily marked Cheshire Ridley. At last the winning rosette went to the Beaufort Fencer, probably because his shoulders were better and his ribs more truly sprung. He moves, too, does this good dog, who is by Ardent from Folly, by Ragman, and, moreover, should carry on the stout running blood of his inheritance in the spacious kennels at Badminton. It was only natural then to find the championship also being awarded to him, although the Hampshire Handful ran him close.

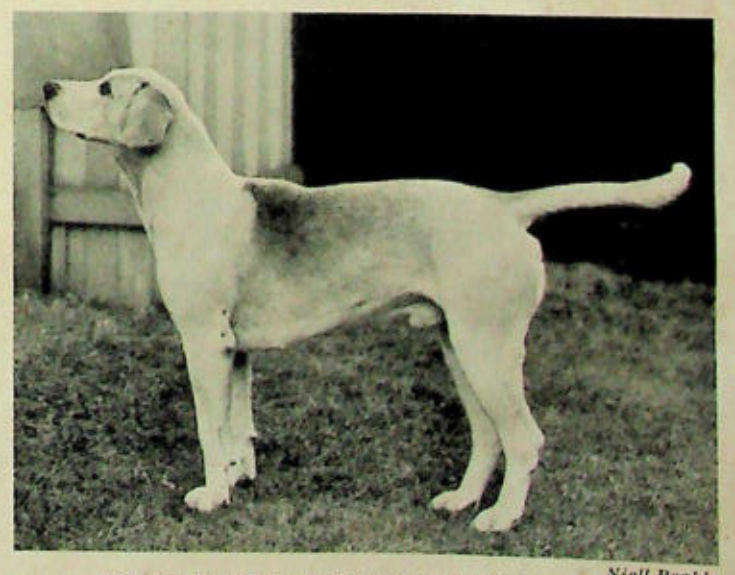
The bitches were taken by Lord Cobham, Master of the Albrighton Woodland, and Sir Charles Wiggin, and I do not think that anyone envied them their task, for the classes were well filled with an all-round standard of quality. Bitches somehow always look better on the flags than dog-hounds, and so it was with a sense of satisfaction in her lovely lines that I saw the Fife Comedy, by Cheshire Clansman, take the prize for the best bitch. A real sorty hound with good shoulders and the best of legs and feet, she is my ideal of what a foxhound bitch should be. A close second was the York and Ainsty (South) Gaudy, who might have better ribs.

No fewer than 21 entries faced the judges in the class for the best couple of unentered hounds, and after a lengthy consideration their decision went to the Oakley Rhapsody and Tender (the latter taking the special prize for the best single hound in this class), both of which were rather shy at the outset, but put up a good show afterwards and proved that they were superior to the South Dorset Gladness and Vesper. Thereafter the Duke of Beaufort's could do no wrong, for their Perjury, Pendant, Festive and Fashion, two couples of choicely bred and well-moulded bitches, were placed in front of the Middleton Seedy, Secret, Selfish and Destiny, although from the point of view of conformation there was not much to choose between them.

The green coats of Badminton were again to the fore in the brood-bitch class with the well-bodied, level and straight Pamela, a rare type of matron, who also took the champion cup. The Middleton Roguish, which was second, had much to commend her, but possessed neither the length nor scope of the winner. Every success of the Badminton kennel was well earned. And those successes were not lightly gained, for 24 packs were represented, as against eighteen last year, an eloquent tribute to the greatest hound show in the world. W. F.

AN OAKLEY TRIUMPH
Oakley Tradesman, Cardiff, Chaplain and Gordon, which won the class for the best two couples of entered dog-hounds at the hound show

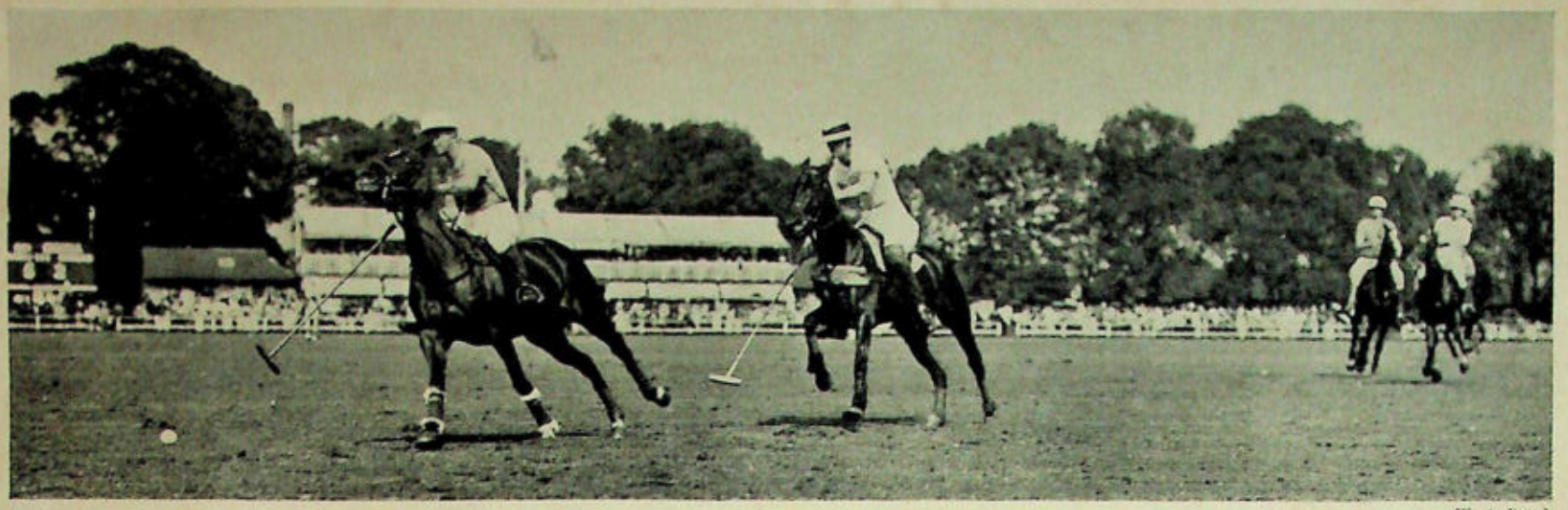
PETERBOROUGH'S PRESIDENT
Lord Lindsay, Master of the Fife with Mr. Joseph Stephenson, the secretary of Peterborough Foxhound Show



Niall Rankin
THE CHAMPION DOG-HOUND AT PETERBOROUGH
The Duke of Beaufort's Fencer, by Ardent out of Folly

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES SHOW

THE annual show held at Peterborough by the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, under the presidency of Miss Winifred Savill, Master of the Wolverston, was the most



W. A. Rouch

AURORA IN POSSESSION

Mr. Seymour Knox gets away at Hurlingham from Capt. M. P. Ansell, of the Cavalier team

successful of recent years. One of the satisfactory features was the increase in the number of Harrier packs represented to eleven, as compared with six last year and only five in 1932. They were Arle Court, Cambridgeshire, Dart Vale, Durham Foot, Henham, High Peak, Lartington, Pendle Forest, Rockwood, Royal Artillery and Weston, of whom Lartington were the most successful.

Their two-season Weathergauge and six-season Samson were the best entered couple of dog-hounds, any age, not exceeding 19in. in height, while their Striver and Samson are the respective sires of Cambridgeshire one-season Spartan and Salient, the best entered couple of any age between 19in. and 21in. Weathergauge and Samson with the addition of one-season Winker, litter brother of Weathergauge, by Waterford '29—Heedless '29 and one-season Student, by Striver, made up the winning two couples, while Sparkler, a one-season son of Striver, gained the champion cup presented by the president for the best single hound, the reserve ticket going to Cambridgeshire Spartan, yet another son of the sire who strives so successfully.

Weston Carver, by Pilot '27—North Kildare Cheerful '28, and their Remus, by Hercules '30—Remedy '27, were the best unentered couple not over 19in., second prizes both in this case and in the class for entered couples going to Arle Court Wantage and Wilton, by Falstaff '28—Welcome '31 and their one-season Pilgrim and Paragon. Royal Artillery showed the best stallion hound, and their Pagan and Patriot, by Handy '27—Pliant '31, were the winning unentered couple between 19in. and 21in., Henham Painter and Pastor, by Monarch '28—Plaintiff '31, being placed second. Rocket and Hasty, by Hercules '30—Remedy '27, from the pack last named, were the winning two couples of unentered bitch-hounds, not exceeding 19in., Lartington Governess and Gusty, by Samson—Goodness '27, being now relegated to second place. Weston four-season Hurricane and Ringlet were the best entered couple, Durham Foot one-season Prudence and Placid, both by Arle Court Pilot out of their Stainless, being placed second. High Peak three-season Cheerful and Handful were the leading entered couple of bitches standing between 19in. and 21in., with Pendle Forest two-season Rosebud and one-season Radiant second.

Lartington came into the picture again with the best two couples of entered bitches, one-season Gauntlet, four-season Garnish, three-season Gleeful, six-season Heedless. The champion cup for the best bitch-hound was awarded to Dart Vale Easy, and Weston Hurricane took the cup presented by Mr. Walter Unwin, the Arle Court Master, for the best brood bitch.

Of the beagle dog-hounds Wolverston Rebel and Reaper, by Limbourne Gambler '28—Rapid '32, were the best unentered couple, and Rebel gained first prize for the best single unentered hound, Major Birkbeck's Gloucester and Grafton, by New Forest Harbourer '25—North Herts Gaylass '29, being placed second in the one case and Blean Saladin, by Juggler '31—Major Birkbeck's Jezebel, in the other. The best of eight entered couples were Cheshire Rallywood and Duster, with Bilton Chanter and Poacher second. The president's champion cup for the best single hound was awarded to Trinity Foot Drummer, with Cheshire Rector reserve, but Cheshire Solomon was acclaimed as the best stallion hound, and their Random Rallywood Duster and Cardinal were the winning two couples, with Blean Juggler, Bankrupt, Sinbad and Gondolier second in this class, and Skegness Gloucester in the preceding one.

Of the bitch-hounds Skegness Deborah and Dinah, by Major Birkbeck's Finder '31—New College Destiny '28, were the best unentered couple, with Wolverston Riot and Rapture second, the best unentered single hound being Cheshire Radiant, with Trinity Foot Chorus second. Of eight entered couples Wolverston Rapid and Rhapsody received the first prize, Christ Church Hilda—who afterwards won the cup for the best brood bitch—and their Hopeful being placed second. Cheshire Crimson was picked out as being the best single bitch-hound of any age, with Christ Church Mildred second and Wolverston Rapid, Rhapsody, Rusty and Remedy were the winning two-couples.

RIDING-OFF TACTICS IN THE CHAMPION CUP

A keen tussle in mid-field, when Aurora beat the Cavaliers at Hurlingham by seven goals to three

Fourteen packs were represented as compared with fifteen last year and twelve in 1932. PALAFOX.

FINE POLO BY AURORA

Their Champion Cup Win

AURORA, with one lapse, have accomplished what they came here to do, and have won two out of our three open cups. We congratulate them on their success, and sincerely trust that their visit has persuaded them that it is worth while; and that, in future, a team from the United States will regularly take part in our annual fixtures.

We also venture to hope that a team from home goes to Meadowbrook each year on conclusion of the London season to take part in their Champion Cup. These interchanges must be for the good of the game, and especially with the improvement in our standard of play—which is marked—they will be just as popular in America as they are here.

The much-longed-for rain arrived just in time to spoil Ascot and the first two rounds of the Champion Cup. No game, however, had to be postponed, although a couple took place in heavy rain, which is very apt to upset results.

Aurora overwhelmed Wykham, and had two good matches with Resurrection Pie and The Cavaliers, defeating each of them by four goals. Resurrection Pie (a good name when one looks at the team—Brig.-General Hurndall, Major Phipps Hornby and Colonel Lockett), all lightly referred to as "Has Been's" (would that some of the "Ares" and "Will be's" would close with their men and work like these three war veterans still do) with Captain Bingley of the 11th Hussars, had previously defeated The Panthers (Messrs. Frost, Hughes, Tyrrell-Martin and Major Magor) by 8 goals to 7—they fully deserved their gallant victory.

The Cavaliers—a new combination formed at the eleventh hour consisting of Captain Fowler, R.A., No. 1; Captain Hinde, 15th/19th Hussars, No. 2; Captain Ansell, Inniskillings, No. 3, and Captain Walford, 17th/21st Lancers, back. The first three have each been seen to advantage in previous exhibition matches against Aurora this summer, whilst Captain Walford has only just arrived in the country on short leave from Secunderabad, where his regiment is now quartered. He played brilliantly in all the three games. The first, against Someries House, the proud and only victors of the Americans, whom they defeated with consummate ease, 11—3. The second, versus Diables, whom they beat 8—4, and lastly, in the final, when the Americans ran out winners 7—3.

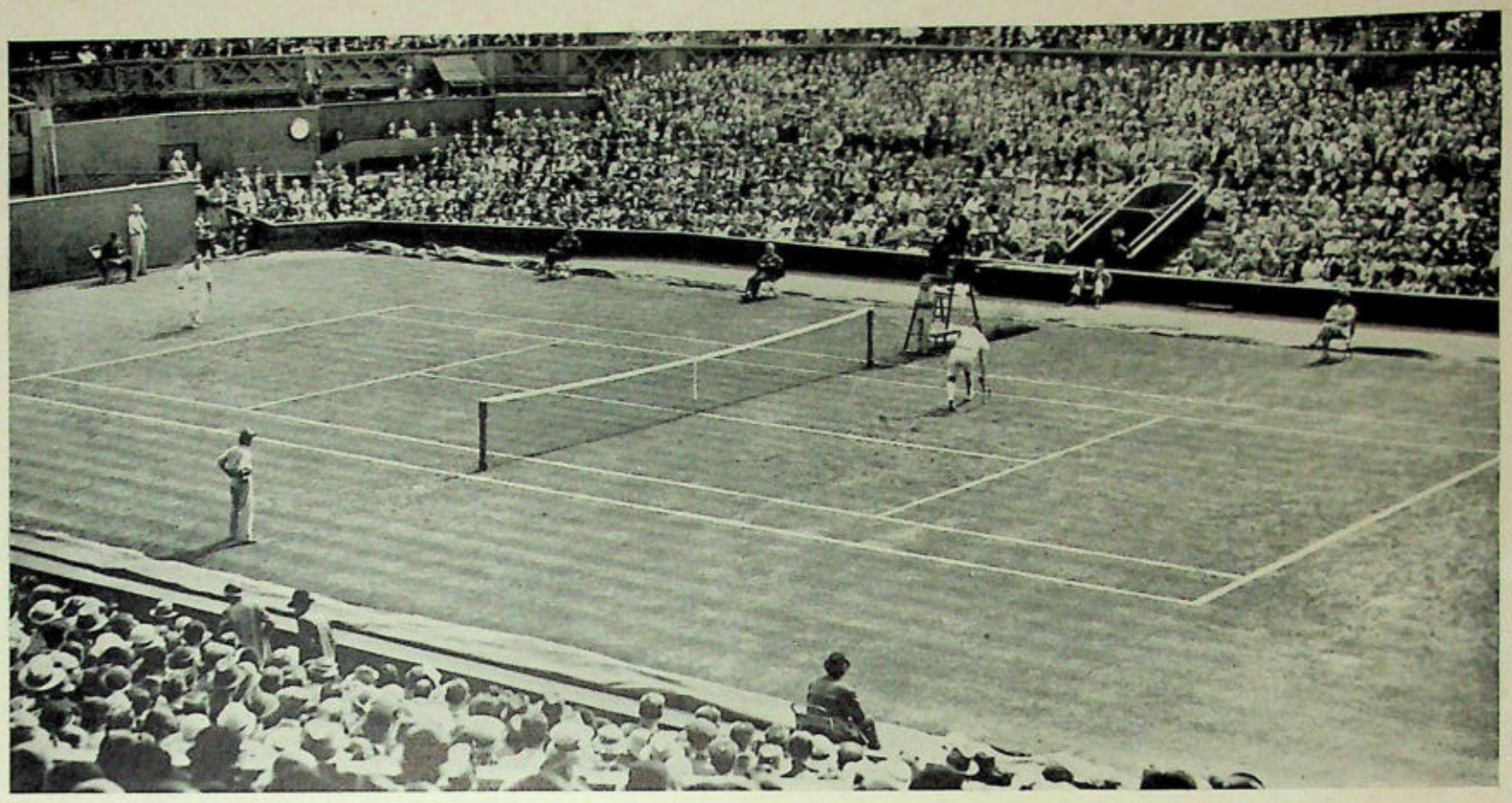
All the Cavaliers are in the prime of their polo lives, they are a level lot, and each has had a good deal of experience. With better ponies and more accuracy in shooting at goal, the Champion Cup would be remaining in England instead of going to Long Island.

One other game in the tournament which invites attention was the hard-fought victory of Les Diables over the Knaves, winners of the Ranelagh Open Cup, by 6 goals to 5. M. Couturié was in great form that day.

In the Inter-Regimental, the 7th Hussars beat the 4th Hussars 8—4, the score being 2 all at half-time. The Scots Greys defeated Life Guards, 11—3. Meanwhile the Subalterns are hard at it, too; a memorable game described as the best seen at Tidworth this season being between 9th Lancers and 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, when the former claimed the victory, 5—4. The 15th/19th beat the Royal Horse Guards and the Scots Greys overwhelmed the Life Guards. The 3rd Bde., Royal Horse Artillery, who have been coached by Major Jock Campbell, had the satisfaction of defeating the Bays, 6—3.

The Oxford and Cambridge teams, whose practice matches have been curtailed by the weather, are both showing a distinct improvement in the standard of play. We shall be surprised if the back of the Cambridge side does not develop into a fine performer.

The Aurora ponies are sailing for the States on Friday, the 13th inst. Every effort is being made to put forward the dates of the Coronation Cup to enable them to take part in it.



ONE OF THE BEST MATCHES OF THE FIRST WEEK
F. J. Perry beating R. Menzel 0/6, 6/3, 5/7, 6/4, 6/2 *in the fourth round of the singles*

STARS WHO FELL AT WIMBLEDON

Impressions of the First Week's Play

By J. E. COLLETT

THE first week of the 1934 Championships at Wimbledon was to have been thrilling in the extreme, but it proved more interesting than thrilling, more speculative than spectacular.

The play which produced us the last eight of the men, J. H. Crawford, L. R. Stoefen, H. W. Austin, F. X. Shields, F. J. Perry, G. M. Lott, V. G. Kirby and S. B. Wood, showed the elimination of two "seeds," G. de Stefani and G. von Cramm. The former gave way to the progress of Lott and was beaten by shrewder and more varied tactics and a fine fighting spirit; the latter lost through the prevailing throat trouble of mysterious origin which spread over the ground, attacking players and officials alike.

It is unlikely that Kirby, good as he is, would have won if von Cramm had been fit, because the German had been giving remarkable displays of the very tennis which so often wins at Wimbledon.

While Shields was beating C. Boussus for a place in the last eight, he was responsible for a real centre-court thrill, the chief element of which is, of course, uncertainty of issue. From being 3/5 down in the fifth set, he won it at 8/6. His play throughout had been full of bursts of goodness and badness, Boussus stemmed the one and profited by the other with exceptional activity and anticipation, but his use of Shield's backhand weakness might have been more astute.

F. J. Perry improved steadily through the week. He was shaky and inclined to be temperamental against R. Menzel in the third round and nearly lost. Indeed, he probably would have lost if Menzel's efforts had not sapped his stamina. The Czechoslovakian played a first set which merited the word wonderful, and the thought too wonderful to last. But it lasted much longer and better than is the way with him. Perry did the only thing he could do, he played for keeps, but it is not his best game. He is to be congratulated for having come successfully through what must have been a most trying mental and physical ordeal.

Menzel was a most chivalrous loser, and his obviously genuine delight at a particularly fine shot by his opponent endeared him to the crowd. Safely over this difficult obstacle Perry played a perfect match against Quist.

In transit to the last eight neither Stoefen nor Austin lost a set, but nothing could be more dissimilar than their methods of obtaining results. Austin flows on and through like a stream running in a fragrant valley, rarely disturbed and unencumbered. Stoefen descends on the court like a torrent, a swirl of flashing arms and swinging legs.

Probably the torrent is the more popular form of lawn tennis, the big bang more appreciated than the subtler craftsman's blow. Wimbledon crowds are no different from any other in that they dearly love a scramble. A hither and thither rally, with some bits of forlorn retrieving, won with a desperate blow or by an easy one with an opponent at last in a hopeless position, is the meat the pilgrims to the "Mecca" thrive on.

The last eight of the ladies were Miss D. E. Round, Mlle. L. Payot, Miss S. Palfrey, Mme. R. Mathieu, Miss H. Jacobs, Frl. C. Aussem, Miss J. Hartigan and Miss M. C. Scriven, all according to "seeded" plan except Miss Hartigan, who won her place at the expense of Mrs. H. Sperling. Miss Hartigan is a surprise because she has not been strikingly successful since she has been here; she is the champion of Australia and is nominated as a national. She has a firm and strong forehand drive and a penetrating service, but no backhand to speak of for attacking purposes.

Frl. Aussem arrived at the coveted stage somewhat in the manner of a coming champion. She plays with a limitation to the needs of the moment, which is the essence of energy, conservation and point making. Like Mlle. Lenglen she knows (in fact, I believe she learnt it from her) that 95 times out of 100 a foot inside the side line is a good or better than an inch, and shaving the tape is a work of supererogation.

Miss Joan Ingram will recollect the third round of this year's ladies' singles for many a long day. She won the first set against Miss Jacobs and was within a point of 5/4 in the second. The basis of her action was volleying, she is one of our best volleyers, but lack of stamina defeated her.

Miss Round lost her first set when beating Mrs. King in the fourth round, but incurred no discredit in doing so. At the other end of the draw Miss Scriven survived a long affair with Miss C. Babcock, and also lost her first set, but she did not convince as did Miss Round.

Taken altogether the first week was a little disappointing so high had been our hopes, and the start of the second week saw Austin eliminated after a stern fight with Shields when, leading by two sets, the match appeared to be within his grasp. It also saw Perry triumphant over Lott, and our sole representative in a last four consisting of the Americans Wood and Shields and Crawford, the holder.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND, WHO PLAYED A FINE GAME AGAINST MRS. KING

THE NATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

Continued Success Abroad of British-bred Horses

W. A. Rouch

A GAME WINNER OF THE JUNE ROSE HANDICAP

Tartan (Ellangowan—Fancy Free), Lord Rosebery's bay colt which won at Sandown

EVER since the foundation of the General Stud Book and the organisation of bloodstock breeding on its present lines, warnings have been issued at periods of the danger of sending high-class thoroughbreds to other countries. More than 100 years ago Mr. Charles Weatherby wrote the following in his preface to the first edition of the second volume of the Stud Book :—

"If any proof were wanting of the superiority of the English breed of horses over that of any other country it might be found in the avidity with which they are sought by Foreigners. The exportation of them to Russia, France, Germany, etc., for the last five years has been so considerable as to render it an object of some importance from a commercial point of view. But this advantage some of our Continental neighbours are of opinion will not long remain with us: they are fully aware of the source from whence we derive this superiority, and are in consequence endeavouring to establish races on the English plan, which, together with a more careful selection of stallions and mares than they observe in England, will very soon, they say, enable them to excel us, and they anticipate a day (not very far distant) when the English must send to the Continent, if not for speedy, at least for *sound* horses."

This hint about soundness may be worth attention, but for the rest, with the advantages this country already possesses, and so long as Horse Racing continues to be followed up with spirit by her men of rank and opulence, there can be little to apprehend.

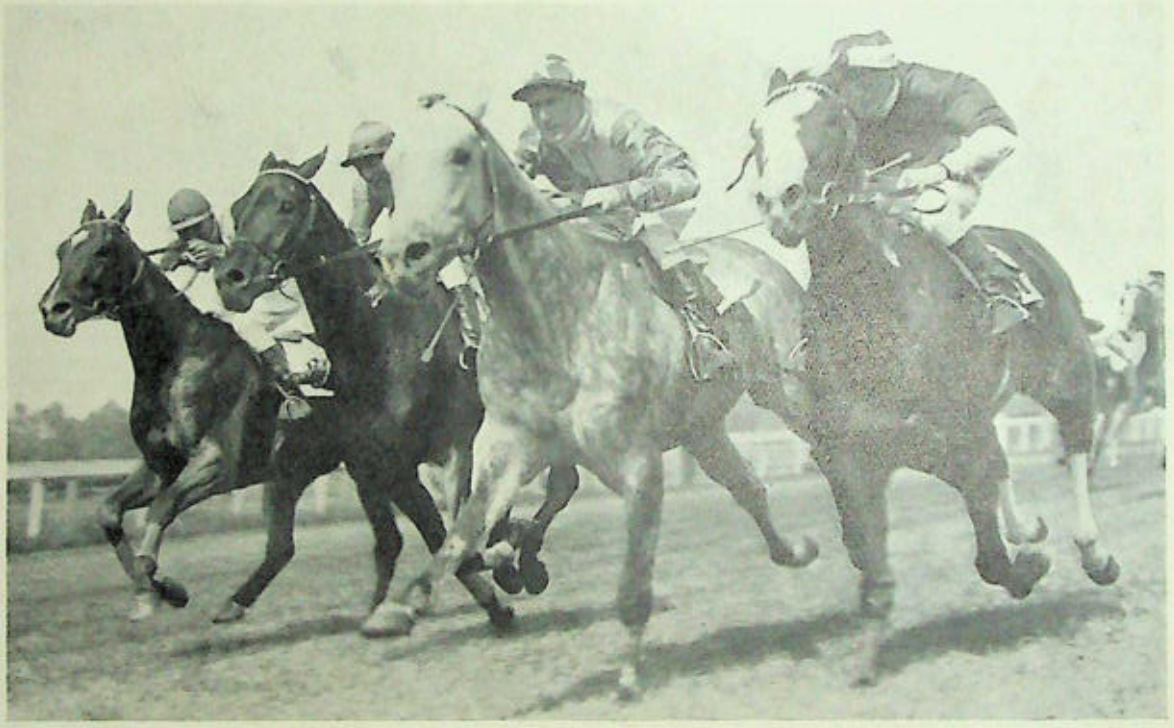
How interesting to read that in these days, when after a century of racing "on the English plan," on the other side of the Channel as well as in the United States, this country is still the hub of the universe so far as the breeding of bloodstock is concerned. On the occasion of the opening of a new grand stand at Brighton last week Lord Derby made a happy speech in which the great importance to this country of the export market for bloodstock was insisted on. He pointed out that the thoroughbred horse had been responsible for bringing a vast amount of foreign money to England which would not have come here in any other way. Such a market, he contended, was of material benefit to the financial position of the nation.

And though in recent years there has been a slump for reasons over which bloodstock breeders had no possible control, Lord Derby predicted that the demand for our stock would be as vigorous as it has ever been in the past as soon as the world-wide financial difficulties had adjusted themselves. This optimistic prediction was based largely on the fact that British bloodstock is still supreme throughout the world.

Let us go briefly into the breeding of some of the best of recent winners abroad in order to ascertain the precise influence of blood from this country. Our greatest rival in the bloodstock market during the past 30 years has been France. Occasionally she has been able to sell stallions at big prices to the U.S.A. and the Argentine, but any hope entertained by French breeders that they had at last become independent of English blood has proved completely fallacious. The best three-year-old in France this year is Baron E. de Rothschild's Brantôme, which has not yet been beaten.

This fine colt is by Blandford, and his dam is by Clarissimus, so he can definitely be pronounced to be three-quarters British bred. Duplex, the winner of the French Derby, is by Dark Legend out of Double Yolk by Bachelor's Double out of Ancona, by Cicero out of Game Chick by Gallinule. You cannot have anything much more British than that pedigree.

It is the same with Admiral Drake, the winner of the Grand Prix. He is by Craig an Eran out of Plucky Leige (the dam of Sir Gallahad III), by Spearmint out of Concertina by St. Simon.



WITH WINNING COLOURS IN THE LEAD

Pomme d'Amour (Apple Sammy—Angela) with S. Donoghue, on the right, in the saddle, making her effor in the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Plate, Sandown. This filly was bred by Mr. Donald Fraser and appears to possess a definite racing future

Turning to America, we find that almost a clean sweep of the classic events has been made by a colt called Cavalcade, who is just as English in his pedigree as either Duplex or Admiral Drake. Following his triumph in the Kentucky Derby, which was referred to in the *Field* at the time, this colt has carried off the American Derby at Chicago, in which he gave weight to all his rivals, and is now described as unquestionably the best of his age in the United States. He is by Lancegaye out of a Hurry On mare, and his sire has been wisely acquired for the American stud.

While we cannot refrain from pointing to these successes abroad with a certain amount of pleasure it would be foolish to ignore the fact that we have been indebted to France for some valuable outcrosses, which serve as an important antidote to the evils of incessant in-breeding. Lord Derby tells us that it was specially with the object of deriving the benefit of comparatively new strains of blood that he established a small stud farm in France. But the experience derived from that experiment has been that British blood continues to come out on top. On the Continent the prestige of the English thoroughbred never stood higher than it does to-day.

The Aga Khan has decided to send Firdaussi to stud in France next year, and the box the St. Leger winner of 1932 has occupied at the Egerton Stud, Newmarket, will be filled by the Gold Cup winner, Felicitation, whose racing activities conclude at the end of the season. In his first year this great young stayer is to be limited to twenty mares, including his owner's, and his service fee will be 250 guineas.

COACHING STILL FLOURISHES

A Good Muster in Hyde Park

THOSE croakers who fancy they can detect unmistakable signs of the near and complete collapse of four-in-hand driving in this country will have to wait a little longer before their expectations are realised. The second and last meet of the Coaching Club in London this season showed at least that there is little decline of interest in this fine old pastime, and that the amateur whips of to-day are as intent as those of a generation ago to keep the driving of four horses a living art.

Forty years ago we used to hear people speak of coaching as an anachronism, and it must be admitted that the number of its supporters has perforce declined, but the "horrible declension," fortunately, has not yet given place to the "total extinction" we have so long been accustomed to hear prophesied.

Eight well-horsed drags at the Magazine in the last Wednesday in June is not, perhaps, a big muster to boast of when we compare it with the gatherings of pre-motor days, but it is satisfactory in the circumstances, and the total ought to have been nine had the R.A. (Aldershot) dragarrived as was expected. As it was, half the turn-out comprised regimental coaches, whose teams made up a decidedly attractive show. It was satisfactory to see Captain Philip Clauson handling the dark chesnuts of the Royal Engineers, with his off-wheeler looking none the worse for that recent adventure with a careless motorist on the way down to the Richmond Show. This well-balanced team moved like clockwork and once more gave the crowd the impression of being thorough workmen calculated to give satisfaction over a hilly stage on country roads.

Chesnuts, smart and stylish, horsed the R.A.S.C. (Aldershot) coach, and were well handled by Major A. de B. Jenkins; while everyone admired the businesslike appearance of the bays in front of Lieut.-Colonel A. Evans-Gwynne, who was in command of the R.A. (Larkhill) drag. They have both quality and power, and can trot on. Lieut-Colonel R. H. Walsh drove a sporting team of chesnuts and bays crossed in the R.A. (Woolwich) drag.

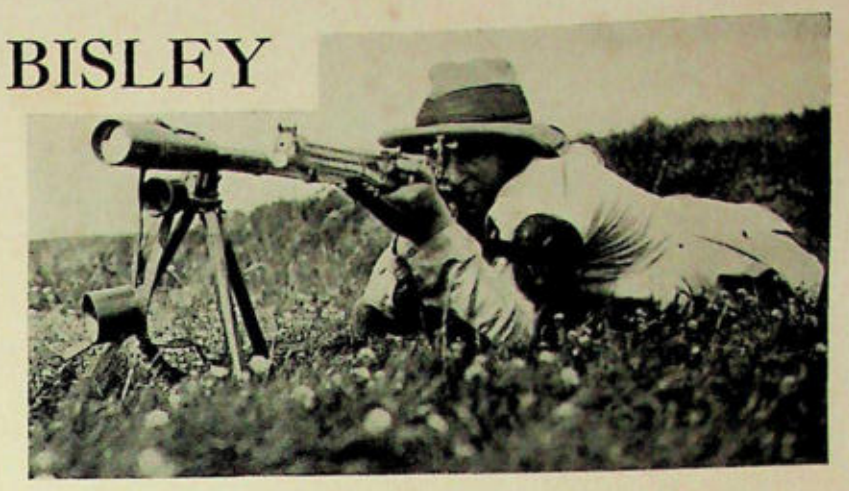
Mr. Bertram W. Mills brought out his beautifully put-together team of blacks in fine condition, as ever; Mr. W. R. Collins drove three browns and a bay, which never fail to catch the eye; Mr. W. W. Theobald had before him his familiar team of chesnuts (big powerful wheelers and showy, shapely leaders); and the vice-president, Captain the Hon. George Savile, who was the last to arrive, but naturally the first to show the way in the drive round the Park and thence to Ranelagh, handled his customary bays.

It speaks well, indeed, for the enthusiasm which coaching still engenders that all the drags carried full loads with a large percentage of ladies.

ON THE RANGES AT BISLEY

The Men Who Make the Meeting

By CAPTAIN E. H. ROBINSON



Captain Count John de Salis, for four years Commandant of the Indian team

OF Malvolio's three kinds of greatness only the middle one counts at Bisley. You may be born great or you may have greatness thrust upon you; but unless you achieve greatness by actual success on the ranges the three thousand odd competitors who inhabit the camp for the first three weeks of July regard you as less than the dust of the Bagshot sands which form the subsoil of this delectable region. Add good sportsmanship to fine marksmanship and you have the ideal ingredients of the popular Bisley figure.

To the visitor the most outstanding feature of the camp, after the extraordinary "rag-bag" attire affected by many of the competitors, is the great diversity in ages, shapes and sizes. Strolling along the firing point one comes across very old stagers like Johnny Coates, of the Stock Exchange Club, who fought in the Zulu War; Major S. A. Pixley, whose father was one of the earliest winners of the Queen's Prize and who was himself in the Final stage of that great event 55 years ago; or boys like Hermon, of Eton, who was in the Final stage last year, and Winslow, of Winchester, who last year won the first stage of the Governor-General's prize in Canada with a full score of 105 points.

There is a popular idea that a good marksman must have marvellous eyesight. Actually the eyes are of minor importance, for defects can be corrected easily. My own idea of the essentials of a good marksman are that he must have developed an infinite capacity for taking pains, a considerable facility for observation and deduction, and that, above all, he must have a good digestion. As game shots know to their cost, nothing upsets the marksmen more than an uneasy stomach.

How great are the differences in temperament in men who are deservedly prominent at Bisley is apparent when one considers the almost shy student and diplomat in the person of Lord Cottesloe, Chairman of the National Rifle Association, Captain of the English VIII and Chairman of the Small Arms Committee of the War Office, and contrasts it with the restless energy of Sir Lionel Fletcher, a Member of Council, Captain of the last British Empire team and the team that went to Canada two years ago and Silver Medallist in 1898. Yet another type will be found in Sir Philip Richardson, Vice-Chairman of the Council, who has led many international teams, did enormously good work as Commandant of the N.R.A. School of Musketry during the war, and whose mind is an encyclopædia of dates and facts connected with the game.

Rifle shooting differs from most other games in that it is impossible to forecast who are likely to be the prominent prize winners in any year. No one, even on the morning of the final Saturday of the meeting, would venture to pick five names from the hundred in the Final stage and say that the ultimate winner would certainly be found in those five. There are certain outstanding competitors, as, for instance, Arthur Fulton, the only man who has ever won the Gold Medal three times, or H. G. Burr, this year's Captain of the Mother Country Kolapore team, who won the King's in 1909 as a corporal in the London Rifle Brigade and whose name will usually be found figuring fairly prominently in the prize lists.

A member of one of the smaller overseas teams, of which we have about a dozen this year from all over the Empire, told me that the first thing the newcomer from one of the colonies or territories does is to go to the N.R.A. office and meet Major Etches, secretary of the Association, and then walk straight across the nine-hole putting green to talk with Mr. G. R. King, secretary of the North London Rifle Club.

These two men are, I suppose, the best known to our visitors, and Major Etches is an ideal secretary. He is an organiser of the very first class, has infinite patience and a vast store of tact, and, above all, has a keen sense of humour. He knows the game, too, for as a captain in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment he was Army Champion in 1901 and 1902 and as a 2nd lieutenant had won the Bronze Medal in 1895 and 1896.

Gordon King, late armourer-sergeant of the Royal Marine Artillery, knows as much about the practical side of target shooting as anybody on the Common and has the gift of telling what he knows. He has been ten times in the Final, tied for the prize and lost it to Colonel Marchment in 1922 and won the Gold Cross of the Greang Aggregate in 1926. He has a great name for bringing along young shots and has gathered round him in the North London Club an ever-growing body of men from Cambridge University.

The great event of the first week of the N.R.A. Meeting is the match for the Elcho Shield, which started in 1862. Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan has been appointed as Captain of the Irish VIII in succession to Mr. Maurice Blood, who has successfully held the position for some years past. Halahan, in conjunction with Squadron-Leader J. L. K. Pearce, has built up the very successful Royal Air Force Rifle Association. His team is a difficult one to get together, as there are now few Irishmen coming to Bisley; but everyone hopes that, under his leadership, Ireland may capture the huge shield which they have not held since 1907.

Major Tom Ranken, Captain of the Scottish VIII and Chairman of the National Rifle Association of Scotland, is an old hand at the game and is lucky in having a considerable number of very promising youngsters as well as a good quantity of salted old stagers from whom he can choose his eight. Scotland has won the match eight times since the war to England's seven.

Bisley's tents are full, the flags are flying, and £8,000 worth of silver "pots," many of them of great historic interest, will be handed over by the Duke of Gloucester on July 21st.

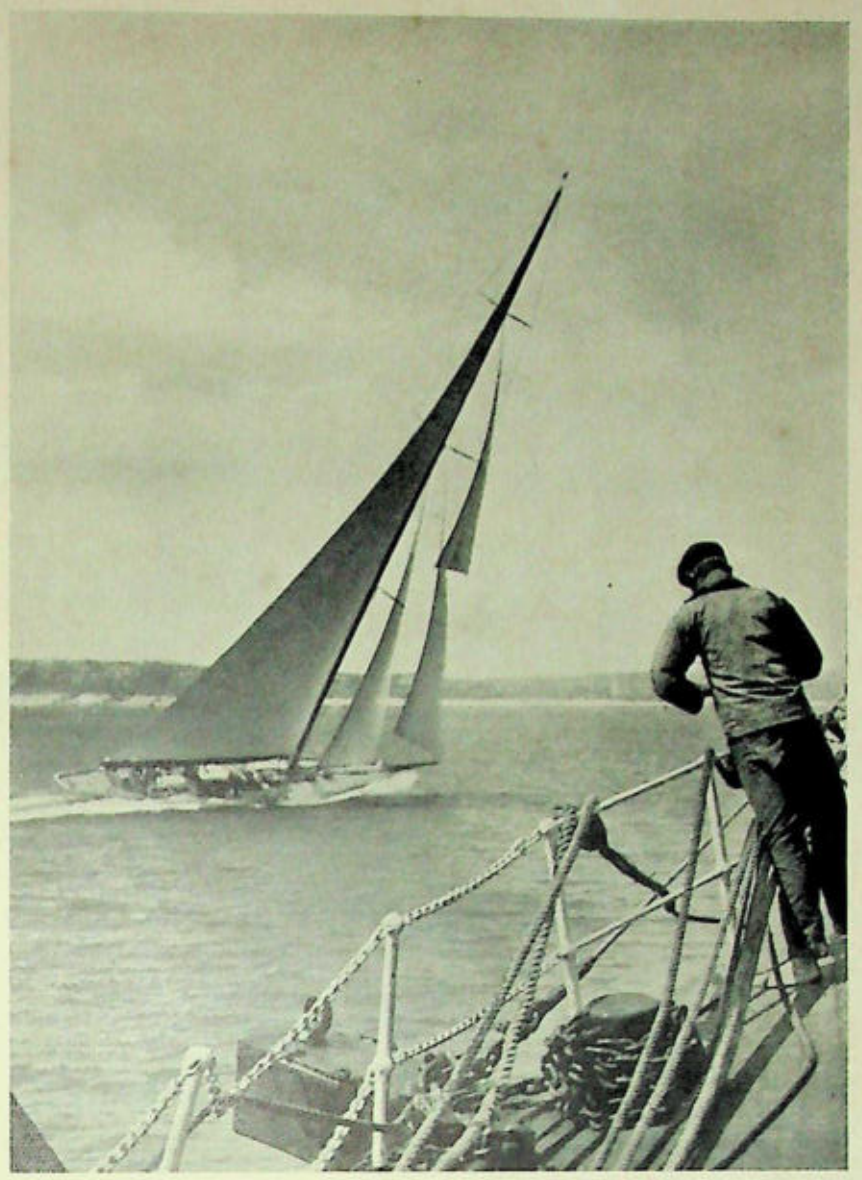
For someone, possibly at the moment obscure and unknown, there will come the great triumph of winning the King's Prize and making a triumphal procession round the Camp, to be greeted by all as the Champion Shot of the Empire for the year.

Left: Lord Cottesloe, Chairman of the National Rifle Association and Captain of the English VIII. Above: Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan, the new Captain of the Irish VIII. Right: Major T. Ranken, Captain of the Scottish VIII

ASHBURTON DAY, WHEN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEAMS ARE COMPETING ON THE RANGES

AN UNUSUAL YACHT-RACING COINCIDENCE

Britannia sailing with the wind astern, and slightly faster than Velsheda (K7) tries to pass her to windward. Velsheda luffs to prevent this, and as Britannia also luffs, both spinnakers collapse over the topmast forestays



MR. HUGH PAUL'S ASTRA WINNING AT FALMOUTH

The smallest yacht in the big class, Astra, with her owner at the helm, won from Endeavour by 61 seconds over a 40-mile triangular course at Falmouth. This photograph was taken from the fore-deck of the sailing ship Winterhude

A SURPRISE RACE AT FALMOUTH

When Astra Beat the Fleet

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

ONLY two races were sailed by the big yachts in the last week of June. The Mounts Bay Regatta, on June 27th, had provided a fixture for them, but the yachts were unable to turn up.

A very interesting race was sailed at Falmouth on the Friday, under the flag of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club. There was a moderate to fresh northerly breeze and a 30-mile course was laid off—fifteen miles dead to leeward and return. A course to leeward and return is, as a rule, less satisfactory as a test than a windward and return course because there may be a shift in the direction of the wind, which will very likely greatly minimise the value of the race in as far as it is a test of the yachts' capabilities to windward.

At Falmouth, however, with the wind from the north, the first leg had to be to leeward and, although the breeze lightened as the race went on, the interest and excitement persisted until the finish. The yachts Britannia, Velsheda, Endeavour, Shamrock, Candida and Astra, each started with a reef down, but these were soon shaken out and the lee mark was reached with Velsheda leading the fleet just ahead of Endeavour, with Astra, third.

The feature of the return journey against the tide and in the lightening breeze was the wonderful performance of Astra. Sailed in a masterly manner by her owner, Mr. Hugh Paul, and her skipper, Captain Ned Heard, the little vessel gave an exhibition to windward against the tide which was worthy of her reputation of being the most weatherly yacht of her length in British waters. To win on time allowance for rating in such company is an achievement, but actually to lead the class home on a 30-mile to leeward and return course is something to be proud of.

On the return journey Velsheda and Endeavour left the others, and standing out to the eastward had a match of their own. Once again Endeavour had the better of her opponent at the windward work, but the pair were not so well served by the wind as the others and, although Endeavour actually finished second to Astra, neither yacht secured a flag—Endeavour being fourth on corrected times and Velsheda last.

On the following day, at Falmouth, there was a light breeze early in the day, but this increased in strength later, and the six yachts sailed another interesting race. It was, from the point of view of those who are speculating as to the Challenger's capabilities, quite valueless. This was because the yachts—six of them, and big ones at that—were set to sail a three-round course of about 43 sea miles.

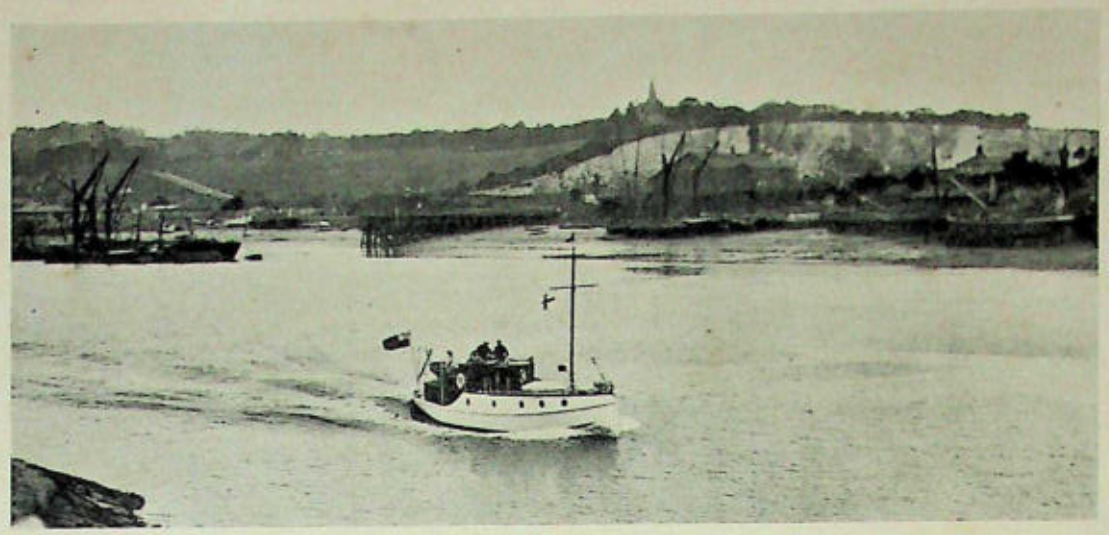
It is fairly obvious that a course in which ten marks have to be negotiated by six vessels ranging in size from Britannia to Astra—the marks being placed at less than five miles apart—is somewhat conducive to luck and by no means suited to testing the capabilities of a yacht designed specially for open water courses with legs of from ten to fifteen sea miles. From the spectators' point of view the race was a great success, as the yachts were never very far away.

Shamrock led on the first leg after having crossed the line just astern of the Challenger, but Velsheda, cleverly handled and sailing very well, worked into the first place, which she held until the finish—gaining steadily throughout the race, and beating Endeavour by 2min. 54sec. Velsheda's win was a very popular one, as she and her sporting owner, Mr. W. L. Stephenson, have not had the best of luck this season.

To turn from the big vessels to one of the smallest now racing in British waters—the new 5-metre class, or 18-footers, at Burnham-on-Crouch. It was hoped, when the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club promoted this class, that at first no two boats would come from the board of the same designer. This hope has been fulfilled—the orders for three of the new boats having been placed with British designers and that for the fourth in Norway.

The Norwegian boat is by Johan Anker and, I am told, shows some very novel features for a boat of her length and displacement, such as very "round" water lines forward and aft, and a full almost "motor-boat-like" forward deck line. I have not yet seen this boat which, by the way, is named Norma, but it is said that she is extremely fast—and, in fact, actually planes—downwind. Relatively, she is said to be not quite so good to windward, but this is very probably due to her not being fully tuned up. When last at Burnham, I saw Blackie, the boat that W. J. Daniels has designed for Mr. F. G. Mitchell, the commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, both on shore, under the club crane, and also afloat. Blackie bears a very strong resemblance to the A class models at Hampton Court, the most successful of which have been designed by Daniels, and from which the Royal Corinthian Class was evolved. This boat has a bulbed fin keel and her rudder is hung on a skeg-model fashion.

So far, Blackie and Norma have been sharing the prizes fairly equally, but they are shortly to be joined by new boats—one for Mr. J. S. Bacon, the Royal Corinthian rear-commodore, designed by J. Laurent Giles, and the other for an owner whose name has not yet been disclosed, from the board of Charles Nicholson. The Laurent Giles boat, which is nearing completion at Messrs. Vosper's yard at Portsmouth, differs essentially in design from the boats now racing at Burnham, in that she has very sharp water lines both forward and aft, with a relatively full middle body. She is probably more than a foot longer on load water-line than either of the others, and she looks as if she should be at her best in light weather, as compared with them.



A STARTER IN THE LONDON TO COWES RACE

Juan Therèse II, a good example of a converted picket boat. She was fitted with a new canoe stern this year

WEATHER AS A HANDICAPPER

Unequal Sea Conditions for Many Competitors in the 205 Mile Motor Boat Race from Rochester to Poole

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

HOW very hard tradition dies when it concerns anything connected even remotely with the sea. For 26 years in succession the annual passage-race for cabin cruisers along the South Coast has been called the "London-to-Cowes Race," and I suppose it will continue to be called so till it ceases to be a race. And yet nowadays it has no more fair claim to this name than Cambridge's bumping races in June have to the name of "May Week," for the race is from Rochester to Poole.

That is only by the way. The main thing is the race itself, for it was run during last week-end. Was this, the 26th of the long series, a success or was it not? There is not a complete answer to the whole question. From the point of view of the hard team work which the handicappers and organisers put into the fixture and the energy with which the R.M.Y.C. endowed them it has indeed been a triumph. The handicapping was very equitable taking things all round—but, in my opinion, the weather definitely put a spoke in the handicapper's wheel.

There were seventeen entrants for the race last week-end—seven old friends who had been over the same course before, and ten new-comers. Not such a good field as last year, perhaps, but more than sufficient to give the lie to those Grundys who assured everyone that last year's would be the last. The actual number of entrants was, however, by no means so interesting as the diversity of the entering craft. It must be remembered that this is a race over a distance of 205 miles which, with the exception of some thirteen miles in the Medway and five in Poole Harbour, is an open-sea passage course. For this the entrants range from one ship of a little more than 6 tons (Thames Measurement) to one of just under 90 tons, and the power units engaged range from 192 h.p. (two 96 h.p. Ruston-Lister engines) to 15 h.p. (a single Morris engine); the speeds range from 6.2 knots to about 10 knots. It will be seen from this that the principal disparity lies in the sizes of the ships, and a further point is that out of the total entering field seven ships were single screw ships.

A word about the rules of the race is necessary. They left absolutely nothing to chance—not even a competitor's navigational ability. The route was defined with absolute exactness—the deep-water Princes Channel out of the Thames; thence from the N.E. Spit buoy to the Gull and down the deep-water track through the Downs, past Dover "close aboard," Dungeness close to, Beachy Head "at a distance of one mile off-shore;" then on to the Owers, in through Spithead to the Solent, thence by the Needles Channel to the open sea again, and across to Poole Bar and home.

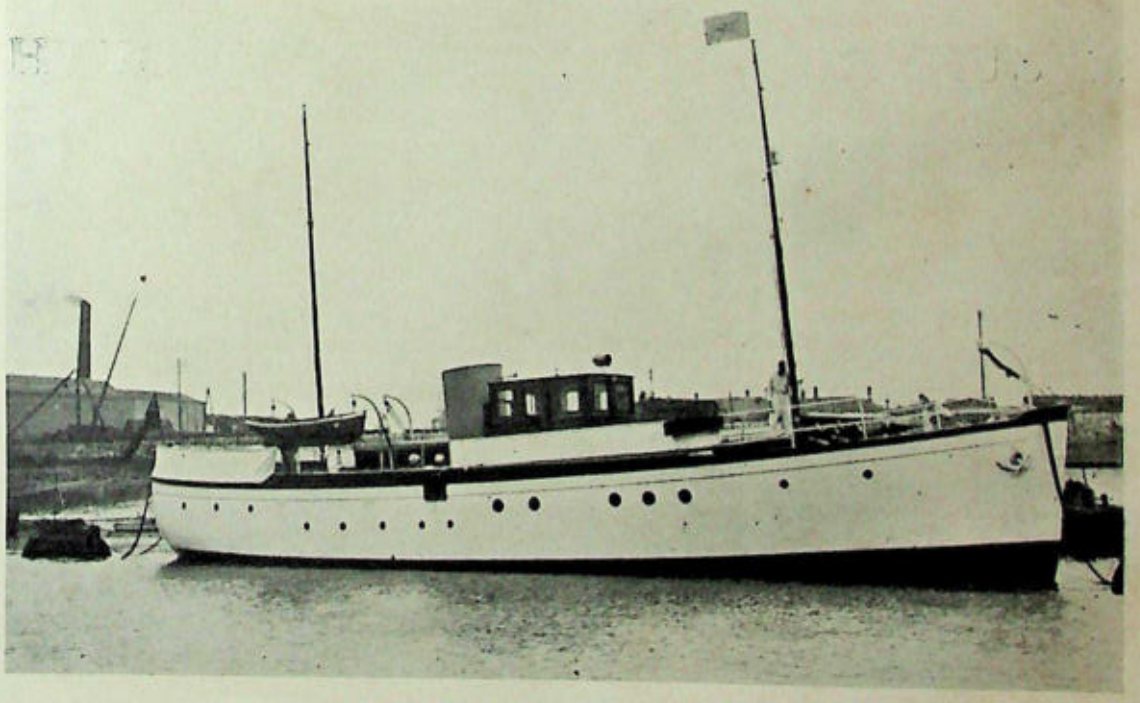
No chance here for an owner with a taste for the refinements of tidal navigation to use his skill to make up time by tide-cheating; no chance for the careful navigator to take short cuts; no chance for small craft to work out of the Thames and through the Dover Strait by sheltered inshore waters. Then, again, that passing "Dover close aboard" and Beachy Head at a distance of only a mile is open, I think, to the criticism that with a strong weather-going tide and any wind these are the very positions which the careful navigator would avoid; the backwash off Dover mole in a seaway is something not to be treated lightly and the overfalls and tumble close in to Beachy invariably demand respect. Then, again, why decree the Needles Channel when there is the North Channel under Hurst as an exit to the Solent? The latter route calls for more navigational skill than the former, and the time saved by following that route should surely be the reward of navigational virtue. But having thus criticised the course, I must admit that I do not see how the handicappers were going to achieve anything like success and their efforts meet with anything like satisfaction if the course had not been absolutely cut and dried and hedged in with rules which admitted no latitude whatsoever.

That the handicapping was excellent as far as it went must be admitted. To take a single example—Kelpie and Freedom both started level, though the former was actually a couple of seconds behind at the beginning. When the ship in which I voyaged passed Kelpie off Foreness these two yachts were still comparatively close together, but the heavy breaking swell prevailing had given the advantage to Freedom who had increased her lead. Down by the Gull buoy Freedom had Wanderlust in company—again evidence of accurate handicapping. But one cannot neglect the important issue of the finish with Sir Henry Martyn's Fluminense the winner, Wing-Commander Coryton's Davia second, and Sir Malcolm Campbell's Blue Bird third, and only a handful of other entrants completing the course.

There was more than one non-starter from Rochester; four or five abandoned the race in the Downs and put into Ramsgate, another broke off at the Girdler and returned to the Colne, and so on. That is the tragedy of this year's race. Last year everyone finished; the year before, much the same thing happened; this year, only about half the entrants crossed the Poole finishing line. That the weather experienced in the Downs was the very just cause of a number giving up cannot be doubted: I saw the conditions in which they were battling round the Foreland and into the mouth of the Gulf Stream, with a very big N.E. swell and an equally big east swell, both breaking, and a very fresh N.E. wind and a strong weather-going tide adding zest to the cauldron—a troublesome quarterly sea and the yachts rolling and corkscrewing very badly indeed. Add to that a lowering threatening sky, "smeech" racing by overhead from the eastward, and a rising glass. All were reasonable symptoms that worse might follow before nightfall found them in the open Channel, and there was sheer wisdom in getting in to Ramsgate. The only trouble was that the forecast turned out to be wrong, and by sun-down it was as peaceful and calm as a mill pond everywhere.

One would like to think that this patch of dirty weather would have resulted in only the bigger yachts getting home, for the deep-water channel out of the Thames and through the Downs is no place for a small single-screw motor yacht under such conditions. Unfortunately, turning to the list of winners one finds Fluminense, a 30-footer with two 9 h.p. Thorneycroft engines, getting the first gun, and the third smallest ship in the race collecting the laurels side by side with a 27-tonner and a 71-tonner. There is, I think, an explanation of it all. The bad streak of weather in the Downs was local and of comparatively short duration. The method of starting the competitors at different times based on their speed so that all should reach Poole together, enabled Fluminense to start in the early hours of the morning and to get well clear of the Downs before the mischief started at about eleven in the morning and as the faster boats did not leave Rochester until the afternoon by the time they were in the Downs all was peace. It was the batch which started down the Medway between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. which met the mischief—and those were the ones which, justly anticipating that worse was in store, gave up.

But I do not see how the start or the handicap could have been worked otherwise; it was sheer bad luck that the bad patch was waiting for some yachts and that others avoided it altogether. And it was a good race. We must hope for better luck next year, but I am not sure that it would not save the handicappers a lot of trouble if the entrants would consent to draw the names of the winners out of a hat instead of running the course, for it seems such a chancy business.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S BLUE BIRD

A 71-tonner which finished second to Sir Henry Martyn's Fluminense in the London to Cowes race

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.

ASCOT 60 YEARS AGO

SIR,—It is now 60 years ago since I went to Ascot for the first time. The present Lord Albemarle, with two other boys, whose names I do not remember, as I do not think they were at "my tutor's," ran to Windsor, hired a four-wheeler; when we had cleared the High Street, we drove along through Windsor Park when, to our horror, we saw Old Johnny Young on his old white horse. We holloa'd to the cabby to stop, while we tumbled out and hid in the fern. The cabby, however, not having got his fare and being afraid we should not return to pay him, whipped up the old horse, and we had to tumble out as best we could. Johnny Young was a sportsman, and seeing it was Eton boys turned his old white horse's head and rode the other way.

We arrived at Ascot all right and proceeded down the line of coaches and, having got aboard and had some champagne, we watched the three last races.

I met Humphrey Sturt, the son of the second Lord Alington, and asked him if his father's horse, the "Fox," would win the next race, and he informed me he had not an earthly chance. Armed with this information I returned to the University College (Oxford) coach, and informed the undergraduates of this inner information. What was my horror, as an inspiring tipster, when the aforesaid "Fox" romped in an easy winner!

The races being over about 5 p.m., the question was where to find an early starting coach to take us back in time for 6 o'clock absence. Waiting on the road to Windsor, we soon saw an almost empty coach coming towards us, driven by a Guards' officer all by himself. We waved to him to stop, but he only whipped up his horses. The prospect of our being swished and leave stopped for Eton and Harrow at Lord's gave us speed and agility, and two or three of us were soon up on the back seat of the coach talking to the grooms. When we got near Windsor we called out to the owner-driver to thank him for the lift, and would he kindly check his speed while we got off? Alas! he only increased it, but we were young and active, and managed to drop off behind and make our way to Eton in time for 6 o'clock absence. A few days later I was lunching with the Life Guards at Windsor with a cousin and the story was duly told, and the officers present promised to enquire of the driver how many passengers he had back from Ascot, and how they got on and off his coach.

Yours faithfully,

Stanton Court, H. F. C.
Chippenham, Wilts.

STEEL TRAPS

SIR,—I write in reply to "Cambrian" in your issue of June 9th. What an extraordinary state of affairs seems to be in force in the counties he names! One is inclined to ask, where are the keepers, shooting tenants, landlords and the police? Surely it is the latter's business to see that traps are not set in the open? And the trappers—they would seem to be a very different brand up there from ours here in Wiltshire.

Here we have absolutely no trouble with anyone. I suppose I am right in saying that there are more rabbits per acre than anywhere else in England round about Marlborough, and I will, if you will allow me, give my own experience. Outside my own small property I rent from a farmer, who owns his own farm, about 2,000 acres of shooting, composed of roughly 300 acres arable, the rest grass and downland. There are a number of small coverts interspersed. My agreement with the farmer is to shoot only those rabbits which I find above ground—he reserving those below. These he traps with ordinary steel gins. He kills and sells every year between 10,000 and 14,000 rabbits—quite a decent source of income to him at 9d. to 1s. each! I myself shoot about 500—all I require in fact.

All the traps are set in the holes and no snares are used at all except in very bad weather, when it is impossible to set traps. For every one rabbit which a snare would catch, probably ten are trapped. No hares, although the place swarms with them, are caught in the traps as they would be in snares, and I have never seen or shot a single mutilated partridge or pheasant.

With regard to the former, I may say that I shot 100 brace last season without "driving," and no doubt could easily have shot another 150 brace. What pheasants one gets, of course, here as elsewhere, depends on how many one turns down.

The trappers here take out and kill the rabbits generally three times during the twelve hours, and very often four times, so they are not left to suffer in agony, as "Cambrian" says his are. To conclude, I give a list of vermin killed this last season in the traps: 46 little owls, 18 stoats, 2 cats, 10 weasels and 14 carrion crows. No badgers, foxes (of both of which there are plenty), cows, sheep or sheep dogs.

Yours faithfully,

Rockley Manor, E. B. FITZHERBERT WRIGHT
Marlborough, Wilts. (Major).

N.B.—A fiver to the trapper is well-spent money!

BEST BLACK STALLION

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the letter under the above head from Mr. D. H. Greenwood, concerning which perhaps the following brief notes may be of interest.

In the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the heavy English draught horse of the Shires was variously known as the old English Black horse, the large Black old English cart-horse, the heavy Black horse, or the Black cart-horse, as may be seen on reference to the works of writers on livestock and agriculture of the period—Arthur Young, Marshall, George Culley and others—and which the first Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., tells us was descended from the Great Horse or War Horse of the period of the Roman Invasion, and a link to its development into the modern Shire horse.

Mr. R. S. Reynolds, M.R.C.V.S., of Liverpool, in his excellent Essay on the English Cart Horse in the first volume of the *Shire Horse Stud Book*, 1880 (then called *The English Cart Horse Stud Book*) says, that with very few exceptions (and those exceptions chesnut), black, dark brown and grey were the only colours met with in descriptions of draught stallions living in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and that black predominated over the two other colours, so much so that the Eastern Counties horse was known and described as the "Black Lincolnshire horse," also that the highly esteemed brood mares of Derbyshire were chiefly of that colour. This can be borne out by an analysis of the Stud Book in question.

Robert Bakewell (1725–1795), of Dishley, Leicestershire, whom Lord Ernle, in an article in the *Times* on July 18th, 1929, referred to as "A Farmer of Genius" and creator of "Meat for the Million," devoted some attention to the breeding of cart horses in the late eighteenth century. The writer has in his possession a large old copperplate engraving of a six-year-old horse of Bakewell's, after a painting by J. Boultbee, of Loughborough, engraved by F. Jukes, and published by the artist in 1791, which forms an interesting comparison with the best Shires of to-day, good specimens of which are still to be seen in the large towns, and for which, in spite of the repeated references to the disappearance of the horse, the writer believes there is still a future.

Yours faithfully,

Burngrove, R. H. RADFORD
Pitsmoor, Sheffield. (Capt.).

CROW TRAPS

SIR,—I send some more particulars about decoy crows, which your correspondent asked for in a recent issue of the *Field*.

I always use wild decoys. In fact they are usually better decoys when first caught than after they have been in the trap for some time. There is no fear of the decoy warning other crows, they often induce their companions to enter within an hour or two of their own capture.

Usually it is necessary to use a decoy of the species that is to be trapped. I have found that a crow is nearly always necessary to catch crows. A rook will only go into a rook decoy, but a jackdaw will go into a jackdaw or a rook. I once caught a magpie with a decoy crow, but it took some months for the magpie to decide to join the crow. However, once one magpie was in I caught another five within as many days. Unfortunately, the local boys could not resist the magpies, and broke into the trap and took them; I have never caught a magpie since.

The perches should be fixed across and inside the trap, not under the funnel. They should be about 4ft. from the ground. The decoys soon learn to jump or climb up to them, and then show up well, and can be seen by other crows from a considerable distance.

My new wheeled trap has proved a great success and never fails to catch a pair of crows when taken to their nesting site. The best time being two hours from when the trap arrived. There is not a crow on the whole shoot (3,500 acres) this nesting season.

Yours faithfully,

C. B. WAINWRIGHT (Major).
Ablington Farm House,
Figheldean, near Salisbury.

"THE LION'S ROAR"

SIR,—Your correspondent J. B. D. writes as if he were a great expert on lions, and says that to his mind a great deal written about lions is entirely incorrect; presumably he means it has not been his own experience, and he goes on to say that no doubt it sometimes happens that one lot of lions drive game into another lot, but if anyone is so credulous as to believe that this is the outcome of a plan or design it is impossible for him to disillusion them. Your correspondent confuses what happens in broad daylight and what happens on a moonless dark night.

Lions will walk amongst game in daylight with no fear shown on the part of the game, as lions are not on the feed at that time; they kill and feed at night, and the game know it. A family party of lions will teach their young to kill game by the tactics described in my recent letter, and if J. B. D. had lived year in and year out in the bush he would have had more experience of what actually happens.

The lion did not roar when within 50yds. of my camp; he passed within 50yds. of where I was sitting in the dark. The last time he roared before I got out of the wagon he was probably 500yds. away, his next and last roar sounded much farther off, but in fact he was closer up, but roared with his head near the ground. A lion is as intelligent as a dog although he belongs to the cat tribe.

On one occasion three of my dogs were lying by the embers of the fire in front of my tent on a pitch-dark night, and a lion passed at the back of the tent, pushing against one of the ropes, and not one of the dogs made a movement; the lion walked down to the river close by, crossed it, and the next morning I shot it out on the vly. One can never be certain what animals will do under certain circumstances. Lions will roar continuously in the early morning, but when one approaches close up to them in the long 'grass they stop roaring, and on being disturbed never roar again, but slink quietly away. It is a draw every time as the long grass gives no opportunity for a shot.

Yours faithfully,

The Croft, G. W. PENRICE.
Ash Green.

[Selous and many other of the best-known authorities on African game have noted that lions do not as a rule roar when hunting, and that a real lion chorus is only heard when they are in comparatively undisturbed country.—ED.]

FOOD POISONING OF ELEPHANTS

SIR,—On the morning of December 17th, 1933, the villagers in the fields adjoining the Vannathiparai Reserve Forest came upon eleven elephants lying in the patta fields and three in the adjoining reserve. By 3 p.m. in the afternoon the elephants in the fields were dead, while the three in the reserve forest were obviously in a very bad condition and died later. The veterinary surgeon of Periyakulam conducted a post-mortem on two of the elephants and the viscera were sent to the chemical examiner.

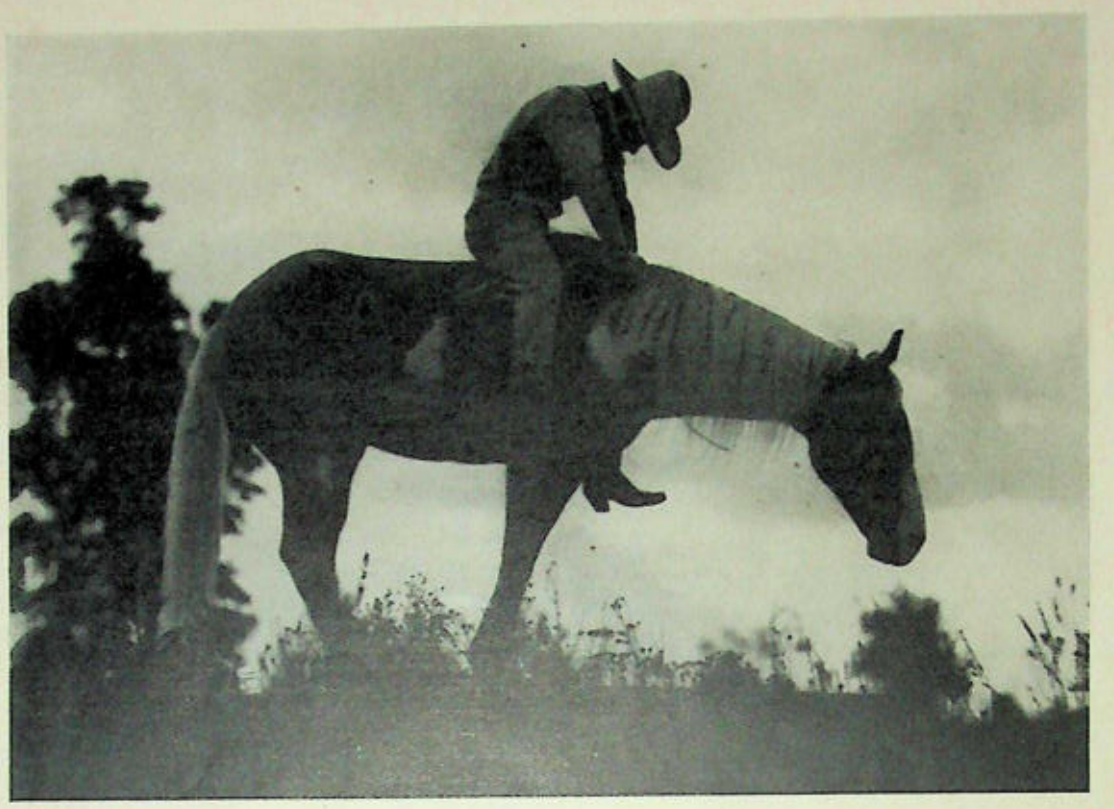
Ripe "Varagu" occasionally gets into a poisonous condition, though its appearance then is no indication of this and the knowledge that the grain is fit for consumption is said to be gained by either cooking and tasting a very small quantity or observing the condition of the cattle during the threshing season. The antidote for the poison is said to be tamarind water or buttermilk in large quantities.

Results of the chemical examination showed that the elephants had died from Kodo millet poisoning. It is reported that a similar case of elephants being poisoned by "Varagu" occurred some years previously in a field in the same area. When this grain is in a poisonous condition it is apparently known as "Kiruku Varagu."

In the case of the three elephants that were found in the reserve forest the range forest officer reported that water and tamarind fruit were supplied to them by the villagers and by this means the life of one of them was saved, but this is not confirmed. I am indebted to Mr. A. Wimbush, Chief Conservator of Forests, Madras, for the above information.

Yours faithfully,

Honnametti Estate, RANDOLPH C. MORRIS.
Attikan P.O.
Via Mysore, S. India.



SILVER CLOUD AND HARDY MURPHY
(See Letter "A Rodeo Memory")

A RODEO MEMORY

SIR,—I think readers of the *Field* may like to see the enclosed photograph which I bought at the Rodeo in the White City during one of the last performances. It shows Silver Cloud, the extremely clever performing horse, trained and ridden by Hardy Murphy. This horse's performance and its docility, and what may almost be called initiative, has been one of the best features of an exhibition which, I fear, has not attracted the attention which its promoters may have hoped for.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. E. P.

DRUMMING OF WOODPECKERS

SIR,—I have read many letters on the subject of how woodpeckers produce the sound known as "drumming," but I do not remember having seen a point raised which has frequently struck me, viz.: If the sound is made by rapid tapping with the beak, would not the pitch vary very much according to the different places selected for the action?

Early in April I heard the sound, which, to me, resembled the creaking or groaning of two large, smooth, wet branches grating on each other, coming from a clump of large Scots firs. On proceeding to the spot, two lesser spotted (or barred) woodpeckers flew out across a clearing into another small clump of beech trees. After a few minutes the drumming began again from that spot, on exactly the same note. I went to the spot whence the sound came; the birds flew across the clearing to the clump where I had first heard them, and, after a short interval, the drumming began again on precisely the same note. The foliage was too thick to enable me to locate them exactly and watch them through field glasses, but I was again impressed with the exactness of the sound on each occasion, and decided for my "future information and guidance" that the sound came from the throat and not from tapping with the beak.

I have frequently seen and heard both the greater and the lesser spotted woodpecker in Richmond Park, where they were both to be found eight years ago.

Yours faithfully,
St. Leonards-on-Sea. C. H. YOUNG.

[Both species are still to be found in Richmond Park.—ED.]

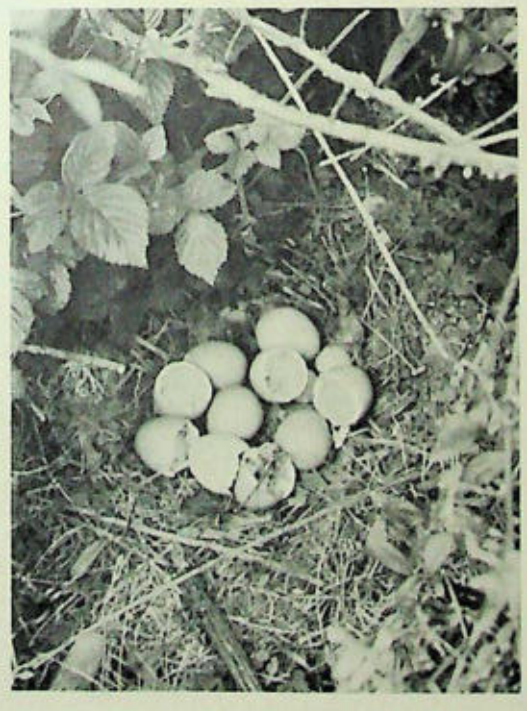
TOP HATS FOR HUNTING

SIR,—What shocking ugly hats the modern silk toppers are! Low and a little bell-topped. Why not the really sporting shape, "the neck or nothing?" That is a slightly truncated cone in shape with the point upwards. The old Duke of Wellington is seen wearing this pattern in one of the several pictures in which he appears out hunting. Quite a chapter might be written on top hats. The early ones would not stand a wet day, as the silk was fixed to the frame by glue, and the wet soon caused the silk to slide off. It was not till the shellac frame was invented that a topper would go through a season. The very ugliest form was the immense chimney-pot of the '50–'60's. It was King Edward, when Prince of Wales, who reduced the 12–13in. hats to a more moderate height of about 8in. When I lived in town I had a block made to fit me. The pattern so produced I always wore and found that I was "in the fashion" about every four or five years. The present fashion is more like a pile of muffins on a plate than a hat.

Yours faithfully,
Kent. TOPPER.

PHEASANT'S EGGS THAT FAILED TO HATCH

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a pheasant's nest and eggs after hatching. The nest was built right out in the open under practically no cover at all, and the result was that four out of the ten eggs were spoilt by frost—at least that is the only explanation we can think of. A few weeks beforehand early morning frosts were rather prevalent,



FOUR SPOILT OUT OF TEN
(See Letter "Pheasant's Eggs that Failed to Hatch")

and I suppose the germs were killed in their infancy. The eggs were bad, but there was little sign of growth in them.

Can this be attributed to frost, and if so would it have been any use to have covered in the nest as soon as it was found in such an exposed position?

Yours faithfully,
The Old Oxe Inn, G. MARCH-PHILLIPPS.
Shillingstone, Dorset.

CAT AND ADDER

SIR,—The other day my cat came up to me in the garden with what appeared to be a thick piece of black wire tightly round his nose. Thinking he had been caught in a trap I went to take it off. To my surprise I found it to be a fairly large adder coiled round and round his nose.

It dropped off and lay quite still, then slowly expanded. Puss seeing this tapped it with his paw. Immediately the adder reared up and darted back its head to strike, but I removed puss on the toe of my shoe just in time.

The adder was palish brown, about a foot in length, with dark markings all down its body and looked quite like a miniature cobra when it tried to strike. Puss is pale yellow, otherwise I should not have noticed anything wrong.

Yours faithfully,
38, University Road, H. CRUICKSHANK.
Southampton.

TROUT'S MEAL

SIR,—While fishing recently near the mouth of a small river on the west coast of Ross-shire, I noticed that a certain brown trout which I had caught was particularly distended. The trout weighed a quarter of a pound, and upon examination I found that it contained in a completely undigested state definitely over 130 flies and grubs, including large beetles, house flies, gnats, etc., also 28 young sand-eels, ranging from one to three inches in length, five small gravel stones and three twigs of about three-quarters of an inch long.

No wonder I had difficulty in disgorging my "teal and red" which this voracious trout had made the most determined effort to swallow!

Yours faithfully,
Ross-shire. C. F.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that after several years, during which shooting of moose and caribou has not been permitted in Newfoundland, it has been decided to have an open season from September 1st to October 15th this year, during which a limited number of bull moose and stag caribou may be shot.

Licences will be granted to shoot 55 bull moose and 50 stag caribou; each licence will cover one animal only. Of these licences, 40 in the case of moose and 35 in the case of caribou, are being reserved for local sportsmen, and 15 in each case will be issued for sportsmen from outside the country. The licence fee will be $50.00, which will authorise the killing of one animal only.

Licence-holders must employ a guide chosen from the list maintained by the Department of Natural Resources, whose wage will be $4.00 per day, plus expenses. The term of each licence will be for three weeks.

Applications from outside Newfoundland will be dealt with in sequence of receipt, and should be accompanied by a deposit of $20.00, which will be returned if for any reason the licence is not granted, and will be forfeited if the licence is granted, and the licensee subsequently does not avail himself of it.

Any communications in connection with this subject should be addressed to the Secretary, Department of Natural Resources, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Yours faithfully,
J. HOPE SIMPSON, Commissioner.
St. John's, Newfoundland.

HOW LONG WILL GUT LAST?

SIR,—I wonder if you will find the following actual experience of mine worth recording. Fishing in Cornwall during April on a tributary of the Lynher River, I had a basket of one-and-a-half dozen trout, four of them being over ½lb. each. Though well provided with new season's tackle, I used a cast over 20 years old that had not previously been used. It had, of course, been well soaked before use. The strands of which the cast is made average nearly 15in. in length. The fish were all taken on a small pheasant tail fished wet.

Yours faithfully,
2, Victoria Park Road, C. S. ROGERS.
Exeter, Devon.

BIRD MIGRATION IN ENGLAND AND CANADA

SIR,—The dates published in the *Field* of the arrival of summer birds have been of great interest. In this section of Canada I have kept, since 1906, fairly continuous records of bird migration both in the spring and in the autumn. May I inquire which is generally the earlier spring arrival in England, the swallow or the sand-martin? According to the few books that I possess the sand-martin arrives a few days ahead of the swallow.

I note, however, in your records for this year that the swallow was seen first. In this country we have almost the identical species, but generally known respectively as the barn swallow and the bank swallow. According to my records the barn swallow is invariably the earlier, generally appearing about the middle of May, while the bank swallow often postpones its arrival till the first week in June. In the autumn the bank swallow is almost the first of our summer residents to leave. Frequently all have departed south by August 31st, whereas the barn swallow lingers until the middle of September.

Yours faithfully,
Eastend, LAURENCE B. POTTER.
Saskatchewan.

[That the sand martin arrives a few days ahead of the swallow is the general experience in this country.—ED.]

FEEDING HORSES FROM GROUND LEVEL

SIR,—In a recent book on horses, reviewed in the *Field*, the author strongly advocates feeding from the ground, and I think it may be of interest to describe the way I have fitted up my stables for this.

The ground manger consists of a movable partition going the whole width of the box 20in. from the wall. The partition is of wood 14in. high and is dropped into a groove on either wall formed by two vertical battens. The groove is stopped 4in. from the floor so that the boards forming the partition are held up that height from the ground. For everyday cleaning a rake can be used or anything can be swept out underneath. For a really good cleaning the boards are just lifted out. The floor in the manger is well smoothed cement mortar.

I give all feeds in feed tins put on the ground in the manger and the hay is put in loose. The horses never throw hay out as if they want to pick it over, they have the whole width of the box to push it about in. I have stabled six horses for three years in boxes made like this, and have only had one horse fall into the manger by going to sleep standing up. The boards broke and fell flat and it got up undamaged.

I do not think it is generally realised that it is a great advantage to have a 5ft. verandah outside each box. I have a long line of boxes all of which open straight into the verandah, which enables the horses to look out whatever the weather is like, and so breaks the wind and rain that the top doors never have to be shut. Besides all this one can walk from box to box with saddles or anything without going into the wet.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Holditch, South Chard, Chard. O. B. SHIELDS.

FREAK FOXGLOVE

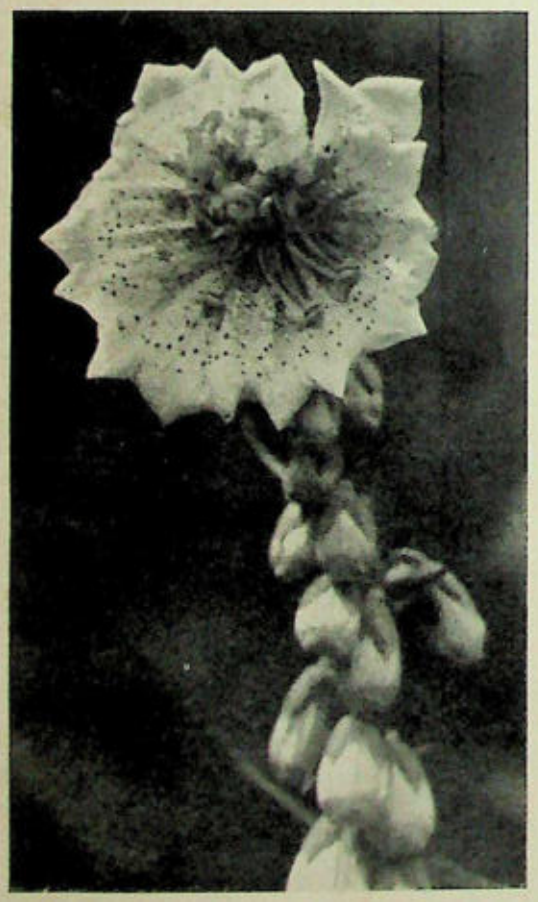
SIR, I send you herewith a photograph of a white foxglove growing in my garden with a peculiar flower at the top of the stem. I have not seen such an addition to the ordinary foxglove before, and thinking it may be unusual, I send its portrait to you.

The plant was self sown and is very vigorous, about 5ft. high now. The terminal flower is about 3in. in diameter and 1¼in. deep. In it are fifteen white anthers with yellow pollen pods on their ends. There is a heavy white pistil in the centre which is now unfolding.

Yours faithfully,

Wellington House, 11, Lawn Road, Southampton. W. W. F. PULLEN.

[This is a well-known "sport" of the foxglove, and possibly marks an evolutionary tendency.—ED.]



ITS CROWNING GLORY
(See Letter "Freak Foxglove")

DISAPPEARANCE OF LAPWINGS

SIR,—The letters of Lord Winterton and Mr. Philip Gosse are most interesting. Certainly in this neighbourhood there were far more lapwings last autumn than there have been for several seasons.

Going back through my records for 30 years here, I have noticed that, quite irrespective of weather, seasons have varied enormously, from thousands one year to practically nil the next.

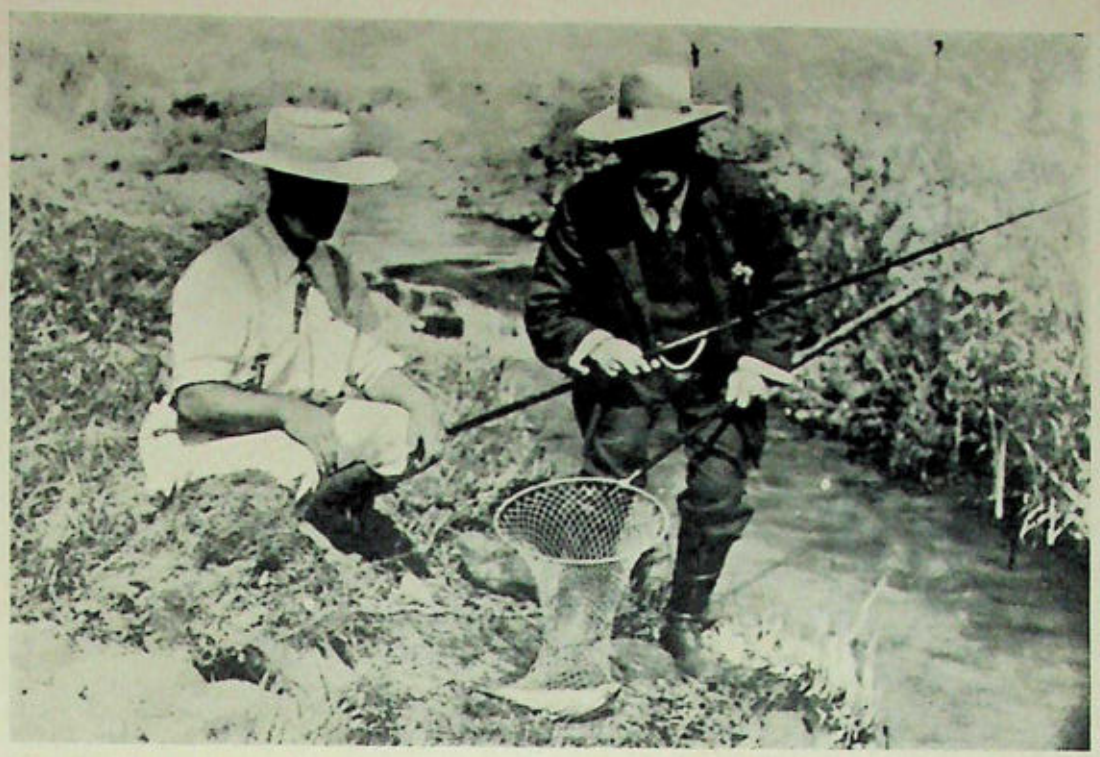
I certainly think, however, that the number of home-bred green plover have decreased since it was made illegal to take their eggs.

In the old days all the early eggs were taken and the lapwing hatched off at a reasonable time in good weather. Now, many of the early eggs are touched by frost, or either rolled or harrowed over just before hatching. The lapwings then leave the district in disgust and do not return.

This I can substantiate in the case of the moorhen, as I wrote to the *Field* some years ago.

Yours faithfully,

Tittleshall. HARRY J. BUXTON.



A RAINBOW OF 1¾LB. AND ITS CAPTOR, MR. HARRISON
(See Letter "First Trout in Rhodesia")

FIRST TROUT IN RHODESIA

SIR,—I noticed some time ago in your columns that considerable interest was taken in the origin of trout in the rivers of Kenya Colony, and thinking it might be worth while to place on record the advent of trout in Rhodesia, Great Britain's youngest colony, have gathered the following data.

Some ova was obtained from the Union of South Africa in 1910 and hatched out at Umtali, and 100 alevins of brown and rainbow trout were turned into the Raheen River. Mr. Harrison, sen., was the first person to catch a trout; I enclose his photograph with that of the fish—it weighed 1¾lb., and was at once returned to the stream; it was a rainbow. A few weeks later a brown trout was caught, and on being returned to the water fell on a rock and was killed. Exceptionally heavy rains in the following season probably washed all the trout down to the Odzi River, possibly to the sea, for no more were caught.

The next venture was a hatchery in Umtali Park, in two large tanks with constantly running water. In due course these were emptied with the intention of taking the trout (which had seemingly been doing very well) down to the river. Nothing was found but a few frogs; hungry natives had evidently eaten the fish.

Not unnaturally ardour was damped for some time, but two keen fishermen, Mr. McAdam and Mr. Drysdale, took the matter in hand again, and to such purpose that the Odzani River, some 20 miles from Umtali, was opened for fishing in 1932 and has provided good sport ever since. The largest fish was caught in 1932, weighing 3lb. 14oz., but many approximating that weight have been caught since. Other streams in the eastern district of Rhodesia have been or are being stocked, and soon the tourist will be justified in including a light fly-rod in his baggage; indeed, he might well do so now, for the Umtali and Eastern District Piscatorial Society controls the Odzani fishing, and can provide a good day's sport to the visitor at small cost.

Yours faithfully,

Easton Lodge, Newlands, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia. A. ESSEX CAPELL.

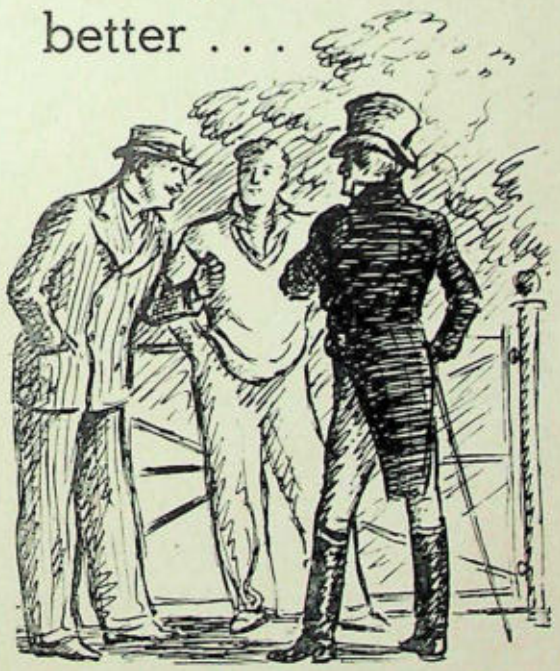
STEEL TRAPS

SIR,—The paradoxical but well-established fact that the steel trap increases the numbers of rabbits in a given area has hitherto received two explanations, namely, conservation (deliberate or accidental) and destruction of the rabbit's natural enemies. A third possible explanation of considerable interest has now been put forward by a West-Country observer who found that in a particular catch the bucks greatly outnumbered the does. He suggests that does are more wary and lie up when trapping begins, so that a kind of reversed Rodier effect takes place. I should be most grateful if any of your readers could send me, at the address given below, data as to the proportions in which the sexes occur among rabbits caught with the steel trap.

Yours faithfully,

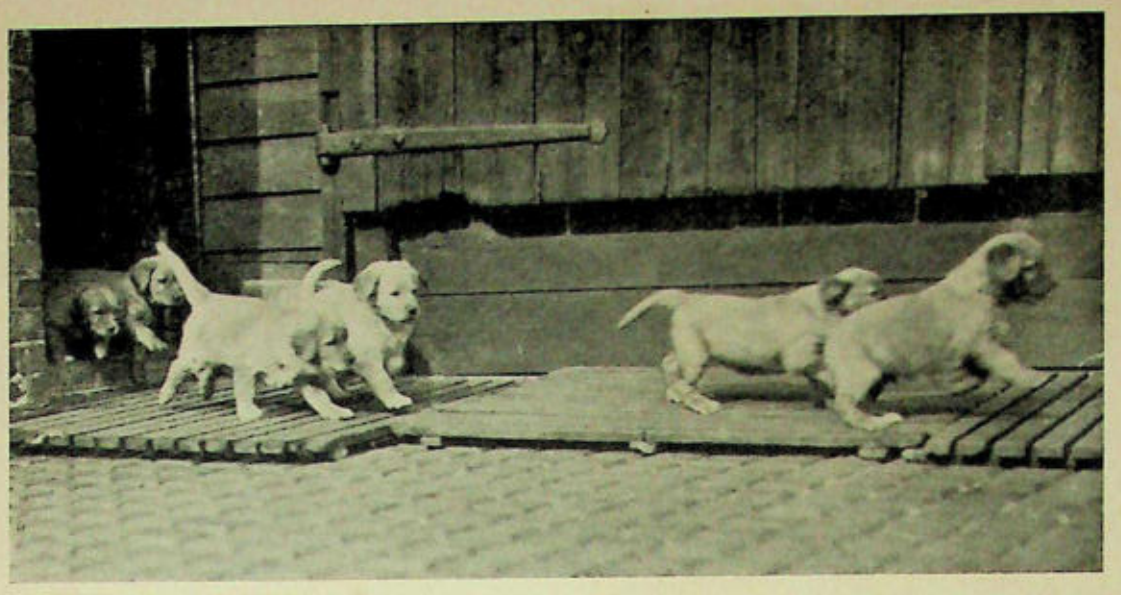
C. W. HUME
(Hon. Secretary, University of London Animal Welfare Society).
68, Torrington Square, W.C. 1.

● He said to me—I never call for a whisky—I know better . . .



● I said to him—quite right, call for Johnnie Walker, there is no better!

BORN 1820 . STILL GOING STRONG . . !



A FINE LITTER OF GOLDEN RETRIEVERS
(See Letter "The Golden Call")

"DISEASE" OF ZOSTERA

SIR,—May I inquire through your columns if it is known what stopped the growth of that most valuable (regarding the food of wildfowl) sea-grass, *Zostera*, last summer. The farmers round the Cromarty Firth use this grass, which is washed ashore in winter storms, to insulate their potato-pits from the effects of frost, but last winter none was procurable.

Some people blame the drought and high temperature of the water for the *Zostera's* failure, but I am inclined to think that the damage was by a spring frost, which unfortunately came when the tide was out. Then the sun rays thawed the wrack too rapidly, and the young growth was "scorched," like heather or bracken under similar conditions.

Yours faithfully,
Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

HANDICAPPED BY FOUR FORELEGS

SIR,—A native showed me recently the skin of a six-legged impala. He said that the buck had been killed by a lion and was an adult ram.

The extra legs, which were forelegs, were some 6in. shorter than the forelegs proper and placed behind them. The native said the extra legs were complete with bones and hoofs, but I did not ask him how they were attached to the body.

I should say that monstrosities at birth are rare in wild nature, but the interesting point to my mind is that a buck, handicapped by the possession of these large, extra and useless legs, should have arrived at maturity before meeting his end.

Yours faithfully,
Cuangwa Valley. HENRY RANGELEY.

NESTING HABITS OF THE EMU

SIR,—I was interested to read in the *Field* of March 10th an account of the emu that is hatching out eggs at the Zoo. It is mentioned that the eggs are being hatched by the male bird.

This is most interesting, as from my own observations of emus in their wild state the reverse is the case. The eggs are hatched out by the hen in the usual way and the chicks are left to the care of the male parent, who undertakes their rearing. The hen often appears to leave her family, taking to another part of the bush entirely away from her husband and chicks.

Yours faithfully,
Dinninup, Western Australia. A. C. FALLON.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

The "Field" in Soviet Russia.—The enclosed snapshot I thought might be of some value to you in that it was taken in the midst of the Russian Steppe country, some hundred miles from Rostov-on-Don, in the North Caucasus. During an interminable and purposeless stop at this siding an admiring and inquisitive group of young Communists gathered near our train and a copy of the *Field* was presented to them—as an experiment. It excited great interest—only the pictures of course being intelligible to the new owner, who incidentally had his work cut out to retain his property, but who was only too ready to be photographed.—A. E. PORRITT, 60, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W. 1.

Oleander Hawk-moth in Hampshire.—It may be of interest to record that an oleander hawk was seen here on June 9th, during a tennis party, when it was plainly visible on the wire netting surrounding the court. It appeared sleepy and had presumably only recently emerged. The source of its food supply is a matter of conjecture.—J. E. ALCOCK, Chatmohr, West Wellow, Hants. [The oleander hawk is a very scarce immigrant from the Continent, and it is more likely that this specimen had recently arrived. Larvæ have, however, been reported on one or two occasions, feeding on lesser periwinkle.—ED.]

The Golden Call.—The accompanying photograph shows a number of Golden retriever puppies, seven weeks old, being whistled in to their dinner.—W. M. C., Herons, Buckhold, Pangbourne.

Two Cuckoos' Eggs in One Nest.—With reference to a recent letter about two cuckoos' eggs being found in one nest, I found two cuckoos' eggs in a reed warblers' nest with three other eggs, near here, about May 21st. One egg was very sparingly marked, while the other was considerably shorter and very heavily marked, so I think they were probably laid by different birds. Both eggs were, of course, much larger than those of the reed warbler, and the little nest was on the point of collapse.—G. C. F. GWYER, Sunnyside, Winchester.

A PRIZED POSSESSION
(See Letter "The 'Field' in Soviet Russia")

Tom Oldaker.—Tom Oldaker's birthplace has been a subject of inquiry in the *Field* on several occasions. The son of Kinnill and Martha Oldaker, of Stanway, Gloucestershire, he was born there in 1752. His father came from the neighbouring parish of Buckland. For this interesting record I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Oldaker, who claims distant kinship with the huntsman who could "guess a fox to death."—G. O. F., Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are anxious to replenish their fund for Mr. and Mrs. P., who have only £1 weekly, their combined Old-Age Pensions, to live on. Mr. P. is crippled and, although his wife is really past work, she tries to pick up an odd job now and then. They are a very respectable old couple, and would go short of many necessities without the weekly help they have received. £13 is needed.

IN THE CITY

THE UNITED STEEL COMPANIES LIMITED

"THE companies in the group with over 25,000 employees conduct on a large scale a highly diversified business in the iron, steel and coal industries. They produce at the present time about 16 per cent. of the United Kingdom output of steel ingots, over two million tons of coal in the year and large quantities of coke and pig iron. The works and plant, which are amongst the most modern in the country, have been maintained at a high level of efficiency, and with low production costs the group is obtaining a full share in the much improved demand now prevailing in the industry."

This statement was included in a letter written by the chairman of United Steel Companies in connection with the recent offer for sale of 4,500,000 £1 shares of the company. The total outstanding share capital consists of 6,616,365 shares, all of one class and ranking *pari passu*, while the aggregate outstanding principal amount of secured loans, debentures and mortgages of the company and its subsidiaries is approximately £2,600,000.

After providing for all expenses, interest and taxes, but before depreciation, the profits in recent years, together with the official estimate for the year just ended, compare as follows:

Year to June 30th.	Net Profit.	Depreciation.	Balance for Dividends.	Shares. Earned. (Per cent.)	Paid.
1931	£41,321	£200,000	Dr. £158,679	—	Nil
1932	£187,354	£175,000	£12,354	0.2	Nil
1933	£351,438	£250,000	£101,438	2.0	Nil
1934 Est.	£850,000	Not available.		(See below)	

In regard to the estimate for 1933–4, the prospectus included a statement by the chairman that the directors were satisfied that profits for the period would not be less than £850,000, and that this should enable them, after ample provision for depreciation and reserves, to recommend payment of a dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent. less income tax for the year.

The £1 shares of United Steel Companies were offered at the end of May at 21/6 per share, and they can still be obtained at about 21/10½, at which price the yield is 5 per cent. based on the anticipated payment of 5½ per cent. In view of the great improvement in the company's business, the more favourable outlook for the iron, coal and steel industry, and the prominent position of the company in its field, the shares of United Steel Companies may be regarded by investors, with funds to place in other than the most conservative issues, as an attractive purchase not only from the viewpoint of income return, but also with a view to capital appreciation. This would seem to be the view of many of the City's leading financial authorities, for the very strong group of bankers which underwrote the issue have an option to acquire a further 2,077,223 shares on or before January 15th, 1935, at a price of 23/- per share. It seems reasonable to assume that, in the judgment of the underwriters, this option will prove of value—that is to say, that in six months' time the shares will be worth appreciably more than they are at present.

RETAIL TRADE

The *Board of Trade Journal* for May indicates a record increase in the money value of retail sales for the month, sales being 7.7 per cent. higher than in May last year, and in suburban London sales were 12½ per cent. higher. These figures provide excellent proof of the increasing purchasing power of the population and indicate that retail stores must be enjoying a continued improvement in their business.

In this connection it is worth noting that the 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., the dividend on which is payable free of tax up to 6/- in the £1, are on offer at 25/9 as against the price of 27/3 at which they were selling at the end of May, when attention was drawn to them in this column. At present levels the shares yield as much as 6 per cent. gross, despite the fact that dividend requirements were covered over twice last year, and will doubtless be earned with a substantially higher margin for the current year. A purchase of these preference shares would seem to assure the buyer of a higher income return at regular intervals, and he or she may reasonably expect to see the shares commanding higher prices in due course. PACTOLUS.

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A GROUP OF COLCHICUMS

Colchicums should be planted with the tops of the bulbs an inch below the surface of the soil, and the individual corms 6ins. to 9ins. apart

The Country House

BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH

A Favourite for New Gardens

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW bulbous plants have come into favour so markedly of recent years as colchicums. They are particularly useful in new gardens, for they make a fine show within two months of planting. Further, in many gardens, there is a piece of rough grass where daffodils, etc., are grown, and there is no reason why this same part should not be made gay with colchicums in autumn. The majority of species do well in grass and planted thus the flowers do not get splashed with soil in rainy weather. Whether planted in grass or in the rock garden, it is important to remember that most colchicums have large leaves that take up considerable room in spring.

Colchicums should be planted with the tops of the bulbs an inch below the surface of the soil, and the individual corms 6in. to 9in. apart. Once planted, they should be left undisturbed till they begin to deteriorate. The showiest kinds are the *C. speciosum* hybrids, notably Ruby Queen (*syn C. s. atro-rubens*), with white-centred ruby-coloured flowers; and *C. giganteum*, with big pink flowers. *C. speciosum* and the varieties, and *C. giganteum* are all early flowering. The white-flowered form of *C. speciosum* is strikingly handsome. The *C. autumnale* varieties have the merit of cheapness, and flower almost as early as the *C. speciosum* hybrids. *C. autumnale flore plenum* has lovely double, pinkish-lilac flowers. *C. Bornmulleri* and *C. byzantinum* also flower early, and their pinkish flowers are beautiful.

C. byzantinum, a Grecian species, is delightful for indoor decoration in September and October, and needs the minimum of attention. Planted in bowls of dry sand and given no water, each corm produces quite a dozen flowers in succession. The individual corms are large, quite 4in. long and about 2in. thick, so it is best to put about half-a-dozen into a large shallow bowl. A bowl is not necessary, for left on a sunny window-sill they flower perfectly. It is essential to give them a really sunny window. Grown in the open, *C. byzantinum* is valuable in spring for its attractive corrugated leaves. Mixed varieties of colchicums to plant in grass can be bought very cheaply. *C. alpinum*, which flowers at the end of July, is not very suitable for grass, as its pinkish lilac flowers are borne on stems hardly 3in. high.

Then there are the autumn and winter-flowering crocus species, which should be planted this month. Many of them do not flower well till established. Of the autumn-flowering species, the saffron crocus is the most interesting historically. There are many traditions as to the date of its introduction into this country, but it is more than probable that it was first introduced by the Romans, who used it for medicinal purposes. Little use is now made of saffron, but formerly that grown in England was esteemed the best procurable and commanded the highest price. Shakespeare, in the *Winter's Tale*, refers to the custom of colouring "Warden pies" with saffron. In parts of Cornwall saffron cakes are still made—saffron being used to colour and flavour them. When Saffron Walden in Suffolk acquired the name is uncertain, for in Saxon times it was called Cheping Walden. As a garden plant this interesting crocus species can be most contrary. It does best on a light soil, and does not flower freely till well established. The flowers are exquisite and remarkable for the size and fragrance of their prominent orange-red stigmata.

The earliest of the autumn-flowering species are *C. zonatus* (pinkish lilac with yellow and orange centres) and *C. speciosus*. The latter is one of the loveliest and most valuable autumn-flowering crocuses for naturalising, for it does admirably in grass. The type has veined purplish blue flowers with yellow throats and orange-red anthers. There is also a white-flowered form. The variety *C. s. Aitchisonii*, which flowers a little later, has larger flowers. The well-known *C. nudiflorus* was formerly naturalised in the Midlands, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. It also grew wild near Warwick. *C. medius*, a native of the South of France, is very handsome—rich purple flowers with vivid orange-red stigmata.

The winter and early spring flowering crocus species are suitable chiefly for the rock garden, where they do best in sheltered spots facing south-west. They should be planted 2in. deep and surrounded with sand. To the soil below the sand some leaf mould should be added. The *C. chrysanthus* hybrids, though not the earliest, are very popular, and small wonder, for they are all so dainty. *C. Korolkowi* from Turkestan, is one of the earliest winter-flowering species. Its star-shaped flowers, grey-brown without and rich gold within, open widely.

Crocus aureus, a parent of the yellow Dutch crocus, varies considerably. The handsomest variety is *C. aureus maesiacus*, with big globe-shaped, golden-yellow flowers. *C. Sieberi* and its varieties are amongst the most popular February and March flowering crocuses. Amongst the best of the early spring-flowering species is *C. Tomasinianus*. Its dainty lavender blue flowers look their best in fine turf, especially if associated with snowdrops. This crocus, which comes from Dalmatia, is noted for remaining in full beauty longer than most other species.

The spring snowflake is amongst the most charming bulbous subjects to naturalise in grass, yet for some unknown reason one seldom sees it nowadays. Perhaps it is because it needs to be established before it flowers. Yet it is worth waiting for, and its exquisite green-tipped flowers on 8in. stems star the grass with beauty before the daffodils appear. The spring snowflake does best on light loamy soils and thrives either in sun or part shade. The taller growing summer snowflake is usually not planted till early September. The summer snowflake increases rapidly and succeeds well even on heavy soils.

ATHLETIC NURSERIES

A New Scheme for Promising Youngsters

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

AT last we are really getting down to things, with a view to producing athletic teams a few years hence which need not feel ashamed to meet our foreign rivals in any international arena. The first move will be the inauguration of the Summer School for Athletes at Loughborough College, Leicestershire, which will be open from August 18th to September 1st, on which day the English Inter Counties championships will supply a sort of grand finale.

The reasons for England's past athletic failures are manifold. The chief cause is the utter laxity of some of our greatest Public Schools in teaching the boys proper technique. The institution of the Achilles and Milocarian Clubs has put a rather different complexion on matters, but although young masters are now anxious to teach athletics most of them have not, frankly, the faintest notion of how to set about the job. It is for that reason that the Public Schools which, without question should be our Olympic nurseries, fail dismally, so that the boys they send up to the 'Varsities are raw material, which has got to be taught its A B C, whereas all that the 'Varsity coach should have to do is to train athletes whose technique has been founded at their Preparatory and perfected at their Public Schools.

With the foregoing considerations in mind the organisers of the Summer School have divided their scheme into two parts. Firstly, at Loughborough College, those who attend for the purpose of learning how to teach, that is sports officers from the Services, games masters from the schools, and club officials, will be afforded every facility to really learn their job; while those who enter purely for the purpose of improving their personal technique will have the best coaching that is available in this country at their disposal.

There has been a lot in the papers recently, mainly written by ill-informed scribes, about the long way our boys have to go before catching up the American schoolboy *of similar status*. It is that "similar status" business to which one must take exception, for not only are conditions entirely different, but the so-called U.S.A. schoolboys who produce these mighty performances are a good deal older than our own youngsters.

In America, most of the State High Schools have an age limit of twenty years and some go on as far as twenty-one years. The average age of the boys taking part in the English Public Schools Championships, held in April (a point to remember) is seventeen to nineteen years.

Many thousands of U.S.A. High School boys take part in athletics and are taught as thoroughly as we teach our cricketers and football players. Junior athletes in England form a small constituency, they are neither taught nor trained scientifically and practise athletics at the worst time of year, when the production of big performances is utterly impossible.

Now let us take a look at some of the records. Last year E. Owen, a nineteen year old negro boy from Ohio, ran 100 yards in 9⅖sec. at Chicago and long jumped 24ft. 9⅝in., but the late J. E. Holland (Bedford), once returned 9⅕sec. on grass in March, and several times showed "evens," while I doubt if K. S. Duncan (Malvern), was even eighteen when he made his long jump record of 22ft. 5¾in., without knowing anything about the highly scientific hitch-kick.

Then in America Cornelius H. Johnson, another coloured boy of nineteen, achieved the almost incredible high jump of 6ft. 7in., against which the best we can show is a fraction of an inch under 6ft. 2in. by Harry Simmons when he was just seventeen. These negro boys in America mature early and are particularly adept at running and jumping and hold many of the best records. The Kansas High School boy who made the U.S.A. 12lb. shot put record of 58ft. 10in. was also nineteen, but here technique tells, and we can show nothing within a dozen feet of that mark, mainly because our boys have been brought up on the 16lb. shot, which is too heavy for them to acquire proper style, even if there was anyone to teach it.

Glenn Cunningham, also from Kansas, who has recently beaten 4min. 7sec., for a new world 1-mile record, was 20 when he ran a mile in 4min. 28sec., and so could give a couple of years to S. C. Wooderson, who holds our schoolboy record of 4min. 29⅘sec.

Given the same constituency of juvenile athletes that there are in America, the same encouragement and coaching, and the same conditions of track and climate, and I flatly refuse to believe that America, or any other country, would have anything on our English school boys in the matter of athletic records. The sin and the saving is in the hands of our schoolmasters.

New Books

PARODIES LOST

An Ancient Mariner—Two Great Games Players

I AM under no particular illusions as to the merits of Mr. Beverley Nichols' book, *A Thatched Roof*. It compared, in my opinion, most unfavourably with *Down the Garden Path*, which preceded it. It was often trivial and occasionally "precious." It seemed, indeed, that Mr. Nichols had delivered himself into the hands of his critics by exagerating all his absurdities and obscuring his undoubted talents. When, therefore, a parody of the book was announced I looked forward to it with some relish. For here was a chance for the parodist if ever there was one.

There can be no doubt about *Mon Repos* by Nicholas Bevel. The "Chippendale Apse," the discovery of the bachelor's breakfast cup, the leech book of the bald, Gussie, Mrs. Tozer, Virginia and the Honourable Bert all leave us no doubt as to whom they were modelled on. But taken all round the book has failed. I read the first 50 pages with pleasure, but after that it began to pall. Real parody is perhaps one of the most difficult of the arts. But how would Sir John Squire have dealt with it? Not thus I fancy. And compare *Mon Repos* with the best book of parodies ever written, Max Beerbohm's *Christmas Garland*! The result is cruel. I think the real reason for this is that the author has spun himself out too far. He has good points to make and he has gauged Mr. Nichols' foibles: but he labours them too often and too long. The temptation to leave nothing unsaid is a strong one; it should be resisted.

Yet if one reads the two books together, as I did, one cannot fail to extract a very reasonable share of amusement. ". . . After much wrestling in the spirit, the problem was solved: CORK LINO. In black and white squares to resemble marble, it would have a *cinquecento* effect, like a *toccata* of Galuppi's." I think the knife turns under the ribs there.

And a few lines later. "It was covered with grime and cobwebs but bravely I inserted my hand. A jug? No, a cup, of the dimensions dear to a bachelor at breakfast after a late night. Holding it gingerly, for I cannot bear to touch a spider, I hurried to the kitchen sink and turned on the tap to sluice my treasure. It was then that I became aware of incised letters on the base. Quick! a scrubbing brush. I laboured, and presently could discern a P . . . then an O . . . and—is it possible—a D? The truth poured in: it was SPODE. Genuine, a collector's piece, old as the sideboard itself, made by a master craftsman!—so the man in the Tottenham Court Road had said."

This book is rather a disappointment to me, though I grant it is a laudable essay in one of the most difficult of the arts. I have seen it suggested that Mr. Beverley Nichols wrote it. He would have made more of his opportunity. R. M.

Mon Repos. By Nicholas Bevel. (John Lane. The Bodley Head; 6/–.)

A SEA-FARING PEPYS

Seventeenth Century Thrills

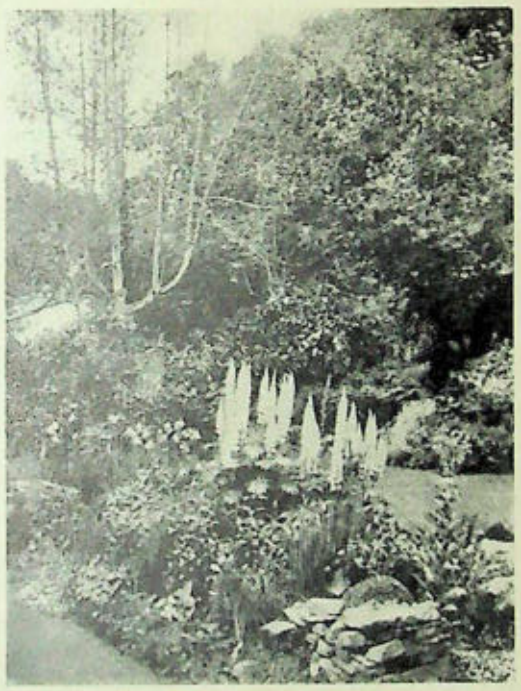
THIS personal narrative covers a period in history when English seafaring was still a comparatively rare career and to be undertaken only by the most adventurous; yet there was just beginning that great demand for ships and men which indicated the whole future of the English nation as a maritime power.

Edward Barlow was born in 1642 of poor parents near Manchester, and this journal starts from his thirteenth year. Any intimate record of a person's life in that century cannot fail to be valuable as the material of history, but here we have the inside story of a sailor who takes us aboard seventeenth century ships and makes us to see marine adventure without exaggeration just as it really happened.

The astonishing fact is that whilst we have diarists who give us the sailor's life from the officer's viewpoint, Barlow not merely reveals the crew's attitude and impressions but does it uncommonly well both as writer and artist. The result is that he makes a bygone age full of vitality, and the account is not less entertaining than a delightful romance of the sea. In essentials *Barlow's Journal* is the yarn of a lad who cannot resist the sea's call, goes afloat, serves in all kinds of vessels, gets shipwrecked but keeps on having a most interesting if rough time. All the material is here for a score of adventure stories such as thrill the emotions from eight to eighty. Barlow went to sea in that beautiful ship the Naseby, fought against the Barbary pirates and against the Dutch, went out to the East Indies and Brazil; yet he took with him a sensitive imagination and an ability to recreate for us three hundred years later those scenes and experiences which were the background of his remarkable career.

The skill with which he has drawn contemporary shipping excites our admiration and wins our gratitude. There is a restraint and sincerity about his diary and his illustrations which make this volume irresistible. One reads on and on, enjoying it all with relish as a rattling good yarn, till one stops to examine the detailed sketch of some contemporary ship done in such a manner that either of the van der Veldes would not have been ashamed to have been thought its artist.

Whether as an historical document, or as a delightful book of memoirs; whether as a collection of true sea stories, or as an adventurous autobiography, *Barlow's Journal* was well worth while being published and very decidedly worthy of our attention as readers. Mr. Lubbock has rendered us a service in making this possible. We look forward to seeing the second volume, and following Edward Barlow, mariner, through further voyaging.



BEAUTY IN ISOLATION

An illustration from "My Garden Diary," by Maude Haworth Booth (John Murray; 7/6), a really useful and well written garden book, showing among other things how to design a long hardy flower border for lasting colour and beauty

Such narratives are all too few in print, though we wonder how many more may not be hidden away forgotten in English country houses about to be sold and used for new purposes. If unsuspected models of ships, neglected but authentic, are being revealed, perhaps in overhauling musty wooden boxes we may hear of more seamanlike diaries? They should be made accessible without delay. E. K. C.

Barlow's Journal. By Basil Lubbock. Vol. I. With 5 coloured illustrations and 51 coastline drawings. (Hurst & Blackett; 18/–.)

LAWN TENNIS STORM TROOPS

Fred Perry's Struggle

BOTH as a lawn tennis stroke-maker and as a conversationalist, Fred J. Perry is nothing if not forthright. His book, *My Story*, has this quality; he takes an early point and drives it home, in the same spirit with which he takes an early ball, and expects a mistake or two in the process. But you forget the mistakes when you see the crisp finish. A foreword by H. W. Austin and an epilogue by his father, S. F. Perry, are the setting in which the diamond, a little roughly cut, of his genius is set. He makes no bones about confessing his shortcomings, indeed he dissects them; nor is he shy about declaring his predilections and personal ambitions. He will be blamed for an attempt to give the book "news value" by the inclusion of Davis Cup "forecasts," which by the date of publication have become past events. He indicates that he will not care. He has returned after a voyage in the doldrums to his former rôle of the "Happy Warrior."

His outspoken declaration in favour of the establishment of the game on open championship lines is not written with an idea of preparing the way for his own entry into a more profitable professionalism than is available at the moment, on the match-playing as against the coaching side. He thinks honestly that authority does not know the direction of the wind. As honestly he reveals the facts about his much criticised "temperament," reports himself as a sinner reformed, relates the reasons, and, unconsciously perhaps, is the author of a valuable object lesson in self-control.

He tells of how he was thrown out of his club team while he was learning to take an early ball, yet stuck to it; and of how he found out that a council schoolboy could compete in the Schoolboys' Tournament at Queen's Club, and forthwith practically "gate-crashed" an entry. He was a boy with a mission—the chosen expressor of the game's democracy, but he only knew at the time that he was trying to be true to what he felt to be his fate.

Such a one should be able to give hints on how to play of extreme value to the struggling in every denomination of handicap. It is not surprising, therefore, to read in the concluding section of the book, entitled "On Playing the Game," some succinct essays in tuition which are worth all and more than its cost. The numerous photographs used as illustrations are exceptionally well selected, though the angle of the racket face in those showing the half volley seems open to query. J. E. C.

My Story. By Fred J. Perry. (Hutchinson; 18/–.)

COTTON TRIUMPHANT

The Methods of a Master

WITHOUT a doubt Henry Cotton is the most discussed as well as one of the most interesting personalities in modern golf to-day, and therefore the instructional book on the use of steel shafts, just issued, and which is a complete exposition of Cotton's methods as applied to every stroke in the game, will arouse more than ordinary interest. Messrs. British Steel Golf Shafts, Ltd., are to be congratulated upon the production of this very interesting pocket treatise on golf in conjunction with the new open champion.

Steel shafts appear to have opened up an entirely new field of endeavour in Cotton's hands, and lesser lights will undoubtedly benefit to a greater or lesser degree, according to their adaptability. For after all golf is a simple enough game, simple as opposed to being easy, and the whole theme of this very valuable little book is that a grooved swing and standardised methods will produce results as nearly consistent and as nearly perfect as the human element will allow them to be.

As one who has had the opportunity of studying his famous "inside-to-out" method, and also of playing with him on many occasions, let me give, for what they may be worth, my impressions. Cotton is very definitely and decidedly an individualist. What is this "inside-to-out" swing? In theory it is a slice-proof way of hitting a golf ball, a method, too, which makes the ball contact easy and direction certain in any weather conditions. Henry Cotton's method is all these things, but its acquisition, in my opinion, is definitely not easy. Success in it demands as an absolute *sine qua non*, a pivoting action so perfect in its rhythm as almost to defy imitation, a synchronisation of hip movement with weight transference and wrist action to an extent and to a degree of regularity which has to be seen to be believed. But of these things it is Cotton's control of the hip movement which is so effective. There is a singular fascination and sense of control inseparable from a properly executed "inside-to-out" shot. If the shot commences on the pin one can be quite certain that the strongest wind that ever blew will not deflect the ball one fraction of an inch off its line.

Whether or not the "inside-to-out" method appeals, this admirable pocket treatise on golf as seen through the eyes of Henry Cotton, and obtainable from Messrs. British Steel Golf Shafts, Ltd., Liverpool, is both provocative and intriguing. Good and bad shots are shown, together with the reason for each, and it is made very clear indeed that the shaft, given the opportunity, will produce not only long drives, but accurate second shots as well. T. H. O'H.

Hints on Play with Steel Shafts. By Henry Cotton. (Free from British Steel Golf Shafts, Ltd., 26, Exchange Street East, Liverpool.)

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

OVERLOOKING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON GLIDING CLUB ON DUNSTABLE DOWNS, NEAR WHIPSNADE
The sheds which house the gliders can be seen in the middle distance, with one glider outside. The car is a Triumph 10 h.p. "Gloria"

A "MIXED BAG" OF MOTORING IDEAS

Car Washing, Night Journeys, and Driving Without Brakes

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

A POINT of considerable interest arose recently in connection with the washing of a car. It seems that a motorist, who had left his car at the local garage with instructions that it was to be washed, was involved in an accident while driving his vehicle away after this had been done, owing to water having got into the brake drums, temporarily putting his brakes out of action. The question, which concerns all motorists, is whether the garage proprietor was liable for damages, since it appears that he had not warned the owner that due caution must be exercised until the brakes had dried.

To my mind, the obvious answer to this problem is that the motorist, knowing that his car had been washed and that water in all probability had entered the brake drums, should have driven with greater care, and that he and he alone was to blame for the accident.

It is stated, on the other hand, that the garage owner should have uttered a word of warning before the car was driven away, because if water had entered the bonnet—thus preventing the engine from starting—it would have been his duty to rectify the fault at no charge to his client. Personally I cannot see any parallel between these two cases since water is bound to get into the brakes if the wheels and drums are washed properly under high pressure, whereas if water gets inside the bonnet, it shows carelessness on the part of the mechanic concerned.

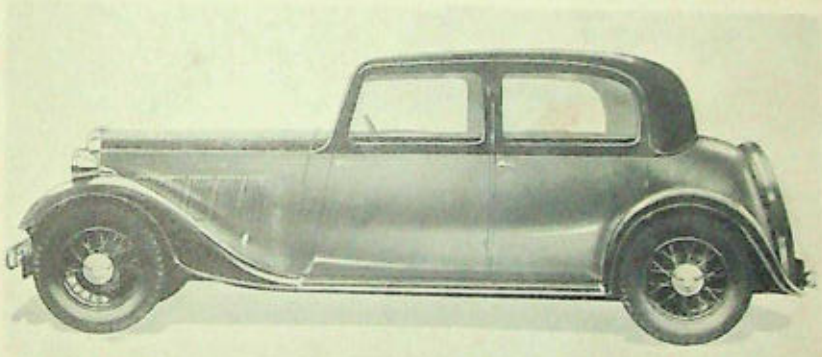
It is always necessary to exercise the greatest caution when driving a car away after it has been washed. There are very few cars whose brakes are immune from this trouble, and in this connection a recent experience of my own may be of interest. I had taken delivery of a new and somewhat expensive car, and upon leaving it one morning with the garage where I always leave my car during the day, I gave instructions for it to be washed. As I drove very slowly out of the yard that evening, and just as the nose of my car entered the street, a taxi came flying by; I applied my brakes instantly, but although I was not travelling at more than two miles an hour I could not stop, and missed the taxi by inches only.

Here, I think, is a case in point. The moment you leave the garage in question you enter an extremely busy and narrow thoroughfare where brakes are needed possibly more than at any time, and even if you drive at a crawl you may, if you cannot pull up instantly, easily become involved in a nasty accident, however careful you may be.

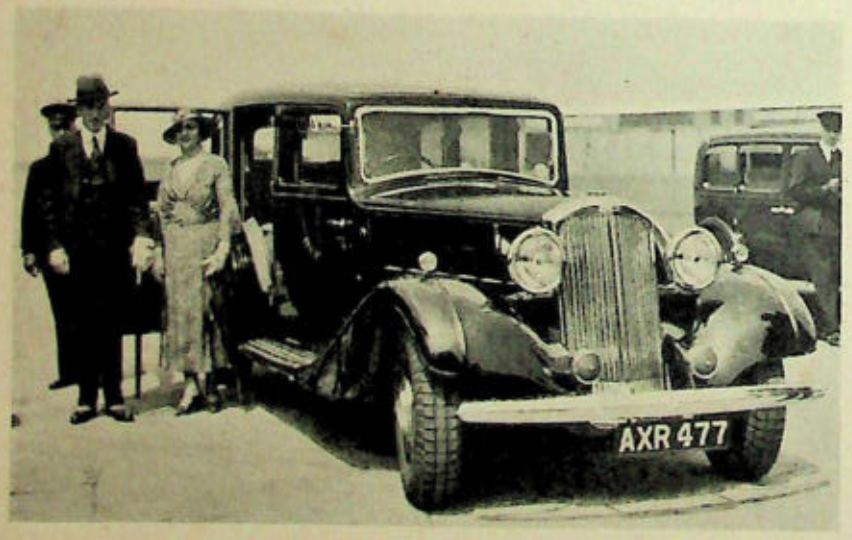
To dry out the brakes as soon as possible I think the best method is to drive very slowly on a low gear, applying the brakes gently all the time. If this suggestion is adopted, the drums and shoes will dry quickly and the brakes will soon become operative.

I hear that the B.S.A. Company recently submitted one of their 10 h.p. cars to a somewhat unusual R.A.C. test. Its purpose was to prove that the severest down gradients could be safely negotiated by means of the fluid flywheel without at any time having recourse to the use of the brakes. The method adopted was to engage a low gear when descending a hill and to use the engine as a brake. The test, apparently, proved satisfactory from every point of view, and it was even found possible to bring the car to rest on the worst of gradients by engaging the reverse and opening the throttle at the same time. The report states that the course included some of the steepest hills in Westmorland and that no trouble was experienced through the overheating of the engine or the transmission.

A service which must surely be unique is that recently introduced by a firm at Weybridge, whose premises practically adjoin one of the leading cinema theatres of that town. Picture-goers are invited to allow the firm's



A RECENT PRIZEWINNER
This Rover "Fourteen" Four-Door Saloon was awarded first prize in its class at the Concours d'Elegance held in connection with the Rally organised by Messrs. Henley's, Ltd., at Heston airport



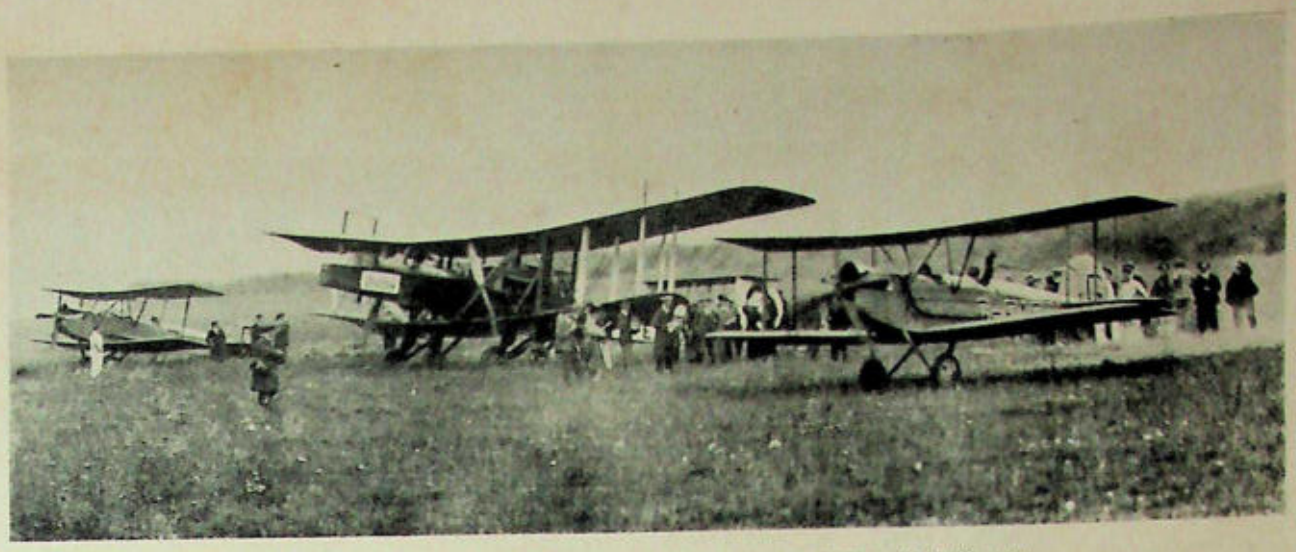
THE VICEROY ON HOLIDAY
Lord and Lady Willingdon photographed with the Humber Pullman Limousine they have been using during their stay in England

representatives to collect their cars from the neighbouring car park and to service them while the owners are attending the performance. The method adopted is for the owner to apply to the car park attendants for a label on which he writes the points requiring attention. This is tied to the steering-wheel, and the work is carried out and the car returned to the park ready for use by the time the owner leaves the theatre.

This seems an excellent idea, for where a car is in daily use it is often difficult to find time to send it into a garage for greasing up, adjustment to brakes, and so on. It is possible that other enterprising garages may have adopted the same idea, but it is new to me.

When the new Traffic Bill becomes law, bringing in its train the compulsory speed limit of 30 m.p.h. in built-up areas, a great impetus may be given to the habit of driving by night, instead of by day, since the speed limit will not be in force between midnight and 5 a.m. Even now it is obvious that motorists are taking more and more to night driving owing to road congestion during the day. There is much to be said for this preference, for there can be no doubt that motoring is much safer at night, when, apart from the fact that there is far less traffic about, there are no children playing in the streets, and when negotiating cross-roads, any vehicle emerging therefrom can be noticed in plenty of time owing to the reflection of its headlamps on the road ahead.

Possibly the most dangerous time of all is the early morning, between the hours of 6 and 8. It is during this period that milk-carts, vans, and cyclists on their way to work appear from side roads driving or riding far too fast and without keeping a proper look-out. They obviously expect the roads to be clear of traffic at that early hour, and it is then that the motorist must exercise the greatest caution.



THE START OF THE FIRST AIR RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP—IN 1922

AN AIR RACE THE PUBLIC CAN ENJOY

Next Week's Contest for the King's Cup

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

FOR thirteen years the race for the King's Cup has been the outstanding event in the British sporting aviation year. It has never failed to attract entries from the best of Britain's pilots, and it has played no small part in increasing air-mindedness among the public.

But it has to be confessed that in the past the event has not always proved to be the popular spectacle that its originators rightly hoped it would be. It is true that when round-Britain circuits were the rule large crowds collected at the various control points for the purpose of seeing famous pilots in action. Those were the times when the aeroplane was still sufficient of a novelty to arouse interest in itself; in these days flying has become so commonplace that something more is needed to command the support of the general public.

Nothing arouses the public's enthusiasm more than the intensification of the competitive element; and it was, perhaps, because of the lack of this that the King's Cup Race had shown some slight decline in popularity from the point of view of the general public. That was why, last year, the old idea of a two-days' handicap race was abandoned in favour of a series of heats, each a race in itself, followed by appropriate finals. Though this meant the adoption of a shorter course, there can be no doubt of the scheme's success.

The same general plan has been adopted this year, and in view of last year's markedly revived interest, there is every reason to suppose that this year the race will arouse greater public support than ever before.

Not only has the dividing of the contest into a series of heats introduced a strong competitive element, but the shortening of the course, and the consequent need for covering several laps, has also helped to make of the event a race that the public can more readily follow. The final, for example, will take place over six laps of approximately 24 miles each in the vicinity of Hatfield, the airport on which the event will be based, and the progress of the race will thus be easily followed by the spectators.

It is a remarkable fact that little, if any, criticism has been forthcoming in regard to the heat method of running the race. From the public's point of view there is everything in its favour; and there can be no doubt that it is more satisfactory all round for the competitor. Apportioning handicaps over a long course has always been a difficult matter, and the results have rarely been entirely satisfactory.

A series of eliminating heats, followed by semi-final and final, has, moreover, the great advantage that "dark horses" can be successfully dealt with, and each machine is given a real chance. At the same time, the longer stretches of the initial heats—amounting this year to two laps over a 232½-mile course, flown on the first day—provide just the right test of navigational skill, which, in the past, has meant so much to success in the King's Cup.

Altogether, then, there is a good deal to be said for the present method of running the King's Cup Race. It has had introduced into it that competitive element which is essential if the widest measure of public support is to be secured; and, at the same time, the heats are of sufficient difficulty to test at once the navigational skill of the pilots concerned and the merits of the machines. At the same time, it eliminates the difficulty of assigning a handicap that is fair to all over a long course in which widely different conditions may be encountered.

It is well that this should be so, for around the King's Cup Race there has grown up a valuable tradition. By pilots and public alike, it is looked upon as the climax of the year in sporting aviation, and it is, by common consent, a most important educative factor in increasing air-mindedness among the public. A popular win—such as last year's, when Captain de Havilland secured the trophy—means much to all concerned; while anything that increases the opportunity for the unknown pilot to match his skill with that of famous airmen is sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the sporting British people.

This year's King's Cup Race, then, is an event that the public can follow and enjoy. Its results depend not on complicated formulæ or handicaps, but on the time-honoured principle of "first over the line is the winner." Now that flying by itself is no longer out of the ordinary, the competitive interest must be increased, and a program that maintains interest from heat to heat over two days is certain to command the support of a public to whom nothing appeals more than a well-fought race.

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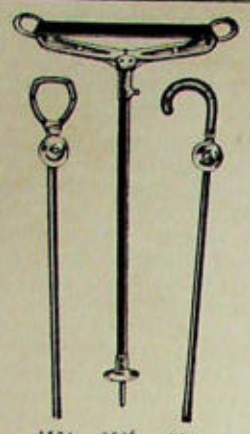

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"SLOWLY THE BELLOWING HERD WAS DRIVEN ALONG"

LIFE ON THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS

A South America that Few Tourists See

By A. F. TSCHIFFELY

IT is often said that certain people find beauty wherever they go. This is probably the reason why writers, poets and painters have glorified deserts, jungles and even swamps. I can easily imagine what the first pioneers must have said when they came to the Grand Canyon in America, but yet, in our time, countless people travel thousands of miles to see the barren and rugged majesty of this freak of Nature.

After all, "majesty" cannot be defined and only appeals to certain individuals. Thus it happens that one man gasps at the sight of a snow-clad monarch of mountains, whereas another only casually glances at the towering mass of rock and snow, but is held spell-bound when he beholds his ideal of majesty: maybe a desert or a jungle. Until recent times South America has been sadly neglected by travellers. Perhaps this is due to the distance which separates this vast continent from Europe, but I dare say the real reason is that the average man knows but little about that continent. The contrasts in South America are really startling, and now, for a few moments, I will try to take the reader to the Argentine pampas: the spiritual home of great artists of the eye and pen, such as W. H. Hudson and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. It is a country that is little known: the tourist sees the great ports—Buenos Aires—Valparaiso—Rio: yet, if he can, let him find time to journey farther into the great beyond. He will see a country and live a life which has the strongest and strangest hold over all who have experienced them. Let me take a typical day on an up-country estate.

I was soundly asleep when the trampling of hoofs in front of the *estancia* house caused me to wake up with a start. Although it was still dark I knew that it must be time to rise, for this must be one of the gauchos who was to bring my horse, a duty one of the men performed first thing every morning. I went to the window and looked over the imposing vastness of the pampas. The cool night air was filled with the fragrant smell of flowers and rich pastures, and the pleasant rich odour of moist earth made me breathe deeply, to fill my lungs to their full capacity. A thin mantle of white mists—like the delicate veil of some Eastern dancer—twisted and curled over the vast expanse where the gentle undulations were lowest, and at the distant horizon, a display of colours—like the tail of a gigantic peacock—announced the awakening of another day.

As I stepped out of the door, the dogs—who had been impatiently waiting outside—came to greet me with a riotous display of jumping, running and barking. Saddling up and mounting was the matter of a few minutes, and then I went to join the gauchos, who had already rounded up the herd of cattle we were to drive to the distant market. When the first rays of the rising sun shot over the seemingly endless expanse of grass we were well on our way, driving the animals over the *camino real*: merely a wide sandy track that looked like a yellow river.

Slowly the bellowing herd was driven along, raising a cloud of dust. At first, in the wild mix-up, calves became separated from their mothers, and these, in desperate efforts to trace their offspring, bellowed and lowed, butted and pushed one another, vainly trying to make room for themselves in this avalanche of muscle and bone which was shut in by a semi-circle of riders who urged them on and on. By degrees the younger members of the herd dropped to the rear, where the men, with cracking of whips and loud yells, made them keep up with the older generation.

Sometimes a cow or a steer which had managed to reach the outside of the mass would try to break through the encircling line of horsemen, only to be driven back again by the sharp sting of a whip. Occasionally one, bolder than the others, succeeded in breaking through, and then a wild chase began, the agile and clever stock ponies racing after the fugitive even before their riders had time to spur them into action. Swiftly circling ahead of the rebel the ponies would turn it back in the direction of the herd, twisting from side to side as though guessing the truant's intentions to attempt another break-away.

Resigned to their fate, such escapades became fewer as the hours passed until, finally, the herd moved along mechanically, as if half asleep, the bellowing and trampling of thousands of hoofs blending into one low rumble. This, and the slow, monotonous motion of their mounts, induced a feeling of drowsiness, and the riders sat half doubled up, whilst the loose bridles, with every step of the horses, swung from side to side with the regularity of the pendulums of clocks.

At night camp was pitched near an arroyo. Forming a wide circle around them, the men gave the cattle time to quench their thirst. Eagerly, almost desperately, the animals put their noses into the precious liquid and for a long time they drank, some entering the muddy water as though trying thus to obtain a better fill; and others, even after they had finished, remained standing there with dripping mouths or playing, stirring up the yellow mud till they made the surface foam and bubble.

Calves, re-united with their mothers, were sniffed and licked with tender, solicitous affection, whilst other animals milled around or fed upon the grass along the banks. Those which tried to roam away in the direction of home were easily headed back, and after a while resigned themselves to standing still and staring or lying down.

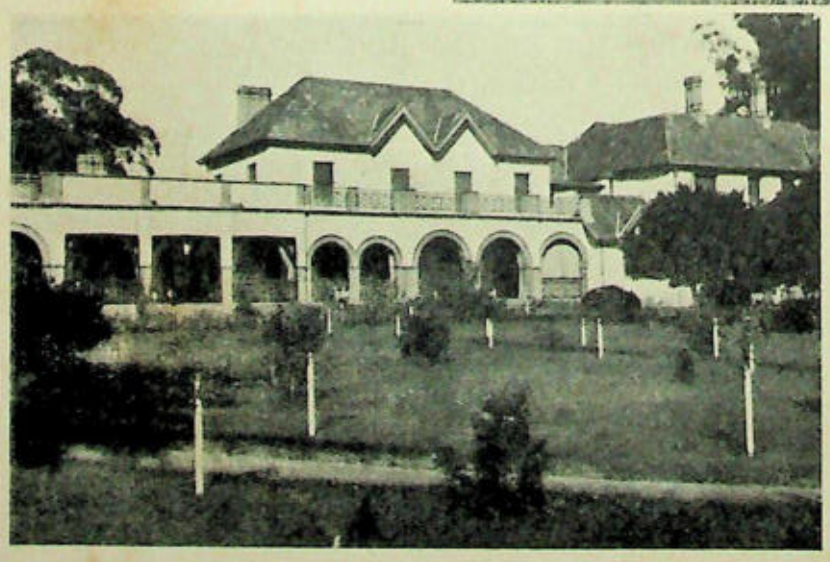
Some of the men had lit a fire, over which meat was roasted and water boiled in small cans. When most of the cattle had settled quietly down the horses were watered, unsaddled and staked out, and all the men but three, whose duty it was to keep the herd together, squatted around the fire to suck *mate* and to eat a hearty meal.

Almost complete silence reigned over the camp from sunset onwards, the cattle lying or sleepily standing in thick groups.

The men, excepting those whose turn it was to be on guard, lay on the ground wrapped up in their blankets and with their heads resting on their sheep-skin saddles. The faithful dogs, which had followed their masters, were with the horses, for every dog seemed to have his equine friend beside whom he had scratched a small patch of ground before curling up on it.

And so ended just one day of many hundreds—just such a day as I hope at least a few of those who read this article will try to live. They will not regret it.

TWO OF THE GAUCHOS RESTING



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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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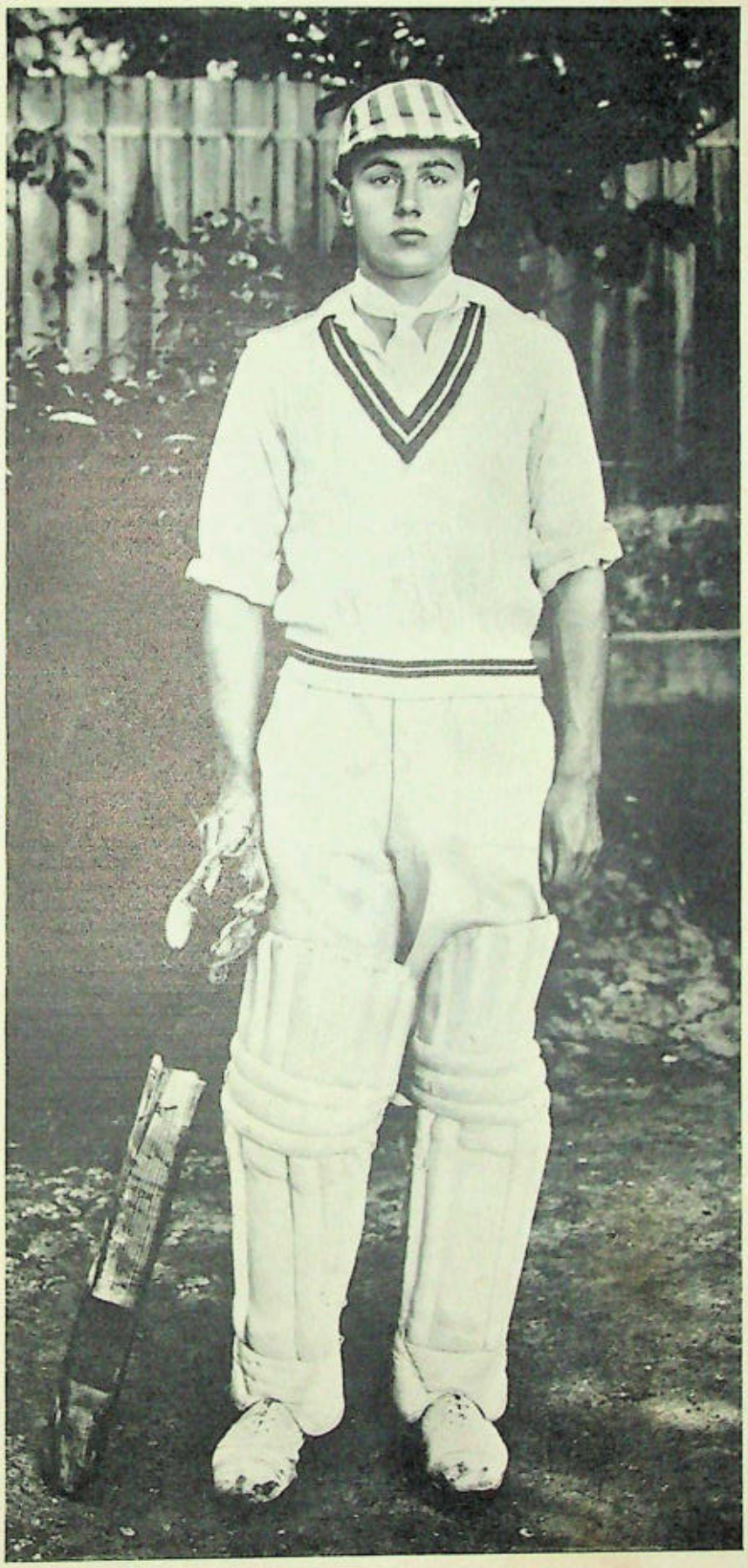

CAPTAINS OF THE ETON AND HARROW ELEVENS

A. N. A. Boyd, Eton, and (right) J. Pawle, Harrow

FIT IN THE FIFTIES

Every day we are jostled in streets and on railway platforms by men and women in their fifties, who display as much energy as their sons or daughters. They work, they play—*enthusiastically*—side by side with the new generation. What is their secret? Health! You will discover, most likely, that for years they have made the sparkling morning draught of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' a regular observance. It prevents at the outset those little ills that one has regarded as inseparable from middle age, and keeps one young and vigorous in body as well as in spirit.

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THE STRAIN OF GAME-PLAYING

EVERY year at the end of June England enters upon a great bout of sport and games. The Open Golf Championship, Henley Regatta, Wimbledon and Bisley bring to their height the seasons of golf, rowing, lawn tennis and rifle shooting, and following Henley and Wimbledon come the matches between the Universities and the schools at Lord's. This year there has been added to the cricket fixture list the third of the Test matches between England and Australia, brought to an end on Tuesday at Manchester. All this makes up a fortnight of out-of-doors activity which has its counterpart in no other country in the world.

And this year England has come into her own again. T. H. Cotton in the Open Golf Championship from the first stood out among all the players engaged, and won with a score equalling the record of 283. Leander at Henley beat Princeton University, U.S.A., in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup in the record time of 6min. 45sec. At Wimbledon, F. J. Perry beat the Australian, J. H. Crawford, in the Men's Championship, and Miss Dorothy Round followed that victory by defeating her American rival, Miss Helen Jacobs, by two sets to one. At Manchester, England in the first innings of the match put together a score of 627 for nine wickets, the largest total ever compiled in this country against an Australian eleven.

All this is no doubt a matter for pride and congratulation. England is the Mother Country of game playing, and has again taken the lead which in recent years has so often been disputed. She has shown that she can hold her own with younger and in some ways more earnest competitors. But there is another side to the picture. Some of these victories have been gained in an atmosphere which to older game players than those of to-day is becoming increasingly unwelcome. The newspapers have set a new pace in sensational anticipation and comment, and the high pressure of their headlines has had its effect on the players. Look at cricket. Here has England been playing Australia minus our best fast bowler. Larwood, for reasons of his own, has refused to represent his country. Who is to doubt that if an Australian journalist had not invented the absurd phrase of "body-line" bowling, and if English journalists had not fomented discord by unnecessary interviews, Larwood would have been bowling for England to-day? Look, again, at the crowds that follow competitors for the golf championship on the links. The players are thrust so much into the limelight that all the spectators feel that they must be in the front row. The tension is so high that only the courage of a great player prevents him from cracking in the last round. Look at lawn tennis; one of the competitors is reported as petulant, and another as in tears. Every personal detail, accident, foible is magnified in black capital letters. A match is translated into the terms of a duel, an international contest is treated as if it were a battle in a war.

And all the while, these are only games. They ought to be played as games—as cricket is played on village greens, where you can get fun without fever. Is there any remedy for all this excessive emphasis on the importance of winning, rather than playing? If so, it will come not from within, but from without. There is no need to change the spirit of the players, for that remains what it always has been, characteristically British in its courage, modesty and quiet. What is needed is a new attitude towards games by a certain class of onlookers. The future of what is best in sport and games lies largely in the hands of those who write of them.

BIRDS AND MAN

LAST week the world's ornithologists met in conference at Oxford, and that this was far more than a mere gathering of enthusiasts interested in a kindred subject may be gauged from the fact that delegates found it worth while to attend not only from all the European and Empire countries, but from the United States, Japan, the Argentine, Brazil and other far-distant places. Lectures and papers were read in English, French, German and Italian, and the subjects dealt with included the problems of bird-migration, the destruction of sea-birds through oil pollution and methods of combating this menace, and a discussion of the economic status of various species.

One of the outstanding events of the congress so far as British naturalists are concerned, was the launching of the new British Trust for Ornithology, which is to act as the central body for co-operating and helping field-naturalists and their societies all over the country, and for the organising of bird-censuses and food investigations and the collecting of bird-record books, valuable bird photographs and interesting specimens. Already a number of noted naturalists, including the President of the British Ornithologists' Union, have given their collections to the Trust.

ORNITHOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION

In order to start work as soon as possible, the British Trust for Ornithology has already officially launched six national bird censuses and investigations, upon which naturalists in this country are now engaged. They consist of a two-year investigation of the status of the woodcock in the British Isles, including its nesting status, increase or decrease, migration, and the controversy over its carrying its young. The second investigation is on the size of swallow broods and the third on the status of the fulmar-petrel, a sea bird that, nesting only on St. Kilda in Britain before 1870, has since strangely increased and spread down the Scottish and Irish coasts and is colonising northern England. The other investigations concern the short-eared owl, the annual counts of heronries in England and Wales, and a national bird population inquiry relating to the territorial habits and food of various species, controlled by Mr. E. M. Nicholson, honorary secretary of the new Trust.

CONGRATULATIONS TO SUFFOLK

East Anglia deserves the heartiest congratulation on the all-round success of the Royal Show at Ipswich. The "gate" was better than for several years past, and altogether about 150,000 people must have attended the show. But more impressive than the crowds was the atmosphere of cheerful determination that was abroad. Arable agriculture is not too flourishing, but the farmers of the eastern counties have something worth showing to visitors in their pure-bred stock. The breeds of East Anglia made a wonderful display, and no one who was there will forget the parade of Suffolk Punches and Red Polls. It is improbable that the present generation will see the like again.

ROWING AND THE WATERBUS

The attention focused on Henley during the past three weeks has not prevented a considerable amount of apprehension among tideway oarsmen as to the effect of the proposed waterbus. Rowing men love their Thames, and would be glad to see the river put to more use. The trouble is that, according to present plans, there will be a four-minute service, during rush hours, between Hammersmith and London Bridge.

The effect on rowing needs no emphasis. It is said that the boats will be specially constructed to avoid heavy wash. But can there be any vessel, of any design, which will travel at fifteen knots carrying up to 200 passengers, without throwing considerable wash? No one wants the whole waterbus scheme to be dropped merely for the sake of rowing. At the same time few people can want London rowing made impossible merely for the sake of the waterbus.

FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS

July, in the fishermen's world, seems to have established itself as the month for fly and bait-casting tournaments. There is reason behind the convention, for it comes in the slack period of the season when trout fishing is still suffering from the aftermath of June's abundance, and the migration northwards to welcome sea trout and back-end salmon has not yet begun. This year the two great events which represent roughly town and country take place on consecutive Saturdays, 21st and 28th, the former the British Fly and Bait Casting Association's meeting at the Crystal Palace; the latter, at Glanusk Park, on one of the most picturesque reaches of the Usk. A dry atmosphere favours the caster; as American competitors have occasionally found the normal damp English climate takes yards off the length to which their fly can be propelled at home; but should the drought hold, some wonderful length-casting may be seen here this year.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a popular illustrated daily:

"Crawford served. Excitement had gone beyond the power of expression, and 16,000 people were as quiet as in the Two Minutes' Silence. Over the net went the ball from Crawford's racket, but like a stab in the dark came the voice of the foot-fault judge."

"COMUS" AT LUDLOW

The tercentenary performance of Milton's "Comus" in the very place for which it was written, and before many descendants of the original audience, was the crowning delight of the very lovely pageant that has been given, by the whole county of Shropshire, in aid of the Shropshire Hospitals, at Ludlow. The five episodes of the pageant provided a really magnificent spectacle, with 3,000 performers, all of whom provided their own costumes. Sir Richard Leighton, who impersonated Wild Eadric, is himself a direct descendant of the famous border chief; Lady Anne Babington watched where her ancestress, Lady Alice Egerton, acted the Lady; Sir Rowland Hill, first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, was played by Mr. Rowland Hill, a direct descendant, and Lord Berwick played his ancestor, John Alcock, Bishop of Worcester. Mr. John Drinkwater's libretto has many splendid lines, whilst Sir Owen Seaman's prologue, in lighter vein, introduces each episode most gracefully. It was a perfect entertainment.

"DECENCY FIRST"

Such is the heading of a paragraph in the *Tangier Gazette*, which commends the action of the Portuguese authorities in insisting that those who visit their shores shall be dressed in good taste. Our own countrymen and women are cited as among the worst offenders in this matter, and the *Gazette* goes on to say that if similar regulations were applied to tourists in Tangier they would be welcomed. Beach pyjamas are suitable on the beach, but not in the market place. Tangier is an Oriental city, and the prestige of Europeans in the eyes of the natives is not enhanced by some of the costumes worn by those landing from cruising ships. Similar complaints to these come from British residents abroad and the garb of visitors to foreign ports should show some discrimination.

FAST SCORING

Sir Walter Lawrence has added a new zest to first-class cricket. He has offered a trophy for the batsman who scores 100 runs in the shortest time during the present season. Players in first-class matches of all kinds are eligible, including the Australians. An order for 100 guineas on Harrod's Stores goes with the trophy, to be spent in any department of the stores, where it is at present on view.

At the beginning of last week the leader in this competition was Ian Akers Douglas, with a score of 100 in 1 hour 5 minutes. This record, it will be noted, was exactly equalled by Hammond's second 100 in his innings of not out 286 for Gloucestershire v. Kent played on July 2nd.

DEPARTING CUCKOOS

"The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!" So wrote Matthew Arnold of that "too quick despairer," the cuckoo, who makes up his mind to leave us "before the roses and the longest day." But when, actually, does the cuckoo leave us? "In July he prepares to fly," says the old country rhyme, and "in August go he must." But does the adult cuckoo, as a fact, remain in this country as late as August? It is rare to hear a cuckoo call after the end of June, and how often, in any year, is a cuckoo seen on the wing in July? That is a curious point, that when cuckoos are calling they are seen on the wing, but not after they have ceased calling. Do they, then, leave the country earliest of all our migrants? We need evidence.

WATER GARDENS

Henley Regatta once more is past and gone, and for some of us, perhaps, one of the few river holidays of the year. Who is not reminded, on such days as those of last week, that a river edges some of the best of gardens—Robert Bridges's, for example:

"A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees:
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

"And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass:
Where spreading crowfoot mars
The drowning nenuphars
Waving the tassels of her silken grass
Below her silver stars."

B.W.D.!

THE GAME-REARER'S NIGHTMARE

Can This Disease Be Effectively Stamped Out?

By DR. T. O. M. HARE

ABSENCE of reliable statistics of game-rearing makes impossible any accurate estimate of the losses incurred annually from disease. Judging by the very large number of estates on which contagious infections are diagnosed every year, it appears safe to say that the losses from disease almost balance the increased number of eggs laid down for hatching. There is little room for doubt that the greatest havoc is due to the germ infection of chicks known as Bacillary White Diarrhœa (or, B.W.D.). The germ of this disease infects, is spread by and produces like effects in, all species of poultry, pigeons, game and many species of aviary—and wild—birds.

It is a common experience to find on a morning visit that one or two pheasant chicks, approximately three days old, are dead or dying. Next day, a few more are found in the original and in other coops, and within the course of a week chicks are dying rapidly in 30 to 50 per cent. of the coops. By this time it may have been recalled that a number of "dead in the shell" were found in several sittings. Sometimes the disease in the first few days is confined to chicks purchased as "day-olds," whereas chicks from the estate's eggs appear to be doing well.

Some of the affected chicks may be observed to excrete white coloured liquid droppings while standing or crouching with closed eyes and drooping wings and, at intervals, they emit weak little "cheeps" before flopping over and struggling as they die. But a large proportion of the chicks die so rapidly that no symptoms of disease are observed. It amounts to this, that there is only one certain method of diagnosing B.W.D.—namely, a pathological examination of a dying or dead chick by an expert in a laboratory.

Accurate diagnosis is the first obstacle to overcome and the second is to know how to stamp out the disease. Let us consider how B.W.D. arises and then we shall be the better prepared to fight it.

In the great majority of cases in all parts of Great Britain the disease is conveyed through the egg in the following way. A hen pheasant, having survived the disease as a chick or having contracted the germ later in life, appears in perfect health but harbours the germ of B.W.D. in her internal organs. She is a "carrier," *i.e.*, she harbours the germ but shows no outward signs of the disease. The germ enters some of the immature eggs within her body; thus, when her eggs are laid and collected, some of them will contain the germs of B.W.D. During incubation these germs progress from the yolk into the organs of the little chick. One of two results may follow: either the chick's tissues are so heavily infected that the chick dies in the shell, or the chick hatches out but dies within a few days. Thus the disease arises from the infected egg; and we may conclude that: (1) if the eggs were collected from the estate we have one or more diseased ("carriers") hen pheasants in our coverts; (2) if the disease arises in day-old chicks, which have been purchased, the vendor had, probably unwittingly, hatched from infected eggs.

There is another, though less frequent, cause of the origin of B.W.D.—namely, the foster-mother (fowl) may be a "carrier" of the disease.

These facts must guide us in attempting to prevent B.W.D. arising in our birds. We must try to prevent (1) the setting of eggs from infected pheasants on our own estate, (2) the purchase of day-old chicks from infected hatcheries, and (3) the setting of eggs under a "carrier" domestic fowl.

Of these the third factor can be more easily dealt with, since the infected foster-mother is detected by a test of her blood. This test, the agglutination test, is performed in a laboratory. Thus all broody foster-mothers should be blood-tested before setting them on eggs; or the owner should purchase his broodies from an accredited poultry farm on the warranty that they had within a week of purchase proved negative (*i.e.*, uninfected) to the test.

The second factor should receive the close attention of all estate owners and of hatcheries. Day-old chicks should be purchased only on the condition that any of their number, shown by an expert to have died within their first week of life from B.W.D., must be replaced by healthy chicks of at least seven days of age. If owners will only demand such a condition on purchase hatcheries will be induced to give more care to the selection of their eggs. Furthermore, all chicks purchased as day-olds must be kept in coops which are isolated within wire netting from all other birds on the estate. Separate the purchased day-olds as far as possible from the chicks reared from the estate's eggs, also each batch of day-olds should be isolated on its own ground.

The first factor, the elimination of the infected egg from the sitting, can be achieved in a roundabout way. The only means of identifying the infected egg is by a bacteriological examination in a laboratory; this test, which involves the destruction of the egg, obviously has no practical value. But the laying of infected eggs can be prevented by eliminating infected adult birds. If breeding pheasants were captive this could be done as on poultry farms by blood-testing the breeding stock and destroying the reactors, but game in coverts cannot be blood-tested, and these are the birds we are concerned with in this article. Now the adult pheasant infected with B.W.D. harbours the germ, because: (1) it was infected as a chick but survived, or (2) later in life it picked up the germ through contact with diseased poultry, pheasant chicks going to covert, or possibly from wild birds. The former is probably the usual source of infection, *i.e.*, it was a survivor. Thus it becomes manifest how very important it is to prevent B.W.D. from arising or spreading in one's stock; likewise how very ill-advised owners are who try to cure ailing chicks. The reason experts advise the immediate destruction not only of the ailing chicks, but of all the chicks in an infected coop, is their knowledge that at least a few of the apparently normal chicks in an infected coop if allowed to grow up and go to covert will assuredly harbour the germ.

To sum up, we have in B.W.D. the most serious plague of young game. There is no known method of curing the infected bird. The real task to concentrate upon is to prevent the entrance of the disease into an estate. The principal danger is the infected egg and is met by (1) the ruthless destruction of every chick in every infected coop to prevent (*a*) the survivors going to covert, and (*b*) the spread of the disease to healthy coops; (2) the purchase of day-old chicks only on warranty and their strict quarantine until they are liberated in covert; (3) the exclusion as far as practicable of all broodies which fail to pass the blood test performed by a qualified pathologist.

GAMES IN PROGRESS ON DUTCHMAN'S FARM, A FAMILIAR SCENE TO ALL ETONIANS
On the left is the shelter erected to the memory of Eton Ramblers who fell in the War

CAPTAINING A SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN

Confidence and Courage a Leader Needs

By D. R. JARDINE

Sound advice for young cricketers in an article specially written for the "Field" by a great captain who has led England's teams against Australia, India, New Zealand and the West Indies

IN *The Lonsdale Library Book of Cricket* Mr. P. G. H. Fender has laid it down that "A captain must have confidence in every man on his side, and every man on his side must have confidence in him."

Now, Mr. Fender was undoubtedly the greatest captain of the post-war era. No one would be so short-sighted as to attribute this to one instead of a variety of qualities and talents. For all that, those who know him best, would, in all probability, place in the forefront of these qualities, his amazing capacity to see his sides individually and collectively as swans, and not as the geese we frequently were.

It may sound banal to say that mutual confidence between a leader and his followers is a *sine qua non*. Many, however, forget that people seldom have confidence in anyone who has not a fair modicum of confidence in himself, and the uncharitable are not unwilling to confuse confidence with over-confidence in the individual. Such confidence, when not misplaced, is no more, and no less, than sound judgment.

"*Possunt Quia Posse Videntur.*" To mutual confidence must be added mutual service—it may well be the outcome of such confidence. But the service, which a captain gives to and receives from his side, is the fairest criterion by which anyone may judge or be judged. No man or men can command success—they can only give of their best—but, like a classic crew, those have the best chance of successful service who "can, because they think they can."

The head of our Government is the Crown's and Realm's Prime Minister, or First Servant. A captain should occupy precisely this position in relation to his side. None demand his service as much as his bowlers. All of us like to have other people interested in our efforts. Half an hour spent with a bowler and a piece of paper concocting experimental fields will work wonders. No captain can dictate to his bowlers. He can only suggest. The power of suggestion is vastly enhanced, if the bowler feels that the captain is with him in spirit each time he delivers the ball.

Responsibility may weigh heavily, and young eyes quail when faced with youth's inevitable inexperience. Yet with the realisation of this inexperience, half the battle will be won. A school captain may take heart of grace from the certain knowledge that there is no club or county captain, who would not barter with him his greater experience, for the keenness which is the schoolboy's to command, together with the autocracy he may employ in wielding it.

A deal may be learned from books, and from old school magazines, but, most of all, from the appreciation of one's mistakes. For a change of diet in reading, a budding captain might well digest J. M. Barrie's speech on "Courage."

Any captain worthy of the name occupies a large or a small pinnacle. Not only at schools are such pinnacles best set in lonely places, if the bug-bear of favouritism is to be avoided. Let him take his courage in his hands—let him accept advice before or during the intervals of a game, in the spirit in which it is given, weighing it in his own mind. But, once the game is on, let him shun advice from a master or a professional standing umpire, and let him see that his bowlers are not similarly embarrassed. No professional or master worth his salt will cavill at this—for the captain is preparing for the big day when such advice will not be forthcoming, save from any of his side whom he may care to consult. In other words, he must not only have the courage of his convictions, but he must practise them. It is too late to begin practising on the big day.

A disciplined side—one that runs with machine-like precision within its limits—is a pride, a joy and an achievement. Yet every side is composed of human, and therefore fallible, elements. In minimising this fallibility lies many an individual and collective triumph, but it is this humanity, and frequently its very fallibility, which furnishes many with the crowning pleasure of retrospect and recollection in the days to be.

RIVAL CAPTAINS IN THE FIELD
D. R. Jardine and W. M. Woodfull in the last Test series in Australia

A captain need not always disguise his annoyance. This depends entirely upon the individual with whom he is dealing. But he must not lose his temper, if for no better reason than that he cannot permit others to do so. There is, too, one unforgivable sin—sarcasm on the field. I shall not forget hearing and laughing as a certain captain cried "Save seven" at a slow retrieving fieldsman's back. The fieldsman neither laughed nor forgave.

If the duties have been made to appear onerous, at least the privileges and opportunities are many, as are the temptations. A captain is automatically spared some dirty work. He can very easily spare himself more, but he is not playing for any coveted cap or colours. His reward rather to win service and admiration if he changes the order and goes in ten minutes before an interval, to save some nervous wretch whose colours hang in the balance.

Nerves are a subject apart, and they are study for a volume. That great student of human nature, Rudyard Kipling, was not far wrong when he said that no ordinary Briton cares to have his name shouted out-loud in public. A captain must sometimes call for a catch. "Budge" or "Bill" is a better cry than "Brown" or "Jones." The use of a christian or nickname means much to a sixteen-year-old, if it comes from his skipper, and not from his younger sister.

Some mentalities thrive on a scramble for colours. In these days it is generally considered politic to put the aspirant out of his misery as soon as possible. This is not a matter upon which it is possible to lay down any general rule, but the gracious giving of colours should be almost as much a pleasure to the giver as to the receiver. If I may be pardoned, a personal reminiscence of one who, among 'Varsity captains, received service and affection second to none—F. W. Gilligan. One does not easily forget the glow raised upon receiving "a blue." Words spoken on such an occasion are often as exaggerated as they are ephemeral, but few, if any, captains would have thought of committing those exaggerated words to paper, to rekindle the recipient's glow on his return to his rooms.

A word on the organisation of school cricket. As great a man as the late Lord Curzon found it well-nigh impossible to delegate authority. Happy the man who can do so. It may well be that there are several old colours of equal standing in a school, and the delegation of a game or part of the school's cricket may prove

ETON COLLEGE XI

From left to right: Back Row: N. K. Campbell, A. J. S. Cassavetti (twelfth man), J. P. Mann, B. M. Fisher, W. R. Rees-Davies, V. Wild, F. G. Mann. Front Row: N. H. Villiers, G. H. Dixon, A. N. A. Boyd (Captain), R. E. L. Pilkington, M. D. P. Magill

no small balm to such, as well as enabling the captain to concentrate on the eleven. It is no use half delegating; it must be all or nothing. Mutual trust again.

The larger the number of thirteen or fourteen-year-olds known to the captain by name, the greater his influence on the school's cricket as a whole, and the ordinarily high standard of fielding expected from the schools, might be materially improved by a system which allows any member of the eleven to excuse a fag from further duty at the nets for any feat of courageous fielding. The compliment will ring all the truer if accompanied by recognition and the use of the fag's right name.

After the big School match of the year, there is frequently a sense of hiatus—something accomplished or the reverse. Here lies the chance to concentrate on the next year's eleven, and the promising sixteen-year-olds' International and County Cricket may fail and wither away—it will be a sad day if such a fate ever overtakes School or Village Cricket "forty" or any number of years on.

THE RIVAL TEAMS FOR LORD'S

Two Good Fielding Sides

ETON

ETON started the season with four of last year's eleven, three batsmen—A. N. A. Boyd, G. H. Dixon, and N. H. Villiers—and one all-rounder—R. E. L. Pilkington. It was clear that two opening bowlers would have to be found, preferably one fast bowler and another who could make some use of a new ball. W. R. Rees-Davies has increased considerably in pace this year and several goodish performances in early matches made him fairly certain for a place. His action is not easy or attractive, but he gets some pace off the pitch and can make the ball turn a little either way. He can also stand up to a hard day's bowling, as he showed at Winchester.

N. K. G. Campbell nearly got into the side the year before last, but his physique was against him and he was most unlucky with injuries last season. At the beginning of this season he bowled very well, particularly against the M.C.C., when he took six wickets cheaply. More recently he has been unable to find a length, but we hope he will recover it in time for Lord's. Of the other bowlers V. L. Wild, who bowls left-hand rather above medium pace, got some wickets against Charterhouse, and bowls both the in-swinging ball and the one which straightens. J. P. Mann, who is only fifteen, has been tried with some success as a leg-break bowler, but his length is uncertain and he is apt to be expensive, though he got two quick wickets at Winchester. Pilkington has proved most useful as a stock bowler on good wickets, and can generally be relied on to get three or four men out when the wicket is helping him at all. M. D. P. Magill is also a useful change bowler, and Boyd has been known to get wickets.

The batting has been of a better class than the bowling. Boyd has scored most consistently at No. 1, including two centuries, one against the Eton Ramblers and the other against Charterhouse. He hits the loose ball hard and his defence is sounder even than last year. He has had a variety of partners to open the innings. A. J. S. Cassavetti, Dixon, and Magill, have all filled the post. Dixon had been off form until the Winchester match, when he scored a most useful 70, and we place most confidence in Magill as No. 2. He watches the ball well and is a fine off-side player.

G. Mann has shown that he is a difficult batsman to get out, but his scoring shots are at the moment rather limited. Pilkington has played several useful innings and can score quickly when necessary. Villiers has not been fit for most of the half, but he made a welcome return to the side against the O.U. Authentics and scored 50 in his 1933 style. Campbell and Fisher, the wicket-keeper, can both bat well, and the younger Mann had a splendid partnership with Wild at Winchester, which yielded 40 runs just when they were wanted.

The fielding has been above the average. Special mention should be made of Magill and Cassavetti at cover and extra cover, Boyd in the deep field, Villiers almost anywhere, and J. Mann in the gully. Fisher is undoubtedly a class wicket-keeper; we cannot praise him more highly than by saying that except when he makes a catch or a stump one does not notice he is there.

The eleven can hardly be called a great one, but they may well be capable of rising to the occasion at Lord's and producing something well above their normal form. It is essential for one side to excel themselves if there is to be a finish in two days on a hard wicket.

HARROW

HARROW will go to Lord's in good heart. This should not be taken as an admission that Harrow teams since the war have ever gone to Lord's suffering from the "nerves" or "panic" which have been quite unjustifiably attributed to them. Of the fifteen matches from 1919 onwards, Eton have won six, their fair share; nine have been drawn, in which the advantage has been certainly not less with Harrow than with Eton. Twice Harrow's most promising chance has been spoiled by rain; once apparent victory was thrown away and turned to defeat, not by nervousness, but by a bad over-estimate of the amount of aggression necessary and risk permissible for the scoring of 100 runs an hour on a plumb wicket against well-hammered bowlers. In the last six years Harrow has not been so fortunate as to produce a match-winner of the calibre of Akers Douglas, Atkinson Clark or Hotchkin. There has been a paucity of off-side scoring strokes that has militated against the chances of a long-sought victory.

The School this year have put up many good performances, though there has been a certain dullness in the batting due to the same insufficiency of off-side shots; in this respect, there has been an improvement of late. But there is batting power right through the team, and several individuals are capable of a big innings. Of bowling there is plenty and variety; but so far no off-spin medium or class leg-break bowler has been found, of the types which have won so many matches at at Lord's. Duveen will again command respect, if the wicket is one to assist him, and Kaye's break-back which bowled Hotchkin last year will not be forgotten.

The fielding should be sound, if not brilliant, and the catching should be good, provided chances are offered. The stumper, at barely sixteen, is young for a long and strenuous two-day match, but is not likely to disappoint the faith that has been placed in him.

If there is any likelihood of a slow or even of a

HARROW SCHOOL XI

From left to right: Back Row: G. C. Hargrove, R. N. Bond, A. H. C. Duveen, G. A. Stogdon, W. R. M. Joynson, T. V. Newmark. Front Row: E. T. Pelham, M. A. C. P. Kaye, J. H. Pawle (Captain), B. D. Carris, P. M. Studd.

sticky wicket and play is held up by rain, Harrow's chances are bright. Should the wicket be fast and true, Harrow will have to score at its very best pace to force a victory, and even then the Etonian batsmen may have the final say in the matter. Finally, Harrow may yet spring a surprise.

CRICKET AT THE SCHOOLS

The Season's Form

The following reports have reached us from responsible critics at the schools.

BEDFORD

Twelve matches have been played to date, two won, three lost, and the rest drawn. Victories were won over the Cryptics by two wickets, and St. Paul's by one wicket, and the School lost to the Butterflies by four wickets ; M.C.C., by nine wickets ; and Dulwich, by three wickets.

The batting is strong, with H. F. Burton, the captain, outstanding. He has gone in first in every match, and has made more than 500 runs for an average of over 40, with no not-outs. His best score was 116 v. Hampstead. The most successful bat, after him, is J. T. Robinson, a left-hander, who is always looking for runs, and with three scores of over 50 as his best performances has rarely failed to make at least 25—often at a crisis.

The bowling is weak. There is no fast bowler, and the chief wicket-takers have been K. V. Percy, medium with a good leg-break, P. Rawlins, slow left, and A. D. Emmer, medium away swingers. They have each taken about 20 wickets.

BRADFIELD

So far the season has been disappointing, for of nine matches played only three have been won while five have been lost and one drawn. The victories over strong sides of Free Foresters, Old Wykehamists and Authentics were creditable performances, but in addition to losing to Stowe by 8 runs in a good match, the side has been defeated by Radley and Lancing by seven and six wickets respectively.

The bowling has always been good, but the batting has proved deplorably inconsistent, and the fielding weak, in marked contrast to recent sides at Bradfield. The best batting performances have been by P. Paine, 112 v. Senior Common Room ; 69 not v. Lancing ; A. S. Hunter, 79 v. Oriel ; 58 v. Free Foresters ; A. M. Hebden, 82 v. Old Wykehamists ; while J. M. Wilson has scored consistently. C. D. P. Raynor, the captain, took four wickets v. Free Foresters, and made 40 not out to win the match. Good bowling performances have included : A. S. Hunter, four for 42 v. Stowe ; five for 55 v. Authentics ; F. B. Allpass, four for 15 v. Old Wykehamists ; six for 38 v. Radley ; E. C. B. Gilman, slow left hand, has bowled well with very poor fortune.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE

The College commenced the season with three old colours, A. H. Rea (captain), R. F. T. Paterson and D. G. Hollebone ; and in view of the shortage of bowling talent have enjoyed quite a successful season to date. The brunt of the bowling has been borne by Paterson and Hollebone, with Rea revealing some ability as a slow bowler in recent matches. Paterson and Rea, with Buckley in a lesser degree, have shown good form with the bat, and other members of the XI have come along with useful scores when required.

The season has been conspicuous for several exciting finishes to matches. The game with the Dolphins was lost by one run ; while Repton Pilgrims were defeated by a similar margin in the last over of the day. Even more thrilling was the finish of the game with Brasenose College, Oxford, when Brighton won by 84 runs, the last wicket falling to the last ball of the match. The best performance to date is the victory over St. Paul's, who were beaten by 150 runs. Epsom College were also heavily defeated, only making 187 in reply to Brighton's total of 306 for five (Rea 103, Paterson 161 not out).

During the season a draw has been played with Dulwich College, while we have yet to meet Lancing College and Christ's Hospital. W. H. V. Levett, one of our old boys, went to India with the M.C.C. team under D. R. Jardine last winter, and has since his return "kept" for Kent in the absence of Ames ; and another old boy in the person of C. R. Maxwell keeps wicket regularly for Sir Julien Cahn's eleven.

CHARTERHOUSE

Charterhouse have beaten several good club sides this season, including the Authentics and Butterflies, drawn with Winchester and Eton, and at the end of June were defeated by Harrow.

The batting of the eleven has suffered from the lack of reliable batsmen to open the innings, this disadvantage being further aggravated recently by the illness of Lomas, an old colour who was showing consistent form at No. 1. Field at No. 3 has been the outstanding batsman, his brilliant, aggressive innings of 93 against Harrow on the second day being perhaps his best performance. Richards, the captain, Wilson and Tuckwell have not yet fulfilled the promise shown in previous years ; and it has been left to the "tail"—Diver and Hollis especially—to rescue the side from disaster on several occasions.

The bowling of Power and Diver has been distinctly good, while Hollis, Wilson and Reynolds have proved that they can keep a length. The fielding, inspired by Richards and Field, has been well up to standard.

CHELTENHAM

At the time of writing three matches have been won, against Malvern, the Gloucestershire Gipsies and the Old Cheltonians ; three lost, against the Town, Queen's College (Oxford) and Marlborough ; and two drawn, against B.N.C. and the Liverpool Club.

The side is a really young one ; no fewer than nine of the twelve who played recently against the Old Cheltonians will be back next year. A. H. Norris, the captain, has shown himself a first-rate wicket-keeper. The ground fielding has been good, but the catching indifferent—this it was that let the side down so badly against Marlborough, when ten chances went begging.

J. S. Foster must be one of the best fast bowlers in the Schools this year. With a short run, he makes the ball come very quickly off the pitch and do a little either way. He routed Malvern, taking six for 21. Against Marlborough, in an innings of 373, even though four or five catches were missed off him, he had five for 94, against B.N.C. four for 35, against the Old Cheltonians four for 39. J. M. Pope, who will have two more years in the side at least, has given him excellent support with his steady medium-paced bowling. Slow bowling there is in plenty—none altogether reliable, though Eagar, Munden and Pratt have all bowled well on occasions.

The batting has been disappointing. R. W. Powell is the nearest approach to an "innings" player, and he seems almost to require a life in the slips before he will settle down. The lack of a sound partner to open the innings with him has been very evident. A. J. Arengo-Jones is a beautiful stroke player, and his restraint has much improved, but the fact remains that he has yet to top the 50 in a School match this term. Eagar, very promising last year, has not come on as expected, though he has several times been out unluckily, and against Malvern he played very well. Norris is a very good forcing batsman on a good wicket, but his back play is too weak for him to succeed on anything else. Pope is improving fast, and Foster has shown himself a good hitter—against Marlborough he took much of the bitterness out of a heavy defeat by a magnificently hit 50 towards the end.

CRANLEIGH

For the third consecutive season, Cranleigh have had seven old colours left, and one would need to go back a number of years to find a stronger eleven than the present one representing the school. Illness has prevented the full side from playing together on more than one or two occasions, but so far they have only been beaten by one side, and that the Masters. They have decisively beaten Epsom and Christ's Hospital—the former by seven and the latter by eight wickets, while they nearly laid low the bogy at Highgate (where they have not won for many years) in an exciting draw, which might have gone either way.

V. A. Cox, captain, with two centuries to his credit, has fulfilled the promise he showed three seasons ago. K. R. Foot and F. T. Loates are a formidable pair of school bowlers, and G. J. Reynolds, slow left-hand, is always dangerous, particularly against clubs. P. C. Black, J. S. Jacklin, J. E. O. Watson and J. W. MacRobert have all made half-centuries, whilst most of the rest of the side have shown scoring ability. The fielding and catching, except at Highgate, has been good, and although most of this year's side are due to leave, there should be plenty of talent to fill vacancies.

GLENALMOND

Up to the end of June the eleven have played twelve matches, of which five have been won, three lost and four drawn. We were handicapped at the start by bad weather and illness, but since L. D. Mudie, the captain, has returned to the side there have been some good performances. George Watson's College and Edinburgh Academy were beaten. The Fettes match ended in a draw after we had made over 200 and declared and they had also batted well. Bad batting cost us the Glasgow Academy match, despite magnificent bowling by J. M. Gregoire, who has done consistently well with bat and ball. McDowall is a very promising all-rounder, Keiller made an excellent century against Fettes and Mudie has played a series of admirable captain's innings. The fielding has been always keen and, on occasions, very good : and if it goes on improving there is every chance of the season being thoroughly successful. Mudie is, in every respect, an excellent captain, while G. M. Milne is a really good wicket-keeper.

HAILEYBURY

With eight old colours the early hopes of a successful season have been to a great extent fulfilled, as Haileybury have scored victories both over Uppingham and Stowe. In their club matches they have also been quite successful, and their prospects for the rest of the season seem bright. The team is especially strong in batting, whilst their bowling has been proved to be very useful, but their success has, to no mean extent, been due to their good and quite consistent fielding.

The School can look forward with confidence to their two remaining School matches against Wellington at Haileybury, and Cheltenham at Lord's, because the side does not rely on two or three outstanding players, which has been proved on more than one occasion this season. Perhaps the chief factor in their success has been their team work, with a fine all-round example from their captain. The School side this year is one of the best that the School has produced for several years.

LANCING

With seven old colours in the eleven Lancing have a very strong bowling side : D. C. J. Manners (captain) and S. D. W. Millar are both fine opening bowlers. There are two leg-spinners, W. O. Lane and A. C. L. Akroyd-Stuart, as well as J. G. N. Browne and J. H. Wedgwood (off-spinners) and J. P. Knight (in-swinger). The batting is sound all through.

The team has beaten Radley, Bradfield and Sussex Martlets, drawn with Tonbridge, Eastbourne and Free Foresters, and lost only two games, to M.C.C. and Sussex Club and Ground. J. S. Heap, the old Lancashire bowler, is the "pro.," and the team is one of the best produced by Lancing for many years.

MALVERN

The Malvern records this season have not been particularly inspiring although the eleven has put up some useful performances and possesses distinct possibilities as a batting side. The bowling is rather lacking in variety, but has been backed up by keen, and at times brilliant, fielding. M. A. C. S. Cope, the captain, has set a fine example in this respect, and has also proved a good bat and opening bowler. A. H. Brodhurst, a change bowler, has come on well as a bat and is a fine field at cover. There are some useful players among the younger boys and prospects are good.

Wadham and Christ Church, Oxford, brought strong sides and defeated us, but a good win was recorded against Wolverhampton, and the matches with Liverpool and Shrewsbury School were both drawn. The Cheltenham wicket proved too fast for Malvern, who were beaten by seven wickets, but the team replied to the Authentics' total of 280 for seven, declared, with a score of 220 for four, J. R. Ross (80) and B. Greatbatch (89) putting on 150 for the first wicket in under one-and-a-half hours.

OUNDLE

Six old colours were available, and the team is now settling down into one well up to the average. We won fairly comfortably by five wickets against Leys. In other matches the best performances have been the defeat of the Old Oundelians by ten wickets in a two-innings game, a narrow and somewhat unlucky defeat by one wicket at the hands of the M.C.C., and a draw very much in the School's favour against Eton Ramblers.

C. R. H. M. Stuart, who is in his third year in the side, is proving himself the best all-rounder the School has had for some years. He has a batting average of over 50, and has so far taken 27 wickets at a cost of 15 runs each. K. E. Cowan is quite fast, and has bowled destructively at times, having so far taken 20 wickets for 23 runs apiece. These two are supported by A. D. Newsholme, the captain (medium paced left-hand) and Mr. F. Llewellyn and W. H. Webb, both fast medium, though the latter is at present on the injured list.

The chief run makers, apart from Stuart, have been K. A. Payne and R. I. Plummer, while A. K. Knox, a newcomer, has shown very promising form. A. D. Newsholme and D. J. Maw have not yet found their form of the previous season. So far, the bowling has been above the average, the fielding excellent, other batting patchy, and depending too much on one or two players.

RADLEY

The usual club matches were played at the beginning of the season, and after losing most of the early games, the School side began to take shape and show some promise. The first of the School matches was against Bradfield, and a seven-wicket win augured well for the future. This was

A GENERAL VIEW OF A CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS AT CANFORD

The oldest part of the main building of the school is the fine thirteenth century hall known as John of Gaunt's Kitchen. In 1931 Gisborough Hall was built for use as a Speech Hall and Gymnasium

followed by an even draw with Sherborne and a disastrous visit to Lancing, where the batting completely broke down, Lancing winning by eight wickets. A defeat by 64 runs at the hands of Stowe, and a favourable draw at Vincent Square against Westminster, completed the Inter-School programme. In this last match Radley showed themselves capable of getting runs by scoring 344 for seven wickets in under three hours.

P. H. Birks, the captain, managed his bowling well, but the responsibility affected his batting and he hardly did himself justice. G. B. Stanger proved himself a valuable all-rounder, and his batting has improved enormously, but he is still a little slow on his feet, and he is a very steady opening bowler. A. P. G. M'Dowell is a really magnificent cover-point and has made some very useful scores. Of the newcomers, J. A. Porter has more than justified himself as an opening batsman, and J. E. C. Clarke has proved effective as a fast bowler. D. R. Stavert is a promising right-hand bowler and J. F. Willcocks should one day make a good stumper.

REPTON

Repton started the season with a rather young and inexperienced side and lost three of their first six matches largely owing to weak batting and very indifferent fielding, but there has been a marked improvement recently, and victories were gained over the Repton Pilgrims, Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton. L. A. Barrett has been the most consistent bat and already has two centuries to his credit, against the Lincolnshire Gentlemen and Burton, and a particularly good innings of 81 not out against Shrewsbury on a drying wicket. A. P. D. Montgomery has captained the side with excellent judgment and has played some good innings, his 120 against the Repton Pilgrims being particularly attractive.

The chief strength of the side, however, has been in the bowling, D. W. Foster and R. E. Greswell both keeping an admirable length, the former spinning the ball dangerously on a drying wicket and the latter relying chiefly on deceptive flight, while P. C. Ashton has bowled his in-swingers well at times, especially against Shrewsbury, when he took the first three wickets for 9 runs.

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, WITH THE ITCHEN FLOWING UNDER IT

This sight familiar to all who have played on Winchester's beautiful cricket ground

STOWE'S HISTORIC AVENUE

These trees were given by Eton, one of the oldest public schools in England, to Stowe, which was then the youngest

SHERBORNE

The eleven at Sherborne this year is well above the average. The hard wickets have prevented many finishes, but up to date they have won four matches outright, had the best of three drawn matches, and only lost to the Masters in a sporting effort to get runs against time. The batting is very strong, as eight of the side have made 50 or more, and there is really no tail. The tenth wicket added 50, and the ninth 90 on one occasion.

Watney, Shirley-Price, Eldridge, Robinson and Bell have been the most prolific run-getters, and the whole side are always looking for runs. The bowling has been adequate; Robinson fast-medium, Wilson and Clarke, slow left and slow right, being useful school bowlers. The fielding has been of a high standard, except for the slip-catching, which has been very weak; if half the chances in the slips had been taken the school would have had little trouble in getting their opponents out. D. R. Morgan is an exceptionally good wicket-keeper—quiet, neat and very quick. B. H. D. Robinson, the captain, has set his side a magnificent example of keenness and hard work.

STOWE

So far this term Stowe has a record of three wins, three losses and three draws, two of the latter being largely in the School's favour. In the inter-school matches the results have been good. Bradfield and Radley have been beaten, the former by eight runs. The match with Westminster was drawn after Stowe had scored 415 in three-and-three-quarter hours and made Westminster follow on, and Haileybury won in the last over of the day by two wickets after a Stowe victory had seemed certain.

The batting of the side, after a poor start at the beginning of the season, has improved greatly. Buchanan is probably the soundest, while Lucas, the captain, Goldschmidt, Langley, who scored two centuries in successive matches, Oliver, Krabbé and Clive have all made runs. The bowling depends too much on the run-getters—Lucas, in-swingers, Goldschmidt, fast-medium, and Buchanan, slow right-hand, taking practically all the wickets and receiving little help from the other bowlers. The fielding has been excellent all through, and at times has reached real brilliance, Brown in particular standing out by himself in this respect. Mallett, a first-class wicket-keeper, injured himself early in the season and his batting has also been much missed. Spencer has, however, proved himself a very capable substitute as a keeper.

UPPINGHAM

Uppingham are having another good season. They suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of the well-balanced Haileybury side, but were successful against Repton (by an innings), and against Rugby, after an extraordinary game, won by 4 runs after

a startling collapse in the batting of each side, while Shrewsbury have just been beaten by five wickets, after an excellent but low-scoring game. The School has also beaten strong B.N.C., Crusader, and Forester sides.

Much, in fact too much, depends on the bowling of T. G. L. Ballance, the captain, who has done an immense amount of successful work. The batting has been uneven. M. H. Bell, who will have another year in the side, is perhaps the most promising. The fielding has been, on the whole, excellent.

WELLINGTON

Wellington began the season with four old colours—M. St. J. Packe, a promising bat, who is captain this year; F. S. Bird, the wicket-keeper; P. B. Wakelin, slow left-hand, and J. E. Holden, medium right-hand bowlers. The eleven made an encouraging start, being within one wicket of victory over the Incogniti. The next match, v. R.A.S.C., produced an exciting finish, the School securing the last R.A.S.C. wicket just on time and winning by 60-odd runs. This game was notable for the fact that after a poor start, the eleven made a good recovery. R. H. W. Fowler played as a bowler, and going in No. 10 scored an excellent 87, putting on 100 runs with R. J. B. Eddison for the last wicket. P. B. Wakelin followed this up with some good bowling, taking five for 33.

Against the Berkshire Gentlemen the batting was more consistent, and Wellington declared at 283 for eight—A. G. Roberts 102 and G. T. G. Hunter 51. The Gentlemen replied with 156 for seven, and R. J. B. Eddison confirmed the impression that he will make a useful fast-medium bowler; P. B. Wakelin again bowled well. A strong M.C.C. side proved too good by six wickets, but the eleven had only themselves to thank for this defeat, for after batting consistently they failed to hold easy catches. The first school match against Marlborough was drawn. Marlborough batted first for 286, and Wellington with 168 for eight were hard put to it to save the match. M. St. J. Packe, the captain, showed his best form of the season with a sound defensive innings of 57 not out. The Old Wellingtonian two-day match was won easily by the O.W.'s; again the catching of the eleven was at fault. Against Westminster form was frankly poor and disappointing, Westminster winning easily at Wellington by six wickets.

The batting needs strengthening, and at present a satisfactory opening pair has not been found, and places three and four in the batting order are difficult to fill. The bowlers must concentrate still more on length and must be backed up by sounder fielding. F. S. Bird is showing excellent form behind the wickets as well as batting most consistently. The eleven is very young, and it is to be hoped that experience this year will bear fruit in 1935.

WESTMINSTER

The cricket season at Westminster may be said to have been up to date fairly successful. Eight matches have been played; three victories gained—against Butterflies, Lords and Commons and Wellington College; three matches lost—against M.C.C., Incogniti and Christ Church; whilst drawn games were played with Free Foresters and Stowe School. After a good start in the first two matches, the batting broke down badly in the next three but now that the eleven, only four of whom remain from last year, are gaining confidence, many more runs are being made and still more are hoped for in the remaining games. R. H. Angate, who captains the side, has been badly out of luck this season, but is such a good batsman that he is bound to give us some big innings soon; meanwhile he is taking a few wickets with leg-breaks of rather variable length. J. Alderson, who goes in first, has made one century and several other good scores, and E. R. Hobbs also made his first hundred for the School against Stowe when runs were badly wanted. F. F. Richardson has improved greatly as a left-handed batsman; he is a beautiful stroke player. The bowling is not strong; J. T. Woodgate, slow off-spinners, is probably the best, but Richardson would be a good left-hander if he could maintain a better length. The fielding, except in the slips, is reliable and, at times, better than this, whilst J. Powell-Jones is proving himself a worthy successor to M. H. Matthews behind the stumps.

WINCHESTER

Winchester were undefeated in Inter-School matches. Rain at the end of the day, and a preposterously long luncheon interval just prevented a finish in a closely-fought game with Charterhouse away. The meeting with Harrow was not a match at all, for it was constantly interrupted by, and largely played through, rain. Winchester declared with a score of 166 for four. Harrow, for whom Joynson hit splendidly, lost the same number of wickets in reaching 124, but neither side at the end of the match had learnt much about the real potentialities of the other. Marlborough came to Winchester and suffered a severe defeat, to which a fine opening partnership by Scourfield and Foster, some brilliant hitting by Eggar and Grover, and Scott's accurate and successful bowling of in-swingers were the chief contributions.

"Eton match" provided its best cricket in the bowling of Wilson, who took five wickets for 54 runs in 34 overs on a beautiful wicket, a fair bid to follow in the family tradition. Dixon made the highest score of the match, batting soundly and pleasantly, but Foster of Winchester played the innings of the greatest promise for the future. On the first day Eton had attained a strong position. Winchester, batting first on a slow wicket, almost the first they had seen, had done quite well to make 231, but had bowled indifferently to let Eton reply with 154 for two on a wicket dried by a strong wind into an easy pace. Fears that Eton would so force the pace on the second morning as to give Winchester a most anxious afternoon were dispelled by lunch, when by very good out cricket and some admirable bowling by Wilson, the home side had taken six Eton wickets for 98 runs in two-and-a-quarter hours. In an opening partnership of over 50 Scourfield and Foster batted so well as to suggest a fair possibility of a fighting finish, but the game was eventually drawn.

As a side Winchester were well up to the average, though the attack had to rely on steadiness, good fielding and variety rather than on any outstanding merit. Scott was much the most successful bowler, and bowled his right-hand in-swingers effectively to a field of keen and courageous leg-traps. But Wilson, a late choice, holds out the greatest promise for the future. He bowls medium pace, very much after the style of his father, C. E. M., keeps an admirable length, and can swing and spin the ball. Next year he may be a first-class school bowler. Bryan bowled well at times, and there were other useful changes. In batting Scourfield did well in Inter-School matches. Foster had a very good season, played a brilliant innings at Charterhouse, made 100 against the O.W.'s and should undoubtedly have a future. Eggar, too, did well, and proved himself able to play either a defensive or offensive innings effectively, whilst the younger Holme, only just sixteen, and Faber are batsmen of distinct promise. Scott played two excellent innings v. Eton. The fielding was good and keen, and Foster catches at slip as a Foster should. Grover, the captain, generally kept wicket well, and handled his side on the second day against Eton with conspicuous judgment and skill.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF CRICKET

Sevenoaks Re-Stages an Old-Time Match

LET us turn from the rigours of Test and County cricket of the present day and look back down 200 years of the game; for next week the Sevenoaks Vine Cricket Club is celebrating the bi-centenary of cricket at Sevenoaks with a series of matches and other special functions, culminating in a match to be played on Saturday, July 21st, in the costumes of 1734 and, as far as may be practicable, according to the rules and customs of that period.

The earliest record of cricket at Sevenoaks is a paragraph in the *London Evening Post* of September 10th–12th, 1734, reporting that "We hear from Sevenoaks in Kent, that on Friday last an extraordinary Cricket Match was played there between the Gentlemen of Kent and Sussex. Lord Middlesex, Lord John Sackvill, etcetera, played for Kent, and Sir William Gage, etcetera, for Sussex. The game ended to a very great Nicety in favour of the Kentish Gentlemen, but had so many diverting Turns in it, that the Lovers of that Diversion esteem it to be the best that has been played for many years."

Here were names that were to live long in the history of Sevenoaks cricket. Lord Middlesex was Charles Sackville, eldest son of Lionel Cranfield Sackville, first Duke of Dorset, while Lord John Sackville was his second son. Lord Middlesex became second Duke in 1765, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Frederick Sackville, who ensured the continuity of Sevenoaks cricket by giving to the town the Vine ground by deed of trust "to be a Cricket Ground for ever." He was himself a great cricket enthusiast, playing for Kent and keeping in his employ at Knole many of the famous cricketers of the day. He afterwards became British Ambassador to the Court of France. Nyren describes him as a "pretty player," excelling in the field at slip.

Kent played almost continuously on the Vine from 1771 till about 1829, and England played there in 1773 and 1777. The match in 1777, England *v.* Hambledon, was in its way historic, for it was the first match in which three stumps were used—a development brought about chiefly by a match, Hambledon *v.* All England, in 1775, when, as Nyren says, "it having been remarked that balls from Lumpy had three several times passed between Small's stumps" (there were only two then), "it was considered to be a hard thing upon the bowler that his straightest ball should be thus sacrificed."

Many considered that the addition of the third stump would shorten the game; but in the match at Sevenoaks this view was discounted by Hambledon making the almost unheard-of score of 403, of which Aylward scored 167, which Nyren describes ecstatically as "one of the greatest feats upon record in the annals of cricket," seeing that it was done against the finest bowling of the day—that of Lumpy. Aylward is said to have gone in at 5 o'clock on Wednesday and was not out until 3 o'clock on Friday.

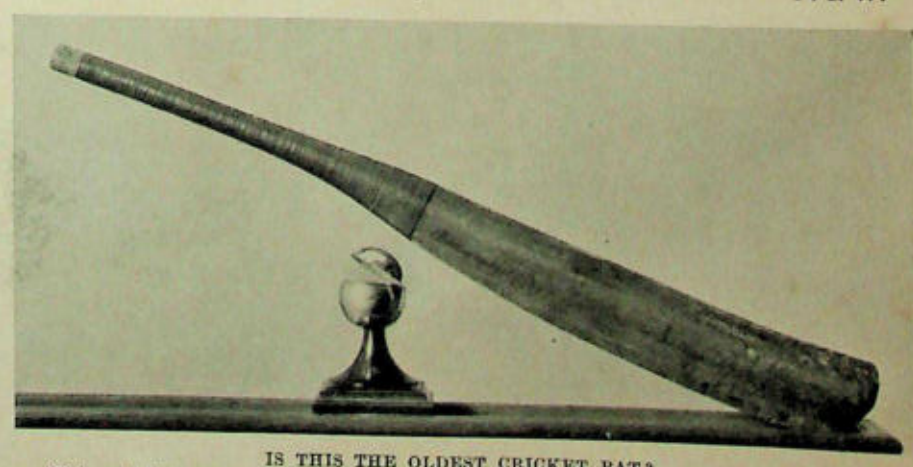
I know of no claim to dispute that of Sevenoaks Vine as having the longest *continuous* history in the country. I am indebted to Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Dunlop, hon. secretary of the Bi-Centenary Week Committee, for some interesting particulars of the ground and the match, which is designed to reproduce the dress and methods of 200 years ago. The committee have expended a great deal of care and research to produce not only the correct costumes but also the bats, wickets and equipment of the period, and it is believed that this is the first time such a faithful reproduction has been attempted.

And lest we might repine with Andrew Lang:

"Ah, where be Beldham now and Brett,
Barber, and Hogsflesh, where be they?"

we shall have actual names of that match of 200 years ago at Sevenoaks reproduced in the persons of Major-General the Lord Sackville, who wi play with "ten other Gentlemen of Kent," and Captain the Viscount Gage, who will lead "ten other Gentlemen of Sussex." Colonel Dunlop tells me, too, that Lord Sackville is bringing out the old family coach, and will arrive in it, with Viscount Gage and one or two other cricketers. So I shall hope to forget the world and go to Sevenoaks next Saturday.

F. I. W.



IS THIS THE OLDEST CRICKET BAT?

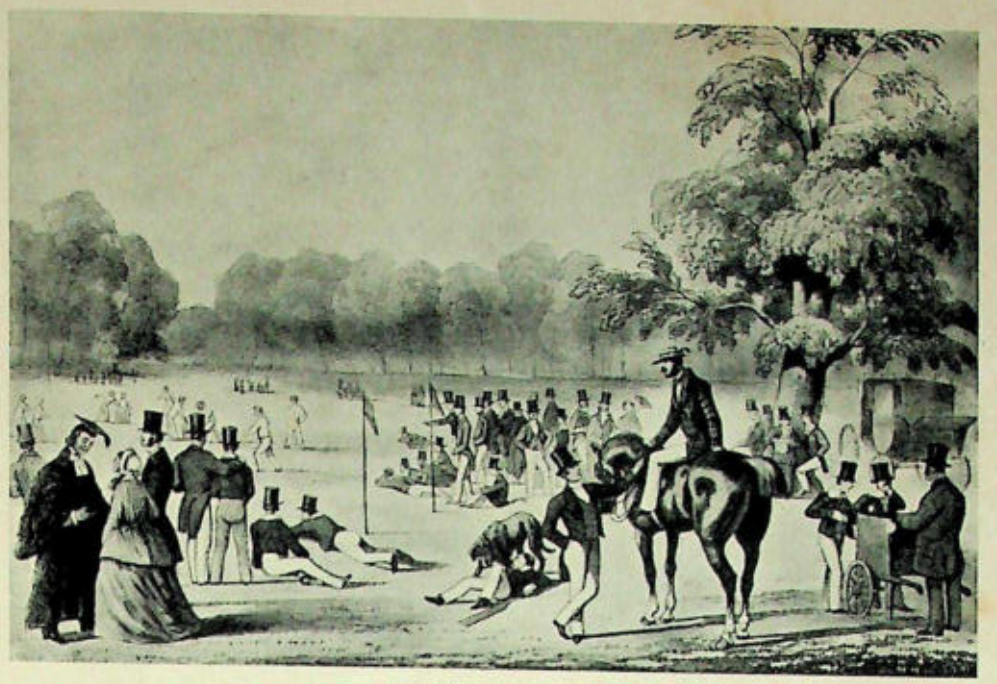
This old bat, now preserved in the Vine Cricket Club Pavilion, was found in a cottage at Plaxtol. It bears an autograph, "Richard Mitchell, 1745." It is ascribed to Mr. Pett, the famous maker of cricket bats in Sevenoaks. The bat was presented to the Vine Cricket Club by Mr. J. S. Killick, in 1932. The silver snuff box in the form of a cricket ball was, according to tradition, produced at dinners of the Vine Cricket Club and tossed from hand to hand The penalty for dropping it was a bottle of wine or half a crown. From the silversmith's marks the date is identified as 1815.

CRICKET HISTORY IN PICTURES

The accompanying pictures of the game are reproduced, by kind permission of the Curator of the Tate Gallery, Millbank, London, from the collection of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart., on exhibition at the Gallery until September 30th. The pictures range in scene from Hambledon to Harrow, Holland, Sussex and the Isle of Wight. Sir Jeremiah takes a keen interest in schoolboys' recreations and was the donor of a large piece of ground and house to his old school, King's College, Wimbledon

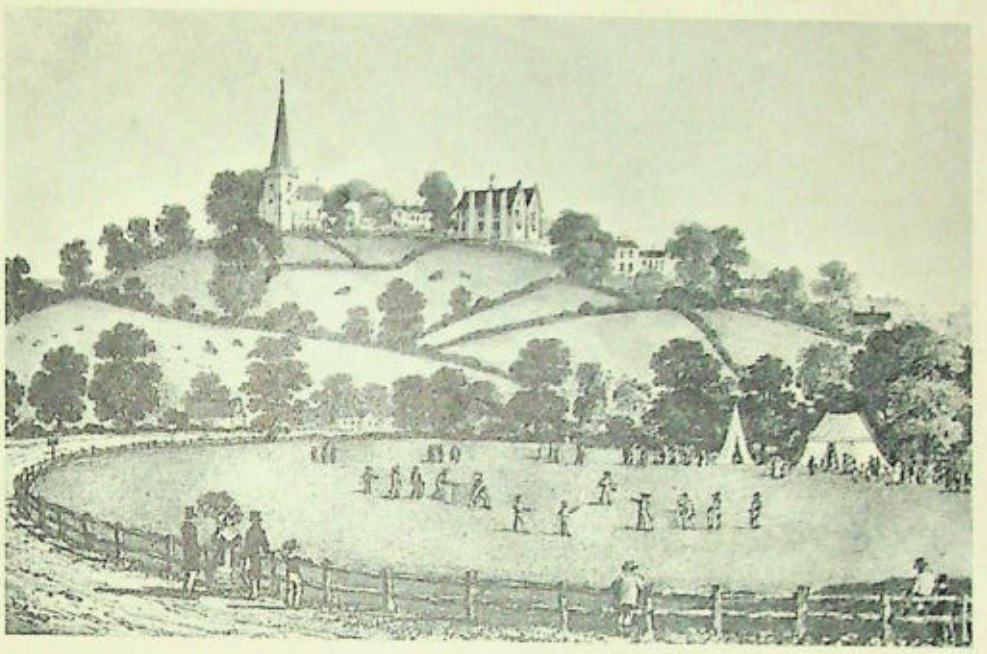
MR. WILLIAM DAVIES, THE OLD SUSSEX SCORER

A coloured lithograph by N. and M. Hanhart which shows the joys of cricket in the old days, when an important official of the game believed in being well sustained during his arduous job



A MATCH AT ETON

From a series of six lithographs of Eton College published by J. Ryman. The scene will be recognised as Upper Club



THE CRICKET GROUND, HARROW

This lithograph by N. Whitlock is inscribed with a poem by Byron, which runs :

" Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one—
Together we impelled the flying ball,
Together joined in cricket's manly toil."

A MATCH AT BRADING, ISLE OF WIGHT

In the collection of the M.C.C. there is a very similar picture. The subject of both pictures is supposed to be a match of Gentlemen v. *Players*

One Crowded Hour

THE BEST INNINGS I EVER PLAYED

One-Handed at Leeds

By LORD TENNYSON

MacCARTNEY BATTING AT LEEDS

JOY, desperation, gloom, tragedy—such was the greatest hour of my cricketing life! Thirteen years have since elapsed; it is as it were but yesterday! And as I write I am made to revel in the memory of it all. For it may never be forgotten! It was at Leeds in the third Test match of the 1921 series against Australia, whose skipper was the mountainous and immovable Warwick Armstrong, that I was made captain of my country, an honour, need I say, of which I was enormously and pardonably proud.

England was already two down; we had lost the first Test at Nottingham and also again, when I had been lucky enough to play at Lord's. The critics were excusably rampant! Much vitriol had indeed flowed from their pens! I found comfort and solace in philosophy—when the sky is darkest there is light. I reckoned without the gods and their devilry!

"No more cricket for thee, lad." "Damn bad luck and aw that, but there it is." "Why the 'ell didn't tha teck thi hand owt o' t' road?" "But never mind, war's war, tha knows." So I was reminded and twitted as, with my sadly damaged hand, I strolled around and commiserated with myself! However, I was not for packing up, and though I almost despaired of taking further part in the match I determined to do so. Far worse than my own physical disability was to happen. Late in the afternoon appendicitis seized and left Jack Hobbs helpless, and on the morrow an imperative operation robbed England of her master batsman, the greatest at that time in all the world.

No words of mine can describe my feelings! In this, which I decided was the hour of my triumph, I was as a man accursed. No Hobbs, myself a cripple! A captain indeed! Cecil Parkin, however, ran amok, for in three overs he bowled Gregory and Hendry, and got that wonderful MacCartney out leg before. This did much to lift me out of the doldrums! Then came Armstrong to show that he, at least of his country's rearguard, was no wobbler. He remained for 90 minutes to score 77, and with Carter and MacDonald far from being "rabbits," the Australians were not got rid of until the total had been raised to 407.

With Hobbs absent it was almost a nightmare, and I shuddered at my own helplessness. The weather the second day was grey, cold and dismal, and even the jaws of the good old Yorkshiremen dropped when the news was broadcast that Hobbs and myself were out of the match for good and all;

GREGORY BOWLED BY PARKIN

SIXTY-THREE RUNS WITH ONE HAND

Gregory is seen fielding in the slips and Carter is keeping wicket
(A photograph in "From Verse to Worse," by Lord Tennyson, published by Cassell)

Armstrong won the toss, and the wicket was fast and true. It was a batsman's day, but with no more than 22 runs on the board Johnny Douglas, fighter to the last ditch, bowled Warren Bardsley. Warren was in his heyday a giant left-hander, unruffled, cold, logical and majestic, and when Frank Woolley caught Andrews off J. W. H. T. Douglas with the total at 45, we had the highest hopes, though the "Governor-General" Charlie MacCartney remained at the wicket in all his glory. Two wickets were down for 45, and on a really run-getting Paradise!

Not an hour had gone when, whilst fielding, my left hand was split between the thumb and first finger and perforce I had to give myself over to the surgeon and had four stitches put in it.

but still they then did not even know what I knew! Douglas had been telegraphed that his wife had been stricken with appendicitis.

Johnny, whose tragic death we all so much deplored, never wore his heart on his sleeve. "Lionel," he whispered, "this is too bad. But it might have been a sight worse. I shall carry on. Say nothing. There's a job of work for us both." How like Johnny! In grit and determination he was many normal men rolled into one. But Frank Woolley, who with Hardinge had opened our innings in a failing light on the Saturday, had been quickly bowled, and Hearne, too, had gone for a mere bagatelle. Ducat did little more than break his duck when, with his bat splintered by one of MacDonald's fastest, he presented Gregory with the tamest of catches in the slips. Laborious toil brought an additional 17, and then Hardinge, who had hoped to stem the onrushing tide, was given out leg before, when he would have it that he had played the ball good and hard. Noon had come on the second day, and five men were out for a paltry 67, when Douglas and Brown (the Hampshire stumper) were together. They held on like leeches. Armstrong, rare captain, like a man with a bludgeon, hammered at the stone wall as represented by Douglas and Brown, and tried all the bowling at his command. The partnership was not broken until the score had been taken from 67 to 165, then Brown was fatally wrong in his treatment of a long hop. White was bowled neck and crop, and England, with Hobbs in hospital, and myself with one hand, had either to get 92 or follow on. And there were but two wickets (counting myself) to fall. I had already decided that though the heavens might collapse I would take a chance, rotten reed that I was! Out I went to join up with Douglas.

The huge crowd had taken it for granted that they had seen the last of Lionel Tennyson! I emerged, my hand heavily bandaged, to such applause that I was almost scared. However, when I saw a smile upon the sunburned face of Douglas, who had already scored 51, maybe a smile of pity, as if to say, "Lionel, my boy, if you survive a single round you'll be a marvel," I summoned up courage. Douglas, you must know, as an amateur boxer, and at his particular poundage was, like his father in his day, beyond compare, and whenever we were in a tight corner (and in our many exploits together we were often in many) I was given to appraising his values in terms of the Ring.

"So, Lionel," says I, "stick out your left straight!" (that I had no sort of left owing to my accident did not occur to me!); and I nodded to Johnny. Precisely how and what I did I cannot and never will be able to tell. I would leave the story to my good friend Neville Cardus, cricketer-writer of the *Manchester Guardian*—who wrote about me in his book on the Leeds 1921 Test as follows:

". . . Tennyson, in a ruinous hour, for his side, to the accompaniment of stabs of pain from his wounded hand, played the happy wayfarer, and again he blazoned the news to the land that a big heart will take one a long way against these Australians . . . He drove to the off and glided through the slips to such tune that he made 62 while Douglas made 24. He put Gregory and MacDonald to flight by hitting eight fours from their fast bowling . . . in all he batted eighty minutes and scored 63 out of 106. . . . With all its gusto there was yet plenty of the marks of culture in Tennyson's batsmanship. He showed us that a man can drive one-handed if he will get quickly into the right position for driving. His footwork had quickness always, and the classical left leg motion showed in every hit to the off side, the forward foot pointing in the way of the ball's direction. He rose high on his toes to the fast bowler's bumpers and played them down with a left elbow beautifully up. Tennyson returned to the pavilion at the end of his fine adventure to the wildest cheering one has heard on a cricket ground for many a long day."

But England lost, and so it was that my joy was eclipsed by my country's tragedy.

LEYLAND BATTING WITH AMES AS HIS PARTNER
They contributed 225 runs to England's first innings total of 627 for nine wickets at Old Trafford

A BATSMAN'S TEST MATCH

O'Reilly's Great Over and the Subsequent Stalemate

By NEVILLE CARDUS

At close of Saturday's play in the Test match at Old Trafford I left the ground feeling confident that England's chances of winning the rubber this summer were excellent. For whatever the result of this game, I told myself, it has proved the lesson of Lord's—our batsmen, or some of them at any rate, really can reduce Grimmett and O'Reilly to perspiring helplessness, given a reasonable amount of luck with the wicket. But the England batting needs strengthening at the middle of the innings—that was another thought which seemed obvious enough as I struggled in the dust of Warwick Road to hail a taxi, with ten to twenty thousand other hot and thirsty Lancashire people also in pursuit.

England at Manchester conquered a collapse at the first innings' outset; the tale of Lord's was told again. Leyland and Ames on Saturday knocked out the Australian attack as easefully as two men beating carpets. Hendren's century on Friday stopped another "rot." Hammond failed again—*what* is the matter with this beautiful player? He comes in to bat at a "key" position in the side's order; this "key" position must be made secure, either by Hammond or by somebody else.

But England's collapse at Manchester, when three wickets fell in one over, was really one of those divine mischances of cricket. In saying this much I am not belittling O'Reilly's superb bowling. But let us look into the matter closely. O'Reilly was not bowling like a match-winner when he began his remarkable over. Walters had been driving him grandly for straight fours. Walters scored a superb 52 out of 68 in an hour. The Australian attack already seemed ready to waver in the heat on a heart-breaking wicket. Then O'Reilly bowled his slow off-spinner, and Walters fell into the forward mid-on trap. That was a case of a clever ruse, which, however, Walters should have "known all about"; he saw it at Lord's with his two eyes wide open. Wyatt fell to a ball which pitched on the leg-stump and hit the middle. But it was almost a half-volley. Hammond, I believe, got his bat mixed up with his pads; anyhow, the ball that hit his off-wicket pitched on his crease, asking to be driven for four. O'Reilly changed the game round dramatically; his over will go down to history with the over bowled at Trent Bridge in 1905 by F. S. Jackson. In one over Jackson accounted for Noble, Hill and Darling; and when he came on, Noble and Hill were 50 each, and thoroughly set.

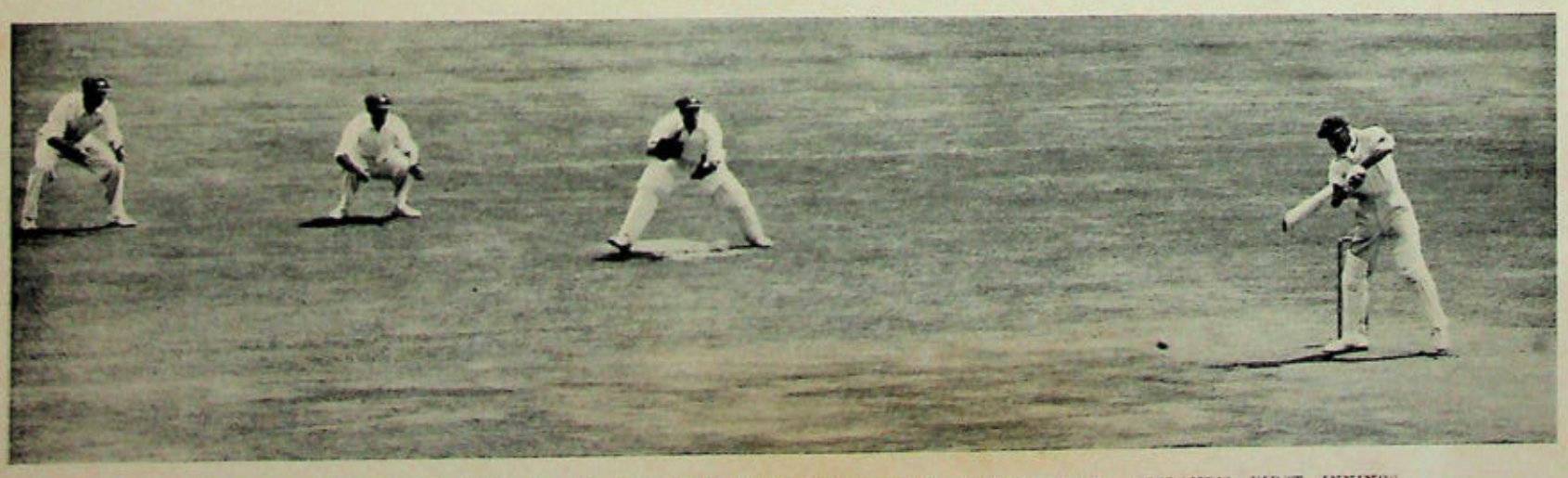
O'Reilly is, I fancy, dependent on success even more than most bowlers. He attacked dangerously when Hendren joined Sutcliffe; England were 72 for three now. Another blunder by England would surely have been fatal. Australia's luck came and vanished as though the ironical gods gave to the game's wheel a malicious swing. Just before O'Reilly took his three wickets a halt was made in the action for drinks! And the ball was changed—no doubt Walters had knocked the cover off the ball used first. The gods smiled on Australia, only to mock her. Bradman and Chipperfield fell ill and had to leave the field. A sense of depression stole into the Australian ranks, like a subtle gas.

But for a while O'Reilly threatened further damage to the England innings; indeed, the bowling he achieved after the fall of Hammond was better than the bowling that got him his three wickets in four balls. Sutcliffe countered and held back O'Reilly at his best; Sutcliffe was cool and assured. O'Reilly spun several magnificent leg-breaks which dropped on Sutcliffe's leg stump. Only a resolute and experienced cricketer could have stopped O'Reilly in his mood of inspired opportunism. Sutcliffe it was who saved the day for England. Then, after Sutcliffe was caught off O'Reilly's leg break at 149, fourth out, Hendren began to bat as only Hendren can, mingling power with watchfulness, courage with lusty nature. He moved out on quick feet to Grimmett and quite disturbed the great little slow bowler's poise. Grimmett was compelled by Hendren's twinkling feet to bowl short; after that, Grimmett was fuel for runs. Hendren has seldom played a finer innings for England; his strokes were quick and strong, and many.

He put England in a tolerably safe way, and Leyland once again enjoyed the Australian bowling to the tune of a century—153 in five hours. On Saturday, Leyland and Ames stayed together until England were 482 for six. Ames departed just before lunch, cheered generously by the most generous crowd in the land; he made 72. Wyatt did not declare the innings closed at lunch; he even sent in Clark to bat, and waited for the score to reach 627 for nine. He was subjected to criticism; but for my part I could see the point of his policy. He wished England to revel in the wicket while it was still flawless. But why did he not ask his batsmen to get quick runs after the 500 had been passed? England's last 94 runs took 95 minutes to make.

England's policy disappointed me on Saturday after lunch; the batting and the bowling lacked the temper of true aggression. With 627 runs on the score book and with Bradman and Chipperfield casualties, England seemed to spend Saturday afternoon saving the game. For though Ponsford fell to a wonderful one-handed slip catch by Hendren at 34, McCabe was allowed to settle down, with Brown, against mainly negative bowling.

Hopwood exploited left-handed slows, over the wicket. It is said he was seeking a "spot" outside



WALTERS GETTING WELL OVER TO AN OFF BALL FROM WALL WHEN SCORING 52 IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS

THE UNIVERSITY TEAMS AT LORD'S

Cambridge. At back : F. King, A. G. Powell, H. R. Cox (12th man), A. G. Pelham, H. T. Bartlett, J. W. T. Grimshaw, and G. W. Parker. Sitting : M. Jahangir Khan, R. de W. K. Winlaw, J. H. Human, A. W. Allen and J. G. W. Davies (captain)

Oxford. At back : N. S. Knight, N. S. Mitchell-Innes, J. H. Dyson, J. W. Seamer, R. G. Stainton, A. P. Singleton (12th man), and F. C. de Saram. Sitting : R. G. Tindall, D. F. Walker, F. G. H. Chalk (captain), D. C. H. T. E. Townsend and A. E. Barlow

the leg stump. Perhaps before the match is over—I write while it is still in progress—some such "spot" will emerge. But on Saturday evening Clark should surely have been "given his fling." He was kept out of the attack too long after his first spell with the new ball. And Verity was not put on to bowl until Australia were 91 for one. But it was not the handling of the bowling that created the impression that England were missing a great opportunity against a tired team. Rather was it the suggestion that came from England in the field of a general aimlessness, a sort of waiting on events—for a thunderstorm, or for a worn wicket!

England, I believe, have a grip on the Ashes. Our technical resources, in bowling especially, are richer than Australia's. What is needed is something of that antagonism and ruthlessness which make Australians terrible when *they* are on top! And, of course, we need to keep on avoiding O'Reilly and Grimmett on a dusty pitch!

Monday saw a stupendous uphill fight by Australia. Verity, at the outset, tried to find a spot on the wicket. He persuaded McCabe to drive against his spin, but the hit fell out of harm's way. Then McCabe played an innings of rare beauty and daring; he hit Verity for five fours in half an hour or so; he cut Clark like a Vulcan heaving with a hammer; he scored 58 in an hour, while Brown, playing the part of the armour bearer to the knight, made 9. For a long time, England's attack was without penetration or policy; Hopwood bowled steadily and kept the runs down! A sudden fierce "bumper" by Clark surprised Brown, who put up a bat by reflex action to save his head; he sent an easy catch to square leg. Australians nowadays seem unable to hit fast long hops. McCabe was caught in the slips soon after Brown departed. Australia were 242 for three.

Then occurred the moment of crisis for England; Woodfull snicked the first ball sent him by Clark straight to Hendren in the slips—the easiest catch conceivable, in the slips at any rate. Hendren dumbfounded everybody, himself included, by dropping the ball. Woodfull was also given a third innings when he was 31. He played out to Hopwood, missed his stroke, and Ames bungled the chance of stumping incredibly. Perhaps the sight of Woodfull going out of his crease astonished all of Ames's senses.

Woodfull prevailed for four hours; Darling and Bradman helped him to bear the long day's burden. Bradman was hardly fit enough to play, and Chipperfield, who came in at the fall of Australia's sixth wicket, was obviously a weak, ailing man. His side needed 69 to save the follow-on when he walked slowly to the field in the oppressively humid heat. A marvellous throw-in ran out Woodfull at the pinch; a more marvellous catch by Wyatt accounted for Oldfield, who looked ready to hit dangerously. Wyatt hurled himself from "silly" mid-off, and gripped a hard hit an inch from the earth. At close of play, Australia were wanting 55 to save the follow-on, and the match, with two wickets in hand, one of them the valiant Chipperfield.

The missed catch off Clark, which gave Woodfull a second innings when he was nine, not only endangered England's chances; it also obviously upset Clark while he was enjoying a good spell of bowling. Clark has splendid natural gifts, but he has not a great Test-match temperament; he lacks philosophy!

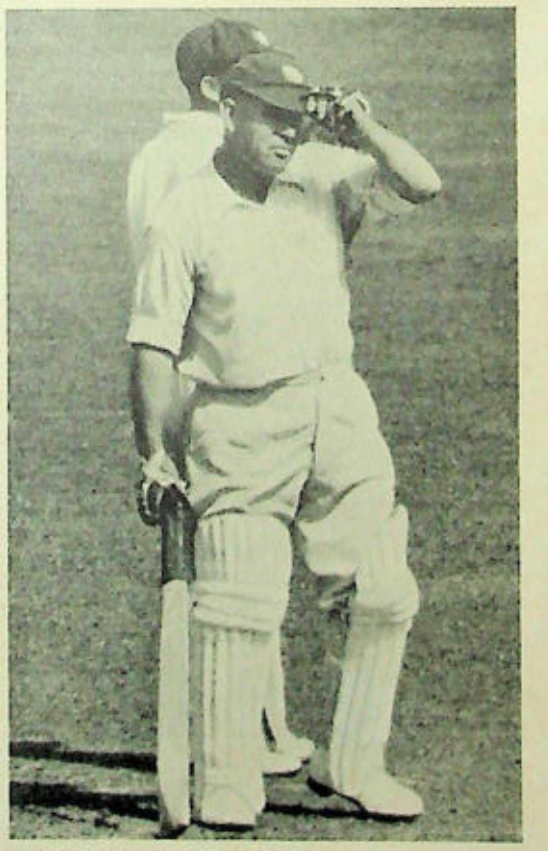
FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

Human's Magnificent Display

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

As is usual during the week preceding the University match, Lord's has entertained the respective Oxford and Cambridge sides, partly with a view to their becoming acclimatised to the ground, and partly because it is right and proper that they should play a match against the headquarters of English cricket.

As the sides which represent the M.C.C. are rarely of the same calibre in the two matches it is difficult to get a good line from results, but two things occurred which impressed me greatly, and they were, firstly, the Oxford batting during their gallant effort to make 162 runs in an hour and a quarter



HENDREN ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AFTER HAVING MADE HIS CENTURY IN ENGLAND'S OPENING INNINGS AT LORD'S

and secondly, J. H. Human's batting for Cambridge. It was, in the first case, no mean effort to get 148 runs in that short space of time against such bowlers as Smith of Middlesex, and G. O. Allen; but to get them by a series of superlative shots, and with hardly a ball despatched in any direction but the one intended, stamped at least three Oxford batsmen with the hall mark of the highest efficiency. I do not frankly believe that Don Bradman could have shown us better executed shots than Walker did in his splendid innings of 72.

Lord Tennyson showed the greatest discrimination in declaring when he did, though I for one never thought that Oxford would attempt such an apparently impossible task as to score at the rate of 130 runs per hour, which is exactly what was required of them. Tennyson, however, knew better. If the 10-minute interval between innings had been strictly adhered to Oxford would have probably won. The declaration was made at five o'clock. The first ball was bowled at 5.15 instead of 5.10. That five minutes meant two more overs, and those two more overs might easily have meant the extra fourteen runs required for victory. Oxford certainly deserved to pull it off. It was a great display of accurate hitting, and first-rate running between the wickets.

As to Human's batting, it was quite out of the ordinary, and perhaps for that reason it appealed so strongly to everyone. It was full of perfectly executed old-fashioned off-side shots, so rarely seen nowadays.

Mr. Oscar Asche, who sees more cricket at Lord's than most people, told me he considered it quite the best innings he had seen there this year, and that great judge of cricket, Mr. Robert Lyttelton was also deeply impressed by it. Indeed, he might have been "deeply impressed" in the literal sense of the word. He was viewing the match from the committee room, and was sitting on the right-hand side of its big open window, which had been recently perforated by the destructive Smith of Middlesex. Human made a terrific on-drive which struck the brickwork 1ft. to Mr. Lyttelton's right, at a height corresponding to that of his waistcoat. As it was Mr. Lyttelton's agility was not put to the test.

No doubt our recent cricket success will be a blow to many pavilion critics, including some cricketers of my time, whose principal occupation in life appears to be the belittlement of present-day players as compared to those of the past. It is merely a sign of dotage, and thank God I am not one of them. But all the same, the dreadful reflection remains that it must have been exactly the same when one played oneself, though luckily one was unaware of it. Now one realises how often one must have come out thoroughly pleased with oneself, little dreaming that a large proportion of the pavilion critics were saying, "Thank God *he's* out!" and comparing one unfavourably with the Amateurs of a previous generation. It is, of course, a species of disease, principally due to an entire absence of a sense of proportion—a well-known characteristic of senile decay.

FEATS OF CATCHING AT CRICKET

Who has made the most catches in one position in the field during a single innings in first-class cricket? We are not disposed to multiply the already numerous cricket records, but the question is suggested by a Dover correspondent's letter, recalling a feat even better than that of Wensley, of Sussex, who recently made five slip catches in an innings. He writes: "In the Essex v. Middlesex match at Leyton in 1906 Tarrant made six catches in the Essex first innings, four off G. G. Napier and two off Mignon. All the catches were made in the slips, at first slip, I fancy. Trott was at second slip, and he missed F. L. Fane in the second innings before he had scored. Fane made 130, and Essex got the 341 to win for the loss of four wickets."

Has Tarrant's feat been beaten?

EAST LIGHT "PLANING" IN A FRESH BREEZE

14-FOOTERS OFF TO CANADA

A Dinghy International Contest

LAST Saturday the British International 14ft. Dinghy team left Southampton on the Empress of Britain for Toronto, where they will take part in international contest against Canada and America. They have taken four boats with them and an experienced team.

Mr. Uffa Fox, the well-known designer who built all the boats of the team, will accompany them to Canada as manager. The races, which begin on Friday, July 20th, are under the official banner of the Yacht Racing Association. They are the sequel to a series of informal races between Canadian, American and British teams in Long Island Sound last summer. On that occasion Canada beat our team, but America beat Canada and the British team beat America.

LIGHTNING CLOSE HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK

This year the team has been training at Cowes and should have a good chance of winning, but there is no doubt that the Canadians, in their home waters, with such improvements as they may have made since last year, will be formidable adversaries.

Our team is as follows :

R.I.P., 14/K.267, sailed by Stewart Morris (captain), twice winner and present holder of the Prince of Wales' Cup and vice-commodore o the Cambridge University Cruising Club. He will be crewed by Roger De Quincey, who last year, with Uffa Fox, won the International Canoe Trophy from the Canadians.

Canute, 14/K.322, sailed by David Beale, son of Sir John Field Beale, commodore of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club and chairman of the dinghy committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain. He will be crewed by Oscar Browning, a Cambridge squash racquets player.

Lightning, 14/K.290, sailed by John Winter, rear-commodore of the Cambridge University Cruising Club, who will be crewed by Tom Scott, a past rear-commodore of the C.U.C.C.

East Light, 14/K.318, sailed by Peter Scott, who will be crewed by Nicholas Cooke, a member, with David Beale and John Winter, of the Cambridge University team which recently sailed against Oxford at Cowes.

THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL 14-FT. DINGHY TEAM AT COWES BEFORE LEAVING FOR TORONTO

From left to right : Canute (carrying an old sail as her own was not yet stretched), R.I.P., Lightning and East Light

ENDEAVOUR'S REAL PACE

A Fine Showing at Torbay

FOLLOWING the Falmouth fixtures, the Western regattas were continued at the Port of Plymouth in fine but disappointingly fluky weather. On the first day, under the flag of the Royal Western Yacht Club, and in a light and fickle south-westerly breeze, the big yachts sailed a couple of rounds of a triangular course—about 28 miles.

From the point of view of a trial for the challenger it was most unfortunate that Velsheda fouled the Melampus Buoy, and had to retire. Astra won, again showing her light-weather qualities.

On the following day, at the Port of Plymouth Regatta, there was a really good and true sailing breeze from the eastward, and Endeavour had a thoroughly satisfactory trial. After rounding the first mark-boat, at which Shamrock just led Endeavour and Velsheda, there was a dead beat to windward of about five miles to the next mark. The challenger, sailing grandly, led Velsheda at the weather mark by 2min. 50sec., Shamrock by 5min. 15sec., followed by Britannia and Astra. From this point, Endeavour drew steadily away from the others and won from Velsheda by nearly 10min., and, on corrected times, from Shamrock by over 12min.

In Torbay on July 6th, there was a light easterly breeze during the first two rounds of the 40-mile triangular course which strengthened during the third round. What made the race particularly valuable as a trial for the challenger was the fact that there was quite a heavy Channel swell rolling into the bay. This, in conjunction with a breeze, which was from light to moderate, produced conditions which approximated fairly closely with those which may reasonably be expected off Newport at the time of the Cup races in September.

Endeavour, under the conditions in Torbay, clearly demonstrated her superiority by opening out a lead of over 10½min. from Velsheda in a fast-sailed race, after having been led by her at the start ; Astra, again sailed grandly, taking the second prize on corrected time from Candida by about three-quarters of a minute, and beating her actually by nearly 3min.

Endeavour sailed her last race before leaving for America on the following day. At first there was a fight north-easterly breeze and jump of a sea. Astra, on the weather bow of the challenger, led over the line, but, sailing grandly, Endeavour sailed right through her lee and out on to her weather and headed her by 3min. at the first mark. Mr. Sopwith continued to draw away throughout the round. On the second round the yachts got becalmed, and Endeavour had the luck to get the first of an easterly breeze. She was a long way—about 16min.—ahead at the weather mark and, continuing to gain, won by nearly 14min. on corrected time from Astra.

The feature of the day's sailing was the challenger's satisfactory performance to windward in the Channel swell. In the twelve races in which she has started since the opening of the season she has won eight first and three second prizes—a very good record for a yacht in the tuning-up stage. Astra has taken three firsts and five seconds in twelve starts, and the remaining race was won by Velsheda, which has also taken one second and six third prizes.

LIGHTNING UNDER SPINNAKER

On Monday, July 9th, Endeavour sailed her final trial race against Velsheda. There was a light to moderate south-easterly breeze, and there was still the Channel swell rolling into the Bay. The course was about seven miles dead to windward and return, and from Berry Head one could watch the yachts from an excellent point of vantage.

Again Endeavour showed marked superiority to windward in the heavy swell, and she both pointed higher and footed it faster than Velsheda. She gained about a minute a mile, being about 7min. ahead at the weather mark. On the run home Velsheda brought up a better wind and reduced the time between them by about one-half.

So ended the challenger's races and trials before she refits for her Atlantic voyage. Both Mr. Sopwith and Mr. Charles Nicholson have every reason to be satisfied with the progress which has been made with her tuning up, and may look forward with confidence to her making a good fight of it for the Cup.

A MAGNIFICENT HENLEY

New Records That May Long Remain Unbroken

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

HENLEY, 1934, will go down in history as the most brilliant of all time. Perfect weather, exciting racing, record crowds, record times and surprises and disappointments without which the regatta would be robbed of many thrills.

Pride of place for the best performance undoubtedly goes to Leander, who produced a crew at the eleventh hour which literally smashed everyone else. A week previous to the regatta not even their staunchest supporters thought they had a hope of winning, for coupled with some indifferent performances in practice they had the misfortune to lose their stroke, Lawrie, for a few days with a strained back.

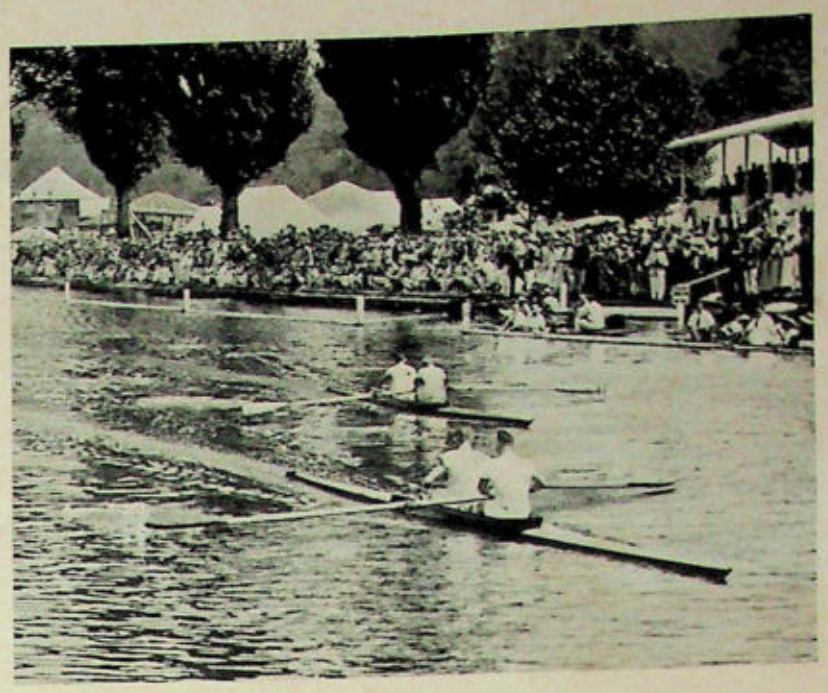
In the first heat London under-estimated the pace of Leander and were content to sit on a three-quarter length lead at Fawley; thereafter it was Leander all the way with London fading out to lose by a bare length in record time of 6min. 45sec. London were rowing with 6¾in. blades, which were altogether too much for them in the dead water. Had they cut off that ¾in., one hazards to think they would have staved off Leander's winning spurt; but it is easy to be wise after any rowing event. They were a splendid crew and splendidly stroked by Lawrie, the Cambridge No. 3.

The Oxford and Cambridge elements combined excellently, with Payne and Suteliffe the outstanding oarsmen in each camp. For a crew to clock anyhow, our style looks a lot easier and more natural. I happened to have shown me the other day a cutting from an American newspaper giving the names, weights, and heights of the six crews engaged in the Harvard v. Yale boat races. The height of the 48 oarsmen averaged 6ft. 3in. and weights 13st. How often, if ever, do we produce a crew approaching these dimensions?

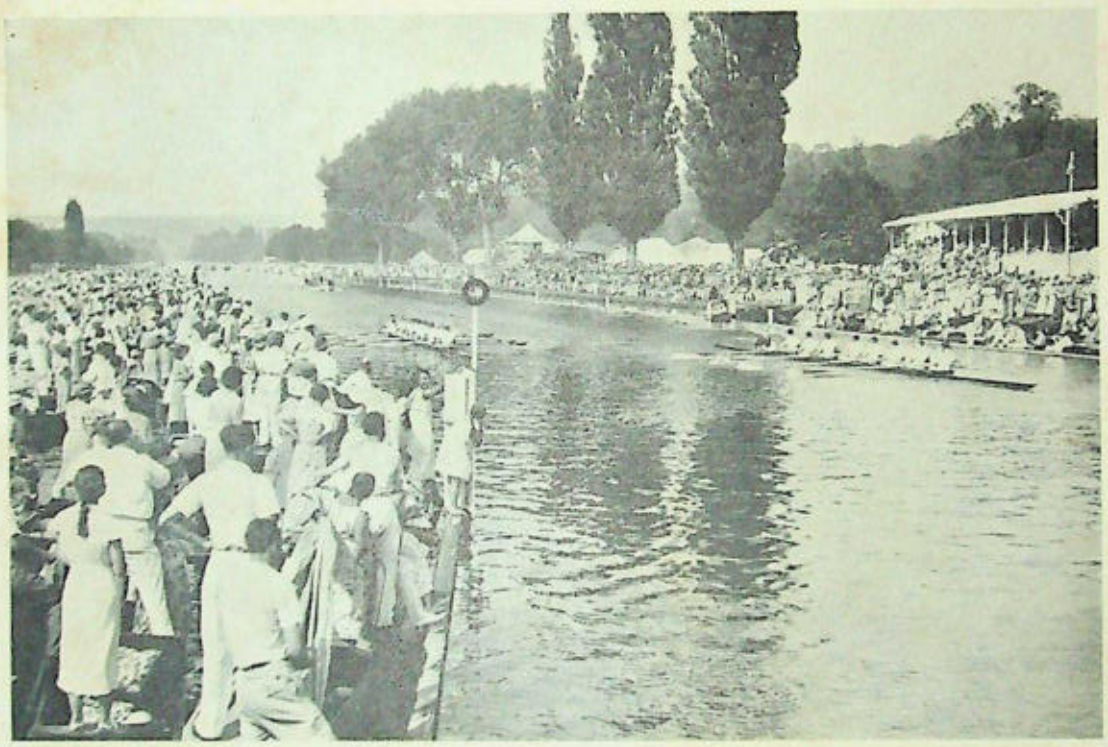
Many people thought Pembroke would have done better with their four Blues rowing in the stern; their success as a four suggests that the gamble was unwarranted.

The final was never in doubt. Leander had their tails right up in the air and rowed a winning race right from the start. Princeton rowed a terrific rate all over, but they were outclassed to the tune of three-quarters of a length.

The Ladies' Plate final produced the best race of the regatta between two perfectly matched crews—Jesus College, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin. After leading by three-quarters of a length at the Barrier, Jesus crept up inch by inch and won



THE SILVER GOBLET GOES TO GERMANY
H. Braun and H. G. Moller (The Wiking Club) winning from E. F. and T. S. Bigland last Saturday



THE SURPRISE CREW OF THE REGATTA
Leander beating Princeton in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley

6min. 45sec., 6min. 44sec. and 6min. 45sec. there cannot have been a weak spot anywhere; they all rowed extraordinarily well, and it was a triumph for their coach, Mr. Haig-Thomas, whose reputation has again been considerably enhanced. His association with Oxford rowing will undoubtedly bring about a great duel with the new Cambridge coaches, and it is these struggles for supremacy that will bring the best out of English crews and keep us at the top of the tree.

In the semi-finals Thames put up a great fight and were a much better crew than at Marlow, where London beat them handsomely. They rowed a gallant race, but were beaten by one-third of a length in 6min. 44sec., 1sec. faster than the previous best.

The Princeton-Pembroke race was disappointing; the latter had improved so much since the Mays that they were considered to have a good sporting chance, but after leading by three-quarters of a length the "Tigers" showed their real spirit by rowing them down over the last quarter of a mile.

The Americans row in such an odd style that it is a difficult job to estimate their pace; their physique is exceptional, and one wonders whether they get their boat along by brute force alone; by 3ft. in 6min. 48sec., 7sec. better than the old record, a time which puts both crews in Grand class. Dublin suffer from a lack of racing experience; in Ireland they are in a class by themselves and consequently are never extended, and so are just a little uncertain what to do in a tight squeeze.

THE BROKEN RECORDS

	Old Record Fawley	Old Record Finish	New Record Fawley	New Record Finish
GRAND:				
Leander, 1891	3.17	6.51	—	—
New College, 1897	3.18	6.51	—	—
Leander, 1913	3.19	6.51	—	—
Leander, 1934	—	—	3.15	6.44
STEWARDS:				
Third Trinity, 1925	3.36	7.27	—	—
Pembroke, Camb., 1934	—	—	3.33	7.24
LADIES:				
Pembroke, Camb., 1925	3.21	6.55	—	—
Jesus Coll., Camb., 1934	—	—	3.18	6.48
THAMES:				
Corpus, Camb., 1921	3.25	7.06	—	—
Selwyn, Camb., 1926	3.26	7.06	—	—
London R.C., 1934	—	—	3.25	6.58
DIAMONDS:				
Kelly, 1905	3.55	8.10	—	—
Buhtz, 1934	3.50	8.10	—	—

Monkton Coombe proved the best school, and after accounting for Selwyn and L.M.B.C. in one day were beaten by Jesus after a very plucky race. There was not much to choose between Shrewsbury, Eton and Radley, and one cannot help thinking it would be a good move to put all the schools into one half of the draw and have the best school v. the best college in the final.

After their indifferent showing at Marlow, nobody expected London and Thames to fight out the final of the Thames Cup. Although there was no crew up to the class of Kent School last year, the general level was higher and there were few easy victories. Yale and Tabor had a terrific struggle, resulting in a 3ft. victory for the former.

Thames beat Yale by half a length. Westminster Bank accounted for the Isis crew from Oxford by 6ft. in 6min. 59sec., a new record. In the very next race London beat Quintin, the favourites, in 6min. 58sec. Westminster Bank had hard luck against Thames in the semi-final, a slide coming adrift. The final was another great race, with Thames getting home by half a length. Good stuff here for future Grand crews.

Pembroke beat Thames in the only heat for the Stewards' by half a length. The winners were in constant danger of ramming the booms and really never got into their stride. However, in the final against London they regained their form, and what promised to be a hectic race was marred by the London stroke catching a crab and being shot into the water. Pembroke finished alone in the record time of 7min. 24sec.

In the Wyfolds the provincial clubs did very creditably, Reading scoring their first success at Henley, and Liverpool and Royal Chester did very well, too. Their successes ought to encourage other crews to enter from the provinces.

The Goblets went to the Wiking Club, Germany, where it paid a visit exactly 30 years ago. Without detracting from the merits of the German champion's performance, I think either Miggotti and Lascelles, or Payne and D. J. Wilson, who all scratched because of the Grand, would have been good enough to win. The Bigland brothers from Royal Chester put up a good show in the final, but were no match for their heavier and more experienced opponents, who now have the distinction of sharing the record of 8min. 8sec. with Messrs. Beresford and Clouette, who dead-heated with Logan and Rought in 1911.

British scullers fared badly in the Diamonds, but there was some grand racing. Bugbee (Princeton, U.S.A.) lost to Winstone (Molesey B.C.) by a few feet, who in turn lost by under a length to Win Rutherford (Princeton, U.S.A.). Dr. H. Buhtz, as in 1932, showed that he is still a beautiful sculler, and had he been really fit and pushed hard, the record must have been broken; as it was he equalled Kelley's time of 8min. 10sec.

Zavrel (Czecho-Slovakia) scored a convincing win over Southwood, our chief hope. Zavrel is a beautiful sculler, but he is no match for the German champion, who beat him by a length although suffering from an attack of lumbago. Rutherford, the Princeton coach, sculled much better than when he was over last year and went through to the final, where he too was outclassed.

Unless the drought continues till next summer, this generation is unlikely to see the new records broken; we all hope, however, that as a spectacle we shall see many more such Henleys.

BY APPOINTMENT

DUNLOP

DUNLOP

~~On His Majesty's Service~~

THE EIGHTH GREEN AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

This is placed on the top of a high natural plateau guarded on the left by a deep and large natural bunker, the ground falling sharply to the right. To obtain complete visibility the tee shot must finish to the right

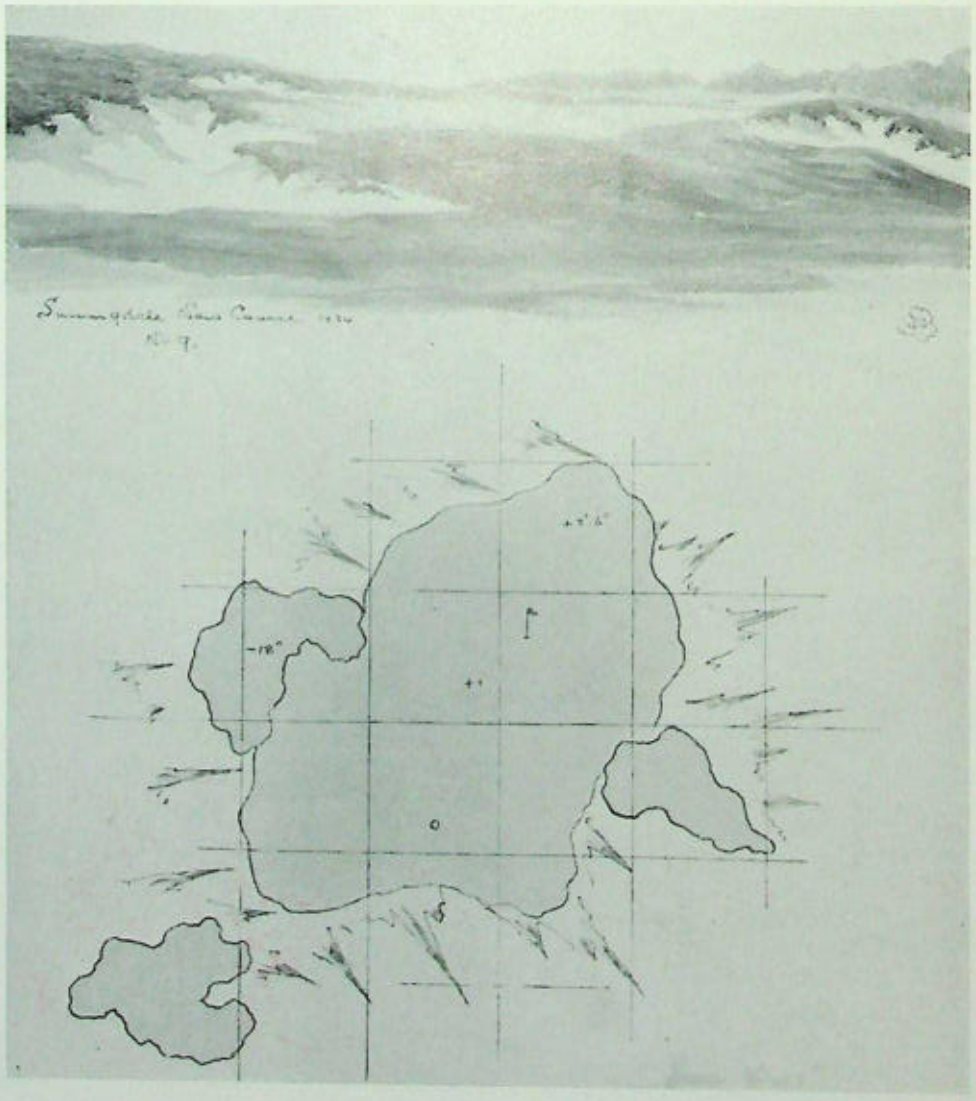
SUNNINGDALE'S PROBLEMS FOR THE GOLFER

New Holes and Traps for the "Tiger"

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE majority of members of golf clubs look upon their courses very much as holy ground. Consequently the prevalent feeling has been that "what was quite satisfactory two years ago should be equally suitable to-day." Those who realised that reconstruction work was imperative in order to combat the low scores, and particularly to keep a check on the pranks of the modern ball, have had a hard and unenviable task to get their wishes fulfilled.

However, this year we have seen many alterations to well-known courses, and I only hope that they will be the forerunners of many more. The Royal Portheawl links has been re-designed completely; Ashridge course has been altered almost beyond recognition; several holes at Muirfield have been changed—notably the thirteenth, a short hole which used to be the grave of many good cards—and now the New course at Sunningdale is being drastically reconstructed. This last-named course is the most famous of all those surrounding London, and can be classified among the leading six in the country; yet it is being modernised. Mr. T. Simpson, who has been responsible for all the alterations mentioned above, is the architect in charge at Sunningdale.



SKETCH AND PLAN OF THE NINTH GREEN

As shown in the plan on the opposite page this is reached by a long second across a ditch. There is rising ground in front of the green

Some there are who do not—perhaps I should say will not—agree with his principles, his methods of course-designing, because they do not trouble to understand the reasons for his drastic changes. Mr. Simpson believes, and I agree with him, that most golf courses to-day are far too easy for the scratch players. Mr. Simpson understands the handicap golfers' point of view; indeed, can sympathise with them from his own experiences, and he does not wish to make their lot any harder. On the contrary, I fancy he wants to give them a fairer deal. As for the "tigers," well here he takes up arms, anxious to make their task so difficult that they will be forced to improve their game. He is entirely without mercy, and nothing pleases him more than to set the good—or so-called good—golfer a pretty problem to test his mental skill.

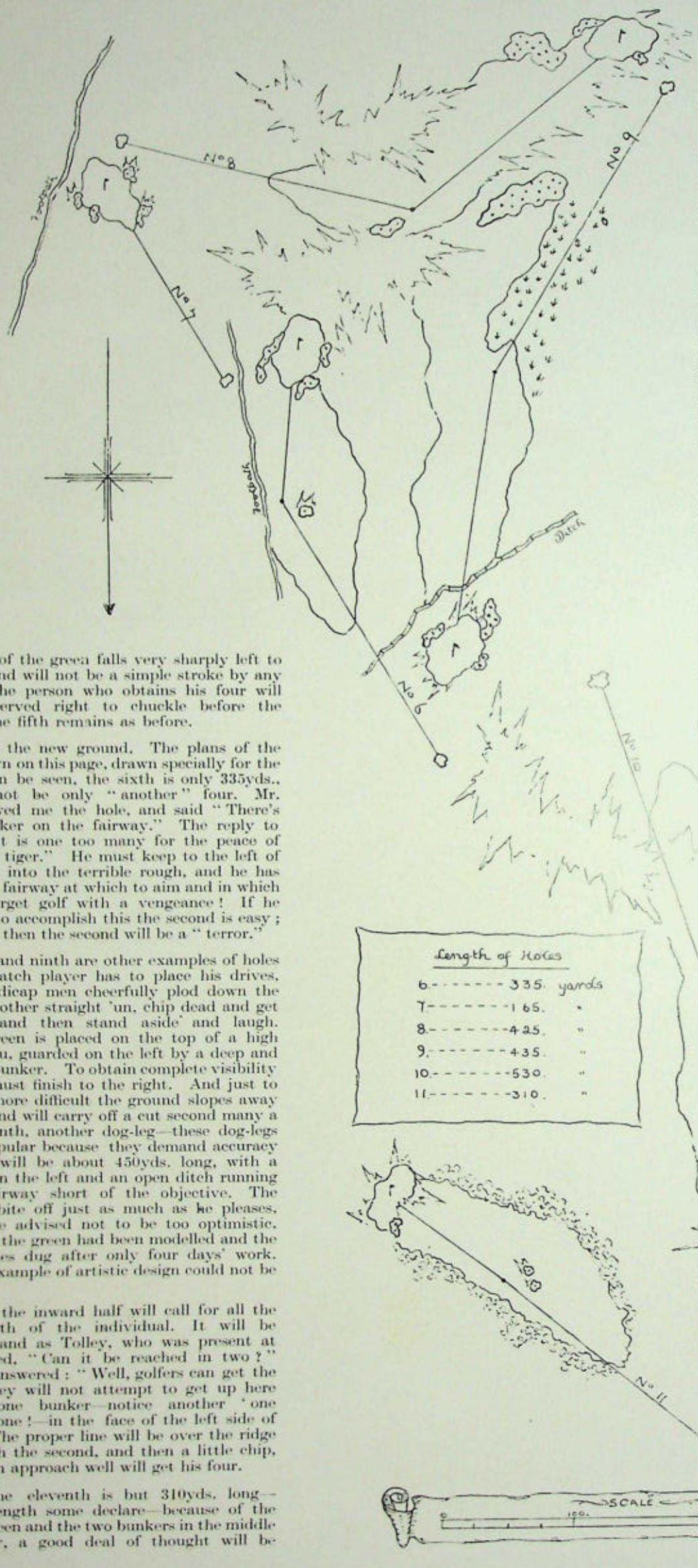
The members of the Sunningdale Club are to be congratulated on their prompt decision. The scheme was approved at the general meeting on June 9th, and the work began two days later. It is interesting to note that, because of this comprehensive reconstruction the number of unemployed workmen in Sunningdale and in Ascot has been reduced very considerably, so much so that men, suitable for the work, have now to be obtained from Reading.

The course, when completed, will measure 6,300yds., just about the original length. There will be twelve two-shot holes, one which will require three strokes, and five par three's. The chief changes will be about the middle of the round; five new holes from the sixth to the tenth are to be made on entirely fresh ground. This has been necessitated by the mountainous country over which the original holes were constructed. But it is only fair to mention that Mr. H. Colt, who designed these holes, did so at the express wish of the club in order that the new and old courses might be as adjacent as possible.

Recently it was my privilege to walk round the course in the company of Mr. Simpson, Major Guy Bennett (the club secretary) and Dr. Murray, who is a well-known golf architect in South Africa. Thus I was able to see the holes in the raw, as it were. The first and the last holes are to be turned about, new greens and new tees are to be made in both cases. And the eighteenth will provide a wonderful finish to a grand round, for the character of the approach to the green will test the character of the player.

The fourth hole will have to be played accurately in future. A new green is to be constructed to the right of the present one, and with only the right-hand tee to be used the dog-leg will be accentuated. The heather "eats" into the fairway on the right—to remind one of the fifth at Worplesdon—but the drive will have to be placed on that side because of one little—oh, so little!—bunker, 375yds. off the tee, which will guard the left side of the green. As the

A GROUP OF SIX NEW HOLES



ground short of the green falls very sharply left to right the second will not be a simple stroke by any means, and the person who obtains his four will earn the deserved right to chuckle before the architect. The fifth remains as before.

Now comes the new ground. The plans of the holes are shown on this page, drawn specially for the *Field*. As can be seen, the sixth is only 335yds., but it will not be only "another" four. Mr. Simpson showed me the hole, and said "There's only one bunker on the fairway." The reply to that is that it is one too many for the peace of mind of the "tiger." He must keep to the left of it and not go into the terrible rough, and he has only 25yds. of fairway at which to aim and in which to finish. Target golf with a vengeance! If he does manage to accomplish this the second is easy; if he does not, then the second will be a "terror."

The eighth and ninth are other examples of holes where the scratch player has to place his drives, while the handicap men cheerfully plod down the middle, hit another straight 'un, chip dead and get a "birdie" and then stand aside and laugh. The eighth green is placed on the top of a high natural plateau, guarded on the left by a deep and large natural bunker. To obtain complete visibility the tee shot must finish to the right. And just to make things more difficult the ground slopes away to the right, and will carry off a cut second many a yard. The ninth, another dog-leg—these dog-legs seem to be popular because they demand accuracy all the way—will be about 450yds. long, with a huge swamp on the left and an open ditch running across the fairway short of the objective. The "tiger" can bite off just as much as he pleases, and he will be advised not to be too optimistic. When I saw it the green had been modelled and the drainage ditches dug after only four days' work. And a better example of artistic design could not be imagined.

The first of the inward half will call for all the reserve strength of the individual. It will be 530yds. long, and as Tolley, who was present at the time, asked, "Can it be reached in two?" Mr. Simpson answered: "Well, golfers can get the length, but they will not attempt to get up here because of one bunker—notice another 'one bunker,' only one!—in the face of the left side of the green." The proper line will be over the ridge and rough with the second, and then a little chip, and he who can approach well will get his four.

Although the eleventh is but 310yds. long—a dangerous length some declare—because of the ridges in the green and the two bunkers in the middle of the fairway, a good deal of thought will be necessary. Here, as elsewhere, the centre of the "pretty" is not the correct line to the hole. (That idea is old-fashioned and must be forgotten.) Now follows what will be the best two-shotter on either course. The hole will be shortened to 485yds., and many of the bunkers filled in, but that will not help at all, otherwise I am sure they would not be treated in such a disrespectful fashion! A new green to the left of the present one is being made, and short of it will be ridges and bumps guaranteed to treat unmercifully anything but the perfect shot. After all, it is the character of the ground—the natural bumps and hollows—which make a golf course a great one. St. Andrews is the very best example of this.

When we reached the fourteenth tee and looked towards the green—it is a short hole—I exclaimed: "There's trouble on the left, but the ridge on the right is comforting, for it helps the shot into the hole." "Yes," replied Mr. Simpson; "that's to be taken away so that balls will be turned away from and not into the green."

Of all my impressions—and I received many—the outstanding one is of the fifteenth. Here the alteration is slight, the moving of the tee to the left, but the hole will be infinitely harder. Formerly a ditch which had to be carried with the drive faced the player almost at right-angles. Now this ditch will run along the line of play and force the player to the left, and he will go there if he is sensible. This hazard will be with the player the whole time, and he will not be allowed to forget it, try as he will. It appears that a really good drive could carry the rough on the right and shorten the hole; but appearances are very deceptive.

The sixteenth being a superb hole already is being left alone. But the short seventeenth may be changed. We watched three members play it—one of them was quite wilely for he played the St. Andrews run-up instead of using a mashie niblick. As we walked towards the green, Mr. Simpson suddenly exclaimed: "Have you a punch-bowl green? No. Well there you are—look." And we looked, and I am afraid were a trifle dull, for he had to explain in detail what a natural site for a green was there waiting, asking to be used. As he outlined his plan the idea became a living one, and I could even see balls kicking off a wicked little hump short of the green and not running down to the putting surface.

The greens and fairways are to be sown this autumn—weather willing—and the course ready for play next July, and then the fun will begin.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY
THE KING
McVITIE & PRICE'S
THE PREMIER BISCUIT OF BRITAIN
DIGESTIVE
THE FINEST OF ALL WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

A NICE FISHING RIPPLE
On Loch Obbe in South Harris, Hebrides, where the Rodel Hotel controls the fishing rights

DISAPPEARING WEED

A Problem on Some Hampshire Chalk Streams Which is Causing Uneasiness

ONE hears from several rivers reports of the disappearance of apparently well-established weeds. A similar phenomenon is occurring in a section of the river under my charge, and I have sought the reason.

One theory advanced by a river keeper was that the water being so low throughout the winter had exposed the weeds and they had been killed by frost. This surely is quite logical, as the temperature of the water is far more constant and temperate than the surrounding atmosphere. But in this instance the level of the water has been more or less maintained and there has been an excellent stand of ranunculus, celery, and marestail until about a month ago. Now the only weed that seems to be able to withstand the prevailing conditions, and perhaps this is the only good word ever said in its favour, is the ribbon weed. This at least affords a modicum of shelter for what few fish remain in this section.

We cannot effect a cure until we find the cause of the trouble. I consulted a biologist and was told that a similar thing had occurred in the Tees and, I believe, the Lark, but his explanation that weeds are constantly moving downstream and frequently leave one place to take up a stand elsewhere failed to satisfy me.

Dr. Butcher in his *Studies on the Ecology of Rivers* says: "Variations in the dissolved salts in the water will therefore be of little consequence to rooted aquatics, but deposition of silt and suspended matter from the water and the composition of these silts (whether containing much decaying organic matter or not) or, on the contrary, the removal of the substratum by waves or currents, are among the chief factors that govern the quantity and variety of macrophytic vegetation both in still and flowing water. . . ."

Here, in my case at least, is what I think to be the crux of the whole matter.

Let us first consider the river itself. The stream in question was once the main course of the Test, now it is but a narrow, fairly swift-running carrier to the main. It is perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length, has many twists and turns, with here and there a deep hole scoured by floods. Generally speaking, the bed is stony or covered with sand, and it is on the upper stretch of this water that the problem is arising.

There have been no floods to sweep the weeds away, so there must be another reason. The water did not fall sufficiently during the winter for the weeds to become exposed to any effects of frost. I am convinced that it is not just a transitory period wherein they are leaving their present station to re-establish themselves elsewhere.

I believe that if a sample of the water were taken it would be found to contain considerably less suspensory silt than at normal times: "The deposition of silt, etc., are among the chief factors that govern the quantity of vegetation."

In other words, the phenomenally low level of the river throughout its course means a slackened current. A slackened current means a lack of turbulence. Lack of turbulence means less suspended matter being carried by the water.

Weeds in the stretches just above the water in question, trap what little silt there is coming down, and the stock of silt by which the weeds (short rooted because of the stony bed) maintain themselves is being slowly washed away. There is no suspended silt to replace that which is going, consequently they have no support for their roots or food on which to live.

Now having found what I believe to be the cause of the trouble, there remains the experiment of replanting and watching the outcome, but until rain comes to replenish the chalk springs normal conditions will not be restored.

H. E. Towner Coston.

FIRST CAST FOR BEGINNERS

A Few Tips for the Holiday Instructor

MOST fishermen have had the experience, at one time or another, of putting a rod into a hand which never held one before and of watching the results. For the benefit of those who have forgotten what ensued, I venture to generalise from observations of sundry beginners, and in particular a young lady pupil of mine last summer.

The tendencies of every beginner are, I think: (1) (whilst fishing) to treat the rod as an instrument almost unbelievably fragile, moving it delicately to and fro like a wand; (2) (whilst forgetting) to ram the top brutally into the nearest tree, the boat, or the instructor. Of course, this kind of thing is likely to upset the lesson.

I suggest that the first remark which a fisherman should address to a beginner, as he hands him (or her) the rod, ought to be: "The more you work the top, when you are casting, the straighter the line you will throw, and you need have no fears that it will do the rod any harm. But when you aren't fishing keep your eyes glued to the top of the rod until it is in a safe place, otherwise, being a beginner with very little 'feel' for the rod, sooner or later you will smash it." These two points may seem elementary, but, after all, it is the elements which the beginner has to learn.

A common, and very early, failing is to leave too short an interval between the backward and forward movements of the cast. A beginner who has been instructed to "work the top" does so to admiration, and is rather disgusted when the tail fly detaches itself with a startling whip-like crack. And if the fly happens to be the last of a pattern which the fish are taking, so is the instructor! A vice which, in my experience, usually seizes hold of the beginner at a somewhat later stage, is what I might term the *laissez faire* cast. Having discovered that fish not infrequently take by the near bank (in river fishing) or nearly under the boat (in lake fishing) the tyro renounces the wisdom of his adviser, and takes to a very short line, not working the top at all, and leaving the wind to do everything. This, though he is probably not aware of it, is more like dapping than casting. It may prove highly successful in a stiff breeze. In other conditions this cast will prove itself a turncoat. Once this vice takes hold it is a difficult one to uproot, and it is the negation of good casting.

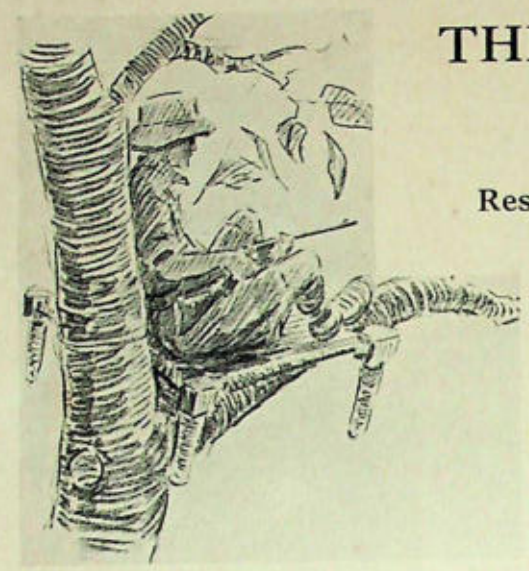
Mention of wind serves as a reminder that variations in the strength of the wind worry the young fisherman horribly. Anyone who is accustomed to fishing in all weathers knows, by instinct, how to adjust his cast to the kind of wind that is blowing. I shall never forget the appalling tangles into which a blustering wind blew my cast when I started fly fishing at the age of eight. We had a gillie; he served a hard term, and I think if I had had to unravel the thing myself I should have given up fishing.

The theory of cheating a strong wind may seem obvious enough, but the beginner will not find it so. He should concentrate on getting his fly off the water with plenty of zest. When making the forward cast, the interval should be proportionately short as the wind is strong. Once the line is past the rod again, he can *laissez faire* as much as he likes, and, unless something is radically wrong, the cast will be passable, for a strong wind does the rest. If in a strong wind the line is taken off the water lackadaisically the wind will throw it round the rod in the forward cast; and so it will if too long an interval is left. A simple explanation saves much disentangling.

Except in regard to the more obvious principles, the teacher of fishing must suit his instruction to the individual pupil. I began my course of instruction with the notion that the pupil ought, above everything else, to have her interest in the *fish* sustained. I therefore sought to bring small, free-rising trout to her fly in large numbers. The first fish you catch, large or small, must prove a success, and these (small) were no exception. But my pupil wanted them bigger! The Loch Ness Monster would have been welcome.

At this stage Piscator wisely retires, murmuring: "Go and catch them then, and let me know when you want the landing net." He knows that his pupil has got fisherman's itch. His teaching is successful.

J. F. T.



THE WOUNDED TIGER AND THE VILLAGE TRACK

Results of the "Field" Problem Competition

Illustrated by MAURICE TULLOCH

This was the problem:

"*You are sitting up over a kill in a* machan *about* 100*yds. away from a track used by natives by day and night. To your surprise the tiger returns an hour before sundown. You fire, and he bounds away into the bushes. You hear him moving about and growling for about five minutes, then he moves off a little into some thick jungle near the path. You see blood on the ground through your binoculars. The nearest village is half a mile away, and no elephants are obtainable." What should you do?*

POSSIBLE solutions to this awkward situation have come from many parts of the Empire. In my view, the three factors to consider, given in the order of their importance, are: the security of the local inhabitants, the necessity for finishing off the tiger, and the sportsman's own safety. Instinct would prompt many of us to consider our own safety first; the rules of sport put it last.

Some competitors would follow up at once, and, as a schoolboy suggests, "take the tiger by the tail and go in." Such heroic measures would be giving a live tiger all the advantages in the game, and probably lead to the sportsman being killed or badly damaged, in which case he would be of no further use in finishing off the tiger and the risk to the villagers would be greatly increased.

Others would leave well alone, remarking that "no sensible person presses a wounded tiger." A sentiment that needs no comment. The immediate necessity is to close the road to traffic. A few shots in the direction of the hidden tiger may define its location, and will serve as a warning to the villagers that something has happened. The sportsman should then get down from his machan and go at once along the track away from the village and past the danger zone, where he can tie a rope from the machan across the road as a temporary expedient. Hearing the shots and seeing the obstruction, wayfarers would probably realise what was up and stop to discuss the situation. Having made temporary arrangements, the next step would be to collect a few men from the village, to escort a party past the danger zone (leaving the rest in trees), improve the road obstruction on the farther side, and place two men in trees near it for the night to warn any folk that came to go back.

Other men should be sent to the first village in the same direction to give warning of the danger. Similar precautions should be taken in the other direction of the track.

There may still be sufficient light to locate the tiger. In which case there is just a chance that men carefully placed in trees may see it. The problem could then be solved. There will not be enough light, however, to follow the tiger to a finish for any length of time. Leave it for the night, return to the village, and make plans for the morrow. If there are reliable dogs use them; failing dogs, arrange for a herd of buffaloes to be ready next morning.

On the following day, with the aid of trackers and buffaloes or dogs, the tiger should be followed up with the usual precautions. If it cannot be located in the thick patch of jungle, efforts should be made to track it outside. As a last resort all pools of water in the neighbourhood should be searched, and if that fails more baits should be tied up in likely places.

Now for some of the competitors' solutions. Two brief and flippant answers were sent to me direct. The first was "Smoke an——, send me the prize quickly." The second, from a victim of concussion, said "Send the fattest Babu in to find where the tiger is." Many have given rather wordy discussions of the arrangements they would have made before the shot was fired. Some have sent interesting sketches to illustrate their arguments. "Cosh" encloses an excellent photograph of a tiger which has been shot through the head as it charged. An ardent soldier has sent an "appreciation of the situation" on the model of the Field Service Regulations.

It is not fair to ask men to beat out a wounded tiger—they probably will not do it in any case! If buffaloes are used the herdsman will have to be with them, or they will not go in; the sportsman's place, therefore, is with the herdsman, and not in a position ahead to shoot the tiger as it may be driven out. A tiger, if severely wounded in such a situation, would almost certainly turn and fight.

Some of the competitors omit to say what steps they would take to safeguard wayfarers on the track. More make no mention of the very important steps to be taken in searching neighbouring water in the event of the tiger not being found near the place where it was originally wounded. C. H. B. Burlton, late of the Madras P.W.D., takes immediate steps to close the road. He himself waits all night on the farther side where there is the greatest risk of travellers blundering into the wounded beast. In the morning he circles the patch of heavy jungle with a ring of men in trees before he himself goes in with dogs or buffaloes, thus ensuring that it does not steal away unseen.

Finally, he makes a thorough search of neighbouring pools. One feels that he has done everything possible to finish off the tiger without endangering the lives of the villagers. He is awarded the first prize, and very close to him comes Captain M. C. Frye, who got the second.

This tiger has given me and, I hope others, some interesting study in the security of a comfortable armchair. Let us hope that if it did not die a quick death it got away with so slight a flesh wound that it soon healed up, leaving a beast of experience to enjoy many happy days in the jungle with no rankling grudge against mankind. JAMES BEST.

Here is the winning solution in full:—

"I would at once whistle up the two men, whom I would keep in silent attendance about 100yds. behind my machan. One of these I would send off to the village mentioned to spread abroad the news of there being a wounded tiger by the path in such a locality, and to ask the headman of the village to let him have three or four men—trackers if possible—to bring back along with him.

In the meanwhile, having brought down my things from the machan, I would establish myself with these at one point of the path and the remaining man at another, keeping the dangerous part of the jungle between us; so as to warn wayfarers to keep clear. Our watch would be maintained in silence throughout the night at these two places; and in increased numbers after the return of the other man with assistance from the village.

Very early in the morning I would set about locating the tiger, and if there were no tracks leading out of the thick jungle near the path I would consider him to be located there. Next one would get more men—20 perhaps—and ring the patch by sending men up suitable trees around it to watch and listen.

In the meanwhile, if I had any dogs available I would send for them. Failing dogs, I would follow up with buffaloes working in line, under expert guidance, across the route taken by the tiger, as determined by trackers.

Failing dogs or buffaloes I would enter the patch on the tiger's track accompanied by half-a-dozen men, well provided with stones, proceeding towards the middle, guided by trees, and send each man up a tree as we reached it, reserving the last tree for myself and the leading tracker.

On a given signal the men in the trees behind us would thoroughly stone as large an area as could be commanded, thus preparing the way for me and the tracker to descend and investigate. In this process he would precede while I followed at the ready with my gun—just a 12-bore, loaded with a Manton's contractile bullet-cartridge in one barrel and buckshot in the other in case of a charge. Throughout the stoning and the investigation the men forming the ring would be silent watchers.

Should no tiger be found in this or other areas stoned, one might expect to find tracks outside the patch, showing that he had been driven out by the disturbance, unperceived or otherwise. These tracks should be followed up and the tiger located again if possible. Should all traces be lost, however, all water within two or three miles should be examined. The tiger will be lying up near water, and a reward of Rs. 5 to the first person who brings reliable information should have the desired effect."

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 ETIQUETTE OF ANGLING

SIR,—I think a good many anglers will disagree with some of the remarks made by T. C. Bridges in his article "The Etiquette of Angling."

To begin with he lays down certain rules as common to all rivers, whereas actually the procedure differs considerably on various waters. For example, he says that if a man is fishing a salmon pool on association water, the next comer must wait until he has quite finished before casting a fly on it. This is by no means always the case. On the lower Dart association water there is a rule that an angler may keep a pool for 45 minutes. On the Tavy, however, although nothing is laid down on the subject, it has always been the unwritten law, and the usual thing, that on the larger pools it is quite permissible for another rod to go in behind the first man so long as one does not cramp him by fishing too close. This, to my mind, is much the fairest plan, because 45 minutes is far too long for one man to keep the average small pool on association water when others are wanting to fish.

I confess to a feeling of surprise at Mr. Bridges' remark that it is a crime to pass another man when trout fishing. If this was the rule on association water generally fishing would be impossible. There would be a long queue waiting to start off at 20-minute intervals, and the whole thing would be a farce. In 25 years' experience of association water on the Dart, Tavy and other rivers, I have found the universal rule is that if one finds an angler fishing a pool or run one leaves him to it, and goes on to the next. He in turn passes you, and so one continues in a sort of leap-frog fashion.

Neither do I agree that it is useless trying a pool for 20 minutes after anyone else has fished it. Even in low water trout lying in the fast stickles and pool heads will not be disturbed by casting, unless the angler is very clumsy or very careless about showing himself.

Coarse fishing, where one sits maybe all day beside a baited swim, is, of course, an entirely different matter, and no one with any sense of decency would butt in on another man who had taken up his position for the day.

Yours faithfully,
Devon. WEST COUNTRY.

GAME PRESERVATION IN THE PUNJAB

SIR,—Up to 1914 the oorial of the Northern Punjab had not been specifically preserved, but, owing to the dearth of guns and, consequently, of poachers, they maintained their numbers in spite of being regularly shot by British officers. During the war they were put on the protective list, their habitat divided into regular blocks, and licences were issued. They flourished greatly until 1923, in which year I saw 100 to 150 every day in Block No. 3 of the Kala Chitta range.

In November, 1927, by which time guns had begun to penetrate into every village, I visited Block No. 4 of this range, and, in the same month of 1933, went to Block No. 3 for the third time to take photographs. Block No. 4 is on the south side of the range near Fatehjang, and has a small village adjoining where live a father and two sons, who have two guns between them and act as shikaris to visiting sportsmen. Except close to Chak Fateh Khan, which adjoins the west boundary of the block and is the preserve of the local Nawab, there was not an oorial in the block, and the hills were covered with traps for partridges.

The Nawab very kindly gave me leave to shoot in his preserve, and there were plenty of oorial there. His watcher, who had not been informed of my permission, was with me within half an hour of my crossing the boundary, demanding my right to be there. The Government blocks have no whole-time watcher, though the wages are only Rs.15 a month and a week's licence costs Rs.10. In 1933 the stock in Block 3 had decreased to a quarter of the original number, and there was hardly an oorial to be seen in the vicinity of the branch railway line which runs from Campbellpore to the middle of the hills, and it is the same in Block No. 2 on the other side of the railway. Block No. 1 I do not know.

In the eastern part of Block No. 3 I did find a few heads and saw four rams of 30in. or a little over. The hillsides are covered with bushes, mostly acacia and sinetta, and in November, before the cold weather has really set in, the oorial stick to the thickest patches, and show very little in the open except from eight to nine in the morning. At all seasons the old rams are very careful, and if they suspect danger will make long traverses under cover, perhaps thrusting a head out now and then to reconnoitre, or leaving it to the ewes.

They provide grand sport, and it is surely not much to ask that the licence fees should be expended on whole-time watchers. I have no very recent personal experience of the Salt Range, but met the Chief of Makhad at Campbellpore on my return from Block 3. He said that he had been unable to save the oorial from poachers in his jagir, which lies on the north flank of the west end of the Salt Range, and that oorial are practically extinct there. These poachers are mostly Pathans from across the Indus, and the oorial are said to be still keeping up their numbers at the eastern end of the range, where the policy has been to keep down the number of village guns as much as possible.

Yours faithfully,
Srinagar, Kashmir. C. H. STOCKLEY (Lieut.-Colonel).

[This letter is one more proof of the indifference of both Central and Provincial Indian Governments to the survival of wild life and their failure to enforce the Arms Act. The Salt Hills were till recently one of the few reserves in the Punjab for the oorial, where only limited shooting was allowed, and it is regrettable that the preservation of these animals by the Punjab Government should fall so far behind those of a local Indian gentleman.—ED.]

HACKS AND HACKNEYS

SIR,—I was rather astonished to read in the last paragraph of your Richmond show notes that the hackney was "a mere show automaton." I wonder if your correspondent is aware that if it were not for the hackney there would be few first-class four-in-hands, as the teams of Messrs. Allen, Colebrook, Goddard and Mills are made up entirely, I think, of pure-bred hackneys.

In almost every jumping competition one finds pure hackney-bred animals among the entries, and I fancy they do not always go out of the ring without an award being given them.

At Salisbury show the previous week a glance at the trade classes would prove that the hackney is still a predominant factor in horse breeding.

I would like to ask your correspondent what is the use of the best show hacks? Are they ever seen out of the show ring, and when their show days are done what is their commercial value? I never seem to come across these hacks in everyday life, whereas the hackney is more or less in use, even the show ones.

Most of the ordinary people who attend shows would rather watch a harness class being judged than sit for hours looking at a judge riding all the entries in the hack and hunter classes, which is rather a tedious job.

I think a report on shows should be unbiased and the critic should confine himself to criticism of the various animals instead of decrying any one particular breed. It must be kept in view that show-ring supporters are made up of all sorts of classes and everyone should be encouraged in his own particular sphere.

Yours faithfully,
THE PATRIARCH.

NESTING BOXES FOR WILD BIRDS

SIR,—Some thousands of nesting boxes of my design for tits and other birds are in use throughout the country, and each year I am able to keep fairly close account of the results by my correspondence. This year I have received a regrettable number of reports of young birds found dead in the boxes when nearly ready to fly, and the following appear to be the chief causes of such mortalities.

(1) The old birds nest where water is available. During nesting activities the supply may fail, with the result that the old birds may have to fly further to quench their thirst. As the large family grows, they are unable to perform these long journeys, and at the same time meet the increasing demands of their chicks. Insectivorous birds need a good deal of water while the chicks are growing—a point made evident by their constant visits to my own bird fountain. On hot days nesting tits arrive one after the other, and are to be seen sitting panting at the water's edge. Thus it takes them all their time to fulfil their obligations when water is immediately accessible.

(2) The idea prevails that nesting boxes should be as air-tight and as draught-proof as possible. This is entirely wrong. A dark nesting box is more likely to be occupied than a light one, but ventilation is all important. The heat inside a closed nesting box full of chicks with the sun shining on the outside is such that you can tell whether or not a nesting box is occupied without lifting the lid, simply by inserting a finger through the entrance hole. My latest nesting boxes are specially ventilated and have interlaid sun-resisting roofs, because people *will* fix nesting boxes full in the sun's rays, instead of facing north and sheltered from the mid-day heat.

(3) Bee-keepers and gardeners set mouse traps in which the old birds, one after the other, are likely to be caught.

I cannot emphasise too strongly points one and two. If we provide nesting boxes we should provide water, and, secondly, the sun's rays, during a hot spring, takes an incredible toll of young bird life.

Yours faithfully,
Pencaitland, Scotland. H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

HABITS OF ROE

SIR,—I was under the impression that there was little or nothing in the life of the roe that was unknown to me (always excepted the question of suspended gestation), but I was apparently wise in my own conceit.

The other day a quite small doe stood looking at me well within 50yds. She moved off a few paces and faced about, licking her lips and putting her tongue up her nostrils; I've no doubt making a noise of some sort, although I could not hear it. Meantime, lest he should boil over, I took hold of a large retriever dog who was with me, being at no particular pains to conceal either the dog or myself, in fact we were in full view.

The doe came back to where she had started from and deliberately lay down when, to my surprise, I saw she was suckling a young one. (Actually there were twins, but I did not know this for the moment.) Getting interested, I moved nearer when she again reluctantly moved off and stood looking at me. I went up and found newly born twins. She had lain down to suckle for the simple reason that the young, even when put upon their legs by me, could not stand. To see them one would have imagined that the hind legs were dislocated, for I could not get the legs below the body; the belly was on the ground with the legs spread-eagled at right angles.

When I lifted them a cartilaginous cast of the hoofs (about one-eighth of an inch in depth and thickness) fell off. This is no doubt a provision of nature to prevent the exceedingly sharp and unworn hoofs perforating while the young are still unborn, but I was hitherto unaware (1) that she had to suckle lying; (2) of the existence of this shield. I may say that the hoofs were also white as far up as they had been covered by this protective growth. I was away a matter of hours—not days—and with some idea of taking one home to rear, I went back to where I had left the trio. I could find no trace of them. Mamma must have removed them in her mouth. As they were not in a particularly favourable spot this does not surprise me, but I would have given anything to see how she carried them. When being handled one of them bleated twice, for all the world like a lamb, but with a crisper and on a much shriller note.

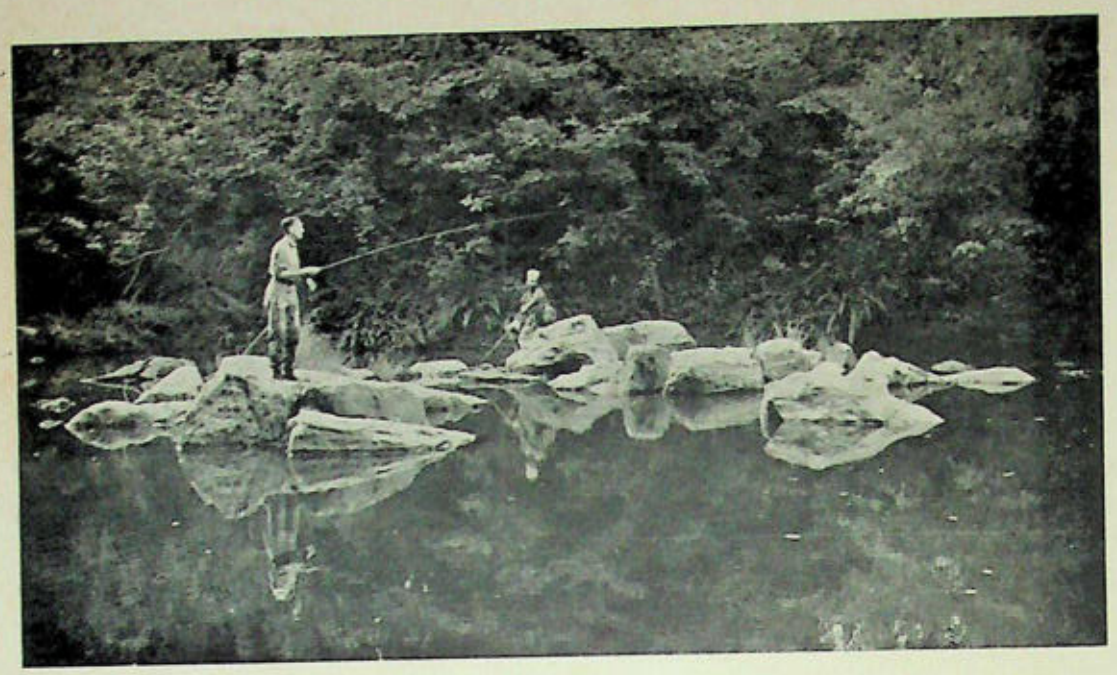
Yours faithfully,
Elgin. J. B-D.

HOW DO PARTRIDGES ROOST?

SIR,—In your issue dated March 24th there appears a photograph of "Partridges surprised at night." This picture is of great interest to the sportsman who is a keen observer of the habits of birds, etc., and seems to contradict the old theory that partridges sleep in a circle with their tails inwards. It seems to me quite possible that the old theory which has probably been handed down from father to son for scores of years—perhaps centuries—may be entirely wrong. Our reason for accepting the theory as correct is that we all see their droppings in compact piles, but looking at the question after seeing the above photograph it seems possible that the birds, although roosting as in the picture, would all move to one particular spot when necessary, returning to their sleeping places. As one thinks more about it one would think their droppings would be in a ring with an empty space in the centre if they sleep in a circle with their tails together.

Mr. Robert Atkinson, who sent the photograph to you, has probably taken other pictures of roosting partridges, and it would be interesting to know if he has found them roosting on more than one occasion as in the picture.

Yours faithfully,
Cape Town. KINGFISHER.



THE HOME OF VERY FREE-RISING TROUT
(See Letter "Fishing in Nigeria")

FISHING IN NIGERIA

SIR,—It is so hard in England to obtain information regarding the fishing in this country that the following may be of interest to some of your readers. The best months, at any rate in the south, seem to be from December to March, when good sport may be had both with the fly and by spinning. I have only used wet fly myself and have not caught anything over 1lb. yet, which seems to be about the maximum that one can get on a fly, but I have had plenty of smaller ones. Capt. Sargeaunt, of the Wiltshire Regiment, has caught fish up to 10lb. here with an artificial minnow and with live bait; in the north I believe fish up to 60lb. have been caught. The smaller fish caught on the fly put up far more of a fight than do the bigger ones on the minnow, but neither is very good eating, being a mass of bones.

The fish I have caught on a fly in the river Ogun are a kind of perch (Nile perch), and any brightly coloured fly such as the Zulu, Cardinal, White Moth or Butcher has been the most taking. There seems to be a pronounced evening rise between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. Occasionally the fish are most voracious and will rise at once to anything that breaks the surface of the water at all. I have seen an absolute rush to sample a lighted cigarette end casually thrown away. It is certainly worth anyone's while to bring both trout and spinning rods out here when they come.

Yours faithfully,

Nigeria Regiment, I. M. ADDISON.
Ibadan, Southern Nigeria.

FOX CUBS FOSTER MOTHER

SIR,—I am sending you the following true story in the hope that you will consider it interesting enough to publish. Twelve years ago I started Eastbourne's Ideal Country Home for Dogs, Langney, Eastbourne, to give employment to a farrier staff-sergeant in my old corps. A friend of his, the manager of Mount Pleasant Fur Farms, Ltd., Cade Street, Heathfield, Sussex, rang my kennels up on the 'phone to say that a fox vixen had died, and that her three cubs were living, and would my manager give advice as to a foster-mother. The manager of the kennels replied that he had a good mother of a cat with kittens (a kennel cat) which could easily be weaned, and strongly advised him to come over at once for the cat. He did so, placed the cubs with the cat, and she brought them up in good condition and with fine coats of fur.

Yours faithfully,

Meyrick Mansion Hotel, TREV. JACKSON
Bournemouth. (Major M.R.C.V.S., L.).

THE BELL RINGER'S ART

SIR, I was interested in your letter under the above heading. The practice of one man chiming three bells is a fairly common one. Actually it is perfectly simple. The three bells are set swinging slowly with the hand, then the foot is placed in a loop in one of the ropes, and each rope is then given a sharp check. This causes the clapper to strike the sound bow of the bell. Four bells have been known to be chimed in a similar way, though this is a feat requiring a certain amount of gymnastic ability. It would be as well to call to mind the total difference between chiming and ringing. To ring three bells would be a very great achievement. In chiming, the bell is only required to move sufficiently for clapper to touch the side of the bell; in ringing, however, the bell must describe a complete circle at each stroke. Even so, it is comparatively easy to ring two bells, one in each hand.

Yours faithfully,

Cedarhurst, NOEL BOSTON.
Solihull.

HEAD AND BODY SHOTS AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—With regard to Mr. Theobald's letter in your issue of May 12th.

It is sad, but inevitable, that in all forms of shooting, wounded animals and birds must sometimes escape and suffer before death or eventual recovery.

An experienced hunter like Mr. Theobald has every right to confine himself to the brain shot if he so wishes, but that the heart of an elephant together with its surrounding arteries, represents a far bigger vital area than the brain is a fact that cannot be open to dispute.

Provided that a beginner will take the trouble to ask an experienced friend to show him the points of aim on a tame elephant, before he starts out, he should be able to kill his first elephant cleanly with the heart shot readily enough. The brain shot, of course, requires study as well, since circumstances sometimes compel its employment.

As regards the rogue about which Mr. Theobald writes, I have been informed on good authority that the party of Mysore State hunters did not attempt to approach within fair range of the elephant, but peppered the unfortunate brute from a distance. They, moreover, made no attempt to follow up the wounded beast until informed many days later by Kurraba jungle men that he was *in extremis*.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. MENISH
(Major).

[Every circumstance must be taken on its own merits. The old-fashioned African elephant hunters who had shot hundreds of elephants, generally took the head shot if close enough when both offered. The head shot undoubtedly offers greater difficulty to the novice.—ED.]

ARE JERSEY COWS DELICATE?

SIR,—I often hear the remark, "I would like to keep Jersey cows, but they are so delicate." This is not true. I have kept pedigree Jerseys for years, and if they are properly reared they are as hardy as any other breed. My young calves and milch cows are out every day summer and winter, unless it is very wet or snow is falling. My young stock are turned out at four or five months old, with only an open shed to shelter in, and they use it chiefly to escape from flies. They are not brought in until due to calve. Stock from the island must be hardened off with care for the first year.

Yours faithfully,

Little Benhams, P. C. MACKENZIE.
Horsham, Sussex.

WHERE WOODCOCK NEST

SIR,—Last spring, in Yorkshire, I found a woodcock's nest close to the side of a beck. On two sides the ground dropped 10ft. straight down to the water, while a footpath ran past another side, making a patch only 4ft. square upon which the nest was made.

I enclose a photograph which shows the beautiful markings of the bird's back.

Yours faithfully,

Highfield, W. WILSON.
Caldy Road, West Kirby.

AN OASIS OF PEACE
(See Letter "Where Woodcock Nest")

SELF-LASSOED SALMON

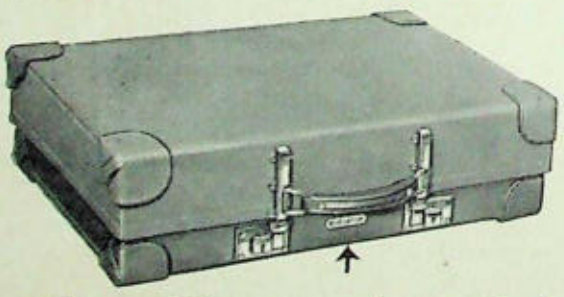
SIR, The unfortunate reputation of Anglers has for many years caused me to be very reticent as to how I once killed a very heavy salmon with the lightest of trout tackle on a weedy loch, Loch Badachro, Ross-shire.

The letter in your issue of May 19th headed "Self-lassoed Salmon" moves me to relate it: The fish took my dropper, I could do nothing but follow it round and round the loch, through weed beds, etc., for one-and-a-half hours; it then came up near the boat for a look at us. I was induced to put a little extra pressure on to bring it to the gaff and the gut, which was frayed to ribbons, parted, and the fish dived off with my dropper. Sadly I started to reel in, but there was some obstruction which began to move, and for another hour I was chasing, rather than playing, an apparently fresh fish. Finally, after two-and-a-half hours in all, up came my big fish again with the dropper and broken gut in its mouth and lassoed by the tail fly slipping round the gut and behind its gills. I suppose the pressure on its mouth being relaxed had given the fish its second wind.

Yours faithfully,

Rivers Hall, B. R. M. GLOSSOP.
Waldringfield, near Woodbridge,
Suffolk.

A Genuine REVELATION



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"The Suitcase that adjusts itself"

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WEATHERGAGE

SIR,—I notice in the *Field* of April 14th, information in regard to the horse Weathergage.

I have a painting in my possession of this horse, but unfortunately the painter's name is obliterated. The information contained in your letter in the *Field* is what I have been endeavouring to obtain for some considerable time.

I am wondering whether it is possible for you to let me know the name of the party holding the horse's head and the jockey that rode in this race, as it is identical with the painting I have in my possession. I should like to attach this information to the painting.

I trust I am not troubling you too much, and thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,
P. W. DAY, Secretary,
The South African Turf Club,
Cape Town.

STEEL TRAPS

SIR,—I have just read the article in your paper "Steel Traps and the Farmer," by "Cambrian." It is a splendid exposure of the cruelty and uselessness of steel traps marred by a silly attack on the R.S.P.C.A. Does not the writer remember that the R.S.P.C.A. has a Rabbit Week last September with posters, broadcast appeal, etc.? The inspectors do what they can, though there are too few of them.

Yours faithfully,
Roseneath, H. M. HAZLERIGG.
Gordon Road, Camberley.

A FINE BEAR FROM FINLAND

SIR,—I thought the enclosed snapshot might interest your readers. It is a photo of the skin of a brown bear killed in Northern Finland. It was shot in the region of the "Base Camp" of the Public Schools Exploring Society.

A cow at the farm nearest to the camp had been killed by a bear, so one of the villagers armed with a very antique looking rifle (a Mauser, I think) had waited for its return, and brought it down with a really magnificent shot.

EIGHT FEET SIX FROM MUZZLE TO TAIL
(See Letter "A Fine Bear from Finland")

The skin, which was of an unusually dark black colour, was eight feet six inches long from muzzle to tail, and when taken for mounting we were told that it was one of the finest specimens of a brown bear seen for a very long time.

Yours faithfully,
7, Gracechurch Street, J. I. MACBEAN.
E.C. 3.

PROFITABLE FARMING

SIR,—There appeared in your issue of March 24th an article with some suggestions from Cambridge by Mr. W. S. Mansfield, director of the University Farm. To anyone who has read same and was interested in agriculture it must have been very arresting, and the latter part was to any breeder of Hereford cattle most interesting.

Mr. Mansfield suggests to any farmer who has second or third rate grassland the advisability of trying the system of letting a calf run with its dam, and taking all the milk, selecting of course a beef breed for that purpose. Having known Herefordshire for over 40 years, when that system was adopted more generally, and still pursued almost entirely on the borders of Wales to-day, the system has much to commend itself.

As Mr. Mansfield has so ably put forward the advantages of such a system, I will not go over the same ground again, but draw the attention of your readers to how well the Hereford breed of cattle fulfil that purpose. To anyone who has kept them, and known those farms where it is still the chief branch, also believing that those farmers who pursue that course, are making the most profit per acre. I suggest that anyone farming in different pastures to try the experiment if they have not already done so. Yours faithfully,

Woodville, R. G. GRIFFITHS.
Tupsley, Hereford.

TAKEN WITH A FALLING CAMERA
(See Letter "Photography in Spite of Accidents")

PHOTOGRAPHY IN SPITE OF ACCIDENTS

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a blackbird taken recently in my garden. The bird must have been very tame, since my camera was on a tripod in front of the bird-bath. I had a thin piece of strong crochet cotton tied to the trigger, and I retired to the door, which was about 12yds. away. Almost immediately the bird came, and I gently pulled the cotton. I pulled it until I thought the shutter must have worked, but unfortunately I pulled it a little too hard and the tripod and camera were pulled over. I did not think that I had got the photograph until it was developed.

Yours faithfully,
Wellesley House, S. READ
Broadstairs, Kent. (age 12 years).

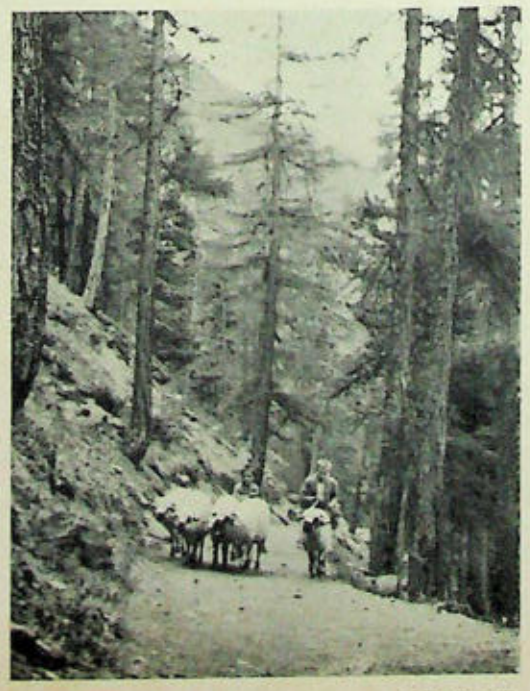
YOUNG SHEPHERDS

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that in many of the Swiss villages the schools are closed for the summer months. The children assist their parents in tending the cows and sheep, which are driven up to the rich pastures bordering on the snowline.

On the approach of winter the cattle are brought back to the valley and the children return to school.

I took this photograph of the boys driving the sheep, in the pine forests leading up to Findelen from Zermatt. Yours faithfully,

74, Rupert Road, FRED. H. CULVERHOUSE.
Brincliffe, Sheffield. 7.

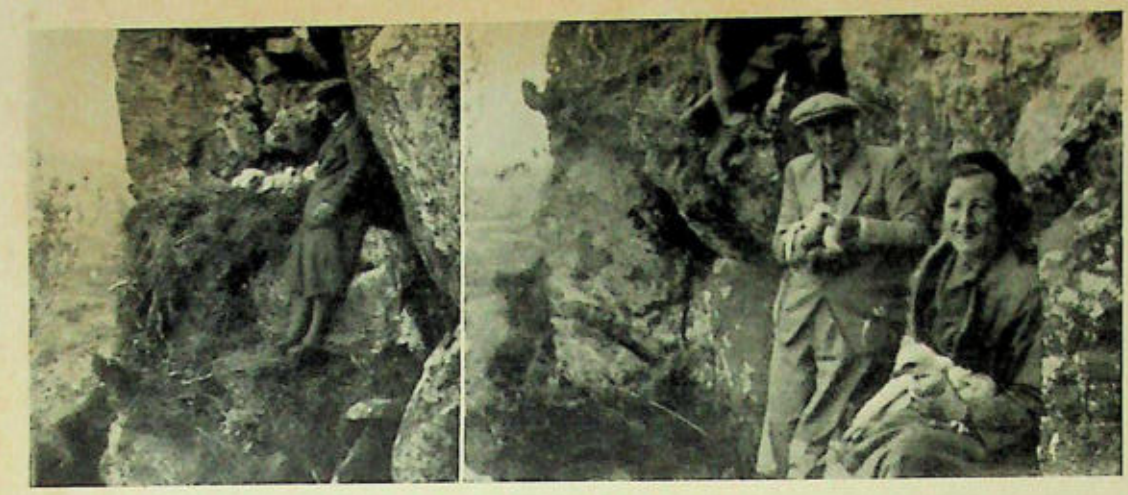


SHEPHERDS IN SUMMER, SCHOLARS IN WINTER
(See Letter "Young Shepherds")

BUZZARDS IN SUSSEX

SIR,—Having read the correspondence under this heading, I think it may interest your readers to know that I saw buzzards near here in 1916. In referring to my diary I see it was June 28th, 1916, that I watched two of these birds circling high in the air. Then, in August, I entered that I saw four buzzards—which rather points to their having reared two young. I was then about a mile from the spot where I had seen the two birds in June. I have never seen them before or since in this part of the world, and thought it might be that some camp had disturbed them from their usual haunts, and there was no "keeper activity" here during the war. Yours faithfully,

Mousehole, (Miss) M. PARSONS.
Forest Row, Sussex.



AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE FOR THE EAGLETS AND ALSO FOR THEIR VISITORS
(See Letter "An Accessible Eyrie")

AN ACCESSIBLE EYRIE

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of an eagle's eyrie in Scotland, which are, I think, interesting as disclosing the fact that the golden eagle's eyrie is not always made in the inaccessible places they are thought to be, and, further, that these birds do not necessarily occupy the same eyries in alternate years as is held by some. The eyrie in question has been vacant for some years.

The eaglets, which are being nursed, were, I judged, about ten to fourteen days old on the occasion of my first visit, and had had some hearty meals from a dead mountain hare found on the edge of the nest. On the second visit two grouse were lying with their legs in the air.

For obvious reasons I do not give the locality, and prefer to remain Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. AQUILA.

ART AND CRAFT TRAINING

SIR,—The headmaster and staff of the Pelham Road Central School, Southey Road, S.W. 19, are drawing up a course of handicraft and art training based on primitive and oriental craft and art work. To make such training effective they have begun to make a collection of specimens for study.

If any readers possess specimens of such work—utensils, fabrics, pottery, carving weapons, ornaments, drawings, etc.—which they will give for this purpose, will they please write to me? Any suitable articles given for the collection will be gratefully accepted and profitably used for the boys. Yours faithfully,

J. R. BURTON.

Wimbledon Central School for Boys,
Southey Road, S.W. 19.

[A new idea which we hope may commend itself to readers.—ED.]

SAVED THOUGH SWALLOWED

SIR,—While fishing the River Leven in Yorkshire recently, I hooked and landed a trout of about ½lb. weight on an "Alexandra" fly after he had made a "head-and-tail" rise. While releasing the fly, I noticed the tail of a minnow, which was only just visible, sticking out of the fish's mouth.

On being taken out and replaced in the water, the minnow swam away quite unconcerned, apparently no worse for its experience. It measured about 2½in. in length. Perhaps this rather unusual occurrence may be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,

Hilton Manor, H. E. SHAW.
Yarm, Yorks.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Ravens on Dartmoor.—Ravens seem to be increasing on Dartmoor. In mid-June I saw the old birds with two young within a mile of the head of Tary Cleave—a wild part of the moor. They made a great to-do, circling round and finally disappearing in the distance towards the Cornish hills. I hear a pair had a nest last year on Vixen Tor, near Princetown.—H. M. BIDDELL, The Vicarage, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Partridge Shooting in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.—There must have been many of your subscribers who have been interested in the advertisements of the above, but who have hesitated in going owing to the lack of more definite information. It would, therefore, be most interesting to have experiences from any who went last season, particularly from those who took shooting through one of the agencies.—REGINALD WILLIS, The Holte, Harborne.

A Tern at Henley.—On the afternoon of June 23rd, I was surprised to see a common tern flying disconsolately to and fro across the river at Henley, just below the start of the regatta course. It flew within a few yards of my boat. This seems of particular interest, because last year a letter appeared in the *Field* recording the appearance of a black tern at Henley on July 7th during the regatta.—Lady SHIPWAY, 55, York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for gifts to help a young married woman, who is pluckily determined to overcome a grave handicap. Mr. and Mrs. W. live on the outskirts of London; he is a skilled workman earning just over £4 weekly. Three years ago the young mother was terribly ill, and at length had to have both legs amputated owing to gangrene. On her discharge she and her husband moved into a bungalow so that Mrs. W. could get about in her wheeled chair. Since her discharge from hospital she has been wearing temporary pylons, which often give her great pain on account of their heaviness and roughness. Now the time has come for her to have artificial legs. Out of his wages the husband cannot afford the large sum needed, for in addition to his household expenses he is paying off a debt of his late father's, amounting to 10/- weekly, till the end of the year. If the £21 needed is collected in part payment the balance is guaranteed, and the young woman will have her new limbs. Gifts are urgently needed, large or small.

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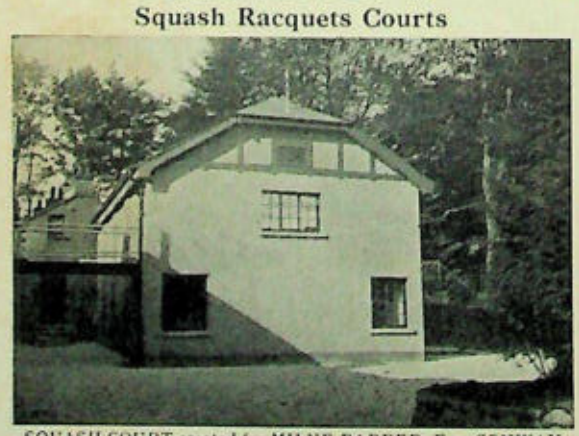

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IN THE CITY

A FIRST-CLASS INDUSTRIAL

LAST week the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company and certain subsidiary companies disposed of 1,500,000 ordinary shares, representing the bulk of the group's holding and about 50 per cent. of the ordinary shares outstanding, of William Cory & Son, Limited. This sale was arranged in order to provide the shipping companies with funds for an extensive shipbuilding programme, and it was officially stated that the long-established commercial relations between the companies would not be affected in any way.

William Cory & Son has been in existence over a century and a quarter and from its inception the business has expanded consistently. The company is engaged as coal and fuel oil factors, steamship owners and lightermen; in addition to its extensive home trade, branches are maintained at practically all the coal shipping and bunkering ports in the United Kingdom together with depots or agencies at the principal ports throughout the world. The company is the selling agent both in home and foreign markets for Welsh Anthracite Collieries and also for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; in June, 1933, the company and Stephenson Clark and Associated companies formed a new company, jointly owned by each concern, which now acts as the sole selling agent for all coals produced by the Powell Duffryn group of companies.

With the redemption on January 1st, 1935, of £700,000 in 4 per cent. Debenture Stock out of the company's own resources, there will be no debentures outstanding, and the 2,850,094 £1 ordinary shares (together with 98,857 £1 Employees' shares) will be preceded by only £850,000 in 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. The balance sheet as on March 31st last showed net assets of £6,174,000, so that there was a surplus of £2,375,000 over the capital outstanding. However, the assets are valued on a very conservative basis, and the company's financial position in reality is even stronger than that shown by the balance sheet. For instance, the holdings of British Government Stocks and other Trustee securities were carried at a book value of £3,182,000, whereas the market value was almost £1,000,000 in excess of that figure; thus, the pending repayment of the £700,000 Debenture Stock could be accomplished without any reduction in the book-value of the company's investments if the directors thought fit.

Net profits, in recent years, after allowing for all expenses, taxes, depreciation and preference dividends, are set out below, together with the amount earned and paid on the ordinary shares and the remaining balance, which was transferred to General Reserve or added to the Profit and Loss account:

Year to March 31.	Net Profit.	Ordinary and Employees Dividends.	Balance.	Ordinary shares. Earned. (per cent.)	Ordinary shares. Paid. (per cent.)
1929	697,789	512,220	185,569	25.4	17.5
1930	642,687	513,338	129,349	23.1	17.5
1931	584,096	514,261	69,835	20.6	17.5
1932	512,148	441,409	70,739	18.2	15
1933	564,994	441,876	123,116	20.6	15
1934	552,039	442,110	109,929	19.8	15

The foregoing figures are noteworthy in that they show the company's steady earning capacity as well as the large sums reinvested in the business out of earnings. In view of this and the very strong financial position the ordinary shares may be regarded as one of the soundest equity investments on the market. A little time ago the shares were changing hands around 83/6d., but as a result of rumours of the recent public offer the shares had declined and were changing hands at about 74/-, when the offer for sale was made last week at 73/6d. At the issue price the shares give a yield of £4 1s. 6d. per cent. on the basis of the 15 per cent. dividend which has been distributed for each of the last three years, and the writer has every reason to believe that an increase in respect of the current year to the former rate of 17½ per cent. dividend is more of a probability than a possibility. At 73/6d. the shares would yield 4¾ per cent. on the basis of a 17½ per cent. distribution, which rate of income is quite out of keeping nowadays with that offered by other English Industrial ordinary shares of the very highest class, and on that basis the yield would still be slightly in excess of 4 per cent. at 85/-, which is as much as one expects in these times. The recent fall in the value of these Wm. Cory ordinary shares is therefore likely to prove but temporary and to provide a very favourable buying opportunity. Although a big premium on the issue price is not likely to be established until the final call due on the "new" shares has been paid on the last day of this month, a gradual recovery in their value to the extent of about 10/- per share during the next twelve months does not seem to be an unreasonable expectation.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

THE COMPLETE SEA ANGLER

Secrets of the Loch—Among Untrodden Ways

SEA fishing is the subject of the new volume in the Lonsdale Library, and a more complete treatise on the subject it would be difficult to find. Following on the lines of the more recent books in the series this is a composite volume containing sections by some twenty different contributors, each dealing with that part of sea fishing in which he has specialised; and for a book of so encyclopædic a nature there is no better system.

The volume starts with a delightful chapter by Eric Parker on the literature of sea fishing, which serves also as an historical sketch of this the oldest of all branches of angling. Incidentally, he discusses that old "teaser," inseparably connected with Mr. William Radcliffe's classic, the correct interpretation of that curious piece of fishing tackle, Homer's "horn," and agrees with him in thinking that a spinning (or what would be better described as a snap-trolling) bait is the most likely solution. It is certainly the most attractive one from the angler's point of view, though as it seems to have been used from the shore, there is always the difficulty of the short rods (6ft. or so) then in use, which would make such a bait difficult to "work" effectively. W. K. Summers has written a good chapter on grey mullet fishing. Grey mullet, like bass, come into the ken of the all-round angler, the man who takes his chance of sport when and where he can find it, whether in fresh water or salt. It is curious that so astute a fish, and one too that runs up into tidal waters where it can be caught with much the same tackle and methods customarily employed by the roach fisher except that the bait is allowed to swim higher in the water, should have so small a following among anglers generally. In one Devonshire estuary a compound of bloater paste and bread used to be a favourite offering.

One form of bass fishing (with bait from a boat) is dealt with effectively by F. B. Hannam, but what is for most men a more interesting method of fishing (the use of spinning baits) comes into the chapter on "spinning" by C. C. Sherring—a little confusing, perhaps, for anyone who wants to read up the subject as a whole. More about bass might have been included with advantage. There is perhaps no fish round our coast which provides more enjoyable sport for the man who likes to fish unencumbered.

But in so varied a volume it may be unreasonable to expect too much about any one species, however attractive. There are upwards of thirty different species, their habits and the methods adopted for their capture, dealt with in the volume. Mr. Eric Cooper, who edits the book, is responsible for many of them; Mr. A. F. Bell deals with the tope, which has established itself as a "speciality" with sea anglers; Mr. Fred Taylor provides a more balanced picture of tunny fishing than many followers of that much-discussed fish have done, dealing with the pros and cons of this or that tackle and method without unduly emphasising his own views. In addition there are two very useful chapters, one on boat management by Douglas Service, the other on weather lore by J. A. Sturch which will appeal to many readers who are not directly interested in fishing; and a chapter on fish mounting and modelling by A. Fraser-Brunner makes a fitting conclusion to a very comprehensive book. H. D. T.

Sea Fishing. (A. E. Cooper and others. The Lonsdale Library. Vol. XVII. Seeley Service. 15/-.)

THAT LEVIATHAN

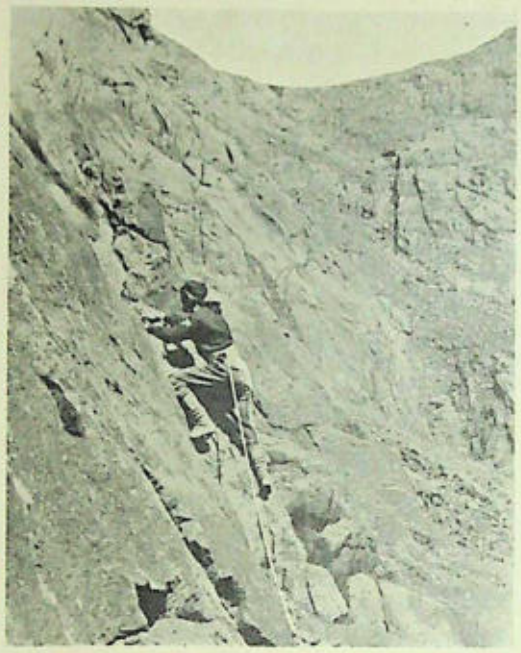
The Loch Ness Monster

TO the mass of literature, good, bad and indifferent, which has appeared in the daily and periodical press on the subject of the Loch Ness monster there has now been added a book, which, in point of merit can be placed in the first category. It deserves no less, since its author, Commander R. T. Gould, has been at infinite pains to collect, mostly by personal interview, the accounts of all who claim to have seen the creature. Shorn of all sensationalism we have the plain unvarnished tales of over 40 witnesses, and these are subjected to a critical examination by the author. Commander Gould states quite frankly that he has had no zoological or scientific training, but those who are familiar with his previous book, *The Case for the Sea-Serpent*, recognise his talent for the investigation of such phenomena.

Commander Gould himself was never fortunate enough to see the monster of Loch Ness, and his conclusions regarding its nature are based on his analysis of the collected evidence supported by analogous cases that have from time to time been reported from other quarters. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile his findings with the photographic illustrations; Mr. R. K. Wilson's well-known photograph is given prominence as a frontispiece, but if one compares the size of the visible portion of the animal with the ripples on the water one is left with the impression that the object photographed is of small size and at very close range. All the photographs so far obtained, however, are too vague, and fragmentary to supply useful evidence as to the monster's make and shape.

The author mildly rebukes zoological science for not undertaking organised investigations on the spot, and in view of the widespread interest in the subject many will regard the criticism as well merited. A natural reluctance, however, on the part of scientific men to deal with other than actual specimens or incontrovertible data has not been lessened by the activities of practical jokers creating bogus spoor marks with stuffed hippo and rhino feet and other misguided attempts at humour. In this respect Commander Gould has performed a very real service in collecting and collating the evidence and sifting the wheat from the chaff. The reader can decide for himself whether the author's conclusions are the correct interpretation of the evidence, but whatever opinions we may hold this book can hardly fail to stimulate interest and encourage further investigation. E. N. B.

The Loch Ness Monster and Others. (Geoffrey Bles, Ltd.; 10/6.)



ON SRON A' GHRUNNDA

From "Mountain Days in the Isle of Skye," by J. E. B. Wright (the Moray Press; 12/6), in which the founder of the Lakeland Mountain Guides describes actual climbs in Skye with a mass of detailed advice which will be of great value to mountaineers

VILLAGE LIFE

And a Touch of Nature's Paint Brush

THOSE of us who are country born and bred frequently find books about villages and village life very entertaining, but not always in the way the writer intended. Townsfolk talk of the "simplicity" of rural life, but those whose lives are spent in remote villages find that neither the people nor the life of the community is simple. Indeed the ramifications of village life are bewildering to all with the possible exceptions of the oldest inhabitants and like most knowledgeable folk they are chary of information. Further, no two villages are alike which adds considerably to the difficulties of those who study village life.

Mr. Massingham has written an unusual book, and being under no hallucinations as to the "simplicity" of country life he has not seen merely the wood and missed the trees in it. The best chapters in this book—and they make delightful reading—are those he fills with observations on "our village," the public houses, village amusements and "personages." Best of all are his pages on the grand old game of bowls, "once the delight of kings," and now as much in the hands of one section of the community as rackets, polo, or the Eton wall-game. "What scope," says Mr. Massingham, "this paradisical game gives a man for filling his heart with the rural scene, the shining sward set like an emerald within its intricate setting of cloudlike hills, hedges and fields and ruminant trees. . . . But of all the virtues of the game of bowls commend me most to it for its gentle eloquence on behalf of the spirit of local community. The mighty antiquity of its life, renewed with every spring, powerfully argues that spirit. It certainly reaches back into the eleventh century. Football in its original form of a conventionalised war between clans or moieties of a tribe is centuries older. But bowls in the form which has undergone only minor modifications for a period of nine centuries claims to be the oldest game played by Englishmen on their native turf." The illustrations to this book are exceptionally good.

Miss Stebbing's volume will be fully appreciated by those interested in colour schemes. The book is divided into six parts—flowers yellow, red, white, pink, mauve and blue and the various shades that come broadly under these headings. There are very few flowers, as Miss Stebbing herself emphasises, that are definitely blue, yellow or scarlet, etc., but she groups the plants according to their dominant colours. The book is lavishly illustrated with excellent colour plates, and there are numerous useful notes on the growing of the plants mentioned. One cannot help wishing that the introductory chapter had been longer, for what Miss Stebbing has written on the use of colour in the border and grouping is so good that one wants more. E. S. R.

Country. By H. J. Massingham. (Cobden-Sanderson; 10/6.) *Colour in the Garden.* By M. E. Stebbing. (T. Nelson & Sons; 12/6.)

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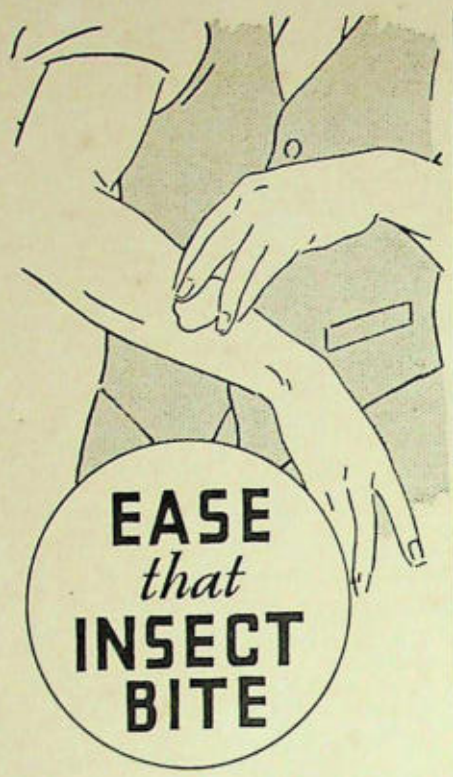

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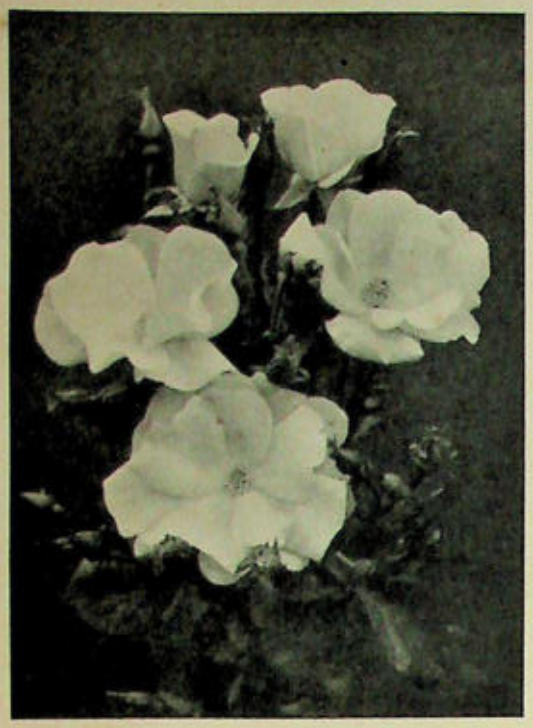


ELSA POULSEN
A favourite single rose

The Country House

SINGLE ROSES

Selections for Medium-sized Gardens

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SINGLE roses fall roughly into four categories—species roses, sweet briar hybrids, a few Wichuriana hybrids and other hybrids. The two first named are not only amongst the loveliest shrubs, but many of them make ideal hedges. In medium-sized gardens, where there is little space for the larger shrubs, the species roses and sweet briar hybrids make a perfect setting for the herbaceous and other low-growing subjects.

Where space is very limited I would choose of the large range of single-flowered species *R. spinosissima altaica*, *R. Hugonis*, *R. Moyesii*, and for the beauty of their foliage, *R. rubrifolia* and *R. Omeiensis*. Recently I was in the garden of a four hundred years old farmhouse, which a friend of mine is turning into a diminutive paradise. A small plot near the house is hedged on two sides with *R. s. altaica*, and when in full bloom in early June it was so massed with its lovely creamy lemon flowers that the foliage was scarcely visible. And their exquisite fragrance! From a little distance the drifts of flowers seen against the background of the mellow old brickwork of the house made an unforgettable picture. Why is this hardy, beautiful species which is a native of Siberia not more commonly grown? I think it is far lovelier than the popular *R. Hugonis*.

R. Moyesii seedlings vary greatly, and I suppose thousands who grow it sow the seeds, for we all hope that possibly one day we shall raise one of exceptional beauty. The beauty of the type, like that of the seedlings, depends, I think, very largely on the colour of the stamens. If the stamens were yellow instead of that arresting dull bronze gold the flowers would lose half their charm. One of the best-named seedlings is *Highdownensis*, raised in Major F. Stern's garden at Highdown.

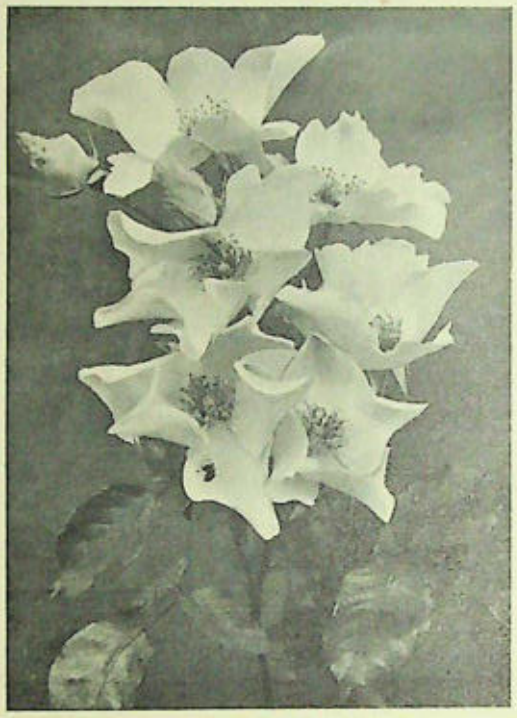
R. rubrifolia is valuable not for its small, inconspicuous flowers but for its tall, graceful growth and the exquisite reddish foliage. The height of this rose is usually given as 7ft., but I know one specimen which must be quite 12ft. high. It is particularly lovely in autumn, when it is in fruit. This rose is a native of Central Europe. *R. Omeiensis* is equally remarkable for the beauty of its fern-like sweeping reddish plumes. The fruits are yellow. *R. Omeiensis* produces an occasional big blood-red thorn, but the stems of *R. O. pteracantha* (formerly *R. sericea pteracantha*) are covered with translucent spines, which add markedly to the beauty of this rose. *R. rubrifolia* and *R. Omeiensis* are, indeed, amongst the most valuable shrubs with decorative foliage.

Two of the most beautiful single roses, *R. sinica anemone* and *R. bracteata*, commonly known as the Macartney rose, can only be grown in sheltered parts. The former is perfectly named, for the big pink flowers are suggestive of anemones. I know two houses in Sussex where this lovely rose never fails to flower the first week in April. A mature specimen of *R. bracteata* is a lovely sight, and its big creamy, golden-eyed flowers have a strange fruit-like scent, unlike that of any other rose.

Fortunately, the popular hybrid of *R. bracteata*—Mermaid—is hardy, and will probably soon be grown in every garden, for its platter-like flowers, quite 4in. across, with their amber stamens, are handsomer than those of any other single roses.

The hybrid sweet briars, like our native eglantine, make ideal hedges. A clipped sweet briar hedge is a pitiable spectacle, but grown as they should be, well spaced out and left almost unpruned, they have two seasons of beauty—in summer, when their graceful 8ft. stems are starred with flowers, and in autumn, when loaded with hips. Amy Robsart is one of the most floriferous hybrids, with deep pink flowers; Edith Bellenden produces clusters of pale pink roses; Jeannie Deans has large scarlet flowers, also in clusters. Lord Penzance, with fawn-coloured flowers, and Lady Penzance, with copper-coloured flowers, are still the best "yellows." Meg Merrilees is a very rich crimson, and Lucy Bertram is an even deeper colour.

Of the Wichuriana hybrids one of the very best and yet not commonly grown is Evangeline. This rose, with its big clusters of single pink flowers, is delightful either for pergolas or summer houses,



DAINTY BESS
Generally acknowledged to be the best single-flowered variety of bush roses

for it is one of the few roses that fill the air around it with its delicious fragrance. The only drawback to it is that it is rather late flowering. The pick of early flowering single-flowered Wichuriana hybrids is surely Thelma. Its coral pink flowers are produced in abundance, and this hybrid is remarkable for the length of time it remains in flower.

Amongst bush roses Dainty Bess is generally acknowledged to be the best single-flowered variety introduced in recent years. Even people who assert that they do not care for single-flowered roses succumb to the charm of her trusses of silvery pink frilled flowers, held so perfectly upright. The reddish stamens add conspicuously to the beauty of this rose. Isobel is an old favourite single hybrid tea that might be more commonly grown. It is very early flowering, vigorous, makes a bush about 4ft. high, and produces its exquisitely scented carmine-orange flowers for a long period.

Cecil is one of the best hybrid yellow roses. It attains only about two feet, but its large golden yellow flowers are produced for a long time. Christine is a yellow rose seldom seen on the show table, and consequently not so well known as it should be. But for those who like a rich, deep yellow rose she is one of the finest. A large bed of this rose in Regent's Park last year attracted a great deal of attention.

THE QUEEN'S ROSE CUP

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously presented a Silver Challenge Cup to be offered for an award at the National Rose Society's Chelsea Rose Show next year. The Queen takes great interest in the Summer Show and was this year the recipient of a large bunch of Etoile d'Hollande. She also chose a bowl of Mrs. Henry Bowles which she particularly admired.

UNIVERSITY ATHLETES

Bonthron the Record Breaker

BY F. A. M. WEBSTER

ONE of the most attractive features of any season is a match between English and American universities. This year's match will be between Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Princeton and Cornell at the White City on July 21st.

At the moment the team to represent the English Universities has been only provisionally chosen, but it is a significant fact that the match in America, when Cornell beat Princeton by 75 points to 60, and which provided the basis of selection for the trip to England, produced no less than six match records.

Bill Bonthron, Princeton captain, is something of a national hero. Representing his university against Yale he won the 800, 1,500 and 3,000 metres races, and repeated the performance against Cornell, with three new records. Later, he won both 800 and 1,500 metres at the I.C.4 A's championships, and has, I hear, broken world's record at 1,500 metres. In addition, when J. E. Lovelock, O.U.A.C., made his world's mile record of 4min. 7$\frac{6}{10}$sec. in the last match, Bonthron ran second in 4min. 8$\frac{7}{10}$sec., and that Lovelock was moving perfectly last Saturday, it will be realised that we shall see one of the world's big races on July 21st. Bonthron, moreover, is an "iron man," who is likely to more than trouble J. C. Stothard, C.U.A.C. President-Elect on the half mile.

E. I. Davis, retiring C.U.A.C. president, should, I think, account for the 100yds., since the best time by R. F. Hardy and R. E. Linders, both of Cornell, is not better than "evens," but at 220yds. I am not so sure. I think the distance suits Davis better, but R. J. McKane, Cornell, has to his credit 21$\frac{6}{10}$sec. for 200 metres.

There should be a glorious race at 440yds. between the Cambridge pair, D. L. Rathbone and J. C. Horsfall, and R. J. McKane, Cornell (49$\frac{2}{10}$sec. for 440yds. and 48$\frac{6}{10}$sec. for 400 metres), and W. R. Rainear, Princeton (48$\frac{4}{10}$sec. for 400 metres).

It is not possible to predict the 3 miles result, as 2 miles and 3,000 metres are the distances run in America, and that may mean a saving grace for the Oxford man, C. O. Healey.

C. F. Stanwood, Oxford, will, I think, win the high hurdles, from W. S. Merwin, Cornell, in even time or better, but the furlong low hurdles may tell a different tale, owing to J. T. Smithers, Princeton, having made a new Princeton and Cornell meet record of 24$\frac{6}{10}$sec. for the 200 metres hurdles distance.

The field events are likely to find us in our usual trouble, due to lack of adequate coaching. Of the Princeton pole vaulters, J. A. McWilliams is safe for 13ft., and J. B. Bogart will do at least 12ft. 6in., whereas J. G. Wiles, Cambridge, and W. H. Elkins, Oxford, are likely to finish at 11ft. 6in. In the shot put, F. A. S. Gentry, Oxford, and A. B. Carver, Cambridge, would be lucky to touch 43ft., whereas W. D. Wood, Cornell, and M. E. Berman, Princeton, can be relied on for at least 45ft. 6in.

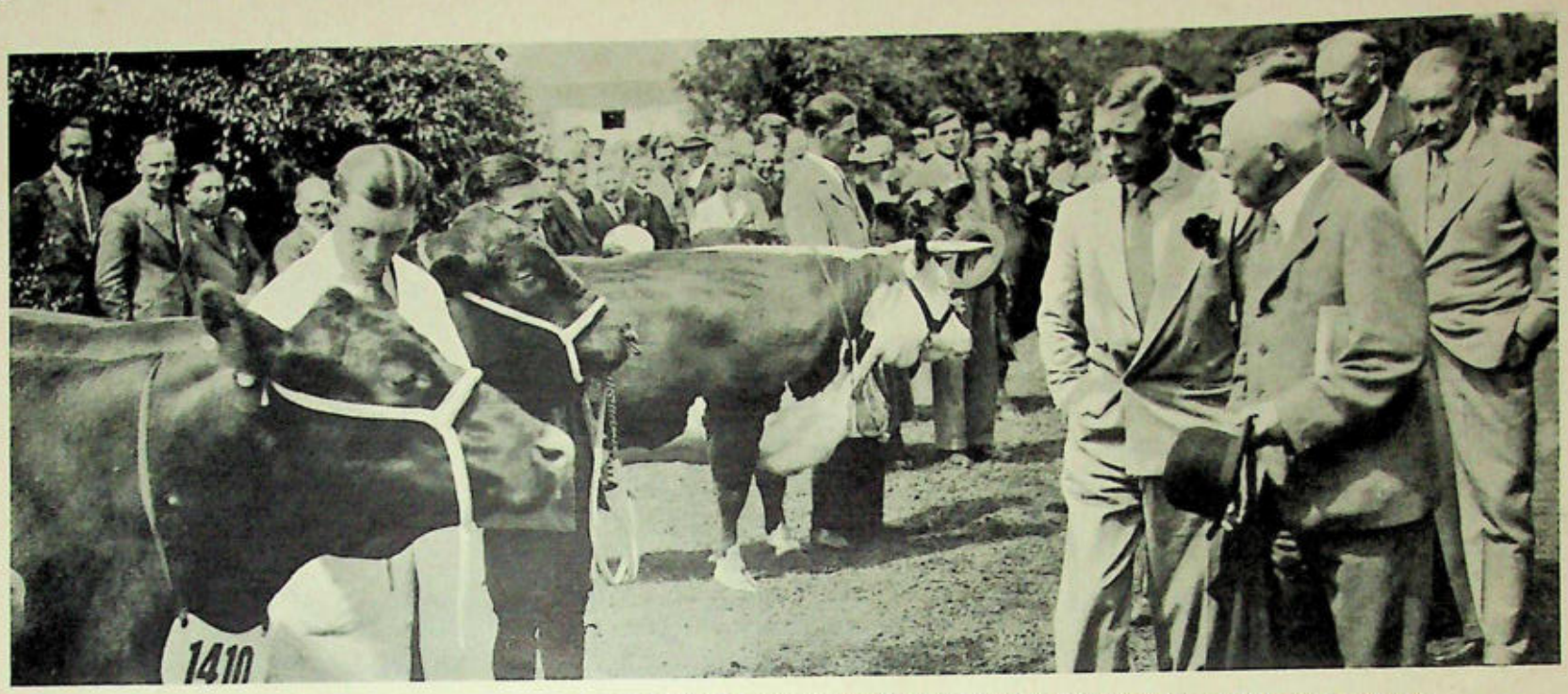
Jumping prospects, however, are a bit brighter. J. C. Horsfall, Cambridge, and K. S. Duncan, Oxford, have 23ft. in them, but W. E. Fackert, Princeton, and H. S. Godshall, Cornell, are absolutely consistent at 22ft. to 22ft. 9in. Then, the three American high jumpers, from whom the final selection will be made, L. P. Wenzell, Princeton, and the Cornell pair, G. A. Godley and C. A. Scott, all tied in the Princeton and Cornell match at 6ft. 1in. and the Cornell men have been consistent at 6ft. Stanwood, however, is of their class, and has proved that he can face his three events in an afternoon and produce top form in all of them.

The Fourth English Junior Championships, held at the London University ground last Saturday, produced some really surprising results.

I do not think that any one would question the assertion that the best performance was achieved by the Reading boy, W. E. N. Breach, who put up a new junior long jump record of 22ft. 6$\frac{3}{4}$in., while the second boy, W. L. H. Faviell, L.A.C., equalled the previous record of 21ft. 2$\frac{1}{4}$in. Breach's jump would have won at the Oxford and Cambridge sports in several recent years, and should justify his selection to represent Great Britain against France in Paris on July 29th.

Other boys gave clear evidence that they are real champions in embryo. All these boys, remember, are under nineteen years of age, and there is the real sprinter's build about A. Pennington, Berkhamsted School, who equalled 100yds. record of 10$\frac{3}{10}$sec. and made a new record of 22$\frac{2}{10}$sec. for the furlong. Then, for G. H. Oades, Southgate Harriers, not yet eighteen, to retain his 880yds. title, running the first 440yds. in 61$\frac{3}{4}$sec., and returning 2min. 1$\frac{3}{4}$sec. for a new record, was distinctly good.

The following juniors were awarded free scholarships to the Summer School for Athletes, which will be held at Loughborough College from August 18th to September 1st: High jump, E. E. Brewster and A. A. Gold; long jump, W. E. N. Breach; javelin, H. A. MacKillop and E. H. Finneron; and discus and shot, N. C. Downie.



THE PRINCE OF WALES APPRAISES THE KING'S ENTRIES OF RED POLLS, HEREFORDS AND SHORTHORNS AT THE ROYAL SHOW
Standing behind the Prince are Lord Stradbroke, president of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Major Hilgrove McCormick, secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall

A SPLENDID ROYAL SHOW

Suffolk Punches and Red Polls Displayed to Full Advantage and Strong Classes Throughout

IT is many years since there has been such a cheerful "Royal" as last week's show at Ipswich. The atmosphere was altogether different. There was a spirit of determined optimism abroad, fostered mainly by the enthusiasm of the farmers of East Anglia, who came in their thousands to welcome the Royal Show and see the finest display of Suffolk Punch horses and Red Poll cattle that will meet the eyes of this generation. The visit of the Prince of Wales on Wednesday was as always a stimulating influence.

The judging of Suffolk Punches started at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday and it was not finished until 7 p.m. It was a wonderful display of the strength and wide popularity of the breed. Altogether there came into the ring no less than 250 Suffolk Punches. The judges' final awards gave the championship to Mr. A. H. Huddlestone's stallion Martlesham Beau Ideal, a magnificent stamp of horse, bred in Suffolk, but now owned in Yorkshire, and reserve to Messrs. Paul's Broxted Vanguard, another powerful, free-moving horse. The Suffolk mares and fillies were no less impressive than the stallions. From very even classes in which there was not one bad horse, the judges selected Lady Loder's Leonardslee Nanette and Messrs. Adams and Son's Laurel Keepsake. At the top of their classes were the entries from Mr. Denny Wright, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, and Lord Iveagh. This show of Suffolk Punches will not soon be forgotten.

The Shires were well represented by Messrs. Forshaw & Sons' Raans Clansman and Mr. J. Gould's Lymm Lady Grey, the breed champions, and by entries from the King's stud at Sandringham. Percherons were in full strength with an exceptionally strong class of geldings showing the paces of the Percheron for road work. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's stud at Aldenham secured the main awards in the breeding classes, honours for geldings falling to Messrs. Chivers & Son, of Histon.

Red Polls had pride of place in the show ground, their ring being placed alongside the Members' Pavilion. This precedence was deserved. When the senior cows came into the ring at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning it was evident that the breed was represented in great force. When Sir Merrik Burrell's Knepp Prudence 8th, the King's Necton Daffodil, Sir Guy Hambling's Yoxford Maiden, and Mrs. Griffiths' Grundisburgh Ruby are in the ring together there can be no question about the merits of the Red Poll for beef production coupled with milk yield. The judges' favour fell on Knepp Prudence, which is a great-bodied cow carrying a wealth of flesh and at the same time yielding six gallons of milk daily. Abbeycombe Fabian, Mr. J. A. Gray's senior bull, took the bull championship.

Dairy Shorthorns are always well represented at the Royal Show, whether it is held at Newcastle, at Southampton or at Ipswich. This year the breed had for champions Sir William Hicking's Debden Cherry Bandeau, a cow of good breeding and very useful type. Sir Mark Collett's Greattew Waterloo was at the head of the bulls, a Kelmscott bull taking reserve honours. With Scottish Shorthorns the Bapton Shorthorn Co. were successful in winning supreme honours with Bapton Princess Royal 11th, a thickset heifer of great substance. Mr. A. J. Marshall, the Stranraer breeder, succeeded, however, in displacing the Bapton bull Royal Robin, which took honours against his Cruggleton Beverley at the Highland Show last month. With Lincolnshire Red Shorthorns Messrs. Chivers and Mr. E. S. Tansley again won breed honours.

Aberdeen-Angus were away from the breed's territory, but Lord Allendale had several entries from the Bywell herd which led their classes, and the final breed championship went to Lady Robinson for Matchless of Amport, a six-year-old cow bred by Colonel Sofer Whitburn.

With Herefords the King's herd at Windsor took prizes, and the Sandringham herd of Red Polls and stud of Shires were well represented in their classes. The Royal Show, indeed, owes much to His Majesty's continued interest, notably during the past two or three years, when the royal lead has ensured the support of pedigree breeders generally, who have had to consider closely the question of exhibiting at a time when the trade for pure-bred stock, both at home and overseas, has been at a low ebb.

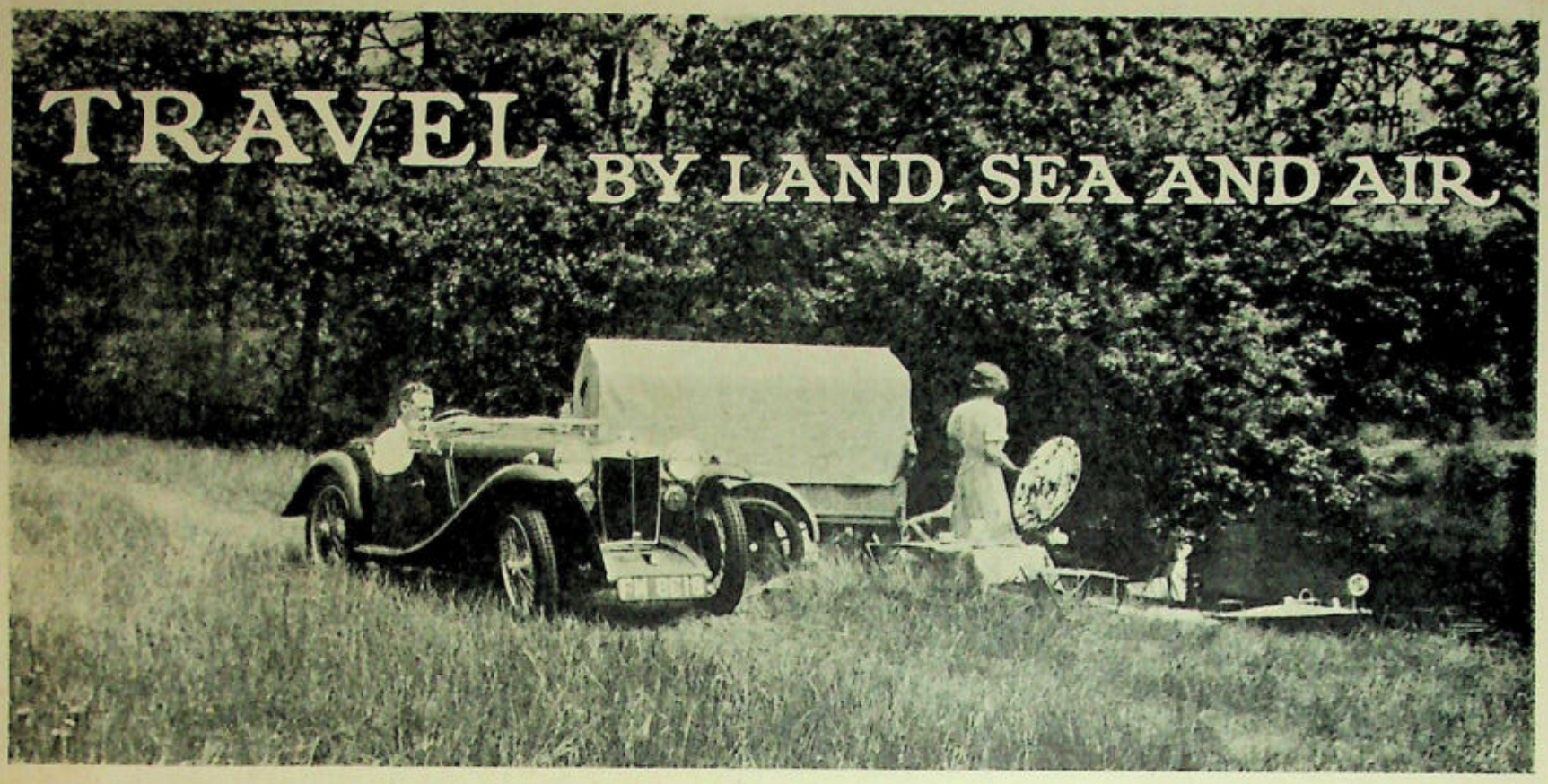
Mr. Edward Hurtley and Colonel J. R. Warren were again successful with Sussex cattle; Mr. C[illegible]l Brent and Mr. A. M. Williams, with a Clims and bull bred on the Prince of Wales's farm, won with Devons; and the breed honours for Herefords went to Messrs. Edward Webb & Sons, Mr. John Parr and Mr. H. R. Griffiths.

With Guernseys Captain Cosmo Douglas, Mrs. Edith Howe and Mrs. Howard Palmer had the chief honours in good classes; and with Jerseys Mrs. Evelyn, Sir Harry Hague, Brig.-General F. C. More Molyneux and Mr. W. E. Press were at the top. Dexters were headed by the entries from Mrs. Howard Palmer and Lady Loder. British Friesians made strong classes, though the quality of the cows was not very even. The leading cows were Mr. A. Weightman's Ardrossan Glossie, Lord Rayleigh's Terling Dazzle 15th and Mr. G. Gee's Mayford Mars Hyphen. Ayrshires found leaders in Mr. R. Cross's Knocton Noel and Messrs. R. Sillars & Sons' Ickham Bessie 12th.

The sheep classes emphasised again the strength of the East Anglian breeds at this Royal Show. Lord Ellesmere took the challenge plate in the Suffolk classes, the Hollesley Bay Labour Colony being reserve. With Southdowns Mr. Pierpoint Morgan and Lady Ludlow were again successful.

In the pig section Lord Daresbury's Walton herd provided the Large White boar champions, and Mr. Frank Sainsbury, a Suffolk breeder, took the sow championship with Wratting Mana 15th, a capacious brood sow. With Middle Whites Messrs. Chivers & Sons again did well. In the bacon pig classes Sir William Hyde Parker and Mr. H. R. Davidson were successful.

THE IMPRESSIVE PARADE OF SUFFOLK PUNCHES
There have never before been such big classes at the Royal Show



ON A CAMPING HOLIDAY WITH TRAILER, MOTOR-BOAT, AND M.G. CAR
The "D.-B." Super Camping Trailer shown is manufactured by B. Dixon-Bate, Bridge Works, Chester, at £22

LIGHTING LAW ANOMALIES

Why the Whole of the Existing Legislation Should Be Revised

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

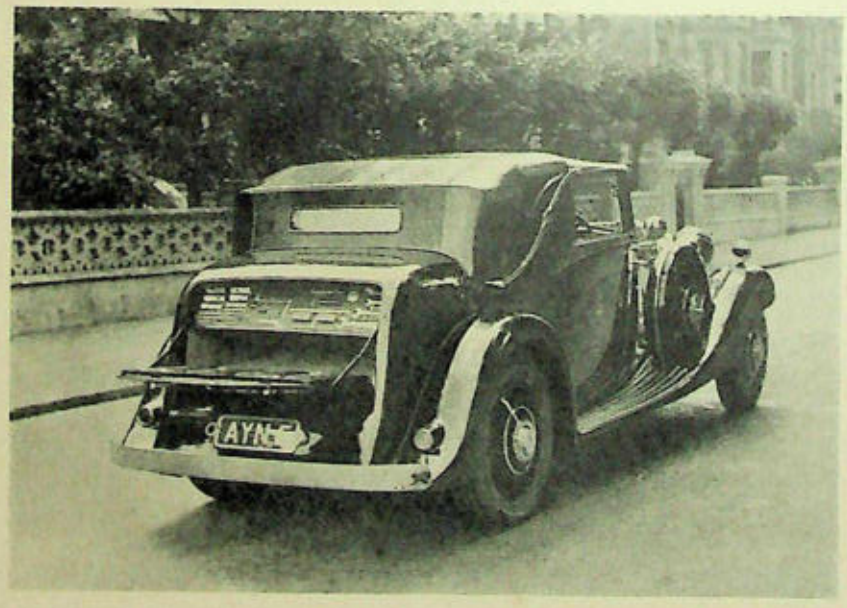
IT is high time that all the legislation relating to the lighting of road vehicles was revised and brought into line with the requirements of modern traffic. As things are, it is only motor transport which is subjected to the full force of the law; other vehicles are given every latitude by the police and are not even compelled to observe the ordinary rules of the road.

If a motorist is so unlucky as to be caught with an extinguished tail-lamp, he is faced with the certainty of a summons and a fine. The cyclist, who is a very frequent offender, gets away with it in nine cases out of ten. The horse-vehicle driver who neglects to light up at the proper time is seldom worried by the police, and so we get a set of conditions after darkness has fallen which constitutes a distinct menace to the safety of the roads.

Everybody except the motorist seems to have a sort of "most favoured nation" treatment extended to him, which to my way of thinking is all wrong. Take, for example, the provision of the law which exempts certain classes of farm vehicles from the necessity to carry lights at all during particular periods. That may have been all very well when country roads were little used and traffic moved slowly, but it is highly dangerous to-day. There was, for instance, the case the other day of an overtaking car running into a vehicle of this description which was carrying a load of ladders, one of which penetrated the windscreen of the car and killed the driver.

What are the interests responsible for this discrimination between different forms of transport? The moment it is proposed to bring certain classes of vehicles within the scope of the lighting laws there is a cry of hardship—and the Government drops the proposal like the proverbial hot potato.

One can understand that in the days when the only available means of lighting was a crude oil lamp there was a valid objection in the case of farm vehicles carrying loads of hay. To-day, however, electric battery lamps which are both efficient and safe are obtainable at the cost of a very few shillings, so that this objection disappears.



A ROLLS-ROYCE DESIGNED BY MR. A. H. PASS FOR HIS OWN USE
This 20/25 h.p. two-door, drop-head coupé has special accommodation for a tool tray in the boot. The car is fitted with Philco car radio and many other accessories, including direction indicators, centre head lamp actuated by foot switch, spot light, and D.W.S. permanent four-wheel jacks

Even where lighting provisions do exist the police in country districts show a lamentable laxity in their enforcement. It is understandable that they do not want to harry local farmers and residents, but the important thing to remember is that a proper observance of the lighting laws is absolutely necessary to ensure safety on the roads.

Another matter which needs immediate attention is the proper lighting of overhanging loads. Any motorist who drives much in the country at night will have had the frequent experience of encountering vehicles carrying timber or some other bulky load and apparently unlighted. On overtaking it is often found that there is a light of sorts, but that it has been obscured by the load and might just as well not have been there at all. Surely the police ought to realise—even if vehicle owners do not—that lights are carried not merely to satisfy the law, but to assist in making the roads safe for traffic.

So long as the lamp which shows a white light to the front and red to the rear is present on the vehicle, the police seem to be satisfied that all is well. As a matter of fact, I am not at all certain that there is any particular provision of the law which insists that the lamp shall be carried where it can be seen in all reasonable circumstances, so perhaps the police are not so much to blame as the law itself.

That is why I contend that there should be a complete revision of the whole of the lighting laws. And, furthermore, the necessary Bill should be drawn up, not by Parliamentary draftsmen who have no wide experience of roads and traffic, but by an expert committee drawn from all highway-using interests.

From vehicle lighting to traffic lights is but a short step, and the recent campaign against drivers and cyclists who fail to observe these signals impels me to certain reflections. To begin with, I am in the most complete agreement with the general action of the police in bringing to book those who ignore the indications of the lights. These latter serve a very definite purpose, and I regard them as being quite the most important innovation of recent years. They make for safety, in that their indications are unambiguous and unmistakable. They exercise a control which is as near perfect as anything can be in an imperfect world, and they eliminate the fallible human element as far as it is possible to eliminate it.

But the human element remains in the shape of the drivers of traffic, who are controlled by the lights. Even here there should be no margin for error, for the reason I have given—that it is impossible to mistake the signals. At the same time, I do not think we have got the perfect signal yet. There is, in the case of the three-light signal, which seems to have become more or less standardised, too much uncertainty as to the time duration of the three signals, particularly in the case of the change from green to amber.

This has been seized upon by the police in certain areas as a means to what can only be described as persecution of the motorist. Quite a number of cases have been brought against

drivers for proceeding without due care and caution, on the ground that the green light has been approached at such a speed as would have made it impossible to pull up if the green had suddenly changed to amber! I believe the A.A. is taking several such cases to appeal, so it will be as well to reserve comment until the results are known.

The point I have most in mind is that the possibility of successful prosecution on these flimsy grounds does demonstrate a serious weakness in an otherwise admirable system of control. Personally, I think we have gone too fast in standardising the three-light type of signal. There are alternatives which at least ought to have been tried out. There is, for instance, the clock-face type in which a moving hand shows approximately the time interval to be expected before the lights change.

Another excellent idea which was suggested to me the other day is to cause the green light to flash in and out for a few seconds before the change. I am told that this would be quite simple to install, and would cost next to nothing. Unfortunately the Ministry of Transport does not seem to take kindly to new ideas, but I do think pressure should be brought to bear to secure a change of outlook.

TO THE ARCTIC BY CAR

To discover the possibilities of motoring, with specially constructed cars, across the barren Arctic wastes of Lapland, is the object of an expedition which has just left England.

Transport will consist of two Riley Nine Army model cars, and the large section tyres which are fitted to the Army models for cross-country work will prove equally useful for ice and snow; spades, pickaxes, etc., will be carried to enable the motorists to cut a way through snowdrifts and ice.

From Bergen the party will climb inland, around Norway's highest mountains and through wild, magnificent scenery to Trondhjem. Thence they will cross the snow-bound Kiolen Mountains, enter the dense forest lands of Northern Sweden, and come to Porjus, one of the last outposts of road, rail and civilisation.

It is from here that progress will become slow and difficult, but it is intended to penetrate several hundred miles through Lapland. Eventually, though great difficulty is anticipated in crossing the Tana torrent, it is hoped to join the "Great Arctic Road" that the Finnish Government has recently constructed.

AVIATION IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Landing Grounds and Filling Stations Needed Near All Towns

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

EVEN more significant than the recent rapid progress in the design of private aircraft has been the remarkable change of attitude of the public towards flying in the past couple of years. To-day, flying is, very definitely, regarded as an integral part of our modern transport facilities—the success of our unsubsidised internal airways proves that; and many of the younger generation are now acquiring, or seeking to acquire, machines of their own as, a few years back, they aspired naturally to the ownership of cars.

Aviation has truly become a part of everyday life. The business man looks upon the aeroplane as something by means of which he can save valuable time by cutting to the minimum the non-productive periods so often involved in travelling; moreover, air travel makes it possible for him to keep in closer and more personal touch with distant customers and allied undertakings. For pleasure, flying has brought a new conception. The week-ender with his aeroplane has nearly all Britain to choose from as well as a considerable part of the continent. Most important of all, the progressive reduction of flying costs is bringing these advantages within the reach of an ever-widening public.

But air progress, as has been steadily stressed in these articles, is dependent to a very large extent on ground progress; it is of little use to design safer, speedier, and cheaper aeroplanes if a widespread chain of aerodromes and landing grounds is not available for the pilot. Here, too, there has been considerable improvement in recent months. Municipalities and local authorities generally are showing an increasing recognition of the need for scheduling suitable land before it is too late, and private enterprise is playing no small part in the good work. Even so, we are still a long way from the ideal of "every town an aerodrome."

It is wrong to assume, however, that the word "aerodrome" necessarily means an elaborately equipped air station such as Croydon or Heston. The motorist does not expect to find vast garages with machine shops at every small town he visits; he is content with some sort of safe parking space and facilities for refuelling. So with the private aviator, though his need is naturally more urgent, since a town without a landing ground has little existence for him as a pilot.

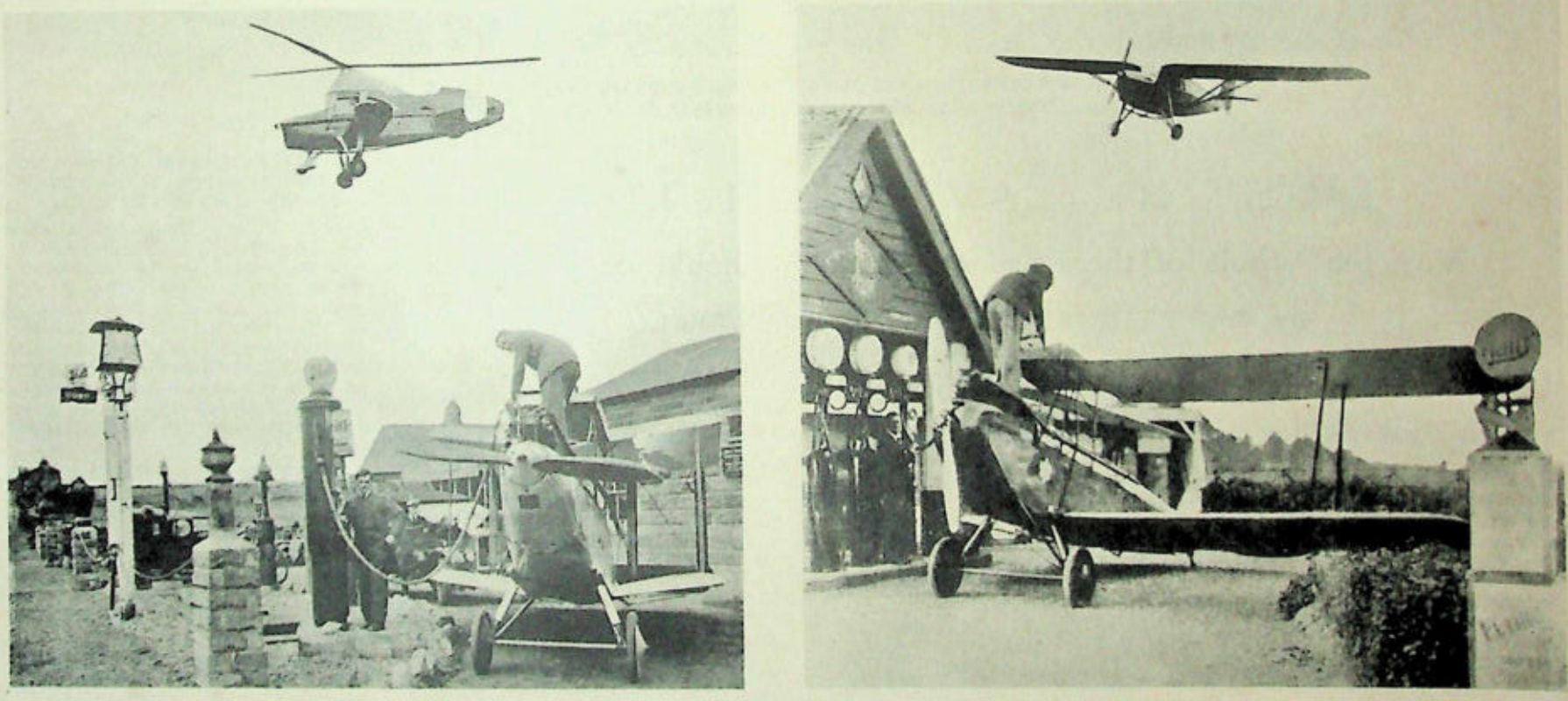
What is needed first and foremost is landing-ground facilities at a convenient point in every centre of population and interest. To be really useful, such facilities must be as near to the town as possible, yet must be so placed that the approach to them presents no danger or difficulty to the relatively inexperienced pilot. There must, too, be reasonable ground-transport facilities between the aerodrome and the town. These are the fundamentals; and general progress in their translation into fact is to be recorded.

One of the big difficulties has, undoubtedly, been the selection of a really suitable site, especially in the older well-developed towns. But advance in aircraft design is doing a lot to help here. Landing speeds are tending to be reduced without reduction of cruising speed; and the development of slots and flaps is likely to cause considerable revision in our ideas of what is the minimum space in which an aeroplane may safely be put down. Moreover, the progress of the autogyro is another point not without significance. Its increasing efficiency and growing popularity with private pilots may make it possible to establish landing facilities for such types of aircraft at many places where there is insufficient space to accommodate conventional machines. The problem of the landing ground will, of course, be further eased when the direct lift aircraft has been fully developed.

While stressing that there is a clamant need for development of landing facilities in many parts of the country, it must not be overlooked that there is now in existence a fairly widespread nucleus of first-rate aerodromes which enables many of the more important areas to be reached by air. Flying, therefore, has very much more practical value to the business man and the pleasure seeker than it had even three years ago. With further co-operation from local authorities, and from landed proprietors and farmers—who could, in many instances set aside fields for emergency landings—the noticeable progress that is going on everywhere could be accelerated.

There is also in this connection an opportunity for the enterprising garage proprietor, who might well seek to establish his filling station at a spot where a reasonably good landing-place can be secured. He might then draw his customers from the air as well as from the road.

Another vital factor in this connection is that there should be a steady extension of instructional facilities so that everyone, no matter where he or she may live may be able to learn to fly with a minimum of expense and inconvenience. This, too, is something in which there has been continuous improvement, particularly in the reduction of instructional costs, to which more detailed reference will be made in the next article.



"AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE ENTERPRISING GARAGE PROPRIETOR TO ESTABLISH HIS FILLING STATION AT A SPOT WHERE A REASONABLY GOOD LANDING PLACE CAN BE SECURED."

AIRWAY SPEED

TRAFFIC on the European air routes continues to increase steadily, and during the course of a single day, just recently, more than 250 passengers flew between London and Paris in the big air liners of Imperial Airways.

Air transport with its luxury and speed reduces from days to hours the time required in journeys across the Continent.

Recent speed-ups now enable air passengers from London to reach Berlin in 4 hours 15 minutes, Copenhagen in 5 hours 25 minutes, Rome in 9 hours 30 minutes, and Madrid in 12 hours 10 minutes; while times have also been reduced, considerably, on many of the longer flights across Europe. To Moscow, for instance, by present schedules, the actual flying time from London is only 17 hours 5 minutes, while to a point as distant as Istanbul it is not more than 17 hours 55 minutes.

SUMMER ON THE COAST OF FRANCE

AT DEAUVILLE

TOO many writers have been in the habit of describing Deauville in garish colours, and its life as one of feverish and hectic pleasure. It is perhaps easier to be sensational than descriptive, and to "lay on" colours thickly, than to get light and shade.

Deauville is fashionable, granted. It is popular, and gay and bright. But none of these characteristics are unpleasant or likely to act as a deterrent to visitors, but rather the reverse. Situated on the western side of the River Touques, on the Normandy coast, in the Department of Calvados, it is connected with Trouville by a bridge and ferry, and is nowadays not only one of the most popular of French north-coast watering-places but also one of the most beautiful.

Perhaps Deauville has the greatest claim on the attention of summer holiday makers on account of its magnificent beach; in the season a brilliant and animated scene by reason of the bathing cabines, multi-coloured costumes of bathers, and the gay-tinted beach umbrellas. One of its greatest attractions is a luxurious bathing establishment known as "Les Bains Pompéiens," constructed on the lines of a Roman bath at Pompeii.

Naturally the great white low-built Casino facing the beach is the centre of much of the social life of Deauville, but there are many other outstanding attractions. Deauville Races, indeed figure as among the most important in Provincial France, and the standard of horses competing is very high. There are two racecourses the old one, on which the Grand Prix de Deauville is run, and the new one at Clairefontaine, about a mile inland from the sea front, where some 20 days' racing takes place during the season. The course is charmingly situated, reminding one, perhaps, a little of Ascot.

Golf has not been overlooked, and there are nowadays two excellent 18-hole courses. The first one laid out lies between the old sand dunes and Mont Canisy. There is also a 9-hole relief course for the use of women players. There are tennis courts, facilities for croquet and convenient tea rooms attached to the golf links. The new course has been constructed about a mile from the Casino on the hills above the Deauville St. Arnoult Road. From it are magnificent views of the Valley of the Touques, extending from Lisieux to the sea. There is a convenient and regular 'bus service from the Casino to the golf courses.

There is also a good tennis club, and aviation and motoring contests take place, while in July international regattas are held.

AND AT CANNES

EVER since the days of the great Lord Brougham, Cannes has been popular with English people, but in the past this beautiful town has been almost exclusively associated in the minds of tourists and holiday-makers with the winter season. The vogue for sunbathing has, however, led to its increasing popularity as a summer resort, and the fact that its summer temperature seldom exceeds 80 deg. Fahr. should serve to dispel any lingering impression that Cannes is a place to visit only in the winter.

The popularity of Cannes with English people has had a great deal to do with the prominence that has been given to English sports and pastimes in the town, which is charmingly situated on the Golfes de la Napoule and Juan, and is famed for its lovely villas and gardens.

The town is naturally divided into two parts by the railway line running along the coast from Marseilles, the business quarter being chiefly on the south side of the line, in which are the main streets, including the famous Promenade de la Croisette, some mile-and-a-half in length, and stretching from the Croisette to the Jetée Albert Eduard, and lined with palm trees, overlooking which are some of the principal hotels. On this promenade, one of the most picturesque in the Riviera, are held the carnivals, motor rallies and battles of flowers for which Cannes is famous.

The many handsome villas with their beautiful gardens and some of the most important hotels lie on the north side of the railway.

Though the most frequented portion of Cannes is quite modern, the Old Town built on Mont Chevalier and lying to the west of the harbour contains some picturesque streets and alleys, and an old château and tower from the latter of which one obtains a magnificent view of the sea, land and adjacent islands. In the Old Town, too, is the Church of Notre-Dame de l'Espérance, dating from the middle part of the seventeenth century, and many quaint vistas of the harbour and narrow alleyways.

Cannes is well provided with facilities for sports and games of all kinds, and there are many tennis courts belonging to the municipality and to the Casino. So important a centre, indeed, is Cannes as regards Continental tennis that there are five or six leading clubs with excellent courts.

Polo players are catered for at Mandelieu, where many international matches are played during the season. The ground is near the racecourse at La Napoule, where, during the year, there are many meetings including the Grand Prix du Casino Municipal, and the Grand Steeplechase de Cannes, the racing always taking place in the afternoon.

Golfers, too, are well provided for, as there are two 18-hole courses, one belonging to the Cannes Golf Club, (who also run a 9-hole course), and the other to the Mougins Country Club, where there is a particularly good club-house.

Cannes has been described as "the sunbathers' paradise." It is also that of bathers, and, in addition, a most pleasant resort for the ordinary visitor. Small boat sailing, fishing, and rowing to other delightful places along the coast are among the popular amusements.

There is a fine municipal casino where one can play baccarat and boule, and in which theatrical and operatic performances are given. This possesses a particularly excellent dancing floor, and all the other amenities of such institutions. The new Casino d'Ete, a dazzling white building at Palm Beach, is also very popular. Firework displays, carnivals, battles of flowers and fêtes make up the attractions of the summer season which has made Cannes famous.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

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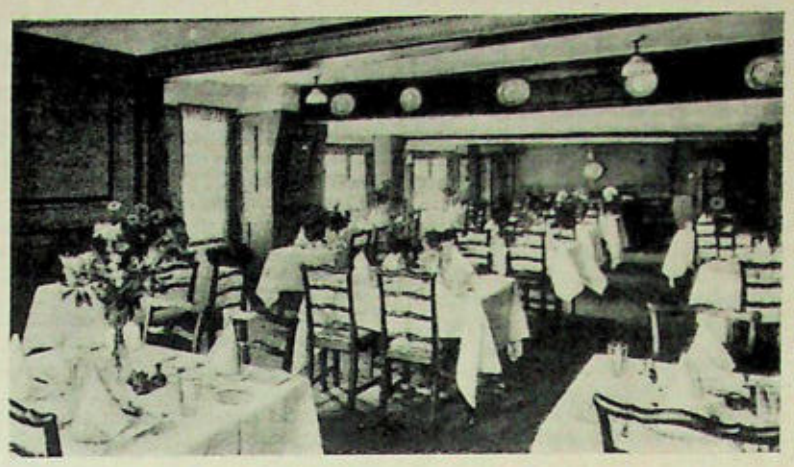

THE COFFEE ROOM OF THE LAMB HOTEL, WALLINGFORD

LIKE a much-promoted Peer or an often-married lady, the Lamb Hotel at Wallingford has several times changed its name. In 1550 it was the King's Head; at some subsequent date it became the Bell; and about 1688 it finally settled to be the Lamb, though why that semi-religious emblem was chosen at that time of day we have no means of knowing. The one-acre site upon which stands the Lamb of to-day, the property of Trust Houses, is exactly the site owned in 1550 by William Deane. A wing of the house of that date still exists, but the dignified brick front on the High Street is of much later, if rather indeterminate, date. It is the kind of front which instantly suggests that the house has long been a place of consequence.

An inn with four centuries of pedigree and a history somewhat out of the common is entitled to give itself an air of gentility, and it is an air which consorts well with Wallingford's pleasant atmosphere of antiquity. Placed on the Berkshire side of the Thames by a ford of great early importance, the town has held a place in the national history from remote times. Not only the town but the Lamb itself came into close contact with that history in 1688, when the inn belonged to Mr. Silvanus Wiggins, to whom it owes its present name. William of Orange, accompanied by the Duke of Schomberg, was on his way from Abingdon to London to become King, and, with some hesitation, broke his journey at Wallingford, where he was entertained by Mr. Wiggins. Dutch William had some fear of being surprised by the army of James II, but Mr. Wiggins assured him that Wallingford was a very easily defensible place. He is further remembered in the token which he issued inscribed with a lamb.

Mr. Wiggins's successor, Mr. Thomas Clack, was destined to connect the Lamb with social history in an uncommon way. He had seven daughters, of whom three at least were great beauties. One of the beauties married the second Viscount Courtenay; another, William Honywood, the son of one Baronet and the father of another, though not a Baronet himself; a third married the heir to the extinct Baronetcy of Palmer of Dorney. The Clacks had long been landowners in the neighbourhood; Thomas Clark was the father and grandfather of clergymen, and his descendants, Devonshire squires, have acquired a Royal descent.

Wallingford's Lamb to-day is by no means the least attractive of the long chain of Trust House hotels. Most of its bedrooms, reached by a broad and easy staircase, are rather more spacious than usual, and what was once a Masonic Temple is now the tea-room. The old courtyard into which the coaches drove has been converted into a lounge, though the Lamb was never a coaching inn in the sense in which the phrase is commonly used, there having been no big roads passing through the town in the coaching era.

For a quiet Thames-side holiday Wallingford has many attractions. It is easily reached by road from Henley, and can be compassed in about an hour by train, for it is only 50 miles from London. A quiet little place, with agreeable streets and many houses of the eighteenth century and earlier, the angler and the boating man are easily at home. Going up the river there is no obstacle till you get to Day's Lock, at Dorchester, and all around are delightful excursions. Crossing into Oxfordshire at Shillingford Bridge in four miles you reach Dorchester Abbey, that glorious fragment in the seat of a Saxon Bishopric. Then, by way of Benson, one may make Ewelme, with an equally glorious church, Chaucer monuments, and one of the most picturesque sets of cloistered almshouses in England. There are other beautiful almshouses at Abingdon, also quite easily reached gracious little Abingdon, with its handsome market-house and fine churches. And let us not forget that in a leisurely half-hour a car will cross Magdalen Bridge into "The High," at Oxford. Thame on the north, Wantage and the Downs on the west, the Chilterns on the east, are all near at hand.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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W. A. Rouch

LADY HALIFAX PRESENTING THE UNIVERSITY POLO CUP TO HER SON, THE HON. CHARLES WOOD

In the University match at Hurlingham, captained by the Hon. Charles Wood, Oxford won by 5 goals to 3 in the 50th contest. Cambridge have now won 27 matches to Oxford's 23

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NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL COWES NUMBER

FIELD
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER
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THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

A LIFE-LINE FOR BEEF FARMERS

MR. ELLIOT has come to the rescue of beef producers with a temporary subsidy of £3,000,000 to run for six months from September. Their need was desperate, especially in view of the usual heavy marketing of fat cattle in the autumn off the grass which have to meet a market depressed by excessive imports of frozen and chilled beef. No one welcomes a subsidy for its own sake. The necessity for it is a confession of the failure of quantitative regulation in the case of beef, but the Government are to be congratulated on facing up to the situation and making the best amends possible in the circumstances.

We have yet to see how this temporary measure will work out in practice, and whether the administration of deficiency payments on home-produced beef can be effected as smoothly and economically as on home-grown wheat under the Wheat Act. If the experience gained from September onwards shows that the administrative difficulties can be overcome satisfactorily with the co-operation of the livestock auctioneers and the butchers, the Government can proceed with greater confidence to develop the proposals for a levy on all imported meat which would provide a fund to replace the subsidy from the Treasury which is being made available as a temporary measure.

The case for an import levy has long since been advanced in the *Field* as the most promising way of safeguarding the home livestock industry while keeping meat prices at a reasonable level in the butchers' shops and ensuring substantial preference to the Dominions which are good customers for this country's manufactured goods. A levy of 1d. a pound on foreign meat and ½d. a pound on Empire supplies should meet the requirements of the case if the proceeds of the import levy are handed over to home producers. This would be more effective than an ordinary tariff at double the rate and would cause no hardship to consumers.

But the levy scheme cannot be brought into operation next March without the consent of the Dominions and Argentina. Will they agree? They have several months for reflection, and it is hoped that they will concur in this plan to restore stability to this country's meat markets. Continued chaos cannot serve their interests in the long run, and the responsibility for perpetuating an unpopular subsidy would lie at their doors if they refuse to recognise the necessity for revising the present agreements in justice to the British farmer.

This new development of Government policy does not mean spoon-feeding for the home producer. It is stressed that our methods of marketing and slaughtering stock must be made more efficient and economical. Lord De La Warr, who is Mr. Elliot's lieutenant at the Ministry of Agriculture, has insisted on the need for establishing central abattoirs where fat cattle can be slaughtered under ideal conditions, and where the by-products can be turned to full advantage. There is no question that the present ways are wasteful. Farmers are well advised to consider the means to be adopted to eliminate waste and ensure that home-killed meat comes before the public in perfect condition. A good deal of English beef now is admittedly cow-beef, the by-product of milk production; but much of the steer and heifer beef which should be of first quality is sadly mishandled between the time the animal leaves the farm and the joints are delivered to the consumer. Aberdeenshire knows how to top Smithfield Market with prime beef, and the example can profitably be followed more generally until home-killed beef signifies a product intrinsically, as well as sentimentally, preferable to chilled beef from Argentina.

THE SOUTH DOWNS

IT seems almost incredible, but it is actually a fact, that the Select Committee of the House of Lords, presided over by Lord Redesdale, which has been considering the South Downs Preservation Bill, has expressed its approval of the scheme for laying out a motor track in the neighbourhood of Brighton. It has given the promoters of the Bill until October 23rd to come to an agreement with the Brighton and Hove Corporations on the subject, and if they cannot agree, then the Committee will reject the Bill. In other words, the Committee flouts the expressed plea of the landowners of four-fifths of the area of the Downs involved, and public opinion no less strongly represented in the Press, and merely tells the racing-track promoters to go ahead. It is vain to ask what can be their justification for such a decision, for they can have none. The Downs belong to England, not to Brighton or Hove. The House of Lords Committee has let Englishmen down. Their action is one of the most deplorable records of our time.

ETON AND HARROW

Two main points emerge from the cricket of the Eton and Harrow match, which ended in a draw on Saturday, July 14th. One is that the rate of scoring on the first day was uselessly slow. Fifty runs an hour on a good wicket is not fast enough to win a two days' match. Incidentally, this slow rate of scoring is partly due to the habit of leaving off balls alone, and walking across the wicket with bent knees instead of attempting to hit the ball with the bat, which is what the bat is for. Harrow in this were the worse offenders, and some of the overs sent down by F. T. Mann provided a very tedious spectacle.

A GREAT GESTURE

On the other hand, Saturday's cricket was glorious. Harrow had bad luck in having to bat on a wicket soaked overnight, but the sun kept in, and the pitch dried out easy and fast. Harrow had to follow on 137 behind. In their second innings they wiped off these runs for the loss of three wickets, and then Pawle, the Harrow captain, took charge. He and Stogdon began to hit. This was at 5.45. The Eton bowlers were tired, and Pawle and Stogdon hit them all over the ground—such hitting as has not been seen in this match for years. The ranks of Tuscany not only could not forbear to cheer, but laughed for joy. At 6.30 the Harrow captain, 93 not out—last year he made 96—declared, and left Eton 107 to get in 50 minutes. To this great gesture there could be but one response, and before the time for play Eton were at the wickets, ready to try for the runs. Boyd, the captain, and Magill, got out, hitting at balls which in sober moments they would have played. In came Villiers, and drove beautifully, scoring off every ball. But his valour brought his end, and after he went the play slowed down and stumps were drawn. Might not Dixon or Pilkington have come in to hit and die as gloriously as did Villiers? Could the score ever have been brought to, say, 101 for eight at half-past seven? Probably not, but it would have been a marvellous last half-hour. At all events, Harrow's honour stands high—as high as her hopes for next year's match.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT GOLF

Golfers will have noticed with interest the Prince of Wales's remarks made at the Lucifer Club's dinner regarding a team of amateur golfers invited to Australia in connection with the Centenary celebrations at Melbourne. Now that the Royal and Ancient Club has definitely announced that a team of four players will leave this country in September, in acceptance of the invitation issued by the Australian Golf Union, we shall see the first golf test of its kind played in Australia. Might not this be the first of a series?

Is it possible that Bradman and McCabe, who have been playing golf recently in this country, may be numbered in the Australian team? Let us hope, in any case, that our own quartet may bring back the divot.

THE DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE

To-day, at Wimbledon, Australia and the United States are disputing the right to challenge Great Britain for the Davis Cup the following week-end. With F. X. Shields, S. B. Wood, L. R. Stoefen and G. M. Lott lined up on the American side, and J. H. Crawford, V. B. McGrath and A. K. Quist on the Australian the chances favour America. But with Crawford and McGrath on their real form the issue is by no means a certainty, though, if the balance rests on the doubles, Stoefen and Lott should prove a stiff proposition for Crawford and Quist. Much has been made of the success of Menzel over Crawford in the European Zone final against Czechoslovakia, but anyone who saw Menzel in action against Perry will not consider the loss of a four-set match against the Czechoslovakian as a sign of decline.

CHANGES IN RUGBY FOOTBALL

Proposals for changes in the laws of Rugby football were recommended for submission to the International Board at the recent annual meeting of the Rugby Union. The Union represents not only English Rugby but New Zealand, South Africa and New South Wales, and the proposals made were carried unanimously. One is that in the scrummage front row forwards shall be allowed to raise or advance the feet when the ball has passed them, which does not appear to be doing as much as was needed to remedy scrummage difficulties. Another is that if a try is unconverted the ball shall be brought into play with a drop kick from the centre instead of a place kick, which will still apply when a goal is scored.

A third proposal concerns the rules as to professionalism, modifying the law which dubs a player a professional if he so much as plays in any game against professionals. This rule, a survival of the days of the foundation of the Northern League, has long outlived its object, and has been brought into ridicule more than once.

Mr. J. Milnes, of Lancashire, follows Mr. R. F. Oakes, of Yorkshire, as President of the Rugby Union, and Mr. C. N. Lowe will fill the vacancy on the International Selection Committee caused by the death of Rear-Admiral E. W. Roberts.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known daily: "The best stalking hound, not less than a two-season hunter, was the Middleton's Waiter." From the rowing page of some copies of the *Field* of last week: "The Silver Goblet goes to Germany."

THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE

The news of the crew-problem in Endeavour must have come as a severe shock to the many yachtsmen who are following Mr. Sopwith's fortunes with pride and interest. That a Challenger's crew should issue ultimatums to the owner on the subject of wages—and on the eve of squaring away across the Atlantic for the Great Day—is news as unpleasant as it is unexpected.

We live indeed in strange days in the realm of sport: boxing champions in other lands act strangely in the hour of victory, various games produce their "unusual incidents," and now the sea has caught this infection. It needs very little imagination to realise what foreign comment must be.

Apparently Endeavour's professional crew had been offered the choice of two generous scales of pay: either £5 10s. a week if the challenger loses, and £6 10s. a week if she wins; or £4 9s. a week if she loses, and £8 a week if she wins. This scale was to continue until October—at least a month longer than yacht crews usually remain on the full pay list. If one is to believe report the men rejected this offer and countered by demanding even higher rates—a pistol held at the head of an owner who has spent the last two months in training this crew to the precise work they are to perform on the other side.

ENDEAVOUR'S VOLUNTEERS

Very rightly Mr. Sopwith refused to be dragooned, and is now manning his ship with enthusiastic amateurs. What his feelings must be now, at the eleventh hour, when he realises that his chances may be jeopardised by this step, one cannot gauge—and we do know that much of the success of successive defenders has been the excellent American crew drill. The Challenger's owner deserves every congratulation for the stand he has taken—and we can be very certain that his amateurs will not fail him.

When one realises that a very fair average rate of pay for a racing yacht hand during the season is about £3 10s. a week with his kit provided by the owner and so on, one can appreciate the reason for Mr. Sopwith's stand. It is, perhaps, a pity that such high rates were offered in the first place; it is a still greater pity that the crew were not already under Merchant Ship articles—although in view of what has happened that might have obtained disciplinary powers at the price of a disgruntled crew. Mr. Sopwith justly believes that a volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men, and more power to his elbow.

TENCH AT TRING

With the reservoirs looking like a low spring tide in the Severn estuary it is surprising that any news of successful fishing should come from Tring, but that the fish have not entirely disappeared (as they seem so often to do in drought) is shown by the remarkable catch made by two anglers on July 6th—21 tench, averaging nearly 3½lb. apiece, the best fish weighing 4¾lb. Tench have more resistance to drought than most of our indigenous species, since they seem able to live buried in mud for considerable periods. Many a farm pond has had its tench fishing destroyed by the combination of a long drought and a hay rake.

It is curious that the old fish-pond makers seemed to attach less importance to tench than to carp or bream, for it has more edible flesh on it than either of them. If only one could get rid of what is politely termed the "fresh-water" taste (intensified in the case of tench by its liking for mud) it would make an excellent table fish.

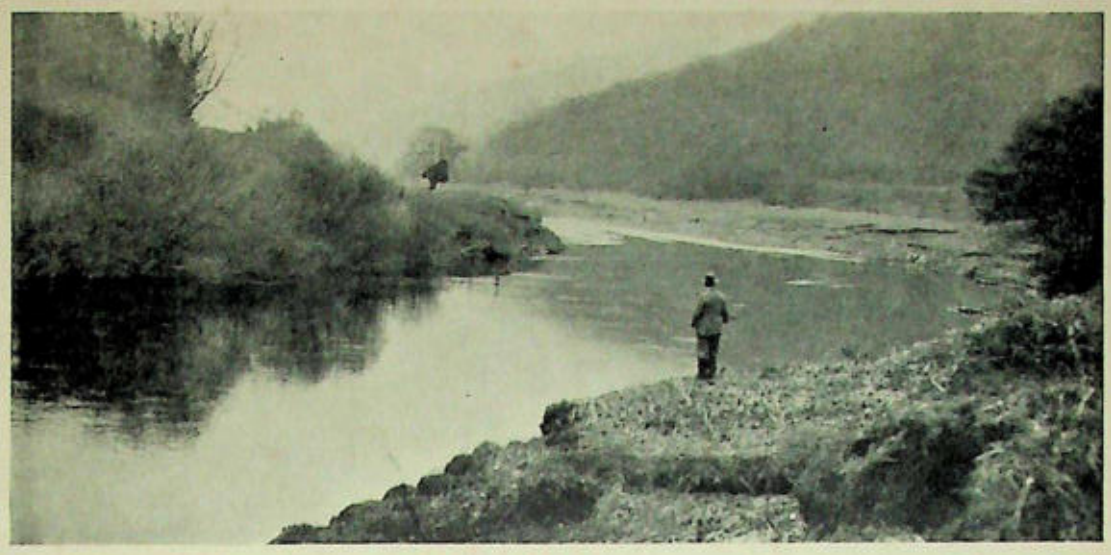
ENGLAND IN EXILE

Are there Englishmen abroad, in India, in Africa, in Egypt, thinking of the green quiet of summer over the English countryside? They may remember, perhaps, some of the lines of Katherine Tynan's poem, *The Old Love*:

"The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again.

"This is that country seen across
How many a league of love and loss,
Prayed for and longed for, and as far
As fountains in the desert are.

"This is that country at my door,
Whose fragrant airs run on before,
And call me when the first birds stir
In the green wood to walk with her."



THE WYE IN DANGER

A Scheme Which Will Destroy Fishing and Amenities at One Blow

THE Wye Valley, it appears, is once more to be the playground (or should it be "battle-ground"?) of would-be improvers. The history of that picturesque valley has been, until the beginning of the present century, one long series of attempts on the part of men to harness the river for their own supposed advantage. It started in 1661, when an Act was passed making the river navigable—the child-like faith in the power of Acts of Parliament is a wonderful thing. Attempts on the part of various "undertakers," happily so-called, to convert *de jure* into *de facto* navigability make entertaining, though perhaps rather tragic, reading; the triumph of the Wye over the engineers was always complete. Up to the closing decade of the last century the history of Wye "improvements" was the history of failure.

Then came John Hotchkis and his great idea. The river, apart from its value as a thing of beauty, had become derelict. It had failed as a navigable water for fostering trade; it had been robbed of its salmon harvest by the short-sighted greed of its tacksmen, and the time was rapidly approaching when it would no longer have supported even the few labourers who worked its nets.

John Hotchkis's policy, which has been followed in detail by the present Wye Fishery Board, has at last brought success to the Wye and prosperity to many of the inhabitants of its wonderful valley. All the way from Chepstow to Rhayader are salmon beats which produce the best fishing in England, and this has been done without reducing the value of the net fishings at the mouth. At a meeting of the Fishery Board recently, Mr. J. Arthur Hutton stated that the salmon fisheries of the Wye are worth to-day considerably over £50,000 a year, which is net gain to the community.

It is now proposed to destroy this successful edifice which 30 years of careful management has built up, simply in the hope that some low-lying land near Monmouth may be saved from flooding at times of high water. The body responsible for this incredible suggestion is the Catchment Area Authority. These authorities are comparatively new. They have been appointed under the Drainage Act of 1930, and one of their duties is to look after the main waterway of a river, but the new authority for the Wye seems to have overlooked entirely clause 62 of the Act by which it was constituted. This reads:

"(1) Nothing in this Act shall prejudice or affect the provisions of the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Act, 1923, or any rights, powers or duties conferred or imposed thereby.

"(2) In the execution of the powers conferred by this Act due regard shall be had to the Fishery interests."

The present scheme proposed by the Wye Catchment Area Authority consists in straightening the river near Monmouth, removing various natural or artificial "obstructions" and converting the lower reaches into a sort of chute. These so-called "obstructions" form below them resting pools for salmon, and it is on the number and efficieney of such pools that the value of a rod fishery in any given reach largely depends. Has the Catchment Area Authority obtained the consent of the Fishery Board to the removal of these pools? From the meeting between the Fishery Board and the riparian and other interests on the river, which took place on July 10th, it would appear that it has not, yet the Drainage Act specifically calls attention to the need for any scheme of drainage to fit it with the fishery interests and confirms the powers of the Fishery Boards whose business it is to look after those interests.

And this scheme is only a beginning. The drainage authority have in mind to "improve" the Wye Valley all the way up as far as their authority extends—a cheerful prospect for the ratepayers (who have to pay for it under the Act), and who apparently will be mulcted in a few hundred thousands in order that the water they so badly need may be allowed to flow away unobstructed along with some considerable part of their revenue.

But perhaps the worst feature of the whole affair is the futility of the scheme itself. We have had three bad droughts in six years. Will our water authorities never learn anything by experience? It is surely obvious, as has been repeatedly urged by the *Field*, that floods may be prevented by water conservation just as easily as by so-called drainage. Floods are nothing more than water in the wrong place—water where it is not wanted. The underlying idea of all modern water-control schemes should be to keep water where it *is* wanted. The contention frequently advanced that even the largest lake reservoir will only hold a day's fall of rain in the neighbourhood shows a curious inability to grasp the essential fact that flooding is a question of time. Rainfall which causes a serious flood when passing down a river in 24 hours will cause no flood at all if it takes 48 hours in its descent. It is just the delay caused by this day's holding power that makes all the difference between a bank-high river and a badly flooded area.

What does this scheme do towards our most urgent necessity, the conservation of water supplies? Evidently nothing at all. It is in the upper or middle reaches of a river that flood prevention and water conservation should be attacked, for they are in reality the same problem. A scheme which converts a beautiful stretch of a river into a canal-like chute, alternating between a rushing torrent and a pool of stale water has, on the face of it, nothing to commend it.

Is it not time that our "drainage" authorities realised that water is valuable, that the underlying idea of all water-control plans should be to put the water where it is wanted? The basic idea of the Wye Catchment Authority's scheme seems to be that the Bristol Channel is urgently in need of water. It is a delusion.

TAKING DRIVEN PARTRIDGES BEHIND AT A FIELD TRIAL
A scene in October sunlight at Lilford, Northamptonshire, during the Labrador Club Trials

PARTRIDGE DAYS IN THE MAKING

A Good Season which may be Spoilt by Drought

GREAT partridge years seem to come with great occasions. '87 and '97, the Queen's Jubilees, were good years. In 1906 we had a change of Government which marked the end of an epoch—and plenty of partridges; 1911 was the King's Coronation; 1914, the War, and 1924 the Wembley Exhibition. Well, there is nothing particularly to mark this year, and it is not likely to prove "great," though it may be "good," "good," let us hope, as a prelude to "great" in the twenty-fifth year of the Reign of His Majesty the King, one of the first shots in the country.

This year began excellently. Nearly everywhere there was a healthy breeding stock left. Weather has been mild to a degree (except for storms in April and May on the Border and further north), and there has been remarkably little menace from sudden and devastating thunderstorms. Hatchings were generally a little late, though not in the Midlands, where some of the earliest on record are reported, and the clutches were good. Rarely have such generally good reports of the hatching come to hand. Since then coveys have thrived in varying degrees; being a very dry year they have been difficult to watch and count as they have got themselves off into high grass and standing corn. Rain, the usual bugbear, has passed them by. But in dry districts, especially on high and open ground, they have suffered severely from drought, and if there is no rain between now and September the situation will worsen perceptibly. Where the drought has not been felt so acutely, coveys are strong, and the prospects seem to vary from good to very good. Generally the lack of rain seems to have been most felt in East Anglia. In the South of England really good things may be in store. Too little rain and not too much, then, is the paradox of this year's partridge season. But, as always, what may hold good in one district may be altogether different in another, so that this forecast cannot be considered more than a general indication. May the *Field* thank once more the correspondents whose kindness makes this possible.

The prizes for the best forecast by keeper go to: E. Carter, Kinnersley Castle, Hereford, and A. Robertson, Edzell, Angus. The entries were very close, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the best two were finally chosen from the last dozen.

In Northern Scotland, where there was such a fine partridge season last year, there are favourable signs, though as there was very cold weather in March and April, nesting was late, and it is still rather early to speak of the size of the coveys with certainty. From Morayshire comes a report of an average of fifteen eggs per nest and 90 per cent. hatching. Our Angus correspondent reports in a similar manner, and laments the failure of root crops in his district. The weather has been kind as regards hatching, but the drought has lasted too long, and the broods are suffering from lack of water. Another report from Morayshire states that birds are doing very well this year, and that an adequate breeding stock and fine weather gives hopes of a really good season. It should be at least a fair season, and in places a really good one in the North of Scotland, not far below last year's.

On the Scottish Border birds have wintered well and there is no sign of disease, and there has been the best breeding stock for years. Nesting was late, so fortunately a day of heavy storms in the third week of June only interfered with the earlier broods. There has been an average of fifteen eggs per nest and a good hatch, and another much improved season is in prospect. No disease is reported from Scotland.

In Cumberland the cold east winds which prevailed in late spring interfered with the breeding and caused many clutches to be unfertile, especially in the west of the county, where a number of unfertile broods have resulted. But coveys seem to have been bigger than last year, averaging from twelve to sixteen, and the weather since hatching has been excellent. A very good season is expected.

Partridge prospects for South Durham and North Yorkshire are very good. There was a healthy stock left last year, which wintered well, and the nests were early and well filled. The weather conditions since hatching have been excellent, though there were local thunder showers which may have done a little harm in some places. There has been no disease, except a certain amount of infection passed by poultry. In the East Riding the coveys are rather more forward than usual, and average fourteen birds, and the weather has on the whole been propitious. A good season is expected. In North Notts partridges laid and hatched early. There were very large nests, one beat reporting two of 24, which hatched 19 and 23, and the average was over 17 per nest. Hatching was good and there have been no thunderstorms so far. Everything points to a good season, for coveys are forward and generally above the average in numbers. Further west in Nottinghamshire reports are also encouraging, and it looks like a good year in the Midlands.

In North Lincolnshire last season started badly owing to a poor breeding stock, the result of the inroads of the nematoid worm, but partridges have hatched out quite up to the average and the weather has been particularly dry. From another estate comes a report of a better breeding stock, full nests and excellent hatchings, and with generally fine weather and no disease an improved season may be looked forward to. It has been rather a late season in Lincolnshire, and it is still, perhaps, a little early to forecast the strength of the coveys in late September.

In the northern part of Norfolk prospects are very promising. The weather was very good for the hatch, which began in May, averaging up to sixteen, but since then coveys have been much reduced in size owing to the drought. Where birds have been able to get water they have come on well. Rain has been particularly short in this part of Norfolk, and coveys which were sixteen to eighteen ten days ago are now below ten.

Further south reports are more favourable, and from the Westacre district a correspondent writes of a wonderfully good hatch, fine weather since and no disease. From Watton comes an account of an average number of nests and a good hatch, though certain coveys are known to have shrunk considerably. Prospects are fairly good up to the present. In mid-Norfolk there was a very good hatch and fine weather since, but coveys are being affected by the drought, while further west similar conditions prevail, many broods having been reduced to four or five. Where conditions of drought, etc., have been favourable it should be a very good season, but in places things look disappointing after a wonderful start. No disease is noted. In the Thetford area the birds are well forward; there is no disease and coveys are of a decent size. Eggs averaged seventeen to eighteen to the nest and the hatch was very good. There has been good weather since, and a first class season is in prospect.

On another estate in this area a report comes of excellent hatching, good coveys well forward and no disease, but the effects of the drought are feared. There was a heavy thunderstorm in the latter part of June, which may have done some damage, and unless the drought continues unabated a very good season is expected.

From Essex is reported an early hatch with good clutches, some birds laying 19, 20 and even 21. A correspondent writes: "The weather during hatching was excellent to give the birds a start, and although good coveys are still to be seen, the young ones look rather rough in the feather; they are probably suffering from the serious drought. Up to date it is the best season we have had for many years, and given a few warm showers there should be cause for optimism."

East Kent reports rather small clutches but good hatches, with very dry weather and no signs of disease. If the drought does not cause starvation by killing off insect life a good season is expected.

From East Sussex comes a report of a nice breeding stock which wintered well. Nests averaged sixteen-eighteen eggs, and the hatch was over

80 per cent. Owing to the marshland which occurs so often in this part of England the drought has not had a very bad effect, and with the young birds healthy and well forward, and coveys keeping their strength well, undoubtedly a good season is expected.

Hampshire reports are optimistic. Birds are very healthy and there was a hatch of over 90 per cent. and very large clutches. The drought will probably take its toll, but in Hampshire it has always been the dry seasons that give big bags, as indeed elsewhere. From most parts of the county there are indications of a very good year. In Berkshire a good season is expected. Nests have averaged fifteen to twenty, and they hatched off well, but in the less sheltered districts they were a little late. There were two thunderstorms in June which did not do much damage; if the drought continues it may have a serious effect on the downland. Coveys are generally strong and a good season is expected.

In Dorsetshire the prospects would seem to be good. There was an unusually satisfactory hatch. Not much has been seen of the coveys since, as they made straight for the standing corn and high grass, but it is thought that they are strong. In South Devon there has been splendid weather for hatching and rearing, and partridges promise very well; there is no sign of disease, the young birds are forward, and the coveys are fairly strong. A good season is expected. In Somerset birds hatched off well and early. There are some coveys of fifteen and even more to be seen, and they are strong on the wing. Except for lacking of moisture, which is thinning the birds out on higher ground, it should be a good season. General opinion in Cornwall is that the nesting season started with a better breeding stock than usual, and though there was rain every day from June 20th, for a week, just after the hatching. It is not known whate ffect this has had, but in general a good season is expected.

Herefordshire reports an exceptionally dry summer with an average of twelve to sixteen eggs in the nest and a 90 per cent. hatch, but it is feared that since then the drought has had its effect—on the higher ground the effect is most marked. There is no undue cause for optimism at present.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN

Mediterranean—II.

MALLARD, wigeon and teal will all be included under the general heading of Duck, as they all feed at night, and their habits and habitats are more or less similar. Mallard and teal are found all over the Mediterranean, and the same methods of shooting them that are practised in most parts of the world are equally applicable there. Although the majority spend the day on the sea, many remain close to their feeding grounds, where they are to be found in marshes, ponds and reedy pools. In the big marshes the only plan is for the guns to remain in hides while a party of natives is sent to push through the reeds and keep the duck on the move. Good bags can be obtained when the birds who have spent the day on the sea flight back to their feeding grounds in the evening. The morning flight back to the sea does not produce such satisfactory results, as they generally get on the move before it is light enough to shoot. In selecting a place to stand for the evening flight choose the seaward side of fields that have grown beans, peas or corn, which provide their favourite feeding, but remember also that if these foods are not obtainable they have recourse to the mud flats, where they pick up many insects to their liking.

Wigeon are found in great numbers in Greece, but are rarely shot on the Levant. They go inland but little as they feed at night entirely on the ribbon grass which grows on the mud flats, and spend the day right out at sea. They can, therefore, only be shot when flighting. Pochard and gargeny teal are the only other species of wildfowl which are usually encountered in any numbers, the former being common on the Levant, and the latter on the west coast of Greece.

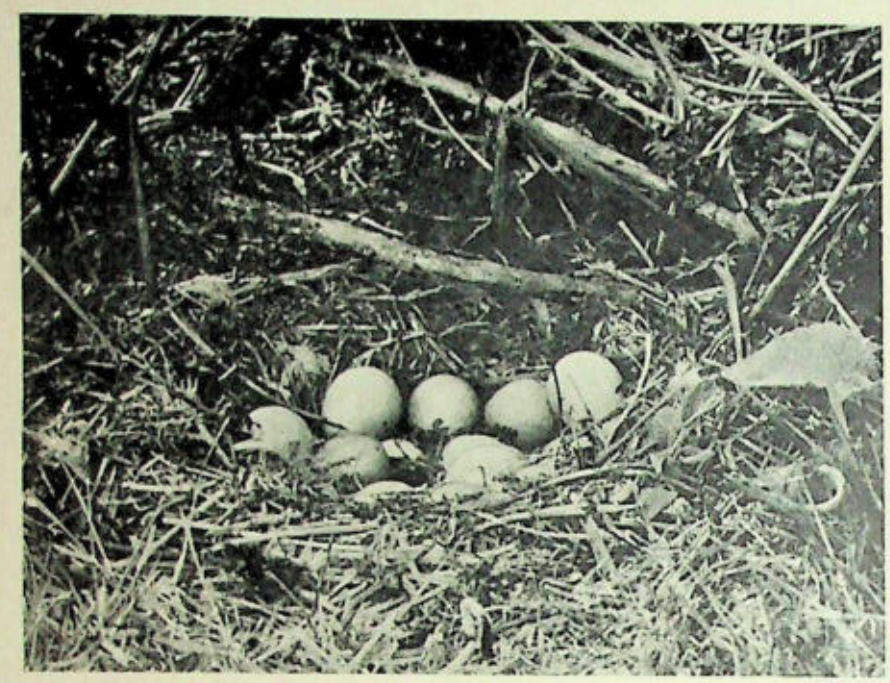
The greylag is the most common variety of wild goose found in the Mediterranean, the pinkfoot and Alba Frons coming a good second. The brent goose is comparatively rare, as he appears to winter farther north. Unlike duck, they are day feeders, and being extremely wary are impossible to approach, so the only hope of getting a shot is to intercept them during their flight to and from their feeding grounds; but this is rarely possible unless time is available to study their usual line and actual feeding places.

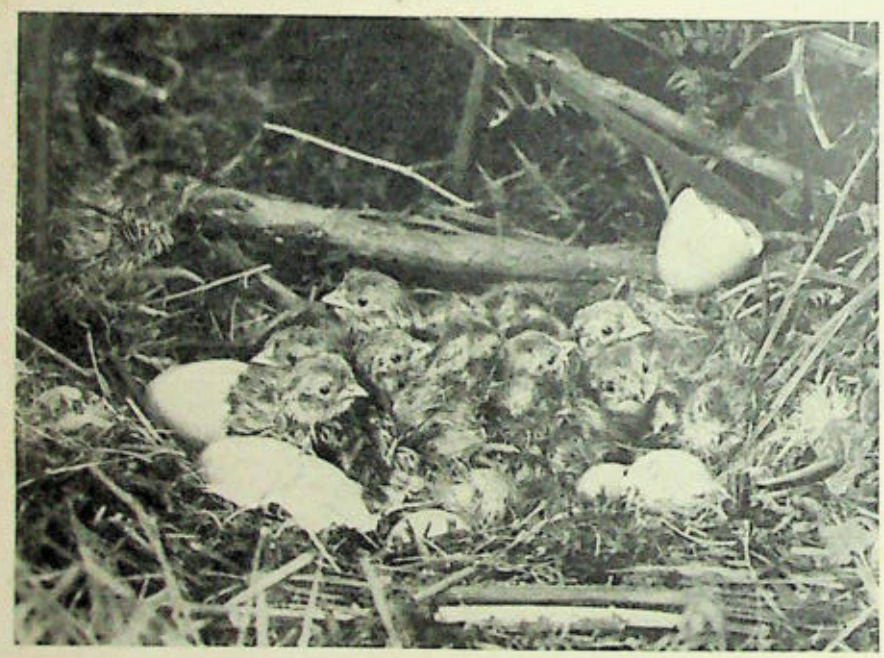
Hooper swan are found in thousands in most of the large marshes at the estuaries of the rivers of Anatolia and the Balkan Peninsular. They arrive in October and remain all the winter.

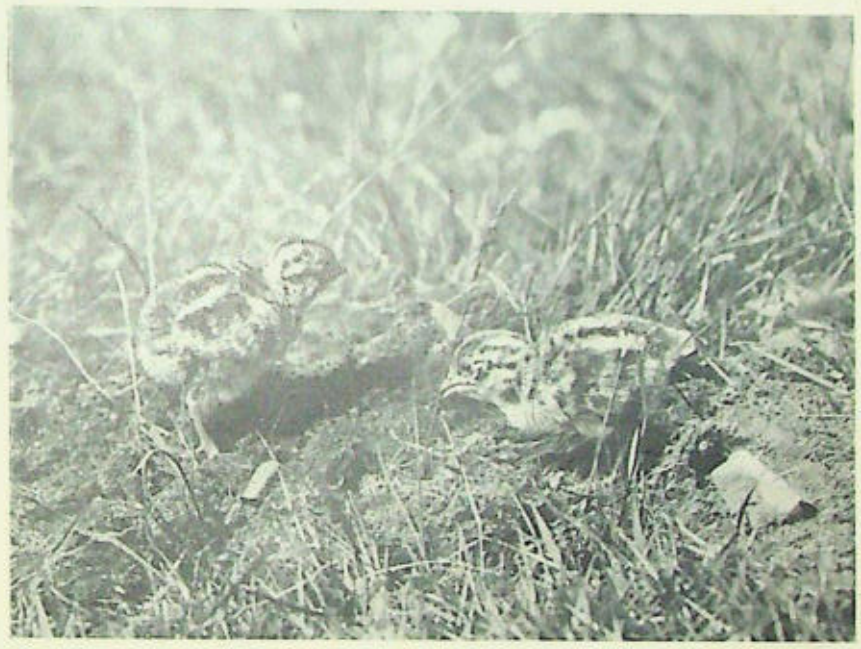
Local knowledge is essential for shooting quail, especially during the spring migration, for then they rarely remain in one place for more than twelve hours, arriving shortly before dawn and leaving the next night. On their return to the South in the autumn they reverse this process, and travel by day and rest at night. For preference choose a day when a strong wind is blowing, or the day after a gale, for the birds will then probably take a rest and stay longer than usual.

November to February are the best months for shooting snipe, but in Asia Minor they often arrive as early as September. They are to be found in any good marshy ground. Most excellent woodcock shooting can be had in Albania and Northern Greece, and they are also plentiful in Asia Minor, Macedonia, the Ægean Islands, and all along the North African Coast. They arrive as soon as the cold weather starts in November, and return to their breeding grounds in the North early in February.

DOUGLAS LANG.







EGG TO STUBBLES—THE PARTRIDGE'S PROGRESS

These photographs by M. S. Wood show a clutch; the hen partridge sitting; the hatch of the same clutch; and two of the chicks feeding

E. A. Barton

SUMMER SPORT ON A THAMES BACKWATER

Showing the special craft, half punt, half boat, which our contributor designed for chub fishing

FISHING IN THE DOG DAYS

When Chub Give Better Sport than Trout

By E. A. BARTON

IN the sultry August days, when all fishing is at its worst, when the trout sulk on the river bed and deign only to rise at dusk, then, as a not unsporting substitute, does the simple chub come into its own. Simple! did I say. Had the trout one-half the intelligence of the chub there would be fewer trout anglers and far smaller bags. For the eyesight of the chub seems to be telescopic, and its lateral line has a far greater sensitiveness to vibration than that of a trout. Whether this is due to the survival of the fittest when beset by so great a number of anglers is a doubtful question. I think not, for on waters all but unfished the chub exhibits the same super-piscine appreciation of danger, demanding an equal caution in approach. That it is impossible on the table is a very small matter and but a side issue of no moment compared to its challenging competition of wits.

The river for such chub is the upper Thames. Here on its placid waters and on grilling days have I enjoyed a sport second only to a few record days with the trout. The first day in quest of chub should be devoted to finding where they are, for the "chuck-and-chance-it" wastes time and usually is very unprofitable, and the beat of an approaching oar or the ripple made by a boat places any chance of seeing them all but out of court. Far better is it to take a punt and lying flat in the bows with the head projecting about a foot above the water to get a friend to propel it slowly from the stern with an ever-submerged paddle along the banks. The punt going slightly quicker than the current there is no ripple till the spyer in the bows is almost on the top of the fish before they sink out of sight.

In the illustration is seen a boat which I designed and had built for chub fishing, by the use of which I was able to approach the fish without needing oars or propeller—and therefore without ripple. It was a great idea, and was built to drift downstream with the current, being steered to the desired spot by means of two heavy lead weights, one at the bow and the other at the stern. Each of these weights was attached to a line running through a well-oiled sheave and leading to a cleat amidships: thus one could be perfectly silent in the boat. The method of approach was to row upstream on the side opposite the school of chub, and when well above them push out into the stream and drift down, using the weights alternately to bring the boat to the desired position. By lowering, say, the bow lead, the stern would swing round and head downstream; then the bow lead being raised and the stern lead lowered the released bow would make another half-circle in the current. It required practice to become proficient, but was a great success in approaching the fish.

This vessel being half-boat and half-punt was christened by a name composed of half of each—"The Bont." When in use the Bont was manœuvred to a position at right angles to the school of baskers, for the flash of line or gut made things hopeless; also a long line had to be cast necessitating a long rod, or the line would touch the water behind when lying prone in the punt to cast.

There is no need to let the fly fall lightly; on the contrary, a good ring made by a fly falling with decision excites the chub always to move to the centre of the ring in order to discover what appetising tit-bit had fallen from the trees. When suspicious—well, they are not there, but when confident of security they will take anything offered from a cherry or frog to a large palmer or mole fly. Another method of approach was to lie down full length in the bows of a punt and pull oneself upstream by the herbage on the bank or, better, by the rushes fringing the stream. The current kept the stern of the punt close inshore and when in position the rushes were tied to the punt with string. When a fish was caught one could twitch the string free of rushes and tow one's catch downstream out of danger of roots, and without disturbing the other fish.

I recall one occasion in that most lovely weir pool at Pangbourne. Here the swift current from the weir is split by an island, on one side of which is a belt of rushes. The willows on the island overhang the swift narrow stream, nearly reaching the alders on the other side. Here I had spied a school of large chub in the slack below the alders. I hired a punt from the boathouse 50 yards away, and going below the island brought the punt up to the lowest end of the rushes. Here I lay down in the bow and, reaching the rushes, gently pulled myself hand over hand to the only place whence I could cast and about ten yards from the lowest fish. By slightly raising my head I could see that they were quite unsuspicious, a nice lot of four.

Amongst them was a vast fellow of anything over five pounds. Gently I got my rod, and cast a large mole fly into the middle of the crowd with a definite splash. It fell below the big one and was seized by what seemed a comparatively small one, which instantly made a bolt for the alder roots. I sprang up, for I knew what to expect and gave no law. It was hang on or break, for once amongst the tangle of submerged roots the fish was free. It was a moment of acute terror, but all held, and finding the fish was in mid-stream I tore the rushes free and my punt quickly gathered way. Suddenly the chub started boring upstream again, separating us too rapidly, for my punt was travelling fast. In my extremity I called loudly to the boatman on the raft to rush to my aid with a punt. He heard my cry, and being a good man tumbled into the first punt and was at the bottom of the island ere I had got there. My line was nearly run out, but I leaped into his punt, letting my own drift empty downstream, while he managed to hold his punt steady, and in the end I got the fish into the net—a decent chub of four pounds seven ounces. And that was the small one! For years it adorned the Frank Buckland Museum as a perfect specimen of a chub. When the Museum was broken up it was returned to me, and now I sleep soundly at night beneath its black tail.

A CRICKET SCENE EARLIER THAN HAMBLEDON

The Sevenoaks bi-centenary week includes a match as played between the Gentlemen of Kent and the Gentlemen of Sussex in 1734, of which this picture shows a dress rehearsal. The match has been arranged to be played to-day

TEST MATCH BOWLING AND THE MATCH AT LEEDS

Why England Must Go All Out for the Rubber

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE three Test matches played this season are worth recollecting in tranquillity; a few lessons can be learned by a quiet contemplation of their action and processes. Neither England nor Australia can, at the present time, put into the field a great team; bowlers of quality, especially fast bowlers, are scarce everywhere. The games at Trent Bridge and at Lord's were finished because on the fourth days the attack found allies in pitches that responded to spin. Given a good wicket Woodfull and Wyatt can each grip with equal confidence the rope to be used in the tug-of-war at Leeds this week-end. But England must try hard to win at Leeds; it will, I think, be a mistake if Wyatt concentrates on a draw in the hope of getting the best of the luck in the "timeless" match at the Oval. Test cricket played to a finish comes naturally to the Australian technique and temperament; English players are accustomed to see in the pavilion clock a friend or an enemy.

The position, as I write, is rather exasperating. Here have we an Australian eleven obviously vulnerable; the holes in the armour have been exposed day after day. Woodfull is sighing for Grimmett to recapture the skill lost since Nottingham; Bradman, too, is incalculable and unreliable. If England could only find the right cricketers to take advantage of Australia's technical limitations. I feel that these cricketers do really exist somewhere, that the victorious team could indeed be assembled. But clear vision will be needed to run it to earth. The trouble is that few of us can look at a player's merit with eyes not clouded by prejudice. The averages make us myopic; also the glamour of the "fashionable" county. Nearly every cricketer chosen by the Selection Committee this year has been a cricketer very obviously in the "news"; an expert selection committee has not really been needed to pick the England team; any schoolboy could have "hit" upon the same names. Is the necessary ability and character being overlooked? Might not J. Smith of Middlesex prove a far better fast bowler than G. O. Allen? Is Hopwood a cleverer slow left-handed spin bowler than Paine of Warwickshire? Might not J. H. Human make and save more runs than certain members of the old brigade?

One thing is certain, England's fielding will lose the rubber if it continues fumbling and treading on its own toes. The running in the outfield at Manchester was as deplorable as the slip catching. At risk of achieving a platitude, I will say that brilliant work in the field means not only a technical but a psychological asset. It is little use employing a temperamental bowler like Clark if you cannot guarantee him reasonable accuracy in the field. A blunder on the boundary, giving three runs away, can be as demoralising to a sensitive bowler as a missed catch. In 1921, at Eastbourne, A. C. Maclaren beat Armstrong's Australians largely by superb running and catching.

The wicket at Leeds in fine weather is the death of the second-rate fast bowler. I am at a loss yet to understand why Allen was chosen to play at Manchester. He had done little or nothing to suggest good form; he was not even sound physically. The Selection Committee really must clear their minds of preconceived notions; the enemy is, as I say, vulnerable.

Our batsmen have "found out" the Australian bowlers—at any rate, on a true turf. Woodfull is likely to feel tempted before he goes into action at Leeds to give Ebeling or Fleetwood-Smith a chance. But if the weather is fine, I fancy he will put all his faith in strong batting. A draw at Leeds will suit the Australian strategy in the "timeless" match at the Oval.

The match at Manchester was curiously shapeless; portentous things kept happening, only to mean nothing at all. O'Reilly took three wickets in an over; but the deed, which should have made history, performed no seminal influence whatever. England achieved a total of over 600, and it was as though stuffed with sawdust. On the third morning, the Australian "tail" saved the follow-on amidst great excitement. But it was a fictitious excitement; every cricketer present knew that the England bowlers were incapable of getting Australia out again that day. All my impressions of the Test match at Manchester are becoming dim already—all but one. The memory of Walters's innings on the first morning will remain. Here, I am convinced, is the handsomest English batsman since Maclaren. Walters is unable to perform an undignified stroke. He looks the fine cricketer all over; he wears his flannels the right way; the shirt curves and ripples. No great batsman ever looked ungainly or out of character. Walters uses his bat with pride and relish. And he uses it primarily for offence. He plays a "safe" stroke only as a last resort. His preliminary position is loose and free, organised for a stroke. His driving is glorious; how regally he hit O'Reilly straight at Manchester, the bat finishing on high. This was batsmanship, not merely batting.

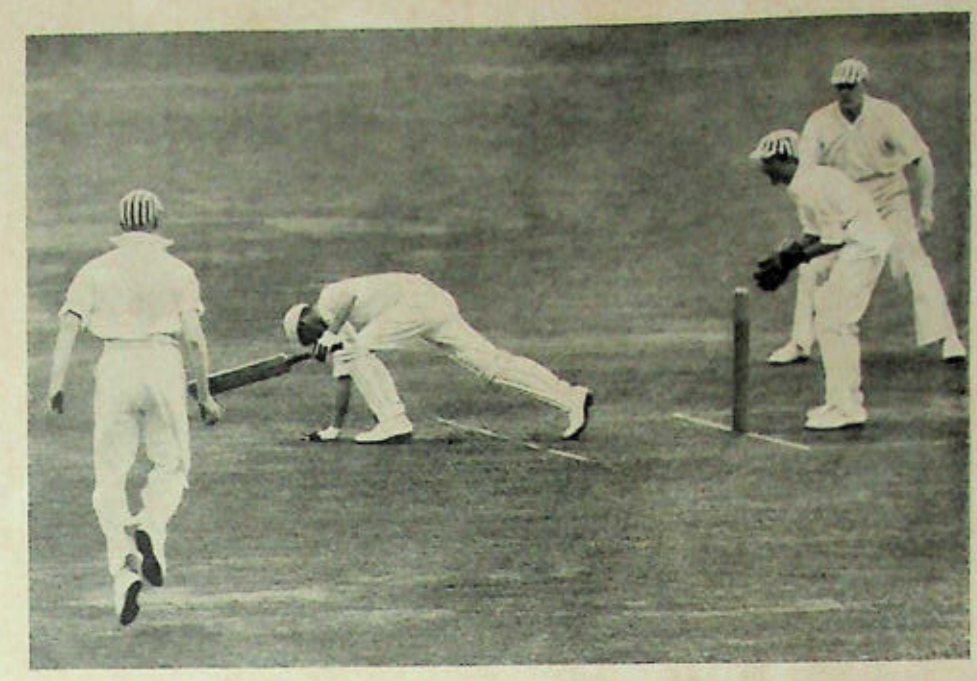
Walters needs only experience; he will join the elect as soon as a Test match innings is to him as instinctive an act as the morning bath. He has not a lot to learn technically—though I wish he would see to it that his left leg is well across when he hits past cover. His cricket wants now only the maturing processes of time. Victor Trumper at 30 years of age was technically much the same as Victor Trumper at 20; mastership came by the accumulation of experience in great cricket. The important fact is that experience turns into instinct. In a year or two from now, Walters will be doing the right thing by a sort of reflex-action; at present, he has occasionally to think about it.

There are plenty of fine "untried" cricketers in the land just now—Human, Barber, Parkinson, B. O. Allen, Copson (*there's* a bowler who might help to win a Test match to-morrow), Paine, B. H. Valentine, E. R. T. Holmes, F. G. H. Chalk, Booth, Mitchell-Innes, Duckfield, J. W. Seamer—to name a few. I hope that most of them will be given a chance in the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's. This engagement falls due the day after the Leeds Test match; it will be foolish to call on the worn-out Test match warriors. The Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's should be the young cricketer's opportunity this year. The game is living rather too much on old blood. All honour to the veterans—to Hendren, Sutcliffe, Mead, Ernest Tyldesley, Woolley, Freeman, and to all the other middle-aged heroes. But cricket is a young man's game; the prize should go to the fleetest runners—and there is just a danger in the Test matches that it will.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Slow Bowlers Come Into Their Own

COUNTY matches at Blackheath have a flavour of their own. They are not of the metropolitan type, nor are they quite of the rural kind seen on most Kent grounds, and the crowd is usually equally partisan, with as many Surrey supporters as Kent. The wicket, too, has its own particular character, not infrequently giving help to the bowlers. For these reasons the annual Kent v. Surrey match is always entertaining, and last Saturday we had as varied a day's cricket as you could wish to see. Following rain, the wicket was clearly suspect by the early Surrey batsmen, and the ball in truth would "lift" in a way that recalled some of the wickets on which Woolley used to be a terror. But Kent suffered from another attack of the epidemic of missed catches that has affected so many matches this season. With 3 Surrey wickets down for 15, Barling was missed before he had scored and again at 5, and he and Squires then turned the



ETON DRAW WITH HARROW FOR THE TENTH TIME IN THIRTEEN YEARS

On the left are Harrow going out to field, the four players being, from left to right, P. M. Studd, E. T. Pelham, J. H. Pawle, the captain and hero of Harrow's second innings, and B. D. Carris. On the right F. G. Mann is seen beaten by an off ball taken by the wicket keeper, T. V. Neumark

tables in a stand for 108. Barling hit. Squires defended. One incident particularly pleased the crowd. From a straight drive by Squires Barling accidentally diverted the ball with his pads when mid-on could otherwise have fielded it, and though there was time for probably two runs the batsmen declined to take advantage of the accident.

The beating of a record in the Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval is of comparatively little account for the match itself nowadays is of little account except as a variation from the county programme. But the scoring by the Players of 651 runs for seven wickets (647 was the previous highest score) is symbolic of the efficiency of professional batting against moderately good bowling. It must be something of a record for the match for 608 runs to be scored in one day. Arnold showed us how well he can drive, Squires how many strokes he has when he likes to use them, and Wellard how powerful a hitter he is. It was pleasing to see Kennedy as captain, for this old Hampshire stalwart has done many fine things in this fixture, including the taking of all ten wickets in one innings of the Gentlemen some years ago. But if the match is to retain any significance at all it should not be allowed to continue as a fixture between scratch teams from counties which do not happen to be playing at the time.

Gloucestershire have made a remarkable revival recently after an early period of depression, and when they beat Notts handsomely last week they had already accounted for Kent, Yorkshire and Glamorgan in succession. Their record is the more notable since they have been greatly handicapped by the absence of Goddard, one of their chief bowlers and though Parker now and again still comes off on a helpful wicket he is nothing like the force he was as a slow bowler. But Sinfield has taken his chance, and has shown great improvement as a bowler this season, and another big factor has been the batting of Hammond, who seems to have been keeping his failures for the Test matches (this is written before the Leeds match has begun) and his successes for Gloucestershire.

As instructive as Gloucestershire's rise has been Kent's fall. We are beginning to see how greatly Kent have been relying on Freeman's bowling in the last few seasons. For the first time for several years the great little slow bowler has lost something of his ascendancy; his bag of wickets is no longer unchallenged, for Mitchell, of Derbyshire, passed him, and at the end of last week had taken 115 to Freeman's 108. There is possibly a natural successor to Freeman in Lewis, a slow bowler somewhat similar in type to Freeman, from whom he will no doubt learn a great deal. So far this has not, of course, been a vintage year for slow bowlers, but some of them came into their own last week. Hopwood's bowling, for instance, gained a great victory for Lancashire over Worcestershire, who had no more than 122 to get in order to win, and failed by 32. With six wickets for 43 in this innings Hopwood took fifteen for 112 in the match, taking nine for 69 in the first innings. Worcestershire as a batting side may not be great, but the merit of Hopwood's bowling lies in comparison with the other Lancashire bowlers who failed. Paine, the Warwickshire slow bowler, took his 100th wicket last week, and should easily beat his total last season, 118. At one time Paine looked all over a Test match player in the making, and his time is not yet past. Then there was Mitchell of Derbyshire, who did for his county what he could not do in a Test match—he took seven Australian wickets for 105 in an innings of 255.

F. I. W.

CRICKET AT LORD'S

Slow Batting and a Brilliant Finish in the Eton and Harrow Match

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

THE Oxford v. Cambridge match was ruined, as a spectacle, by the stand made by Singleton and Barlow for the last Oxford wicket. All the wise heads in the pavilion were asking why Human did not put Pelham on to bowl, and were delighted with themselves when he, on being eventually put on, got Singleton with his second ball. I think Human managed his bowling extremely well on the whole, but I do think that he should have given Pelham a bowl at 4.30, especially as the latter had had a three hours' rest. Allen and Parker made a brave attempt to get the 198 in an hour and 50 minutes, and were, at one time, ahead of the clock with 53 runs scored in 30 minutes, but then Allen was run out through not backing up properly, and the match fizzled out.

The whole game was a most enjoyable one to watch on account of the magnificent fielding of both sides, with Davies pre-eminent. Two records were established, Allen being the only Etonian who has scored a century in the Eton and Harrow and Oxford and Cambridge matches, and Human, by scoring 1,160 runs, average 64; and Winlaw, 977, average 57, for Cambridge; and de Savern, 1,119, average 50; and Mitchell-Innes, 998, average 55, for Oxford, performed combined feats unprecedented in the annals of Oxford and Cambridge cricket. Scores: Oxford, 415 and 182. Cambridge, 400 and 94 for three wickets.

The Eton v. Harrow match ended, as usual, in a draw. Unless both sides speed up their rates of progression such a result will continue to occur.

The hours of play were from 11 to 7, and 11 to 7.30 a total of sixteen-and-a-half hours. From that must be deducted two luncheon and tea intervals, three 10 minutes intervals between innings, 15 minutes at the conclusion of the match, as stumps were drawn at 7.15, and a delay of exactly 45 minutes through rain, a total of 2 hours 40 minutes, which makes the actual playing time 13 hours 50 minutes. Eton were batting 5 hours 45 minutes for 353 runs, made at an average rate of 61 runs per hour. Harrow were batting 8 hours 5 minutes for 412 runs, made at an average rate of 51 runs per hour. The average rate of scoring was therefore 55 runs per hour. That is too slow a rate on a wicket such as the one on which the match was played. The fact that between 5.55 and 6.30 no less than 100 runs were scored makes it even worse than it appears to be. Pawle himself made 68 in that 35 minutes, and better hitting than his has not been seen at Lord's.

On both sides the bowling was distinctly steady, without being anything out of the way, and was of a good length. J. P. Mann maintained a control which might have made a certain bowler of a similar description, and incidentally one of the best all-round cricketers in England, jealous. Duveen of Harrow was probably the best bowler on either side. The story that he received a Botticelli last year as a reward for his skill was quite unfounded for obvious reasons. B. D. Carris did his side incalculable service in both innings by his "stout" resistance. The fielding was above the average, and some splendid catches were made, the one by Studd which dismissed Villiers being one of the best I ever saw. I believe they give a prize at Harrow for the best catch of the year. If anyone other than Studd gets it I should like to hear about his catch. I remember Villiers's brother, Hyde, who, I think, made 86 in the match, being dismissed the following year by a catch in the slips by Pennyfather, which won the prize, I fancy, and if that is so, the Clarendon family may consider themselves unlucky. Catches by Magill and F. G. Mann at third man and cover point were also outstanding ones.

Two unusual incidents occurred during the course of the match. Rain fell during the tea interval on the first day. At five o'clock it ceased completely. No bell was rung. At 5.5 the sun came out. Still no bell was rung. At 5.10 parasols were put up. At 5.11 a bell was rung, and people began to move off the ground. Thanks to the Harrow XI, who were waiting at the door of the pavilion ready to go out, play was resumed at 5.15, with everyone scrambling to their seats. Play should have begun at 5.5. The other incident occurred at the very end of the match. Dixon of Eton drop-kicked the ball through the slips and ran. Newman, the umpire, very rightly refused to allow the run, and sent Dixon back to the touchline and signalled "no run." I must admit it was a fine kick, but it was hardly cricket.

Boyd is to be congratulated on making 100. Without possessing the style of, say, Reggie Spooner, he has got a good drive and puts the punch into it at the moment of contact, an excellent example to golfers. He also managed his bowling admirably. Villiers was attractive, and made some lovely shots on both sides of the wicket. He had a good match. The full scores were: Eton, 306 and 47 for three. Harrow, 169 and 243 for three, declared.

It was splendid to see the brothers Mann following in their father's footsteps so effectively. I expect they are, like their father, good runners. When Yorkshire were playing Middlesex I told the latter that I thought Lupton, the Yorkshire captain, could beat him over 100yds. Mann would not hear of such a thing, and said he would run Lupton a match during the luncheon interval. However, Lupton moved about so swiftly in the field that Mann left the dressing room and started practising "starts" in the passage. Later on some more agility by Lupton rather shook Mann's confidence, and he said that he thought that Findlay might not approve of a race at Lord's. Also a report that Lupton could do the 100 inside 12sec. may have had something to do with it. Anyhow, the match never came off, and I do not suppose that Lupton ever even heard of it.

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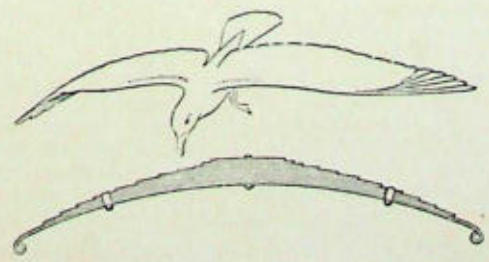

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RAINBOW SAILING IN PERFECT TRIM EQUIPPED WITH SAILS FORMERLY FITTED TO ENTERPRISE, THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER AGAINST SHAMROCK V

Trials between Weetamoe, Yankee and Rainbow for the choice of an America's Cup defender have not been completed, and on the recent performances of Yankee it is by no means certain that the Vanderbilt Syndicate's new boat will secure the honour. Both the older yachts have been considerably altered and will make a stern fight for premier place

RAINBOW THE RIVAL OF ENDEAVOUR?

The New Burgess Boat and Her Equipment

By WILLIAM U. SWANN

IN seeking additional honours as a creator of champion boats in what might be called the Blue Ribbon class in competitive yachting of the sail, William Starling Burgess, the New York naval architect, was confronted by three problems: first, how to produce a boat that would be, if possible, faster than his successful Enterprise of 1930, have her conform to the new Class J requirements adopted immediately after the last America's Cup match, and to hand her over to a syndicate composed mostly of members of the New York Yacht Club, headed by Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, at the least possible cost.

His answer was the composite 76ft. rating sloop Rainbow, a boat longer, narrower, heavier and much less expensive than Enterprise, which when tucked away in the Herreshoff yard four years ago next autumn represented a total outlay of a million one hundred thousand dollars. If Rainbow goes through to the finals this summer it is believed that the syndicate's bill will be less than half a million.

The work of laying down a prospective defender of the America's Cup began immediately after the adoption of the new rule conditions as to construction and, as another match seemed to threaten, was continued through the summer of 1931 by tank trials of two models. When the Sopwith challenge eventuated, what was believed to be the better of the two became that of the present Rainbow, with construction and rig worked out with true Burgess regard for minute detail.

As seen by the accompanying table, Rainbow's principal dimensions are close to a mean between those of Weetamoe and Enterprise, due entirely, Mr. Burgess declares, to the tank experiments and not to mathematical calculations nor to the drafting board.

What the table does not show, however, is that Rainbow's displacement is much farther forward than in Enterprise, with a bow that is neither V-shaped like hers, nor U-shaped like that of Weetamoe; in fact it is nearer to what Yankee's was before the latter's alterations this spring. Her bilges are somewhat harder, with a flat keel that rises somewhat sharply to a graceful bow, and a decided tumble home to her topsides.

Rainbow's underbody is of bronze of the same plate thickness as that used on Enterprise, and bolted to steel frames; while her topsides are also of steel, not only to save weight but expense. She has the required accommodations for afterguard, officers and crew, with a large main cabin and staterooms aft.

No Burgess boat would be complete without some unique feature, and that on Rainbow is an unusually spacious sail locker under practically the entire saloon floor, and dubbed a "swimming pool." When in action the floor boards, table and other fittings are removed, and sail deliveries made to the deck in about half the usual time.

Like that on Enterprise, the mast on Rainbow is of duralumin, and weighs 183lb. over the required minimum of 5,500lb, and even closer in the centre of gravity requirement of 42 per cent. of its length from the foot of the spar. In form the mast is oval in cross-section, being 30in. fore and aft, and 18in. athwartships, with the plates tapering from ·34 of an inch in the thickest part at the foot to ·14 of an inch at the head. Mr. Burgess estimates that the new shape, construction and material of a somewhat stronger aluminium alloy has made the spar at lease 50 per cent. stronger than the old one on Enterprise.

The mast has a height of 154ft. above the deck to the black band at the head required by the new rule, which allows a cap to be used above the halyard sheave, adopted to make the sail set better and with less strain on the gear. On Rainbow's mast this strain is still further decreased by a latch which holds the head of the sail to the masthead and allows the halyard to be somewhat slackened.

By agreement between Mr. Vanderbilt and Frederick H. Prince, the owner of Weetamoe, the latter carries a duplicate spar, so that if either is selected to defend the cup the other's mast could be used in an emergency. Yankee has also a spare spar, as required by the America's Cup Committee this year as well as in 1930.

Another innovation on both Rainbow and Weetamoe is the use of solid metal shrounds of chrome nickel steel, which under test showed elasticity equal to that of wire rope, and being somewhat smaller offers less wind resistance.

Additional expense was saved on Rainbow by the use of much of Enterprise's equipment, notably her centreboard, winches, mast spreaders, deck rails, one of Weetamoe's old booms, and a wheel that bears the inscription "Enterprise, 1930" and "Rainbow, 1934." During the early part of the season Rainbow carried several of Enterprise's mainsails recut, as well as a number of the latter's head sails, but in the trial races late in August she will swing aloft an entire new suit of canvas made of Somerset duck.

Rainbow's topsides are white with a broad black boot top, and on the stern in letters of gold, is her name "Rainbow, New York." Incidentally, Weetamoe hails from Newport and Yankee from Marblehead.

The greater part of Rainbow's crew served under Mr. Vanderbilt on Enterprise, including two of the afterguard, Messrs. C. Sherman Hoyt and Burgess. The former is credited to having been the chief tactician on Enterprise, while the latter will act as navigator this year. The other member of the afterguard is John Parkinson, the assistant helmsman, who was on Weetamoe four years ago.

From the very first sail trial on May 18th the training of both foremast hands and afterguard began. This perfection of organisation, demanded by Mr. Vanderbilt, who is both skipper and manager, was an important contributing factor to Enterprise's victory four years ago over Shamrock V, on which there was tumult at every start. It is also a feature in the preparation of the other two candidates for defence, Yankee and Weetamoe.

Below are the principal dimensions of the three America's Cup defence candidates this year, as well as those of Enterprise and Shamrock V and Endeavour:

Yacht.	Tons.	Overall ft.	Water-line ft.	Beam ft.	Draft ft.	Sail Area sq. ft.
Yankee	148	126	83.7	22.5	14.8	7,580
Weetamoe	143	125.1	83	20	15.3	7,568
Rainbow	138	126.6	82	21.9	14.9	7,555
Shamrock V.	134	119.9	81.4	19.6	14.7	7,524
Enterprise	128.5	120.4	80	21.8	14.4	7,540
Endeavour	143	130	83	22	15	7,550

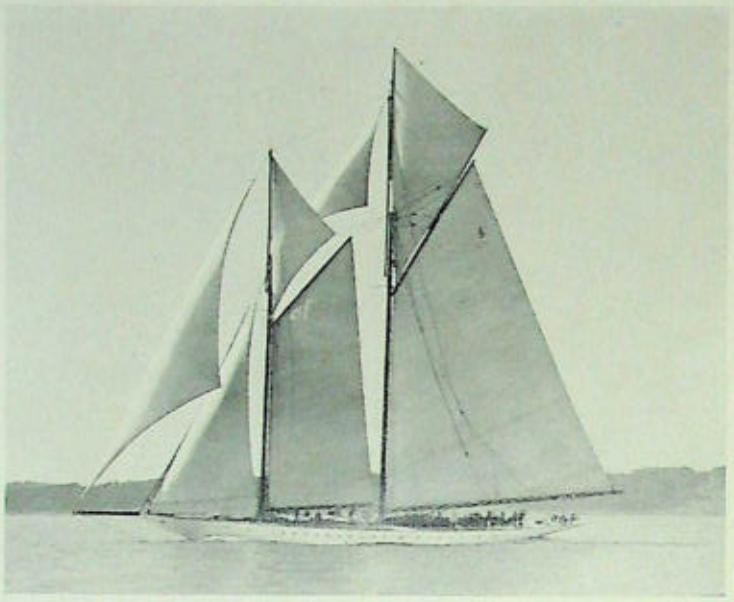
RAINBOW CLOSE-HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK

Both Yankee and Weetamoe, rivals to Rainbow in the trials for the America's Cup defender, were but slightly affected by the changes in the rules making cabin accommodation and a heavier mast obligatory, and by alterations in hull and rig, were easily adapted to the new conditions. In building Rainbow, Mr. Harold Vanderbilt and his syndicate were influenced by the fact that Enterprise, the victor over Shamrock V., was the smallest of the defence candidates built for the 1930 races. Mr. Vanderbilt says: "If Enterprise had been commissioned this year her displacement would have been increased by seven tons of cabin accommodations and by some 1,500lb. of mast, an increase of 37 per cent., as compared to her 1930 mast. These changes would have decreased her stability, sail carrying, and sea-going qualities to such an extent as (in the opinion of the designers) to put her out of the running."

E. Levick, New York

LOOKING FROM AFT ALONG RAINBOW'S DECK

Note the position of the dinghy giving plenty of clear deck space forward, and the clean wake. In the new boat everything has been done to minimise wind resistance, and even her duralumin mast has been streamlined, while Endeavour's, although of welded steel, is of the usual round type.



WESTWARD JOINS THE FLEET

CLOSE RACING IN THE SOLENT

Still More Successes for Astra

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

AMONG the chief events of last week were the annual regatta of the Royal Albert Yacht Club and the City of Portsmouth Corporation Regatta. The race for the big class produced one of the most spectacular finishes ever seen on the Solent. The Royal Albert course is twice round the South-East Ryde Middle, the Dean Tail and the East Princessa buoys—a distance of 44 sea miles—and, at the finish of the race, the times of the three leading yachts were covered by 24sec. Mr. Hugh Paul's Astra, which has been sailing better than at any time since she first came out in 1928, led last season's crack Velsheda over the line by 16sec., which, in turn was 8sec. ahead of Mr. T. B. Davis's big Herreshoff schooner Westward.

Astra had worked out a lead of 3min. 25sec. on Velsheda on the first turn to windward to the South-East Ryde Middle buoy, and was never headed throughout the race, although Velsheda steadily reduced the distance between them. This performance, for a yacht giving away about 6ft. in length of load water line, was a remarkable one and reflects the greatest credit both on the skilful handling of the yacht and on the perfect trim into which her owner and Captain Ned Heard have got her. On corrected time for difference of rating she was a winner by the comfortable margin of 5min. 59sec., while Mr. C. R. Fairey's Shamrock only lost the second prize to Velsheda by 38sec.

It was a matter of interest to note that whereas three yachts varying greatly in size, type and rig, finished within half a minute of each other on actual times, the corrected times by the International Time Scale brought four out of the five vessels within 1min. 49sec. at the finish of the 44-mile course.

There can be no doubt that Velsheda is by no means in her best trim, which must be most disappointing for her sporting owner, Mr. W. L. Stephenson, and it is to be hoped that satisfactory adjustments may shortly be made which will enable this fine vessel to do herself full justice.

Sir Philip Hunloke made a perfect start with Britannia, but it was not her day, and she did not have the best of luck when sailing in close company with Westward and Shamrock. It was Westward's first appearance in the class this season and, considering the weather conditions, she made a very good show. The schooner's new mainsail was made for her by her owner and his two sailmakers in Jersey during the past winter, and I understand that Mr. Davis has now made a complete suit of racing sails in addition to having re-masted her. He has made a complete success of a task that no other yacht-owner has ever even attempted, and in addition to this he has designed and built a motor launch to act as tender to Westward which has certain distinctive features that make her particularly safe under conditions which often bring out the weakness in boats of the more normal design.

Shamrock was using her big double-sheeted jib for the first time, but did not appear to be altogether happy with it. This sail is very similar to the one which Charles Nicholson fitted to Endeavour, and probably it may require some little time to get the best out of it, but it is also possible that Shamrock may not be as well suited in design as the America's Cup Challenger to stand up to the use of this type of sail. The new Nicholson designed and built Westra scored an easy win of over 6min. from the latest Fairlie craft, Miquette, in the 12-metre class, with Iruna—the oldest boat among the Twelves now racing—third.

Messrs. C. E. and A. W. Nicholson won in the 8-metre class with Sagitta, another old boat, also from the Gosport yard, Violetta being second and the new Gosport boat, Lord Forster's Cedora, third. Sagitta has had a quite good "place" average this season, but has been somewhat unfortunate in securing prizes and her win at Southsea was a very popular one.

At the City of Portsmouth Corporation Regatta, on the following day, there was a full muster of the big class—with, of course, the exception of Endeavour, which was engaged in refitting for her Transatlantic voyage—and that great little vessel, Astra, not only won again, but for the second time in two days actually led the fleet home after having been astern of Shamrock and well outside her time over most of the course. The honours of the day were, I think, with Shamrock, which showed definitely improved form, but when the breeze dropped in the latter half of the second round Astra's ability to make the most out of the uncertain conditions robbed her of her chance of winning the first prize. Astra won, on corrected time, by over 5min. from the ex-challenger, with Westward third, in weather which was far from her liking.

Westra had another easy win in the 12-metre class, finishing between 5min. and 6min. ahead of Vendetta, which, in turn, beat the new Fairlie boat, Miquette, by about 1min.

In the 8-metre class all three prizes went to old boats, Violetta being the winner, with Sagitta second and Unity, the oldest boat in the class, third. Of the new boats, Cedora was first home, followed at an interval of 3sec. by Carron. In the match for the West Solent Restricted Class, Mr. Colin Newman, steering Miss Olive Chetwynd's Squirrel, scored his fifth win, out of six starts, for the week's racing. This is, I believe, a record for the class, but to those who know of Mr. Newman's skill at the helm, his outstanding success came as no surprise. Some boats from the Burnham-on-Crouch division, Erin and Blue Haze, took part in the race and secured the second and third prizes.

BUOYS AND BEACONS NEEDED

Guides for Yachtsmen which Clubs Could Provide

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

OF the many problems which confront the present-day yachtsman is the indifferent buoyage and beaconage of the majority of his more delectable haunts. Not that this is in any way a reflection upon the efforts of such august bodies as the several Trinity Houses, the Irish and Scottish Light Boards, and so on; no waters are so effectively buoyed and beaconed as our Home shoalwaters and fairways—for big ships. Quite rightly these various authorities have concentrated their attentions upon making the main sea routes of trade safe for such as pass on their lawful occasions, but the inshore channels and havens and creeks frequented by yachtsmen only have for all practical purposes been left very much to their own devices.

No doubt it can be argued that yachtsmen have always managed quite well in the pre-war past, and that, therefore, there is no reason why they should not continue to do so in the future—*sans* beacons, *sans* buoys, etc. But it ought to be borne in mind that to-day there is a different type of yachtsman afloat, and in a different type of ship. The sailing yachtsman who was so often a veritable pilot to his own coast now shares the fortunes of navigation with the power-yachtsman, very often much less experienced navigationally than himself. Then, again, the spread of the sea week-end habit, and the imperative necessity for busy men to get back to harbour and the City on Sunday night, have encouraged more people to make harbours after dark than formerly.

It is, of course, very comforting to be able to make a difficult port "blindfold," but upon analysis one finds that the person who can do this almost invariably has a very good knowledge of the place by daylight and has had no little local practice at this blindfold navigation. But what of the stranger who does not know an entrance by day, and by night must compete with it unbuoyed and unlighted? It seems only fair, if boat sailing is to be encouraged as it deserves, that something should be done for him if possible, and the possibility is well within the bounds of practical politics. It would mean very little additional financial burden upon local yacht clubs; or perhaps, better still, it is a work which could be performed admirably by one or other of the more "general" associations—supported by the clubs in general or by such bodies as the S.M.M.T., which have the interest of the sport at heart.

There is ample example that in some areas local clubs have been by no means backward. The Walton and Frinton folk, for example, have for years most efficiently buoyed the narrow and intricate channel into their Backwaters and, in addition, have produced an excellent chart of their labours. One of the favourite Thames-side haunts of yachtsmen has for many years been Holehaven; a prominent motor yacht organisation has recently put a buoy to mark the extremity of an awkward spit at the entrance. The Keyhaven Club similarly have erected good small leading beacons into Keyhaven Lake and at Christchurch local yachtsmen for years made it their job to see that the local haven was marked.

These instances, which are only a few taken at random, are, however, mere scratches at the surface: much more is wanted in these days, and it ought not to be left to private personal endeavour, as exemplified by the erection of a valuable concrete tower-mark in the Channel Islands by a single yachtsman. This is work which should be undertaken by a co-operation of yachtsmen and a co-ordination of yacht clubs.

It is very certain that Trinity House would raise no objection so long as the marks set up conformed to their own high standard of effectiveness and accuracy, and so long as our national uniform system of buoyage and top-marking was preserved as far as possible. Nor need the actual expense be considered as a deterrent: rubber buoys, such as that laid down on Holehaven Spit do not cost a fortune to buy, or to lay, or to maintain; concrete post beacons, floating boom buoys and even leading lights during the hours of summer darkness are not likely to be contributory causes to club bankruptcies. One has, in fact, only to consider the extreme care with which the French, the Dutch, and the Germans buoy and beacon their small havens to realise that we could do much more in that way if we wished.

Some time ago the Colne harbour authorities put down a buoy to mark the port hand of the fairway into Brightlingsea Creek, but it might have been a bigger buoy, and as barge traffic is alleged to shift this buoy occasionally the three clubs at Brightlingsea might see their way to supplement its advice with leading marks easily recognisable to the visitor.

For years past strangers have bemoaned the problems of entering the Crouch after dark: from the W. Buxey lightbuoy right up to the Burnham anchorage there is no lighted mark, and the channel is not too easy for a stranger. Suppose another small buoy could be put down by the local clubs or some other body off Shore-ends, or, as was suggested the other day, suppose a light could be shown during the short hours of summer darkness from Foulness Church steeple?

Solentwards there are similar problems. The Newtown River wants a better bar buoy; some of the channel booms in the Hamble entrance are alleged not to conform entirely to the channel nowadays; the Beaulieu River leading beacons could be lined up and would be the better for a light, and so on. After all, although it is usual to accuse Man of being gregarious—and the forest of masts in certain anchorages suggests that there is truth in this—I am inclined to think that the modern yachtsman would be less so if the buoyage and beaconage of some of the more delectable spots were increased.

MANX SHEARWATERS FLYING IN TO THE ASSEMBLY
Below, a flashlight photograph of one of these birds climbing a rock face in order to take off from the summit

G. C. S. Ingram

THE ISLAND OF DREADFUL VOICES

A Night With the Manx Shearwater

By G. C. S. INGRAM

IT WAS well past midnight and a thick blanket of mist enveloped the island as we groped our way along the rough track one night in late July. Although the moon was full, nothing but a faint brightness in the sky bore witness to that fact, and it was well for us that it was so, for it was this very shrouding that held out hopes for the success of our adventure.

All about us as we went the Voices called and shouted to each other, hailing and dying away, sometimes raised in eerie laughter and chucklings as they swept past overhead and on either side.

These were not the sweet voices of the sirens that so vainly wooed Ulysses as he passed that other island, but rather the voices of wizards, and angry to boot, by the sound of them, akin to those that filled with disquietude the fabulous isle of R. L. Stevenson's "Island Nights Entertainment:" it was impossible not to think of his story as we crossed the favourite roosting ground of the great and lesser black-backed and herring-gulls, and were heartily cursed on every side by the invisible host that surrounded us. But their voices were sane and home-like in comparison with the ghastly chucklings and gurglings of the Manx shearwaters we were intent on visiting, and that were now coming in from the sea.

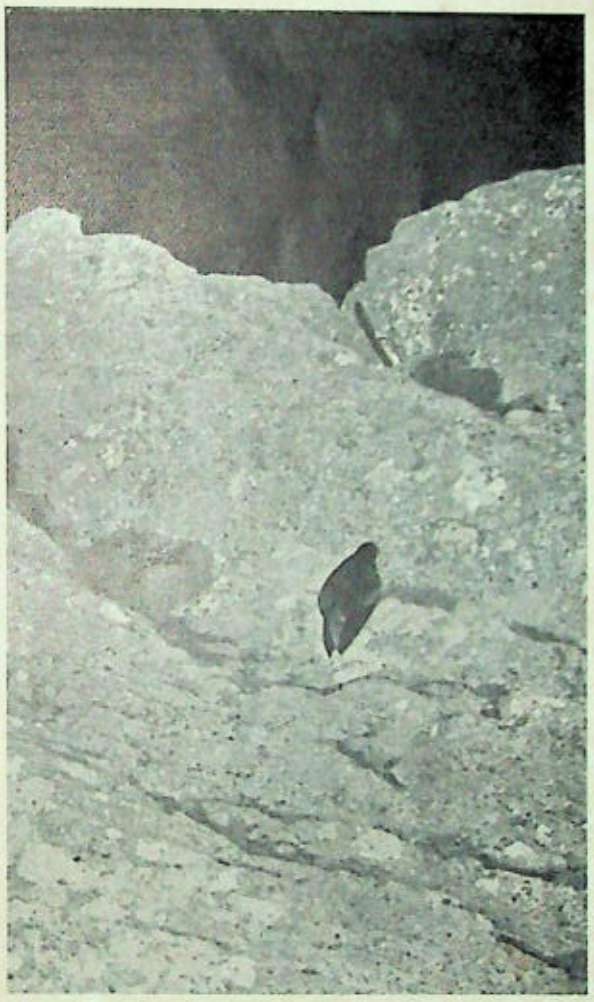
At sunset, great flocks of shearwaters had been watched gathering on the sea off the island and now, because the moon was hidden by the heavy sea fog, they were visiting their subterranean homes, where their chicks were waiting to be fed, but alas, they were not arriving in any great numbers; a really dark and thick night is required to hear the visitation at its best. Nevertheless, as we at last made our way across their breeding ground, stumbling into burrows and tripping over mounds in the darkness, from beneath our feet, as well as in the air above and around, their bodyless voices talked and whispered or chuckled and groaned.

Every now and then a sudden whoof and flicker of wings spoke of a bird alighting within a few feet of us, but even these sounds were formless.

From close at hand, nerve shattering in its intensity, rose the voice of the Chief Wizard of the island, drowning and overwhelming with its wailing moan all lesser voices, even that of the sea beating restlessly on the rocks below. At intervals, a great red eye glared through the mist with an unwinking stare, swept across the island and was gone, away out to sea again.

A weird and eerie night indeed, without form and void, except for a multitude of voices, even the lighthouse, a mere stone's throw away, was nothing but an horrific voice and a baleful eye; it was time to get the torches to work, and see something, if that were possible.

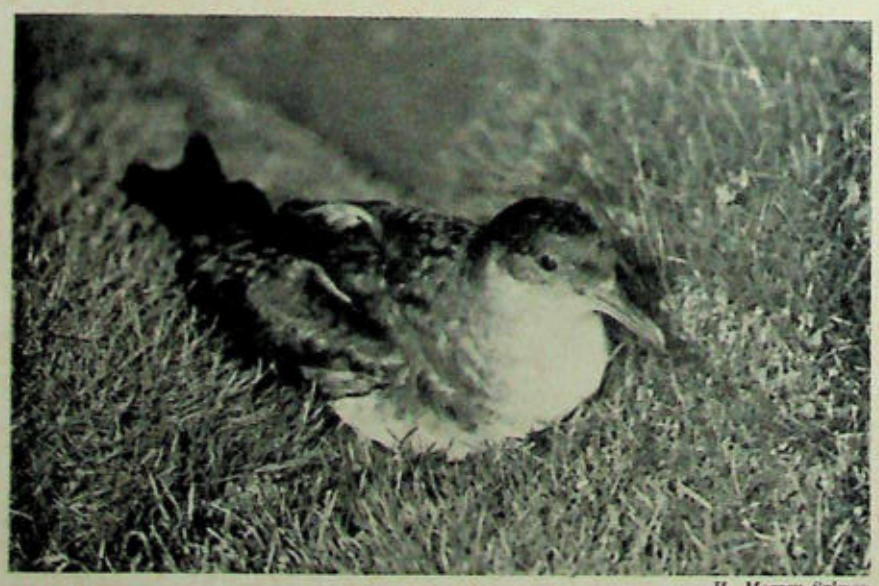
Their welcome light revealed a number of shearwaters squatting in the mouths of their burrows, as is their custom after having fed their young below, and before they return to the sea whence they came. Bills, gleaming wetly in the light, indicated that feeding had been accomplished, and for a few moments the birds sat quiet, seemingly dazed by the fierce beam of light, then, suddenly, they were gone with a flutter and scuffle, bumping and floundering over the ground in their efforts to get on the wing.



Turning the light upon a sloping rock that rose at one side of the colony, dim forms became apparent scrambling up its surface with the aid of wildly waving wings, to rest for a moment upon its summit before launching themselves into outer darkness. These were shearwaters that had discovered a short cut to the air, climbing the rock in preference to making the longer and more toilsome journey to the edge of the cliff.

But it was now past 2 a.m., and bed called to us with a voice more alluring than any that clamoured so ceaselessly around us.

On the way back we paused at many of the old, dry earth and stone walls we crossed, and with ears pressed close to them, listened to the voices of the Least of the Wizards of the island, purring to each other somewhere behind the stones. In several cases, by removing a stone, we caught a glimpse, with the aid of a torch, of a dusky ball of down tucked safely away in a hollow in the very heart of the wall, a young stormy petrel awaiting the arrival of its parents, but we were not fortunate enough to open a burrow where the old birds were at home, although theirs were the voices we heard.



H. Morrey Salmon

SITTING IN THE MOUTH OF HER BURROW
A flashlight photograph of a Manx shearwater just after feeding her young

AMATEUR RIDERS OF TO-DAY

Fine Jockeyship at the Bibury Club Meeting

W. A. Rouch

PRINCE ALI KHAN

On Pégomas, he won the Dunbridge Welter Plate at the Bibury Club meeting

RACES for amateur riders under Jockey Club Rules may not be highly popular with the betting fraternity, though we noticed that there was some lively wagering in connection with several of these events at the Bibury Club meeting last week. For our part we think these races serve an excellent purpose in encouraging the enthusiasm of young amateurs who are keen enough to devote their attention to the races set apart for them. There is no question nowadays of amateurs taking rides which could be given to professionals.

Until fifteen years ago the rule was that any gentleman wishing to ride in races other than those open to gentlemen riders could obtain permission annually from the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The cancellation of that rule made it impossible for any amateur to gain such distinction as fell to Sir George Thursby, who was twice second in the Derby. Nobody to-day may ride without a jockey's licence except in matches or private sweepstakes or in races the conditions of which permit of his riding (*a*) as a member of a Race Club, as specified in the conditions, or (*b*) as an officer on full pay serving in the Regular Forces.

Thus the amateur rider who aspires to achieve distinction under Jockey Club rules finds his efforts rather restricted, and it is left to only a few Race Clubs to provide substantial encouragement to the gentleman jockey. The Bibury Club maintains its reputation for exclusiveness, which probably accounts for the fact that the fields for the amateur races at its annual meeting at Salisbury in July are never particularly large, but it is satisfactory to observe that new talent in race riding continues to assert itself.

Winners were ridden last week by Mr. R. Strutt, Prince Aly Khan, Mr. J. U. Baillie and Mr. P. Payne Gallwey, all of whom were fresh to Bibury Club honours. A figure sadly missed at the meeting was that of the late Mr. Alec Cottrill, the ablest young Corinthian of them all. Lord Carnarvon, for whom no trouble is too great or no spell of hard training too tedious so long as he may do himself justice in these races, took several mounts at the meeting, but this time had to rest content merely with place honours.

The success of Mr. Strutt on Bunkawai—it was his first winner on the flat—reminded us at once of the fine race he rode at Cheltenham last March when winning the National Hunt Steeple Chase on his stepfather's Crown Prince. Lady Rosebery's son again rode well, this time to score from the strongly-fancied Fragrance, ridden by Mr. E. Lambton, who went through the meeting without a winner, though manifestly this youngster inherits the special acquirements in the saddle of his father, one of the best amateur riders of his time.

It was a happy idea for the Bibury Club to name one of its races the George Thursby Plate, and it was pleasant to see that redoubtable ex-jockey at the meeting. The race in question was won by Prince Aly Khan, on the three-year-old Pégomas, a colt who had arrived from France only a week or two before the meeting. On the opening day of the fixture Pégomas had cantered away with the Dunbridge Welter. That, of course, gave him a penalty for the George Thursby Welter, and it was doubted whether Prince Aly Khan's colt would beat Sunderland, ridden by Mr. Wellesley, who made his reappearance at this meeting after missing a year.

Sunderland had not been out before this year, but some of his form last season suggested that he possesses class, and a short price was taken about him. But Pégomas won almost as easily as before, after again making practically the whole of the running. His rider had no real cause for anxiety in either race, though it is possible that in less able hands Pégomas would not have figured to so much advantage.

The Regular Forces were well represented by Mr. P. Payne Gallwey, the 11th Hussars, and Mr. Baillie, Coldstream Guards. The first has gained great honours under National Hunt Rules, and it can be said that nobody shaped better at Salisbury. Mr. Baillie first came into prominence in race riding by his success on Plantagenet. He has found another performer of the right type in St. Oswald, who was fortunate in having a competent jockey who was able to claim the 5lb. allowance.

Even without that advantage he would certainly have vanquished the opposition, and the punter who backed him for the biggest individual wager of the meeting was happily inspired.

THE YORKSHIRE SHOW

Many Previous Decisions Reversed

THE pick of the thoroughbred stallions at the Yorkshire Show was the sixteen-year-old Warrington, which was exhibited jointly by Major Clive Behrens and Mr. W. Grayson. This Yorkshire sire, bred by Mr. D. Peacock, carries his age extremely well, and his value is clearly indicated in the excellent stock he has got year after year. The first of the saddle classes was for novice hunters, and here pride of place went to Jupiter, a promising brown four-year-old. Since he won at the Bath and West he has not managed to catch the judge's eye until now, but he moved with nice freedom and well deserved his place over Mr. G. Kenyon's chesnut The Curate.

The county class was headed by Perimayne, shown by Mrs. S. S. Lockwood. Captain Holt's Kingston, who was third in the novice class, now came into second place. The open class for four-year-olds gave another victory to Jupiter, with second prize going to Bradbury, the very likeable bay belonging to Mr. H. Hindley, who has never been far from the leaders at recent shows. Perimayne was again seen to advantage in the light-weight class, and gave a first-class display to win from The Curate. The latter is a really attractive sort, and when he matures should be even better.

In the medium weights, Mr. Hindley's Bally Martin came to the head of affairs. This Irish bred bay brown is a well-ribbed-up sort, with a good middle-piece, and is perhaps one of the most promising young horses seen out this year. Mrs. C. D. Leyland's War Axe, who stood second, is a nice mover, but he lacks the make-up of the leader. Mr. Hindley was again to the fore in the heavy-weight class, which he won with Golden Rain, the six-year-old chesnut, who has rare quality and bone.

Mortimer came back to form in the ladies' class, and gave an excellent display to take preference over Goldmint, belonging to Mrs. E. M. Vaughan. The winner went as well as when he made his winning debut at Islington in the spring, and well deserved the silver cup which goes with the winning rosette. Mr. Hindley's Golden Rain secured the lion's share of the championships, which included the Doncaster Perpetual Gold Cup, the Challenge cup presented by Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, and the H.I.S. silver medal.

Miss Barbara Cliff's charmingly mannered bay mare River Girl won the class for children's ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2in., and was ultimately awarded the silver medal. Steel Dust, the likeable grey which won at the Royal for Mr. A. Massarella, was placed reserve for the medal after having headed the class for smaller ponies. The one class for hacks, a very small one, found a leader in Jonquil, a shapely chesnut mare belonging to Major A. C. Fleury-Teulon. Several well-known harness "stars" were seen out in the three classes scheduled, the chief winners being Mrs. Henriques' Flettwood Nanette, Mr. Bertram Mills' Knight of the Thistle and Barcroft Belle, the pony "crack" belonging to Mr. W. Briggs. The last-named pony won the Hackney Society's silver medal. CESTRIAN.

THE CHAMPION DOG-HOUND AT THE YORKSHIRE SHOW

The Middleton Waiter ('32), *the champion stallion hound at the Yorkshire Hound Show, with A. Redfern the huntsman*

WITH THE FOXHOUNDS

THE Yorkshire Foxhound Show held at Bradford last week in conjunction with the Agricultural Society's Exhibition was one of the best on record. The judges were Major Maurice Barclay, joint-Master of the Puckeridge, who is in great request for this office, and Mr. W. W. B. Scott, Master and huntsman of the North Cotswold. The best couple of unentered dog-hounds were Middleton going back through their Gaylass '29 to North Staffordshire Galliard '22, and Rubicon, by the same sire, going back through their Venus '29, to Old Surrey and Burstow Commodore '26. Second prize was awarded to the North Staffordshire litter brothers Champion and Chieftain, by Linlithgow and Stirling Chimer '26—Chantress '31.

The York and Ainsty (South) third-season Cardinal second-season Sampler and first-season Fireman and Seaman were adjudged to be the best two couple of entered doghounds, second money going to Middleton first-season Demon, Visor, Visitor and Ravager—the first three, litter brothers by Safeguard '28 out of Verdict '31, a daughter of Brecon Timothy '27, and the last by Chancellor from Caroline, sired by Cleveland Carver '24.

Middleton Waiter '32, by Kilkenny Tilter '28 from their Wary '26, by Fernie Wanting '22, was the best of eight stallion hounds, and also gained the champion cup given by Colonel W. H. A. Wharton, Master of the Cleveland, for the best dog-hound in the show; Morpeth second-season Wilfred getting the reserve ribbon.

Of the bitch-hounds, Bedale Rattle, by Old Berkshire Shingler '30 out of Rashness '30, by Bramham Moor Windsor '26, and Vinery, by Bedale Winner '28 from Venture '31, a daughter of Old Berkshire Bondsman '27, were the winning unentered couple; second prize going to Middleton Gorgeous, by their Safeguard '28—Vigil '30, and Ramble, by their Chancellor—Venus '29. The leading two couple of entered bitches were Middleton second-season Secret and Seedy, by Brecon Raby '27—Sepia '27, first-season Destiny, by York and Ainsty Demon '26—Gaylass '29, and second-season Selfish, by Kilkenny Gaffer '25—Beeswing '27.

The best of fifteen brood bitches was Rufford second-season Agnes, second prize going to fifth-season Cleveland Warfare, and the champion cup presented by Viscount Milton for the best bitch-hound in the show was awarded to Middleton Selfish, with Bedale Rattle reserve. PALAFOX.

"One Crowded Hour"

"BEATEN BY A SPECK OF MUD"

The Best Chukker I Ever Played

By COLONEL T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

THERE are certain people who seem to have the knack of getting someone to help them in everything they set out to do. I am one of them. It is nothing to boast about—quite the reverse. As a rule it denotes laziness. But that is one of the reasons why I have always loved polo. At cricket, football, tennis—every other game in fact—one has to do one's own share of the work without any extraneous aid, whereas at polo a good pony can and does help in the most amazing way. I discovered this secret at a very early stage in my career, and have traded on it ever since. My brother officers have watched me from my youth up schooling ponies and have wondered why I should forsake all other sports and games for what appeared to most of them a very dull amusement. It was, in reality, selfishness. I got a thrill (I still do) in getting ponies, like people, to help me. By constant and regular riding they get to know one's every wish, and the great majority have always done their level best to make the game as easy as they possibly could for me. Thanks to them and the two wonderful polo regiments to which I have had the honour to belong—the 24th and the 17th Lancers—I have had a wide, varied and, on the whole, successful polo career.

A first impression sometimes lasts for ever—one certainly does, with me. As fifth man I watched the 24th win the Infantry Tournament, which certainly in those days took a bit of winning, at Ambala, within a year of our arrival in India from Gibraltar. Never before, or since, have I been so excited. I was dressed for polo, ready to take any casualty's place at a moment's notice. Our opponents were the 7th Fusiliers, who had previously acquitted themselves very favourably in the inter-regimental at Meerut. Had there been betting the odds would have been 10 to 1 against us. Perhaps they were a bit stale, perhaps all sorts of things, but when we just got home by the odd goal I, a second-lieutenant of 20 summers, felt I had had a good deal to do with it, and without waiting for the team dashed off in a tikkha gharri to wire the glorious news to the regiment at Chakrata, and I remember signing the telegram with my own name. I believe I was prouder of this victory than any in which I later personally participated.

This was my first taste of the thrills of tournament polo, it fired me with enthusiasm and keenness to be in the fray myself. I had not long to wait. Captain Cooke, our No. 1, retired and I was appointed to succeed him. (It is an extraordinary coincidence that his son in the 17th Lancers replaced me as No. 1 in the regimental team some 20 years later.) No one who saw the 24th defeat the famous 9th Lancers at Lahore during the Christmas week of 1899 will forget the game. We were stationed at Lahore, or rather Mian Mir, as the cantonment was then called, at the time, and the greater part of the regiment had come to support us. I can hear them cheering on the side lines now. It was a tremendous feather in the Infantry's cap, and my little chestnut Arab Mars clearly showed me how he could help master win a battle. What a gallant little fellow he was (his official racing measurement was 13.1¾). How I wish we still played Arabs, and that these big horses were kept for the hunting field or parade.

Since those days I have taken part in tournaments all over the world, from many of which I have emerged in the depths of woe, with a strange morbid desire to burn my sticks and shoot my ponies. But I have had my measure of success, including eight winning inter-regimentals—the longed-for goal of every soldier player. It was in defeat, however, that I surpassed myself, and never has an hour (8 chukkers of 7½ minutes each) contained more thrills, more joys, more triumphs and finally utter disaster than the one I have in mind, and will never forget.

We—myself, Tog's Leaf, Hurndall and Lockett—had gone to America to play their Army; we had, unexpectedly, but deservedly, been beaten two matches to one. After this we improved out of all recognition, as any side that plays against Americans is bound to do, and in the semi-finals of the Meadowbrook Open Cup defeated Shelburne, which included two internationals—Watson Webb and Stevenson—together with Wilson and Beard (the one and back of the Army team), by 10 goals to five. I remember Louis Beard, who was my particular opponent in both matches, saying to me in the course of one of our many "scraps," "Thank goodness you fellows didn't play like this in the army matches." It was a real good performance, though I say it myself.

Of the final with Meadowbrook, let me quote from a New York paper of October 7th, 1923: "No such finish has ever been staged as that which brought the open polo championship of the United States back to American hands yesterday. (The Argentines had won it the previous year.) Only a large and healthy cyclone can be compared to the concluding moments of yesterday's match at the Meadowbrook Club, when the home team—Messrs. Raymond Belmont, T. Hitchcock, A. Strawbridge and Dev Milburn—won the season's most cherished title from the British Army by 12 goals to 9. This final score gives not the slightest idea of the closeness of the match, of the menace of the British attack, and its precision and consistency. As the two teams trotted on the famous international field at Westbury for the last chukker of the season, the score stood tied at 8 to 8. Both teams were fighting desperately, riding and stroking with minds on the great title at stake. The first break was awaited, for it was felt that this break would bring a decision. The game had tightened so that a single goal should have been enough to swing victory. The break came. After a furious scrimmage, a slight figure in dark blue riding high on his pony's neck was speeding towards the American goal, spanking the ball before him with vicious strokes. It was an Englishman, Melvill, playing the game of his life, and he waved his mallet high above his head in exultation as the white ball travelled straight and true through the goalposts. Britain was ahead, 9—8, with only a few moments left to play." I fancy anyone and everyone can imagine my feelings. It is quite true that

THE BRITISH ARMY TEAM, 1923

Left to right: Mr. J. G. Leaf (15th Hussars), Mr. W. S. McCreery (12th Lancers), Major F. B. Hurndall (20th Hussars), Major Vivian Lockett (17th Lancers), and Colonel T. P. Melvill (17th Lancers) with General Bullard of the U.S. Army

AMERICA GREETS BRITAIN

General Bullard, of the United States Army, greeting Colonel Melvill on arrival in New York with the British Army team

WITH THE WINNING TEAM OF HIS OWN REGIMENT

H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught seen with members of the Scots Greys team which defeated the 15th/19th Hussars in the final for the Subalterns' Gold Cup. In the group with Prince Arthur are Messrs. Lopes, Mackeson, Cuthorpe and Trotter

I waved my stick in the air; I honestly thought, like the Press correspondent, that we had done the trick and that that was the decisive stroke of the match. Old Tom, my white-faced Argentine, did it, no other pony living could have jumped out of that scrum as quickly as he did, and once away no one had a hope of catching us. I was pricelessly mounted that day—Gossamer, Blanginette (both sold to a well-known sportsman from California, Mr. Wetherwax, after the game) and Marquise were all absolute smashers, the sort of ponies that *took* you there without any fuss or bother; but they were not like Old Tom. He was just uncanny—a *real* live Maltese cat. But to return to this awful struggle. Only once throughout the whole game had Meadowbrook been ahead, and that was in the 7th chukker, when an American pony kicked the ball through our goal.

Almost immediately afterwards Hurndall, who played magnificently from start to finish, equalised with a wonderful shot under his pony's neck; and now here we were ahead again, very little time left, and Dev cursing Tommy. It looked good. How little did anyone dream of what was coming! A speck of mud (such a rotten little thing to upset everything) got wedged in Tog's eye. The game was stopped for nearly ten minutes. We all got cold. Immediately play was resumed, the cyclone which the New York correspondent mentioned broke in all its fury. It rained mallets, polo balls and Americans in torrents. I never saw the ball again in this appalling storm, although I suppose I was responsible for not stopping the goal that Milburn hit. They scored no fewer than four times in that short three minutes. Nothing on earth could live with them; they were like demons possessed. And the crowd! Their yells of delight still tingle in my ears. Nevertheless, this was the best game of polo I have ever played by a long chalk. Possibly I ought to have described one of the other chukkers of this historical match—one in which I did myself more justice—but that goal that old Tom helped me get! Well, it was just the best goal of my life, and that is all there is to it. The fact that I did nothing for the remainder of the chukker was, I assure you, more my misfortune than my fault. Triumphs in every sphere of life are, as a rule, short lived. Mine, perhaps, was shorter than most, but no No. 1 before or since has shot seven goals against Dev Milburn in a match, and that proud memory will remain with me for ever.

POLO'S RENEWED VIGOUR

What the Scots Greys' Victory Proved

THE result of the King's Coronation Cup has completely changed the outlook on our English polo. It proves for one thing that the previous victory of Someries House over Aurora was not the fluke that so many imagined it to be, and it also goes to show that we need no longer adopt the inferiority complex which has been so prevalent during the past decade. Up till now it has been often thought that a man handicapped, say, at 6 in America, would be rated at 7 in England; in other words, that their men were more worthy of their handicap than ours. This illusion has been completely, and, let us hope, finally dispelled. The Knaves, just like Someries House, outplayed Aurora and beat them fair and square.

These facts and figures speak for themselves. Once the Americans were pushed and held as they were by these two teams they lost their cohesion; they seemed to have no captain, no guiding hand. From the time that Mr. Post completely missed his near-side backhander, which was in the first moment of the game, thereby enabling Captain Pilkington to score, they lost confidence in each other, all semblance of team work disappeared, the forwards were conspicuous by their absence, and there was little or no attack. It was much the same story as in the Someries House match. Major Harrison, like Mr. Lacey, was keeping well out of the game. Mr. Talbott, finding the ball was not coming up to him, went back to get it—one of the most prevalent and fatal faults of No. 1's—with the result that he was never there when wanted. Captain Roark (handicapped at 8) stood out as the best player on the field, and the remainder of the team backed him up admirably. It was a great triumph, and thoroughly well deserved.

Our heartiest congratulations to the Royal Scots Greys on their victory in the Subalterns' Gold Cup.

OXFORD IN THE LEAD W. A. Rouch

The Hon. Charles Wood (at one time Master of the Eton College Beagles) racing for the ball in the Oxford and Cambridge game at Hurlingham, when Oxford won by five goals to three

To have got into the final of the Inter Regimental and won the Subalterns' with their two best players *hors de combat* is a performance of which the regiment can well be proud. Moreover, they are stationed at Edinburgh where practice with other teams is wellnigh impossible. (If our memory is correct the 17th Lancers is the only other regiment who have won the Inter Regimental whilst quartered in Scotland.)

The 3rd Brigade R.H.A. gave them a good game in the semi-finals; at one moment it looked as if they might beat them, but they got a bit wild at the crucial moment. They were not as well mounted as the cavalrymen, but they showed signs of being very promising players, and trying to play the proper game. They all galloped and hit well, and until they got excited, marked their opponents. The other semi-final, 9th Lancers v. 15th/19th Hussars, was a great disappointment to the many supporters of the former regiment. They had put up a great show at Tidworth, and their form in practice matches in London had been very encouraging, but they completely failed against the 15th/19th, Mr. Perry alone being able to reproduce his form. Mr. Leaf (who must surely be the oldest subaltern in the Army) completely dominated this game, and by his long and accurate hitting both in defence and attack, enabled the remainder of his team to give of their best, and all of them played considerably above their handicap.

The final, Scots Greys v. 15th/19th Hussars, was a real good game for three chukkers. The old ground at Ranelagh, very wet after torrential rain, then got badly cut up and the remainder of the match was rather sticky. Mr. Leaf was as disappointing in this game as he was brilliant against the 9th. Mr. Mackeson stuck to him well, but with his handicap and experience, this should not have deterred him to the extent it did. Had he reproduced anything approaching his previous form, the 15th/19th would have won the Gold Cup their first year in the country. The other members of the team "battled" nobly, and the good clean hitting of Mr. Hodgkinson at back was very noticeable. The winners all did their share, and Mr. Trotter at back, although he seldom hit a long ball, never missed it, and saved the situation on many occasions.

Oxford won the 'Varsity match, though had Cambridge taken their chances the result might well have been reversed. The standard of play showed considerable improvement on former years. On top of this it may sound an awful thing to say, but we believe we could pick four girls out of those we saw playing recently at Ranelagh to beat either of these teams.

This gives food for thought. Spectators were amazed at the way these women players shaped so utterly different to what they had expected. They didn't get much length on their shots, but they knew how to make them, and did make them—moreover, they got a move on, and rode each other off like good ones.

The County Tournaments were sparsely attended, but those who came thoroughly enjoyed their games and outing. Toulston won the Junior, and Aldershot (four gunners from the 19th Brigade) the Senior. In years gone by this used to be such a popular sporting week. It will be a thousand pities if it dies a natural death from want of support.

Aldershot Show.—In our report of the Aldershot Horse Show, Vinegar Hill was reported as being second to Middleton II. The correct placings were Middleton II, first; Moonlight 'Chase, second; Crusader, third.

OUR BRIGHTEST HOPES IN THE EMPIRE GAMES

Pointers From the A.A.A. Championships

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

"THE FASTEST SPRINTER IN EUROPE"

J. Sir (Hungary), nearest camera, winning the 100yds. from A. W. Sweeney, who may well win the 220yds. in the Empire Games

FOR many years the English Championship mile of 1934 will, I suspect, be as much discussed as if a world's record had been broken, instead of the slowest time for a dozen years being returned. The critics, too, seem greatly annoyed that a field containing J. E. Lovelock, world's record holder, J. F. Cornes, Olympic 1,500 metres runner-up in 1930, and A. V. Reeve and S. C. Wooderson, both of whom have beaten approximately 4min. 15sec. recently, should have been content with so slow a pace as 4min. 26⅗sec., but I think the facts justify the running.

Cornes, who has been on service in Tanganyika ever since he was in Los Angeles, was mainly concerned in gaining his place in the Empire Games team; while Reeve, not yet very experienced, and S. C. Wooderson, still virtually a schoolboy novice to first-class competition, were waiting to see what Lovelock would do. And Lovelock, himself? Well, a year ago last Saturday, Lovelock, returning 4min. 7⅗sec. for a new world's record, beat W. Bonthron, U.S.A., who also beat the previous best with 4min. 8 1/10sec., and to-day Lovelock and Bonthron meet again in the Anglo-American Universities contest. Is it surprising that Lovelock, the others allowing him to do so, conserved his energies to the fullest extent last Saturday? What did please me about his running was the supreme tactical skill with which he handled what might well have been a difficult situation, and it is Lovelock's brains, as much as his superb speed, that may beat Bonthron and give the Oxford-New Zealander the Empire Games title next month.

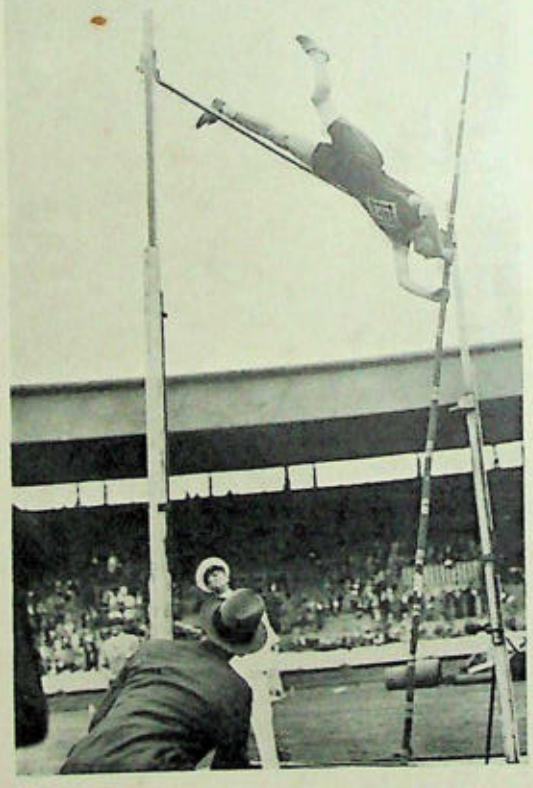
Another potential Empire champion is the Milocarian, A. W. Sweeney, placed second in both the 100yds. and 220yds. He is not yet the equal of the Hungarian, J. Sir, fastest sprinter in Europe to-day, who won the 100yds. in 9 1/10sec., but had Sweeney not run three terrific 100's on Saturday before the final of the furlong was called on I firmly believe he would have had the measure of R. Murdoch, Scotland, who beat him by half-a-yard in 22 1/10sec. I think the selectors will be wise to keep Sweeney for one event—the 220yds.—at the Empire Games, as H. M. Abrahams was kept for the Olympic 100 metres primarily at Paris, when he equalled the Olympic record, but never struck anything like his form at the double distance.

On Saturday's running our hopes for an English 440yds. Empire win must be very rosy. G. L. Rampling, who won in 49⅖sec., is obviously just approaching the climatic peak that comes from perfect training, and he will be moving infinitely faster in August; but, on Saturday, had C. E. Stoneley drawn one of the inside lanes and had the sight of Rampling in front of him I think the result might well have been different.

Our half-milers have not left me with any happy feeling of confidence. J. V. Powell just does not seem to have racing brains, and J. A. Cooper, who beat him by 10yds. in 1min. 56⅘sec., although he will improve a lot, will not gain the experience he needs in the next few weeks. Meanwhile, I hear that C. E. Whitehead, the old Cambridge Blue, who was prevented from defending his title through an ankle injury, will be perfectly fit within a fortnight, and he, I think, is our most likely man to beat Phil Edwards if the coloured runner comes to the Games with the Canadian team.

Janusz Kosocinski, Poland, Olympic 10,000 metres champion and record holder, made plain hacks of our 3 miles runners and finished but ⅘sec. outside the British record set up by the Finn, Lauri Lehtinen, last year; but the fight, full of running, for second place between that amazingly erratic person W. J. Beavers and C. K. Allen suggests that both may be good enough to contest the last furlong for premier honours at the Empire Games. One cannot judge the 6 miles running of J. T. Holden, who beat A. W. Penny by 80yds. in 30min. 43⅘sec., because the last mile of their race was run in a torrential downpour such as we seldom see in this country.

The results of both hurdles races are bound to leave us with high hopes. D. O. Finlay may have "dwelt" a bit coming to ground over his fences in the 120yds. high hurdles, but the way he beat the American, C. F. Stanwood, to the tape in 14⅘sec. was a masterly exhibition of racing skill and determination. Then, again, R. K. Brown's 440yds. hurdles victory in 55⅗secs. may not represent a startling time, but it was the fruit of sheer racing experience at the distance over the fences, and he came through very easily from the half distance. Intensive training from now until the Games, if that can be managed, should bring him inside the 54sec. time.



"THE PALM GOES TO OUR POLE VAULTERS"

F. Phillipson winning last Saturday with a vault of 12ft. 3in.

Duncan Robertson's third successive win in the marathon, plus a shattering finishing sprint, suggests that Scotland have the potential winner of the Empire marathon, for this man really is tough enough to tackle such a distance twice within a month.

Where field events are concerned the palm goes to our pole vaulters. Never before have we had in this country three men who can, and do, clear 12ft. 3in. At the championships F. Phillipson, although hitting the bar amazingly hard, vaulted that height, which was also accomplished by P. B. B. Ogilvie, the Scottish champion, in jumping off for second place with F. R. Webster after both had cleared 12ft. Webster, however, has done his 12ft. 3in., also, half-a-dozen times this year. On the other hand, F. I. Woodhouse, Australia, has done 13ft., and A. du Plessis, South Africa, 12ft. 8in.

In the high jump M. Bodosi, a Hungarian athlete who knew exactly what he wanted to do and did it without any fuss, retained his title at 6ft. 3in., but J. F. Michie, Scotland, was inches clear of the lath at 6ft. 2in., although he failed at the extra inch. The Englishmen, W. A. Land and A. J. Gray, both finished after clearing 6ft. 1in., so that the Empire result should lie between D. McNaughton, Canada, who won the Olympic title at 6ft. 5⅝in., and J. Metcalfe, Australia, holder of the Australian record, 6ft. 6⅛in.

Metcalfe has two other records, 24ft. ¾in. long jump and 50ft. 2½in. hop, step and jump. The best we can show against that is 22ft. 11½in., which gave K. S. Duncan, Scotland, second place at the A.A.A. Championship to R. Paul, France, 23ft. 9in., and the Junior Championship jump of 22ft. 6¾in. by W. E. N. Breach, although L. D. Butler beat 23ft. at the British Games last Whitsun. We have no worthy hop, step and jumpers, and J. E. Boyce, Northern Ireland, who has beaten 48ft., but won the English title at 47ft. 8¾in. in appalling conditions, is not likely to trouble the Australian.

We have no hammer throwers, unless M. C. Nokes turns out, and our javelin and discus throwers and shot putters were very disappointing last Saturday, although all could improve almost yards with proper coaching.

TOO MUCH LAWN TENNIS?

International v. National Interests

By J. E. COLLETT

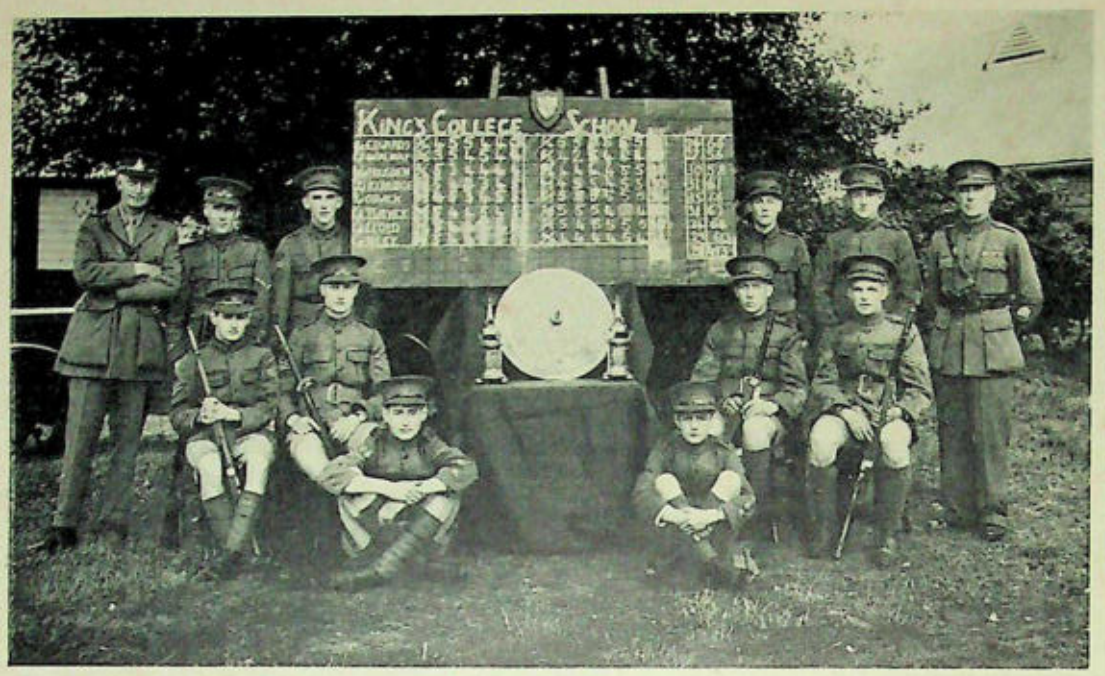
REPRESENTATIVES of the Davis Cup nations are meeting at the Savoy Hotel on July 31st to discuss the future of this international trophy. The result of their deliberations will have considerable influence on the future of the game, for good or bad. Great Britain will oppose the abolition of the qualifying competition or any alterations to it, and will support a proposal for playing the competition biennially.

By the time the meeting is in session it will be known whether or not we have retained the Cup. In the interests of the future of the game, it is to be hoped that we shall have done so, because then our support of the biennial system will be without possible prejudice. The holding is worth, roughly, £6,000 a year to the champion nation as well as the coincident prestige. If in the circumstances we propose to legislate ourselves out of our nest egg, we shall have the greater respect for our already honest opinions.

These are based in particular on the tax put on players and officials alike by the amount of time required for travelling, preparation and play, all of which come in addition to the heavy calls induced by the increasing number of major commitments for tournaments and matches at home and abroad. The programme schedule is much too congested. The fact that it is spread over the whole year (taking into consideration hard, covered and grass courts, and the comparative propinquity of the modern world) does not ameliorate the conditions. On the contrary it hardens them, and is gradually establishing a precedent for an official subsidisation of players as travelling nationals which amounts to a species of professionalism.

Almost, it may be said that the life of an actual or prospective champion nowadays is indistinguishable from a life devoted to the game, and this, if not personally financed, is professionalism. Even if personally financed, such is the heat, rush and raffishness of sport conducted in the public arena created by twentieth century newspaper publicity, that the acts of reaching and remaining at the top have become too strenuous for anything but undivided attention. In a word, we and the world are overdoing it.

The Davis Cup Competition claims the precedence of purest amateurism and aspires to be the Boat Race



KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THREE YEARS

Back row (from left to right): Captain E. Churchill-Clark, G. A. J. Housden, R. A. Turvey, G. E. Kerridge, D. Riley and Sergt.-Major Lee. Centre row: H. B. Lloyd, M. A. Edwards, L. D. de Launay and R. A. Oswick. In front: The cadet pair, A. Edwards and D. J. Masters

of lawn tennis. It should, says Great Britain, behave in accordance with its claim, and make the first move towards clearing the cumbered decks of a ship which shows a dangerous list.

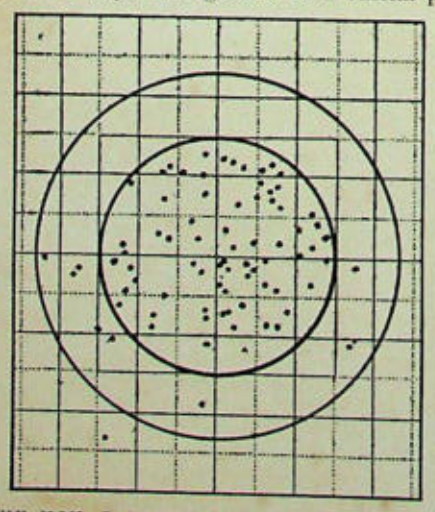
A biennial competition need not involve the scrapping or alteration of the new eliminating competition. If it did, it would obviously defeat its own ends and re-establish congestion, which, occurring biennially, would probably be more difficult to deal with than when it was an annual problem. The qualifying competition is satisfactory to its critics if the matches can be played at a suitable time of year, that is, the middle or end of May, or finishing by about the end of July. That would conclude the event for that year and the competition proper would be played in the following year.

What continental nations object to is having to play matches in August. They say their players are then on holiday and want to go to seaside places instead of playing in the capital of some country where there are no spectators because they have all gone to the seaside, and the gates are therefore nil. Anyhow, it costs so much that one or two nations who have entered the qualifying competition this year are scratching.

The Swiss say that they cannot afford it any more, but their reason is rather different because they have met so many overseas nations during the past few years that they have never been able to make a profit. The showman's shoe pinches the smaller nations, and shows the way the wind is blowing. The whole game suffers, while the nations prospect for gold. Great Britain, having struck it rich, and therefore perhaps suspect, approaches the Savoy meeting with a proposition which, nevertheless, is nothing but cold common sense.

Regarded from the point of view of sport, entertainment or finance, there is nothing which can justify the overshadowing of national by international interest. If we are still to pursue internationalism after it has served its original purpose, and served it well, there can be but one outcome, namely, an organised and official professionalism, the object of which would be to train and support human material for winning trophies. The ostensible ambition of such an officialdom would be the maintenance of national prestige, but its actual intention would be no nobler than the gathering of gate-money.

The Savoy Hotel meeting marks the parting of the ways. If the Davis Cup competition moves to relieve the block, we may continue in the straight path. If it does not, our brave words about purity must be eaten provided we wish to keep in the forefront. We shall have to busy ourselves with "modern methods" and produce or find material for the cumbrous schedule. The alternative for a champion nation would be to slide out and leave the cash and kudos for others to collect. Imagine the L.T.A. doing this, and picture the ensuing riot.



THE HON. J. FREMANTLE'S WIMBLEDON CUP DIAGRAMS COMBINED

A composite target, showing his scores from 1931 *to* 1934. *In four years he has only dropped* 10 *points out of* 400

BIG SCORES AT BISLEY

A Second Ashburton Win for King's College, Wimbledon

By CAPT. E. H. ROBINSON

LAST year the Council of the National Rifle Association came to the conclusion that the short range target was too good for the rifle, and for this year increased the dimensions of the bull's eye by 1in. at 200yds. and by 3in. at 500yds. and 600yds., namely, 6in. and 18in.

Very early in the year we had evidence that the new dimensions were unduly generous and considerable trouble with a large number of ties for top places during the Imperial Meeting was anticipated. Alarmed by the high scores made during the Army week the council instituted a rule that every competitor making a full score in a single range match should forthwith fire three additional tie shots. The necessity for these tie shots was proved to the hilt directly the matches for the Grand Aggregate started on Saturday last.

Now everyone wants to know what the N.R.A. will do for next year. The enlarged bull's eye is a mistake. The general opinion seems to be that a return should be made to last year's dimensions.

In present conditions record scores in team matches were to be expected, and King's College School, Wimbledon, beat Eton's 1923 record by 1 point in winning the Ashburton with 493. Eton, however, shot that year at an 8in. bull's eye at 200yds. and a 20in. bull's eye at 500yds.

Last year, when comparing the score of 487 made by Glenalmond with that of Eton's 492 of 1923 and Lancing's 1925 total of 487, this point should have been borne in mind, for the Glenalmond boys shot at a 5in. bull at 200yds. and a 15in. bull at 500yds.

King's College School first put their name on the Ashburton Shield only two years ago, when they won it with a score of 479, and also won the Cottesloe Vase for the 200yds. shoot, which this year went to Winchester with a score of 249. Last year, in spite of remarkable consistency in their match shooting, when they only lost five out of 34 school shoots, King's College School occupied 20th place among the 79 teams competing in the Ashburton. Their score of 457 on this occasion was amongst the lowest they had made during the season.

It was evident this year that with three of their 1932 team—M. A. Edwards, H. B. Lloyd and L. D. de Launay—to count upon would be a pretty hot lot.

Of 29 school matches this year King's College School won 20, and incidentally, against Felsted and Malvern, made a school record of 497. They carried off the Surrey Public Schools Championship and were second in the Sussex R.A. Public Schools Championship. Their 500yds. score at Bisley won them the *Country Life* Trophy, and in the aggregate of the Public Schools Veterans' Teams and the Ashburton, King's again took first place for the Lucas Cup. Sergt. Oswick takes the credit of a possible at 500yds. to help the Ashburton team to victory. The school in the last few years have been to the forefront in musketry, and their teams have given those who follow on a high ideal at which to aim.

The Public Schools Veterans' Match provided records of another kind to the Ashburton: 119 teams entered and 112 shot. The Old Malvernians won with 245, a score three points better than the previous best, made by Charterhouse, again in 1923, which was a year of very big scores. At the conclusion of the Veterans' match a presentation was made to Major S. A. Pixley to mark his personal record of 50 appearances for Eton in the match.

Another new record is that of the Regular Army in winning the United Services Match with 1,360, two points better than their own previous best made in 1929. Since the war the Regular Army have won this match twelve times, the Navy twice and the Marines once. This year's match was noteworthy for the determined attack made by the Royal Air Force, who were only eight points behind the Navy and took third place. The R.A.F. have made up their minds to win this match, and if really hard team training will do it they will succeed before many years have passed.

Nothing particularly outstanding occurred in the Match Rifle competitions. The stream-line bullet was again used in a service case and behaved very well indeed. On most days the wind was difficult; but that did not prevent some high scoring. Mr. H. P. Curtis, of Wiltshire, a fine all round shot, but a newcomer to the match rifle, put up a wonderful performance in the Edge Stage II. at 1,200yds., winning with 73 out of 75, nine points more than was made by Commissioned Writer S. A. Parke, R.N., who took second place. Mr. Curtis shot very well throughout the meeting and well earned his place in the England Elcho team. The other newcomer to the England team is Mr. J. B. Green, a very promising youngster from Liverpool University.

There was very general satisfaction amongst the supporters of the England team when it was learned that the "committee coaching" idea would be abandoned and that Lord Cottesloe, Captain of the VIII, would sit behind the big telescope, with Mr. C. J. Woodrow as assistant. As it turned out, Friday was not a day when coaching had much effect on the result. The wind was remarkably steady, and England won with 1,728 to Scotland's 1,708 because the better rifles were in their team. Ireland who shot remarkably well at 900yds. and at that range had the only two possibles made in the match—Air Vice-Marshal Halahan and Major McGowan—ended with 1,682.

Major J. H. Hardcastle, whose authority in such matters is undoubted, and who has for years been an outspoken critic of the coaching of the England team, has produced some interesting figures comparing the scores made by England and Scotland since 1919, and of the members of the two teams in the Albert, which is an individual competition at the same ranges as the Elcho, but uncoached. In the Albert two sighting shots are allowed at each range, and none in the Elcho; but over a period of fifteen years, the value of the sighting shot should cancel out as between the two teams.

The analysis shows that the English teams' Albert scores beat their Elcho scores eleven times, and that the Scottish teams' Albert scores beat their Elcho scores five times. Major Hardcastle says that if figures mean anything at all, coaching has deprived England of 118 points in fifteen years, and has given Scotland 143 points during the same period. Since the war, and up to last year, England has won the Elcho seven times to Scotland's eight. Had the match been decided on the uncoached Albert scores of the same men in the teams, England would have won ten times to Scotland's five. There seems to be no doubt that there has been something wrong with the coaching of England during this period.

The winner of the Hopton Cup and Match Rifle Championship this year is the Hon. John Fremantle, son of Lord Cottesloe. Fremantle has been shooting remarkably well for some years past and previously won the Hopton in 1931. This year also he won the Gold Jewel of the English VIII Club. The Albert was won by Mr. J. A. Crawford with 223 out of 225, dropping one point at 1,000yds. and another at 1,100yds. His score ties with Mr. Maurice Blood's 1932 record.

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.

PERSECUTION OF RARE BIRDS

SIR,—Now that the bird-loving public has arisen, and with unanimous voice demanded the abolition of the poor man's Mecca of cage-birds—Club Row—and rightly, it is surely high time to turn our attention to the gradual extinction of our rarer species of wild birds by the well-to-do egg-collector and his agents.

Unless something is done quickly, many of them will be lost to us for ever, like the osprey. Let me give but three instances of the depredations last year—twelve clutches Dartford warbler, sixteen clutches Hobby, six clutches Dotterel.

Are we English people so indifferent to our glorious heritage of birds that we will allow the selfish greed of individuals to denude our country of its rare birds, and under the cloak of pseudo-scientific motives, such as the observation of difference in colouring between one clutch and another of individual pairs belonging to the same species? I know of a case where over 200 clutches of each of two members of our small migrants have been collected.

The Museum Collections, and possibly those of a few licensed private collectors, should suffice to provide the desired information in this respect. Legislation should be introduced at once to destroy the market for the further sale of rare birds' eggs at least. It is useless for societies or individuals to appeal to callous collectors' agents, to whom eggs mean guineas, on behalf of the birds, neither will a fine of £5 prevent their persecution by men who make over £150 a year through the sale of eggs.

Yours faithfully,

Chetwynd Park, Newport, Shropshire. E. H. BOROUGH.

[We shall be glad if readers of the *Field* who have precise information as to the authors of depredations such as our correspondent describes, will communicate with us. All such communications will be treated in the strictest confidence.—ED.]

PRESERVATION OF GAME IN THE PUNJAB

SIR,—With reference to the letter from Colonel Stockley referring to the preservation of the Punjab oorial at the present time, the following article by Mr. C. H. Donald which appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* is of interest. He has been on special duty in connection with the Wild Birds and Wild Animals Protection Act:

"Very fortunately for our indigenous game there was no very great demand for it until within recent years. The village shikari shot his two or three roosting birds for the home larder and not for the market.

"Quails and starlings were in general demand, and to a lesser extent ducks and sandgrouse, but a haul of a couple of dozen in a day satisfied the most ardent of netters. Except in a big town like Lahore he would have some difficulty in disposing of his catch.

"But the demand was steadily increasing, and during and after the Great War, markets and shops began to spring up everywhere, and contractors came into being who were prepared to advance money to netters and noosers all over the province.

"The wandering Ods, professional fishermen, and some of the criminal tribes saw a rich harvest ahead, and took every advantage of the lack of supervision to net, noose and snare, in season and out of it, and trains and lorries carried into Delhi and Lahore hundreds of birds daily. One contractor in Lahore admitted to a correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, a few years back, that he alone supplied the various hotels and hostels in Lahore with 10,000 partridges every winter. Asked what number of black partridges he could supply he said he could produce some 500 on the spot, and with three days' notice could obtain 2,000 birds. Asked where he got them from he replied that he had his netters out everywhere and they would catch them!

"The consumption of Delhi is, I believe, in the region of 500 a day, and even during the hot weather large consignments are sent up to Simla daily.

"Is it any wonder that many districts are practically devoid of all game, and to add to the above another market is springing up in the seaport towns to supply partridges to passenger boats sailing to Europe, for consumption on the voyage.

"The old village shikari is now no longer content with his two or three birds; the netsman is not satisfied with his haul of a couple of dozen, and each and all are shooting, netting and snaring, day in and day out, to cater for an ever-increasing demand.

"Very drastic measures have been taken in other countries to resuscitate birds and beasts nearing extinction. Such are not necessary in India yet, and reasonable protection with a little co-operation from the people will do a great deal to save our game, but what is needed is a great deal of effort on the part of Government, and those interested, in educating the public. Let the Zamindar once discover that the preservation of bird life generally is in his interests, and the people who net and noose all the year round are depleting his stocks, and are not concerned with his welfare or that of his crops, he will very soon take steps to preserve his own game.

"The rules framed under the Wild Birds and Wild Animals Protection Act of 1933 should go a long way to help, and when it is thoroughly understood that this Act is not being imposed merely to bring in revenue to Government but to preserve the fauna, the co-operation of the public will follow.

"At this juncture of the country's finances such a thing as a Game Department is out of the question. To leave the rules to be worked by other hard-worked and uninterested departments is to court failure from the onset, and Government has undoubtedly taken the correct course in leaving the working of the rules in the hands of district committees.

"Each district will form its own District Fauna Committee, consisting of a few officials and a number of non-officials, each Tehsil sending in two or more representatives. These committees will do all the spade work in the way of propaganda, and as they will be composed of men who are really interested in game preservation primarily, and the protection of the fauna generally, and are backed by the leading officials of the district, should be the means of doing very much more for game than can ever be done through Government agency."

Yours faithfully,

K. S. W.

[We suggest that Indian clubs, messes, hotels, etc., might give orders that their caterers are not to buy trapped game.—ED.]

LONG NETS FOR RABBITS

SIR,—As another rabbit trapping season is fast approaching, I hope that many more people will make use of long nets in place of that abomination, the common steel trap, which the University of London Animal Welfare Society has now drawn up a Bill to abolish. It has been proved that poachers can always catch rabbits in nets in almost any district, and there is no reason why landowners, who have the great advantage of being able to work openly, should not do the same.

A net set 2½ft. high is quite high enough to catch rabbits at night. The meshes must be large enough for them to get their heads through, so that they become entangled. It should be of very fine twine, so as to be as invisible as possible. It is, however, useless to attempt to drive rabbits into a net in daylight, as they will see it and run round the ends. Poachers prefer a net 80yds. long, and would sooner set up two nets of this length than be bothered with one that is longer and more cumbersome to handle. Their method is as follows. The end iron peg is placed in the ground, and the net, which is carried looped up on the other peg, is run out to its full extent, when the other end peg is also placed in the ground. The net is now lying more or less flat on the ground between the two end pegs. Starting from one end, one turn of the top and bottom lines of the net is then taken round the top and bottom of the supporting sticks (which are usually of hazel, ½in. thick, about 2ft. 7in. long, and pointed at one end). As the net is attached to each stick, it is placed upright in the ground; usual intervals 10yds. apart, or 8yds. if the catch is expected to be a large one. If an assistant is available, he should carry the sticks and hand one to the net layer at the required intervals. If the net has to pass over any hollows, small hooked pegs are used to keep the bottom line on the ground. The rabbits should be driven at speed into the net, and killed by breaking their necks before removing them.

To take up the net, one end peg is taken up and held in one hand, and the net is picked up at every yard by the top and bottom lines held together and looped over its point, together with one or two of the meshes of the net. The assistant should walk in front and withdraw each stick in turn, holding it horizontal, so that the net hangs down like a hammock. This method avoids all entanglement, and the net will be ready to run out again quickly from off the peg when required. Great care must be taken to avoid thorns; the net should therefore be set up 12yds. or 15yds. from a hedge or edge of a wood. With very little practice two men can run out and erect 80yds. of netting in four-and-a-half minutes, and can gather it up in the same time.

It is said that in districts like Devonshire, where burrows extend for hundreds of yards along enormous banks, that it is impossible to use nets. But these rabbits have to come out into the fields to feed, and then is the time to catch them. The cost of an 80yds. net like the above is only 34/- post free, including the top and bottom lines, and the end iron pegs to which these are attached.

There is also another way of using long nets so that they can be looped up in daylight and dropped by a pull on a cord from a distance after the rabbits have become accustomed to passing out underneath them. I hope that people will write to me for a special illustrated leaflet describing this and also other new and efficient humane devices for catching rabbits, stoats, rats, and especially moles. Any help in distributing these leaflets would be gladly welcomed.

Yours faithfully,

C. VAN DER BYL (Major)
The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.

Wappenham House, Towcester, Northants.

WEATHER AS A HANDICAPPER

SIR,—The article by Commander John Irving under the above title in your issue of July 7th, provides interesting comments on the recent Rochester-to-Poole race of the R.M.Y.C.

Commander Irving's explanation, however, of the somewhat anomalous results hardly covers the facts. The explanation which he suggests is that "the bad streak of weather in the Downs," which induced several competitors to put in to Ramsgate, "was local and of comparatively short duration," and that Fluminense—sent away early—"was able to get clear of the Downs before mischief started, at about eleven in the morning."

Actually Fluminense passed the N.E. Spit Buoy at 9.50 a.m., and the Gull at 11 a.m., at which time the wind was recorded as force 6 at Dover. The South Foreland was reached at 12.20 and Dover passed at 12.38 p.m. Somewhere in the tumble of sea off the North Foreland Fluminense must have passed the first boat away—a 48ft. craft with a tonnage of 27.57—which at that time was hove-to for an hour and a half.

The weather experienced between the East Tongue and Dover was heavy in the extreme and exactly as described, with the exception that the tide off the Foreland did not—as Commander Irving suggests—become adverse until 1.20 p.m. The explanation of the passage of the smaller vessel lay rather in the fact that the particular type of long roll which was running affected her probably to a less degree than the larger craft.

Fluminense is a standard 30ft. Thornycroft cruiser, but is fitted with large rolling chocks. Her short length enabled her to run down the sides of the exceptionally long seas, screw across the troughs and swing up to the crests, taking little more than spray aboard. The larger craft, on the other hand, tended to bury their bows into the incoming rollers and frequently to "take it green." Add to this the effect of the heavy weather on the crews, an effect which no one can do anything to help, and the explanation appears to cover the facts better than that given by Commander Irving.

At any rate, it is an explanation which accords with the actual tidal and weather conditions, and which reflects neither praise nor blame on anyone, making the vessels themselves responsible for their own success or failure—more than which no man can desire.

Yours faithfully,

"Fluminense." HENRY L. MARTYN, R.M.Y.C.

Poole.

THE LION'S ROAR

SIR,—Having read the letter by "J. B.-D." in your issue of June 16th, and the one by Mr. G. W. Penrice in your issue of July 7th, I agree with the former that it is impossible at night to tell the distance the roar of lions can be heard with any certainty. If, however, a single lion (or a troop) roars very close, one can always hear the intake of the breathing, and to hear this well (according to the wind) the animal will be within 70yds. or so. When within, say, 20yds. or less, the intake of oxygen is immense. In the darkness of a windless silent night, unless this heavy suction was heard a lion could not be very close. As Mr. Penrice does not seem to have heard of "J. B.-D.," perhaps he would be interested to know that he has in older days had a more varied experience of lion country in wilder Africa than most men alive to-day, so his views on such points are founded on practical experience. When "J. B.-D." states that much written on the habits of wild animals is incorrect he is right, although I cannot agree with him on the point that lions do not sometimes drive game to one another by intention. Lions, like many other animals, are mostly nocturnal in their habits, so it is difficult to separate supposition from proved fact, and always will be as optical demonstration is necessary.

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

THE END OF A PERFECT FISH

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the record Liffey trout caught by Colonel Henry Mansfield in his water at Barretstown, Newbridge.

This fish was one of two big ones which came daily to feed on the oddments of food from the house dumped in the river. It has been at this for three years. This was the smaller of the two, and had to clear when the other fish came round.

On June 13th the Colonel saw the trout pick up a mutton bone and shake the adherent particles of food off for the smaller fish (2lb. downwards) to feed on. It then took a lump of mutton fat and spat it out. The Colonel went home, packed a treble and single hook, a live bait pike tackle, into a lump of fat put on a steel trace and offered the bait. Foolish fish—it took it. It overran the Colonel's Silex, plunged up and down the river, and finally hung itself up on some piling.

It was 7¼lb. in weight, 26in. long, 13¾in. in girth, and has gone to Williams in Dublin to be mounted. A perfect fish—no sign of cannibal—why should there be? The flesh pots of Barretstown were good (too good in the end). The bigger fish has cleared!

Yours faithfully,

Naas, Co. Kildare. O'DONEL BROWNE, M.D.

GOOSEBERRIES AS A COMMERCIAL PROPOSITION

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me any information about the growing of Cape gooseberries (*Physalis edulis*) on a commercial scale for the fruit? A friend is trying them as a catch-crop after potatoes in this island, and wants to know how they should be treated, whether like tomatoes—disbudded, staked, etc., or if not, what the best method of cultivation may be.

Yours, faithfully,

Jersey. ALFRED DE LA PENHA.

GREAT GREY SHRIKE AND GARGANEY IN EAST KENT

SIR,—When flighting pigeon on June 13th, at a drinking pool on the wooded downs a few miles east of Canterbury, I had the pleasure of watching a grey shrike on two occasions at a distance of under seven yards. The red-backed shrike is not uncommon in East Kent, but this is the first time I have seen a grey shrike. The fact of the bird having only one white wing bar leads me to believe that this was a Pallas's great grey shrike.

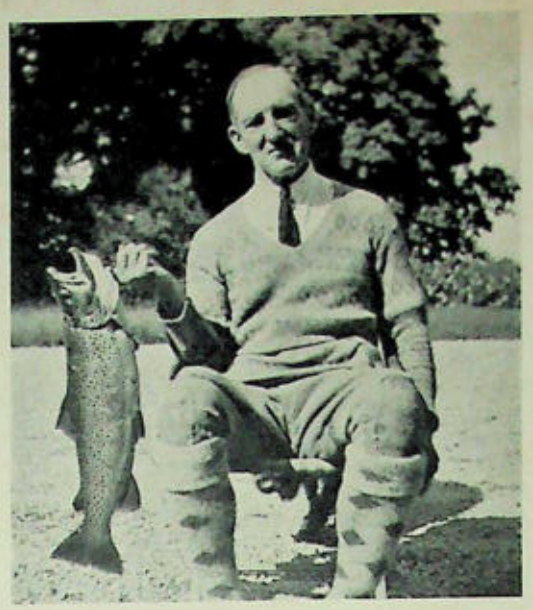
Owing to the drought the wealth of bird life around this particular pool was extraordinary; within 40 minutes I counted 32 different species, including the treecreeper, and both greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers.

In these days of diminishing wildfowl I am pleased to report the increase in East Kent of the garganey which now definitely breeds, together with the shoveller and pochard, outside the Romney Marsh area, in one locality well known to me. The shoveller is now abundant, and in the early part of last year's shooting season the young shovellers were little less numerous than the mallard.

Yours faithfully,

41, Victoria Road, T. C. GREGORY.
Deal.

[It is now generally agreed that the presence of one or two white bars on the wing of the great grey shrike does not constitute a specific distinction. Birds of the two varieties interbreed and nestlings with one and two bars have been reared in the same nest.—ED.]



A RECORD TROUT FROM THE LIFFEY
(See Letter "The End of a Perfect Fish")

WEATHERGAGE

SIR,—I was much interested by your letter in the *Field* about Weathergage. I have an oil painting of him which I picked up some years ago. It differs slightly in a few small details from the photographs of your coloured print. I wonder where the original painting is, of which you write? I cannot find a signature on mine, but I intend having it cleaned, which might possibly reveal a signature.

Yours faithfully,

The Old Hall, J. NOEL.
Market Overton,
Oakham, Rutland.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS KILLED BY CARS

SIR,—With reference to the letter under the above heading in the *Field* of June 9th, it is indeed much to be deplored that so many birds are killed on the roads by cars. Of course, there are circumstances in which it is impossible to avoid killing or injuring a bird, but if motorists showed a little consideration, by slowing down and sounding the horn, the death roll could be much reduced. Only last week I came on four plover chicks with their parents in the middle of the road and had to draw up. The parents, of course, flew off and left the youngsters bewildered on the road—meanwhile a motorist coming in the opposite direction, to whom I signalled to slow down and who must or *should* have seen the young birds, drove straight on and it was due to no skill on his part that one (if not two) of the birds was not run over and killed.

Yours faithfully,

Dumbartonshire. W. L. E.

A CURIOUS HOOK HOLD

SIR,—I was recently fishing for trout at the Loe Pool, near here, using Butcher with a Zulu as dropper, when suddenly I had to play out some 12ft. of line very quickly. Thinking I had hooked a decent fish, I carefully reeled in, and much to my surprise, on landing my catch, found I had foul-hooked a fairly large eel very near the tail.

I mentioned this to a friend of mine, Dr. Michael, and he called my attention to Mr. Porteous Scott's letter to you of the 16th, ult. and thought, with me, that perhaps this was a more remarkable incident in view of the fact that I was fishing with fly. It is singular that these two occurrences should take place within such a short time of each other.

Triangle, Yours faithfully,
Helston. W. BISHOP-STEPHENS.
Cornwall.

A REMARKABLE CRICKET MATCH

SIR,—The following report of a cricket match which appeared in the *Western Morning News* recently, may be of interest to some of your readers:

"Extraordinary cricket was witnessed in a match at Dulverton on Saturday, when the local club entertained West Buckland School. It was an all-day match, and the wicket was somewhat affected by morning rain.

"Dulverton, opening the batting, scored exactly 100 runs. In reply, West Buckland hit up only 44 runs, and in their second innings Dulverton also scored 44—a rare coincidence in itself. This left the School to get 101 runs to win. They scored 99, and then—the last man was bowled by the last ball of the last over of the game! Dulverton thus won by one run."

Yours faithfully,

N. Devon. "READER."

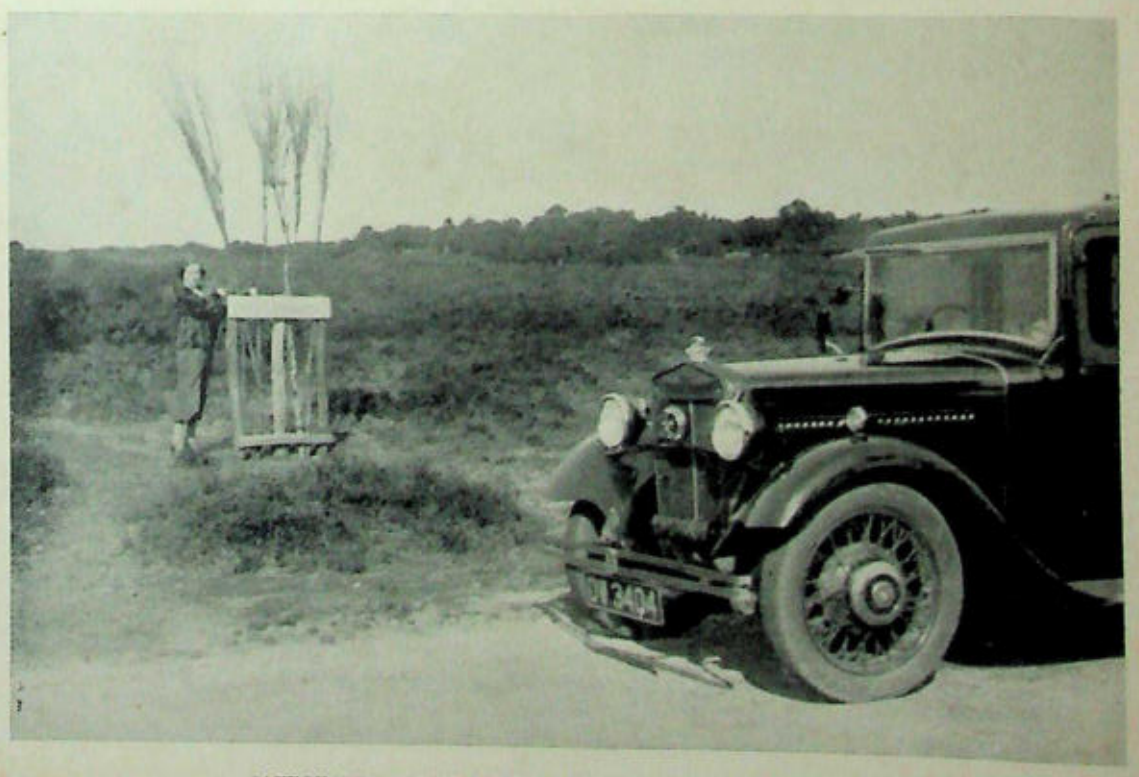
A WISE AND NECESSARY PRECAUTION

SIR,—It is gratifying to note that some effective precaution is being taken in the New Forest to prevent the spread of disastrous forest fires.

Fire brooms, of the nature illustrated, are being placed in convenient spots along all the main highways in hundreds so that motorists and others, seeing a blaze in the early stages, will be able to extinguish the flames before the fire reaches unmanageable proportions and livestock becomes endangered.

Yours faithfully,

Southampton. A TRAVELLER.



SAFEGUARDS WHICH MIGHT WELL BE COPIED ELSEWHERE
(See Letter "A Wise and Necessary Precaution")

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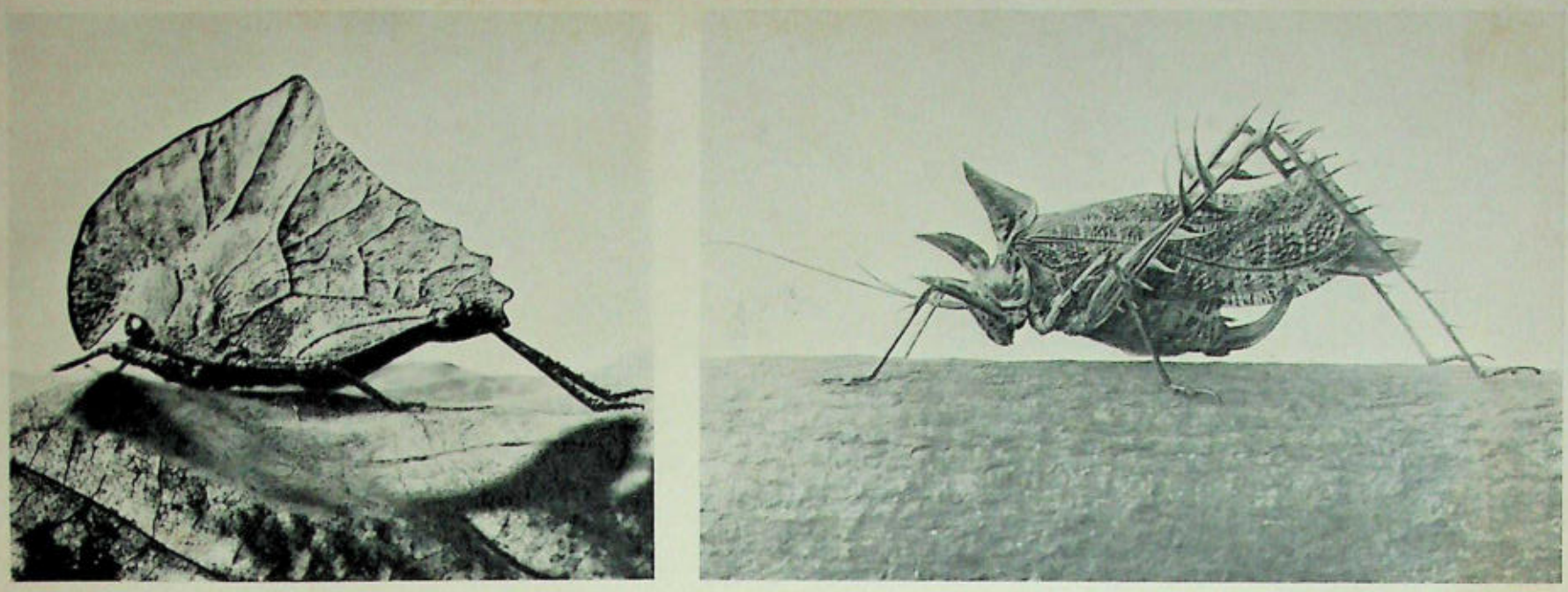


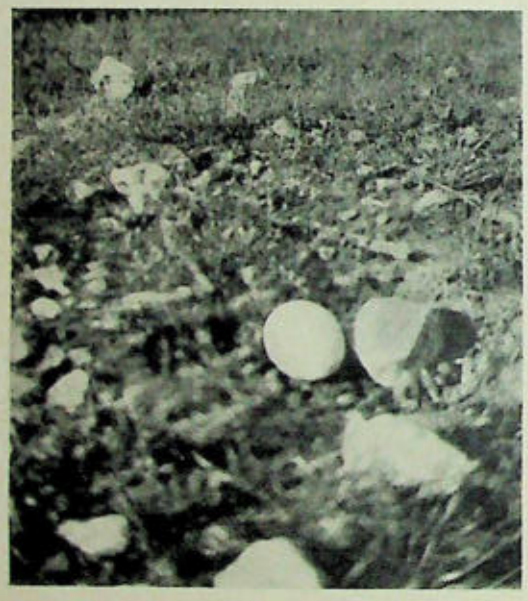
PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE TO FOLIAGE AND THORNS IN TWO FOREIGN GRASSHOPPERS
(See Letter "Insect Mimics")

INSECT MIMICS

SIR,—Having seen, in a recent issue, the very interesting series of photographs showing the protective resemblance of certain kinds of insects to the foliage among which they live, it occurs to me that two other illustrations of the same principle may be of interest. One, which shows a species of grasshopper from the Philippine Islands, has an uncanny resemblance to a dried leaf, but also, I think, the likeness of a bird, with eye and beak, at the head end. The other, more conventional type of grasshopper, is not only leaflike, but carries what look like formidable thorns upon its legs.

These photographs are of specimens in the Zoological Museum of the University of Berlin, from material gathered together by Professor Dr. Willy Ramme. Yours faithfully,

Berlin. RENE LEONHARDT.



AN UNUSUAL "CLUTCH"
(See Letter "Stone Curlew's Eggs")

SALMON JUMPING INTO BOAT

SIR,—The following incident happened to me on June 23rd while fishing the Bjora River, Norway.

While fishing from a boat I had just finished fishing a pool and Christian, the boatman, was in the act of turning the boat to go to a lower pool, when I was nearly frightened out of my wits by a salmon jumping clean into the boat right between my legs—a smallish fish of 16½lb.—which, after making much commotion in the boat, was soon knocked on the head.

It has been a moderate year, little water, but some big fish. I have got one of 47lb. and one of 40lb.

Gorddinog, Llanfairfechan, North Wales. Yours faithfully, ERIC J. W. PLATT.

STONE CURLEW'S EGGS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the nest of a stone curlew, containing a single abnormally pale egg, laid beside a large white flint. In my experience any considerable variation in the colour of the stone curlew's eggs is rare, though the shape often varies a good deal. Frequently, one egg in a nest is the orthodox oval shape and the other long and pointed. I have never seen more than two eggs in a nest.

The chicks when hatched are very pale grey, with black parallel lines running from head to tail. When the chicks are about four or five days old they are usually taken to cover—commonly to bracken. The old birds remain with their chicks during the day; soon after sunset they fly from the waste lands to the arable land in search of food, flying to and from their chicks throughout the night. They start their cry about the same hour as the nightjars begin to "churr," and this is continued intermittently throughout the night.

Yours faithfully,

Poplar Farm, Hollesley, nr. Woodbridge, Suffolk. BERNARD BARRINGTON.

SWALLOWTAIL BUTTERFLY IN SURREY

SIR,—On June 27th, a dull sunless day, my head gardener noticed a butterfly with which he was not familiar, and eventually succeeded in capturing it in his hat without damage after it had settled on a sweet william flower. It proved to be a swallow-tail butterfly, and I now have it in my possession.

It is, as far as I am aware, the only specimen of this species that has been seen or taken in this district, and I can but think it must have been bred in captivity, or is it possible for the caterpillar or chrysalis to have been imported in vegetables or flowers from abroad? It is a matter of considerable interest to me, and I should be most grateful if you or any of your readers could give me any information concerning it.

Yours faithfully,

Horsell, nr. Woking. E. MORTEN BOND.

[It had almost certainly escaped from some entomologist's breeding cage.—ED.]

GOSHAWK NESTLINGS

SIR,—I notice in the *Field* of June 30th a request for information about obtaining a young goshawk.

Till now I have always regretted that the goshawk does not nest in Great Britain, but now knowing that there are people in this country who can even consider such a cruel and selfish method of obtaining them, I am glad it does not.

Perhaps this disgraceful method is another reason for the decrease in some of Britain's rarer birds, in addition to the reasons set out in Major Lee's admirable letter on the depredations of the egg collector.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E. 10. CYMRO.

INCUBATION PERIOD OF PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I am surprised that a person in the position Lieut.-Colonel Coape Oates most certainly is should make such a misstatement regarding the incubation period of the partridge.

The normal period for both partridges and pheasants whether under their own parents or barn doors is from 23 to 24 days.

It is usual to chip 22–23 and to hatch 23–24, but it not infrequently takes two days longer. I write with some authority, as apart from a lifelong observation of "the wild" we had at one time a large number of partridges breeding in pens on the so-called "French" system, and I have never known them to hatch *under* 23½ days, although sometimes a day or two longer. Partridge and pheasant eggs hatch simultaneously under similar conditions.

I daresay that by putting into an incubator and maintaining a temperature of about 107, that a 21-day hatch would result; but it does not in nature, not, anyway, in these latitudes (57–58 N.).

Yours faithfully,

J. B.-D.

[Our experience agrees with that of Colonel Coape Oates.—ED.]

COMMUNAL NESTS

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that a partridge's nest was found recently in my paddock, containing nine partridge's and four chicken's eggs. The latter were removed, since when four more partridge's and one more chicken's eggs have been laid. The latter was taken and the partridge is now in undisputed possession of her home. Yours faithfully,

Bachelors, Ockham, Ripley, Surrey. E. A. S. OLDHAM.

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THE DERBY WINNER OF 1834
(See Letter "A Hundred-Year-Old Memory")

A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD MEMORY

SIR,—I think that the portrait of the Derby winner of 1834 might prove to be of interest to your readers. According to Taunton, whose work on *Famous Horses* is an invaluable guide to students of bloodstock breeding, Plenipotentiary was "a rich chesnut son of Emilius from Harriet, by Pericles," and beat Glencoe in the Derby by two lengths. Plenipo, as he was called by the racegoers of his day, was not placed in the St. Leger as, to quote the words of my authority, "foul play had most effectually done its work, and he was not only made safe for the day, but his constitution was utterly ruined."

Yours faithfully
West Wickham. O. W.

BLACK-BACKED GULL'S INTELLIGENCE

SIR,—The local punt-gunner told me a tale of the intelligence of the greater black-back, which shows that birds "think." He had had a shot at wigeon, and one fell on the ooze wounded at a little distance. The black-backs of the Firth fly with all speed to the spot when they hear the cannon-like sound of a punt-gun, and soon one alighted beside the disabled wigeon on the ooze.

The gunner did not wish to lose the bird, and pushed for it in his punt, when the gull lifted the wigeon bodily, and carrying it to a height, released it. The bird fell again away in on the ooze, and the gull lifted and dropped it twice farther in rapid succession, finally beginning to feed on it, at nearly a mile's distance from the puntsman.

Yours faithfully,
Invergordon. D. M.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

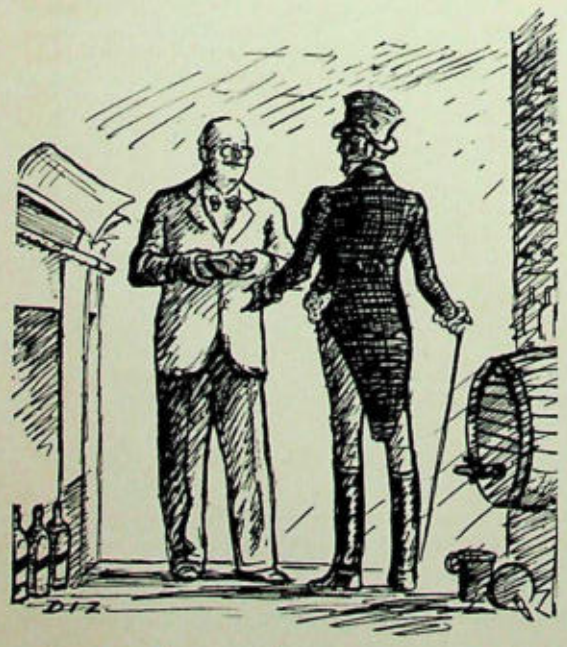
Partridge Manors.—I have been wondering what a partridge manor is—I often see the expression used by writers in the *Field*. The word "manor" should be simply a reference to the ownership of manorial rights. Lots of people seem to call their houses "manor houses" or "manors," though they have nothing to do with manorial rights in any form whatever. I suppose they think it sounds well. The use of the word by all and sundry ought to be put a stop to as it has a definite meaning, and should only be used by those who have a right to use it.—A LANDOWNER.

Disappearance of Lapwings.—I would suggest as a probable explanation of the scarcity of lapwings this season that the unusually dry weather during last year's incubation period caused the many enemies of these birds to take heavy toll of the eggs—another instance of the exasperating futility of man's efforts to take a hand in redressing the "balance of nature."—(Mrs.) L. DORIS EPPS, Hollies, Pewley Hill, Guildford.

The Bell-Ringer's Art.—Our clerk and verger, Mr. A. Johnson, is accustomed to ring three bells exactly in the same way as your illustration shows. He only does it for chiming when we are short of ringers, as sometimes happens.—F. WILLIAM COCK, M.D., The Well House, Appledore, Ashford, Kent.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for £6 to help a middle-aged gentlewoman who has collapsed after years of struggling against poverty. An excellent cook, she has been employed in various restaurants in London, and has never had any difficulty in obtaining work, but she has had to support an invalid sister, and this, combined with her own delicate health, has always been a great handicap. A short while ago she obtained a post in the country, which entailed extremely hard work, but again she had to leave owing to illness and a weak heart. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to raise £6 in order that she may have a complete rest before looking out for another lighter job.

● He said to me—what should I look for in a fine old whisky . . . ?



● I said to him—just look for the label—Johnnie Walker . . . !

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . !

IN THE CITY

WATERLOW'S REVIVAL

WHEN the securities of a company are selling at depressed levels owing to some exceptional development, and that development is not likely to recur or to be an unsurmountable obstacle to renewed prosperity, its securities often prove a more remunerative holding to the long-term investor than those of untried concerns or those of well-known undertakings which are already selling at relatively high prices. A good example may be found in the shares of Waterlow & Sons, Ltd., the well-known printers and stationers.

An action was brought against this company in July, 1930, by the Bank of Portugal, in respect of the Portuguese Bank Note frauds in 1925. The Court of Appeal awarded the Bank damages in the amount of £300,000 with costs, and security was given to the Bank for this sum pending the company's appeal to the House of Lords. In April, 1932, judgment was pronounced by the House of Lords in favour of the Bank for nearly £700,000, which sum was paid by the company in May, 1932.

Since Waterlow's finances had been conducted on very conservative lines for many years it was able to pay this large sum without entirely crippling its business, though it should be realised that the heavy depletion of the reserve account leaves the intangible asset goodwill, at £860,000, higher than is desirable, and that a large proportion of earnings for some years to come will probably be put aside, therefore, to build up once more a strong financial position. On the other hand, there is no particular reason to doubt that the company will eventually be able to regain its former prosperity and its current earnings are believed to be little less than they were in the years before the slump.

Waterlow & Sons has no Debenture Stock outstanding, and the authorised and issued capital consists of £540,000 in 4 per cent. cumulative £1 Preference shares; a similar amount in 6½ per cent. non-cumulative £1 Preferred ordinary shares; and £690,000 in £1 deferred shares. Prior to 1931 the dividend requirements on both the Preference and Preferred shares were well covered, and they have been covered by earnings and regularly paid even during the last three years. Net profits in recent years, after deducting all expenses, etc., and Preference dividends, are shown below, with the cover for Preferred Ordinary dividends and the amount earned and paid (in each case free of tax except in the last year) on the Deferred shares:

Year to Sept. 30.	Net Profit.	Preferred Dividend.	Times Covered.	Deferred shares per cent' Earned.	Paid.
1926	£194,029	£35,100	5.0	20.1	15
1927	168,245	35,100	4.8	19.3	15
1928	169,204	35,100	4.8	19.5	15
1929	149,946	35,100	4.3	16.6	12.5
1930	140,705	35,100	4.0	15.3	11.5
1931	65,885	35,100	1.9	4.5	7.5
1932	51,787	35,100	1.5	2.4	2.5
1933	59,257	35,100	1.7	3.5 l.t.	3.5 l.t.

The company's foreign business has been handicapped by the Exchange restrictions which so many countries have imposed, and the printing of stock and share certificates has undoubtedly been curtailed by the Treasury's ban on foreign loans, but earnings should be benefiting from the many conversion operations which have lately been accomplished as well as from the new issues offered and the general increase in trade.

All things considered, it is entirely reasonable to assume that Waterlow's earnings have passed the lowest point to which they are likely to decline, and consequently the 6½ per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares, which have been on offer of late at 25/6 to yield over 5 per cent., may be regarded as an attractive investment for those investors requiring a high rate of income return on a portion of their funds.

The Deferred shares of £1 each yield little more than 2¾ per cent. at the current price of about 25/–, on the basis of last year's dividend of 3½ per cent. During the last three years, however, the company has had to contend not only with the effects of the trade depression but also with the immense law-suit and its damaging results, and this period may therefore be considered as abnormal in every way. The previous record of trading results and conservative finance seems to justify the opinion that the shares are intrinsically sound enough to purchase as a lock-up investment of the speculative type, and patient holders may eventually see the return to regular annual dividends of 15 per cent. tax free.

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New Books

BENGAL LANCER ENTERS THE LISTS

Farming Made Easy—Trout Streams and Other Waters

IS Francis Yeats-Brown a one-book man? Will another *Bengal Lancer* be forthcoming? It is a question which exercises my mind at regular intervals, for the sketches of Anglo-Indian life in that book were in my opinion unique—far ahead of Kipling's earlier work in the same vein. But, unlike Kipling, he seems to be going no further. This is one of those intervals, for I have just read the following significant passage in *Dogs of War*, his answer, after the early eighteenth century manner, to *Cry Havoc*, by Beverley Nichols. "It's a pity I can't cast my book in another form. With the material I have for stories, I ought to be a novelist. I have the words and the ideas, but not the link between them. Something in me has died. At my first school I used to tell the boys in my dormitory serial thrillers lasting a week or more: now my imagination fails . . ."

Yes, it is a pity, for to me the best parts of the book are the chapters "In Aid of the Civil Power" and "Pour dire Bonjour," a description of days in 1920 with the Indian cavalry and reminiscences of Ypres. "The moon shines on a hundred bay hides, and 20 white bullocks drawing ten carts, and 48 beige camels complaining of the heat, and one Red Cross ambulance. What a lot of trouble this fanatic in Mansehra is causing us! We are sweating because of him. Horses and men have sore rumps because of him. Taxpayers may vote supplementary estimates, and women and children may mourn because of him. My dogs in Rawalpindi will be miserable. The gentleman camel of the squadron is frothing at the mouth, and blowing red bubbles of rage. . . ." Genuine *Bengal Lancer*.

To return, somewhat regretfully, to the subject in hand. Major Yeats-Brown deals very faithfully with Mr. Nichols, though at times the latter is "money for jam." His book makes no pretence at being an exhaustive or reasoned statement of the case against pacifism. It is a series of well-executed local attacks in places where the enemy has shown his weakness. Major Yeats-Brown argues that there are worse things than war, that pacifism will not stop war, and that internationalism is a dangerous creed. He is particularly shrewd about international armies, or police forces, a form of doctrine that has always seemed to me to be of about as much ultimate practical value as the Kellogg Pact. National armies are very often sent to war by the will of a people, and not infrequently for a cause which they believe, possibly falsely, to be just. Could one say as much for the small oligarchy who will control a world police force? The League of Nations represents the Quai D'Orsay, or the Wilhelmstrasse, or Whitehall, no doubt, but not France or Germany or Britain.

Nowhere does Major Yeats-Brown set up, on the strength of pre-war service in an Indian cavalry that has passed from the stage, to be an authority on up-to-date methods of war, though his general observations are sound. Mr. Nichols believes that the quality of mustard is not strained, and has made a vast area of flesh of every hue creep with the possibilities of gas-bombing. His critic here describes it as not a little exaggerated, but I think the truth is that even the most profound of the professors of Porton cannot visualise its real effects and possibilities, moral and physical. The Anglo-Saxon peoples have greater practical achievements to their credit than any in the world's history, including the Romans. They may yet be able to force peace on a war-like world. Let me conclude with his final words: "Our destiny as a people lies not in subjection to a super-state, but in the dangerous world of the creative will." R. M.

Dogs of War. By F. Yeats-Brown. (Peter Davies; 6/-.)

AGRICULTURAL POLICY

Mr. A. G. Street's Ideas

EVERYONE who has read *Farmer's Glory* remembers it as a book that was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. A. G. Street has the rare knack of presenting the everyday affairs of the countryside in the thoughts and words of the man of the soil. For those who look for something as good as his first book, *Land Everlasting* will be a disappointment. Mr. Street has proved himself a delightful descriptive writer. He now shows himself a somewhat tedious mentor on agricultural policy. In his new book Mr. Street sets himself the task of informing and guiding the townsman on the line of sound development for British agriculture. This is a job worth doing in these days when agricultural policy is much in the limelight and Parliament is constantly called upon to approve measures for the assistance of the several branches of the industry. But unfortunately Mr. Street has allowed his obsession with the supposed ill-effects of the Wheat Act to colour the whole of his book and distort his picture of the present situation and the possibilities of the future. The townsman with no close knowledge of farming is likely to be left with an unhappy feeling that all the efforts so far made to restore British agriculture are mistaken and indeed mischievous. Actually, the guaranteed price for wheat has saved many arable farmers from bankruptcy and so served to preserve a balance between corn growing and milk production which was increasing so rapidly as to force prices down to an altogether unprofitable level.

But Mr. Street must be given his due. Apart from his fanatical objections to the Wheat Act, his ideas are good. The general slogan he suggests is very sound. It is: "Fresh food—something which neither the Dominions nor the foreigner *can* supply." The land of Great Britain must become the kitchen garden of our population, and supply it as far as possible with perishable foodstuffs of first-class quality. Mr. Street underlines the purpose of the Government's policy, although he does not seem to realise it, by stressing that "if the nation wishes the land of our country to employ more of our population, either as wage earners or as small-holders, the only possible way for this to take place is by an expansion of our animal husbandry and market gardening to the maximum carrying capacity of our land" . . . "The land of this country is the one permanent asset which the nation possesses. World economic conditions and trade depression can take away from us our export trade, our shipping, our manufacturing, and all our other national assets; but our land will remain. . . . Men and women die, farm animals die, crops grow up and are cut down to wither and die, but the land remains, land everlasting." R. F.

Land Everlasting. By A. G. Street. (Bodley Head; 7/6.)

C. W. THURLOW CRAIG

The author of "A Rebel for a Horse" (Arthur Barker, 8/6), the story of his joining the Brazilian rebel army in order not to be parted from his horse Bobby. He tells his changes and chances here with great humour and vivacity, and we thoroughly recommend his book

THE GOOD COMPANION

Fisherman's Stories

MR. ATWOOD CLARK seems to have done quite a bit of shooting, but he knows a lot about fishing also. I am afraid to criticise anything in his latest book because he has caught many more salmon and trout than I. All the same, I have caught more sharks and mahseer, so I cannot complain. His book is (as are his others) a medley of reminiscences of a young and revered man. It is just a series of chapters about experiences—all those experiences you and I have never had the luck to meet. I fully believe in "Surprises." I know "Salmon on trout tackle" (I did it once—a 5lb. grilse).

Seriously, Mr. Clark seems to have collected more sensible fishing lore than most people discover in a lifetime. I think it takes quite a decade to find out that there is an amazing difference between bright and brown gut-casts. As for the luck of the rods—well, I believe his story about his companion who struck every time because the friend was a cleric and, at any rate, showed his catch, but even Anglicans or Oxford Movement men can throw a good line! Minnow or fly, it is the splash that counts and the fish that judges the man at the butt-end's brain, yet there is often a fool at one end of the line. The author has lots to say about flies (especially dry ones), but has he ever considered that "Teal and Red" has caught more than any other (fished across or down), more than "Cock-y-bondhu" or even Mayfly? I refer to dry-fly streams in spate. A Loch Leven cast gets there every time. At least it does in Hampshire.

I have stated that I believe in the chapter "Surprise"—but, oh! I am trying hard. Listen now: "A fisherman lost in the dark a good fish and . . . next day the farmer's son produced the fly and cast—from the neck of a Shorthorn bull, the farmer's son declared."

All right, Mr. Clark; you write good books on good subjects and I believe you. Yet errors in fact are reprehensible—the Romans did not use bronze swords after about 500 B.C. (certainly not against the Gauls). They used quite decent steel. But I am keeping this book for my own educational library. I need it. KLAXON.

For Fishermen Only. By H. Atwood Clark. (Philip Allan; 10/6.)

THE QUINTESSENTIAL GAEL

LADY LONDONDERRY has issued through Macmillan a very illuminating little book called *Character and Tradition*. Born of a sturdy English family, and inheriting from the Sutherlands something of the romanticism of the Highlands, she is intimately connected with Ireland through her marriage into one of the most distinguished Irish Septs. She writes not of the Ireland that we know—of Fenians and Sinn Fein, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, or "Bloody" Balfour, or George Wyndham, or even of De Valera, but of the heroic period of the Celtic race in whose imagination and achievement, rather than in a war of tariffs, or the organisation of sweepstakes, lie the future of the distressful country. Lady Londonderry traces the very early history of Ireland simply and very readably; she writes with an enthusiasm for her subject and from that tangle of history and legend she has traced a broad pattern—her whole book is of 35 small pages—which covers the history of Ireland from 1000 B.C. to A.D. 700, when the Vikings came. "*Veni, vidi, vici*—the Vikings came and conquered, and the Vikings, too, have stamped our stock. I wonder if we realise how much influence the Scandinavians have had on the British race? But it is very apparent that we have absorbed not only their blood, but their spirit." It is in that spirit that this little book has been written, a book for which all to whom these ancient legends are still vital will be grateful. Lady Londonderry closes her book by pointing out that the romance of the past is to-day inherited by the men and women who are conquering the air, and with whom the future of any island country must be to so great an extent. R. M.

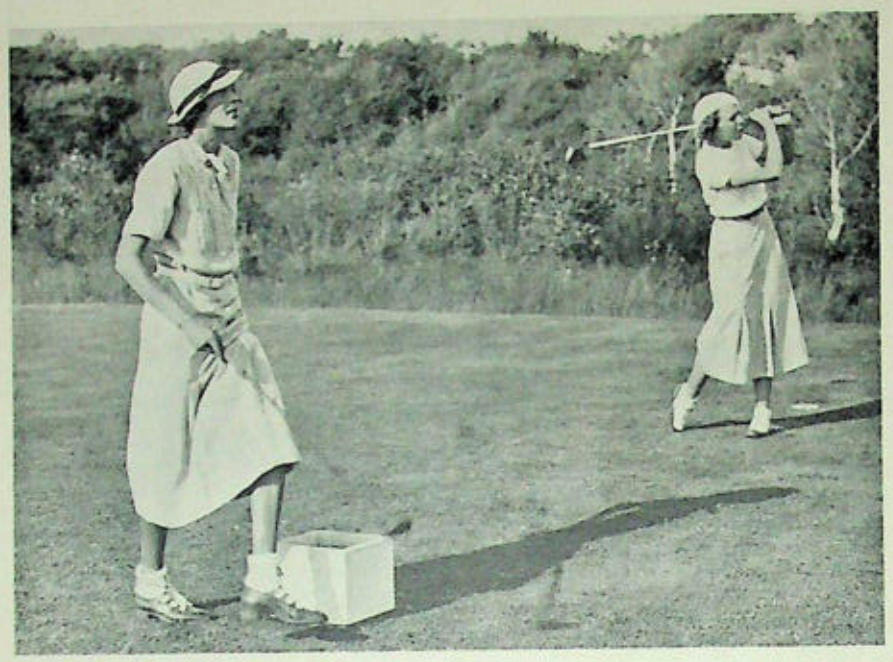
Character and Tradition. By the Marchioness of Londonderry. (Macmillan; 2/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Gymnastic Agility, by Thomas McDowell, is a simple book of gymnastics for boys, clearly illustrated, and of definite practical value. (Link House, Greville Street, London, E.C.; price 3/6.)

Searchers after Eldorado will welcome the Financial Times *Investors' Guide*, which sets out in language intelligible to the man in the street the whys and wherefores of £ s. d.; price 3/6, from 72, Coleman Street, E.C.

Even the best gardeners are not equipped with perfect memories, and many will find Mr. T. G. W. Henslow's *Gardening Do's and Do Not's* (Rich and Cowan, 3/6) a useful daily reminder. The book is divided into months, and each page is filled with the "do's" and "do not's" of two days. By his other volume (*Suburban Gardens*; Rich and Cowan, 5/-) Mr. Henslow has added to the already large amount of literature written for the benefit of suburban gardeners, and many will find useful hints therein.



FAVOURITES FOR THE FRENCH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP, AND THE EVENTUAL WINNER

Last year's winner, Miss K. Garnham, driving in her match with Miss Amory (U.S.A.), who defeated her after a close struggle

The new French lady open champion, Miss Pam Barton, with her sister Miss Mervyn Barton, another keen player

GOLF FOR ENJOYMENT

Do Good or Bad Players Derive Most Pleasure from the Game?

By E. R. TIPPLE

TO the non-player golf sometimes appears to be ridiculous. I remember one man talking to me about it in very scathing terms. He could not imagine what amusement anyone obtained from merely hitting a small, white ball, walking after it, hitting it again, and so on ad infinitum. This critic knows nothing of the niceties of the game, otherwise he would not express such a foolish opinion.

In the first place, it is no easy matter to hit a stationary object the size of a golf ball. As for hitting it in the required direction, that seems extraordinarily difficult to thousands! The beginner realises this after his first few attempts, realises that what had seemed simple is in reality most complex. An eminent German writer has described golf in these apt words: "It is a recreation which requires the patience of an angel, super-human endurance, and an equable temperament." No one will deny the truth of that.

The aspiring golfer has to devote almost his whole time to the game if he wishes to succeed. But the average British golfer regards the game as a relaxation from his normal occupation. If he can improve without going to too much trouble, so much the better, but he does not like to, and indeed will not, regard sport of any kind as a business. Many handicap players wish that they were good enough to be able to compete in the various important tournaments; most "rabbits" would like to be "tigers," then they would be satisfied—or so they imagine.

Actually, it is a remarkable fact that there is no golfer who is completely satisfied and thoroughly pleased with his play. Listen to anyone talking about his game, and this will be proved. The lowly player struggles around in his dreary way, trundling the ball along as best he can. On some occasions—few and far between—he plays moderately well, but usually his game lacks inspiration. Invariably he longs to do better than he has ever done; generally he is dissatisfied.

It may be asked, "But are not famous professionals contented when they have accomplished low scores or achieved prominent victories?" They are not. So self-critical are they that when they look back they see where mistakes were made, mistakes which others might not have seen. They aim at absolute perfection, nothing less.

Henry Cotton, after winning the Open Championship last month expressed his disappointment at not beating Sarazen's record total. Yet he had done something no Britisher had been able to do for eleven years.

Handicap golfers also imagine that the scratch players derive the most enjoyment out of the game. They think that the better one plays the more fun one will have. Personally, I doubt it. Competitive golf is a very exacting business, and the "tiger" has to submit to a modern m o s avery if he desires to accomplish anything of note.

During the last twenty years the whole atmosphere of championship golf has been changing until to-day it is quite different from what it used to be. In former times a championship meeting was an absolute pleasure trip for all concerned. It was really a social gathering where old friends met again and new friendships were formed. All this overshadowed the actual event itself. It was not the competition that was important but everything that it stood for and meant.

Most of that has disappeared to-day. Everyone—or nearly everyone—now is out to win, and the ultimate victor is the only person who matters. Instead of playing a game for the pleasure obtainable from it, the "star" performer has to indulge in hard work, in strict preparation which takes up most of his time and which allows few chances for business or other affairs. Those who have reached the final stages of important events have recounted how tremendous was the strain, physical and mental, which they had to endure. It is very common for such players to lose a great deal of weight, to pass sleepless nights, to eat little—all because of the nervous tension brought on by competitions.

No one in the public eye can play without attracting considerable attention, without being watched by eager spectators. And all too frequently these bystanders forget the player in their frantic anxiety to see the game. The old story of the lady who made many disturbances on a links saying, "Bother the golfers. I've come to watch the golf!" contains not a little truth. Everything that a famous golfer does is given publicity and his personal feelings are forgotten by those who search for "news." No wonder that players to-day retire before they reach their prime.

Watch the competitors in a championship. Notice their tense, agonised expressions, then you will appreciate the test they have to face. The majority drive about the same distance, their second strokes are similar, but on the greens the troubles are the greatest. Everything depends on whether the putts are being sunk or not. They really do not enjoy the game under such conditions, rather does it grip them like a fever, urging them each year to continue entering, just as a light attracts the flies. In short, the "tiger" is upset even if he plays one stroke badly, but the "rabbit" is pleased if he hits only one shot as he meant to, the others he forgets.

The majority of tournaments to-day are, I am afraid, stern affairs. However, there is one which has been in existence only a few years yet manages to give great pleasure to all who participate. I mean the Lucifer Society's meeting which was held at Walton Heath last week. Golfers from all parts of the Empire come together on this annual occasion to play golf and, what is far more important, to renew the ties that bind them to their friends and to their home country. This year the society was honoured by having the Prince of Wales as captain, and he presided at their dinner. After explaining why His Majesty the King gave up golf—"because the game made him so angry"—he made reference to this year's winner, an eighteen handicap player from Australia, who returned an incredibly low score over the famous Walton Heath course. The Prince remarked that he knew these "eighteen men," having met them many times, and so have all good golfers. Their handicap may be eighteen, but their game usually is about on the ten mark. They are the golfers who, in my opinion, are the most fortunate, for they enjoy their games in a manner no "tiger" can really appreciate.

OUR YOUNGEST GOLF CHAMPION

Miss Barton's Fine Form

TWO months ago at Porthcawl Miss Pamela Barton reached the final of the British Ladies' Championship at her first attempt. Some might have felt very disappointed at being beaten after such a series of magnificent displays with a subsequent loss of form. Not so Miss Barton, for last week she won the French title like a seasoned veteran. Thus, she becomes the youngest golf champion ever known, as well as increasing the list of British triumphs for this year.

Those who saw her play at Porthcawl realised that she was a champion of the future, but no one expected to see her win a major event so quickly. She will be a force to be reckoned with in the years to come; she is only on the threshold of a brilliant career. This year the entry for the French championship lacked the names of Miss Fishwick and Miss Gourlay, both former winners, so that the British contingent was far from formidable. Many of the well-known French golfers scratched at the last moment, and the title appeared a certainty for either Mlle. de Gunzbourg or Miss Grace Amory, the American. But Miss Barton showed that she should not have been forgotten.

After the French native champion had beaten Miss Amory she met the sole survivor of the twenty-five British entrants in the semi-final; thus a return match of their Porthcawl game was staged. As at Porthcawl, so at Le Touquet, Miss Barton proved far too good for Mlle. de Gunzbourg. She won because of her greater accuracy and control. Against a comparatively unknown French golfer in the final, the young Surrey player made few mistakes and triumphed easily. Eight up after the first round is rather merciless!

Although only seventeen years of age, Miss Barton hits the ball a long way for one of her size, but the feature of her game is her play with the iron clubs and her putting. Now she is off to Canada for more competitive golf. Even if she returns unsuccessful she will have gained experience which should prove most helpful.

E. R. T.

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, August 11th. 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.

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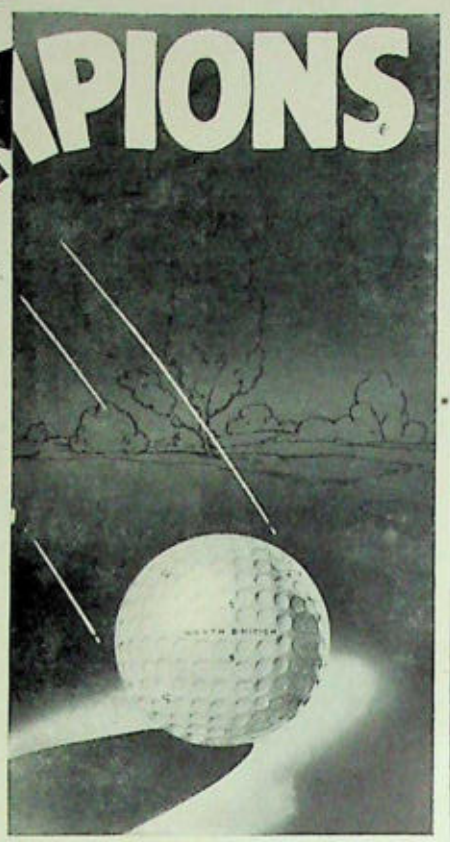

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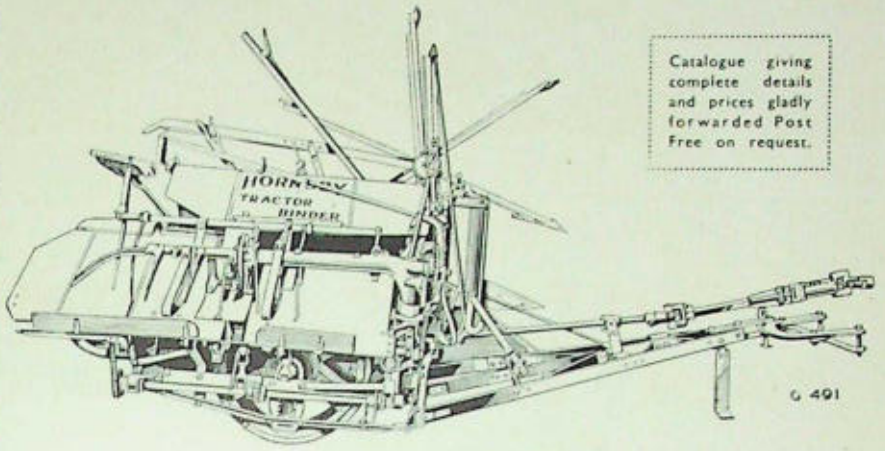

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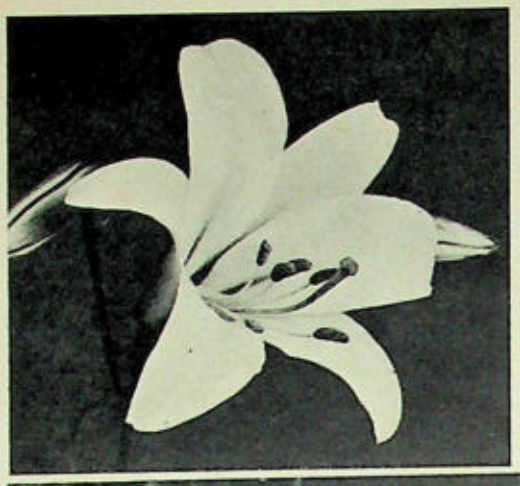
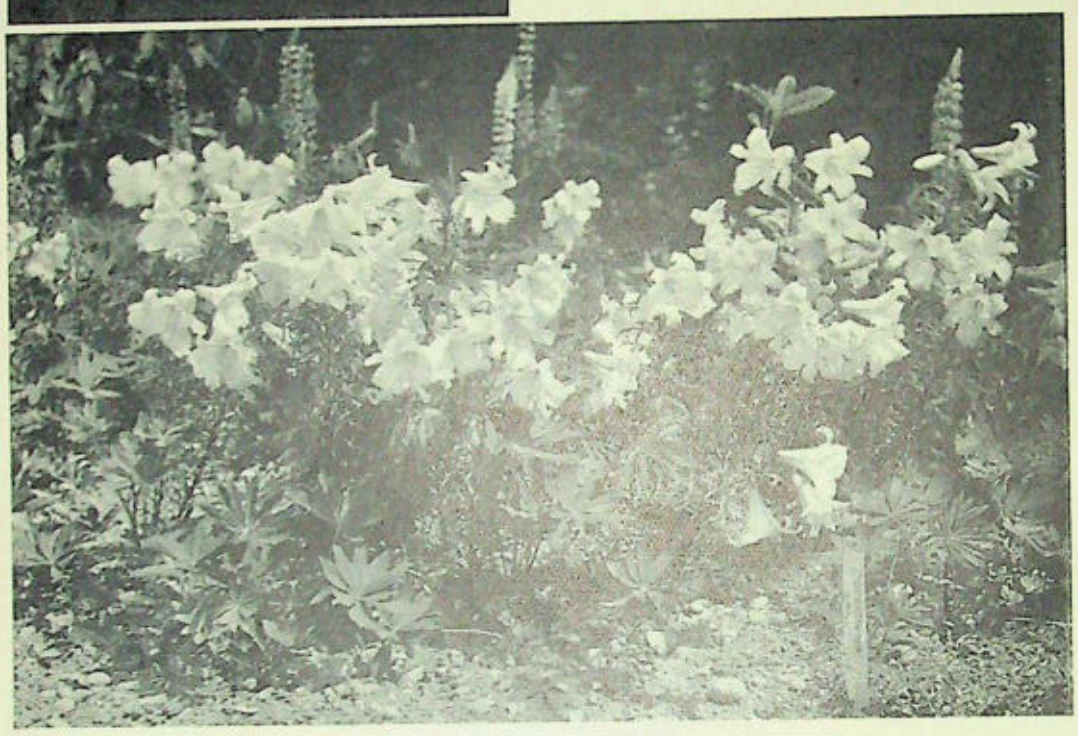


The Country House

LILIES THAT FLOWER IN JULY

How to Raise *Lilium Regale* From Seed

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE



LILIUM REGALE, A PRIME FAVOURITE AMONG JULY FLOWERING LILIES
As far as is known this lily, which has an exquisite scent, only grows wild in the narrow valleys between China and Tibet

JULY is the flowering time of most of the favourite lilies, with notable exceptions, such as the madonna lily, *L. martagon*, and the cottager's orange lily (*L. croceum*), all of which flower in June ; and *L. auratum*, which flowers in August.

The European species that flower in July are amongst the "easy" lilies. They are all basal rooting, do well in a loamy soil provided it is well drained, and they are tolerant of lime. *L. testaceum* and *L. chalcedonicum* are the oldest favourites ; *L. testaceum*, a hybrid believed to have been raised in Erfurt in the middle of the nineteenth century, and *L. chalcedonicum* from Greece, the scarlet Turk's Cap lily, formerly such a favourite in cottage gardens. Two of the July flowering European species—*L. monadelphum* and *L. Szovitzianum* (according to some authorities a variety of *L. monadelphum*) are amongst the loveliest lilies, with lemon-coloured flowers. All these European lilies make little growth their first season, and possibly this accounts for the greater popularity of the Asiatic species. Nearly all Asiatic species are stem rooting, and, as a rule, make good growth their first season. Of those flowering in July, *L. regale* is the prime favourite. It seems strange indeed that this glorious lily, which when well established frequently attains 6ft. and produces as many as 20 to 30 flowers on a stem, can be grown so easily in our gardens. So far as is known it grows wild only in narrow valleys between China and Tibet, and subject to intense cold in winter and tropical heat in summer ; yet not only is it one of the easiest lilies, but it sets seed freely in these islands, and seedlings flower here sometimes in their second and always in their third year. It does equally well on light or heavy soils and does not resent lime. The scent of this lily is exquisite.

Few lilies are so easily raised from seed, and it is undoubtedly not only the cheapest but the most satisfactory method of getting up a large stock. The seed of *L. regale* should be sown in spring, and takes three weeks to a month to germinate (some growers advise autumn sowing, but seed does not germinate till spring). The site should be open but not exposed to the full glare of the midday sun. Well-drained soil is essential, and it should be thoroughly dug and the surface reduced to the finest tilth. Sow the seed very thinly in drills an inch deep, leaving quite a foot between the drills. Continual hoeing between the drills is essential, not so much to keep down the weeds as to keep the soil thoroughly aerated. As with all seed sown in the open in spring, weeds are the real trouble, and throughout spring and summer there is nothing for it but hand weeding, taking the utmost care not to injure the seedlings. When they are only just showing above the soil, the very greatest care is needed not to disturb them.

BROWNII, ONE OF THE LARGEST FLOWERED LILIES BLOOMING IN JULY

The following spring or in their second autumn they can be planted out. If seed can be sown where the plants are to flower so much the better. In one garden I know seed of *L. regale* has been planted all along the back of a lavender hedge. The seedlings look very sturdy, and when mature they will have not only the perfect setting of the lavender hedge, but their stems will have the much-needed protection, for *L. regale* is stem rooting. As with all lilies a well-drained position and deep root run are essentials. The bulbs should always be placed on a layer of coarse sand and covered with sand, and many growers advise placing the bulbs in a sloping position, as this prevents moisture collecting in the scales.

L. longiflorum, so commondly grown in greenhouses for early flowering, was first sent to England from Japan in 1830, and about 20 years later was introduced into the Bermudas, where the cultivation of this lily is now a staple industry. This deliciously scented lily needs a sheltered spot if grown in the open. *L. Brownii* is one of the largest flowered lilies in bloom in July, and the petals being more substantial in texture than those of *L. regale* last longer. This is not an easy lily, but where it likes the soil it flourishes for years. It never sets seed.

L. concolor and *L. concolor Coridion* are amongst the most charming of the smaller July flowering lilies and eminently suitable for the rock garden. The type, which attains a foot in height, has vivid scarlet flowers with purple spots. Both are excellent for pot-culture. Out of doors they need sheltered spots and ample supplies of water in a dry spell. Neither *L. concolor* nor *L. c. Coridion* are sturdy.

The individual bulbs of the grandest of all lilies, *L. giganteum*, die after flowering, and the young bulbs surrounding it flower in succession as they grow large enough. Theoretically this lily needs a deep root run, abundant leaf mould and moisture (with of course good drainage), and part shade. Yet there are gardens where it flourishes on poor soil with lime in it. It does admirably in the west of Scotland. This lily can be raised from seed, but it is two years before the seed germinates, and the seedlings do not flower till they are about five years old. Bulbs should never be planted deeply but always with the top just above the surface of the soil.

The most popular of the American July flowering lilies is *L. pardalinum* from California, which succeeds well in moist soils. It is a sun lover, but should be planted 4in. deep amongst low-growing rhododendrons, etc., to secure shade at the roots. It is frequently grown in part shade, but seems to do best in full sun with shade at the roots. This species is not stem rooting. Established groups of *L. Humboldti* and *L. H.* var. *magnificum* are very impressive. The golden yellow flowers, spotted crimson, are produced on stems 5ft. high, and sometimes there are as many as 20 on a stem. This lily is not stem rooting. It should be planted quite 6 inches deep and does best among low-growing shrubs in a loamy soil with plenty of leaf mould in it.

L. canadense with pendent flowers ranging in colour from yellow to orange and with crimson spots ; and the Oregon lily, *L. columbinanum* are other established favourites amongst the American species.

FIRST SENT TO ENGLAND FROM JAPAN IN 1830
L. longiflorum, commonly grown in greenhouses, needs a sheltered spot if grown in the open

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

VEGETATION IN KEEPING WITH THE HEAT WAVE: THE PALM-BORDERED APPROACH TO FALMOUTH

CHOOSING THE PERFECT CAR

Thirty-one Questions for the Motorist to Answer

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

CHOICE of a car is often a haphazard business, a matter merely of circumstance or accident. A friend's recommendation, cleverly-drafted advertisements, the fact that such and such a make is "seen everywhere," and, above all, the limitations imposed by income are, I think, the sort of considerations that chiefly influence sales. And in many cases it is the appearance only of a car that decides the purchaser in its favour, pleasing lines and—particularly with woman owners — pleasing colour schemes. There are others who have a leaning towards some particular type of gearbox, and will select the car upon which it is a standard fitting.

One very important consideration is often overlooked. By far the largest expense which has to be met when running a car is that of depreciation. I presume that the average annual mileage covered by a motorist who uses his car chiefly at week-ends and during the holiday season, does not exceed six to seven thousand miles at the most. It stands to reason, therefore, that whether the car in use averages 20 or 25 miles per gallon does not matter a great deal, as a few pounds will cover this item, but depreciation within twelve months can vary from anything between 33¼ to 60 per cent., according to whether the car happens to be of a popular make or not.

What I think should prove a valuable aid in the selection of a new car has recently come to my notice. This is a booklet entitled *Help Us to Forecast the Future*, which the Wolseley Co. have distributed among their clients. Recipients are asked to answer 31 questions, in order that the manufacturers may gauge from the replies, which is the most popular type of car for the average owner-driver.

The first questions deal with coachwork, and ask the recipient which type of body is preferred—two-seater, four-seater, coupé, four or six light saloon; the next is in connection with the shape of the radiator; and other questions in their order deal with the following points: Bonnet louvres, whether they are preferred vertical, horizontal, streamline or doors; whether the four or six-cylinder engine is favoured; whether greater speed or more miles per gallon is desired, and what maximum speed would be demanded when selecting a new car.

Next we come to interior trim, and the questionnaire asks whether leather or cloth is preferred, and the type of pleating of the cushions, *i.e.*, narrow panel-wide pleating or merely plain trim. I should imagine that the latter item is a point which escapes most buyers, although it is most important as regards comfort. Then the motorist is asked whether he prefers spring or pneumatic upholstery, and whether the front seats are to be of the bucket or one-piece variety. The next question deals with the paintwork, and the colours mentioned are black, blue, grey, brown, green and red; and a further point, whether light or dark shades are most desirable, or a two-colour combination. Then there is the choice of a fixed or sunshine roof.

Another point dealt with is the manner of starting up the engine,

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and you are asked to state whether you prefer the startex automatic method, and whether you like the switch fitted on the dashboard or on top of the steering column, or whether you prefer a foot-operated pedal.

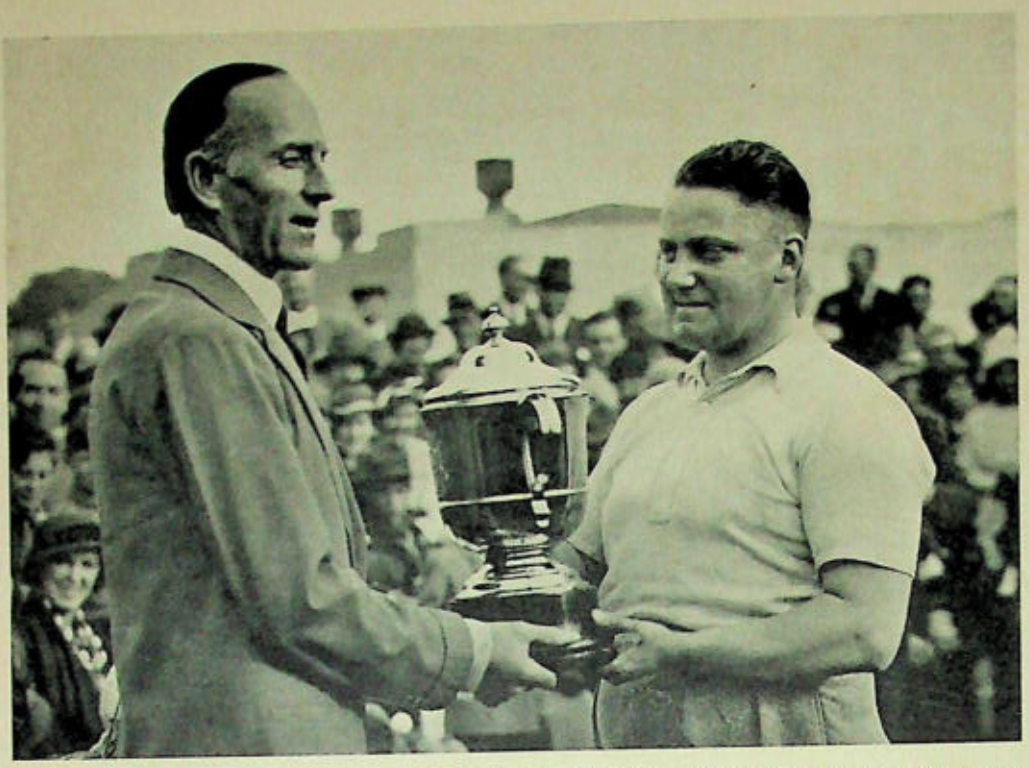
There is so much common sense in these questions that I wonder other manufacturers have not thought of this way of ascertaining which system is the most popular. For my own part I consider it essential to have the starter button fixed to the dashboard, for the following reasons: Should your engine stall in traffic, if the pedal-operated switch is fitted it means that you will have to put the gear lever into neutral before you can place your left foot on the starter pedal, whereas with the switch fixed on the dashboard it can be operated without a second's delay. Again, in some cases the foot-operated pedal is situated far too close to the clutch pedal, so that the driver may quite easily place his foot thereon whilst the engine is running, with unhappy results to the bendix starter pinion and fly-wheel ring. I am not in favour of the button being placed immediately on top of the steering wheel controls for the same reason.

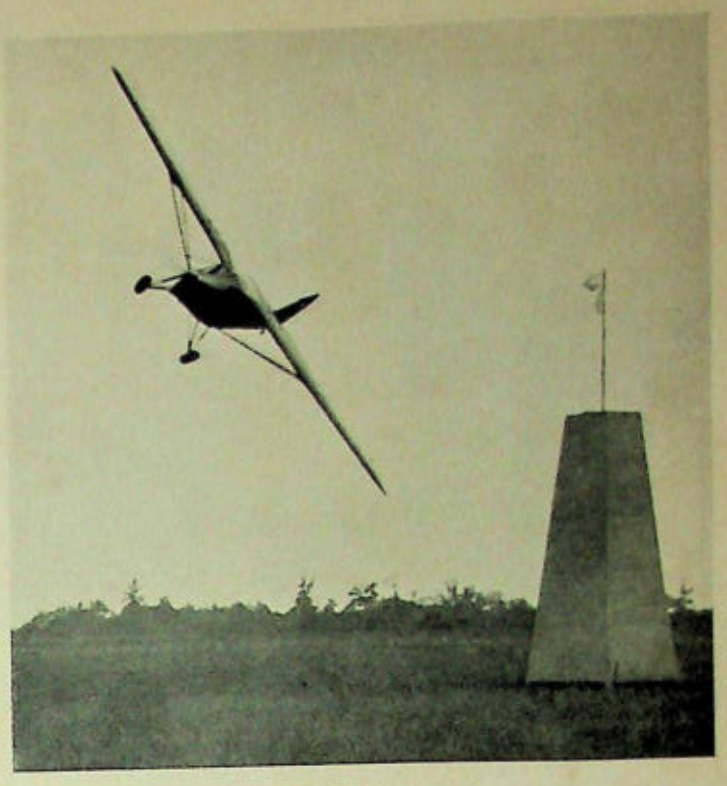
The next question is whether an automatic choke is desired. With regard to this I think that the S.U. device to obtain a rich mixture and an instant start from cold is as good as, if not better than, any other fitment. The only possible drawback is that the novice may forget to turn the knob over from rich to normal running after the engine has become sufficiently warm.

After this the reader is questioned about the transmission, whether he prefers a Synchromesh gearbox, automatic clutch, free wheeling, pre-selector gearbox, and/or fluid fly wheel.

Next, information is desired as to whether the car should be equipped with radio. In this connection it is interesting to note that we are beginning to follow the lead given by American manufacturers. Wireless is becoming very popular among motorists in this country, and many private owners have had their cars equipped with sets. The Hillman Co. have recently introduced a new model fitted with radio, and I expect it will not be long before other manufacturers follow their lead.

The next point dealt with is that of interior ventilation, and the question





THE FINISH OF THE KING'S CUP, WON BY A FORMER SCHNEIDER TROPHY PILOT WITH A MONOSPAR S.T. 10

Flight-Lieut. H. M. Schofield, the winner, receiving the King's Cup from Lord Londonderry, and (right) one of the planes rounding the pylon in the final.

is asked whether side or top window louvres are preferred. Then we come to the dashboard, and the question to answer is whether the instruments should be grouped in the centre with a small compartment on each side or whether they should be placed on one side to enable one large compartment to be fitted instead. Many cars are still supplied with no accommodation for maps, gloves and the countless other oddments which should always be near at hand and readily accessible.

Next we come to bumper bars, and you are asked to state whether you prefer the single or double-bar type or the short bumpers which merely protect the rear mudguards. Obviously the full-length bar is essential as this does afford some means of protecting the petrol tank in the event of a collision from behind, whereas the short fender is useless in this respect. Then comes the query whether the spare wheel should be carried at the rear, or enclosed in the boot, or if it is preferable to have it let into the front mudguard.

Other points raised refer to streamline bodies, in-built jacks, style of luggage grids versus the built-in carriers, position of batteries, sun visors, and style of front mudguards. Finally, under the heading of general characteristics, you are asked to state how, in order of importance, you would place the following points: Appearance, comfort, reliability, ease of control, low first cost, running economy, pick-up, smoothness, safety, speed.

A SCHOOL IN A FACTORY

DURING the Prince of Wales's visit to the Ford factory at Dagenham, where he spent several energetic hours last week, it is probable that the Trade School aroused the Prince's deepest interest. This school is unusual in conception, but is proving highly successful in practice. In it boys of fourteen years and upward receive training, the school machine shops being equipped with production tools and equipment comparable with those in the factory itself. Part of the boys' time is devoted to general subjects of the kind that figure in the curriculum of an ordinary school.

Wages are paid according to ability and length of training, and such good results are being achieved that it is possible in many instances to entrust a boy of sixteen years with operations which ordinarily would be handled only by experienced adult workers.

The Prince also spent a considerable time viewing the various sections of the factory hospital.

GOOD MOTORISTS CAN BECOME GOOD PILOTS

Why the Nation's Youth Should Learn to Fly

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IN my last article it was shown how there already exists a skeleton network of landing grounds and aerodromes serving most important parts of the country, and how the near future is practically certain to see a considerable increase in such facilities. Obviously, the greater the number of pilots who demand ground accommodation the speedier will be the progress made; and there can be no doubt that it is rapidly becoming a necessity for the younger generation to learn to fly if they are to take the fullest advantage of the new conditions that aviation is creating.

Though there has been so marked an advance in air-mindedness in the past few years, there still remain one or two unfortunate impressions from the days when aviation was still something of a marvel. One of these is that in qualifying to fly more than ordinary difficulties are involved—an entirely fallacious notion. For it has been proved over and over again that a person who can drive a car reasonably well can learn to fly with a minimum of trouble, and turn out to be a useful pilot. Nothing more is, in fact, demanded than average quickness of reaction, power of judgment, and confidence.

Modern methods of instruction have done much to smooth the path of those who wish to become pilots. The training machines used at many of the clubs and schools are identical with those which the private pilot normally uses, so that the pupil has nothing unfamiliar to cope with when, at last, he takes up flying in his own aeroplane or in one of the hire machines.

Training facilities have multiplied recently, and there are now few parts of the country in which there is not a flying club. At the present time, there are over sixty establishments at which flying instruction may be obtained throughout the British Isles, and a notable feature is the steady reduction in fees that is apparent almost everywhere.

Charges for flying instruction are made on an hourly basis, and the total cost of course varies with each particular pupil. Some seem to take almost instinctively to the control of an aeroplane, and qualify for their tests in a remarkably short time; others, however, progress more slowly, though it is to be noted that, in the end, they often turn out better and safer pilots than the quicker learners.

As is well known, initial instruction is taken in machines fitted with complete dual controls, so arranged that the instructor can immediately correct a mistake made by the pupil. In the pupil's first flights he merely rests his hands on the control column and his feet on the rudder bar to obtain the feel of the controls as the instructor moves them; later he assumes control in the air, leaving taking-off and landings to the instructor; and finally, he masters these arts. When this stage is through he is allowed to fly solo, and when he has completed at least three hours solo, he may present himself for the test for the "A" Licence, without which he may not fly beyond a prescribed radius of the aerodrome. In practice the flying tests may be included in the actual solo period of three hours, when necessary and desirable.

In general, training costs are least at the subsidised clubs, and there is some variation between the rates charged by individual establishments. Dual instruction costs range from 25/- to 4 guineas per hour, but a fair average is 2 guineas—a figure that is being reduced in many directions. Solo flying costs, too, are variable, but 30/- per hour is a pretty safe, all-round figure to take for an estimate. (It may be remarked that several clubs reduce the solo rate in proportion to the number of hours flown by the pilot.) For the reasons already stated, it is difficult to give total costs, but the average pupil should not have to spend more than £30–£35 on instruction, although to this sum must be added, in the case of club training, an annual subscription and sometimes an entrance fee.

It is usual to take the Royal Aero Club certificate in lieu of an Air Ministry test for the "A" Licence, which includes practical flying, a medical examination, and a short test in air rules and regulations.

The medical examination, which may be made by the applicant's own doctor, is not unduly rigorous, and is designed to establish that the applicant has no physical disease or disability that might make him unsafe in the air. The test on air rules is simple, and instruction is included in the early stages of the pupil's work at his school.

Before offering himself for the flying tests, the applicant must have flown at least three hours solo in the previous twelve months—a condition satisfied by the instructional flying. The practical tests include an ascent to not less than 2,000ft., followed by a glide and landing within 150yds. of a point fixed by the examiners. This is followed by five figure-of-eight turns at not more than 600ft. between two marks, and a landing within 50yds. of a point on the aerodrome selected by the candidate himself.

These tests are designed to prove that the pupil has control over the machine in normal circumstances, and they ought only to be regarded as the minimum. They demand nothing more than the judgment and discretion that the good motorist develops, and should present no difficulty to the youth of to-day.

Learning to fly is now so simple, safe, and cheap that almost everyone—man or woman—who is reasonably fit and has the need to travel should become a pilot. The days of high expense are past, and a normal individual need spend only a very little time in qualifying; but whatever the cost in time or money the accomplishment is one that every member of the younger generation should have if flying is to give its utmost benefit to the country in the years to come.

The King's Cup.—Flight-Lieut. H. M. Schofield, who won the King's Cup, averaged 134.16 m.p.h. over the 144 miles course of the final. He won by a margin of about one-and-a-half minutes. Mr. L. Lipton, on a D.H. Moth, was third, and won the Siddeley Trophy for the best performance by a private owner-pilot. He used Lodge plugs in his Gipsy III. engine.

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The Editors of the FIELD invite articles on all topics which may be of interest to Sportsmen and Sportswomen, lovers of outdoor life, sport, athletics, etc., throughout the world. Articles on Nature and wild life, accompanied by photographs or snapshots (packed flat), or sketches, are especially desired.

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

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The FIELD is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm employees, gardeners, gamekeepers, racing and yachting employees, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, second-hand motor cars, guns, supply of gamebirds, etc., etc. Rates, 30 words, 6/- (minimum), and each extra seven or part, 2/-.

Full particulars regarding rates, etc., for trade advertisements can be obtained from The Advertisement Manager, the FIELD, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4.

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We are induced to make this appeal by the moving, indeed almost pathetic, descriptions of the joy with which the FIELD is welcomed in all parts of the Empire, near and far, contained in letters which reach us by every mail. It is hardly too much to say that this note is struck almost invariably by correspondents who have left the Mother Country, whether to settle, in pursuit of pleasure, or sport, or otherwise. Postage—Inland 1½d., Canada 1½d., and to the rest of the world whatsoever 3d.

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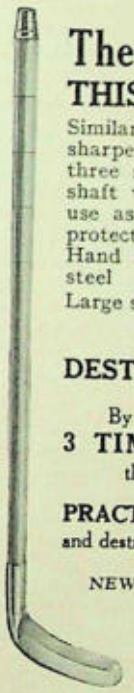

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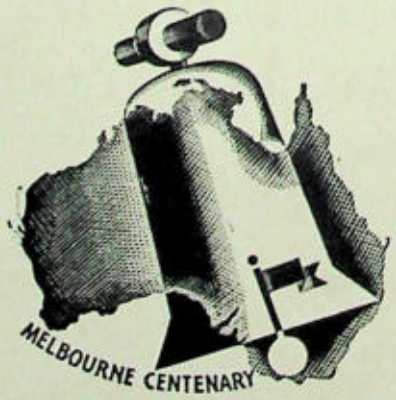

THE Duke of Gloucester will represent the King at the opening, in October, of the six months' Celebrations of the Melbourne Centenary, and, in November, at the Sydney Festival Fortnight.

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The so-called "Lotus" blooms attract the eye, but pale into insignificance beside the Queen of the Amazon—the *Victoria Regia* water-lily, of which each white and pink bloom is as big as a plate and the leaves 6ft. or 7ft. across. Often enough these leaves are the resting place of waterfowl and other birds, being quite thick and leathery and capable of bearing the weight of a child with ease. The leaf edges turn up all round to a height of about 2in. and the under surface is of a purplish colour, exhibiting a sort of wickerwork of very prominent veins, furnished with prickles. The flowers rise among the leaves upon prickly stalks. They measure more than a foot across and are very fragrant, white with rose-coloured centres. The fruit is a capsule, almost globose, with a depression in the top almost the size of a man's head, fleshy within and full of round farinaceous seeds, which form

A VICTORIA REGIA BLOOM AT CLOSE QUARTERS

an article of food. The plant is, indeed, called *Maïs del Agua*, or water maize, in some parts of South America.

Few can resist the opportunity to gather some of the flowers of this amazing plant as the natives rest on their paddles, to preserve as a memento of one of the thousand wonders in a thousand miles of unforgetable travel.

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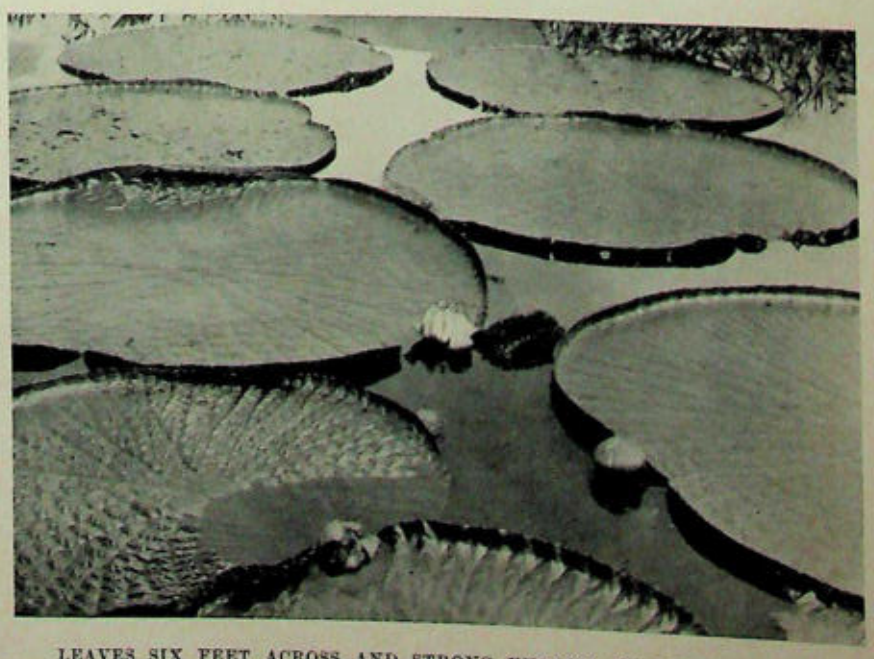

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Peasant girls in gala dress during St. Stephen's week

AUGUST IN BUDAPEST

The Pageantry of St. Stephen's Week

EVERY year, in the month of August, Budapest holds a Festival Week in memory of St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary, who, a thousand years ago, converted his people to Christianity, and, by doing so, enlisted the Hungarians, a warrior nation of Eastern origin, in the service of Western civilisation.

Budapest, a modern metropolis, provides a Western frame for the festivals which, beginning on August 15th, culminate on St. Stephen's Day, August 20th, in the great church procession, the most solemn and picturesque ceremony of its kind. On this occasion, devout Hungarians from every part of the country flock to Budapest to manifest their gratitude and devotion in the presence of the Right Hand of St. Stephen, the sacred relic, which has been preserved intact for upwards of a thousand years.

On the morning of St. Stephen's Day the Hand, enclosed in its reliquary of glass and gold, is taken from its jealously guarded sanctuary in the Chapel of the Royal Palace to be borne in solemn procession through the old-world streets of the Buda fortress to the Coronation Church. At the head of the procession is the Regent of Hungary; then follow the Church dignitaries in their ornate robes, the military and civic notabilities, resplendent in their traditional Hungarian gala dress; then groups of Hungarian peasants in a variety of bright and gorgeous folk costumes.

Towards noon the serious ecclesiastical rites come to an end, and then, to the ringing strains of military music, come the ceremonies of the Changing of the Palace Guard in the Buda Fortress, and the Changing of the Guard of the National Flag in Liberty Square, while in the afternoon numerous interesting events of a lighter character await the attention of citizens and visitors alike.

Among other things there is the regatta held on the Danube, polo on the Margeret Island, athletic contests on the different recreation grounds, water polo matches in the great swimming pools and, on the splendid new racecourse, the race for the St. Stephen Prize, one of the most outstanding events of the Hungarian Turf.

An attraction of peculiar interest during St. Stephen's Week is the folk costume revue, *The Pearly Bouquet*, presented daily in the City Theatre. The curtain rises on a stage flooded with light. The spectator hears the plaintive violins, the reverberating cymbals, the clear ringing clarionets, and then to the passionate strains of the Hungarian gipsy orchestra are displayed the Hungarian dances, now slow and stately, now fast and furious; the "esárdás," the dreamy "Kállai" dance, the "márto-gatós" and "ugratós" (dipping and skipping dances.) Bright and hilariously happy are the dances of the swiftly revolving couples, while the solo performances of the men reflect the earnestness, dignity and resolution of the Hungarian character.

Then, too, you must see and hear the horse herdsmen, cow herds and shepherds, who come into the city from the plain; see the mystic mid-summer dance of the maidens around the St. Ivan's fire, and hear the choirs of village children and youthful peasants; see the bride wooing and peasant wedding, and the typical Hungarian harvest festival on the wheatlands of the great Plain.

G. J. D.

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THE SPEECH HOUSE HOTEL, FOREST OF DEAN

"REMOTE" and, in a sense, "solitary," may be the Speech House Hotel, in the Forest of Dean, but Goldsmith's other two epithets, "unfriended" and "slow" are certainly not applicable. Its atmosphere is friendly enough, and life cannot be slow amid so much sylvan beauty and so great a variety of ravishing rambles.

The Speech House, which is near Cinderford, in Gloucestershire, is, in some respects, the most remarkable hotel in England. Reeking with antiquity, even to its mysterious name, it was built in 1676 and named "The King's Lodge"—the date is still on a wall—partly as one of the six original lodges in the forest and partly for the holding of the Verderers' and Miners' Courts, where disputes were settled and trespassers upon the Crown lands removed. That there was necessarily much speaking on these occasions suggests at once the origin of the name.

These Verderers' "Courts of Attachment" are still held at the Speech House, at least nominally, every 40 days, but actually only when there is business. There, too, are held assemblies of the Free Miners of the Forest of Dean—men with rights of mining and quarrying enjoyed only by those who, in addition to being the sons of free fathers, have worked for a year and a day in a mine. These Courts sit in the Court Room, now the dining room, and a very noble dining room it is, with a heavily-timbered ceiling, and a great open hearth. Around the walls are hung antlers of stags of old time—the last deer were shot deliberately in 1850 to put a stop to poaching and the resulting affray. At one end of the room is a low dais upon which the Verderers sit when holding their Courts. The Court Room was once the bar, and the inn kitchen adjoining has been converted into a sitting room. Below is the spacious "cellar cool," where good things mature.

There were considerable enlargements half a century ago, so deftly made externally that the join is hardly visible. Internally the constructional timbers are often visible in the old part of the house. There is much old furniture and an exceedingly remarkable collection of four-posters. One of them is so wide that it is difficult for two men to shake hands across it. These massive bedsteads are comparatively recent additions. They came from a neighbouring country house dismantled in 1883, when they were bought by the then landlord. The Speech House is happy in the possession of an ancient drawing room, with wide, low window seats; but, indeed, there are so many pleasant rooms, most of them looking out upon the forest, that to specialise them is difficult.

One of the charms of this very unusual hotel is that it is largely self-contained. In the hands of Trust Houses it has its own cows, pigs and poultry, and its own kitchen garden. It deserves to be much better known. The beauty of its surroundings and the salubrity of its air—it stands 400ft. above sea level—send its friends back to it over and over again. The late Sir Charles Dilke, who so long sat in Parliament for the Forest of Dean division of Gloucestershire, stayed there for several weeks every year. No house can be an hotel for long without having curious experiences, and a comparatively recent licensee told the story of his worst and his best day. The worst was a snowy Christmas Day, when he took 4d.; the best was on the occasion of one of the great annual miners' demonstrations, when the till held nearly £300.

The Speech House is an ideal centre for the exploration of the forest. You may do it on foot, on horseback or, less perfectly, on wheels. The hotel will supply you with keys that unlock the gates of all the drives. There are collieries not far away, but you are not obliged to go very near to them. A little farther afield there is much to be seen. A car will reach the Wye Valley in a few minutes, and in little more than half-an-hour it will take you to Tintern Abbey, Symond's Yat, St. Briavel's Castle, Monmouth, and many other places of beauty and interest.

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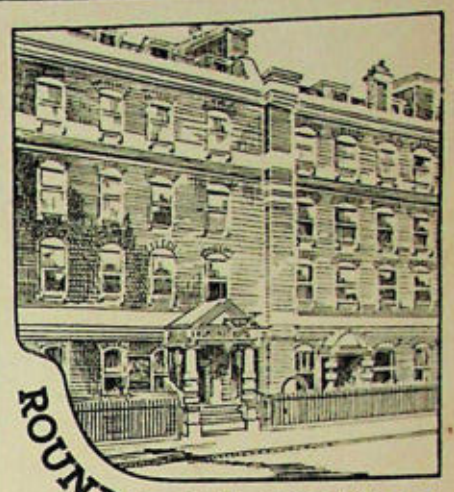

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXIV. NO. 4257. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1934

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NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL SHOOTING NUMBER

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
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AMENDING THE GAME LAWS

AT last a serious effort is to be made to bring the Game Laws into a proper relation with modern conditions of sport and of game preservation. On Tuesday, Lord Bayford introduced into the House of Lords a Bill entitled "An Act to Consolidate and Amend the Enactments Relating to Game." This is a Bill which is due to the activities of the British Field Sports Society which, some two years ago, appointed a special committee to deal with this subject with a view to fresh legislation.

Lord Bayford, sponsoring the Bill as Chairman of the Main Committee of the British Field Sports Society, in his speech had no difficulty in pointing out the reasons which make legislation on this subject not merely necessary, but urgent. The Game Laws, as we know them to-day, have been enacted piecemeal. Some of them are over a hundred and most of them over seventy years old, and they are to be found bound up in legislation dealing with customs and Inland Revenue, Wild Birds' Protection and the Protection of Animals. The result is that these Acts, when taken one with another, lead to absurd anomalies. For example, the offence of night poaching is dealt with by an Act of 1826, and that of day poaching by an Act of 1831, with the result that a gamekeeper appointed by a non-occupying shooting tenant cannot arrest a poacher at night, though he can do so by day. Again, there are certain rights given to gamekeepers by an Act of 1831, and to policemen by an Act of 1862, with the consequence that gamekeepers can arrest but cannot search day poachers when they are on private land, while policemen cannot arrest but can search day poachers when they are on the highway; further, the gamekeeper can ask for the poacher's name and address, but the policeman cannot.

Other anomalies have arisen owing to progress in civilisation. The law which makes it illegal to offer game for sale after a certain date following the close season has become obsolete, with the invention of cold storage. The definition of "game" again leads to absurd confusion. Snipe and woodcock are game for the purposes of one Act and not for the purposes of another. It can actually happen that if a man poaches woodcock and ventures on to the highway, a policeman, but no one else, may search him, but may not arrest him, may confiscate his poached birds and his gun, but may not demand his name and address.

These contradictions demand a revised law. The Bill before the House of Lords explains itself by its title. It is to consolidate and amend the laws that exist. But it is as well to explain, too, what the Bill is *not* intended to do. There is nothing in it which will affect the Revenue. There are various provisions which have been considered to be framed more for the purpose of protecting the farmer than for the benefit of the sportsman. The Ground Game Acts are left unaltered. Special consideration is made for the man who makes his living by shooting and for the man who can only afford to shoot during week-ends. Wild duck, for example, are defined as game for purposes of convenience, but it is not necessary to take out a game licence to shoot them and they can be shot on Sunday.

The general purpose of the Bill, in short, is to make things easier for all concerned in the sport of shooting. Every sportsman who carries a gun will follow the progress of the Bill with deep interest.

DUBLIN'S HORSE SHOW

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, which comes round again on August 7th, stands unique in the horse world. Its picturesque ground at Ballsbridge provides an ideal setting for Ireland's chief sporting and social event. It can hardly be compared with the International Horse Show or our own Richmond, for the International Horse Show is held indoors, where there are no spacious paddocks as there are at Ballsbridge, and Richmond is part and parcel of the many-coloured pageant of the London season. At neither of these shows can anyone purchase horses by auction as at the Dublin Horse Show. It is the gathering ground of horsemen—and women—of many nations, and has been well-termed the "show of a thousand horses."

In addition to the horses the show is admirably equipped and runs smoothly from preliminary judging to the final jumping event. Its arrangements provide a ready-made pattern for many shows in this country that could be copied with advantage.

BARGAINS IN BLOODSTOCK

Ireland's political affairs have had a sad effect upon the world of the horse in general and bloodstock breeding in particular. The institution of a 40 per cent. tariff upon all imported horses has driven many Irish breeders to this side of the Channel, but many of those who remain in Ireland still go on breeding, hoping, with the Irishman's incurable optimism, for better times to come.

At the bloodstock sales which Messrs. Goff hold in conjunction with the Dublin Horse Show, no fewer than 554 yearlings are being offered for sale, many of them bred from the best and stoutest running blood in the *Stud Book*. Many famous horses have been sold at these sales; they are indeed the bloodstock buyer's bargain hunting ground. Here gallant Brown Jack was sold as a yearling for 75 guineas, and that smart sprinter Jim Thomas changed hands at a slightly higher figure. Horses of this class cannot be bought for these prices elsewhere to-day, and the Irish Government have at length grasped this fact, for 50 per cent. of duty paid to the British Customs will be refunded to purchasers of horses at the sales of the Irish Free State Government.

MR. WILSON'S CLIMB

No more rash attempt in mountain climbing can ever have been made than that which ended in the death of Mr. Maurice Wilson on Everest in the middle of May. But it was indeed a "study in sublime failure," and the effort of a brave man. Nobody can doubt its folly, for the effort if carried to a final conclusion could hope to be little less than suicide, without companions, practically without stores, and without any adequate acclimatisation on the mountain. Not the least remarkable part of this tragic effort was the journey to the foot of Everest which was made with three porters and only one pack pony, half the time by night. He reached Rongbuk in twenty-five days from Darjeeling, which anybody who has travelled in Sikkhim or Tibet will recognise as a most definite achievement quite apart from any consideration of mountain climbing. Mr. Wilson must have been a brave and energetic man, and it is sad to think of such a life being thrown away.

DISEASES OF FISH BILL

Urgent representations which have been made by the British Field Sports Society and other bodies interested in the welfare of our trout fisheries against several obnoxious features of the Diseases of Fish Bill have resulted, we are glad to hear, in the tabling of a Government resolution which modifies considerably the proposed arbitrary powers of the Minister in the case of an outbreak of furunculosis. If this amendment is adopted he will only now be able to order the removal of fish which have died of the disease and not to order the destruction of healthy or doubtful stock. This should allay the worst of the fears which have been expressed on the probable damage which the Bill may do to trout-fishing in England.

It is to be hoped that other minor difficulties will also be removed. The definition of an "occupier" as "a person entitled to take fish from the water" might prove an intolerable nuisance to club members and largely defeat the object of the Bill by making private persons unwilling to recognise an outbreak.

A CRICKET SQUABBLE

It appears that the county cricket clubs of Notts and Lancashire have had some disagreement which has resulted in Lancashire declining to renew fixtures with Notts next season. The fact that, fortunately, such squabbles are very rare in county cricket makes this the more to be regretted. The two counties have been meeting in friendly rivalry on the cricket field since 1868, but it was no secret that considerable feeling had been aroused between them on the question of leg-side fast bowling. The Notts captain has apparently ranged himself with Larwood in upholding the legitimacy of this form of attack. Lancashire are one of the counties who object to it. The question has already led to too much recrimination generally, and we can only hope that Notts and Lancashire will reach some agreement to save their time-honoured fixture. The interests and spirit of the game as a whole are greater than the future of one particular feature of it.

ART IN PARK LANE

Londonderry House became an art gallery last week for an interesting exhibition of amateur talent. Lady Londonderry's nephew, the Hon. Anthony Chaplin, showed paintings of tropical birds; her daughter, Lady Margaret Stewart, displayed her water-colours of flowers and landscapes; and Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., added a fine collection of flower studies to the exhibition. Lady Margaret Stewart was particularly happy in scenes of Mountstewart, showing a gateway in sunlight, and views of the lake and Tir nan Oag. The Hon. Anthony Chaplin showed a true appreciation of the gorgeous mauves, oranges, greens and iridescent colourings of small humming birds and birds of paradise, fascinating subjects for an artist's brush which were very well handled. Sir Herbert Maxwell in his rôle of artist can have few rivals when it comes to decorative floral effects. His colourings were magnificent against their black background, and it takes no little skill to give convincing renderings of the speckled lilies or to match the beautiful blue of *Meconopsis betonicifolia*.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of Henley in a famous provincial daily paper: "First Trinity B.C.—H. G. Preston (bow), P. Beesly, W. L. Mather (*stroke*), J. P. H. Balston (*stroke*). University College—M. H. Hughes (bow), D. Currie, R. G. Rowe (*stroke*), E. E. D. Tomlin (*stroke*). Pembroke College, Cambridge—A. D. Kingsford (bow), W. A. T. Sambell (*stroke*), J. H. T. Wilson, N. J. Bradley (*strokes*)."

WHITE TRIANGLE

When 180 people are killed and nearly 5,800 injured in one week, as happened this year in the week ending July 7th, the public is naturally shocked. Multiply the figures by 50, that is for a year's casualties, and you get 9,000 killed and nearly 300,000 injured. It looks incredible, but there are the figures. Yet there is another side to the picture. How many men and women are there who have driven or been driven hundreds of thousands of miles and have never yet seen a fatal accident? Probably a very large number indeed. Again, suppose that the driver of a car who had never had his licence endorsed were entitled to mount a white triangle, say, on his windscreen and number plate, what would be the proportion of white triangles in a queue of cars? Probably, again, it would be very large. There ought to be some means of contrasting these proportions of figures. The casualty lists are appalling, granted; but there are other lists to be made. Taking any single journey of, say, 100 miles, or perhaps six journeys of ten miles a day for a year—a business man's car drive from his house to the station—what are the odds against an accident to an individual?

THE UNITED HUNTS CLUB

Once more there is to be a London club definitely devoted to hunting. Boodle's has always been considered unofficial headquarters for Masters of Hounds. Some years ago a hunting club known as the Nimrod enjoyed a brief reign of popularity. The new club is to be established at 17, Upper Grosvenor Place and known as the United Hunts Club. It was started by Miss Eva Fenton, herself a hunting woman and originator of the annual United Hunts Ball. A niece of the late Lord Kitchener, Miss Fenton started the Imperial Rifle Club, of which the late Lord Cheylesmore was president, and in pre-war days was a member of the women's team that used to go down to Bisley every year. Lord Beetive is chairman of the new club, which is attracting many members, including Masters of Hounds.

THE PERFECT CRICKET BAT

Science cannot be kept even out of cricket it seems. The Research and Advisory Officer in willow growing at the Agricultural and Research Station, Long Ashton, near Bristol, foreshadows the not far distant day when perfect and flawless cricket bats will be produced at will as a result of scientific treatment of young willow trees.

It will, of course, be interesting to see the outcome of these experiments. But do cricketers want perfect bats turned out in this way? Where all were flawless half the joy would depart from the ritual of selection and the thrill of discovering a particularly choice specimen. And should we not feel guilty of stealing yet another march on the old stalwarts, whose deeds have already been sufficiently overshadowed by modern developments?

LATE JULY

With the end of July we come to new movements of birds and reopening of song. Curlews' calls, from birds passing overhead, sound unexpectedly in a still afternoon, or perhaps in a wakeful hour at night. Within a few days the swifts will be leaving us. One morning we shall see them circling and glancing, like tiny black pickaxes aslant, high in the blue, and in a few minutes we shall look again, and the sky will be empty. To make up for that vanished vision there will be sounds in the garden that have been hushed for weeks; the robins are singing again after the moult. But it is somehow an autumnal song—a meditative carol rather than the assertive fire of spring.

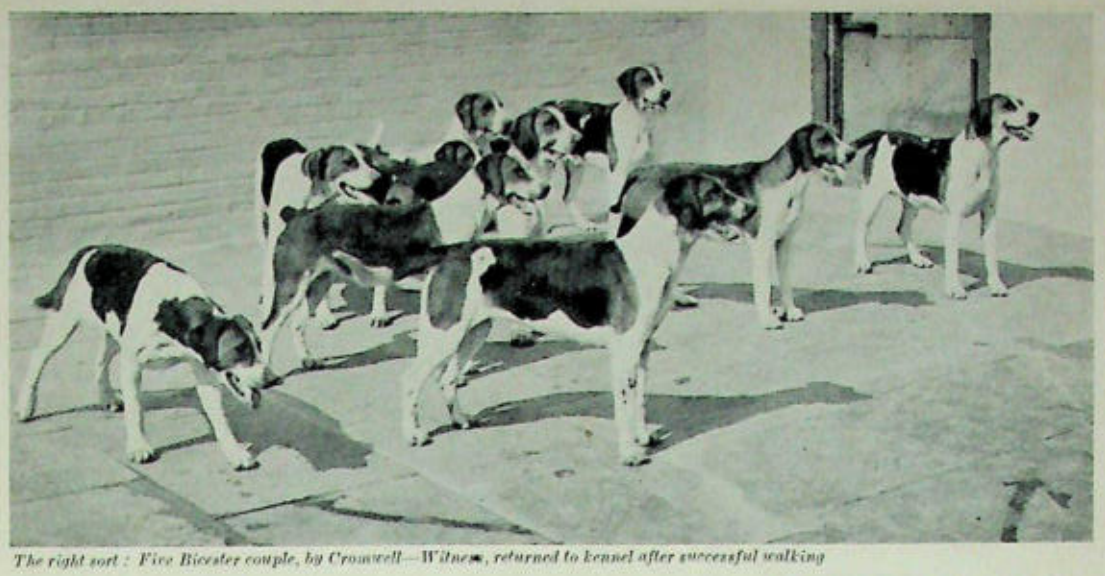
OVER HENDON

Imagine a Victorian Londoner watching for the first time an aeroplane flying overhead, and questioning with himself as to what he was looking at. Might he afterwards, perhaps, have described what he saw in two stanzas of Mr. Laurence Housman's *Annus Mirabilis*?

"Oh, swiftly answered! yonder flew
The wings of freedom and of hope!
Little of London town he knew,
The far horizon was his scope.
High up he sails, and sees beneath
The glimmering ponds of Hampstead Heath,

"Hendon, and farther out afield
Low water-meads are in his ken
And lonely pools by Harrow Weald,
And solitudes unloved by men,
Where he his fisher's spear dips down:
Little he knows of London town."

That was written in 1902, and the hero is a heron.



The right sort: Five Bicester couple, by Cromwell—Witness, returned to kennel after successful walking

WHERE ARE THE PUPPY WALKERS?

A Shortage of Volunteers, Which Will Menace Hound Breeding

By WILLIAM FAWCETT

An adequate supply of puppy walkers is one of the essentials which make for success with a pack of hounds. To guarantee that supply year in and year out depends upon two things—the Master's own personal popularity and the keenness, or otherwise, of residents in the country. These latter are the most important of all, for many of them do not hunt themselves but are always willing to take a couple of puppies to walk, to risk having their grounds and gardens turned into battlefields, or articles of wearing attire destroyed. Perhaps as a recompense for all this annoyance they set aside the memory of prizes won at their local puppy shows.

In the old days, when more farmers hunted than they do to-day, it was comparatively easy to find good walks for puppies, in fact, the supply did not always meet the demand. In Yorkshire, for example, a clause used to be put in the tenants' leases on a certain estate that every tenant who walked a foxhound puppy was entitled to receive a scarlet coat from his landlord—a custom then beneficial to foxhunting which has long since died out. It was in those days, too, that the meets of the local packs used to be given out in church prior to the sermon—a usage which persisted within living memory.

Successful puppy walking is the backbone of every kennel, for puppies cannot be kept in kennel until they are old enough to join the pack and enter to fox. With all their kennel duties to do, the Hunt staff have very little time to give to puppies, and a large number of whelps and young hounds is certainly an all-time job. But at the present time it is becoming increasingly difficult for Masters to find good and safe walks for their puppies. In many parts of the country the casualties from motor cars and road transport in general are enormous. With so many houses built by the side of the road, and the motor car penetrating the quietest spots in the country, a puppy has no time to become motor-minded as other breeds of dogs do. A foxhound puppy can be, and generally is, the most stupid thing on four legs, and I personally would never dream of taking a couple to walk if I lived in a house bordering upon a road or a town.

The essence of successful puppy walking is founded upon liberty, but anyone living adjacent to one of our busy highways would have to keep their puppies either tied up or shut up. Under such conditions any puppy of promise will become a rickety, weedy hound which will probably be put down on its return to kennel.

With the increase in housing and the break-up of so many estates, the old class of puppy walker—shopkeepers, butchers, farmers—who provided the couple or two couple which were walked annually with a shed or loose box for them to sleep in at night and plenty of liberty on farm, in village or in garden, is disappearing, and there are few coming forward to take their place. Those who do volunteer sometimes lack the knowledge of the old hands. They generally give their puppies far too much to eat, so that they go back to kennel as fat and as lazy as lap-dogs, their condition reducing the unfortunate huntsman to the verge of despair. One puppy walker told me once that he always fed his hounds on dripping, "it made their coats so shiny!"

How hunting will face this puppy walking problem it is difficult to say, for mechanical traction will keep on increasing just as more houses will be built year after year. After the war the late Lord Willoughby de Broke wrote: "Had the great governing kennels of England ceased to produce the foxhound during the war years the end would not have been far distant. All else can be re-created except the hounds. The 'raw material' will breed itself fast enough."

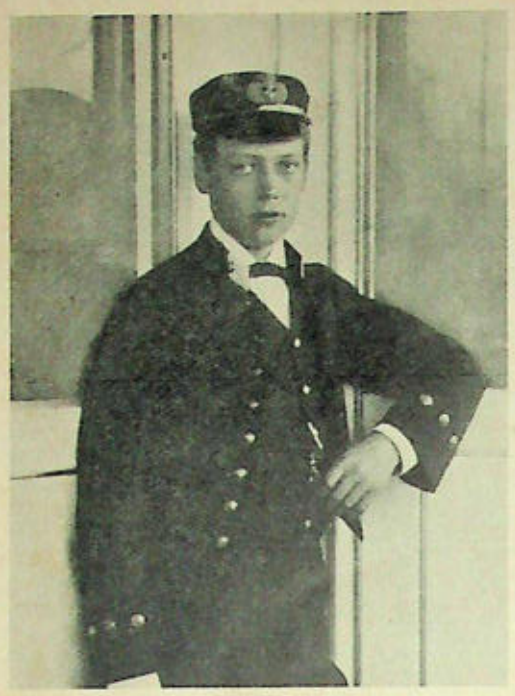
The ranks of puppy walkers are much thinner now than when those sentences were written, and as the town encroaches upon the country many of the old puppy walks will have to be given up. The position will be that fewer puppies will be bred (perhaps to the benefit of the breed of foxhounds), and those that do go out to walk will have to go to carefully selected kennels run by efficient kennel maids, all of which will add to expense. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the future of foxhunting as a whole lies in the hands of the ladies, who can arrange walks, get wire taken down, investigate poultry claims, and generally manage the affairs of a Hunt while their menfolk are employed in business.

As a tentative suggestion it would do an immense amount of good if the ladies of a Hunt each undertook a district and endeavoured to arrange walks for puppies with the residents therein. There must be many people who live in the country who have plenty of space away from main or arterial roads, gardens, woods and fields, who are not hunting people, but have never been approached by the local Hunt to walk a puppy. Many no doubt would be only too pleased. It would give them an interest in foxhunting when they saw the puppy they had walked at the meet, and they would receive their reward in that trust and affection which hounds always give so faithfully.

The puppy show would become, for this new class of puppy walker, an event which would mean as much as Peterborough to a Master of Hounds, as it is an event which does a great deal to cement foxhunting interests.

What good puppy walking can do is reflected in the hound of to-day, for the present-day product is far better looking than it was five-and-twenty years ago. Probably it is faster, too, or else why do we all ride thoroughbred horses in these days? A quarter of a century ago the hunter was a short-backed, well-coupled animal—what the old horse dealers called "one with two good ends"—with a short tail, now nearly every hunter is more leggy and certainly better bred.

There must be no retrograde movement in the successful puppy walking that has gone to this progress. Would it not be a practicable proposition to present every farmer with a special button—as is done with the Duke of Rutland's—provided he walked a puppy every year? The button could be presented by the Master's wife at the puppy show, and in years to come a set would be a treasured possession in the farmer's family.



THREE STAGES IN THE KING'S NAVAL CAREER
As a midshipman in 1880, as a lieutenant in 1885 and as captain on board the Crescent

THE CENTENARY OF A ROYAL YACHTING TROPHY

The King's Cup and His Majesty's Influence on Yachting

By SIR HERBERT RUSSELL, K.B.E.

IN the year 1812 a yacht club was established at East Cowes. The Solent had already become a rendezvous for pleasure vessels and the beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of regular sailing matches. The Cork Harbour Water Club (now the Royal Cork Yacht Club) is probably the oldest yacht club in the world, dating back to 1720, but there is reason to believe that for a good many generations its members were more concerned with drinking and gaming than with yachting. But the men who founded the East Cowes Club were mostly seasonal visitors to the Wight waters. They wanted a home ashore where they could foregather from their vessels anchored in the snug estuary of the Medina River.

The original qualification for membership was the owning of a pleasure craft of not less than ten tons. The cruising cutter was then the general type of yacht, ranging from 50 to 150 tons and commonly mounting a few cannon as a precaution against French privateers. But already were racing conditions beginning to develop in the form of lighter scantling, finer lines and greater spread of canvas, and it was to be one of the functions of the new club to foster the sport of sailing matches.

COL. THE RIGHT HON. J. GRETTON'S CARIAD
Formerly belonging to the Earl of Dunraven, she has won the King's Cup six times, twice for her present owner

This, as I have said, was in 1812. In June, 1815, the East Cowes Club was formally organised in London, and the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence became members. When the latter came to the throne as King William IV., he proved a very active patron of yachting. In 1833 he directed that the Royal Yacht Club should henceforward be known as The Royal Yacht Squadron, and in 1834 he announced his intention to present annually a silver cup to be raced for by yachts owned by members of the R.Y.S. and to be known as the King's Cup. The Admiralty warrant under which the right to fly, first the Red, and subsequently the White Ensign, is granted to members of the R.Y.S., when they are on board their vessels, is dated 1827.

During the past century various Royal cups have been given in connection with yacht racing. Down to 1930 the King usually presented two cups every year to Royal Clubs in the United Kingdom, and these were called King's Cups. The last Queen's Cup ever given to the yachting world by Queen Victoria was sailed for at Torquay in the summer of 1900. But to speak of the King's Cup is instinctively to think of Cowes and the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, always held on the Tuesday in Cowes Week. There is nothing comparable to this famous trophy in the whole range of yacht-racing prizes. Down to recently entry for it was limited to the élite of the yachting world which may have been good for that dignity very properly associated with "the most exclusive club in the world," but was bad for sport in that it eliminated most of the best racing yachts of their era. The result was that the race for the Cup was one of the least interesting events of the Week from the sporting point of view, and at the end of the 1930 season the Committee of the R.Y.S. definitely raised the question which had long been asked as to whether it was desirable that this state of affairs should continue?

The King was wholly in favour of departure from a tradition which seemed to him to be stultifying the original conception of the Royal prize, and it seems almost needless to add that this settled the matter. The R.Y.S. announced that, beginning with the season 1931, His Majesty had thrown open the race for the King's Cup to any British yacht of not less than 60ft. on the waterline. The first winner under the new conditions was the late Sir Thomas Lipton with Shamrock V. The following year this vessel again took the Cup, being sailed by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, who is now challenging for the America Cup in Endeavour.

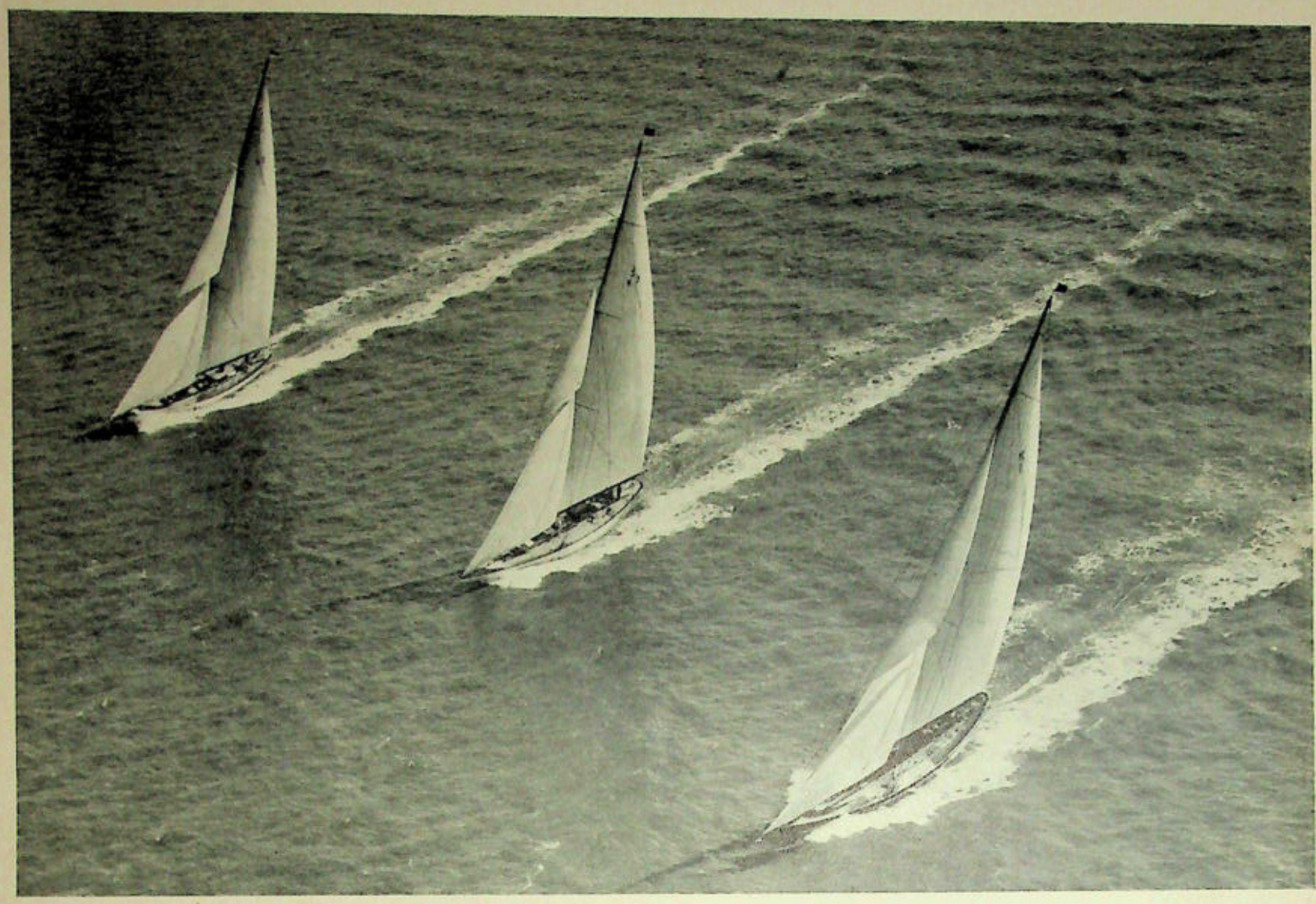
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S 412-TON SCHOONER METEOR
Winner of the King's Cup in 1903 and 1907

In 1933 the race was won by Mr. Stephenson's Velsheda.

I have said that one instinctively thinks of Cowes in connection with the King's Cup. To-day there is no other place to think of in this association. In 1931 His Majesty decided that he would only present the one Cup so that it should be the absolute Blue Ribbon of yachting. At the same time the R.Y.S. added second and third prizes for this race.

The King always sails in the race for the King's Cup, but does not compete for his own prize. In the event of Britannia winning—which has not yet occurred—His Majesty would give the Cup to the second boat and take the second prize.

This season will witness the centenary of the Royal Yacht Squadron race for the King's Cup. First sailed for in 1834, the winner was the cutter Harriet of 65 tons, owned by Mr. W. Heneage. In 1835 the Cup went to the cutter Columbine, of 90 tons, owned by Mr. J. Smith Barry. The following year the winner was the cutter Breeze, of 55 tons, belonging to Mr. James Lyon, and in 1837 the winner was the cutter Amulet, owned by Mr. J. Meiklam.



COMPETITORS RACING FOR THE KING'S CUP LAST YEAR
Mr. Hugh Paul's Astra, Mr. W. L. Stephenson's Velsheda, and His Majesty's Britannia as seen from the air

From 1838 to 1900 the prize was the Queen's Cup. It was first won by the cutter Alarm, of 193 tons, owned by Mr. J. Weld, and it was last won, 62 years later, by the great yawl Satanita, belonging to Sir Maurice FitzGerald, the Knight of Kerry. Three times the Queen's Cup was taken by the Prince of Wales; first in 1877, in the schooner Hildegarde, of 205 tons; next in 1880, in the cutter Formosa, of 103 tons, and on the last occasion in the cutter Britannia, of 220 tons. In 1893 the Cup was won by the German Emperor with his first Meteor, which was the old Watson American Cup challenger, Thistle. The Kaiser won the Cup again in 1899 with his second Meteor, also designed by Watson and built on the Clyde. Skipper and crew were British in both races.

From 1901 to 1909 the King's Cup was given by King Edward. The "glories of the 'nineties" had waned at Cowes, and first-class yacht racing was rather in the doldrums. Such a strange medley of yachts sailed under the White Ensign that handicapping in the races for the King's Cup assumed absolutely ludicrous proportions. Britannia had disappeared from Cowes, the King having parted with her some little time before he came to the throne, on the advice of those who pronounced her hopelessly outclassed!

Perhaps the most notable features of the R.Y.S. Cup races during the reign of King Edward is that they were twice won by the German Emperor's second Meteor, a schooner of 412 tons, which plenty of British yachts could have beaten comfortably had they been eligible to sail against her. King Edward was a keen lover of yacht racing and a frequent visitor to Cowes, and but for the encouragement he gave to the sport the low ebb which it reached during this period would have gone a good deal further.

In 1910 the history of the King's Cup entered into the fourth reign. King George came to the throne in what may be called a transition period in yachting. The era of the big racer—which frequently was a compromise with a cruiser—had passed. Of four schooners that raced in the Solent in 1910 only one was under British colours. The two 23-metres cutters, Shamrock and White Heather, carried on a series of duels from which others of their class held aloof. It was in the new 19-metres class and the nearly new 15-metres and 12-metres classes that interest was concentrated. The Britannia had not yet come back, but King George had quite made up his mind that she could come back and should come back.

The younger generation of to-day does not altogether realise how much of a sailor King George really is. He entered the Britannia in January, 1877, together with his brother, Prince Albert Victor. In his history of that ship, Commander E. P. Statham writes:

> "Prince George went through all the work, and the impression he produced was that of a very sharp lad, and though very backward on joining, turned-to with a will and passed out very creditably. He used to tell the seamanship instructors not to bother about his brother, who was not going to sea, but to devote their attention to him."

On passing out of the Britannia the two Princes made a world tour in the steam corvette Bacchante, living in the gunroom and taking part in the routine duties of the ship. In 1886 the King, as a lieutenant, was appointed to the Dreadnought, in the Mediterranean, and two years later joined the Alexandra, flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh. He commanded torpedo boat No. 79 in the manœuvres of 1889 and "rendered very efficient help to a vessel in distress." His next command was the gunboat Thrush, in which he spent a year on the North America Station. In 1892, as a commander, he was appointed "in lieu of a captain" to commission the new cruiser Melampus, and commanded her throughout the naval manœuvres. Altogether His Majesty put in about twelve years of fairly continuous sea time.

His love for yachting manifested itself early. Whilst still in the Service the King visited the once-famous yard of Sibbick, at Cowes, with his friend, Sir Derek Keppel, and ordered a 1-rater of the type in which that builder excelled. She was launched in the record time of eight days, named the White Rose, and gave the young Prince plenty of lively experience in steering and handling sheets.

With so much "salt water in his veins," to quote an old nautical saw, it is easy to understand why the King takes such a live and practical interest in yacht-racing. By widening the qualifications to enter the race for the King's Cup he has conferred upon that event a supreme sporting value which it never attained under the old restrictions. He has raised it from a competition limited to privileged people to a contest in which the claims of the yacht are no longer dependent upon the question of her ownership. The result is that to-day the King's Cup is a more keenly coveted trophy than ever it has been during the hundred years since it was first presented.

EVER CHANGING FASHIONS IN RIGS

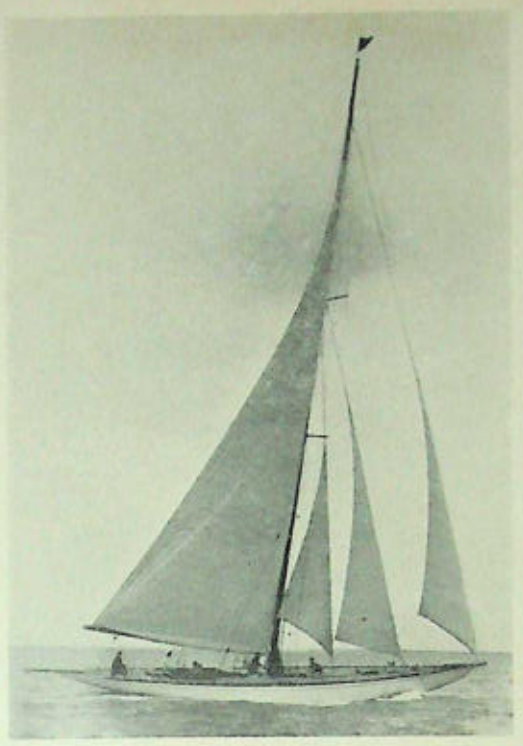
Old Influences and a Modern Reformer

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

FASHIONS in rigs are, I suppose, somewhat similar in their own way, to fashions in dress. They are subject to various influences—to popular taste of the particular period; to the requirements of Society or of national authority rules; and occasionally to the taste of the reformer or the experimenter. From one point of view there has been a singular likeness in dress—and particularly in ladies' dress and yachts' sail plans. In each case there has recently been a very definite tendency to cut the actual area down to a minimum, and in each case also there has been a most successful attempt to make that small area as effective as possible.

Before the coming of the yacht America, over 80 years ago, it was the fashion to cut sails much after the style of "bags," but with—or rather after—her coming, a change came, and "flat" cut sails became the order of the day. Raking masts and "hollow" bows also followed as American influence made itself felt. Then the makers' turn came, and the narrow deep hulls with straight stems demanded low sail plans with huge booms and long bowsprits—which, by the way, had a horrid habit, when the long lean vessels plunged into the sea, of getting carried away and taking the topmasts with them.

Later, when another measurement rule appeared, and its particular requirements had been realised, sail areas became abnormally large—much as dresses of about the same period became unnecessarily voluminous—the "peak of the curve" being reached with the successful Herreshoff Cup defender Reliance, which had a sail area of over 16,000 square feet. Rules of measurement were again changed to meet the reasonable demand for a habitable seaworthy type of yacht, and it became less profitable to fit vessels with enormous sail plans.



MODERN EXPERIMENT IN RIG MADE BY MR. H. M. CRANKSHAW WITH THE EX-12-METRE YACHT NOREEN

1.—Noreen as a Bermudian yawl. 2.—With the mast stepped 3ft. abaft the overall length and the mizzen strapped. 3.—With two headsails, but too large for the crew to handle comfortably

Unfortunately, however, certain undesirable features of the rating rules selected by the experts still made it advantageous to carry more sail than was wise and, due to this and to characteristics of hull design, many yachts had an unpleasant habit of wallowing in a sea when they were hard driven. With yet another change of rule, and with the coming of the "Bermudian" rig, it has now been found possible to drive a comparatively big hull with a sail area which would have been out of the question with the old-fashioned gaff rig. The effect of this reduction in sail area has, in turn, been instrumental in improving the shape of yachts—in fact it has been found that for a small sail area the body of the yacht *must* be shapely if it is to be really effective. A parallel may be found in modern dress.

So much for the influence of popular taste and the requirements of current rules. There remain the taste and activities of the reformer and experimenter. One of the most interesting series of experiments in the development of rig has been made by Mr. H. M. Crankshaw with the ex-12-metre yacht Noreen. This yacht was designed and built by John Anker to the old International Rule and since she came into Mr. Crankshaw's hands he has been consistently experimenting with various rigs with a view to increasing her speed and, at the same time, to produce a sail plan which is easy to work with a few hands and is essentially suited to the requirements of a deep sea cruiser.

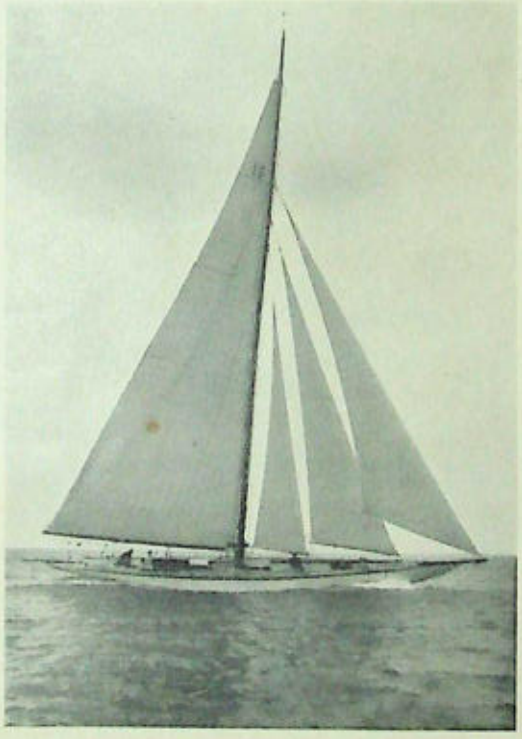
The accompanying photographs show the various stages through which Noreen has passed during the series of experiments.

1. This shows Noreen as a Bermudian yawl—pretty and handy enough, but she would only go well to windward with a much smaller jib, and in any weight of wind she tended—due to the mast being so far forward—to bury her head and ship a lot of water.

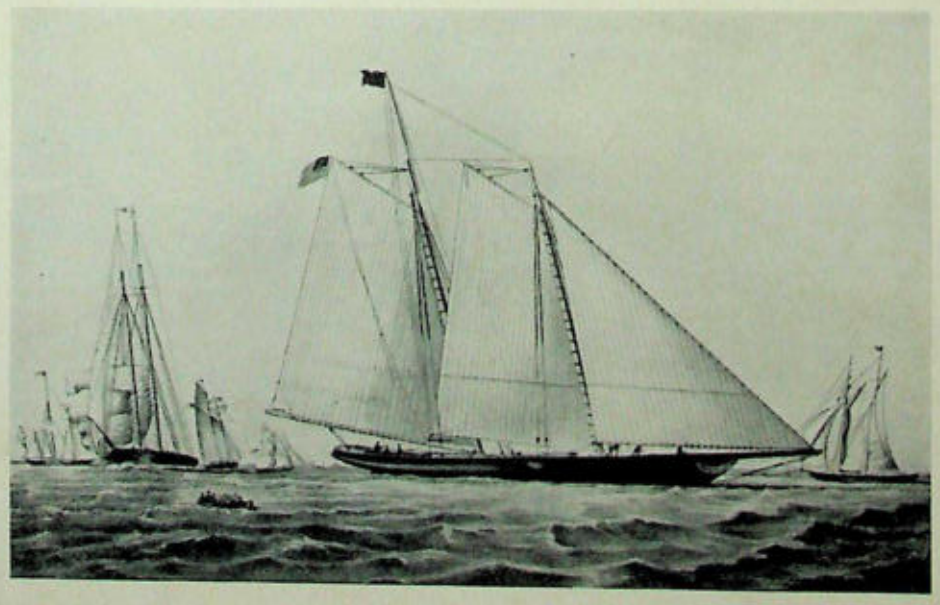
2. In this photograph the mast had been stepped 3ft. abaft the centre of the overall length of the yacht, and the mizzen strapped. The mast was then about 18in. forward of the centre of lateral resistance, and 18in. abaft the centre of effort of the sail plan. The mainsail was loose footed and there were three headsails. The sails in this rig were obviously only temporary, and it was found difficult with a limited crew to get in three sets of head sheets every time the yacht tacked.

3. This rig, with two head sails, was fairly satisfactory, but the staysail backwinded the mainsail in a strong breeze when going to windward, and the headsails were too large for the crew to handle comfortably.

4. This shows the yacht with her present rig, with a small inner staysail and a larger outer staysail—both on booms—and a jib. There is now only the jib to handle forward. The final positions of the headsails have been established after repeated trials in many positions. The effects of this rig on the performance of the yacht may be summed up as follows: She is much easier in a seaway, dryer and faster all round, as she not only goes better to windward, but she runs steadily in a heavy sea. A large sail area or a small one can be obtained quickly and easily by setting or lowering the two staysails.



4.—As at present rigged with a jib and a small inner staysail and larger outer staysail, both on booms



THE CLIPPER YACHT AMERICA

After her advent flat cut sails became the order of the day

The yacht also handles well under the two staysails alone. When anchoring, the jib is lowered first, then the mainsail, followed first by one staysail and then by the other. With the mast in its present position the yacht, in a hard breeze, will lie, with no sail set, with her head about three points off the wind. Mr. Crankshaw has undoubtedly made a very interesting contribution to the rig question and his experiments cannot fail to be of value to cruising yachtsmen, who naturally are anxious to manage with as small a crew as possible.

One of the most experienced yachtsmen in this country has just told me that, in his opinion, the placing of the mast in the position in which Mr. Crankshaw has selected for Noreen—abaft amidships—is the only solution of the difficult question as to how to get a modern cutaway vessel to heave to. He confirms this opinion by saying that modern racing yachts have found that the only way to heave to is stern on to the sea.

A NEW OCEAN RACER

Mr. W. D. M. Bell's Trenchemer

A YACHT of more than usual interest is the Trenchemer, built by Messrs. Hall, Russell & Co., Ltd., of Footdee, Aberdeen, for Mr. W. D. M. Bell, of Corriemoillie, Garve. She has been built for ocean racing, and it is believed is the first yacht to be built in this country for this purpose under the 55ft. Rating Class of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. She is of steel construction, and is based on a design by Olin J. Stephens, of New York, but modified by the builders with his concurrence to Mr. Bell's own requirements. Mr. Stephens is the designer of the famous Dorade, winner of the transatlantic race and many other trophies. Trenchemer has a somewhat similar appearance, but is larger, 72ft. overall by 53ft. 6in. on datum waterline, by 14ft. 10in. beam by 10ft. 6½in. draft, and is built to Lloyd's 100 A.1. Class. She will be rigged as a Bermudian yawl. Her auxiliary engine is a 36 h.p. Gleniffer Diesel high-speed engine.

The masts and spars are hollow and are being supplied by Messrs. McGruer & Co., Clydebank, and the sails are by Messrs. McKenzie, of Sandbank.

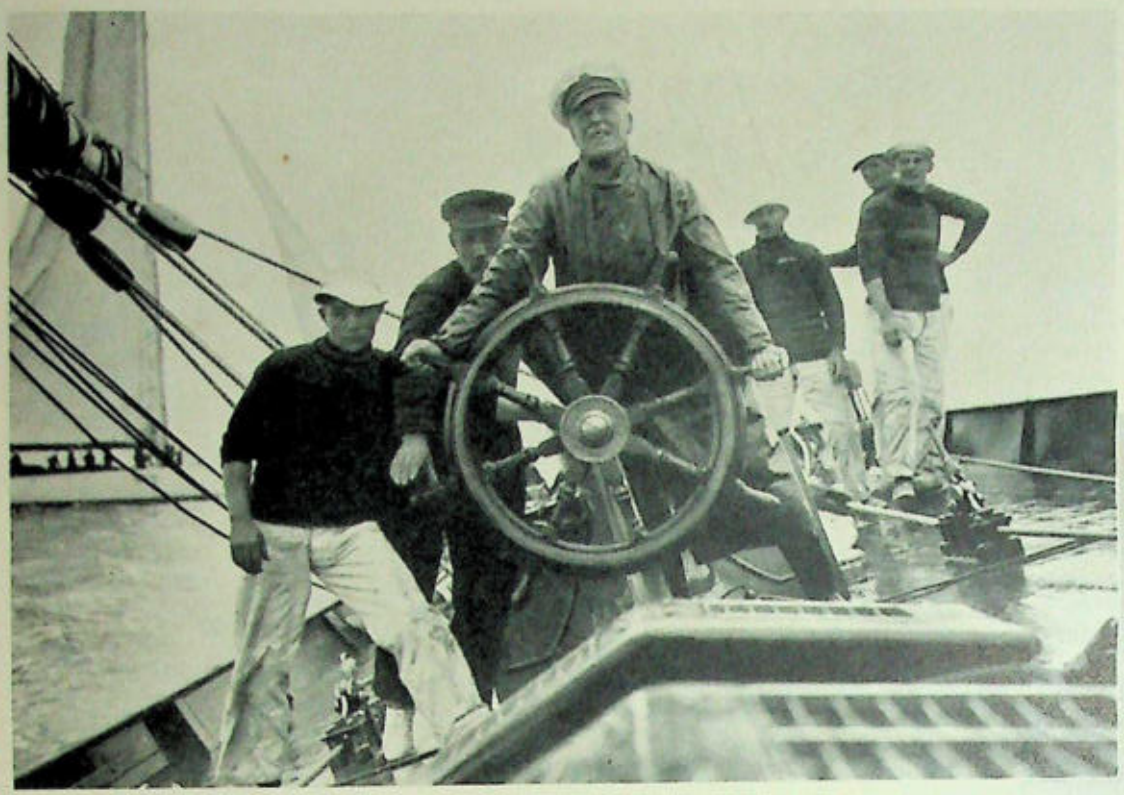
The vessel is a cruiser in every sense of the word for she is well filled out, equipped with ample galley and other equipment for extended voyages and has accommodation for twelve people.

"One Crowded Hour"

OUT IN REAL BRITANNIA WEATHER

My Hardest Race with the King's Cutter

By SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE, K.C.V.O.



SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE AT THE WHEEL OF BRITANNIA

ON the morning of August 17th, 1933, we left Brixham somewhere about 9 a.m. to sail for Babbacombe, where the regatta was to take place; we carried a whole sail as there was at that time a nice whole sail breeze.

When we got to Babbacombe the breeze had increased a good deal, and shortly before the start we received a semaphore message to say that a gale was coming. I noticed that the Velsheda was taking down two reefs, and that the Shamrock had taken down one, but Astra had a whole sail. I did not think there was enough time to take a reef down before the start, so I also decided to sail with a whole sail. Our course was a triangular one, 45 miles, three times round with five-mile legs.

By the time of the start it was blowing very hard. Shamrock was first over the line, and we were second. It was a very broad reach, almost a run, to the first mark. We set our small spinnaker and just managed to get round the mark first, ahead of Shamrock, then came Astra with Velsheda last. After rounding the mark we had to get our sheets in as we had to come on a wind, it being a long leg and a short leg to the second mark. I stood on the starboard tack for some little time, until I saw the other boats astern of us going round on the port tack. I then came round on the port tack so as to keep between them and the next mark. Before very long I came round again as I thought we could reach the mark. It was now blowing harder than ever, and I eased my sheets off a good deal. We fetched our mark, and my timekeeper told me we were about two minutes ahead of Shamrock which was second, Astra was next and Velsheda last. It was then a reach to the line.

The wind began to blow with very heavy puffs off the cliffs, and just before crossing the line we carried away the clew of our jib. After a certain amount of trouble we got it down, and, crossing the line, gybed over to go to the next mark. We were opening away steadily from the other boats, and by this time we were three minutes ahead of the second boat Shamrock. On the broad reach to the next mark we got up our third jib. We discussed whether we should carry our spinnaker; but as the sea and wind were both getting up, I decided not to do so. When we got to the mark we had great difficulty in getting in our sheets in order to come on a wind.

It was now blowing so hard that I had the greatest difficulty in steering her. I was waist deep in water, and the spray broke over my head and half blinded me, and I had to have a lashing round my waist to keep me on board. It was more than one man could do to steer her single-handed, so I got the second mate to help me, and we both had as much as we could manage.

We were now so far ahead of the other boats that it was only a matter of sailing her easy and doing our best to prevent anything being carried away. Before we got to the second mark on the second round, I noticed that Astra and Velsheda had both given up, but Shamrock was still coming on a long way behind. We got round the second mark safely, and bore up for the line.

It was blowing so very hard that we were completely smothered with water, and I was very anxious about our gear and rigging. We had our sheets eased off as much as we could. We were able to do this as we were on a reach. Shamrock rounded the weather mark about five minutes astern of us. In a lull I looked astern and saw Shamrock lying almost on her beam ends, and a second or two afterwards the skipper shouted to me, "Shamrock's mast has gone." It struck me that she had her sheets in too hard. I was preparing to come round and go to her assistance, but luckily we saw that a mine-sweeper was going to her.

As I was the only boat left in the race I wondered whether I ought to go round for the third time, not only risking the lives of my men but also His Majesty's yacht. As Britannia rarely gives up for weather, I should have gone on. I prayed as I have never prayed before, that they would stop us on the end of the round and not make us go a third time.

The wind that came off the cliffs was so terrific that I could hardly steer her, although the main sheet was eased right off she kept coming up into the wind. We seemed like a toy boat which one often sees on the "Round Pond," and we had little more control than the owners of these model yachts have once they have started them off on their course.

On nearing the line we met the 12-metres who were crossing our bows, and I had an anxious time keeping out of their way. We were very close to one called the Flica, which just crossed ahead of us. The owner, Mr. Fairey, afterwards told me he had never seen such a beautiful sight as Britannia going along about fourteen knots nearly under water.

As we crossed the line, to my great relief, the gun went off and the letter "S" went up practically at the same moment. Thus finished one of the hardest races I have ever sailed.

We started at 11 o'clock, and finished 1hr. 23min. 17sec. I was never so pleased to give up the wheel to the skipper as I had had quite enough for one day, after which we had a very nasty job to gybe her and keep her off the shore. The captain and crew behaved magnificently, and so did the ship. It did C. L. Watson, who designed Britannia, great credit, that a 40-year-old boat could beat all the new ones; also great credit is due to Mr. Nicholson who designed and built the mast and fitted the rigging.

As soon as we were able, we lowered all our sails and anchored, and with everyone on board wet through to the skin we all went down below to have some well-earned refreshments. Later on we got small sail on her and sailed back to Brixham.

FORTY-ONE YEARS OLD AND THE STOUTEST OF THE BIG BOATS

"And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
"And the flying spray and the brown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."
—JOHN MASEFIELD.

The second round of the race was the most exciting I have ever sailed owing to the weight of the wind, a fairly heavy sea and the amount of sail we carried. We were extremely lucky not to carry anything away, and it speaks volumes for the mast and rigging that things held on as they did.

Needless to say, after our experience, we all slept the sleep of the just that night.

Previous articles in this series have included contributions by the Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. George Lambton, H. W. Austin, Harry Vardon, Lord Tennyson, Colonel T. P. Melvill and T. A. Brocklebank, on their outstanding experiences in sport and games.—"My Best Day's Grouse Shooting," by Lord Dorchester, will be the next contribution to this series in our Shooting Number next week, and he will be followed by T. A. Hampson on "The Best Race I Ever Ran."

THE LATEST RIVALS IN THE ROADS

"Twelves" and "Eights" to Challenge the Old Stagers

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

LORD FORSTER'S NEW EIGHT-METRE CEDORA

ONE of the chief interests of Cowes Week and the whole of the Solent Fortnight is what the new craft of the season will do. It usually takes some little time to get a yacht into her best trim, but by the time that the first regattas of the Fortnight are due to take place, owners will have had ample time to correct slight defects of trim, to find out the best position for sheet leads, and to have stretched all sails to their satisfaction.

Much of the in-and-out sailing during the earlier part of the season may be accounted for by the fact that experiments are being made with the new craft—some of which may, from various reasons, have been misleading and, consequently, have only delayed the finding of the boat's true capabilities. By the time that Cowes Week has arrived tuning up should have been completed and a new interest aroused in the performance of the new boats and of their older rivals.

In the big class no new vessels—Endeavour having sailed for America—will be taking part in the regattas, but, in the smaller classes, no fewer than six newcomers will be sailing against the older craft—two in the 12-metre and four in the 8-metre class. It will be remembered that, at the International Yacht Racing Union's Conference on Measurement Rules, held last winter, various alterations were made in the Rating Rule for the smaller classes. The measurement of the girth amidships was abolished and a new method of measuring the forward overhang was adopted, which removed the inducement to pinch in the forward sections at the deck-line. At the same time, a new co-efficient was substituted for the old divisor in the formula which, it was hoped, would equalise the chances of the old and new boats.

In the past, a change in rule has often resulted in the newer boats being larger than the old, and so being given an undue advantage. In the present case, it would seem that, at the conference, the co-efficient was so well chosen that this season's boats have to depend on shape, and not upon size, to have any advantage over the older craft. That is why the meeting of the new boats with the pick of the old ones, during the Solent Fortnight, should be particularly interesting.

Of the "twelves," Major Ralph Grigg's Miquette, designed and built by Fife of Fairlie, sailed by Sir Ralph Gore, with Joe Oatley as skipper, has shown herself to be a really good boat in light to moderate weather, and inside the Wight she should give a good account of herself. What her helmsman and skipper do not know about the Solent could be written on the back of a very small calling card!

Westra, the other new "twelve"—Nicholson designed and built, and owned by Messrs. Connell—has also shown herself to be a good all-round boat, but her "afterguard" cannot know the Solent and its ways as well as Miquette's. In Westra, more advantage seems to have been taken of the changes in the rule than in Miquette, and the meeting between the pair and the older boats in the class should be both exciting and instructive.

In the 8-metre class, the new craft cannot be said, so far, to have shown any superiority over the best of the older boats. Three of the four new "eights" hail from Fairlie—Mr. J. Lauriston Lewis's Carron, Mr. R. B. Worth's Severn, and Mr. K. R. Preston and Mr. Robert Steele's Saskia—a formidable trio, especially in the hands of such hale and experienced yachtsmen. The fourth "eight," Lord Forster's Cedora—designed by Charles Nicholson—is a good all-round boat, and if her owner is able to sail her, she should make a very good bid for the premier place in the class in the racing.

When Lord Forster was Governor-General of Australia it will be remembered he had the distinction of being the only yachtsman who ever won the championship in Australian waters in both light and heavy displacement classes in the same season. Mr. M. H. Mason's Fife boat, Violeta, in her fifth, and Messrs. C. E. & A. W. Nicholson's Sagitta, in her sixth season, have shown themselves to be quite equal to the newer boats, and the eight-year-old Nona, which is to join the class, is still one of the best of the fleet to windward.

Taken all round, the 8-metre class is one of the best and most evenly matched that has ever raced on the Solent, and the competition during the regatta will be as keen as anything in the history of yacht racing. One hopes that it may be found possible to lay off courses with a fair amount of windward work, and that all sailing instructions may be clear and definite.

BACK TO 1851

And the Cause of All the Trouble

COWES—and in August 1851. Memorable times these, with Lord Palmerston at the helm of the Ship of State, and things happening here, there and everywhere, and the British flag masthead high and kept there. Cowes awakened from its winter slumbers; and the roadstead looking very, very much the same as it does in this year of grace, filling up with the yachts of the day—Arrow, Alarm, Aurora and others. Serried rows of stately vessels, the majority of which reflect the tendencies of contemporary British yacht design with their heavy spars and their "cod's head and mackerel body" lines.

SIR GEORGE CLERK

The British Ambassador to France, who was on board Britannia during the recent visit of the big boats to Havre when, in three days racing, Astra won the Grand Prix of the Yachting Club de France

All is evidence of the interest taken in yachts and yachting by the Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes—the very hub of the greatest talent in British yacht building and designing. The racing in those days was the outcome of the keenest personal rivalry between the great sailors who formed the squadron's members—and Cowes had not yet become a Society foregathering to the extent it has to-day. True "the ladies" were to be seen taking the air on the Green before the Castle—but they were rather the dutiful and passive spectators of the prowess of their male belongings.

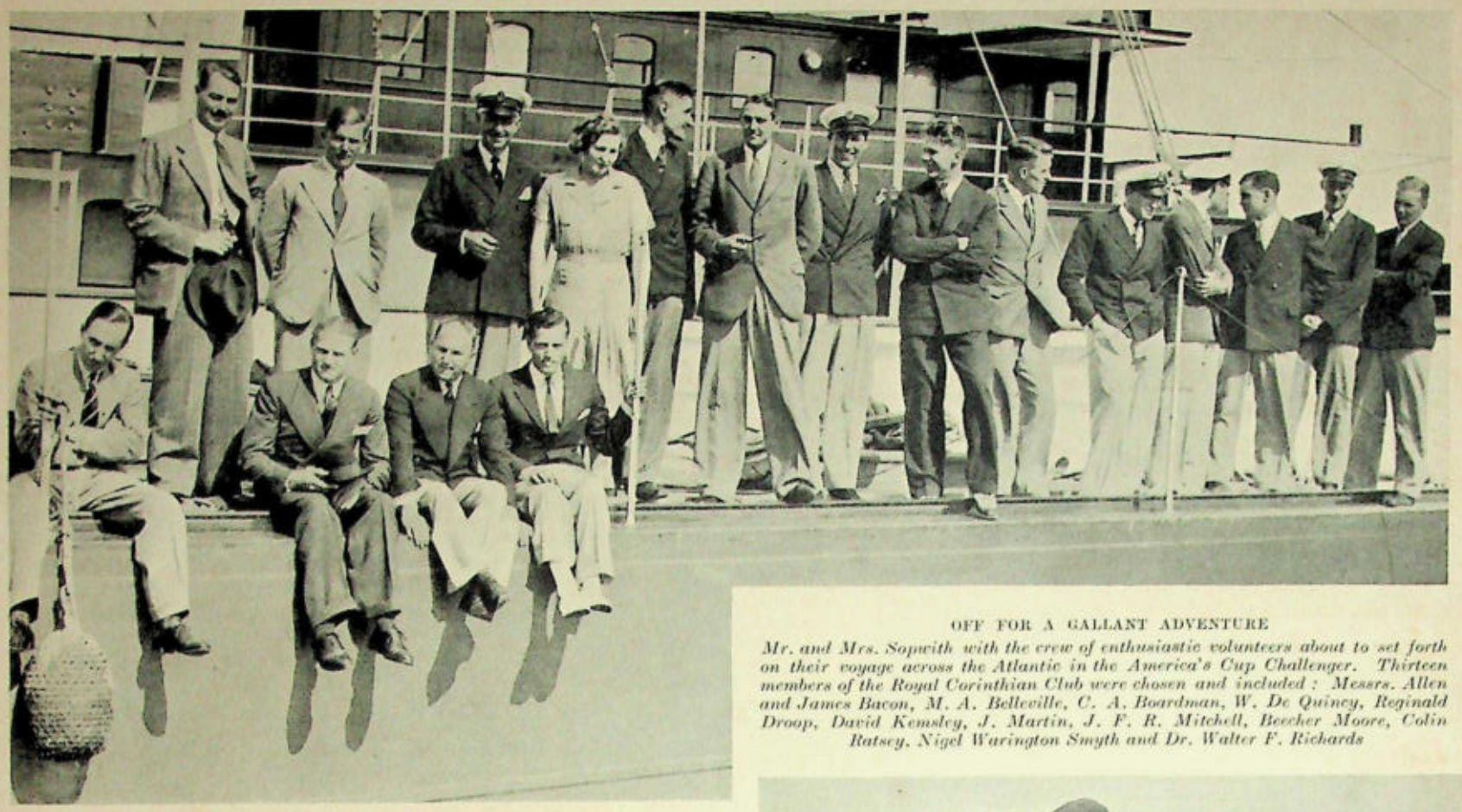
Cowes in 1851—with its feminine element swathed in velvet and more velvet and with cascades of laces and more lace, all the outcome of a developing dependence upon French fashion and Mr. Paxton's glasshouse in Hyde Park. Ah! That was indeed a topic of conversation. Let the men talk gravely of the peculiar hollow bow of the Mosquito or of the impossibility of an iron-hulled yacht such as Mr. Symon's Tiara keeping afloat in the first seaway she got into, the women discussed that wonder exhibition which was to open to an aching world a long era of Peace, which, as history has since shown all too plainly, was as much a delusion as the Great War to end war.

It was all in keeping with the velvets and the laces and the men with their Imperials and grave gait and mien—"Dundrearys" were not yet quite the vogue, but there were some of the younger advanced thinkers who affected the style. And when the men were not debating the cut of a sail or the cant of a gaff-topsail yard, there were always the iniquities of a Government. There was the long room in the Squadron clubhouse to which they could retire, not in the Castle as it is to-day, but on the site of the Gloucester Hotel. Palmerston had nailed the flag masthead over that rascal Pacifico—even though this Portuguese Jew had charged twenty-five pounds as damages for a stolen pair of sheets—and why shouldn't he? Palmerston was in deep waters with Walewski and the French regime; the Popery troubles were rather disturbing, and John Russell had been very petty, and there were good prospects for shooting that season.

Taking things by and large there was very little real difference between Cowes in 1851 and Cowes in 1934—allowing for the gulf between Victorianism and late Georgianism. And then into the Roads came a small black schooner with the flag of Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club at the main and the Stars and Stripes at her peak—quite a small schooner of some 150 tons displacement and with a waterline length of 87ft.

She came in from the French coast and let go her hook in the roads just as many another visitor had done before and many more still have done since, and no doubt the grave yachtsmen from their long-room coign of vantage quizzed her through the club telescope and commented on her long run and her hollow bow and the peculiarities of her form and her rig. The schooner America with her skipper Dick Brown "up" was so very different—and she was destined to be the cause of all the trouble. In next to no time there was her challenge, to race for any money or the honour of the American flag. Then there was the chosen race round the island on August 28th for a challenge cup presented by the R.Y.S. for all yachts. And in full view of the ladies in their flowing velvets and poke bonnets and the grave austere men, the stranger won. J. I.

MR. J. LAURISTON LEWIS'S CARRON, ONE OF THE NEW "EIGHTS" FROM FAIRLIE



OFF FOR A GALLANT ADVENTURE

Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith with the crew of enthusiastic volunteers about to set forth on their voyage across the Atlantic in the America's Cup Challenger. Thirteen members of the Royal Corinthian Club were chosen and included: Messrs. Allen and James Bacon, M. A. Belleville, C. A. Boardman, W. De Quincy, Reginald Droop, David Kemsley, J. Martin, J. F. R. Mitchell, Beecher Moore, Colin Ratsey, Nigel Warington Smyth and Dr. Walter F. Richards

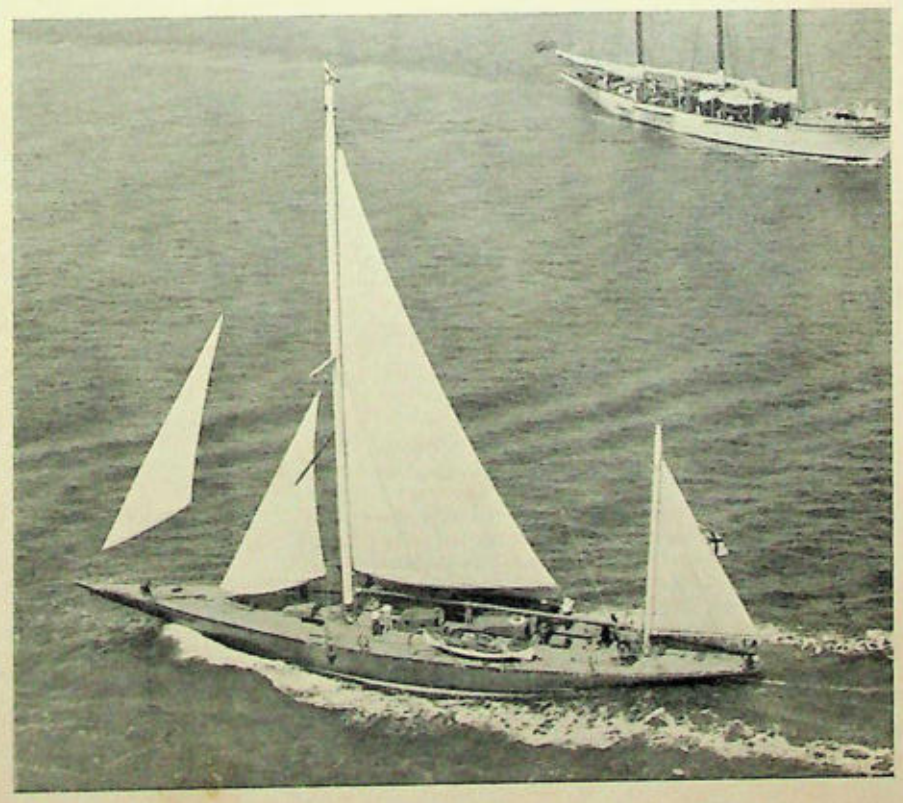
NEW SAILS AND SALTS YOUNG AND OLD

ONE OF THE NEW TWELVES

Major R. S. Grigg's Miquette, which will be rivalled in the Solent racing by Mr. Arthur C. Connell's Westra, another new 12-metre boat

AS MUCH AT HOME IN A DINGHY AS ON A BATTLESHIP

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, who can handle sail with any yachtsman



OUTWARD BOUND

Endeavour ketch-rigged for her passage to the United States

RACING ON THE QUEEN OF RACECOURSES

Brilliant Sport Assured at Goodwood

ALWAYS one of the most delightful meetings of the year alike for its social amenities and for the racing of the highest class which it invariably provides, Goodwood promises to be as successful as usual next week. The programme bristles with attractions on each of its four days, and though the course cannot be expected to be its best after the prolonged drought the going here is generally better than at most places, thanks to the wonderful qualities of this grand old turf. The various handicaps bid fair to arouse their customary measure of excitement, and there seems no reason to suppose that winners will be easier to find than usual.

Mr. J. C. Bulteel has set a pretty problem in the Stewards' Cup with Coroado at the head of the handicap after his series of brilliant six-furlong performances. Solenoid, who won this race at three years old and was third last year, comes strongly into the reckoning again, while Pharacre and Old Riley, who fought out such a close finish twelve months ago, are handicapped in a way which gives their respective owners and trainers reason to hope that they will again be prominently concerned in the finish. The penalised Clustine has drawn attention to his prospects of success by producing more than a glimpse of his old dash.

North Devon will be another well-fancied competitor in view of the good form he exhibited in both of his races at Ascot. Indeed, with 7st. 8lb., Lord Glanely's colt would seem to have as good a chance as any. On the following day the King George Stakes will attract some good sprinters, and will be of special interest if Myrobella is given the opportunity of repeating her success of a year ago. Those who saw the mare so soundly beaten at Ascot feared that she had trained off, but excuses are advanced for the disappointing display on that occasion.

The Goodwood Cup on Thursday looks like being an open race, as some of the most notable horses in the entry will not appear. Brown Jack, for example, has definitely finished with racing, and the mighty old warrior passes into well-earned and honourable retirement. The runaway Gold Cup winner Felicitation will miss Goodwood, his main objective now being the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamps in October, when his owner hopes to see him beat the best horses in France as decisively as he vanquished his rivals at the Royal meeting.

Hyperion, too, will not be seen in the Goodwood Cup. Indeed, at the time of writing, the chances seem to be that last year's Derby and St. Leger winner has run his last race, though we await his owner's decision in this matter. Hyperion's failure to give the weight to Caithness at the Second July Meeting was distressing to his admirers, and confirmed the impression that for one reason or another he is not so good as he was last season.

It is strange that while the reputation of Hyperion should have suffered as a result of his latest races, that of King Salmon has appreciably strengthened. There was not the slightest question of the superiority of Lord Derby's colt to the son of Salmon Trout when they were three-year-olds, and their relative merits were confirmed when they met at Newmarket in the spring. But whereas Hyperion has to be content with success in two comparatively small races this year, King Salmon retires to the stud with the glory of having won the Eclipse Stakes and the Coronation Cup. Sir Richard Brooke, who gave £5,000 for him thirteen months ago, has won more than twice that amount with him in stake-money, and now puts him to the stud well assured that the young horse will be in popular demand.

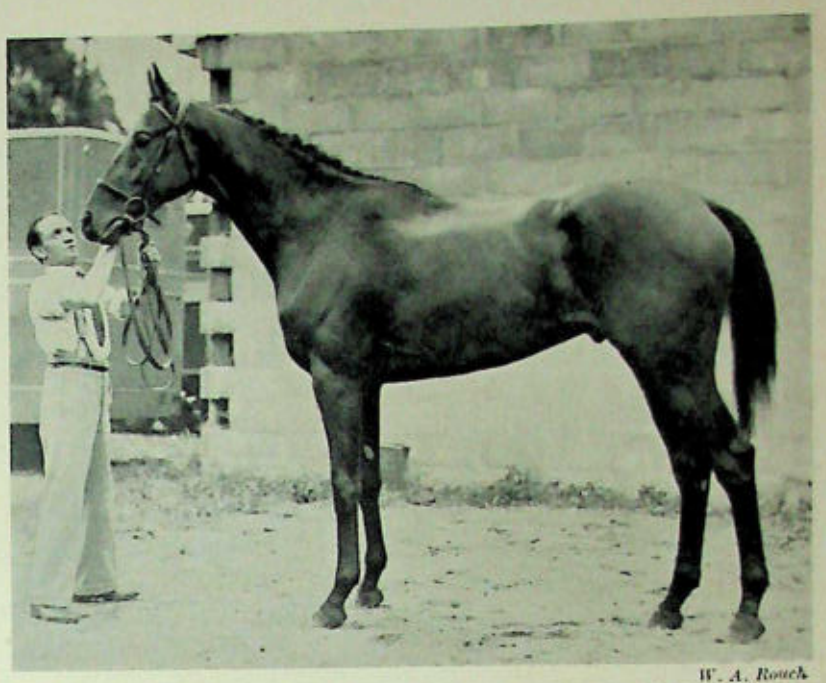
Possibly King Salmon was a fortunate winner of the Eclipse Stakes. The luck of the race was all against Windsor Lad. In the Derby this colt had benefited by the misfortunes of Colombo, and it was a strange turn of fortune's wheel which brought about his own downfall at Sandown. Happily the reverse does nothing to discount his bright prospect of winning the St. Leger.

Immense interest will attach to the two-year-old racing at Goodwood and perhaps after the meeting people will be discussing the question of what will win the Derby of 1935. At present the Aga Khan is envied for his amazingly good lot of young horses. Just as we thought we had seen the pick of this owner's string, along comes Bahram to upset calculations by winning the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown, beating by a neck his stable companion Theft, who was giving him 9lb.

It is necessary to keep this big difference in the weights in mind, as it places Theft still 6lb. in front of the Sandown winner. On the other hand, how much must we allow for the fact that Bahram did not have the advantage of any previous racing experience? All things considered, there is probably little to choose between these brilliant colts; but Bahram is a Blandford, whereas the other is by Tetratema, so the likelihood is that the winner of the big race last week-end will develop into the better stayer.

It is by no means certain that either of them is the best of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds, as Hairan is unbeaten, and until his limitations are shown this son of Fairway possesses a fair claim to be considered the champion of all the youngsters seen out so far. All being well, the pick of the Aga Khan's colts will be sent to contest their various engagements at Goodwood, and Frank Butters can also send several more good ones belonging to other patrons, notably Maltravers.

The Beckhampton is not so well off as usual for two-year-olds of the first class. The best of its colts is probably Lord Woolavington's Ben Marshall, and its filly Caretta, leased by Lord Lonsdale from the National Stud, is undoubtedly the best of her sex in this or any other stable.



W. A. Rouch

WINNER OF ONE OF THE RICHEST TWO-YEAR-OLD RACES OF THE SEASON

Bahram (Blandford—Friar's Daughter), which won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park for H.H. Aga Khan

A STERN BATTLE FOR THE LEAD

Third on the right may be seen King Salmon (Salmon Trout—Malva) racing on in the Eclipse Stakes with Canon Law and Umidwar resisting his challenge

HUNTERS AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Middleham Scores in Good Style

HELD in very pleasant surroundings, the Tunbridge Wells Show is always well supported, and this year's event held last week was no exception. Mr. E. G. MacAndrew's chesnut mare Golden Hand won yet another first prize when she headed the brood mare class, but she had a close rival in Chime, a rare good type of hunter matron. The last named ultimately qualified for the H.I.S. medal. An outstanding winner in the foal class was the shapely, well-grown bay colt, Nicotine, belonging to Mr. A. E. Lerwill, and he certainly justified his Ipswich placing. Two-year-olds and yearlings were shown together, and here the premier prize went to a chesnut by St. Tudwal, bred and owned by Sir Merrik Burrell. A nice type this, with a good middlepiece and well fronted. He had a little more scope than Covely, a stylish filly belonging to Mrs. C. E. Chapman.

The first of the saddle classes was for hunters 14st. or over, and here Mrs. Stanley Barratt's Middleham secured the leading prize. This six-year-old has plenty of quality and moves with nice freedom.

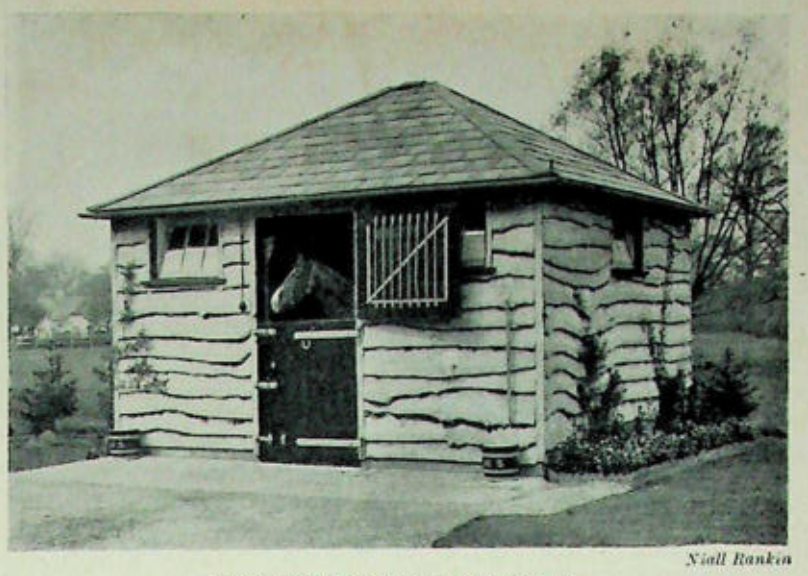
Miss Margaret McAlpine's novice Richmond champion, Rose Petal, gave a very mannerly display to secure the red rosette in the first of the hack classes, but she was closely challenged by Wonder Bar, the bay gelding now owned by Miss Jill Hermon-Erriman. In the other hack class Miss Pacey's Snap Dragon was pulled in first in front of Master Tony Stubbing on his grey pony Primula. Sir A. Weigall's famous bay, Radiant, had to be content with third place. Rather difficult placing to follow considering the performance of each animal. Primula also won his class in the juvenile section, his nearest rival being Miss W. Pendarves' Cadogan Cupid. In the smaller class the winning award went to Golden Wonder, the chesnut mare ridden and owned by Miss Vivian Lush, while second prize went to Miss Edna Pendarves for Sonnet.

There were some well-filled hackney classes with several notable animals forward. The Livesey and Winans' challenge cups were won by Mrs. E. Henriques' famous champion, Fleetwood Viking. Mr. F. C. Minoprio's Mickey Mouse achieved great distinction by defeating Barcroft Belle, who last year was perhaps the best pony mare seen out in the show ring.

CESTRIAN.

AT THE WOODHAY STUD

A Young Stallion's Success as a Sire



Niall Rankin

RAMESES THE SECOND IN HIS BOX

THERE are many studs in Berkshire and many famous winners have been foaled there. Probably this fact is due to the plenitude of grass to be found on its sloping uplands, and also to the limestone subsoil which is so vital in raising any breed of horse. The recently established Woodhay Stud has certainly taken advantage of these natural conditions, and under the superintendence of Major C. H. Lloyd has every appearance of becoming one of the leading breeding establishments in the South of England.

When I first knew the stud—it has only been in existence some three or four years—it consisted of a few boxes grouped round a small yard, but now it has been developed into a spacious establishment with the best of airy boxes, a stallion yard and paddocks shaded by larch, oak and elm, grouped round the central building. The whole place was a revelation to me; I did not think it possible that any stud could have been developed in such a short space of time, but then Major Lloyd is a lover of the thoroughbred, possessing a wonderful knowledge of the *Stud Book* and any amount of perseverance.

It was his good judgment which brought Rameses the Second, one of the best young stallions of the present day, to the well-equipped stallion box, and that judgment looks like being vindicated if one can judge from the sound, well-made stock that this useful horse is siring. Strangely enough, Rameses the Second was bred near this stud, and his sire, Gainsborough, stands at the Harwood Stud, which is just over the road from Woodhay, so there is a sort of local connection with the stud.

A thoroughbred horse in all the pride of coat and condition is always a thing of beauty which quickens the pulse of the horse-lover, and my day at the Woodhay Stud was certainly a well-spent one, and from it I carried away a clear impression of a stallion which is likely to transmit his fine racing conformation and excellent lineage to his offspring. I have said that Rameses the Second, which, by the way, carries a bright chesnut coat livery, a colour which he bequeaths to nine-tenths of his stock, was by Gainsborough, while his dam is the Hurry On mare Grand Rapide (now at the famous Sledmere Stud) from Mademoiselle Pictet by the Derby second, Picton.

Although I have never cared very much for mares by Hurry On, principally because they are so often too big and coarse, preferring the colts by Lord Woolavington's sire, an exception must be made in this case, for in tail-female Rameses the Second traces back to Excellenza, the dam of Brown Prince and Ambassador, and also the grandam of Winalot and the Oaks winner Perce Neige. This is excellent breeding for a stallion, being particularly strong in honest running blood, and combined with the potency of Gainsborough's ancestry, one can say truly that this is a pedigree which should appeal to breeders. And when the horse has been looked over doubt should vanish into certainty, for Rameses the Second is a well-built horse, standing over a lot of ground with the best of legs and feet.

He has inherited the well-ribbed-up Gainsborough middle-piece and possesses muscular hocks and rare quarters. The impression which always remained with me was that he looked a sound, well-constitutioned type of horse, and I remember when he was in training being struck by his fine liberty of action. That galloping power was worth over £5,456 in stakes, and included such useful races as the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, the Richemount Stakes at Hurst Park and the Liverpool St. Leger over one and three-quarter miles, beating Ut Majeur.

Niall Rankin

ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING STALLIONS OF TO-DAY

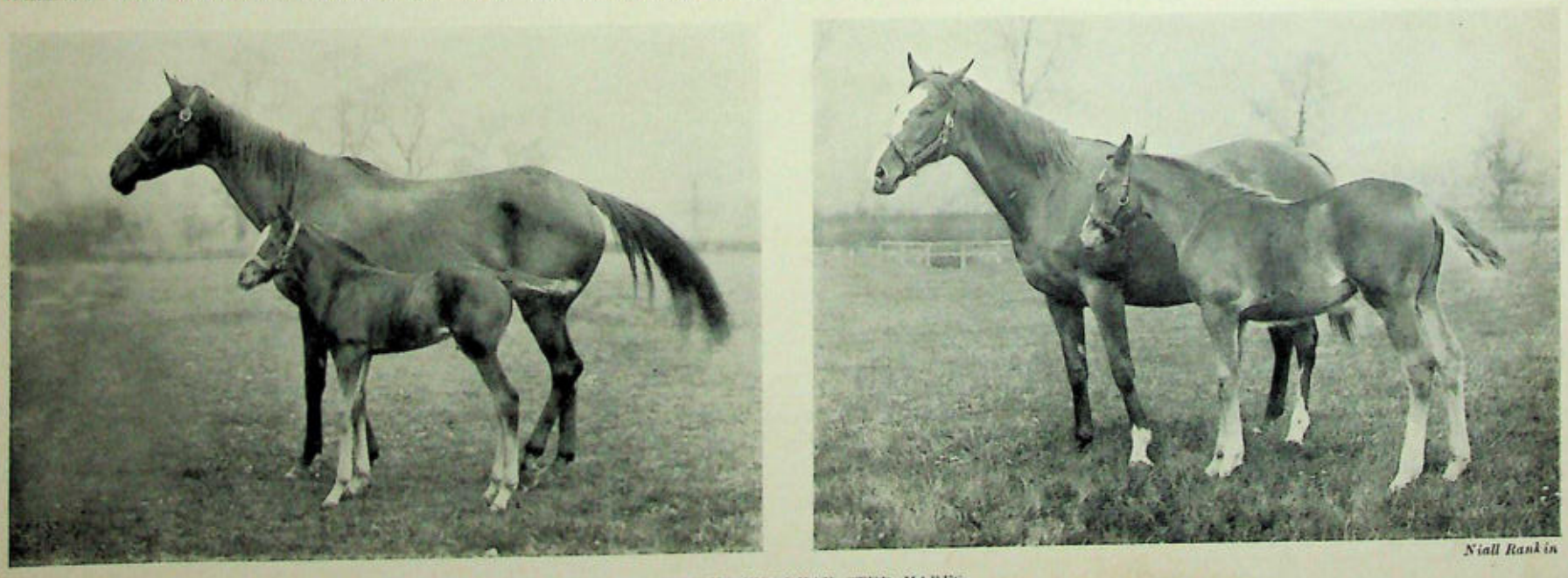
Rameses the Second (Gainsborough—Grand Rapide), winner of £5,000 in stakes, standing at the Woodhay Stud at 24 sovs. inclusive

It will therefore be seen that this good horse (his fee is only a moderate one of 24 sovs. inclusive) won over distances and courses which demand stamina and courage of a high order. Very wisely he has been limited to forty mares, including his owner's, and this judicious policy is having its effect on his stock, all of which resemble their sire to a marked degree. The strong, well-made chesnut filly by him from Vermena should win races over a distance of ground, for she is well made with strong hocks and an excellent middle piece. She is, in fact, one of the best foals I have seen this year, although the crop is not quite up to standard at many studs.

Then there is the level bay colt by the home sire from Derryphontes, a daughter of Polyphontes, which has many racing-like points about him, and which should do well when it comes to racing. So, too, should the other bay colt from the Ellangowan (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and a very smart miler) mare Glenellan from Glenbloom. This is another nice colt with plenty of liberty of action to commend him.

I have selected these three foals because I think they prove that Rameses the Second is a sound and sure stock-getter and, further, that he stamps all his stock with his own excellent characteristics. That is one of the chief assets which a stallion can possess, and when you ally to it a racing conformation which justified itself on the Turf, and an excellent temperament, then with luck and good management a stud success is assured. It should certainly be the case so far as Rameses the Second is concerned, especially when his stock are seen on the turf.

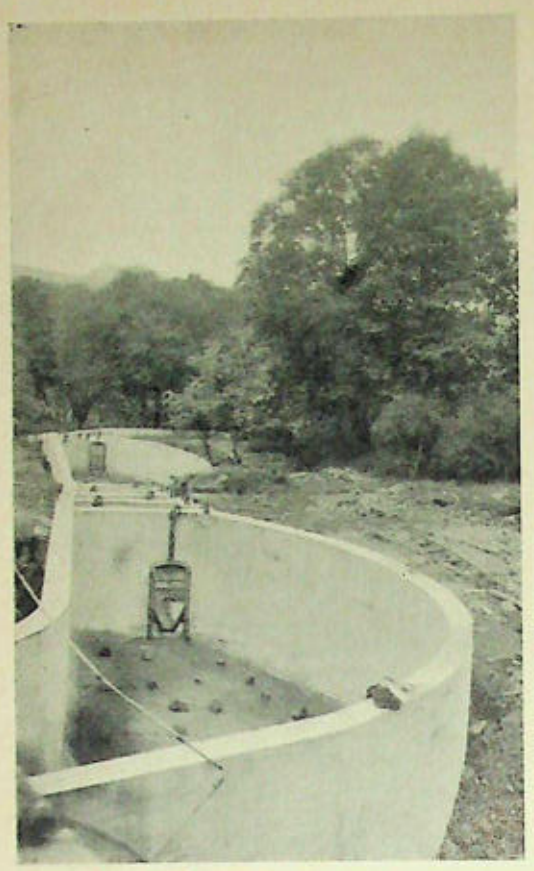
This is the time when a stallion may make or mar his name, for my experience tells me that any stallion of pretensions can get plenty of mares the first two years at stud. It is the third year which makes a stallion's fame, when his stock are running. And I think that breeders will find that the stock of the Woodhay Stud will repay them not only from victories achieved, but also in the peace of home paddocks. I regard, to sum up, Rameses the Second as one of our coming sires, and that, too, in a day when there are far too many mediocre horses in the stallion list. WILLIAM FAWCETT.



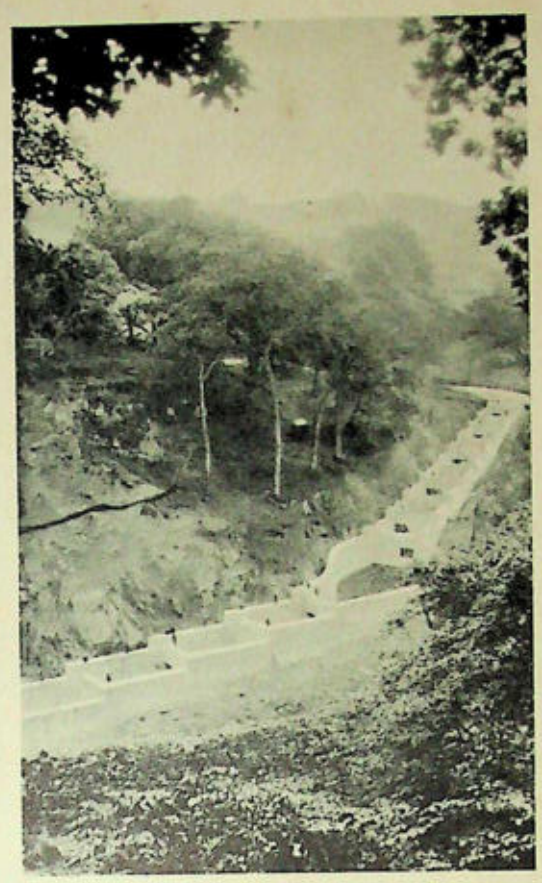
Niall Rankin

TWO FAMOUS WOODHAY STUD MARES

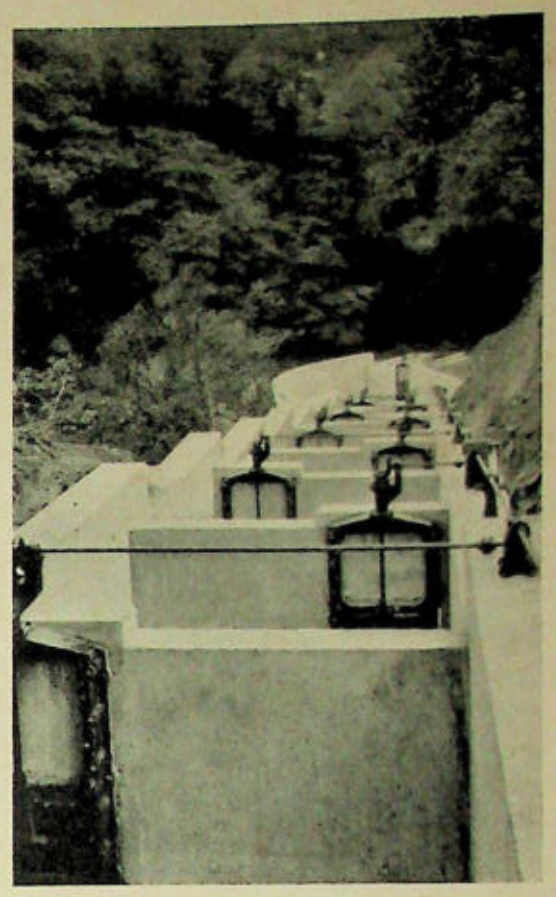
Norton Rise with her chesnut colt foal by Walter Gay, and Vermena with her well-built filly foal by Rameses the Second



Looking down from the turn



LOOKING DOWN THE NEW PASS
From the high bank beyond the river



View from the dam to the turn

SCOTLAND'S NEW SALMON PASS

How the Problem of Great Height is Overcome

By W. L. CALDERWOOD

WHEN hydro-electric works of great magnitude provide for the erection of high dams in salmon rivers, it becomes necessary to create correspondingly large salmon passes. The Galloway Water Power Co. are erecting a dam at present in the Kirkcudbrightshire Dee, at Tongland, about a mile above reach of tide, and the structure will raise the water level 70ft. in a natural gorge. The salmon pass is designed to enable fish to ascend a maximum of 68ft.

Opinion has been expressed that about 40ft. must be regarded as the limit of vertical height for a salmon pass, but this seems simply another way of saying that salmon cannot climb great heights unless the water conditions are easy; that even a salmon will tire if asked to jump or swim through rough broken water indefinitely. But there are natural river channels where fish ascend a vertical height of about 100ft. in half a mile. So in a pass to overcome a great height there must be the pools and easy-water runs of which such a channel is composed.

The Tongland Pass was originally designed by the late Mr. Wilson Armitage, and, although it has been modified in certain details and has been lengthened to as great an extent as the contours of the adjacent ground will allow, it is fundamentally the same type of pass as designed. It is a pool pass with submerged openings and with large resting basins.

It is composed of fortified cement work in a rock foundation, and from the first pool upwards, the course forms a wide "V" as it approaches the top level of the dam. There are 30 pools and four resting basins. The pools are each 15ft. by 10ft., and are to have water 6ft. deep. The rise from pool to pool is uniformly 2ft.

A salmon entering from the river approaches by a deepened channel and enters a partially submerged pool. It has then eight other pools to pass through to the first resting basin, which is 80ft. long and a good deal broader than the pass. From this point it proceeds through nine pools to the second resting basin, situated at the turn of the "V," which is 120ft. long. This section of the pass is shown in the photograph at the top of the page. It was taken from the opposite side of the river.

Four pools separate the basin at the turn from the next, and four more carry the fish on to the basin immediately below the dam. Both of these basins are 110ft. long.

From this point the passage into the reservoir may vary according to the variation of level in the reservoir. The power house, about a mile below the dam, draws water through a 20ft. pipe, and is to provide a peak load. At the end of a day's run the turbines will be stopped and the water level of the reservoir will have been drawn down about 10ft. To meet this rise and fall of 10ft. daily the last five pools of the pass have been constructed within the substance of the dam, and from the lowest, the middle, and the topmost pool there is an opening through the dam into the reservoir. These openings are sluiced, and the sluices are controlled electrically and are operated by the water as it changes level. A special electric motor is placed on the dam above.

When the reservoir is full, the topmost sluice is open. When the water falls to the level of this topmost sluice, the sluice closes and the middle one opens. When the water falls to the middle sluice, the middle one closes and the lowest one opens. When the reservoir is filling after the day's run, the action is reversed.

The total length of the pass is 700ft. Had the abrupt nature of the land permitted, the total length might have been even greater so as to secure an easier gradient, but since this was impossible, reliance has been placed on the depth of the pools and the moderate water-flow so that the velocity through the submerged openings in the cross walls should not be excessive. In no case does water flow over a cross wall.

The River Dee still retains a fair number of spring fish, and as spring fish do not jump at obstructions till wintry conditions have given place to the higher water temperatures of May, they are not required to jump at all in this pass, but will be able to swim from pool to pool. The pass is designed to take a flow of 15,000,000 gallons in 24 hours, but in the winter-time when fish are not running, the flow will be cut down to 5,000,000. To keep the pools full of water at any time when the flow is reduced, every pool has been sluiced, as can be seen from the photographs. For convenience of operating those sluices by hand, the mechanical controls have been arranged in groups, so that a number of sluices can be operated at once.

An important circumstance in favour of this pass is that there is no competing stream of water flowing from the dam. The 15,000,000 gallons flowing down the pass is the only stream entering the large natural pool below the dam. To ascend from this pool, fish must use the pass, and they are led there by the flow turned across the pool in a deepened channel. To help fish to ascend as far as the dam pool, the river receives an additional supply of water from the reservoir, but it is made to fall in the form of heavy rain on the dam pool by a disperser needle valve.

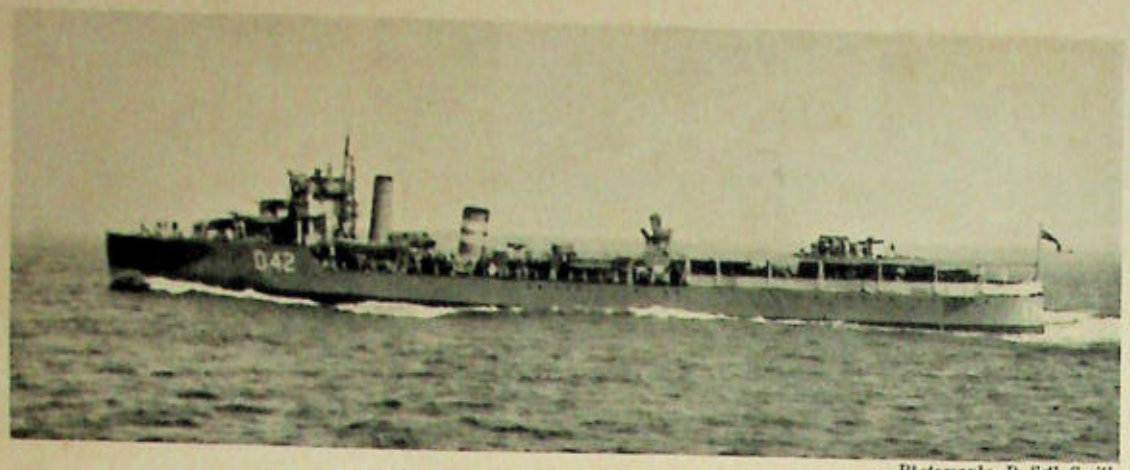
The entrance pool of the pass is not shown in any of the photographs but, from the line of the pass, it sweeps outwards so that the water is delivered in a line right into the centre of the dam pool. The actual opening from which the water comes is placed centrally in the converging walls, and is 3ft. by 2ft.

At the time of writing, June, the channel of the river below the dam and above the power house, has still to be modified so as to facilitate the ascent of fish. It will be readily understood that with a pipe 20ft. in diameter taking water from the reservoir, the river channel below the dam is sadly depleted. To help this, the disperser referred to will supply an additional 30,000,000 gallons in 36 hours, but to take the fullest advantage of this water it is necessary to concentrate it in the river. Fortunately, there is a good series of rocky pools in the river bed, and the chief effort will be to maintain a good flow from the one to the other. There is also an ancient fishing weir, the Doaches of Tongland, which has to be dealt with. But the fishing rights of this part of the river have been acquired by the Galloway Water Power Co., and "a coach and four" will be driven through the Doaches.

The fact that the turbines will stop overnight, is also of great advantage in this case, as fish which may have ascended from the estuary of the river by the deep channel excavated for the discharge of the power house water, will then seek the stream arranged through three built pools to convey fish from the sump below the turbines to the river channel, and it is hoped their ascent to the pass will then be found uninterrupted.

A detail of the pass which is novel is the shape of the submerged openings in the cross walls, a truncated "V" with its narrow end downwards. The reason for adopting this shape is to give fish depth of water in an opening which may be reduced in volume.

I may add that in the same district, some miles above Loch Ken, another large dam will presently be begun, and that for this a pass even a little higher than this Tongland one is already approved in plan.



Photographs, D. Seth-Smith

WITH NATURALISTS OF ALMOST EVERY NATION ON BOARD

H.M.S. Windsor which, with H.M.S. Wolfhound, conveyed the ornithologists to the Pembrokeshire islands

BIRD-WATCHING BY WARSHIP

Showing Foreign Ornithologists How Our Sanctuaries Are Run

By D. SETH-SMITH

ALMOST every nation was represented at the recent International Ornithological Congress held at Oxford, and at its conclusion a visit was arranged to the Pembrokeshire islands, which are sanctuaries for many sea birds. British ornithologists were anxious to show their distinguished foreign guests something of English bird life, but to transport 150 persons to remote rocky islands is no easy task.

Thanks however to the Royal Navy the trip was an enormous success, the Admiralty having placed at the disposal of the Congress the two destroyers H.M.S. Windsor and Wolfhound. The weather was perfect, both sea and visability being at its best, and, leaving Pembroke Docks in the morning of July 8th, we headed towards Skokholm, a small island, once well cultivated, but now carefully guarded as a bird sanctuary by Mr. R. M. Lockley, who has described his life on this island in *Dream Island* and *Island Days*.

Anchoring some half-mile from the shore, we were soon transported in the ships' boats to the shore. As we approached the landing stage we saw, on the grassy slopes above us, rows and rows of puffins, standing like so many toy soldiers, their bright red bills and feet being very conspicuous. They have their nests in the rabbit burrows all round the island, and are so fearless that they allow one to approach to within a few yards before taking wing. As one stands quietly watching, puffins come popping up out of the ground, while others fly in to land with their bills full of small fish with which to feed their young.

On the slope from the landing stage to the higher part of the island are some small huts built of stones loosely laid together, and in the crevices between these stones are nests of that wonderful little sea bird, the storm petrel. Mr. Lockley had carefully removed a stone so that we could look into a crevice where a storm petrel guarded her solitary egg.

One of the most interesting inhabitants of these islands during the nesting time is the Manx shearwater, a sea bird which is black above and white on the underside. But although there are great numbers of these, one does not see them. One of the pair is below ground with her one egg or chick; the other far out at sea, from whence he dare not return until after dark, or the ever watchful greater black-backed gulls would slay and devour him. As it is, these gulls are very active on moonlight nights and kill great numbers of the shearwaters, whose skeletons litter the island. Mr. Lockley had thoughtfully cut pieces of turf from above the nests of shearwaters close to his house, and on carefully lifting the turf there was the parent bird and her big fluffy grey chick.

After a picnic lunch on Skokholm we re-embarked on the destroyers and set sail for Skomer, where Mr. Sturt, the owner, guards the birds as Mr. Lockley does on Skokholm. We walked right across the island, noting ravens and buzzards, and one of our party was lucky enough to see four choughs. At the east end is a cliff, and half-way up this is a ledge which runs for several hundred yards, and on it thousands of guillemots and many razorbills were sitting upon eggs or young, while below, in the smooth water, hundreds disported themselves. Under this ledge, which was so crowded that there did not appear to be room for another bird, were colonies of that beautiful little gull, the kittiwake, with their black-collared young. Dotted about on every little ledge, they looked like white pigeons.

After tea on Skomer the party again re-embarked on the two destroyers, for we had still the most wonderful island of all to see, though there would not be time enough to land there. Grassholm is some five or six miles farther out in the Atlantic, an uninhabited rock, uninhabited, that is to say, by human beings, but, at this time of year, densely populated by birds.

We were followed by a large party of lesser black-backed gulls on the look out for scraps of food, and as we approached the island other large white birds appeared overhead. These were gannets, which became more numerous the nearer we approached Grassholm. Then, as we neared the island, we could see that its northern side was white with gannets, while hundreds circled overhead.

The evening sun lit up the side of the island on which the colony is situated, and through glasses we could see, very distinctly, thousands of these fine birds sitting upon their nests, which are as close to one another as it is possible for them to be without the birds being able actually to reach one another with their bills. The actual distance is about 2ft., and the colony practically covers one side of the island. This is probably the largest nesting colony of gannets in the British Islands.

In the sea at the foot of the island were numbers of grey seals, which gazed at us as we passed.

Twice we circled the island, and then made for home, and as we passed between Skomer and Skokholm flocks of many hundreds of shearwaters rose from the surface of the sea. They had gathered here at sunset to await darkness, when they would fly in to the islands and join their mates in their burrows, trusting to the darkness to save them from their enemies, the greater black-backed gulls.

"ROWS AND ROWS OF PUFFINS, LIKE SO MANY TOY SOLDIERS"

AN INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITION TO THE SEA BIRDS' HAUNTS ON SKOMER

Prominent in the lead (second from left) is ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a delegate to the Congress and a distinguished authority on birds

CAPTAIN J. A. BARLOW, WEST YORKSHIRE REGT.
The winner of the King's Prize and former winner of the Army Hundred and Army Championship

CAPTAIN BARLOW'S GREAT SHOOT

A Well-Deserved Bisley Success for the Army

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

A DRAMATIC tie shoot for the King's Prize ended the best Imperial Bisley meeting we have had for many years, and resulted in the victory of Captain J. A. Barlow, West Yorkshire Regiment, and an Assistant Superintendent, Design Department, Woolwich.

Barlow and Captain J. Sedgwick, late Durham Light Infantry, had each scored 288, only one point below the biggest total made in present conditions. When they met to shake hands in the centre of the firing point at 1,000yds., each to shoot a sighter and three counting shots for the great prize, it was obvious that Barlow had all the advantage. He is 33, his opponent is in the late fifties. He had shot very quickly and had had a good rest, while Sedgwick had just finished, fighting all the time for a magnificent 74 out of 75, in which only his fifth shot had left the bullseye. For his last six shots he knew that he had either a win or a tie in his rifle and his performance was a fine display of nerve.

He had nothing more left, however. As he stood on the firing point he seemed rather dazed at the great moment which had come to him after 50 years of trying, during which he has only once come into the final. The Chief Range Officer gave the word to carry on, and Sedgwick still stood up gazing at his target.

Barlow, who had already been looking through his telescope to judge the wind speed from the "mirage" drift, flung his arm through his rifle sling, cuddled the butt between chin and shoulder, and fired his sighter almost on the word. Up came the bull panel. Then Sedgwick lay down and prepared to fire. Barlow fired again—first to count a bull. Sedgwick fired, his sighting shot, an outer on the extreme left edge of the target. Barlow was ready for his target immediately it appeared out of the pit, and scored two more bulls, all but his first to count, which was a trifle high, were in the centre of the black. Sedgwick fired his first to count when Barlow had finished—a magpie. Barlow had won, and had given a perfect exhibition of tie-shooting.

The enthusiasm which followed has not been seen before in all the 25 years that I have attended the Bisley meetings. Led by Brigadier Gepp, Commandant of the Small Arms School, senior officers and subalterns struggled for the honour of carrying their champion from the firing point in the historic chair. The Army has been trying to win the great prize ever since (in 1919) it was thrown open to them by the express wish of His Majesty.

The Army has been intensifying its attack on the chief Imperial rifle shooting honour year after year, as officers and men have come to realise the pleasure to be had from shooting under the N.R.A. code. For years Barlow has been one of the ring-leaders in this movement, and it is fitting that all his hard work should be rewarded.

This year we have seen a very strong contingent of officers from the experimental and inspection departments at Enfield and Woolwich, as well as of officers and men from the Small Arms School, shooting extremely well. Captain E. G. Hooper, the Loyal Regiment, and Assistant-Inspector of Small Arms Ammunition, was only three points behind Barlow in the final and ended fourth. Captain C. A. Dixon, Beds and Herts Regiment, an Assistant-Inspector at Enfield, won the Silver Cross in the St. George's Competition. Major R. V. Shepherd, West Yorkshire Regiment, Inspector at Enfield, was also shooting well up in the prize lists, though he did not win any big honour.

The Royal Air Force was also in a winning mood and has been well represented. Squadron-Leader C. S. Richardson, Squadron-Leader Ivens, Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth, the high-speed pilot, and Flying-officer Ellison were all in the final, backed by Flight-Sergeants Crane and Creswell, both of whom have made a big mark on the prize lists this year. Ivens won the Northland with the only score of 69 out of 70 at 300 and 600yds.

The final this year had a truly Imperial look. There were nine Canadians, including C.S.M. G. M. Emslie, who ended thirteenth; Sergeant P. Martinson, winner of the Grand and All-Comers' Aggregates; and Sergeant Borland, winner of the Prince of Wales' prize. Canada, who take back with them both the Kolapore and Mackinnon team trophies, has reason to be proud of the best team she has sent across for many years.

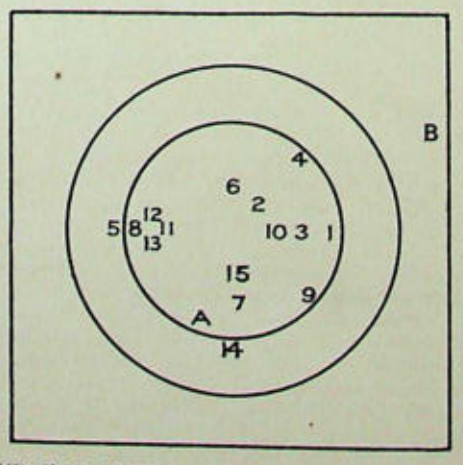
Also in the final was Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of Sierra Leone, who had the pleasure of leading his team to victory in the Junior Mackinnon and helping them to second place in the Junior Kolapore in which they were beaten by the Falkland Islands, from which far-away colony Sir Arnold brought the first team when he was its Governor. Another popular visitor is Captain Dave Smith, of South Africa. He was commandant of the 1924 South African team which lifted both the Kolapore and Mackinnon. This year he ended ninth in the King's. From Bombay came the winner of the Silver Medal this year, C.S.M. W. R. Clarke, of the Indian Auxiliary Force and a customs' officer. He ended sixteenth. There were also representatives of the Falkland Islands and the Federated Malay States.

In the lead in the 285's, besides Captain E. G. Hooper, were Commander Sir Lionel Fletcher (R.N.R), Captain A. J. Andrews (17th London Regiment), and Sergt.-Major T. Cook (late R.A.M.C.).

Genial weather, and the big bullseyes at short range, between them take the credit for making the 71st annual prize meeting of the R.R.A. the happiest since the war. My remarks about big bullseyes last week must be revised in light of the experience of the second week. Scoring has been high, but not unduly so. The big bull is not a bugbear, but a blessing. It will stay for at least another year.

The experiment with metal packing in the rifles has not been so happy. One or two armourers seem to have been successful, but others have notably failed to give us a more stable weapon than we had before. Whether the N.R.A. will give them all another chance, whether they will define the kind of metal packing, or whether they will forbid it altogether as a result of this year's trial, remains to be seen.

A NAVAL AND MILITARY ACTION STAGED ON LAND
Tidworth Arena set for the Aboukir Bay episode in the August Tattoo



MR. H. P. CURTIS'S 1200YDS. TARGET IN THE SECOND STAGE OF THE EDGE
The score of 73 out of 75, referred to in our Bisley notes last week

TIDWORTH'S TATTOO

Next Week's Military Display

ALDERSHOT TATTOO is now but a pleasant memory, but Tidworth lies ahead next week to provide another fine spectacle of military pageantry. The natural arena in which the display is enacted stands in the middle of Tidworth Park in a beautiful setting, with hills on either flank and woods in the background; an ideal stage for the searchlight effects which are the keynote of the performance.

Nothing at Tidworth is allowed to pall. With variety and quick action, incident follows incident. Loch Ness takes us back to the Stone Age, and then follows martial history in more serious vein from an episode of over a hundred years ago to the present efficiency of modern arms; and all portrayed in the modest space of about two-and-a-half hours. As in previous years the massed bands are an outstanding feature, and no less than seventeen are gathered together, four of them mounted. With regard to the latter, it is satisfactory to note that the cavalry bands are on horseback, for Life Guards do not show to advantage on foot.

The main historic event of this year's display is the landing of troops at Aboukir Bay in 1801, in which Admiral Lord Keith's fleet arrives and lands troops under heavy fire from the enemy. This leads up to the battle of the Sandhills, in which the ingenuity and resourcefulness of those responsible for the searchlight effects is shown to the full. Even the water of the bay is reproduced by the cunning blending of coloured beams of light.

The spirit of the chase enters into a cavalry item presented by the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, in which a subaltern's dream on active service is reproduced by a realistic meet of hounds outside an inn. Hounds are brought in, a covert is drawn, the fox is viewed and off the followers stream across country to reappear and take their fences as they re-enter and cross the arena.

This year the musical ride is to be given by the 9th Lancers, who have not been seen at Tidworth Tattoo since the year of the war. It is interesting to note that in 1914 the lighting was done by an infantry brigade carrying a thousand torches; now twenty searchlights serve the same purpose with an aggregate of 65 million candle power.

Tidworth continues to draw ever-increasing crowds year by year, and thoroughly deserves its popularity. One of the most noticeable features of the whole tattoo is the military efficiency which is shown in every department—and especially in the parking arrangements, which, if not properly organised, can ruin an evening's entertainment. The Tattoo starts on Saturday, August 4th, and then runs from the 7th to the 11th.

AUSTRALIA'S HEROES

Faced with a critical overnight total of 39 for 3, Bradman (left) and Ponsford put on 388 runs in a record partnership for the fourth wicket on the second day of the Fourth Test

ENGLAND'S AMAZING FAILURE

Poor Batsmanship on a Good Wicket

By NEVILLE CARDUS

TO the end of time the first day's play of the Test match at Leeds will remain "wropt in mystery." On a beautiful wicket, England struggled five hours for 200. Every batsman stayed in long enough to obtain a "good look" at the Australian bowling; nearly every one of them played his first ball confidently and seemed to be settling down when he got out.

The Australian bowlers and fieldsmen were as astonished as the rest of us. Woodfull told me that as English wicket after English wicket fell, he and his colleagues on the field simply could not believe their eyesight. O'Reilly and Grimmett bowled well, but the perfection of the Leeds turf stole all venom from their spin. True, the Australian bowlers are cleverer than English bowlers at variation of flight; Chipperfield was exceptionally skilful with the changes he rang on his curve through the air. But the collapse of England, after the total had promised big deeds, was one of those chapters of accidents which defy explanation, and make cricket the very darling of caprice amongst games.

Walters began England's innings magnificently. He hit three fours straightaway. Wyatt was very lucky to win the toss again. Keeton, acting as deputy for Sutcliffe, played a capital little innings, even if the slow bowling of Grimmett did trouble his sturdy Nottinghamshire bat. He was out to O'Reilly's quicker ball at 43, and though Walters "slowed down" and was out at 85, Hammond and Hendren settled easefully after lunch. Surely it was all Lombard Street to a China Orange that England's score would go as far as 400, at least.

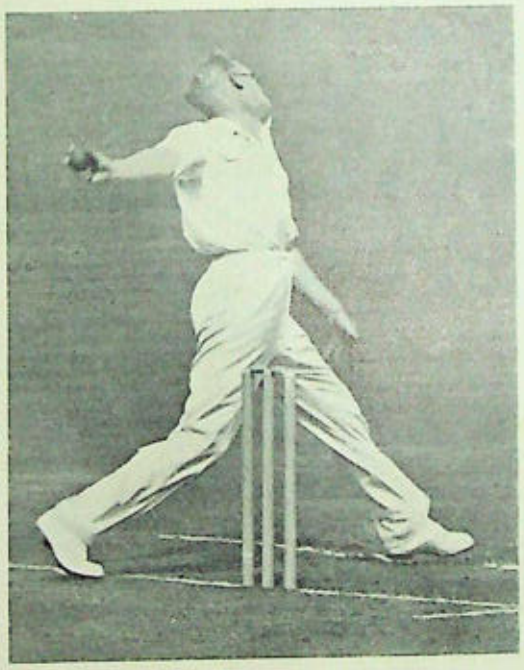
A good straight ball by Wall bowled Hammond at 135. That was the beginning of England's end. Hammond was guilty of an indolent stroke; his innings never announced that mastery which Hammond is showing this year in county cricket. Really, there is an enigma about the batsmanship of Hammond. His performances against Australia in Australia have been strong and vast; his performances against Australia in his own country have been tentative and small. He is forcing the Selection Committee to a reconsideration of his place in the England eleven—whether he should any longer be entrusted with the important functions of No. 3 in the batting order; and whether it would not be wise to look for some other batsman to fill the position, and for the Committee to regard Hammond as an indispensable all-round cricketer.

Hendren tackled the Australian bowlers shrewdly for a considerable period; his bat looked as wide as a church door when Chipperfield beat and bowled him by means of a change of speed. Leyland and Wyatt then "dug themselves in," only to succumb unexpectedly; Wyatt stonewalled for more than an hour, then allowed Grimmett to draw him yards down the wicket! Leyland irrationally drove across a quick half-volley from O'Reilly and was leg-before. O'Reilly has a positive genius for disguising a good ball as an indifferent one. There is no doubt that the Australian attack is far more strategical than any we can gather together in England. The Australian bowler is compelled by everlasting wickets in his land to use his brains; English bowlers trust to wickets which in wet weather help the spin, and in dry weather often crumble on a third day.

England's third wicket on Friday fell at 135; seven wickets proceeded to topple for 65. No attempt was made to drive O'Reilly or Grimmett or Chipperfield off their lengths. The batting accepted the parlous situation on slow, doubtful feet. There was excitement in the afternoon's closing half hour; Brown and Ponsford made 37 comfortably enough for the first Australian wicket. Bowes changed ends, and in quick sequence he dismissed Brown, Oldfield and Woodfull. The crowd departed from Leeds in elation—Australia 39 for three.

In the papers the next morning, some of the experts told us that Bowes had bowled magnificently, that he would crash through the Australian innings, that the Leeds wicket was not above suspicion. The foolishness of optimism—most depressing of human vanities! Bowes, frankly, took his three wickets by the help of fortune. He defeated Brown by a respectable ball that made pace from the pitch. Oldfield, sent in to bat out time, slashed at a ball he could only just reach, and fell to a catch by Ames. And Woodfull played a ball into his stumps! I could see no particular technical merit in Bowes's attack; indeed the bulk of it rather depressed me, because of its lack of real speed.

Next morning, a crowd of 40,000 suffered bitter disillusionment. Bradman hit the first two balls of the day, from Bowes, for fours with a bat ominously "over the line and watchful." He then defended for half an hour, content to score a dozen. As soon as I realised, in ten minutes, that Bradman was not again going to play the swashbuckler all at once, I knew that England were doomed to long toil and trouble. Ponsford, at the wicket's other end, never took his eye off the ball. Mitchell beat him with a splendid leg-break, but the event was quite fortuitous.



ENGLAND'S MOST SUCCESSFUL BOWLER

Taking three cheap wickets at the close of the first day Bowes, seen in action, raised many hopes of an Australian collapse which were not, however, realised on the second day

Bradman and Ponsford batted nearly all day; they achieved the highest of all Test match partnerships—388 in five hours three quarters. Only during one-period, just before lunch on Saturday, did the England bowlers catch just a glimpse of the human mortality encased in the armour of Bradman's and Ponsford's batsmanship. Bowes exploited short "bumpers" for a while. Bradman slashed across one of them, when he was 71, and sent a violent skimming chance to Hopwood, standing between square-leg and long-on, fairly deep. Hopwood put only one hand to the cannon-ball and could not hold it. Ponsford, with his scored in the fifties, cut a "bumper" in front of Mitchell at cover-point. But Mitchell got off his "mark" slowly, and the chance—a hard but definite chance—went to earth. Ames, too, blundered with a difficult opportunity to stump Bradman when Bradman's score was in the fifties, too. But, to say the truth, had either batsman fallen to these ghosts of mischance, the course of inevitable nature would have undergone distortion.

Bradman, and in a lesser degree Ponsford, mastered the England bowlers utterly. They went about their work grimly, according to a plan of attrition. In two hours and a half before lunch they scored 129; in two hours and a quarter, between lunch and tea, they scored 161; and in the final hour of their collaboration they cut and drove and flogged no fewer than 98. And at the last, Ponsford himself broke the stand; he hit Verity to long-on for four, a glorious stroke, and trod on his wicket ever so gently while doing so! Wyatt twice tried to catch Ponsford at "silly" mid-off, but even great pluck and determination cannot work miracles. Ponsford amassed his 181 in six-and-a-quarter hours.

When the England team walked wearily off the field on Saturday evening, Bradman was 271 not out, at the end of six hours and a half of consummate batsmanship; it was not only a victory over technique and a dangerous position—39 for three *is* a dangerous position, after all! Also it was a victory over that delightful but mischievous imp who this summer has led Bradman one or two reckless, brave but ruinous dances. This was the true Bradman, playing for Australia, putting his art and his temperament under discipline, serving the occasion's need and the game's science and beauty with an equal diligence and devotion. Thirty-nine for three—494 for four; that was the wonderful tale of Saturday!

On Monday Bowes thwarted Australia's intention to make runs more and more gaudily and so force a vast and condescending declaration. With a wind behind him, he achieved real pace, and he made the new ball swing beautifully. He bowled McCabe and Bradman with balls that kept surprisingly low. Bradman's 304 was amassed in about seven-and-a-quarter hours. Six Australian wickets fell between eleven o'clock and half past twelve for 90. Yorkshire, once again, took all of Australia's ten wickets; the Leeds crowd rejoiced greatly. I do not think the average Yorkshireman worries overmuch about anything in cricket but the glory of his own county.

England went in at one o'clock, needed 384 to save the innings defeat. Keeton was bowled by Grimmett's leg-break when 28 runs were promising a good opening stand. Soon after came the day's bitter pill. Hammond at last showed his true gold; he made four regal boundaries. He looked to be enthroned for the day. Suddenly, devils of indecision seized him; he played a ball to mid-on. Walters ran—and apparently Hammond said nothing. Seeing Walters more than half way down the pitch, he decided also to run, but he did so with no conviction. He was out easily, a wicked waste of a great batsman.

The rest of the afternoon was austere. Hendren achieved a martyr's crown; three hours and a quarter for less than 50! He was terribly unsafe to begin with, but he would not be put down. Wyatt and he resisted for two hours and scored only 65. Then Leyland and Ames played through the closing hour, cool and skilful, with an eye on the weather. When rain stopped play England, with four wickets in hand, were in a hopeless state. The match has demonstrated beyond argument Australia's superiority, and her claim to the prize of the rubber.

FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

A Great Middlesex Victory

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

UNLIKE last year, the finish of the match between the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers was a dull one. It may be remembered that last year the Gunners were allowed an hour and a half in which to get 160 odd runs, and got them. This year the boot was on the other leg, and the Royal Artillery, remembering no doubt their own achievement and the fact that their opponents possessed such a rapid scorer as Captain G. J. Bryan, allowed a similar margin for the scoring of close on 200 runs. That the Royal Engineers regarded as too big a proposition, and the game petered out quietly at 6.30. The most remarkable thing about the match was the dismissal of R. E. H. Hudson for a cypher, though his almost equally

capable partner, C. P. Hamilton, who is a better bat than he is a bowler, made 93. Captain L. F. Hancock (110) and Captain G. J. Bryan (141) put on 237 for the Engineers' third wicket, the latter playing particularly well. Scores: Royal Artillery, 261 and 232 for seven wickets, declared; Royal Engineers, 299 and 85 for two wickets.

As to the Middlesex and Lancashire match, wonders will never cease. That Middlesex should outplay Lancashire as they did is more than surprising. It was a splendid performance, and one upon which they must be heartily congratulated. The dismissal of Lancashire for 144 and 193 was almost entirely due to the excellent bowling of Smith and Hearne, the former taking eight wickets for 89 runs, and Hearne eight for 122. Their efforts were supported by admirable fielding. W. H. Webster, who is certainly amongst the five best fieldsmen in England, must have saved quite 30 runs in the second innings. His speed, clean picking up of the ball and accuracy of return from the square leg boundary raised the spectators to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The best innings of the match was played by one of the losing side, Tyldesley. He was sent in first to tame Smith, and he certainly did it with a well-hit 79. All the same, if a second fast bowler is needed in the Test Match at the Oval, and Clark is not fit, I should have no hesitation in voting for Smith if I were a Selector.

As to the County Championship, I said last week that Sussex had practically won it. The defeat of Lancashire by Middlesex, and Yorkshire by Warwickshire makes this a greater certainty than ever. Those two defeats have, like Cotton's first few rounds at Sandwich, ruined the championship as a competition.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about the slowness of cricket. All sorts of ideas have been suggested with a view to speeding up the game. I noticed particularly a letter in the *Times* of last week, written by Lord Gainford, advocating a time limit. A suggestion from anyone who has been, as Lord Gainford has, a good cricketer in his day, is entitled to consideration, but I cannot help thinking that a time limit in first-class cricket would be a hopeless failure. If such a thing were introduced the fieldsmen would be concentrated on the leg side, and the bowlers would do nothing but bowl a length just outside the leg stump. If the batsman did manage to hit such bowling it would only be a matter of minutes before they were caught out by one of the nine fieldsmen on the on side. Not even Hendren could run away and cut a ball that pitched outside the leg stump. The game would become a sort of glorified baseball, and only the Babe Ruths who could clear the ring would survive. Beyond the skill of hitting the ball over the boundary, nothing in batsmanship would remain. Smith, of Middlesex, would become one of our leading English batsmen, I suppose.

I am not an advocate of slow play, quite the reverse, but I do not think that a time limit would be a satisfactory cure for it—at all events, in first-class cricket. If all counties would play on the lines that Kent and Sussex adopt there would be few, if any, complaints. On a good wicket those two counties generally manage to make runs at an average rate of 70 or more per hour. However good the bowling may be, a capable batting side should be able to score at the rate of at least 60 runs per hour without taking undue risks.

In order to win a match risky declarations should also be made. County captains are afraid of losing, even though their side is behind on the first innings, quite forgetting the value of 15 points as opposed to 3. There is not much difference between 3 and nothing, but there is a vast difference between 3 and 15. The barracking of slow scoring is sometimes justifiable, but at other times it is not. The truth is that the vast majority of spectators come to see the ball hit to the boundary, or over it, and have little or no idea if the bowling is good, bad or indifferent, merely assessing its value in proportion to the amount of punishment it receives, which may or may not be a correct judgment. To see two really good batsmen pinned down to defence by two really good bowlers is, to my mind, one of the best sights in cricket. To the majority it is merely a deadly dull spectacle. *Chacun à son goût.*

ROUND THE WICKETS

The Old-time Spirit at Sevenoaks

WHEN Lord Sackville drove on to the Vine cricket ground at Sevenoaks last Saturday in the old family coach and the players umpires and scorers assembled for the old-time match in celebration of the bi-centenary of cricket at Sevenoaks, you could picture through the mists of time the scene and the spirit of the early player who pitched their wickets on the Vine 200 years ago. It was a wonderfully realistic effort on thes part of the Vine Club. The players, in their knee breeches and stockings, buckle shoes and wigs, might have stepped straight out of one of the old prints of early cricket, and they played as their forerunners of 200 years ago played—with two forked sticks and a six-inch bail as a wicket, with bats, if not 200 years old, at least as ancient looking, and without pads or gloves. There were, too, the umpires in snuff-coloured breeches and coats, the scorers seated on three-legged stools some 40yds. from the wickets busily cutting notches on cherry-wood sticks as runs were made—though one fears that they never could quite keep up with the actual rate of scoring and round the ground strolled ladies in crinolines—were they just as pretty 200 years ago? (the ladies, I mean, of course)—and gallant gentlemen in the elegant dress of the same period.

The Vine ground itself bears the real stamp of antiquity in the game. It might still be the village green. Bounded on two sides by a road and enclosed by a single wooden rail, it is surrounded by trees. From one side you look, over the roof of a cottage, to the wooded slopes of the North Downs. On other sides ivy-covered houses seem to nod pleasantly to the pretty little pavilion. There is a distinct slope on the ground, of which we may be sure the old bowlers took full advantage in choosing their wickets, as would the "batters" who ran out all their hits. In Saturday's match, between "Major-General the Lord Sackville and ten other Gentlemen of Kent," and "Captain the Viscount Gage and ten other Gentlemen of Sussex," the rules of 1744, the earliest known rules, were observed. The bowling was all under-hand and the batting was all hitting—as, indeed, Old Nyren says it used to be. And the players were able to show how well the old-shaped bats could drive.

The bowling was nearly all along the ground—true again to history—and once or twice the ball passed between the stumps without removing the bail, as it used sometimes to do to the joy of the batsman, who was not out unless the bail was struck off. In the end Viscount Gage's team scored 123 and Lord Sackville's team 197 for seven wickets, and so the match ended "to a very great Nicety in favour of the Kentish Gentlemen," as the *London Evening Post* said of the match played in 1734. What is more, a very large number of spectators had as enjoyable and entertaining an afternoon's cricket as they could wish for.

Turning to the more mundane affairs of the County Championship, I am reminded that Kent's remarkable feat in scoring 414 in the fourth innings to beat Surrey at Blackheath last week is not without precedent. Middlesex did even better nine years ago, when Notts set them the task of getting 502 to win. Hendren then got 206 of the runs, which were obtained for the loss of six wickets. Kent's feat was surprising because in the first innings they had done so moderately, but it showed that Woolley can still be a match winner on his day, for it was his 132 that paved the way to victory.

Just as remarkable was Warwickshire's feat in beating Yorkshire by one wicket, again making the highest score of the match in the fourth innings. What Woolley did for Kent, Parsons did for Warwickshire—and there are few batsmen better worth watching than Parsons when he strikes his best form. He makes use of his height and reach to drive in the old-fashioned way, and it is characteristic of his methods that, although faced with such a heavy task against Yorkshire, he hit three sixes and twelve fours in his 94. A curiosity of the match is that he was the only Warwickshire batsman to be cleaned bowled in either innings. Not a single batsman was bowled on the first day or in Yorkshire's first innings; in Yorkshire's second innings four batsmen were bowled, so that in the whole match only five out of the 34 wickets that fell were clean bowled.

An individual hundred before lunch is always something of an achievement—I never think of one without recalling C. G. Macartney's historic hundred in the Test match at Leeds in 1926—and Dacre, the New Zealand hitter, who plays for Gloucestershire, showed how it should be done against Derbyshire last week when he scored 117 in the morning. This was Dacre in the form we knew best some years ago. Most counties nowadays would regard him as too great a gamble, but Gloucestershire sent him in to open the innings!

Sussex can hardly now be deprived of the County Championship, and we cannot say they do not deserve it. Theirs is a triumph of all-rounders; not another county can boast so many versatile players as they do. James Langridge has already made his name; the Parks brothers are well known as batsmen and bowlers; Tate and Wensley are not yet finished; and younger players are coming along well—such as Cox and J. Cornford, who ought soon to be an England bowler. Yet it is sad to see the amateur element dying out of Sussex cricket. A. Melville, the old Oxford Blue, has been unable to lead the side recently, and in his absence the team is wholly professional.

F. I. W.

A GREAT ATHLETE OUT-GENERALLED

How Lovelock and Stothard Defeated Bonthron

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

WHEN Princeton and Cornell met Oxford and Cambridge at the White City Stadium last Saturday I think, for once in a way, the issue of the match appeared less important to the public than the result of the mile race between J. E. Lovelock, Oxford, and W. R. Bonthron, Princeton. The Blues beat the Americans by 7 events to 5, but the issue depended, until the very last moment, upon whether W. E. Fackert, Princeton, jumping 22ft. 11¼in., could improve enough to beat the 23ft. 7¾in., with which K. S. Duncan, Oxford, had already made a record for these matches, but the American was not equal to the task.

From the very start of the match things seemed to run all wrong for the Americans. To begin with, their two crack hurdlers both fell in the high hurdles event, and then we had the mile, which quite a number of people had come all the way from America to witness. Last year, in America, Lovelock won in 4min. 7⅘sec. from Bonthron, who also broke the previous world's record by returning 4min. 8⅕sec., and later that afternoon won a sensational half-mile in 1min. 53sec. Since then Lovelock has done nothing startling, whereas Bonthron has had a series of needle battles with, and has beaten, Glenn Cunningham, who, in his turn, has brought the world's record down to 4min. 6⅕sec., while Bonthron has made a world's record of 3min. 48⅘sec. for 1,500 metres, which approximates to 4min. 5⅓sec. for the full mile.

When the men went to their marks last Saturday you could have heard a pin drop. Then a low murmur from the stands accompanied the runners round the arena. P. K. Vipond, Cornell, led for a lap, then A. B. Leach, Oxford, carried on the pace-making to the ¾-mile mark, but neither man could move fast enough to set the two great rivals going. Coming up the back stretch for the last time Lovelock, closely followed by Bonthron, drew out. At the top corner the American challenged; coming into the straight he set up a determined sprint, but Lovelock was now out of hand and went through the tape in 4min. 15⅘sec., not a great time, but racing judgment had triumphed over that sheer cultivated speed, which Bonthron did not use to the best advantage.

Lovelock got a great ovation, and the crowd, disappointed of its record, settled down to wait for the half-mile, in which it was felt that Bonthron would produce a real sensation. The sensation came, sure enough, but not from Bonthron, who was again out-generalled. This time it was J. C. Stothard who did the trick, and the way the Cambridge man got running a furlong from home is something that will not soon be forgotten. He just jumped his rival, and by the time the American had got over the shock Stothard had set up a lead that could not be retrieved; but, again, the time, 1min. 58⅘sec., was not what we expected. Bonthron is a gallant and a generous loser, one of those fine fellows who, as the Americans say, "never makes an alibi," but I know that his feet were pretty badly blistered, and perhaps that accounts for what, from a man of his calibre, must be considered his mediocre running.

Apart from the "big attraction," the meeting was responsible for a succession of thrills. The 100yds. saw E. I. Davis, Cambridge, well beaten in "evens" by R. F. Hardy, Cornell, but the Davis who won the furlong half-an-hour later was a different class of runner. The analogy is that Davis did not warm-up sufficiently before the 100yds.

Between the two sprints came the 440yds., in which D. L. Rathbone, Cambridge, looked all over a winner until R. J. Kane, a powerful Cornell athlete, unleashed himself over the final 75yds. to win in 48⅕sec., for a new White City track record. Kane ran much the same race against Davis in the furlong, but could not count upon the exhaustion which the longer distance had imposed upon Rathbone; and, although Kane was coming up like a tornado in the home stretch, Davis, fighting desperately, managed to snatch an inches victory in the 220yds.

Another race that was nearly as close resulted from the furlong low hurdles. Here C. F. Stanwood, Oxford, and J. H. Hucker, Cornell, the U.S.A. second string, rose absolutely together over the first nine fences, but Stanwood was off the ground a shade earlier at the last hurdle and found some running to reach the tape ahead of his rival.

TUNING UP FOR THE TWELFTH

Waiting Days for Gun, Gamekeeper and Golden Retriever

By THE HON. JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE SKEFFINGTON

"THE Twelfth!" The only date in all the year that commands the privilege of standing unencumbered by the name of day or month. Say the "first," implying partridge shooting, and nothing is conveyed. It may equally refer to duck shooting on August 1st, or pheasant shooting on October 1st; but mention that one magic word, "the Twelfth," and it never fails to stir some faint flush of excited anticipation in the most practical adherent of the moors. The dingy walls of drab offices become vistas of mellow loveliness, the windows glittering lochans sprawling among the hills like scaly reptiles, and the desk a heathery butt of peat with the waste-paper basket your golden retriever. Even the spotty office boy is miraculously transformed into a smiling and pink-cheeked underkeeper, while the roar of Fleet Street buses comes as the idle drone of moorland insects in the sweet-scented heat of an August day.

These last days in hot and dusty London are to me one of the chief joys of going North. There is no pleasure so great as that of anticipation, for a wish on attainment loses much of its former glory.

The multitude of items to be done before the swinging rush of the Flying Scotsman lulls one to sleep is often terrifying, especially as human nature has got that queer kink of leaving everything till the last moment. Obviously, gun and cartridges come first on the list; so as we rush heatedly about St. James's (that home of gunmakers) thinking the hard pavement under our feet to be already the splachnum moss of a few days hence, the question of suitable sizes of shot crops up.

The size of shot to be used for driven grouse depends largely on the stand and of the shoot and time of year. Early on in the season at a "par excellence" shoot No. 8 used in a gun with no choke seems the most satisfactory, but this is only the case if you can be sure of taking the greater percentage of your birds in front, which on a high-class shoot one should be able to do. The points in favour of using No. 8 are that with birds flying towards the shoot the thicker concentration of pellets produces a more stunning effect than a larger and more scattered load. Though a large shot kills better at long ranges, many of the birds even shot at short ranges will carry on a conceivable distance before falling, owing to the absence of any stunning effect to stop their impetus in mid-air. Later in the year, when they are stronger on the wing, a heavier shot with a slight choke in the left barrel is advisable as, apart from being tougher to kill, many more birds will be taken from behind, stock being presumably scarcer.

People who do not deign to take advantage of modern conveniences as on the assumption that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them are sometimes a little tiresome. I often hear guns excusing the atrociousness of their shooting by the impossibility of getting practice when working in London; considering that London is surrounded by excellent shooting schools, this argument is a little absurd. A day or two at a shooting school in the beginning of August can be invaluable; otherwise, if you shoot badly at the first day's driving it will cause many hours of remorse and anguish to discover your faults, whereas a shooting school could have pointed them out in five minutes. Another item not to be forgotten is keeping your loader up to form; a quarter of an hour's practice every day for a week will be well repaid.

For the lucky owner of a moor, or perhaps we should say for his headkeeper, preparations for the Twelfth are many times more hectic than those of his moorless guests. Innumerable details such as collecting and organising all available sources of beater-power, making arrangements for the disposal of the game, and driving in coveys from the outlying marshes, call for considerable powers of generalship. Retrievers will require a gentle steadying down which may be done by a day or two's flapper shooting, feeble sport though it be. If your dog remains steady in face of a fluffy squawking duckling about a seed bed, the most tempestuous downpour of falling grouse will fail to tempt him. In view of the increasing invasion of hikers, it might be advisable to put a notice in the local inn giving the dates of the big shoots and asking people to kindly refrain from going out to the moor on these days. No harm would be done in also hinting that sporting properties being very highly rated and in the case of grouse moor only of use for six weeks in the year, that it is grossly unfair for a crowd of people to go and spoil the sporting value of the property, considering they pay nothing towards its rates or upkeep.

So once again in the lurid phases of last year's daily papers, King's Cross and Euston will resemble "an ammunition dump piled high with mountains of gun and cartridge cases, with the platform a seething mass of sporting dog aristocracy."

The crack of the gun will resound on the moor, sport will be excellent, grouse being loth to fly owing to laziness induced by the extravagant profusion of the heather—hares will be in fine bloom, while the right hand gun will bring down a beautiful stag to windward. For ourselves we visualise those oncoming dots: the first, stopped lifeless 'twixt sky and earth, falls crumpled to the heather and three feathers suspended in the air drift gently down the line.

For ourselves we visualise that moment of waking up in our sleepers the right side of the Border. As we speed northward through the gentle undulations and well-wooded valleys of the Lowlands, visions of those oncoming dots continually delight the mind. The first, stopped lifeless 'twixt sky and earth, falls crumpled to the heather, and three feathers suspended in the air drift gently down the line.

LOOKING UP THE VALLEY OF THE ALMOND

A scene at Auchnafree lying between Sma' Glen and Loch Tay on the Twelfth last year

BRIGHTENING UP POLO

Aurora and Our System of Umpiring

A LONDON Polo Season is rather like cold weather in India. It is over before one realises it has commenced. Instead of going to the hills, players disperse in every direction, some for country house polo, others to their homes. This year a good number are going to Biarritz and to Austria. The feature of the season, which is now virtually over, has naturally been the visit of the Aurora team, and it seems but a day as yesterday that they were arriving, and now they have gone. Two of our open cups—the Roehampton and the Hurlingham Champion Cup (the most coveted of all) accompany them, but they have not quite swept the board as Jaipur did last year and, as was generally anticipated, they too would succeed in doing. From our point of view this is satisfactory. According to their official handicap they were six goals stronger than any of our regular high handicap teams, consequently Someries House and the Knaves can both be justifiably proud of having defeated them. In several of their other contests it was a case of "touch and go" whether they pulled them off or not. How can this be explained?

First of all, polo teams, like individuals, are not machines, their form is bound to vary. Every time Aurora went on the ground they felt they should win, or at any rate *ought* to win; their opponents had nothing to lose by defeat, and everything to gain by success. Psychologically it is true, but often means a good deal. Then they were easily "rattled" when things didn't go too well, and at once the absence of a real captain became apparent. Their handicap of 30 unduly flattered them and put them in a false position. Mr. Elmer Boeseke, though undoubtedly a very fine player, never once on his form here could be rated higher than seven goals. The other three pulled their official weight, although we feel convinced that Mr. Post, by far the youngest of the team, only showed glimpses of his possibilities. He is a really beautiful horseman, with all the strokes and necessary dash at his disposal. He lacked only one essential—experience—and this he is rapidly attaining. In our opinion we feel that Mr. Knox, well though he played at 2 and 3, is obviously a No. 1 of the highest class. Mr. Talbot very seldom looked really happy in this position, although at times he played and hit brilliantly. We believe he would have been more in his element in the middle of the game. We never ceased to wonder why this apparently obvious change of places was never made. Mr. Boeseke seemed happier at No. 2 than he did at No. 3. It is the old story of a team hastily collected, individually good, but who did not quite fit in with one another under pressure.

It has been suggested that our umpiring—admittedly not so strict as theirs—has been a handicap to them. Their players have said that it was not always possible to keep their eye on the ball when going "flat out," for fear of someone crossing them, thereby causing a collision. There may be a good deal in what they say, but the story of the East v. West matches last autumn is still fresh in our memory. There were, we believe, 42 dangerous fouls called by the umpires. In spite of these precautions the casualties were one broken leg, one fractured ankle and one bad concussion.

Over here, perhaps, there would have been dead as well as wounded. We hope all this is exaggerated, in any case, Aurora from start to finish played as hard and clean and sporting a game as anyone could wish to see, and we congratulate them on a very successful tour. The outstanding feature of the last days of our London season has been the appearance—for the first time—of the Royal Air Force—in a military tournament, and their victory over the Royal Navy in the Duke of York's Cup. The film world, too, have put in an appearance, they realise that for hard-worked men, there is no game which gives so much exercise in such a short space of time as polo. A team of cinema artists next season would brighten our lives. It is quite a possibility.

Of the remainder of the polo played in London last week, there were two good matches on Saturday. The Cavalry Club "B" beat Bucks Club by six goals to four after a good game, in which Bucks, six points weaker on handicap, put up a good losing fight. In low handicap polo the Young Cup final produced a very exciting game at Roehampton, the Ragtails beating the Chinchillas by eight goals to seven-and-a-half in the last half-minute of play. Mr. R. T. Conant played a good game for the Chinchillas, and we shall hope to see him playing in higher class polo next season.

Retriever Trial Change of Date.—The trials of the Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Retriever Society have been changed to October 1st and 2nd, and will take place at Beechwood, Dunstable.

BAGGAGE, RIDING PONIES AND COOLIES ON THE WAY TO THE BASE CAMP FOR THE ATTACK ON NANGA PARBAT

NANGA PARBAT THE UNCONQUERABLE

Mountaineering Dangers on a Himalayan Giant

By C. F. MEADE

NANGA PARBAT, the great isolated mass on which the German mountaineering expedition has just met with disaster, is perhaps the most imposing mountain in the Himalaya. It is a peak of 26,620ft. in Kashmir, and is the tenth highest mountain in the world. The most famous view of it is from the Indus valley on the north-west. The mountain, seem from here, rises 23,000ft. above the river, and at a distance of only fifteen miles.

Some idea of the prodigious steepness of the angles can be got by comparing the general slope of Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn. The former mountain is eight miles from Chamonix and rises 12,000ft. above the village; while the Matterhorn, for all its magnificent appearance, is six or seven miles from Zermatt, and rises only about 9,000ft. above it. Nanga Parbat, on the other hand, soars up to its summit in one prodigious bound of 15,000ft. above the Rupal valley in a distance of barely two miles. Moreover, the whole of those 15,000ft. of precipice are a mass of ice and snow from head to foot. The most magnificent views in the Alps cannot compete with such a spectacle.

Herr Merkl's expedition this year is the third great attempt on the mountain. The first was made in 1895 by a very strong party of British guideless climbers on the west face. Difficulties began at only 14,000ft. By a superb feat of mountaineering Mummery, with a Gurkha, reached a height of 20,000ft. But the climbing was too difficult on this side, and Mummery decided to cross the Diama Pass with two Gurkhas in order to explore the northern approaches to the mountain. They were never seen again, and are believed to have perished in one of the numerous avalanches near the pass.

No further attempt was made till Merkl took out a German-American party in 1932. Bad weather and trouble with coolies defeated them after a magnificent effort had culminated at 23,000ft. Then this year came Merkl's German expedition which, it is reported, has been overwhelmed by misfortune at about the same height. According to the account published, Merkl, the leader, Wieland and Welzenbach, together with seven coolies, perished in a blizzard while making an attempt on the summit.

As to the reasons for this year's defeat, it is evident that the mountain has been able to defend itself successfully by bad weather alone. Blizzards have been blowing continuously, and snow streamers miles long have been flying from all the high peaks. The fifth and sixth camps have completely disappeared, either blown away or buried out of sight in the snow, and the survivors of the advance party spent an anxious night at the highest camp (the seventh) in fear of being blown away.

Yet quite apart from the weather the difficulties are bad enough. The only route to the summit is overhung on one side by enormous precipices, and as the summer progresses the heat of the Indian sun, by melting the snow off the glacier, reveals innumerable gaping crevasses, so that in order to avoid them the climbers have to take the easier but much more dangerous side of the ice stream, where they are exposed to huge avalanches that pour down from the 14,000ft. precipices above. It is not surprising—to quote from the book describing the expedition of 1932—that to the native porters "this avalanche was the last straw indeed," or that panics among the followers caused several mutinies and attempts at wholesale desertions.

This year some of the picked corps of Everest porters from the eastern Himalaya have been recruited for the expedition, but it is desirable that in future British officers in charge of these men should be responsible for their safety as well as for their moral, and for this purpose should have a wide knowledge of Himalayan ice and snow. Unfortunately, officers possessing the necessary qualifications are not easily found, even in Indian hill stations. An aim, too, should be to inspire the porters with a spirit of daring based on understanding rather than make any attempt to enforce blind and automatic obedience.

Doubtless the present expedition has suffered disaster through no fault of its own, but this does not alter the fact that Herr Merkl's first expedition took great risks and was fortunate in escaping destruction. It is not enough for the European members of a party to display the utmost skill and heroism if they cannot convince their Indian followers that the leaders possess a reasonable degree of prudence. The security of the porters accompanying future expeditions is indeed an urgent question.

THE "FIELD" HUNTER COMPETITION

This competition has proved so popular that the numerous entries have involved a great deal of time on the part of the judge, each letter having to be examined individually. The result of the competition will be published in our issue of August 4th.

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 GAME-REARER'S NIGHTMARE

SIR,—With reference to the article by Dr. T. O. Hare on the above subject, I do not agree with his statement that "there is no known method of curing the infected bird" when an epidemic of B.W.D. occurs amongst pheasants. For more than 40 years one man has been head keeper on this estate, but now he has retired owing to ill-health. During the whole of his time here I have seen outbreaks of White Diarrhœa amongst the pheasants here, and on some neighbouring estates.

But when given a free hand to deal with these epidemics, I never remember a case where our keeper did not stop it entirely, and often in less than a week. He has a secret remedy which he would never divulge, but which if mixed in liquid form with moist food and given to young pheasants never failed to stop B.W.D. The remedy consists of various herbs, etc., boiled down and mixed with the pheasants' food. The man in question is still living and would, I am sure, still undertake to stop an outbreak of this scourge. But whether he would be now prepared to divulge the nature of his remedy or not I cannot say.

If Dr. T. O. Hare cares to write to me personally I would put him in touch with the man I have mentioned.

Yours faithfully,

Hyde, Wareham. C. L. RADCLYFFE (Major).

A CURE FOR B.W.D.

SIR,—I have read Dr. Hare's article with interest, but I am afraid that none of the things suggested could be done in practice.

1. What does he mean by "losses from disease almost balance the increased number of eggs laid down for hatching"?

2. There are many causes for "dead in shells" besides, possibly, B.W.D.

3. Why only "the purchase of day-old chicks from infected hatcheries"? What about eggs, since these also can be infected? Does the doctor not know that there are about 10,000 pheasant eggs purchased to every 100 day-old chicks?

4. No game farmer would agree to replace day-old chicks, for what guarantee could he possibly have that only his own chicks were returned? Eggs are different, they can be stamped. In any case, if you do it for chicks it would only be a drop in the bucket if it was not also done on chicks from purchased eggs.

5. How could a game farmer keep supplies of seven-day-old chicks for replacement? And if he had them, how would he deliver them alive? It is only possible to send day-old chicks on a journey owing to the fact that they do not require feeding for the first two days.

6. What accredited poultry farm would have their stock tested every week (broody hens are required over four or five weeks) in order to supply a few broody hens? For one thing the fowls would not go broody if they were always being caught up for testing!

7. If the pheasant rearers themselves have to do the testing of the broodies, how would he suggest this should be done? I understand it takes at least four days to get back returns. What would you do with the broody in the meantime (if she were still broody after the test)? If you got only one reacter out of the lot, then the whole bunch would have to be tested again in two weeks' time to make sure that they had not contracted the disease. Long before a clean sheet was obtained the hens would either have gone off being broody or, if given eggs, hatched out.

8. An accredited poultry farmer need only have his stock tested every six months provided all are negative. If he gets one that is not, then the stock has to be done again in two weeks' time. Not every week, so I have answered part of this question.

9. How would all purchased chicks (and this should also be chicks from purchased eggs) be isolated within wire netting "from all other birds on the estate"? Does the doctor not know that it is usual to put only about 170 chicks to the acre, and that his wire netting would have to be over the top as well as around the sides? Some aviary for a thousand birds!

10. I can see the game-rearer destroying half his birds (perhaps the lot). He might arrange to shoot the lot and buy fresh stock another year. He would stand a bit of risk from infected ground, but this would be better than no shooting.

Yours faithfully,

Stroud. GAME FARMER.

ASCOT SIXTY YEARS AGO

SIR,—I should like to add a few words to the account given by your correspondent, H. F. C., of our expedition to Ascot, which is quite fresh in my memory.

I can see Johnny Young on his grey hack looking for trouble or, rather, boys going to Ascot as if it were yesterday. The cab held no fewer than six of us, but I do not call to mind our hiding in the fern, or the alleged act of gallantry on the part of the beak in looking the other way. I rather think we beat him that day, as we arrived safely at Ascot. There, I think, we must have separated, and H. F. C. writes to me that he cannot remember our returning together. On the journey back, I had two companions, and we were given a lift by a certain sporting baronet on his coach as far as Queen Anne's Gate. From there we hurried back on foot, to be confronted at "Damnation Corner" by that dear old sportsman, Badger Hale, who inquired the result of the big race. My recollection is that we replied in chorus—one naming the winner, one did not know, and the other "subterfuged." The dear old man only laughed and bade us hasten, lest we should be late for "absence." However, this did not worry me, for I had provided myself with a substitute.

Sixty years after these events, H. F. C. has given me away, knowing that I am beyond the reach of a swishing from Judy Durnford. Yes, Mr. Editor, H. F. C. was a bad boy and had bad companions, but, I believe, I am right in saying that his father rode with the 600 at Balaclava.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. ALBEMARLE.

ARE BISON DANGEROUS?

SIR,—Having read numerous articles under the above heading, which have clearly shown that there are two definite schools of thought, may I add my mite of experience to the scales of the "danger" school. I was shooting in the Central Provinces of India a few years ago, and had been advised by one who knew the jungles I was visiting to take a camera as the bison were so tame that I should be sure to obtain a photograph.

One morning early, while out alone, I espied a solitary bison (gaur) walking slowly through some bamboo jungle towards the river, and followed him to see what sort of a head he carried. There were numerous old tracks about, but the ground was hard and dry, and I could not see his slots to get an indication of his size, and to my inexperienced eye he looked very black and large. Presently, as I followed quietly on the way he had gone, I heard him move in front and, expecting that he had gone down the river bank to water, walked quickly on. Suddenly, with a snort, he leapt to his feet from beneath a clump of bamboos and stood looking at me at a distance of about 15yds.

My only cover consisted of a very exiguous clump of young bamboo, and no tree was within 20yds., so I stood still and watched him. He was a smallish bull and obviously of no account as a trophy, but I thought that a photograph would be worth trying so, pulling a camera from my pocket, I opened it and, stepping from behind my cover, snapped him as he stood at gaze.

He gave a snort and, shaking his head, took a step towards me. I considered this showed an excess of "tameness" and retired once more behind my bamboos and started to wind on the film and fold up the camera, keeping a wary eye on him the while. He immediately gave another snort, put his head down almost on the floor, and charged straight at me. Most books on the subject say that it is quite easy to avoid a charging bison by leaping lightly to one side when he is almost on you. All I say is that I am evidently built on too generous lines for the bull ring. What happened to me was this. I dropped the camera, pulled the .470 off my shoulder, and as he arrived at about the popping crease, pulled and jumped to one side—to trip on a broken bamboo and go—as the keen lady to hounds expressed it—"bustle over hair-pins" on to my precious camera and still-more-precious snapshot of a bison-about-to-charge, while some hundredweights of very animated wrath crashed by at arm's length. I arose, feeling rather like one used to feel when a five-nine had pitched a bit too close, to find my enemy dead 20yds. off, raked from stem to stern.

Now why did he charge? There was no question of him being previously wounded, or being cornered and unable to escape. He had had a good look at me (perhaps that was the reason) and he was young and therefore presumably not afflicted with the sourness of old age. The only solution I could find afterwards was that he was suffering from disease, apparently foot and mouth, for his feet were suppurating and the hooves loose and rotting. Anyway, as far as I am concerned, bison are henceforth dangerous game.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. H. M. S.

[There are a number of recorded instances of bison charging both with and without provocation, but most sportsmen place them low in the list of "dangerous" game.—ED.]

ULSTER

SIR,—I have read with interest the article entitled "Ulster, where the Country is Never Crowded," by James Dickie, in your issue of June 9th, and am tempted to make a few comments thereon.

Mr. Dickie is evidently an angler with a vivid imagination and who can visualise the 150 square miles of Lough Neagh teeming with trout. What are the facts, and why cannot trout be taken in Lough Neagh the same as in Corrib and Derg? That trout inhabit the lough is an indisputable fact, and also they run to a great size. I have seen at Toome Bridge some years ago a pair of trout taken in nets, 27lb. and 19lb. weight; glorious fish, an angler's dream. Trout from 5lb. to 10lb. are ordinary, but they never take the fly or any known bait in the lough itself.

Quite recently, when fishing at Toome Bridge, I asked my boatman if trout were ever caught in the lough, and he said that neither he nor his father, nor his grandfather could recall a trout being killed in the lough, except immediately above Toome Weir, and then only small ones. I asked him if there were any mayfly on the water, and he told me that he had seen mayfly in hundreds, and later on Green Drakes in "lashions," but that he had never seen a trout, either large or small, take one of them.

Fishing is a peculiar thing, and you cannot kill the urge for it. You will find anglers (local) still going on fishing water that used to be good, but which owing to pollution or some other cause has become quite hopeless. No local anglers fish Lough Neagh. Why [illegible]ecause these large trout cannot be caught and [illegible] have been caught on rod and line. The late Colonel Bruce of Ballyscullion some 25 years ago, and who was at that time about 90 years of age, told me that before the weirs were put on the Lower Bann he had caught trout in Lough Beg (which lies between Lough Neagh and Bellaghy, where the Lower Bann proper commences), but never in Lough Neagh. Since the weirs were built some 60 or 70 years ago, no trout has ever been caught in Lough Beg.

Six miles below Lough Beg there is a ford in the river at Portglenone. Here there used to be good trout fishing, but it is now a dead letter, and it is safe to say that there have not been a dozen trout killed in the last five years. Twenty-five or 30 years ago this ford was well stocked with good trout, and although I have seen fair hatches of mayfly (not often) I never saw in years of experience a single one of these flies taken by a trout.

Why is it that the Lough Neagh and Bann trout will not take either of these flies, while on other Irish loughs they are taken so eagerly that we hear that the "Mayfly is up; the Green Drake is on."

As for the rivers "where one can walk for miles and never meet a soul," these may be somewhere but not in County Antrim. Let the English angler searching for solitude visit the Bush, Clough, Braid, Maine, Six Mile, Kells Water, Claudy, Roe, Ballinderry, and he will find an expert at every pool.

Yours faithfully,

Antrim. "TOOME BRIDGE."

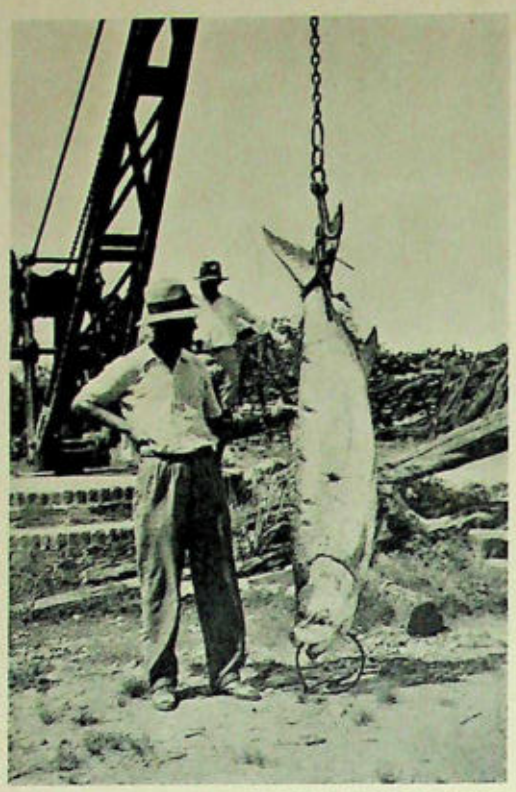
WILD DEER IN GALLOWAY

SIR,—Week-end campers in Galloway have reported the presence of red deer in woods and fields close to the roads and shore. The originals of this stock probably escaped from big deer parks such as Cumloden in Kirkcudbrightshire, and their presence is well known to gamekeepers, beaters, etc. Glasgow and the broad industrial belt divide Galloway from the deer forests in the Highlands. There are deer in the Isle of Arran, but the Firth of Clyde must be 20 miles wide.

The late Tom Speedy records that a hind kept in a grass park at Mortonhall, within two miles of Edinburgh, was visited by a stag and produced a calf. The nearest forest to Edinburgh is at Glen Artney, 50 miles away as the crow flies, with fences, railways, rivers, canal and roads to be crossed.

Yours faithfully,

High Wray, near Ambleside, Westmorland. W. T. PALMER.



"FORTY-FIVE MINUTES OF QUITE STIFF FIGHTING"
(See Letter "Jamaica's Record Tarpon")

JAMAICA'S RECORD TARPON

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a tarpon which I caught in the "Broad Water" of Black River—one of Jamaica's most famous waters for game fish. At the time of writing it is the record for a tarpon caught on the rod here.

The fish was in fine condition and weighed 116lb. three hours after being killed. It measured 5ft. 8in. to the fork of the tail and was 16in. deep. I was using a light split-cane tarpon rod, 300 yards of 24-thread line on a 6in. reel and cable-laid steel wire trace to a No. 9 big-game hook. The bait was a whole mullet. It took 45 minutes of quite stiff fighting to kill the fish.

Yours faithfully,
The Liguanea Club, N. W. HUGHES.
Cross Roads,
Jamaica, B.W.I.

SHELLFISH AND WATERHEN

SIR,—One day last week some platelayers were working at Stafford Goods Station when they heard piteous cries of distress from a small brook which runs across the field adjoining the railway bridge. They ran to render first aid, and found that a large shellfish had caught a waterhen by the leg. They could not release the bird without killing it and cutting off its leg. I am told that the shell of this Stafford brook monster is 4½in. or 5in. long (was it a freshwater mussel ?) and now adorns a rockery in a platelayer's garden at Crewe. Many visitors to Loch Ness are said to be travelling via Crewe.

Yours faithfully,
Haughton Rectory, T. F. ROYDS.
Stafford.

[We have no doubt it was a freshwater mussel. Since the great reservoirs at Tring have so largely run dry, quantities of the shells of these enormous mussels can be found, many of them 5in. long. It is curious that so few small ones can be found in the same area.—ED.]

AN ANCIENT BOAR'S TUSKS

SIR,—Whilst excavating on the site of the Roman walls here some boar's tusks were dug up. They were at a depth of about 8ft. and close to Roman pottery of the second and third centuries. They appear to be much the same size, though, in most cases, the root ends of the tusks were broken off.

A perfect one measures rather more than 6in. round the outside curve, and is rather more curved than that of the present-day Indian boar. They are rather small, I think compared to the present-day Indian boar. How do they compare with the present-day European boar ?

Yours faithfully,
Aldborough Manor. J. LAWSON TANCRED.
Boroughbridge, Yorks.

[A good European boar has tushes of 8in., but Rowland Ward records one killed in Albania, the property of Lord Ellesmere, of 13in.—ED.]

PARTRIDGE AND PHEASANT NESTS

SIR,—No doubt it is quite a common occurrence for a pheasant to lay in a partridge's nest, but I imagine the following incident may be getting on towards a "partnership" record. My keeper found a partridge nest, which contained fifteen partridge eggs and seven pheasant eggs, and of these the partridge went off with nine partridges and five pheasants.

The remaining eggs were about to chip, but the mother bird left them. She probably thought a mixed family of fourteen was quite enough to look after ! I hear of several coveys of partridges being seen, accompanied by young pheasants. It would seem the pheasants are taking to playing cuckoo !

Yours faithfully,
Woodside, R. S. K. EYRE.
Crowborough, Sussex.

[Many instances of pheasants and partridges sharing nests are given in *Pheasants—Their Natural History and Practical Management*, by W. B. Tegetmeier (Field Press Limited). Two of the most remarkable are, (1) a partridge and pheasant sitting side by side on fifteen partridges' and sixteen pheasants' eggs laid indiscriminately ; (2) a partridge sitting on nine pheasants' eggs and thirteen of her own, all of which she hatched out.—ED.]

TROUT OF THE MIMRAM

SIR,—It is a far cry from Mr. King's water at Welwyn, Herts, to Co. Kerry, but I should like to say with what interest I read Mr. Sidney S. Pownceby's remarks on the fishing at Digswell. I had the pleasure of visiting this water a short time ago and can vouch for the fact that the Mimram at Welwyn, which is within 20 miles of Charing Cross, holds some of the finest trout it has been my good fortune to see.

Yours faithfully,
Southern Hotel, FRANCIS A. SCHOLLICK.
Caragh Lake, Co. Kerry.

RECORDS AT HENLEY

SIR,—The very interesting calculation which appears under the pen of the rowing correspondent in the *Times* of July 9th, raises the question of the value of Henley records as an index of the efficiency of any given crew or oarsman.

In his calculation the rowing correspondent takes into account only the absence of stream and makes no reference to the wind and the difference in the styles of the crews.

Surely, without the inclusion of these two factors in the calculation, no great estimate of efficiency can be arrived at ?

It is generally admitted that, on the day, all of the four crews which contested the finals of the Grand and the Ladies' were, on actual performance, in the Grand class, but their style of rowing was vastly different. Leander and Trinity (Dublin) were both infinitely longer in the water than their opponents and, that being so, it is a reasonable suggestion that given a headwind, Trinity (Dublin) would have had a comfortable margin instead of losing by 3ft., and that Leander might have increased the three-quarters of a length they won by, by another length.

There must be many readers of the *Field* who are in a position to provide information as to the conditions under which past records were established, and which might assist us in arriving at a correct estimate of the efficiency of modern crews in comparison with those of years past.

Yours faithfully,
Bath. CHARON.

RABBIT AND STOAT

SIR,—With reference to a letter under the above heading in your June 30th issue, I think that the following will interest your readers.

About two months ago my man was on the watch tower observing foxes. The watch tower is about 33ft. high, it is in and is entered from a separate field from the foxes, from which it is divided by a hedge.

A rabbit was heard in this field squealing ; the man turned round and saw a stoat about 40yds. away with a baby rabbit in its mouth. Then some six or seven adult rabbits appeared and circled around the stoat, attacked it, the method being to charge in and then continue to circle.

The man left the tower and approached to within 15yds. He definitely saw the stoat knocked over twice ; on the second occasion it dropped the rabbit and made for the hedge, pursued by the rabbits. All this time the adult rabbits kept up an incessant squealing.

Yours faithfully,
Sphinx Silver Fox Ranch, Suffolk. D. CALVERT FISHER (Captain).

RINGING HAND-REARED PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I would like to ask any of your readers who have hand-reared a few partridges to put rings on them before they are put out in the fields. We know all too little of the movements and dispersal of partridges at the pairing time, and it is possible that ringing may provide valuable information in this line. The rings used are of aluminium, marked with serial numbers, and can be easily fitted to the leg of birds about five or six weeks old. I shall be pleased to send these rings free of charge to anyone who will undertake to keep a careful record of the numbers, recoveries, etc.

Yours faithfully,
University Museum, A. D. MIDDLETON.
Oxford.

A TAILLESS TIGER

SIR,—Early in the morning of May 1st I shot a very large tailless tiger. On examination I was interested to find that there was merely a blob of flesh ending up with loose skin, much the same as goats have, and that there was no sign of gristle or hard root that would indicate that the tiger had had a normal tail previously.

The tiger measured 6¾ft. between pegs and would have measured quite 10ft. had it possessed a normal tail, judging from the length of the tail of a 10ft. tiger I shot in 1931.

I enclose a photo of the tiger.

Yours faithfully,
Honnametti Estate, R. C. MORRIS.
Mysore,
S. India.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE JUNGLE
(See Letter "A Tailless Tiger")

TWO CUCKOO'S EGGS IN ONE NEST

SIR,—While on a visit to Scotland a friend and I found a meadow pipit's nest on June 23rd containing two pipit's eggs and two cuckoo's, the latter being of different types. I removed the cuckoo's eggs, and the pipit continued to sit. On showing the eggs to an experienced Northern naturalist he stated he had never made a similar discovery, nor had he heard of anyone else doing so. After blowing the eggs he formed the opinion that one egg had been laid before the pipit had commenced laying, and that an interval of seven to ten days probably elapsed before the second cuckoo laid her egg. The earlier egg has not blown completely.

I should like to know whether any of your readers have made a similar discovery.

Yours faithfully,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne. J. F. S.

WILD BUFFALO

SIR,—I read in Mr. G. A. Jeckell's article on Big Game in Yukon and the North-west the following statement: "There are no bison and wild buffalo are scarce." To the best of my knowledge the only two species of wild oxen found in North America are the American bison and the woodland bison. What, then, is the wild buffalo referred to? If it is the woodland bison, surely it would save confusion to call it such, as there has already been enough confusion due to the misnaming of the American bison.

Yours faithfully,

Radley. NEVILLE M. COLLINS.

[Mr. Jeckell informs us that the woodland bison is commonly spoken of as the wild buffalo.—ED.]

RABBIT STALKING

SIR,—I thoroughly endorse all Mr. Best writes on the above. Though I have hunted in most parts of Africa, I always kept my hand and eye in practice by stalking rabbits in the autumn; better practice than deer stalking, if only for the many more shots obtained. I always use a Lyman sight on a .22 with H.P. long cartridge. Excellent sport of a similar type can be had with blue hares in the Highlands of Scotland.

Yours faithfully,

MANNLICHER.

74, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

A MEMORY OF ALAN WILSON

SIR,—While I was hunting in the Gwaai District in Southern Rhodesia, I visited the actual spot where Alan Wilson made his last stand against the Matabele. Not many miles from the place is a native kraal, and while I was collecting a few natives I naturally made enquiries about the early days, as being Rhodesian born I was naturally interested in the early history. There I made the acquaintance of an old native who was one of those who took part in the actual fight. He gave

LAST OF A GALLANT BAND
(See Letter "A Memory of Alan Wilson")

me a vivid description of how the small band of pioneers made a ring, and hiding behind their dead horses fought it out to the last man. This native is quite a character in his way and known to several old pioneers. In the photograph he is posing with my 9 m.m. Mauser. The actual remains of the men were later collected and are now buried at the World's View, in the Matopo Hills, where Rhodes lies buried.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. H. D. L.

CUP BEARER

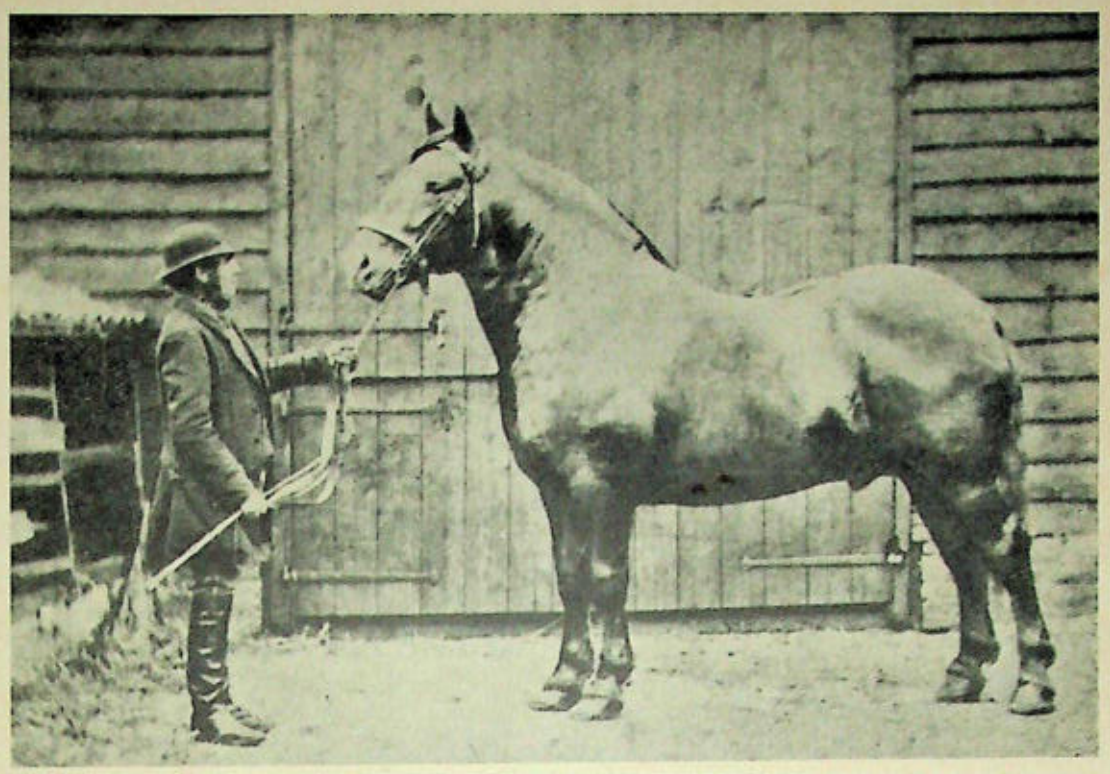
SIR,—The article "East Anglia's Own Breeds" our issue of June 30th, and frequent references e past to the Suffolk Punch, prompts me to you a photograph of the celebrated Cup-, thinking that you may at some time or find it of interest in making comparisons. rother, H. Elkington, has appended the ing notes, which may be of interest:

was our uncle Richard Garrett (not his father same name) who I have always understood the breed for this country by buying up the lood in the face of severe foreign competition. was quite a furore about it at the time, and ll remember as a child seeing a large folding ure of Cup Bearers 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., in, I believe, *Illustrated London News*. This would be, I think, in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties. Richard Garrett was then living at Carlton Hall, Saxmundham, and was, I believe, much helped by the late Mr. William Toller, of Orford."

Yours faithfully,

DAVID ELKINGTON.

12, South Eaton Place, S.W. 1.



A WELL-KNOWN SAVIOUR OF HIS BREED
(See Letter "Cup Bearer")

EARLY NESTING OF PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I was interested to read in your issue of May 5th a letter about the early nesting of partridges and, later, in your issue of May 26th, another letter in which Mr. Holben stated that young partridges had been seen flying this year in April. As Mr. Holben says, this seems extraordinary, but was no doubt correct.

On April 23rd Captain Harry Waine, of Framlingham, saw a covey of English partridges walking across the road. He actually stopped his car, got out and picked one up. There were nine in the covey.

Yours faithfully,

Gorsefell, S. GORDON FREEMAN.
Little Bealings, Suffolk.

A GRAYLING FIELDS THE BALL

SIR,—I was recently playing in a cricket match near here when a curious thing happened. A ball from the bat which went for six pitched in a small stream surrounding the ground and killed a grayling weighing about ½lb. The fieldsman picked up the dead fish in retrieving the ball. Presumably the grayling must have been actually rising at the moment of impact. The occurrence seems to me sufficiently extraordinary to deserve recording.

Yours faithfully,

Swinithwaite Hall, TREVOR THORNTON-BERRY.
Leyburn, Yorks.

RING OUZEL OR BLACKBIRD?

SIR,—I was much interested to see Mr. Stanley Lewis's letter under this heading in the *Field* of June 2nd. For the last few days I have been watching a bird which is evidently a male blackbird, but it has a gorget very like a ring ouzel except that it is grey instead of white. Pied blackbirds are, of course, quite common; but, in this case, the marking is so like that of a ring ouzel that I am curious to know if the two species have ever been known to interbreed.

Yours faithfully,

L. G. ROBINSON.

Liphook, Hants.

INCREASE OR DECREASE OF LAPWINGS

SIR,—With regard to the letters which have appeared in recent numbers of the *Field* concerning the decrease in numbers of lapwings, I venture to say that in the Eastbourne district they are, if anything, increasing. In the past few years there have only been a few pairs breeding on the marshes, but this year they are quite numerous. It would be interesting to hear if any other reader has noticed a decided increase of the species in one locality. For it is possible that they are moving in a south-easterly direction.

Yours faithfully,

Willingdon, H. A. ROGERS.
Sussex.

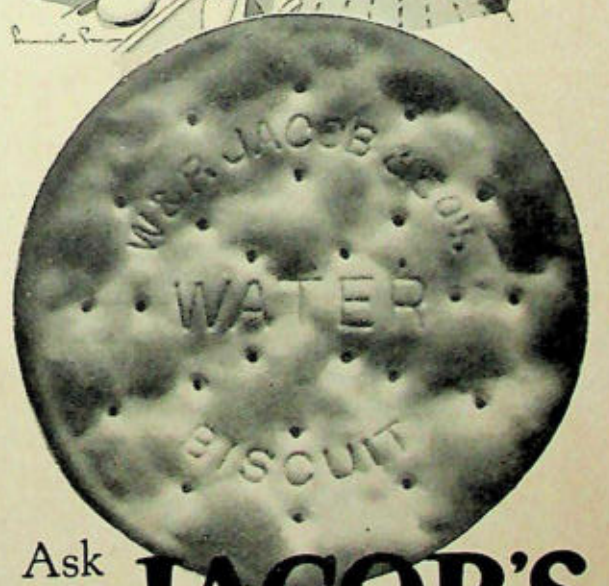
SNIPE AND DUCKLINGS

SIR,—On May 29th, when fishing on Lough Erne, I was walking home along the marshy bank of the lough, and I saw a snipe which I thought was dead, as she was lying on the ground with her wings outspread; but when flushed I saw she had been covering ten duck chicks, and I suppose for warmth and protection they were in line and not grouped as ordinarily. I should like to know if this is a very unusual incident.

Yours faithfully,

Erne House, G. BAILLIE, M.B. (Major).
Maheramena, Belleek,
Co. Fermanagh.

Well under way—



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FINE EXAMPLES OF "KETHAYAZA" OR KINGS OF THE FOREST
(See Letter "Sentinels of Burmese Pagodas")

SENTINELS OF BURMESE PAGODAS

SIR,—Burma is a land of pagodas and ancient wood carvings. To the casual sightseer one just sees pagodas, more pagodas, and still more pagodas. But to the careful observer a wealth of interest lies hidden away, ready to be unearthed.

All important pagodas have steps leading up to them, and these are usually guarded by masonry images, called by some "lions," by others "griffins." They resemble the latter mostly. They are known as "Kethayaza," in the Burmese language meaning "King of the forest."

The photograph enclosed depicts the usual griffins guarding the steps of a pagoda, on the road from Shwebo to Sagaing. Occasionally the griffin is replaced by elephants.

Yours faithfully,
P. BELL (Major).

Katha,
Burma.

A TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS' CENTENARY

SIR,—This year marks the centenary of the well-known firm of tobacco manufacturers, Messrs. Lambert & Butler.

This business, which was started by Charles Lambert (1813–1887) and Charles Butler (1812–1882) had its first premises at 38, John Street, Clerkenwell. In 1836 it was moved to the house of which we give a picture, in Drury Lane. On the site of this old house the business is still carried on, though the present offices lack nothing unless it is the old-world charm of their predecessors.

Yours faithfully,
D. F.

London, W.

THE BUSINESS HOUSE OF CHARLES LAMBERT AND CHARLES BUTLER
(See Letter "Tobacco Manufacturers' Centenary")

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are most anxious to continue their allowance of 5/- weekly for Mrs. H., aged 86. She is a wonderful old person in full possession of all her faculties and in good health, except for acute rheumatism in her hands. In her time, Mrs. H. has been an ardent church worker, and even now she goes to church regularly on Sundays. She has one room in her married daughter's house, for which she pays 3/6 weekly, but she dreads being a burden on her son-in-law's shoulders. Her only income is 10/- weekly, the Old Age Pension, so that after the rent and firing are paid, there is little left for food and other necessities.

THIS YEAR OF PACE

We are living to-day at a high rate of speed—almost three times as fast as our grandfathers lived. Yet we survive and, indeed, prosper. For as the speed of living has accelerated, as the strain of living has become heavier and heavier, so more and more we have realised the necessity of keeping fit. And Man has discovered in Eno's 'Fruit Salt' a sure, easy and pleasant way to daily health. A teaspoonful of Eno in a glass of water starts us rightly every morning and keeps us healthy, alert, and eager to face the rough and tumble of this rushing world

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IN THE CITY

A SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT

MARKETS have been rather dull lately, and in many cases prices have slipped back, largely due to a lack of buying orders to offset the small sales being made. In the South African market a number of shares are now obtainable well below recent high levels, and current prices would seem to present a good opportunity for picking up selected issues, since there appears to be no fundamental change in their intrinsic position. In particular the writer is still attracted by the shares of the smaller finance and holding companies, and would draw attention to the 10/- shares of Willoughby's Consolidated Co., Ltd., which are now obtainable at about 7/6 as against a price of 9-10½ at which they changed hands earlier this year.

Willoughby's Consolidated owns over 1,000,000 acres of land in Southern Rhodesia (298,000 acres in farm lands, 143,000 in forest, and the balance in ranching estates), over 34,000 head of cattle, 1,248 gold mining claims, together with 720 chrome and 30 copper claims, and 508 stands and residential allotments in Bulawayo, Salisbury, Fort Victoria, Selukwe, Umganin and other places. The chairman stated at the annual meeting in the middle of June, "as regards our land holding it is most difficult to assign any valuation. I can only say that we have never sold any land at under 5/- an acre. However, taking our land holding at 3/- an acre all round, our cattle at the written down price of 50/- per head, and our buildings, town stands and claims on a most conservative basis, it can be shown that our assets in total easily exceed the capital of the company."

In addition to the land, cattle and other assets outlined above, which were carried in the balance sheet of December 31st, 1933, at £414,000, the company owns securities with a book value of £318,000 and a market value at the end of last year of £388,000 (including £32,000 British Government securities), or £70,000 in excess of book value. At the close of 1932 the excess was only £21,000; while at the end of 1931 the market value was £12,000 less than book value, and it is noteworthy that the rise in security values enabled the company to obtain a profit on security transactions of £40,000 last year as against £18,000 in 1932, and only £3,000 in 1931.

The sole capital issue outstanding consists of £700,314 in 1,400,628 fully paid shares of 10/- each. Earnings and dividend payments for the past several years compare as follows:

Years to December 31st.	Net Profit.	Shares (per cent.) Earned.	Paid.
1928 ..	£57,007 ..	8.9 ..	5
1929 ..	58,913 ..	9.4 ..	5
1930 ..	28,126 ..	4.0 ..	5
1931 ..	19,987 ..	3.8 ..	—
1932 ..	24,985 ..	3.9 ..	2.5
1933 ..	37,242 ..	5.4 ..	5

The improvement in earnings last year was due to the much larger profits on security transactions and, while the extent of such profits in the future is rather an unknown quantity, there would appear to be no reason to anticipate any drastic reduction. Furthermore, last year's showing would have been even better than it was if it had not been for the fact that "the company's ranching undertakings experienced an exceedingly bad year under a combination of adverse circumstances which is unlikely ever to occur again," and resulted in a loss of £27,000; this includes £10,000 for writing cattle down by 6/- to 50/- per head. This heavy loss was occasioned by an abnormal drought, and by the forced restriction on breeding owing to the sale and movement of cattle being prevented by the two previous years' foot and mouth disease regulations. With an increase in farm and commodity prices the beneficial effect on earnings from an improvement in the ranching phase of the business should be considerable.

Since no exceptional improvement appears have taken place as yet in this respect, nor, ind can reasonably be expected to occur other gradually, there is no particular reason to st that the shares are likely to show a holder any or early enhancement in the value of his In view of the company's position and however, and the fact that the 10/- shares present be bought at a price which must be a 25 per cent. below their asset value their pu should prove lucrative for the long term inv particularly if any of the gold claims shou "proved." In the meantime he or she wou receiving a return of 6¾ per cent. on their m based on a purchase at 7/6 and dividend paym at the rate of 5 per cent.

PACTOLU

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'** — *"why be vague?"*

New Books

OLD CHAPTERS IN NEW JACKETS

Arms and The Law—Fishing From Whitehall

MR. SHANE LESLIE is one of the most accomplished writers of the present day, more accomplished, probably, than anything that he has written indicates, high though the standard of his work is. He has written the best book I know on the Regent, a banned novel, and the only graceful poem that has ever been composed about Fleet Street, that home of verse lavishly outpoured. Surely a mixed enough bag! Now he has given us a book of epigrams about present day life. His observations are, in general, shrewd enough, and few men of his generation could show as much detachment about the affairs of their successors, but they are perhaps a little spoilt by the ceaseless flow of smart sayings. It is true that the great majority of them are new, though here and there one comes homing from Wilde, who probably had it from Whistler. ("Dying beyond one's means," was Wilde's.)

"The Revolution has come and gone, and Society is already showing signs of laying itself down in a strata. Society, Civilisation, and the unwritten Code are being fashioned afresh. . . . Outwardly all is shifting very quickly, but inwardly change does not arrive so soon." He traces the changes since the war—moral, political, financial, religious, artistic and social. "England to-day," he says, "might have been ruled by a Charles Lister, a Julian Grenfell and a Vivian Harmsworth. . . . Had they survived, all the Baldwins, MacDonalds, Cripps and Hailshams, would be in retirement. . . . Vivent les vieux is the motto Parliament has borrowed from the Hydro."

Mr. Leslie is very diverting at the expense of Lords Donegall and Castlerosse, "who have brightened the British Sunday. Between their lines lies the pith of the period. . . . The tittle-tattle, clothes, games and movements of the upper ten hundred have a besetting attraction for the next ten thousand." One fancies that the next ten thousand will be not a little diverted by his own social comments. His spiritual parentages are not new, those of Lady Diana Cooper and Lord Curzon being noted, I think, in *The Autobiography of Margot Oxford*. But Lady Cunard's ("derived from Ariel and Madame Tussaud") will doubtless be relished in all the cheaper seats at the Opera.

I think Mr. Leslie exaggerates the effect of the war on the morals of the English. A large section of the people consists of the middle classes, and middle class morality has changed very little. The young are more outspoken; they admit what they previously hid, and they do not consider it necessary to uphold certain taboos with which they do not agree. But the young man and young woman of to-day, outside certain rather artificial strata once called society, probably live as worthy and as healthy lives as they did in 1914.

This book is a veritable seed cake of common sense. But one would never realise it from the crystallised fruits which garnish it. R. M.

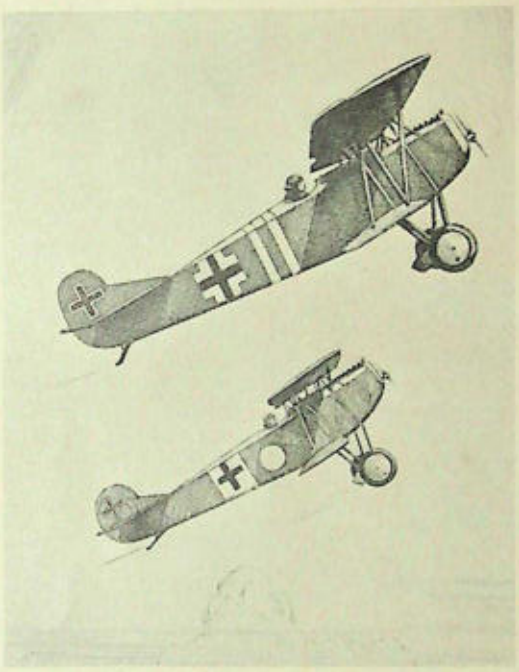
The Passing Chapter. By Shane Leslie. (Cassell; 5/-.)

EXPERTO CREDE

Firearms in Court

MAJOR GERALD BURRARD has once more laid the scientific world of shooting under a debt. His *Modern Shotgun*, in all the amplitude of its three volumes, is already a classic; and he has now added to the bookshelf a work never before attempted, in a book devoted to the examination in detail of the problems involved in the identification of firearms. Was a particular cartridge fired by a particular revolver? Was a particular bullet fired from a particular rifle? Obviously on the answer to questions of this kind must depend the guilt or innocence of an accused person in many cases of murder. Major Burrard shows how the answer can be obtained, and obtained with certainty. Microscopic photography establishes the fact that a firearm leaves its "finger-print" or "thumb-mark" on every cartridge which it fires. The base of the cartridge is made of brass, and the breech face of steel, so that when a cartridge is fired, the pressure generated forces the brass base against the breech face, so that any individuality in the breech face is imprinted on the cartridge base, and since it is humanly impossible to make any two articles exactly alike when examined under the microscope, a particular fired cartridge can only have been fired by a particular weapon. Just in the same way, the rifling of no two weapons is absolutely identical, and a particular rifle will mark each bullet which it fires in a way in which it would not be marked by another rifle. All these tests, when applied to individual cases, need of course knowledge born of long experience and technical skill besides, of an importance which can be measured best, perhaps, when a human life hangs in the balance, as it has done in more than one trial on a capital charge in which Major Burrard's evidence has been called in for the defence. "Forensic ballistics" is part of the title of this book, and the chapters dealing with that subject contain matter which no criminal lawyer can afford to neglect.

How greatly the subject has been neglected in courts of law hitherto we can gather from the references, short though they are, to cases in which knowledge of ballistics and of the mechanism of firearms on the part of the prosecution was necessary, and in which the "experts" called for the prosecution made elementary, even absurd, mistakes. In one case the defence was informed that the prosecution had taken the greatest trouble to obtain from



FOKKER D.VII

One of the many admirable illustrations to 'Planes of the Great War, 1914-18. A collection of fifty of Howard Leigh's popular prints reproduced by collotype with short textual notes, and published by John Hamilton at 7/6

the manufacturers a box of cartridges "from the very same batch" as those found in possession of the accused. Examination showed that the "crime" cartridges were made in 1921 and the "test" cartridges in 1910. They contained different powders, and anyone familiar with revolver cartridges could have told from the caps that the "crime" cartridges were of post-war and the "test" cartridges of pre-war date. In another case an old man was tried for the murder of his son, and the case turned on the question whether the gun was in good condition, or whether it could be discharged accidentally by a blow. The prosecution averred that the gun was "in perfect condition." Major Burrard was given the gun to examine, and saw that there was something wrong with the left lock. He took off the locks and found that owing to faulty work the scar tail of the left lock was in such a position that the nose could not engage fully in the bent when the lock was in the full-cock position, and that as the tail was pressing hard on the wood of the stock, any blow on the stock would be transmitted direct to the scar tail.

The gun was about as dangerous a weapon as could be imagined, and its condition amply justified the defence, which was that it had been jarred off when knocked down by a big retriever dog. How, then, could the Home Office expert state that the gun was perfectly safe? It came out that he had never taken off the locks to examine them. But Major Burrard's evidence was not needed. The judge suddenly interrupted the evidence of the Home Office pathologist called by the prosecution with the unexpected question whether the whole thing was not a "ghastly speculation." The jury, without leaving the box, stopped the case.

Major Burrard has established his position as the greatest living authority on the shotgun. This book, dealing with a subject to which he has given more study than any other worker in the same field, increases an already unrivalled reputation.

The Identification of Firearms and Forensic Ballistics. By Major Gerald Burrard, D.S.O. (Herbert Jenkins; 12/6 net.)

FISHING HOLIDAYS

The Charm of Hard-Won Leisure

THE pen which recalls days on loch and stream is sure of striking a sympathetic chord; and if the pen is held by Mr. Maurice Headlam its chord will ring true with a vibration which sets pleasant echoes a-sounding. In this volume he writes of holidays—*A Holiday Fisherman*, he calls it—and to the greater number of anglers it is only given to enjoy their sport, at least until late in life, on those rare days which can be snatched from the fret and worry of mundane affairs. Perhaps it is better so; the man who can stroll at any time to his own water, though to most of us the subject of secret envy, seldom seems to make the journey. It is the man who perforce must grasp opportunity with both hands that gets most out of his chance when it comes; the difficulty is to see the opportunity in time to grasp it.

Here Mr. Headlam had more perspicacity than most of us. A post in his own department of the Civil Service, the Treasury, offered in Ireland; Ireland in those days was first and foremost the land of the fisherman; politics was a game, fishing the serious business of intelligent men; and he went to Dublin, the only capital in the Empire, perhaps, which had salmon and sea-trout fishing at its very doors. In those days, too, dry-fly fishing was almost unknown to the generality of rods in Ireland. It was many years later that English anglers discovered such rivers as the Fane, and free fishing on a stream which at times is as good as the Itchen.

Think what it must have meant to have such rivers (and better ones, too) at one's disposal, more or less, in the days when most men fished in the traditional chuck-and-chance-it manner associated nowadays with little else than loch fishing; to stalk two-pounders, three-pounders and fish of even sturdier build through the banks of rough herbage and never another soul in sight to disturb the contest of wits between man and fish. There are here many delightful records of pre-war Irish hospitality, its warm-hearted friendliness and understanding hosts.

Yes, you who snatch the week-end on Exmoor, or who strive with much diplomacy for an occasional day in Hampshire, or who plot with whispered profanity over income-tax returns and bank pass-books to devise a holiday in "foreign parts," will like this book. You will want to swop fishing stories with its author and tell him how you, too, beguiled the inveterate cruiser by casting across the floating mass of weed which met the trout at the top of its beat, and reveal, which you can do safely (for he will understand), the position of the hidden pond which last autumn gave a pike of many pounds. But best of all it will make you dream of the trout which may yet be yours, which was rising in a corner of the Test where no "known" trout was supposed to be and where a well-placed sedge (how beautifully a fly cocks in anticipation) will be followed by an unnerving surge on the first perfect evening that the invitation indicates as yours. H. D. T.

A Holiday Fisherman. By Maurice Headlam. Illustrated. (Christophers; 7/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Summers of Yesterday, written and illustrate with photographs and colour plates by the Counte of Norbury, is a charming and original account of day in Scandinavia and the Western Isles. (Cassell, 7/6

A useful little book has been published called th *Common Birds of West Africa*, costing 4/-, bound cockroach proof cloth and 3/- in duxeen. It technically accurate and well illustrated in colou The author is Mr. W. A. Fairbairn.

The *East African Standard* Ltd., have produ an invaluable little *East African Sportsman's H book* which will slip into the pocket of a sho jacket and has just the right information Medical treatment, Customs regulations, arms game licence, spooring and many useful not animals and birds. It is just the sort of book t sportsman wants and we are glad to recommen The authors are M. Copley and R. F. Mayer the cost is 6/-.

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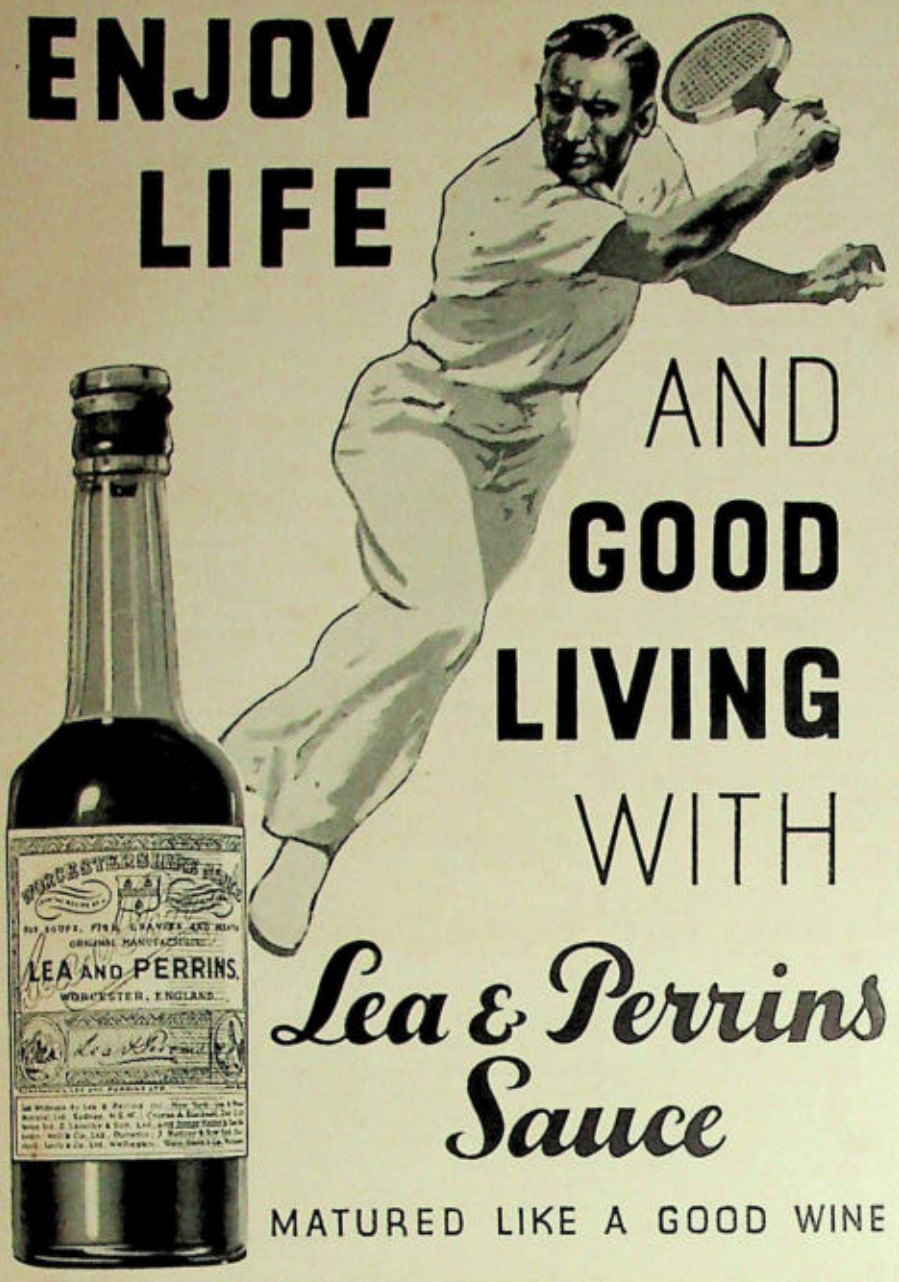

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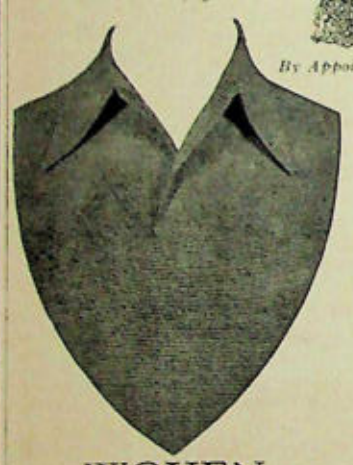

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Gordon's Gin benefits the health remarkably when taken exclusively over a period. It makes the eye clear and the complexion clear — sharpens mental faculties and brings new vigour.

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BLEEDING HEART (*DICENTRA SPECTABILIS*)
A favourite flower for the shady border

The Country House

FOR SHADY BORDERS

Flowers that Will Do Best

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN planning a shady border I think it is of paramount importance to devote it chiefly to the taller growing subjects. A carpet of flowers is delightful in full sunlight, but in shade, however well arranged, the result is apt to be poor. Unless overshadowed by trees, it is easy to make a shady bed attractive, provided the ground is kept thoroughly dug and liberally enriched with leaf mould, manure or a good substitute such as hop manure.

Aconites and a thick row of double daisies behind them make a charming edging for a shady border, the aconites coming into bloom in February or sometimes as early as mid-January, and when their flowering period is over their fresh foliage makes a good foil for the daisies. August is the best time for planting aconites, for then they become established before winter, and they frequently do better as an edging to a bed than when planted in grass.

Amongst the taller growing early flowering subjects suitable for a shady part few succeed so well as doronicums. They naturally do not flower so

FOR DAMP CORNERS
Our native globe-flower (Trollius europæus), one of the handsomest early summer flowers

early as those in full sun, but even in shade they make a handsome show in April. Doronicums are frequently planted in autumn, but early summer is the best time, for they make their buds so early that if moved in autumn they make a poor show the following spring. The handsomest of the doronicums is *D. plantagineum excelsum*, with immense golden flowers on stems nearly 4ft. high. All the doronicums increase quickly and unless lifted and divided every two or three years they deteriorate. Lilies of the valley and Solomon's Seal have always been favourite flowers to grow in shade, also *Dicentra spectabilis*. *D. eximea*, the low-growing species, is charming, and its feathery foliage and flowers on 6in. stems associate well with double daisies.

The best summer-flowering subjects are columbines, foxgloves and *Campanula lactiflora*, a strikingly handsome campanula, which makes big bushes and might be far more commonly grown. *Campanula lactiflora* is a short-lived perennial, but it succeeds in most soils and usually sows itself. Certainly its 4ft. high leafy stems and star-like, milky blue flowers are most attractive, and the plant, to my thinking, has a pleasant old-fashioned look.

Funkias always do best in shade, particularly if the soil is moist and rich in humus. Both heavy clay and light sandy soil need to be enriched with plenty of leaf mould if funkias are to do well. They can be planted either in spring or autumn, and the crowns of the plants should not be buried but placed just below the soil. They can easily be raised from seed, which is usually sown in boxes of sandy soil in a cold frame in early summer. The seedlings must be pricked out when large enough and kept in a cold frame till spring. Snails have a great liking for funkias and a careful look-out has to be kept for them.

Another nice old-fashioned flower that does well in shade is *Omphalodes cappadocia*, and few early blooming subjects have such pure blue flowers. Why, I wonder, is the charming *Omphalodes verna*—Blue-eyed Mary is its pretty popular name—so seldom grown? This is an ideal prostrate edging plant for a shady border. It spreads more quickly than most weeds and a foot broad edging of it, smothered with its dainty blue flowers in April, is a lovely sight. A few runners planted in autumn soon make a thick edging.

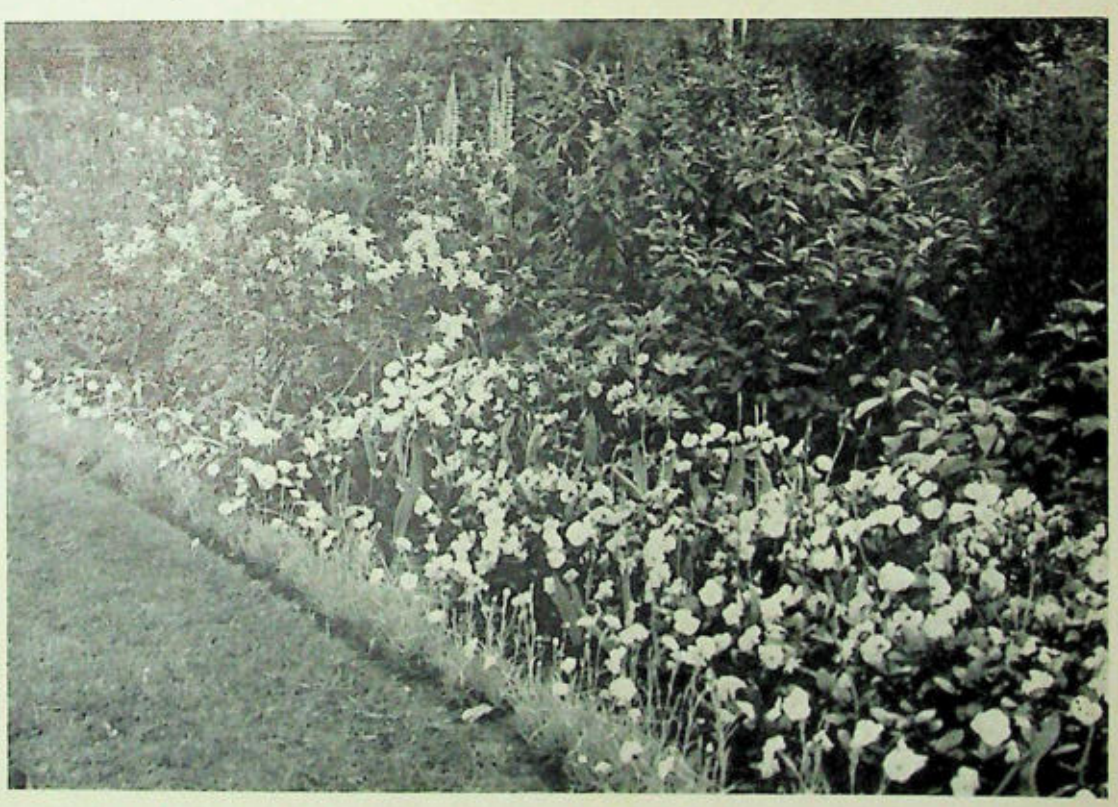
Fumitory has always been a favourite with cottagers for shady parts, also Creeping Jenny, *Lysimachia nummularia*. The last-named might be far more commonly used in suburban gardens, for it is not in the least resentful of a town atmosphere. It can be divided and transplanted at almost any time and spreads rapidly.

The globe flowers are amongst the handsomest early summer-flowering subjects that succeed in shade, but they need a very moist soil and preferably rich. *Trollius europæus* is our native globe flower. It attains about two feet, is branching in growth, and the flowers are lemon yellow, with beautifully rounded, incurved "petals" (really sepals, for the true petals are within the flower). The Asiatic species is even handsomer, with its great golden, ball-shaped flowers. Unlike our native species, it is not branching in growth. Another striking Asiatic species, *T. chinensis*, has very handsome golden flowers, but they are not ball-shaped. The globe flowers can be raised from seed, but it is very slow indeed in germinating, sometimes a year. They are usually increased by division in spring or autumn.

For late summer and early autumn, the best subjects are Japanese anemones and monkshoods, and the two associate delightfully. Japanese anemones are amongst the few flowers of which the modern double kinds are better than the single. From a little distance the double pink Japanese anemones look like roses, whereas the single kinds always look rather thin. Mignon has flowers with crinkled petals. Beauté Parfaite is one of the best double white anemones. None of the red flowered varieties attain more than two feet. The monkshoods all do exceptionally well in shade, especially in rich moist soil. On such soil the foliage is handsomer and the flowers richer in colour.

The common monkshood, *A. napellus*, is the first to flower and for later flowering there is the handsome *A. Wilsoni* with bluish flowers on 7ft. stems; and *A. Fischeri*, with similar flowers, but this variety attains only about 3ft.

The aristocrats of the shady border are the Himalayan poppies, the candelabra primulas and certain lilies, notably *Lilium auratum*, *L. pardalinum*, *L. tigrinum* and *L. speciosum*. One of the handsomest and most uncommon plants that flourishes in shade is *Lysichitum Camtschatense*, one of the arum tribe. Its pale lemon-coloured spathes appear in May and are followed by the striking leaves, which in rich, very moist soil, are sometimes over 3ft. long and about a foot wide. This should be planted in autumn.



A SHADY BORDER NEED NOT LACK THE BRIGHTNESS OF FLOWERS

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, August 11th. 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.

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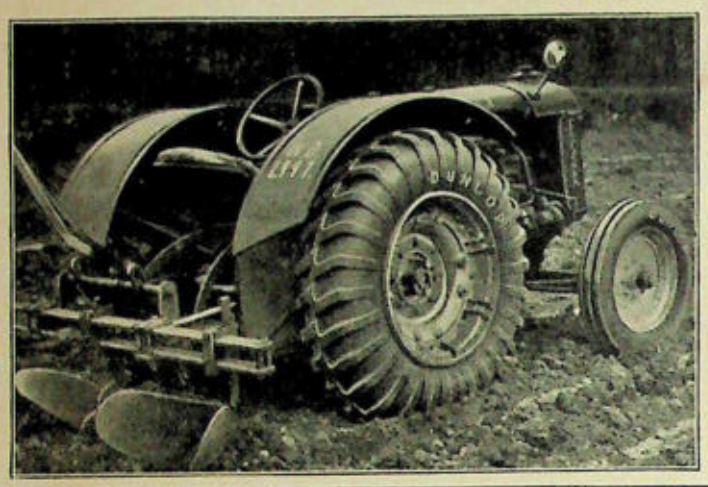
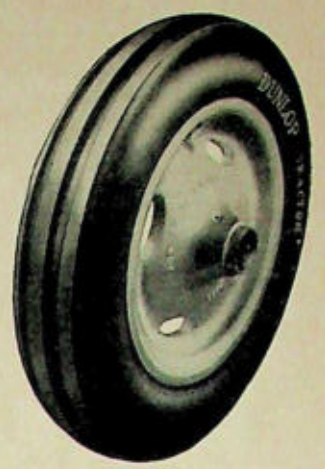
by

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND

at the ROYAL SHOW, IPSWICH
July 3rd — 7th, 1934



Dunlop Pneumatic Tractor Tyre and Wheel — rear



Dunlop Pneumatic Tractor Tyre and Wheel — front

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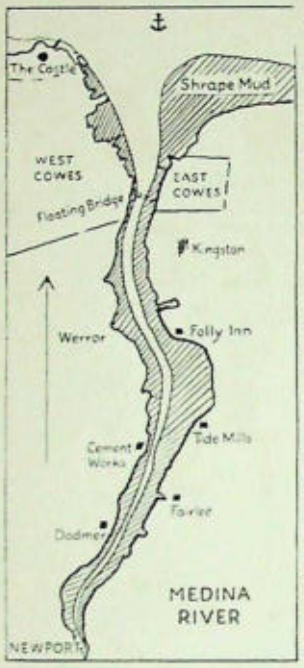
FROM COWES TO NEWPORT

A Voyage Up the Medina River for Cowes Week

"The two great Cows that in loud thunder roar
This on the eastern, that on the western shore,
Where Newport enters stately White."

THIS does not refer as might at first be supposed to the existence of an East Cowes and a West Cowes, but to the two massive castles which were to have been erected at the mouth of the Medina River as part of Henry VIII's comprehensive schemes for coast defence. Actually only one was built—in 1539—at West Cowes when it possessed, we are told, "a battery of a semi-circle with eight pieces of great ordnance." This castle has now become the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron: its battery survives, but the pieces of ordnance have given place to the starting and saluting guns of more peaceful occasions.



All this is by way of introduction to urge a voyage of exploration up the Medina River upon visitors to Cowes for the "Week." In these days of the ubiquitous power launch or outboard-engined dinghy the passage is short and easy, and, when once Cowes itself is really left behind, so unspoilt is the river itself that the voyage will more than repay the effort. As to the navigational problems: at high water time, and within an hour on either side of high water, the Medina River is navigable from Cowes to Newport—and by reaching Newport a good hour before high water, there is time to abandon the launch there and go on by road to Carisbrooke where the Castle has been remarkable for "ye confinement of Charles I in It till he was removed to ye Hurst Castle."

It is high water in the river some 20 minutes after high water at Dover: at Newport it is high water ten minutes and more after Cowes. Spring tides rise 11½ft. and Neap tides rise about 9ft.: the stream in the river runs everywhere fairly strongly, but, at the floating bridge at East Cowes, with the narrowing of the channel, it attains considerable strength.

As far as the Folly Inn on the East bank and about one-and-three-quarter miles above the floating bridge a depth of four or five feet at ordinary low water spring tides can be carried in mid channel: from the inn a mid-channel low water depth of about 2ft. can be carried as far as the cement works on the western side of the river: above this point the river practically dries out at low water springs.

Making the passage to Newport presents no difficulties and for those so inclined there are landings on both banks at various points. As far as the Folly Inn the river cannot be described as overwhelmingly interesting—unless interest is centred in the yacht yards and laying-up berths on either hand. Close above the inn, however, stand some old tide mills which were used to house French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars, and above these mills the river becomes much more attractive, threading its way between high well-wooded shores and with an occasional barge or coasting ketch to people the picture.

Newport itself is little more than a gathering of houses about its church—but it stands on the site of a Roman settlement. On the return journey the upper river will lose much of its charm unless a start is made from Newport at or near high water time—for, as the ebb runs out large expanses of weed-covered mud-flat uncover and impress upon the voyager the need for a cautious mid-channel course back to Cowes and deep-water.

Thus ends quite an interesting excursion and one of a type which may well be copied in many a port as an interlude to watching or taking part in regatta racing. There is always a fascination in exploring estuaries and rivers much the same as in country expeditions there is a desire to find out what is round the corner.

THE ROCHESTER RALLY

Next Week's Big Programme

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

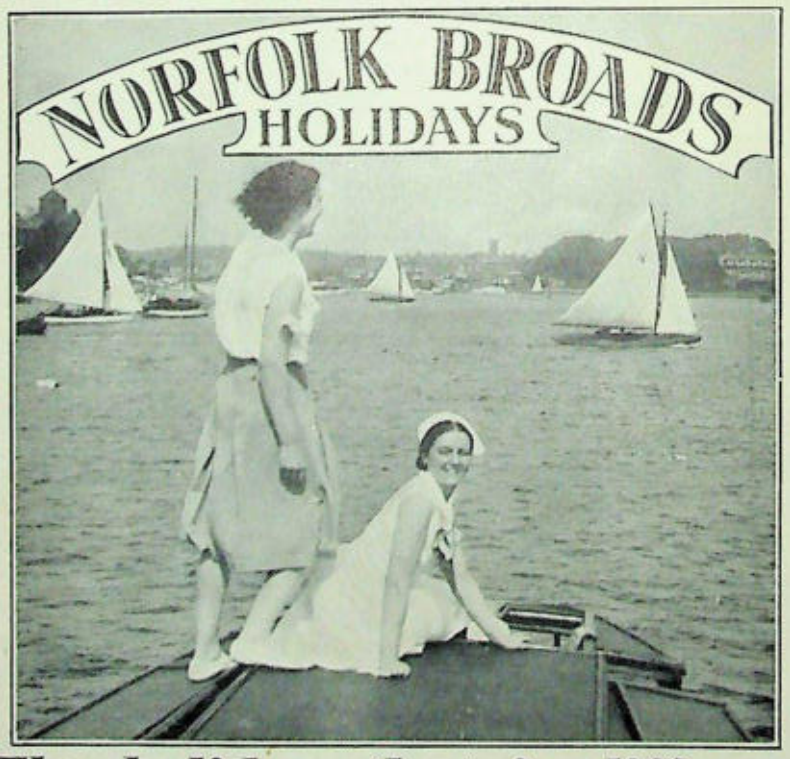
WITH all the thrills and excitements of Cowes Week one must not forget that this year the motor boat rally at Rochester will be in full swing at the same time, and that this rally has now become the principal motor boat event of the yachting year. This will be its third season, and, gaining by its experience, it has gone on from strength to strength.

Organised by the Nore, the Sussex, and other prominent South Country clubs, and with the co-ordination of the fast-growing Motor Boat Association, the rally is a fixture which has come to stay on our annual list. No one who witnessed the cruise in company to the Fleet at Sheerness last year—when some 70 power cruisers in very good "line-ahead" formation paid their respects to the White Ensign afloat—can forget the enthusiasm with which that and every other feature of that rally was hailed.

Last year's rally had its minor troubles—just as every other gathering of yachts and yachtsmen has—but these possibilities have now been foreseen and the organisation for dealing with the visitors is better than ever this year. How many yachts will turn up for the fixture this week-end it was impossible to forecast, but from the berthing arrangements it was confidently expected that upwards of 150 craft would be present.

Last year, it will no doubt be remembered, there was a certain amount of comment upon the choice of Rochester as a background for this event. But where could a more suitable haven be found in which such a number of visitors can be moored in comfort and where the shore and its flesh-pots are so handy? Another point to be considered also is the need for sheltered water for some of the outstanding minor events of the meeting—and the Medway above Rochester bridge affords that. Undoubted proof of the advance of this meeting is the fact that this year H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to be its Patron: furthermore, it is understood that some form of naval guard-ship is being provided.

Of the sea fare provided for the visitors there is



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The Broads, with their natural beauties and quiet old-world villages, will enchant you. They are 120 miles from London, and consist of 200 miles of safe inland rivers and lakes, situated between Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft and the fine old city of Norwich, with its Cathedral and Castle. You hire from us for a week or longer a fully furnished wherry, yacht, or motor boat which becomes your floating home, moving when and where you wish, inland, not on the sea. We can, if desired, supply an attendant to manage the boat and do all cooking. You have only to enjoy yourself. The cost, including boat, food, etc., averages £4 per head per week. Why go abroad?

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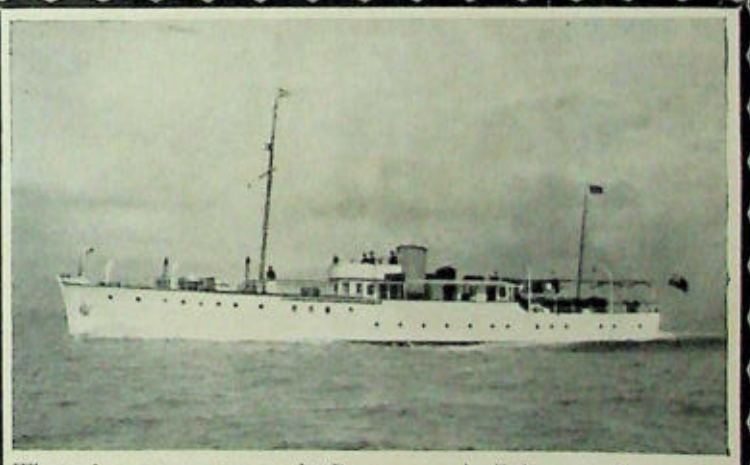

The twin-screw motor yacht *Braemar* was built by us to the special requirements of its owner. The accommodation is spacious and the fittings throughout the entire vessel are remarkable in their completeness. Lighting, heating and ventilation were matters which received very special consideration. Large capacity oil fuel bunkers and fresh-water tanks were fitted for the undertaking of long voyages. The *Braemar* has a speed of 13 knots.

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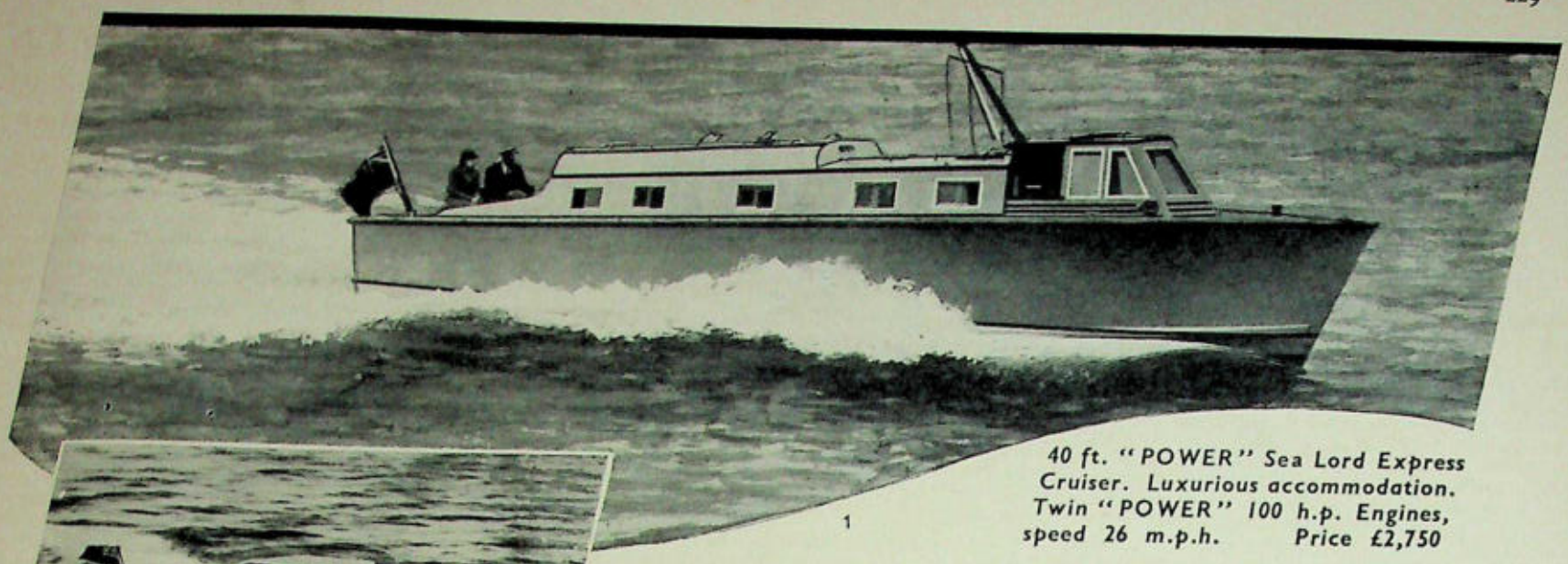
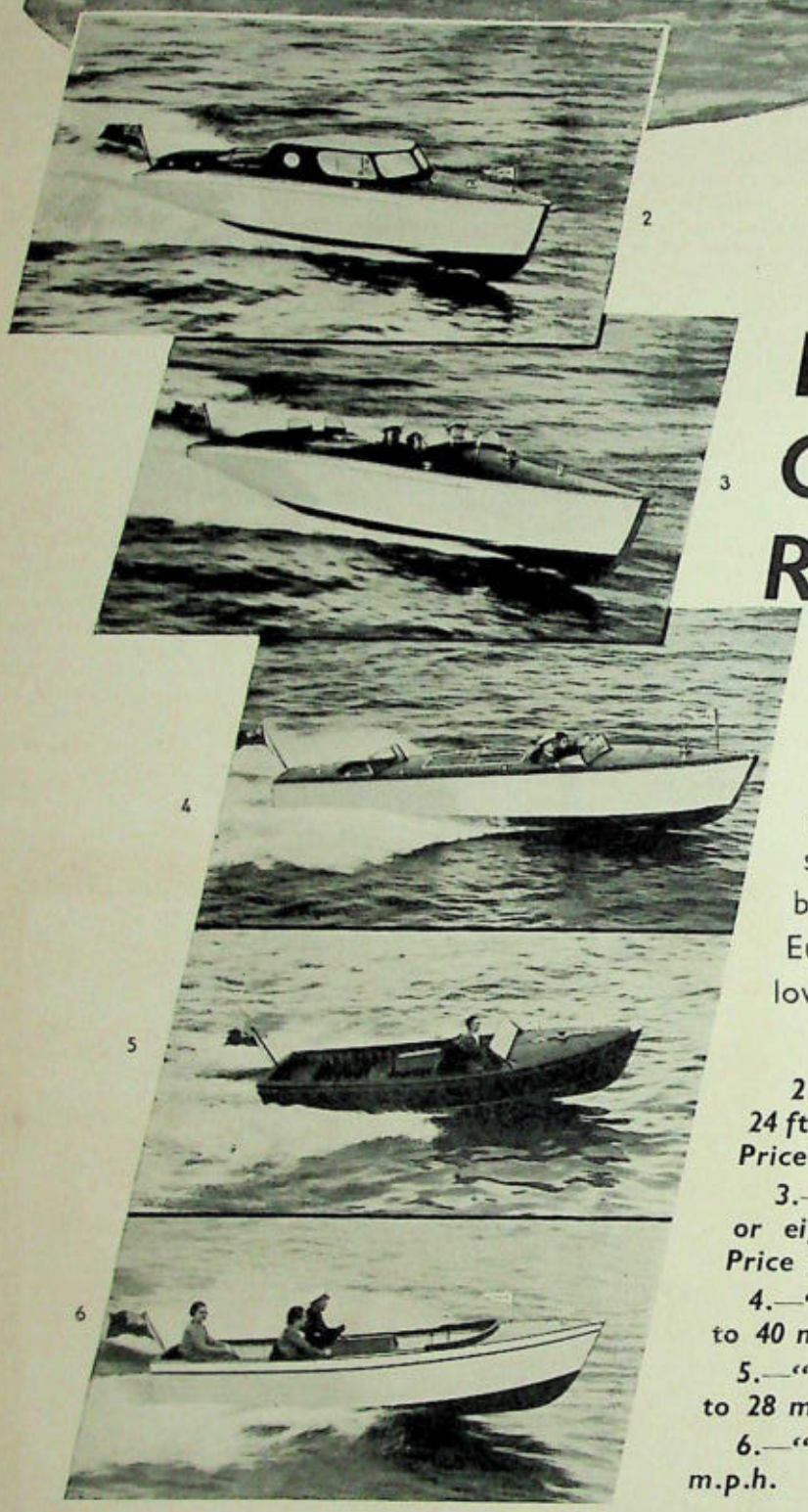


40 ft. "POWER" Sea Lord Express Cruiser. Luxurious accommodation. Twin "POWER" 100 h.p. Engines, speed 26 m.p.h. Price £2,750



'POWER' HIGH-SPEED CRUISERS & RUNABOUTS

There is a choice of 26 delightful "POWER" models ranging from £156 to £4,500. Level and dry riding are features of all sizes and the construction of "POWER" Boats is stronger than any of their type. They are built in the most up-to-date boat works in Europe, and in consequence their prices are lower than any within their range.

2.—The Graceful New "POWER" Sea Maiden, 24 ft. 6 in. Saloon Runabout. Speed 30 m.p.h. Price from £606.

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4.—"POWER" 20 ft. Runabout. Speeds up to 40 m.p.h. Prices from £347.

5.—"POWER" 18 ft. Sea Nymph. Speeds up to 28 m.p.h. Price £260.

6.—"POWER" 16 ft. Sea Joker. Speed 28 m.p.h. Price £235.

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variety enough to please everyone. The rally itself lasts from July 27th until August 7th, and each day has two or more events. Two of the days are to be devoted to an International Meeting under International Motor Yacht Racing Union favours; another day is set apart for a repetition of last year's cruise in company to the Fleet anchored off Sheerness: yet another day sees a cruise in company to Queenborough, with supper and an evening treasure-hunt for the participants, and a voyage to Port Victoria and a visit to the seaplane station has been arranged for the more air-minded.

There are races for dinghies, races for Service pulling boats from ships in the Nore command, cruiser races, outboard races, a seamanship and navigation race the details of which are withheld until the entry. And, to crown all, there will be the finish for the *Field* Trophy. The competitors in this stern endurance test will leave Dover in the early morning of Saturday next, and after 250 miles of hard sea work will finish abreast Strood Pier on Sunday night or early on Monday morning. Rallies like this, where there is something for everyone, and where every comfort of the participants has been studied, deserve the encouragement of all motor yacht owners—and judging by the increasing numbers present each year, that support is not likely to be withheld.

EVER HANDY OUTBOARDS

Uses for a Popular Form of Power

RIVERS, estuaries and the open coast offer unlimited opportunity for the use of an outboard motor, with no cost beyond that for fuel and the hire of a suitable boat. In some instances harbour dues may be charged, but the sum is nominal for small craft, and this cost applies chiefly when the marine motorist brings along his own boat as well as the engine. This practice of carrying a hull is becoming a common procedure, and boats mounted on trailers are now quite a familiar sight. Actually the hull makes quite a good body for a trailer in which all sorts of additional gear can be stored. Fabric-covered hulls of the folding variety are also available.

If it is desired to enjoy inland waters there is a liability to local regulations. On the Broads, for example, in addition to registration with the Port of Haven Commissioners, who are the chief governing authority on East Anglian waterways, it is necessary to have adequate silencing. The average detachable motor is quite satisfactory in this respect, and this rule is the result of the somewhat thoughtless use of noisy racing outboard motors a few years ago.

In the Lake District there are many opportunities for using an outboard motor, and when camping by the waterside it is frequently more convenient to use the boat for fetching letters and supplies than to go by road, certainly it is the more intriguing method.

In Scotland, particularly, sportsmen find the outboard motor an important adjunct for fishing and shooting. On the West Coast of Scotland it is remarkable the way in which these little engines are used in bad weather. Covers protect the sparking plugs from flying spray, and the motor appears to work well amid conditions which seem to be almost overwhelming.

From the mechanical point of view the present day outboard motor has reached a high standard. In almost every instance the engine is of simple two-stroke design which obviates such complications as valves, camshafts, etc. Starting is generally immediate and ease of handling is such that frequently children of ten or twelve are seen operating these engines with complete success.

One can procure luxurious models fitted with electric starters, but this implies an inevitable increase in weight and size which are undesirable features from the motorist's point of view.

The most popular types of outboards weigh some 40lb. and develop about 4 h.p., which is ample output with which to drive a 14ft. boat containing four or five people at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour.

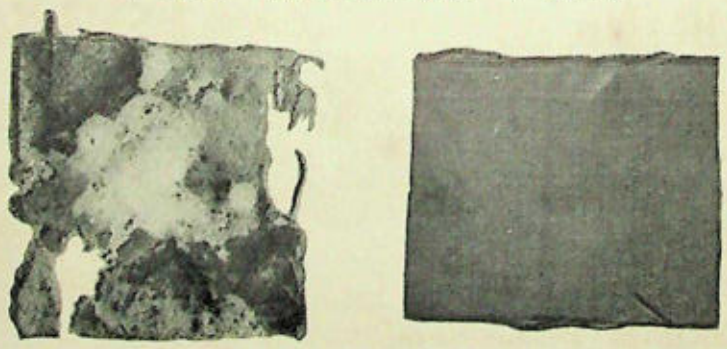
Only a small amount of space is required for the storage of an outboard motor and folding models can be procured which allow further economies in this direction. The little power units are entirely self-contained and only require a charge of fuel and lubricating oil, which are usually mixed together before filling the tank. Although one may be apt to associate outboard motors with sheltered waters, in fine weather they are quite suitable for coastal cruising.

For fishing purposes outboard motors can now be obtained fitted with a special retarding device which reduces the speed of the boat to about 2 m.p.h. or whatever result may be required for trolling or other purposes. M.

A LUXURY EXPRESS CRUISER

The British Power boat, 40 m.p.h. Sea Emperor, a speed craft with sleeping accommodation for six persons

THIS WILL *AMAZE* YOU SAILING MEN



The hardest possible test was imposed upon these two pieces of 16 oz. canvas. Both were buried underground. One was first treated with Cuprinol, the revolutionary new preservative. The other was not. After only six weeks the non-treated piece of canvas was rotted and useless, as you see. The Cuprinol-treated canvas, after eight months, was in perfect condition.

Treat your sails with Cuprinol. Do it yourself. Just slap it on with an ordinary paint brush and let it dry in. Once you've done that you can stow your sails away wet after a week-end's sailing. They won't harm once they're Cuprinol-treated. They wont mildew.

IT IS BETTER THAN "TANNING"

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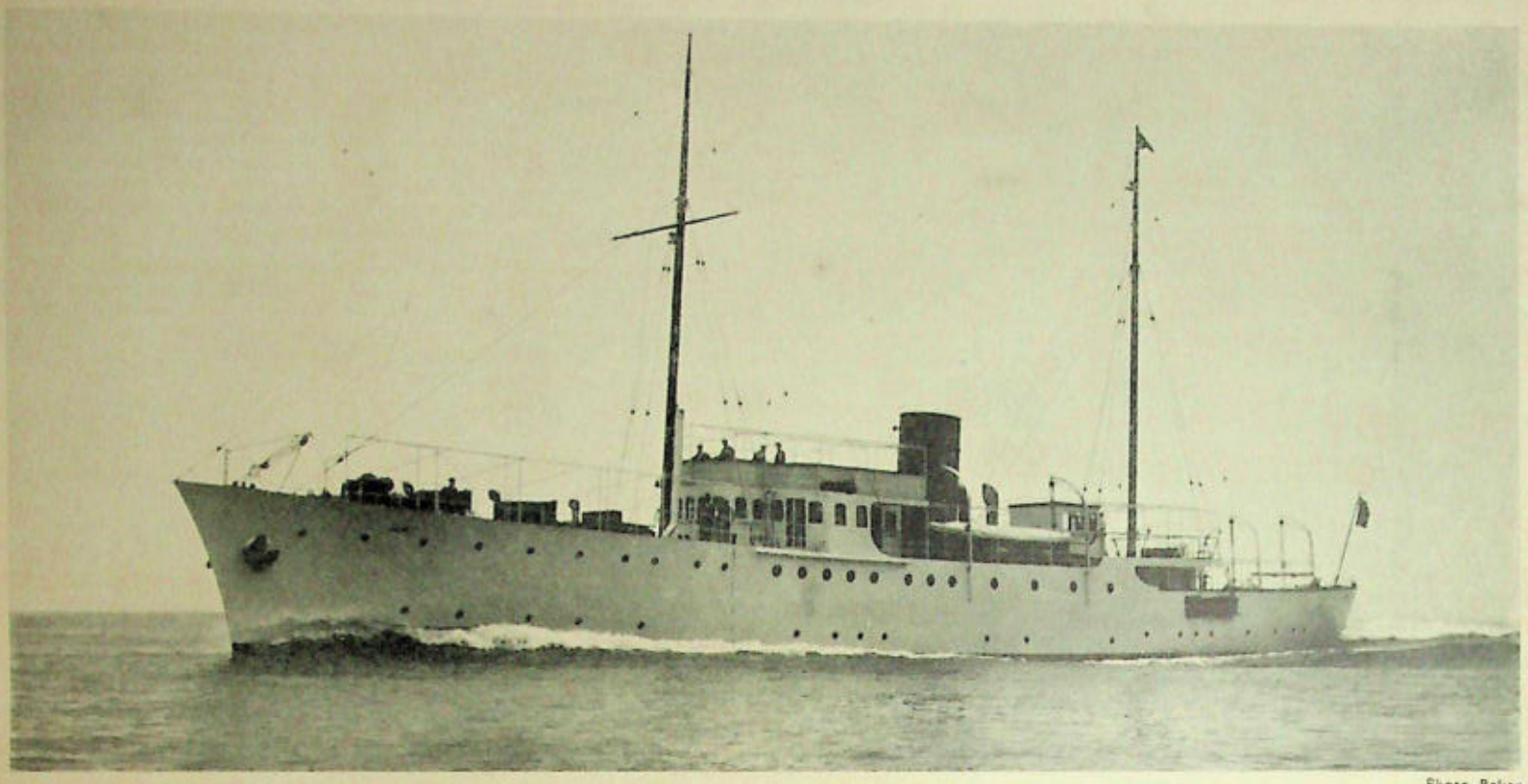

Photo, Beken

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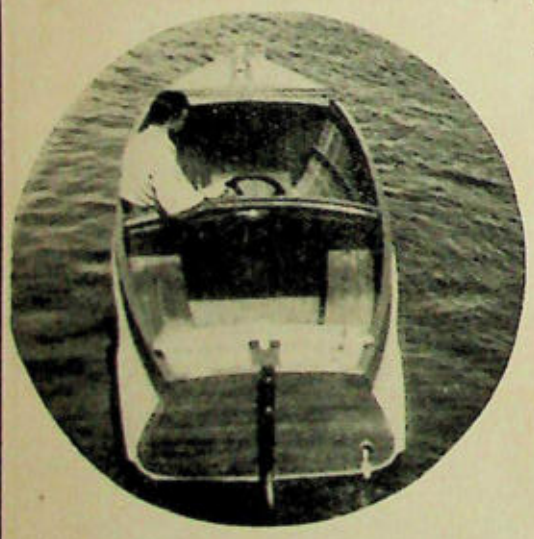
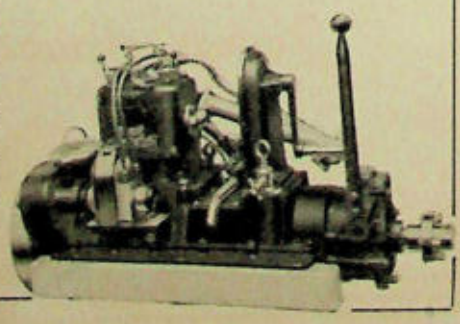


THE BROOKE 15 ft. 6 in. STANDARD GENERAL UTILITY LAUNCH illustrated forms an ideal Yachts Tender owing to its sturdy construction, coupled with its attractive appearance, pleasing lines, and ample accommodation for both passenger carrying and storage of gear.

£175 COMPLETE AS SHOWN

THE 5-H.P. 2-CYLINDER BROOKE "DOMINION" MOTOR forms the power unit of the 15 ft. 6 in. Launch with which a speed of 6½ knots is obtained. Smooth and silent running are notable features. If greater speed required the BROOKE 10/20 H.P. "EMPIRE" Motor can alternatively be utilised in which case the price is increased to **£200** and the speed to 7½ knots.



TORBAY & DARTMOUTH FORTNIGHT - - 1934

REGATTAS WILL BE HELD AT:—

BABBACOMBE	Monday, August 20th
PAIGNTON	Wednesday, August 22nd
BRIXHAM (R. Thames Y. C.)	Friday, August 24th
BRIXHAM (Torbay Royal) ..	Saturday, August 25th
TORQUAY (Torbay Royal) ..	Monday, August 27th
TORQUAY (R. Torbay Y.C.)	Tuesday, August 28th
DARTMOUTH (R. Dart Y. C.)	Friday, August 31st

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International 14ft. Dingheys, and the usual local classes.

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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A TASTEFUL EXAMPLE OF PARTIAL STREAMLINING: THE RILEY 9 H.P. KESTREL SALOON
The car is seen on the beach at St. Aubin's Bay, Jersey, with one of Jersey Airways' passenger planes

FOR AND AGAINST STREAMLINING

Essential Features of the Car that Motorists Want

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

THERE is much to be said in favour of streamlining, the most sensational development in car design this year has seen. Many will find in the new Chrysler and in the still newer Singer a beauty of line—even a dignity—that to them is lacking in the ordinary "box-form" body, and there is no doubt that there will be a considerable demand for cars of the new outline, for reasons of appearance alone.

Whether the fully-streamlined car will achieve a lasting popularity remains to be seen, and will be proved by performance. Streamlining has undoubted merits, but it is possible that the advantages gained in maximum speed may, in the case of ordinary general purpose cars, be more than offset by certain disadvantages.

We all know that wind resistance increases with the square of the speed, and that therefore if windage can be reduced the maximum speed will be raised, but to what extent and at what cost is this achieved?

Let us assume that it is not a racing or a super sports type of car that we desire, but merely a car for general purpose use. Take, for example, a certain make that is fitted with an orthodox type of saloon body, the maximum performance of which is 70 m.p.h., the engine employed having a rating of, say, 25 h.p. Now take the same chassis and mount thereon a saloon that has been streamlined and which has similar lines to the body I have in mind.

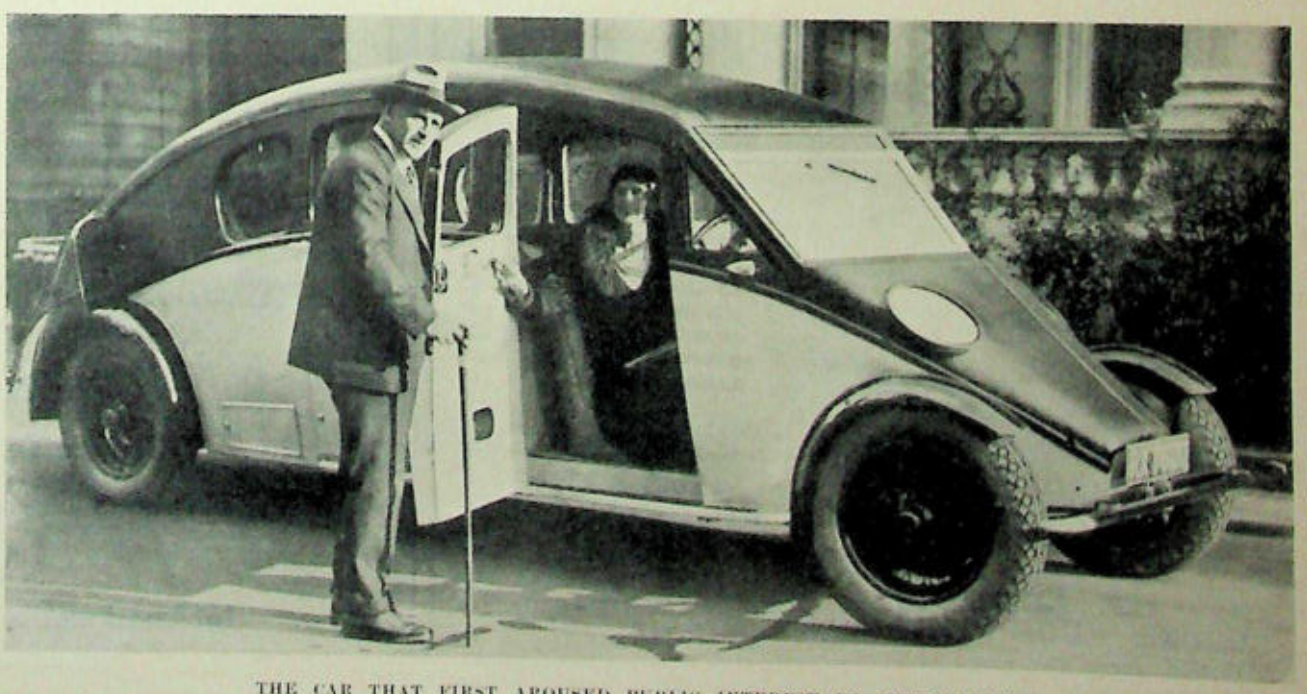
I should imagine that the maximum speed would now be in the region of 75 m.p.h. Whatever increase was obtained would, of course, depend entirely on the efficiency of the body. If more than 5 m.p.h. it may become necessary to raise the top gear slightly to prevent the engine from over-revving. If this change is made it is obviously going to effect the top speed performance of the car and its hill-climbing capabilities, but we will assume in this instance that the gear ratio is not altered in any way. The advantage we have gained is, therefore, a nett increase in maximum speed of 5 m.p.h.

Against this advantage, however, is the fact that there is poor vision from the driver's seat both fore and aft, since the roof must be made to curve down in front and the windscreen in consequence is much smaller than would otherwise be the case. The rear window is also reduced in size for the same reason, and this makes reversing more difficult. The head room is also limited as well as the height of the doors, and the only method of overcoming the former difficulty is to make the seating position much lower than the standard saloon body. An ultra low seating position does not permit of the maximum amount of comfort, and this fact is soon discovered when undertaking long journeys.

Now I may be wrong, but I believe that the streamline coachwork to which I have referred is heavier than that of the orthodox type of body. If this is the case, then the advantage gained by an extra speed of 5 m.p.h. is more than offset by a loss of acceleration and hill-climbing performance.

The real point that matters in car design is a good power to weight ratio, and it is this fact, and this alone, which produces real acceleration and a fine performance on hills. The question of weight as long as it is not overdone does not affect a car's maximum speed, always, of course, provided that there is a sufficiently long run to enable that speed to be reached. If, on the other hand, a manufacturer was able to say that he could produce a car fitted with a streamline body that could give all-round performance equal to that of his unstreamlined vehicle with an engine of 18 h.p. instead of the standard 25 h.p. motor, then I would agree that a great step had been achieved in the matter of economy.

As, however, the weight of the chassis and the body would be the same as formerly or more, it is apparent that if the smaller engine was fitted the maximum speed would be the same owing to the streamline effect, but the acceleration and hill-climbing would be poor compared with his other model, the available power being less. There is another disadvantage also, for to obtain a good streamline effect the road wheels should be partly covered in. When



THE CAR THAT FIRST AROUSED PUBLIC INTEREST IN STREAMLINING
Sir Charles and Lady Dennistoun Burney with one of the original "Burney cars"

this is done it makes washing difficult, and many important parts become inaccessible owing to the boxing-in methods which have to be employed.

For these reasons I would never myself invest in an ordinary touring car fitted with one of these streamline bodies, unless I was willing to sacrifice everything for sheer speed. If, on the other hand, I wanted a vehicle fitted with a closed body that could reach the 100 m.p.h. mark or over, then I agree that at these speeds streamlining becomes almost imperative owing to wind resistance increasing so much with the speed. But lower down the scale it is a different matter entirely. In my opinion streamlining is unnecessary up to speeds of 70 m.p.h.

Last week I referred to a little booklet produced by the Wolseley Company, entitled *Help us to Forecast the Future*, in which a number of questions were asked, the idea being to ascertain from the public which points of a car appealed to them most. Since then a large number of these books have been returned to the works, and the following is the general concensus of opinion.

By an overwhelming majority motorists have decided that reliability is the most essential feature of a car and in this, I think, we must all concur. Safety comes second, and running economy third. Pick-up fourth, comfort fifth, appearance sixth, and speed seventh. Ease of control and low first cost are eighth and ninth respectively. Smoothness comes last.

One would have thought that the general motoring public would have considered that smooth running was essential, and that this point would have been placed much higher up the list. Many motorists may, however, consider that smoothness and comfort go together.

In considering the order in which the points have been arranged it is refreshing to see that safety comes so high up in the list, in view of the appalling number of road accidents taking place every week. The non-motoring public appear to regard car-owners as selfish and ruthless individuals, and might, therefore, well have imagined that speed, comfort or low first cost would have held premier positions.

I have always contended that road hogging, which covers a multitude of sins, is a practice abhorred by the average motorist, and that he would give a great deal to put a stop to the selfish and inconsiderate methods of driving displayed by a very small minority of drivers.

OLD ETONIAN FLYING CLUB

ONE of the first flying meetings of its kind was held at Beaulieu on Sunday, July 22nd, when Mr. and Mrs. Burge invited all members of the Old Etonian Flying Club to an At Home at their landing ground at Drokes. Owing to thundery weather some guests were prevented from arriving, but eight different types of aircraft landed during the course of the afternoon. Among those to arrive by air were Lord Sempill, Air Vice-Marshal Borton in a Percival Gull, Lord Apsley in a Parnall Elf, and Air Commodore Weir in an autogiro. A Miles Hawk also provided no little entertainment. Some 100 people were gathered to watch arrivals, and all were entertained to tea. The swimming pool and tennis courts were much in demand during the evening.

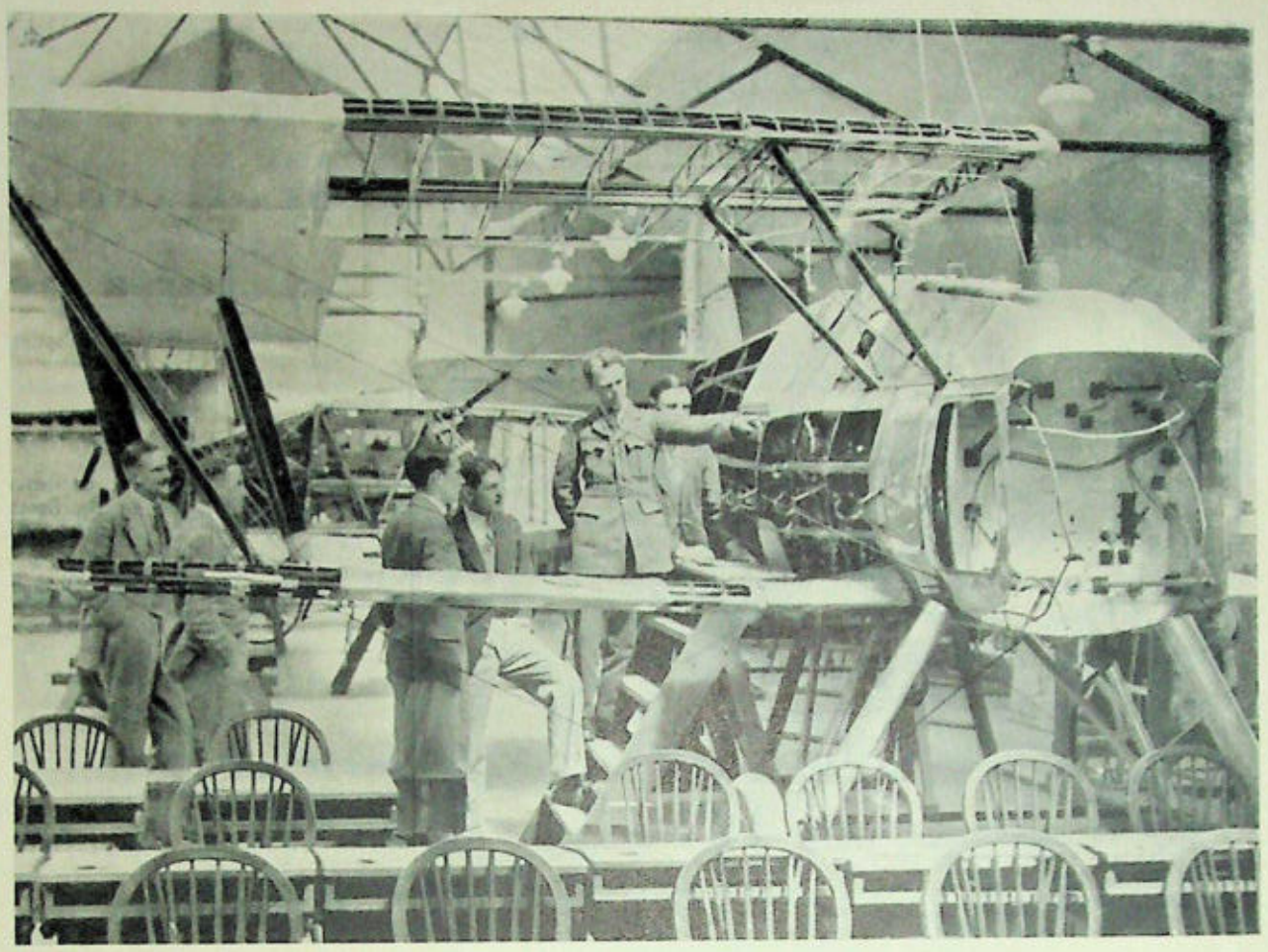
At 7 p.m. an ancient Moth, the last to depart, reluctantly took its leave, hoping that other parties of this kind might be held in the future.

Alpine Trial.—The R.A.C. has received a total of 42 British entries for the International Alpine Trial, which starts from Nice on August 7th. Included in the entry are six British teams.

MAKING THE PERFECT PILOT

The Training Necessary for Proficiency in Airmanship

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



MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON STUDYING METAL AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION ON A SIDDELEY "SISKIN"

Although controlled by the R.A.F., the squadron works in conjunction with the University authorities, and membership is not limited to those who intend adopting the Air Force as a career. It is open to any member of the University with a serious interest in aviation

OBTAINING the "A" Licence is only the beginning of an airman's career. The qualifying tests do no more than establish the candidate's ability to control the machine himself under favourable conditions.

The newly qualified pilot who realises this fact, and recognises that there is still a great deal to learn, has made the first step towards becoming the complete airman. Indeed, it can be said that there is always something new to learn; the good pilot is he who, no matter what his experience, makes a constant study of flying, and in particular, keeps in touch with new developments.

Regular practice as often as possible—and on different types of machines, whenever practicable—is the foundation on which the skilled pilot is built; and such practice should consist on every reasonable occasion of cross-country flying. From the civil point of view, the best pilot is not necessarily the one who can perform intricate aerobatics, but rather he who can make point-to-point journeys with unfailing regularity and independently of the weather.

By constant practice, and that alone, navigational ability is attained; and by the same means are learnt the essentials of practical meteorology. In this way, too, is acquired that balanced judgment in widely varying flying conditions, without which no man can claim to be a pilot in the complete sense.

Side by side with such independent practice, additional refresher instruction should be sought from time to time. At least one school provides for dual refresher instruction at reduced fees after every five hours' solo, if the pilot desires it; and this is a very valuable concession to the novice, who may readily develop small faults without being aware of it, which by this means can be corrected in good time.

Apart from this, facilities exist at many centres for advanced instruction, and the keen private pilot who can spare the time and money will not hesitate to take advantage of these. In this field, the Air Service Training School at Hamble undoubtedly offers the most comprehensive series of courses; and it is significant that this establishment reports a growing number of private pilot pupils in addition to those whom it is training for work in the commercial sphere.

In an advanced school of this kind, individual courses in various subjects are available, including navigation, "blind" flying, and the like. The pilot who desires to limit his flying to pleasure trips in good weather will naturally not be much interested in these subjects, but he who wishes to use his machine for business, and who must, therefore, have the ability to fly in all kinds of weather, must naturally fit himself to use the many instrumental aids that are constantly being introduced.

There is no need to give here details of the various advanced courses open; it is sufficient to indicate that they do exist, and that they are very valuable to the man, or woman, who takes aviation at all seriously. It must be remembered, too, that there is a psychological as well as a practical value in taking such courses, for the pilot is once again drawn into an atmosphere where the utmost efficiency is aimed at.

Constant study includes something much more than taking instructional courses; it demands a continuous, live interest on the part of the pilot himself. He must do all he can to keep in touch with new developments in flying—particularly progress in regard to facilities for navigation.

An example is provided by wireless direction finding, which only a short time ago by virtue of its complication, had little interest for the private pilot. Recently, what is termed the "homing" device has been introduced by the Marconi Company—a method whereby simple apparatus enables the aviator to take bearings on broadcast and other wireless transmitting stations; this device, together with a simple receiving set brings a valuable aid to navigation within general reach. Such developments as this must be closely watched.

Good airmanship involves something much more comprehensive than the mere ability to fly. It is at once an art and a science, the greater part of which can be learnt only from experience and intelligent practical application. In this connection the good fellowship that exists so strongly among flying enthusiasts is a very valuable help to the less experienced, who will find a willing readiness to help if he shows genuine enthusiasm and desire to learn.

The essential test of the proficient pilot lies in his ability to make his destination in the shortest time and with no danger to his passengers or himself. To acquire that ability is by no means difficult, demanding little more than reasonable intelligence allied to constant and enthusiastic interest in what he is doing. There is nothing irksome in the training necessary for proficiency in airmanship, for it is one of the most fascinating aspects of flying that there is always progress to be made, always something new to learn; the complete pilot is, in fact, the very one who understands that there is no finality in aviation knowledge—at any rate to-day.

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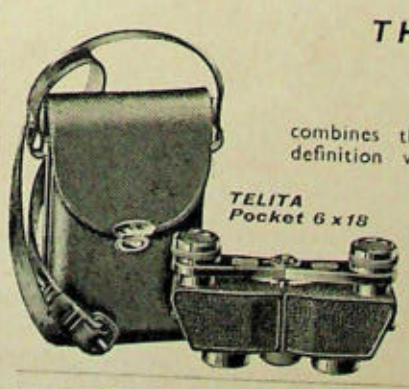

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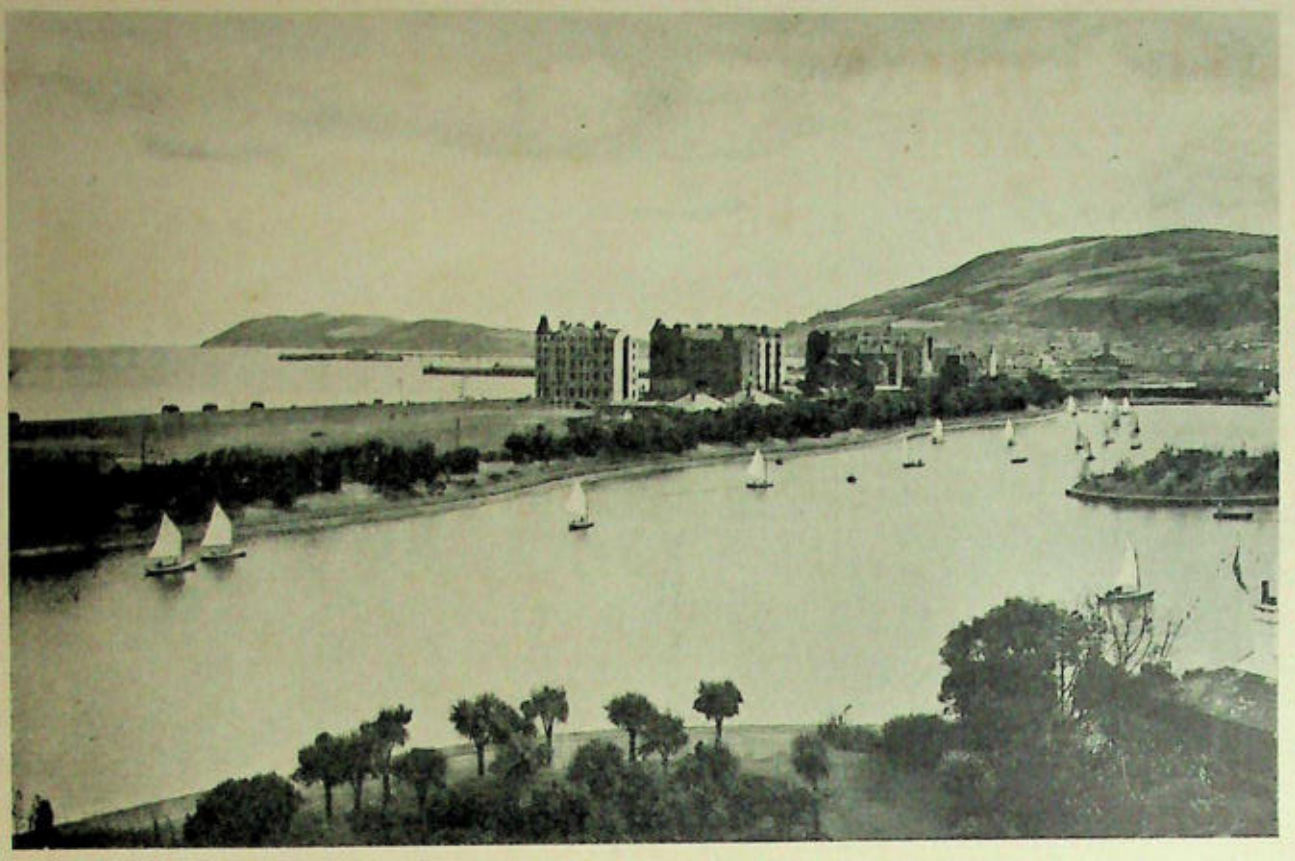


SHELTERED SAILING AT RAMSEY: A VIEW OF MOORAGH PARK

PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE ISLE OF MAN

From the First Glimpse of Douglas to Tynald Hill

SIR HALL CAINE, in his *Little Man Island*, says: "There is a legend of the Isle of Man which tells of a magician called Mannanan who lived here like Prospero and kept the island to himself by concealing it from sea-farers under a cloud of mist." There is sometimes a sea-mist like a halo round the island, but Mannanan no longer rules, and now the island enjoys a wonderful climate and is one of the sunniest places in the British Isles. Indeed, a more pleasant place in which to live or spend a holiday could not, in my possibly prejudiced opinion, be found.

Fine seascapes, wild moorlands, pretty glens, and places of historic interest abound, and every point of the island is well served by train or bus services; the roads are perfect for the motorist, and many of the hotels may rightly be ranked first class.

Douglas, the capital, is a very up-to-date town, with its wide promenades and excellent places of entertainment. Safe sands provide a wonderful playground for children, while yachting, bathing, fishing, golf and tennis are ready to hand. Here are the legislative buildings embracing the House of Keys (the Manx House of Commons), the Tynwald Court and Government offices. Also the Museum, which contains priceless old manuscripts, a collection of Manx art, and many Stone-age relics, which will be of particular interest to archæologists.

On arrival by ship from England the first land-mark is a castellated building, on a rocky islet in the bay, known as the Tower of Refuge. This was built by Sir William Hilary, the founder of the Life-boat Institute.

Ramsey is the second Manx town in size, and being sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds, has become a noted anchorage for ships and pleasure-craft. A prettier little port would be hard to find. The sands are magnificent; there is an excellent golf course; good tennis courts are available and there is a fine open-air sea-water bathing pool.

No visitor should miss an inspection of Castle Rushen at Castletown, where formerly lived the Kings of Man, for it is the finest and best preserved historic building in the island. The oldest part of the building is the Central Keep, which was badly damaged during a siege by Robert Bruce in 1313. This was restored in 1345 by William de Montacute, first Earl of Salisbury, to whom Edward III. gave the island as a reward for driving out the Scots. The ruins of Rushen Abbey are also well worth a visit, for it was here that the ancient kings and abbots were buried.

Port Erin, in the south of the island, is one of Man's most famous beauty spots, with its great rocky headland and with Bradda Head, a bold cliff on the northern side rising a sheer 500ft. above the waves. From here, as in so many other places in the island, wonderful views can be obtained. There are beautiful sands in the bay and many delightful creeks. Among the other attractions are a marine laboratory, fish hatchery and aquarium. Two 18-hole golf courses are available.

Peel, on the west coast, is still the chief centre of the Manx herring fishery. Here are splendid facilities for boating, fishing and bathing, and an open-air swimming bath. But the greatest attraction Peel has to offer visitors are the venerable ruins of the ancient castle and cathedral, situated on an islet in Peel Bay.

The ruined cathedral is dedicated to St. Germain, the legendary successor in Manx Episcopacy to St. Patrick. Two Kings of Man died in Peel Castle, and several Manx bishops were interred in the precincts of the cathedral. Indeed, the place abounds in tradition, and lovers of Scott will especially enjoy visiting Peel Castle, which plays so important a part in *Peveril of the Peak*. It was here, too, that the Earl of Warwick was imprisoned in the reign of Richard II.

A few miles inland from Peel is Tynald Hill, the ancient mound from which the Manx Laws are promulgated on July 5th (old Mid-summer Day) in each year. Here the Governor sits in state as the representative of His Majesty, surrounded by the members of the Legislature, while the new laws are read out in Manx and English to the assembled people.

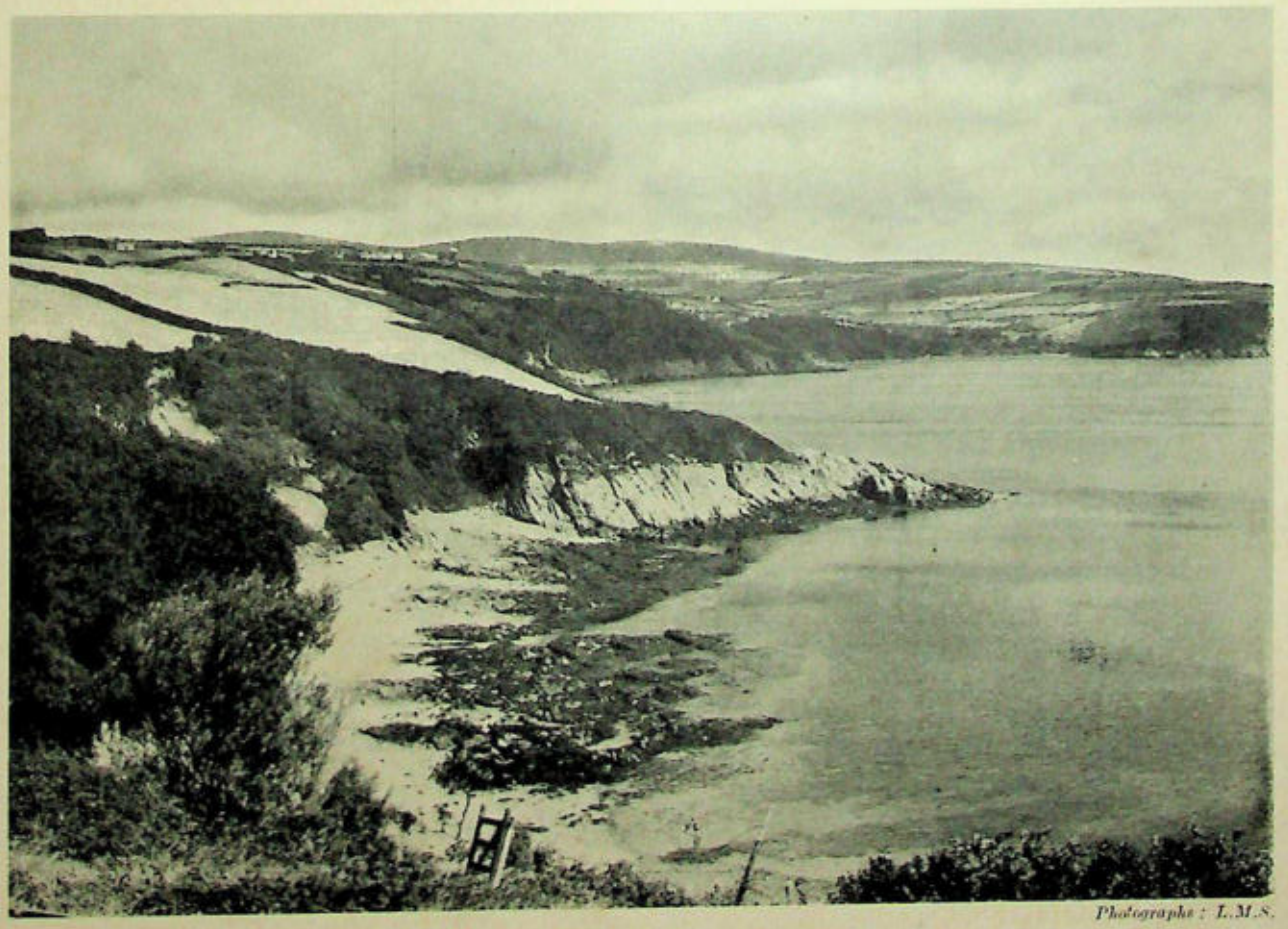
Close by is Slieu Whuallian, the precipitous hill which rises steeply from the plain to a height of 1,000ft. and from the summit of which one of the finest views of the island is obtained. Tradition says that persons condemned for witchcraft were, once upon a time, rolled down this hill in barrels studded with sharp spikes.

Whether one favours a holiday by the sea or inland, among a crowd or in a quiet village, the Isle of Man offers many choices. But there are opportunities other than for holidays. As a place of permanent residence the island has many advantages. Income tax is almost infinitesimal and living is comparatively cheap, even death duties have no terror here in this little home-ruled island.

For those who have children to educate there is King William's College (founded in 1668), about a mile and half from Castletown, facing the sea across its very fine playing fields. There is also a junior school attached to the college, where young boys can be sent before passing on to the higher school.

The climate is healthy and bracing, and there are no violent changes in the temperature, the summers being cool and the winters mild. Palms and the eucalyptus flourish, and wherever you go fuchsias can be seen forming tall hedges alongside the cottages. Frost is almost unknown, and snow is rarely seen except on the mountain tops.

H. G. DE G. W.



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THE BEAUTY OF THE ISLE OF MAN'S COASTLINE: THE CLIFFS NEAR GARWICK

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE BLUE BOAR AT MALDON

THE odd, ancient hill-town of Maldon in Essex is so unfamiliar to the world at large that London newspapers usually confuse it with Malden in Surrey. Its sign is not very familiar, either, the Blue Boar never having been a favourite name for an inn. But there are good historical and regional explanations of its presence near the estuary of the Essex Blackwater. From the point of view of the holiday-maker, the sportsman and the lover of salt water, Maldon enjoys the high advantage that, although only 40 miles from London, it is on a branch railway. The main Colchester line of the L.N.E.R. leaves it on one side at Witham, whence leisurely little trains connect it with the great world.

The Blue Boar is so ancient and remarkable a survival that the Historical Monuments Commissioners classify it as one of the principal monuments of the town. Its external appearance sadly belies it—its front is a very plain example of a late eighteenth-century building of grey brick. But pass under the archway and enter the inn yard and you find yourself looking at a bit of black and white fourteenth-century work and a long wing built in the fifteenth. Clearly it was always a place of some importance, yet it cannot be traced as an inn farther back than 1632. The explanation is provided by its history. In the beginning it was a house, perhaps an occasional "lodging," of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose principal seat, Hedingham Castle, stood inland, something more than twenty miles away. But by the middle of the seventeenth century the famous De Veres had lost much of their ancient patrimony. It was probably about this time that their Maldon house was sold and turned into an inn, to which was naturally given the name of the Blue Boar, one of the heraldic cognisances of the De Veres.

Those who knew the hotel a generation ago, and have not revisited it since Trust Houses took it over, will receive some very agreeable shocks. In days of yore the interior was not especially redolent of age, but the alterations and improvements, that have been made have brought out all the old features well. Thus the handsome coffee-room is panelled from floor to ceiling in Jacobean oak, some of which was found in the old wing under layers of wallpaper. Above it is the drawing room brightened by an eighteenth-century wooden mantelpiece painted white, and furnished appropriately enough with Georgian pieces. This was originally the antechamber to the long ballroom, now divided into lofty bedrooms, which occupied most of this floor, fronting the street.

All the ancient features of the Blue Boar have been conservatively treated, and more or less neglected appendages deftly adapted. Thus the ground floor of the fifteenth-century southern wing has been converted into a tearoom and a taproom; the floor above is the billiard room with a fine open-timbered roof. Thus the architectural antiquary will find abundant enjoyment at the Blue Boar, and when he has well breakfasted in one of its pleasant rooms, filled with old furniture, he may start upon many an attractive excursion. A car will take him to superb Colchester in half an hour, and all around are ancient houses and churches—the beautiful Bealeigh Abbey is only a few minutes' walk from his door.

On the seaward side are many curious little places and ample opportunity for boating and sailing; Mersea Island, Southminster and Burnham-on-Crouch are no great distance away; golf and coarse fishing hardly need to be searched for. The wildfowler is in his seventh heaven at Maldon in the winter; on the flats towards the mouth of the river sport is rich and rare. But Maldon is an admirable holiday place in summer. Quiet and reposeful, it enjoys the amenities both of land and water, and it stands so high on its hill that it is always cool and breezy. It is, moreover, so full of antiquarian interest that the Historical Monuments Commission describes between 50 and 60 "ancient monuments" within the old borough.

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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AUGUST AT GLEN ESK

This picture shows the Earl of Dalhousie being followed by two of his guests at a shooting party last year. Behind him is the Earl of Eldon, one of the best of present-day shots, and on the left the Earl of Airlie, who, in addition to being a keen shooting man, won the Grand National with Master Robert in 1924. Besides his grouse moors Lord Dalhousie owns some of the most prolific partridge beats in the Kingdom, and last season he made the record bag for Scotland on his estate at Edzell, when 318½ brace were killed.

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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EXPERIMENTS IN REARING GAME

IT is a curious fact that less attention has been paid to the natural history of the partridge than that of the grouse or the pheasant. During the last three or four years the bird has in certain directions insisted on an inquiry into questions of its health, for the disease which swept away so much of the stock in the best partridge counties three seasons ago was so disastrous in its effects that it could not be ignored. But in previous years the partridge, although our commonest game bird, has been comparatively little studied by pathologists or sportsmen. Owners of partridge shoots have been content to wait for the good partridge years and to make the best of bad seasons. Generally speaking, the main factor in the success or failure of any particular season has been held to be the weather.

This is a state of affairs which will probably soon be rectified. The disease which affected certain areas in Hampshire and East Anglia has been identified and its predisposing causes are known. Partridges, it has now been ascertained, are liable to infection from a parasite similar in its habits to that of the strongyle worm which infects grouse. But much more than the cause of disease needs to be known. Prevention is better than cure. So that all who are owners or tenants of partridge shootings will welcome the efforts which are being made by Imperial Chemical Industries to study at first hand the natural history of partridges observed at close quarters on ground that can be made into an area of experiment. The I.C.I. rent from the Earl of Lytton at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, a typical stretch of partridge country. Here they are rearing and breeding partridges, and endeavouring to find out all that can be known of their habits, their food, their reaction to this or that type of weather, and generally speaking, the conditions under which they flourish or fail.

With these objects in view, the I.C.I. have set out on a series of experiments, under the general supervision of Major H. G. Eley and the immediate personal care of a game farmer well known for his success in partridge rearing in captivity, Captain H. B. Moser. They have successfully mated 50 pairs of Hungarian birds imported last January. They have also mated in captivity English pairs, and English-Hungarian crosses. They have broods of French partridges. All these are now being moved from the rearing-field, where the foster mothers—a special cross of Silkie, Old English Game and Indian Jungle Fowl—have been tending the little chicks, to the winter quarters which they will occupy until early next year. This consists of a winter pen of ten acres, cropped with grass, wheat, potatoes, buckwheat, turnips, swedes and mangolds. These chicks will be used for the laying stock and experimental stock next season.

Up to date there has been no instance of disease on the rearing field. The estate has been cleared of vermin as thoroughly as an estate of its acreage could be. And throughout the coming months observation will be directed on these birds as individuals, almost it might be said as patients. What foods do partridges take by choice? What is the succession of foods throughout the year? Can the rearing of partridges in captivity be made into a practical proposition, and if so, can the owner of a shoot rely on being able to look after his stock under safe conditions of weather and protection from vermin until they are strong enough to be turned out into the crops to fend for themselves? If that can be proved to be a possibility a great step forward will have been taken. These and other questions await their answers. That the answers sooner or later will be obtained may be confidently predicted from the careful, practical work which is being done under the supervision of a proved game-rearer, with a first-class keeper and assistants working under him, at Knebworth.

BACKING OWNERS

A TOPIC of discussion among racing people has been the advisability of coupling up an owner's horses for betting when he runs two or more in one race. As was seen in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown recently, and in other events which racegoers will easily recall, stable calculations do not always work out correctly. The outsider wins and the backers of the favourite from the same stable are left aghast. Is it altogether surprising that a rumble of disapproval goes up from the betting public when such a result occurs?

There is a division of opinion as to whether it would be wise to alter the Rules of Betting so that in future we should be permitted to back the owner rather than the horse. Those opposed to the suggestion argue that it would be a hardship to the backer, clever enough to support a successful second string, to be denied long odds because his choice has beaten a favourite in the same ownership. The logic of that point of view must be acknowledged. At the same time the number of backers in a position such as that referred to would be infinitesimal compared with the number who are led to support a horse because he carries his owner's first colours.

On the whole we believe the advantages of the suggested change in the betting customs would outweigh the disadvantages, and it is to be hoped that the Racecourse Betting Control Board, as the operators of the totalisator, and Tattersall's Committee, the board of appeal for other betting transactions, will give the proposal their careful consideration. They will find that the scheme works successfully enough in France.

OUR COLOURED COVER

We are indebted to Captain Dudley Loftus for the subject of the cover of this issue. Shooting portraits are not numerous among the old sporting paintings in comparison with those dealing with horse and hound, but Romney has on more than one occasion executed work of this kind, and there is at this moment a glorious picture of a man dressed in blue with a gun in the Tate Gallery Exhibition. Captain Loftus's picture has been in possession of his family for many years, but unfortunately no particulars as to the scene and the subject are available. In the actual work there is a great deal more height to the picture, which is curtailed somewhat in our reproduction.

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED

Ten players have been selected by the English Golf Union to represent England in the international meeting which takes place at Portheawl this month. On paper the team seems a good one and may succeed in beating Scotland—a victory long overdue, but one would have felt more pleased if the selectors had, with an eye to the future, chosen young and promising golfers instead of relying on those who have done service on so many past occasions. In the case of the British ladies' team, which will leave this country for Canada and America at the end of August, the selectors have again relied on those with imposing reputations. The name of the present champion, Mrs. Holm, is missing as she was unable to accept the invitation, and Miss Wilson, in view of a recent decision, is an absentee; her presence would have made a tremendous difference. The young Scottish champion, Miss Nan Baird, is another who has not found favour, like Miss Jessie Anderson, although the latter has the dubious honour of being a reserve. However, if Miss Barton, Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan—to mention just three of the selected—can reproduce their best form, then the team may recover the Curtis Cup which Britain lost two years ago, a defeat that was surprising and which caused much criticism to be levelled at the unfortunate authorities.

CHANNEL CROSSINGS

Two years ago a note appeared in these columns concerning the various methods employed in crossing the Channel. Captain Webb, in 1875, was the first man to swim it; and it is sad to reflect that after successfully negotiating the Niagara Falls in a barrel he should have met his death by such a trivial occurrence as slipping on a banana skin. In 1875 came the first aerial crossing in a balloon; and M. Blériot made history by flying across in an aeroplane in 1909. Lord Desborough stroked an eight across, and between 1927 and 1930, it has been negotiated by a water pedal cyclist, a canoeist, an aquaplanist, and a man rowing a 15ft. punt. It remained for the imagination of Flight-Lieut. Tyson, flying a plane upside-down, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of M. Blériot's feat. During the course of the year he has flown 15,000 miles upside-down, and he went from Dover to Calais in sixteen minutes. To keep ahead of the times, it is only possible to suggest that a time will come when a diver will walk across.

AN IMPERIAL CRICKET AGREEMENT

At a meeting of the Imperial Cricket Conference, held at Lord's last week, a resolution was passed affirming the principles laid down by the M.C.C. that "any form of bowling obviously a direct attack by the bowler upon the batsman would be an offence against the spirit of the game." Nothing more was required to ensure complete harmony of purpose. Australia had proposed that if, in the opinion of the umpire, a bowler was attempting to hurt or intimidate a batsman the umpire should call "No ball!" and on a repetition of the offence the bowler should be taken off, but the conference decided that this was impracticable. In truth, such a ruling was unnecessary and undesirable, for rules are made to be broken, and it is safe to say that the agreement now reached will be observed religiously. Australia, South Africa, West Indies, New Zealand and India were represented at the conference, and one could not help admiring the scope of Imperial sympathies shown by Mr. P. F. Warner, who was born in the West Indies, played for England, and represented South Africa at this meeting!

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a local paper: "There is a splendid crop of heather this year . . . and sportsmen expect great things of both grouse and blackgame on 'the twelfth.'"

RUINING A FAMOUS VIEW

From Whiteleaf Cross, cut in the chalk on a steep hillside, looking towards Princes Risborough in Buckinghamshire, there is one of the finest views to be obtained in the whole of the South of England. Framed on the left by the Bledlow Ridge, it extends over the Vale of Aylesbury, across corn and pasture-land broken by hedges and small patches of wood-land; scenery which is redolent of all that the English countryside stands for. It is a countryside, moreover, identified with England's history, for the hill crosses at Whiteleaf and Bledlow have been dated from the age of the Vikings, the Icknield Way meanders through the fields, and the whole scene is much as John Hampden visualised it when from his house nearby he raised a standard for English liberty. Now the ancient Icknield Way is to become a builder's road, and the view is to be despoiled because two fields are to fall into the hands of the housebuilder. May success attend local efforts to raise £3,000 to save this site from desecration! All subscriptions for the purpose of handing over these fields to the National Trust will be welcomed by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, Peter's Lane, Monks Risborough, Buckinghamshire.

TRUE AMATEURISM

Rowing is renowned as the stronghold of the real amateur in sport, and one of the best examples of amateur spirit was supplied by the Yale oarsmen who this year competed in the Thames Cup and the Wyfolds. Eighteen young Americans came to the regatta and paid their own expenses, as circumstances did not permit any official help. A sum of about 800 dollars was subscribed by a few friends, but this amount was almost negligible, as each member of the crew was called upon to spend about £70 out of his own pocket. With economy they were able to cross over third class on a small boat and subscribed to pay the expenses of their professional coach. All have gone back to start their business careers.

TO BE AWARDED FOR EVER

When Thomas Doggett more than 200 years ago, in the reign of George I, placarded the announcement that, "This being the day of His Majesty's Happy Accession to the throne there will be given by Mr. Doggett an orange colour livery by Six Watermen that are out of their time," he little realised that his Coat and Badge would be rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea on July 28th, 1934. Started with customary ceremony it was won last Saturday by H. J. Smith, of Gravesend. Doggett meant the event to be in perpetuity, and owing to the activities of the Fishmongers Company it looks like continuing as long as there are watermen to row for it.

FLOWERS OF AUGUST

When the summer roses are over, how few are the flowering shrubs that take the August sunshine, and how valued is their blossom in the surrounding green. On the house wall the great white blooms of the magnolia breathe their scent under the windows, but only for a few hours before they fade. At the back of the herbaceous border *Clerodendron fœtidum* blows another scent (but why call it *fœtidum*?) across the flowers beneath it, and the hydrangeas, blue and pink and purple, blend a score of shades. But best of the August-flowering trees are the Eucryphias, *cordifolia* and *pinnatifolia*, and that lovely hybrid *Nymansay*. Twenty feet high and more, those tall shrubs with their sheets of waxen, gold-anthered roses have won their way more surely than any other of their contemporaries—for they are some of the newer friends—to the heart of the gardener.

LATE SINGING LARKS

August is the silent month. The robin has begun his autumn song after the moult, but the singing of the spring and summer has ended, except for one voice—it is a hope rather than a certainty—that of some late-nesting lark. Once more, perhaps after a shower of rain, we shall hear the song as Meredith wrote of it:

"The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labour in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing but the song."

DOES OLD HEATHER SUPPORT GROUSE?

Some Experiments in Northumberland

By BRYNMOR THOMAS

As long ago as 1871 the Game Laws Commission concluded that the interests of grouse and sheep are identical, and it is a well-established fact that the former thrive better in company than when alone. A system of management which suits one should therefore suit the other, and the neglect to employ a regular burning rotation whereby the whole moor is covered within a definite period of years, cannot be excused on any grounds.

There are many reasons why regular burning is in the interests of both sheep and grouse. If allowed to become old and rank, re-establishment after burning is often difficult. The roots are of lower vitality and shoot again more slowly. Furthermore, the new shoots are fewer in number and, for this very reason, may be grazed too hard. The sheep is responsible for this; the adult grouse is not over-partial to very young heather, and the chicks are incapable of serious damage. Again, old plants, being of straggling habit, are open to the weather, and do not preserve the winter-green character of their foliage to the same extent as young well-managed heather. In May they produce fewer of the new season's shoots so valuable to grouse after the lean months of late winter and early spring.

As a matter of fact, no real evidence has ever been produced to show that age has any effect on the feeding value of heather, although observation and experience indicate that it has. It was this lack of evidence which, in the summer of 1932, caused the writer to examine samples of known age from a very well-managed moor in the tenancy of Mr. Jasper Stephenson, at Blanchland, in Northumberland. This moor is of that hard, dry type which produces the best class of heather. Peat, which seldom exceeds 9in. in depth, overlies sandy clay, the underlying rock being a sandstone of the millstone grit series.

A burning rotation of ten years is aimed at but, fortunately, a small area of heather aged not less than 20 years was available. Samples taken from strips burnt 2, 4, 6 and 8 years previously, and from the aged heather were hand picked, an effort being made to obtain two fractions from each sample, viz., one composed of the 1932 season's growth only, and the other containing all shoots of not more than two years of age. The separation of this second fraction was decided on after inspection of a number of grouse crops had revealed a considerable proportion of decidedly woody material. If it is true that grouse only eat old woody growth under stress of necessity, then these crops bore no eloquent testimony to the management of moors in Northern England.

The samples were examined by the usual analytical methods applicable to food stuffs, and a detailed account of the results has already appeared in print (*Journal of Agricultural Science*, vol. 24, part I., p. 151). Briefly, it was found that the protein content of both fractions declined consistently as the plant aged. In the new season's growth, the fall was from 11.9 per cent. in two-years-old heather to 6.9 per cent. in the case of aged (20 years old) plants. The woodier fractions, estimated to be of two seasons' growth, always contained less protein than the corresponding new season's growth, but showed the same consistent decline with age. In all cases the digestibility of the protein fell as the heather aged. Curiously enough, the amount of fibre present (21 to 23 per cent.) was little greater than in month-old pasture grass; neither did it increase in the older heather. The woody fractions were, of course, more fibrous than the new season's growth from plants of the same age, but the difference was much less marked than might have been anticipated.

The mineral constituents were probably of most interest, being high in two-years-old heather, and falling to the extent of about 50 per cent. in four-year plants. The decline did not appear to continue beyond this point, old heather being no worse off than heather of 4, 6 or 8 years of age. If good month-old pasture grass be used as a standard, it appears that heather is never seriously deficient in lime. The case of the other main mineral constituent, viz., phosphoric acid, is very different. In no heather other than the youngest (two years) did it exceed 0.26 per cent. of the dry matter—a figure which compares very unfavourably with grass of the poorest quality.

It should be emphasised that these results are applicable to heather from one particular moor, and that differences are to be anticipated under varying conditions of soil and situation. A knowledge of the trend of quality variation with age, on moors of different type, would appear to be desirable, in that such variation should be taken into account when determining the best age at which to burn. Neglecting other factors for the moment, it would seem logical to suggest that heather should be burned some two or three years after the point of maximum productivity (in terms of lb. protein aud mineral matter produced per acre) has been reached. When this maximum occurs cannot be ascertained without knowledge of the bulk of edible material produced at different ages, and this knowledge we do not at present possess.

The manner in which the composition and feeding value of the young shoots vary as the season advances, is another matter of interest which has not previously been investigated. A progressive decline in quality would be anticipated, and some work upon which the writer is at present engaged shows that it occurs. The shoots of one season's growth appear to be poorer during the winter months than at any other time, but they are still of relatively high feeding value. The data available indicates that the depreciation is more marked in the younger heather, but work is not far enough advanced to justify a final opinion.

It will be obvious from the foregoing that a great deal remains to be learned about heather, and there can be no doubt that the economic importance of the subject justifies the learning.

A SHOOTING PARTY AT HOUGHTON IN 1906

Among those in the party were Mr. M. T. Kennard, Viscount Deerhurst, Lord Elcho, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Mr. W. Low and the Hon. Harry Stonor

THE SHOOTING HISTORY OF A GREAT GENERATION

Extracts From the Game Books of Sir Harry Stonor

NO living shot has the experience of every form of shot-gun shooting that can be claimed by Sir Harry Stonor, and he is beyond doubt one of the dozen or so who stand in the first rank. He himself places Lord Ripon first in a class by himself, which never has been, and very probably never will be, equalled, and this, I think, is the general opinion. And after him comes Lord Walsingham and the few others of the same standard, of whom Sir Harry Stonor is undoubtedly one. His reputation will probably depend chiefly on his extraordinary skill with high pheasants, just as Mr. Rimington Wilson was first and foremost a grouse shot, and Mr. Willie Barry chiefly famous for his prowess with driven partridges. But though he may be chiefly renowned by the covert-side he is an admirable all-round performer, and there can never have been anybody who surpassed him in the ease and distinction of his style of shooting. The picture on page 272, which shows him shooting just after the war, is surely an object-lesson in unhurried and effortless shooting combined with the first essential of perfect footwork.

His Game books, from which by his courtesy the *Field* has been permitted to make extracts, were kept in detail from 1894 to 1907, and a number of entries have been made since. This period covers the greatest period of English shooting, when country-house life still flourished, when in fact it had reached its zenith, and when bags were made such as will never be repeated, by a race of first-class shots who have most of them passed from the stage and who will never be replaced. Sir Harry has the experience, absolutely unique, of having taken part in the record day's covert shooting—at Hall Barn—in the record day's grouse shooting at Abbeystead, and in a week's partridge driving at Houghton, which produced a record bag. The pages of his diary are more than a summary of birds killed, and a list of shots who were great in their day. These pages are the shooting history of a generation.

The whole of Sir Harry Stonor's shooting career has been contemporary with that of H.M. the King, in Sir Harry's opinion one of the very best shots in the country, and he has probably had more opportunities of judging than any man living, for both at Sandringham and elsewhere he has constantly shot with him.

The first entries are of five weeks' shooting with Baron Hirsch, in Hungary in 1894, when bags of an astounding size were made. Shooting was carried on every day, including Sundays after Mass. There were numerous guns during this period, but Sir Harry shot on every occasion. When the party began to shoot on October 13th the other guns were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Gosford, Lord de Grey, Sir John Ward, Mr. Arthur Sassoon and Baron Hirsch. The bags of partridges were: October 13th 2,340, October 14th 1,040, October 15th 1,391, October 16th 1,351, October 17th 2,192, October 18th 1,848, October 19th 250, October 20th 1,561, October 21st 16, October 22nd 1,182, October 23rd 1,732, October 24th 1,968, October 25th 2,033, October 26th 129, October 27th 543, October 28th, 42, October 29th 1,737, October 30th 361, October 31st 17 and 647 pheasants, November 1st 17 partridges and 799 hares, October 2nd 198 partridges and 1,403 hares, and October 3rd 151 partridges and 1,538 hares. Shooting continued till November 13th, and the totals were 22,996 partridges, 2,912 pheasants, 11,346 hares, 357 rabbits, 23 roe and 20 various, a total of 37,654.

When one considers the sensation even one 500-brace day causes on a good English partridge beat one may well be left gasping. No wonder indifferent shots went to Hungary and came back new men! Sir Harry fired 15,000–20,000 cartridges during this visit. Everything was magnificently done, and two shifts of beaters would drive the birds in a decreasing circle towards their stand in one of the remises, which were a feature of the shoot, and which Baron Hirsch first started.

In 1895 we find Sir Harry Stonor shooting at Abbeystead for the twelfth, the other guns being the Hon. Cecil Parker, the Hon. Charles Willoughby, the Hon. Richard Molyneux, Colonel Osbert Craven, with bags of 477, 867, 781, 970 and 412 grouse. He shot at Abbeystead on many subsequent occasions.

But all of these pale before the record made in 1915. This week's shooting was fortunate in the weather, which was splendid, in a first-class team of guns and, above all, in a show of birds the like of which had never before been seen. Of this great occasion the diary gives complete details of the bags made by each gun at each stand.

Among other famous moors frequently mentioned are the Duke of Devonshire's Bolton Abbey moors. Thus in 1898 with the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Chesterfield, the Hon. Evan Charteris, Mr. Victor Cavendish, Lord Gosford and Mr. W. James, he assisted in killing 339, 616, 453, 390 and 302 grouse. In 1906 he was at Bolton Abbey, shooting with both parties, eleven days in all, for a bag of 5,715 grouse, and in 1907, when the Prince of Wales (H.M. the King) was of the party, 3,330 grouse were bagged in six days.

In 1898 again there is a record of a very heavy bag of duck at Netherby, where the late Sir Richard Graham used to specialise in large bags of driven duck, of which he raised a great number by hand. Sir Richard, the Duke of Montrose, Hon. Evan Charteris, General Oliphant, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Mr. C. Guthrie, Mr. Kennard and Sir Harry Stonor helped to kill 756 and 846 duck, while in December, 1900, even these bags were exceeded with 1,093 and 1,271 duck in two days.

The same year found him shooting at Holkham where, later, the record bag of partridges was to be made. In four days' driving with the Duke of York (now H.M. the King), Major Hood, the Hon. W. Coke, Mr. Lambe, Mr. W. Forbes, and Lord Coke, 2,613 partridges were shot. Shooting at Holkham has always been carried out on strenuous lines, and Sir Harry recalls that on one occasion he never saw the outside of the house till he drove away at the end of his visit, as they started out and returned

	Little Dale and Abbeystead. 12th.							Mallow Dale. 13th.					Tarnebrook. 14th.						Grand Total
	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total	1 and 2	3	4	5	Total	1	2	3	4	5	Total	
J. Ward	54	112	91	43	35	42	377	57	53	73	21	204	7	40	35	44	25	151	
H. Stonor	67	110	100	56	90	34	457	82	50	85	42	259	9	40	15	47	30	141	
E. Oakley	63	102	94	47	90	44	440	103	24	52	17	196	8	25	43	45	31	152	
J. Dawnay	51	90	88	26	58	34	343	135	52	106	7	300	10	43	12	75	27	167	
T. Fitzherbert	70	73	50	29	63	16	301	124	36	49	33	242	8	49	14	49	12	132	
R. Bridgeman	22	33	54	16	51	29	205	28	31	37	27	123	4	44	9	33	10	100	
E. Beaumont	40	60	53	38	11	12	214	19	37	52	19	127	6	18	10	46	10	90	
Lord Sefton	92	49	82	29	42	58	252	103	17	75	20	215	6	38	47	57	7	155	
R. Molyneux	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	42	15	54	25	139	
	459	629	612	284	440	269	2693	651	300	529	186	1666	61	339	200	450	177	1227	5586
				Spare birds			87		Spare birds			15			Spare birds			11	113
				Pick-up			149		Pick-up			82			Pick-up			41	272
							2929					1763						1279	5971

home in the dark. The late Lord Leicester did not shoot himself at that time, but he used to come out and never failed to criticise the guns when he thought it necessary.

The next year finds him at Welbeck, where he was to have so many good days' shooting afterwards. In 1901, on December 3rd and 5th 2,349 and 1,302 pheasants were killed. In 1902, on the famous Blue Barn beat, Lord Clarendon, Lord Pembroke, Lord de Grey (later Lord Ripon), Lord William Bentinck, Mr. H. Warner Turner and Sir Harry Stonor shot 1,215 partridges in a day, while the same beat in the next three years is noted as producing 1,216, 1,084 and 1,204 partridges. In 1911 2,442 partridges were shot in four days, and in 1913, 2,194, 2,202 and 749 partridges in three days' shooting. The shooting at Welbeck has always been of the best, the Duke of Portland, himself a very good shot, being as keen as possible and taking a great personal interest in the practical running of his shooting.

In 1901, too, we find Sir Harry shooting at Hall Barn for the first time, and with the Prince of Wales, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Lord Lathom, the Hon. Derek Keppel and Mr. Henry Chaplin he accounted for 1,094 and 2,126 pheasants. It was at Hall Barn twelve years later that he took part in the record bag for pheasants in a day, when the King, the Prince of Wales (not then 20), Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Lord Ilchester and Sir Harry Stonor shot 3,740 pheasants in a day.

It has often been thought that the birds at Hall Barn were easy to hit, and that this bag was a mere slaughter. But this is not the case; the birds at Hall Barn have always been shown to great advantage and needed really good shooting to kill them. There are remarkably few places where they come low.

There are many entries from East Anglia, especially from Culford and Elveden, the two great sporting estates of East Anglia, belonging to Lord Cadogan and Lord Iveagh, which march with each other in the finest natural game preserve in England. At Culford, in 1903, 1913, 312, 1,346, 1,816, a total of 5,787, pheasants were killed in four days by the Prince of Wales, Lord Chelsea, Lord Lurgan, Lord Mar and Kellie, Lord Londonderry, the Hon. Derek Keppel, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest and Sir Harry Stonor, and at the big covert shooting at Elveden, in the same year, eight guns, including King Edward, bagged 3,948 pheasants. This was one of a sequence of shoots, both at Culford and Elveden, for in 1905 we find an entry of eight guns, at Culford, shooting 6,826 pheasants in four days; and at Elveden, again in 1906, the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord Mar and Kellie, Lord Iveagh, Sir Charles Cust, Colonel Arthur Davidson and Sir Harry Stonor shot 4,810 pheasants in three day.

When the war ended it seemed to many that covert shooting could never be restarted and carried out on the old lines. But the shooting at Elveden stood out as probably the best in England at that time, and there are many entries in the game books of good days there. In 1919 and 1920, shooting three days, 523, 513 and 440, and 809, 789, 945 pheasants were shot, totals of 1,476 and 2,543. In 1921, 3,058 pheasants were shot, including over 500 brace on two days; in 1922, 2,694 pheasants; and in 1925, 1,999 pheasants, on each occasion H.M. the King being Lord Iveagh's guest. The Sugar Loaf stand, at Elveden, where the partridges come first, and then the pheasants, stands out in the memory of anyone who has shot there as one of the best stands in the country.

There is hardly a famous covert shoot in the country that is not mentioned in these pages. At Croxteth, in 1896, with the Hon. Osbert Craven, Colonel Custance, the Hon. R. Molyneux and the Hon. O. Molyneux, 7,099 pheasants were killed in four days. In 1903, at Wilton, a very pleasant shoot, where real high birds were shown in the best possible way, Lord Pembroke, the grandfather of one of the rising shots of this generation, the present Lord Herbert, Lord Bradford, Lord Radnor, Lord Herbert, the Hon. George Herbert, the Hon. John Ward, the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, the Hon. Gathorne Hardy and Sir Harry Stonor got 3,082 pheasants in three days.

There are many entries, too, of Warter Priory, the great shoot in Yorkshire, which then belonged to the late Lady Nunburnholme, and which, with the coverts just coming to maturity, was at its zenith in the first decade of the last century. At many of the stands it was purely a question of where the guns were put. It was perfectly possible to place them so that no bird could possibly be killed, so high above the guns did they come.

In 1897 nine guns got 1,048, 1,558 and 2,035 pheasants in three days, and in 1899 the same number of guns killed 5,993 pheasants; in 1904, the party, consisting of the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Crewe, Lord Chelsea, Lord Lovat, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Mr. W. James, Captain Guy Wilson and Sir Harry Stonor shot 7,239 pheasants; and in 1905, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Durham, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Chelsea, Lord Savile, Mr. Henry Chaplin, the Hon. Charles Willoughby, Captain Guy Wilson and Sir Harry Stonor shot 7,517 pheasants.

On this famous occasion Sir Harry Stonor was next Lord Chaplin at the Punchbowl stand when nearly 3,000 pheasants streamed out of the wood together over his (Lord Chaplin's) head, it being thought that there was a fox in the wood. And even then the rise continued quite normally.

In 1913, Sir Harry was at Warter for the covert shooting, and took a part in making a very heavy bag there, and travelled straight from Warter to Hall Barn to help to make the record bag—surely an unparalleled achievement. At this time he must have been shooting nearly 40,000 cartridges a year. Nor must it be supposed that he devoted his time entirely to covert shooting, for I find an entry of 147 grouse at one stand at Wemmergill, an achievement that it is given to few to surpass.

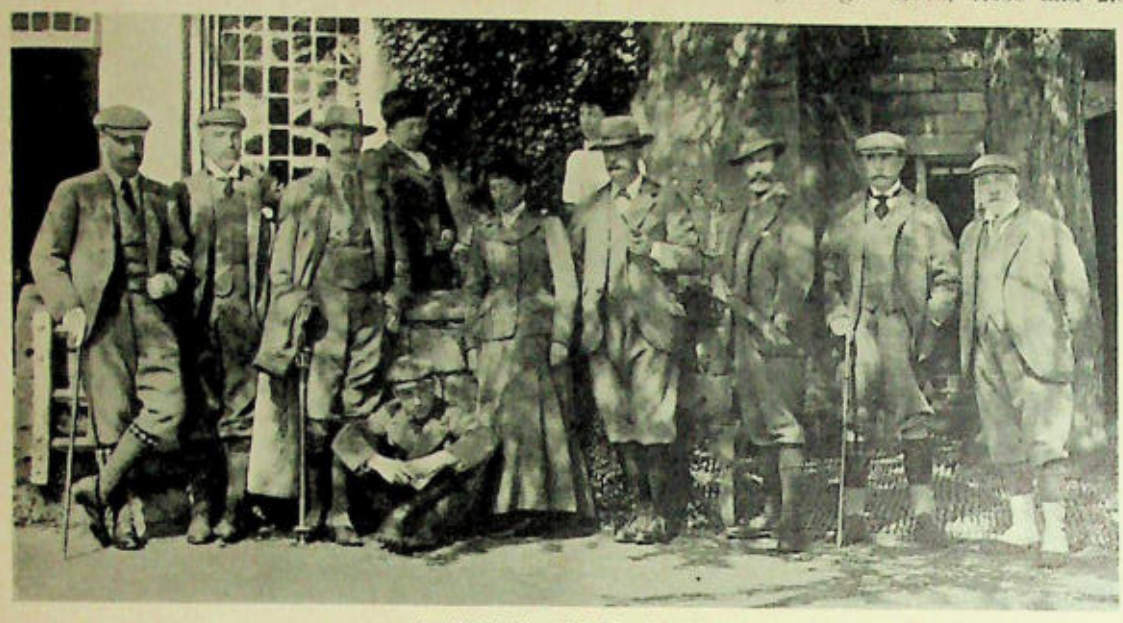
There are two other shoots where now, alas! the old owners will never shoot again, of which all who were fortunate enough to shoot there must have the pleasantest of memories—Houghton, where partridge and pheasants alike were shown to perfection; and Lambton, where the late Lord Durham raised the covert shooting to as high a pitch as any in the country. Shooting on the Langley beat at Lambton, once with Lord Ripon (then Lord de Grey) and the Duke of Leeds, the three guns having been sent forward while the others walked up with the beaters, he helped to kill 900 pheasants. In 1907, 4,134 pheasants were shot at Lambton in four days; and in 1908, 4,684 in five days, including 2,156 at West Hall in one day.

At Houghton, in 1896, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Rosslyn, Lord Elcho, Mr. W. Low, Lord Deerhurst, Mr. Kennard and Sir Harry Stonor got 635, 692, 722, 1,102 and 338 partridges, a total of 3,539, in five days. In 1906 the Duke of York, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Deerhurst, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Elcho, Sir Harry Stonor, Mr. Low and Mr. Kennard got 4,316 partridges in four days, the daily totals being 920, 877, 1,158 and 1,136. Sir Harry stayed on for another four days, the daily average over eight days being nearly 430 per day—a unique record. Two years later, at a covert shoot, were shot 2,418 pheasants, the guns being the King, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Coke, Lord Farquhar, Sir Harry Stonor, Colonel Holford, Colonel Ponsonby and Colonel Vivian. An unusual entry is in December, 1907, when in three days' shooting, which produced 4,002 head, 892 coot were shot at Abbotsbury.

Another very pleasant shoot which figures very regularly as a fixture in the late part of the season was Lord Desborough's shoot at Panshanger, where the well-known Chesil Shelf stand offered such difficult shooting.

During the twelve seasons where detailed bag are recorded parties with which he shot bagged some 241,464 pheasants, of which one may suppose he contributed nearly 50,000.

In all these years the physical strain of these big shoots must have been very great, and it must have been necessary to keep as fit as could be to be able to hold one's own and more week after week throughout the shooting season. Sir Harry was helped during these years enormously by his very efficient loader, Cole, who went everywhere with him, and who understood this most difficult of arts to perfection. At present eye trouble prevents him taking any part in shooting, but it must be the wish of everybody in the shooting world that this most distinguished and finished of shots will some day in the future be taking his place at the covert side again.

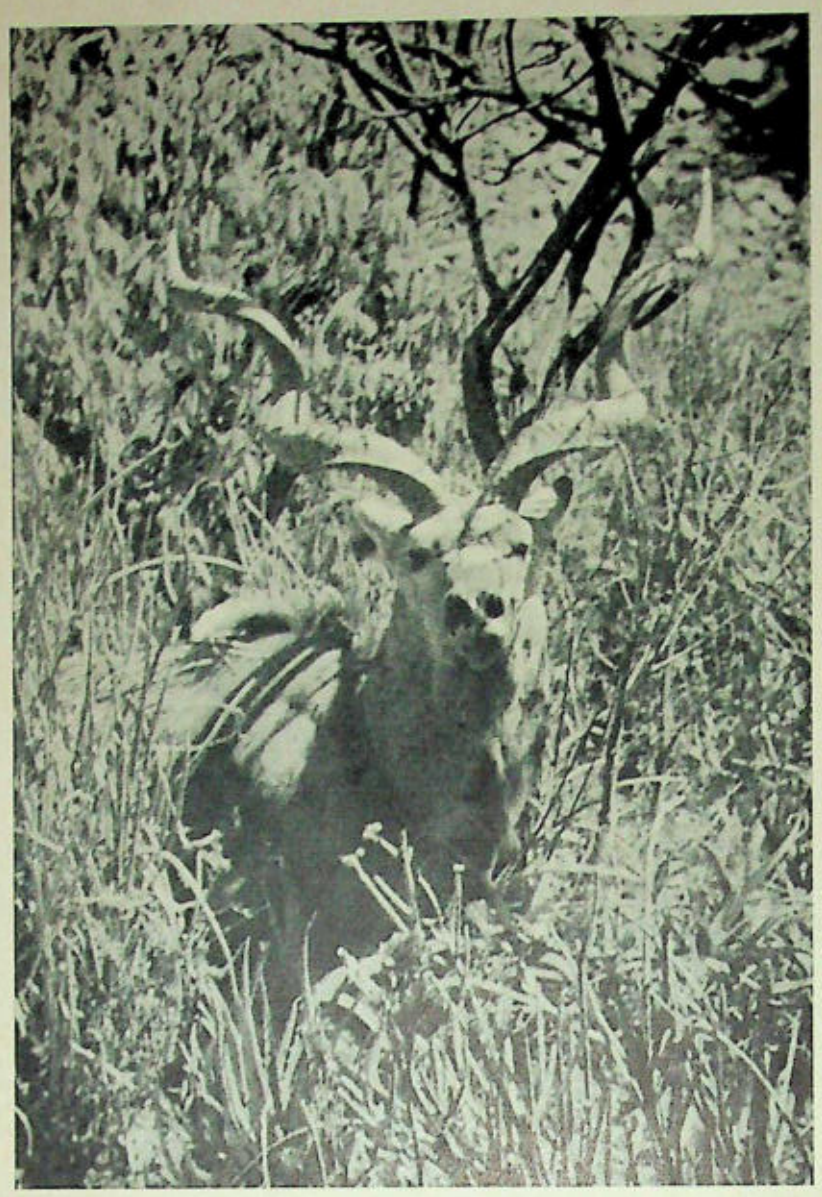


A BOLTON ABBEY GROUP

In the group are included Viscount Curzon, Lord Charles Montagu, the Hon. H. Stonor, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, the Countess of Gosford, Mr. Montagu Guest, the Earl of Gosford, the Marquis of Crewe and Mr. Arthur Sassoon

ELVEDEN HALL, 1923

From left to right (back row): Sir Harry Stonor, Captain Hon. Alexander Hardinge, Lord Elveden, Sir Bryan Godfrey Fausett, Mr. C. H. Bland. (Front row): The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, H.M. the King, the Earl of Iveagh, the Duke of Leeds, Colonel Swaine



A GREATER KUDU—ONE OF KENYA'S MOST PRIZED TROPHIES

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GAME WARDEN

Tact, Intelligence and a Sense of Humour

By CAPTAIN KEITH CALDWELL

MOST people have a very vague idea of what a game warden's job is. My family solicitor used to address letters to the "Games" Dept., but I accept his assurance that his clerk was responsible. "Oh, I suppose you have to count the zebra in the game reserve," was fired at me more than once.

The game warden, or whoever is acting for him, cannot complain of a dull life. Office work is often considered monotonous, but in Kenya, at all events, we could be certain that something unexpected would arise. The first thing in the morning was the post. This contained a good deal of routine matter such as Government circulars, Treasury observations and counterfoils of game licences. The latter repaid careful examination before being passed out to be card indexed.

A visitor's licence costs ten times as much as a resident's, so there was considerable inducement to anyone to claim to be a "*bona fide* resident of the colony or protectorate." We always found it impossible to define a "resident" satisfactorily, and many and various were the subterfuges adopted by would-be claimants to the status. One man bought two acres of waterless land "in the blue" and claimed all privileges as a landholder. He was turned down, but three others got away with it rather ingeniously. They first went to the nearest district commissioner and asked to pay their poll tax. The poll tax is an annual capitation tax of a pound or so, charged on all Kenya residents. The clerk in charge was delighted to take their money. Armed with their receipts, they then repaired to another D.C. and asked for three residents' full licences. They explained that they came from another district and, in order to prove their status, had brought their poll tax receipts with them. They got their licences, had their shoot, and were out of the country before we tumbled to what had happened. Would-be imitators please note that this scheme will no longer work.

The most interesting part of the post was the letters from the general public. Although I did not have the luck to open the classic telegram from the Indian station-master at Simba, "Lion on platform, self in booking-office, porters at time of roaring not so brave. Please advise," I generally got some amusement out of the mail.

First come complaints of damage: "The people of Tuso cry under the elephants, and are covered by the great numbers," so wails a native chief with the assistance of a mission boy. Having heard nothing from the District Commissioner of the area, I feel very sceptical as to the truth of this, but send the letter to the nearest Assistant Game Warden for "necessary action."

Next a native scout reports a possible breach of the law: "Makindu Babu is getting two littels of lion," *i.e.*, an Indian station-master, on the edge of the game reserve, has got some lion cubs. Higher up the scale comes, "Now, captain, you know I would never nothing like that, captain!" Thus writes a Dutchman, with several previous convictions, on getting wind of the fact that we are investigating yet another charge against him. The rest of the mail, if more literate, is equally varied. A. writes to say that the game, in his district, is practically extinct and that special protection should be given to what is left. B., from the same district, thinks there is far too much; so I send both letters to the honorary game warden of the area for his opinion. C., D., E. want export licences for trophies and F. information about trout fishing. G. asks for the game laws to be relaxed in his favour and gives many plausible reasons why this should be done. The G.'s needed treating carefully; we had to be sure that a special permit did not create an undesirable precedent and that his statements were true.

Many years ago, when new at the job, I got badly had by one of the fraternity. A certain subordinate municipal employé had a job which necessitated his living just inside the game reserve close to Nairobi. I will call him Buggins, since that was not his name. We knew Buggins was constantly shooting in the reserve, but whenever we tried to bring him to book he always produced an alibi supported by European witnesses. One day I got a letter from him saying that lion were troubling him, that he was afraid they would attack the cattle under his charge, and asking permission to try and shoot them. Knowing Buggins, I felt sure there was more in this than met the eye. Accordingly I answered, as I thought intelligently, saying I was sorry I could not grant him a general permission, but that if, the next time lion were hanging round, he would send in a runner I would come out and we would try for them together. The distance, I may say, was only about four miles. I thought this had disposed of Buggins, but not at all. In those days Nairobi boasted a paper called *The Critic*. This journal used to award a cake to the biggest idiot of the week. A few days after writing to Buggins I received a copy "with the Editor's compliments," and had the joy of reading that "The Acting Game Warden for asking a settler to keep a lion waiting outside his house until the Acting Game Warden had time to come and shoot it 'takes the cake.'" This was quickly followed up by a huge sugar-covered atrocity which was dumped on my office table. I sent half the award to Buggins, with a note to say he had earned it and decided to give him best.

Overseas visitors, out to do a safari, were always welcome callers to the office, as were settlers and officials down from the outlying districts. We always got a lot of valuable news from these latter folk. A few native scouts were usually to be found squatting in the veranda, probably waiting to draw their pay, possibly with stories of breaches, great or small, of the game laws. Such stories had to be checked and cross-checked, and the bearers examined and cross-examined. We were merciless to any scout producing a made-up yarn, and I can honestly say that the department never brought a prosecution on native evidence until and unless it was satisfied, after searching inquiry, that the story was generally true.

Besides the scouts, various members of the native community used to come along with marvellous tales of buried ivory. These all had to be inquired into; most of them were obviously rubbish, but now and again we got one that rang true. The final result of the latter was sometimes an excavating expedition. One set forth, to quote Captain Ritchie in one of his delightful Game Department annual reports, "feeling the complete sleuth and returned feeling the complete fool."

Sandwiched amongst the visitors was always the possible joy of a visit from the auditor. Unlike the large and lordly departments, we could not indulge in a stores clerk, so we always prayed that the number of native blankets or "haversacks for the use of game scouts" found in the store would come close to the total as shown in the ledger. Sometimes our prayers were answered.

There is a more serious side to a Game Warden's job. He is responsible for recommending to the Government the policy to be followed with regard to game. Such a policy must be flexible to meet constantly changing conditions. Putting forward his recommendations, getting them adopted, and, above all, getting public opinion behind them, takes a great deal of his time and all of his tact.

I have only described the day of a game warden at headquarters. The Kenya Game Warden is lucky in that he can, at any rate, run down to the plains after his day in the office is over, and see two or three thousand head of game before dark. After that the club and a cocktail. And why not?

A LIONESS AND HER FAMILY WITH A DEAD ZEBRA

GROUSE HEADING FOR THE BUTTS

From the original painting by Mr. J. C. Harrison, by courtesy of Vicars Brothers, Ltd., 12, Old Bond Street, W. 1.

"One Crowded Hour"

EPIC MOMENTS OF THE MOOR

The Best Day's Grouse Driving I Ever Had

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE following account makes no pretence to be the description of a record day. I personally have shot on occasions when many more grouse have been killed, days on which even those bags were many, many hundreds below the really big totals which have gone down into shooting history. It happened, however, that on this occasion I achieved my own record for a single drive, wherefore the recollection thereof is burned into my memory in letters of fire. My luck lay in the draw-for-numbers that gave me a butt which on that particular day served as a grouse trap. Perhaps the most striking feature of the drive was the fact that each gun underestimated considerably the number of birds that he had killed, as was proved by the subsequent pick-up.

The first drive had been quite good—for me, at any rate, since I had collected seventeen birds and wasted but few cartridges. On our way to the next line of butts my loader, a local keeper, asked me whether we were moving up one or two places after each drive, and when I told him two, "You have it," he said. "Yon is the best butt and this is the best drive held this season, and it's a good year." "Shall I get another seventeen?" I ask, still flushed with what was for me a most satisfactory performance. "Aye, ye should, and more too. I'm telling you it's the best butt."

The second line of butts at 50yds. intervals sloped diagonally up and down a fairly steep face, so that no butt was on the same level as another, and the top or No. 1 butt many hundreds of feet above No. 8. My number was four. The four top butts were sited 50yds. from the skyline, the remainder falling away over the shoulder of the hill into a deep corrie.

Immediately in front of No. 4, and breaking the horizon at about 50yds., was a small knoll. "Yon knowl's the making of the butt," observed my loader. "The early birds all come to it, as do most of those on the flat above when the drivers get nearer—'tis a long drive; and then, too, you will find them coming up from the left and down from the right."

Comfortable words these, if a little nerve racking, to cogitate upon while I moor my dog to a stake, collect a heap of old cartridge cases, adjust my shooting stick and complete the various preparations which by long custom have become my ritual when preparing for a drive. These ceremonies completed I make a closer survey of the ground, noting that only the two adjoining butts are visible, and that the ground falls away steeply behind me, that my vision to the front is limited by the knowle at about 60yds., and that both my neighbours can presumably see further than I can, so shout to them to give me a warning whistle if necessary.

Settled at last, I prop my shooting stick at a comfortable angle and gloat in fat satisfaction over good work well performed during the past drive, when a whistle from No. 3 butt galvanises me into sudden life. I glance quickly up the hill, and as I do so, with the tail of my eye glimpse a black circle with two projections, motionless apparently and suspended in the air and some few feet above the knole. In a flash I realise that it is the first grouse of the drive roaring down upon me on stiffened pinions. Nearly caught napping, but not quite! Crack! and the black circle loses its firm outline, becoming a lifeless irregular lump of ruddy brown flecked with white, which with undiminished speed hurtles between me and my loader to fetch up with a bump against the back of the butt. Another whistle and here comes the covey that the old cock was leading. I get the first, I miss another, change guns and, oh folly! turn round for a despairing tail shot as he swoops down the hill. Two barrels I fire, the second when the bird must have been 200yds. away; meanwhile three or four more come over and disappear unscathed, for by this time, what with changing guns, turning round and falling over my own feet, I am all hot and bothered.

At this critical juncture I recall the advice of a friend, viz.: "Never turn round when grouse are coming thick and fast." Pulling myself together I regain confidence by downing a couple of sitters coming up from the left, besides crumpling up a very fast bird swinging down from my right. All the guns are busy now, and I can no longer count upon a warning whistle. My usual practice, when time permits, is to mark the general fall of birds killed by placing one empty cartridge in the appropriate position on the butt wall; to-day, however, this is impossible—they are coming, and, I rejoice to think, falling too fast, so I count as I shoot. Three in front, one behind, four in front, two behind, etc., but even this will not keep tally of the fallen, so thickly do they come and so well am I shooting. I therefore content myself with numbering each bird out loud as I see it hit the heather. Fifteen are down when a confiding covey swings up from my left in "column of lumps." I get the leader, and in my haste brown the rest and two more fall. Changing guns, I get two more as they flap up the hill. Obviously they had intended alighting, and it took them some time to get under way. Twenty the score is, and birds coming on all the time.

This is the real thing, this is grouse driving at its best. I must confess that most of the early birds came very nicely, and bar the first covey the majority of them seemed to contemplate finding a "lee" from the beaters behind the knoll. There were exceptions, however, just to remind me that a driven grouse can use himself when flying downhill and with a slight wind.

And so the tale goes on, and the count creeps up by ones and twos to 27—a pause, and I miss a real screamer flying straight and high over the butt, but am compensated immediately by crumpling one in front out of a covey that comes equally high from the right, and turning quickly I get the last bird almost out of shot. I see him bounce right back off the ground, and then go rolling over and over down the slope. A succession of single birds follow most of which collapse in front, and then comes a rush of coveys in quick succession; the skyline is pitted with black dots, rising and falling, hovering apparently at times, or turning sideways with a deceptive twist to slant away down the hill, seeking shelter in the corrie behind me. These birds are really flying for the beaters, and are much nearer. Crack, crack, a right and left, the leading bird dies between me and the knoll; his fellow-sufferers some 40yds. away to his left. A single bird comes straight at my head, so close that he should have been blown to pieces. He dies, too. I add a wounded straggler, who flies jerkily down from one of the upper butts, and then snap an old cock behind, who apparently had come from nowhere; and the tally reaches 45.

And now the tragedy. "Man, have ye any cartridges? If not, we have but four left, two in each of the guns!" "What, none? I'll away to the next butt." Laying the spare gun on the butt wall he darts down the hill. A single bird, a somewhat weakly cheeper, brings the score to 46; the leading grouse of the next covey makes it 47, and I have but two cartridges left. I put down the empty gun and prepare to defy the oncoming hordes —"*Jusqu'à la dernière cartouche.*" A big covey appears round the upper side of the knoll, sweeping downward and crossing my front. This time no shame is mine for the fluke when the leader and the next grouse fall at the same shot, and then to my joy I get a third with my last cartridge. Fifty all told and an empty gun.

Oh, awful tantalising moments! Grouse streaming

(Continued at foot of next page).

SPENT BULLETS

Some Post-Mortems on Recovered Projectiles

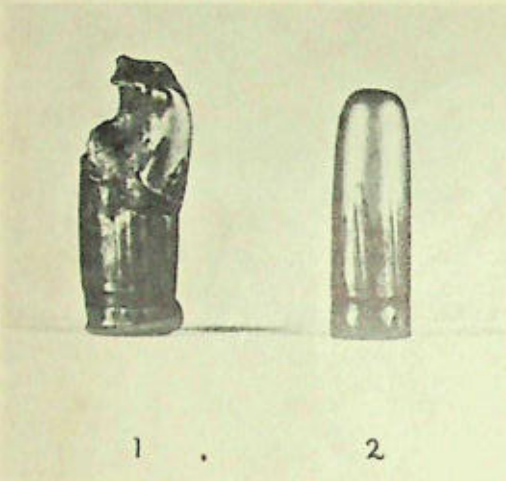
IT is strange how so many men who hunt heavy game fail to take the trouble to recover the missiles with which they have killed their beasts; they reckon that once the job is done the spent bullet is worth no further thought. It is true that often the projectile passed right through the animal and is lost irretrievably; but if it has remained in the meat much can be learned by recovering it and noting carefully its condition.

In the days of a rifle firing an uncoated leaden bullet, the study of the missile was of little importance. To-day, however, with high-velocity weapons firing nickel-jacketed cylinders of solid-tipped, soft-nosed, copper-pointed and split varieties, there is a wide divergence in performance between the respective types, even under apparently similar conditions. It has been my habit during 20 years of big game work in Africa to examine all available bullets taken from my kills, and this practice has taught me much. From it comes the knowledge not only of the best type of projectile to use on different species of game, but also the vast difference in the performance of bullets of identical type but of different calibres.

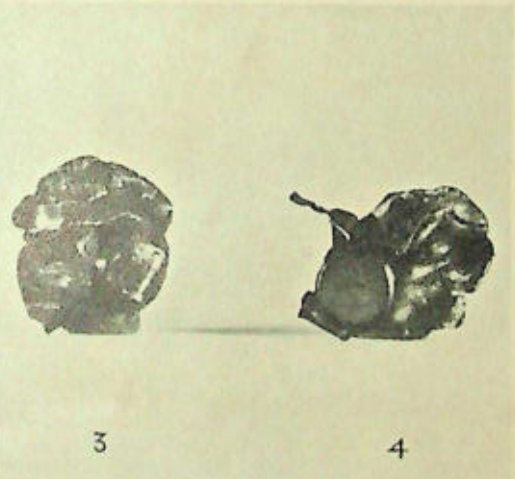
The solid-nosed bullet is designed for great penetration. In theory it should not break up when passing through hide and flesh and bone, but in practice this is by no means always the case. Its performance is governed not so much by the obstacles it encounters in its path, but the angle at which it strikes them. Bore of rifle, weight of bullet and driving force behind it, also have their say in the matter. Though usually a hard-pointed missile (if it has not penetrated clean through the animal) will be found little damaged on impact, at times it will shatter itself nearly as much as a soft-nosed would do. The habits of bullets can be as erratic as those of women.

Figures Nos. 1 and 2 in the accompanying illustrations show hard-pointed bullets fired from a ·450/·400 express rifle. With No. 2 I killed a rhinoceros with a single shot. Though this projectile passed through over 4ft. of solid hide and bone and muscle, it was scarcely damaged; indeed, it would almost be possible to use it again. No. 1 is an exactly similar bullet taken from a buffalo which I killed also with a single shot. Though buffalo cannot be classified as a pachyderm, and does not possess either the bones or the bulk of a rhino, the missile was almost as shattered as if it had struck brickwork. The top was torn off, the coating split, and the whole bullet flattened on opposite sides as if it had been squeezed in a powerful vice.

A bullet that passes slick through a beast and knocks up a spurt of dust on the further side, has used only half its energy on the task it was set to do. Expanding bullets—nickel-jacketed except for the nose—were therefore invented for use on soft-skinned beasts like antelopes; missiles designed to stub up and increase in diameter on impact, and utilise the whole of their energy in tearing as large a wound as possible inside the beast.



Hard-pointed bullets fired from a ·450/·400 express. No. 1 killed a buffalo dead, and No. 2 killed a rhinoceros dead



These bullets were also fired from a ·450/·400 express. Both were cut out of antelope and are perfect examples of expansion

The two expanded lead-nosed bullets figuring in illustrations Nos. 3 and 4 were fired from the same rifle as the solid missiles previously mentioned. One was cut from a roan antelope bull, and the other from a sable antelope bull; both large animals, standing between 4ft. 6in. and 5ft. at the shoulder. These bullets are perfect examples of expansion, having stubbed up into objects three times the diameter of their original calibre without disintegrating into several small pieces as is sometimes the case. Both bullets were found lodged under the skin of the beasts, on the far side from which they had been struck, having expended every ounce of energy in the work for which they were designed.

Unlike similar missiles from smaller bores, which are liable to break up badly on impact, heavy-bore soft-nosed bullets have a tremendous reserve of energy even after they have been knocked into a shapeless lump of lead and nickel. I remember once firing at a zebra, one of a troop. The beast fell dead, and a moment later one beyond it staggered and collapsed. On examination I found that the bullet had passed through the one at which I had aimed, and, smashed into a fist-like chunk of metal, had driven a huge hole through the shoulders of the animal that happened to be behind. Still unstopped, the projectile had passed on through the body of the second animal, and buried itself somewhere in the landscape beyond. A good punch for a soft-pointer.

To turn to expanding bullets from smaller bores; personally I have little use for the average soft-nosed projectiles that are manufactured for these rifles. I have found almost invariably that these missiles break up far too quickly on impact, splintering and losing driving power instead of getting well home in the beast before they start to mushroom out.

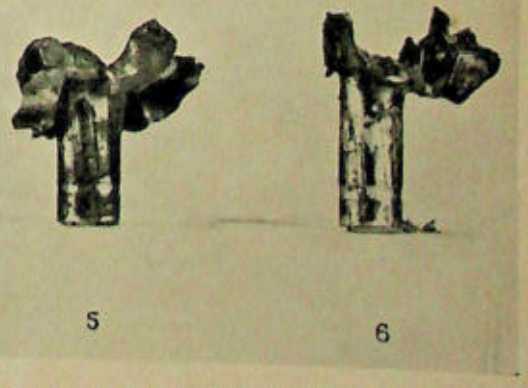
After a year or two of experience of lead-tipped bullets made for smaller-bored weapons, I evolved my own missile. I bought only hard-pointed, nickel-coated ammunition, and with a fine file rubbed down the tips of the bullets till the very smallest pin-point of the inner lead was exposed. I took great care to go no deeper; indeed, it was best to stop filing just before the lead was reached. The result was an ideal expanding bullet. The thick ring of nickel left round the nose stopped it from breaking up too quickly and shattering into half a dozen bits like the average factory-made soft. Instead it remained in one piece, retaining its driving force combined with great tearing capacity. The two bullets illustrated, Nos. 5 and 6, are specimens fired from a ·303 rifle and cut from sable antelopes which they killed. Other specimens, taken from beasts ranging from lion to warthog, all showed the same excellent result.

Some men deprecate the filing method, owing to the fear that the lead may blow out through the nickel on discharge, leaving the coating in the barrel with disastrous results at the next shot. I consider such a contingency only possible if the whole upper part of the bullet were filed away: by merely touching off the extreme tip the jacket still remains cone-shaped, making it impossible for the lead to force its way out unless it were in a melted state.

"Explosive bullets," the type of missile beloved by the lady novelist's strong, silent pioneer, are things I have never come across, nor do I know any hunters who have used them. But, speaking without experience of them, I should think that a fulminate-tipped projectile which bursts and scatters on impact would be worse than useless. It is not the surface wound that kills, but the one that drives right home through the animal. Without delay fuses, like shells for artillery, I cannot see how an invariably fatal wound could be accomplished. But I suppose as long as the popular conception of a hunter in Africa remains a person clad in immaculate (and clammy) riding breeches, and slung about with revolvers—of all useless contraptions in the bush—so the explosive bullet will remain in fictional favour.

To sum up, experience only can expound the best type of bullet for a particular job; for the performance of solid and soft, filed and hollow-tipped vary considerably with the make of cartridge and calibre of the weapon. No man, therefore, should neglect the chance of recovering his spent bullets, and learning the lesson which they have to tell.

WILFRID ROBERTSON.



Specimens fired from a ·303 rifle and cut out of sable antelopes which they killed

The Midland Gun Company, of Bath Street, Birmingham, have issued their most comprehensive catalogue for 1934 of guns and rifles, of which they offer a very large selection of highly serviceable weapons at very low prices, together with a large selection of accessories varying from a finger protector to a knuckle-duster.

"ONE CROWDED HOUR" *continued from previous page.*

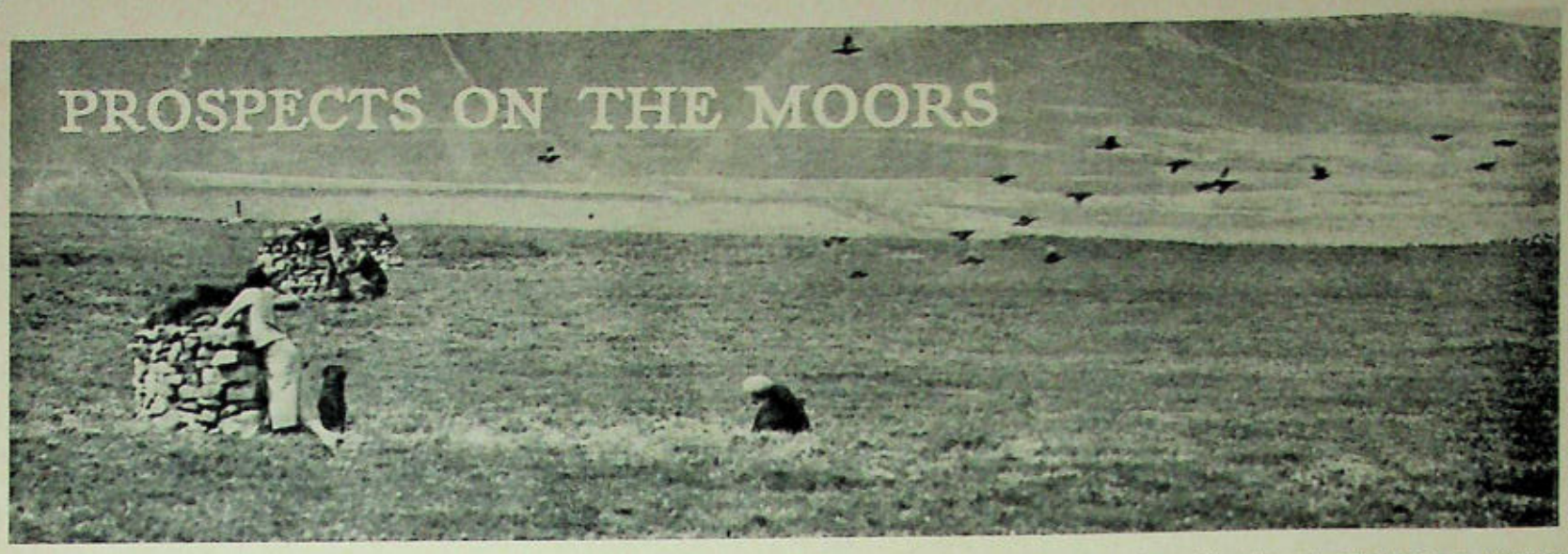
overhead, not as single spies, but in battalions (a watcher from afar said that they flew over the butts like flocks of rooks, so great were their numbers) down from the right, up from the left, in front or passing behind, I with an empty gun and my neighbours blazing away as though repelling a counter-attack. I gaze frantically down the hill, and see my loader come out. Thank Heaven! Oh, d—— and b——! They must be short, too; he is going farther down. I could almost cry with rage, and the moments pass like hours. There are more grouse than ever. At last he reappears, crouches a moment to allow my neighbour to shoot, and then, purple, sweating, and panting, struggles up the hill. So blown is he that I take the bag and load for myself while he recovers his wind, and very good shooting I make. My right-hand neighbour misses clean a covey that, starting well above him, are proper birds when they reach me. I get my two. Good shooting though I says it as shouldn't!

The beaters are near now and the birds not so plentiful, but coming quicker and higher, with no intention of stopping this side the corrie. I can recall also killing a snipe although this latter phase is a little blurred, while the score creeps up into the 60's. One spectacular left and right I do recollect, and always shall, by which I pulled a couple of grouse out of the stratosphere, or so it appeared to my excited imagination.

Sixty-five we have. Shall we reach 70? And by single birds we creep to 68, 69 and—hurrah! 70. Incidentally, there are four dead birds in the butt, and my none-too-steady dog is alternately nuzzling them or raving at the flutterers which he can see outside. I can hear the beaters' shouts, the very snapping of their flags, so I let off a blue hare within easy range as he sits upright and looks back, even though I know that my hostess wants some for soup. At this moment the last bird, as did the first, comes over the knoll, and I kill him behind me, and the drive is over. I have counted 71, so I stick to that figure, but I know there were more, and anyway, I am more than satisfied; yet, with the perverseness of human nature I shall never cease to speculate upon what my bag might have been had I not run out of cartridges.

BURMA, AFRICA, AND INDIA—A PHOTOGRAPHER'S BAG

THE upper photograph is by Mr. E. H. Peacock and shows a herd of Burmese bison feeding. It was tantalisingly cruel of the big bull to put his head down at the critical moment. The oryx in the centre were photographed by Major Radclyffe Dugmore at a water-hole in the Northern Frontier Province, Kenya. The lower left picture of a tiger in the Northern Bengal jungles was taken by Mr. T. V. Dent. Perhaps the most difficult picture of all to obtain is of the oorial ram in the bottom right-hand corner, the work of Lieut.-Colonel Stockley. It was taken in the salt hills north of Rawal Pindi. He also photographed the hog-deer immediately below.



AS in other years, we publish herewith a summary of the reports which have been sent to us by correspondents in all parts of Scotland, England and Wales. It will be seen that there is general agreement that the coming season will be one of the best of recent years. There was a certain amount of inclement weather in the spring, but set-backs owing to weather in April and May are to be expected, and this year seem to have done more good than harm. From only one moor is there a report of disease. This, no doubt, is greatly due to the sunshine of last summer, which produced a fine bloom of heather and ripened the seed well for the winter. We wish to tender our best thanks to the correspondents who have kindly sent us so many full and interesting reports.

Aberdeenshire.—Reports of last year's heather vary from good to excellent. Grouse came well through the winter, and the weather in February was favourable, but in April there were heavy snowstorms which retarded nesting and in the Strathdon district a snowstorm on May 16th did considerable damage. These snowstorms caused a good deal of local movement and in some places packing. The average number of eggs in clutches in the nests was seven, and coveys vary in strength from five to nine. There has been no disease and the prospects for the coming season are regarded as very fair. They would have been a good deal better had it not been for the snow in May.

Angus.—Last year's heather throughout the county carried plenty of bloom and seed, except in some places in the lower ground. It was a very open winter, but two snowstorms in April and another storm in May, delayed nesting which, on some moors, was very irregular. The average number of eggs in a clutch was eight, and coveys will vary from six to eight young birds. There has been no disease and prospects are spoken of as good throughout, and in one or two districts as possibly promising a record.

Argyllshire.—In the Inverary district grouse came very well through a mild winter, with plenty of heather in excellent condition. The weather in late spring was severe, causing disease in some parts at the beginning of May, following on bitterly cold weather late in April. Nests were later than usual, but were well filled with clutches of seven and eight eggs. Hatching was very patchy and no more than an average season is expected.

In the Glendaruel district weather conditions have been unusual. Throughout the winter the weather was dry and mild, and a very severe snap came in late spring which, however, did not affect the birds as severely as had been anticipated. This was probably because they were in very good condition. Generally speaking, prospects are bright and excellent sport is hoped for.

In the neighbourhood of Colintraive, the weather during the early spring was mild, but very wet and cold during the nesting season. Clutches averaged eight eggs, but the strength of coveys in July will not average more than six. Prospects are described as fairly good and there has been no disease.

In the Skipness district grouse wintered well, with a good supply of heather. In the spring the rainfall was below the average, and the cold weather continued until late in May. There was no snow and conditions were good for heather burning in April. Nesting was ten days to a fortnight late, and the average of eggs in clutches was not higher than seven. There has been no disease, but young birds probably suffered a good deal during a period of drought which was not broken by rain until July 13th. Heather in the summer has suffered from drought just as did the young birds.

From West Argyllshire and the moors about Glen Lonan, the heather supply was excellent and a mild early spring was followed by cold dry weather. Nesting was satisfactory with an average of eight eggs in a clutch. Birds in July were in forward condition. There has been no disease and prospects are hopeful.

Banffshire.—In the Arndilly district heather in the autumn of 1933 was very good, and with no severe frost in winter, provided very fine feeding. Weather was not really bad in spring, but with cold winds and a fall of snow, which fortunately did not lie longer than a week, nesting was not as good as last year, some of the eggs being chilled. Clutches numbered five to nine, with an average of seven eggs. Young birds in coveys number from three to six, with some strong broods of eight and nine on the lower moors. Grouse on the Twelfth will be found in all stages, many of them strong on the wing but with a number of cheepers intermixed, these being due to second nesting after snow.

In the Glenfiddich district, an average season is expected. Early in April, with a large stock of healthy birds which came well through a favourable winter, it looked as if there might be a record year. But soon after the beginning of the month cold weather and snow showers followed, and on the 8th there was the worst snow which has been experienced for some years. This put an end to nesting for the time being, though the grouse returned to their own ground when the snow had melted. They did well until May 16th, when there was another heavy fall of snow. Some birds came through this hard weather successfully, but others had second nests with small clutches, and these later birds will hardly be fit for driving on the Twelfth. The weather at midsummer was very hot and dry, but there was generally a good dew at night.

In Upper Banffshire the heather crop of 1933 was particularly good and was not damaged by frost in winter. The bloom was especially good in peaty soil overlying sand. The winter was unusually open and mild, perhaps, indeed, too mild, for there was no tendency for grouse to move from their ground. But for spring storms, which cleaned the moors, grouse might not have fared as well as they did. There was a snowstorm of unusual duration in May and later there were two bad local thunderstorms. Nesting began early in the fine weather, but on high ground many of the nests were destroyed by local snow. Had it not been for this check, the average of clutches would have been as high as seven or eight, but in the second nests which followed the snow, clutches were much smaller. There was no sign of disease in spring. Had there been any trace of disease it must have shown itself by June, because many hens were reduced to very poor condition by sitting indefinitely on eggs which had been destroyed. Prospects for the season will be better than last year, though the first week will not be as good as usual owing to so many young birds being late. There was, however, a prolonged drought, which may have done harm, for grouse always do better in a showery summer. Fortunately, there have been good night dews and all along there has been a fair water supply. In September the high ground will probably fill from the lower reaches.

From moors in the Spey Basin, embracing districts of Banffshire, Morayshire and Inverness-shire, come reports of a season which might have been expected to be first-class had it not been for bitter cold and snow in May. The heather crop in the autumn was excellent and the weather in early spring had been so favourable for burning that hopes of rapid growth of young heather were fulfilled. It is possible that the weather of February, which was more like May than that of a normal winter, encouraged birds to nest earlier and at a higher altitude than usual. May, however, came with cold winds and daily falls of snow at the end of the month, and this was disastrous to nests on high-lying ground, while some of the low-lying nests were washed out. Some nests held as many as ten eggs, others no more than two. Coveys in July will average five, six and seven. Prospects for the Twelfth are not good generally and it will be well to defer driving until later in most cases, since many young birds did not hatch out until July.

During the summer drought well-watered moors were heavily stocked, but since the coming of rain these grouse have spread out, and possibly the stronger coveys will have been found to have gone to the higher ground.

Caithness.—From north-east Caithness come reports that point to a record season. The heather at the close of 1933 afforded ample

FOOTWORK IN SHOOTING

Sir Harry Stonor in action at a covert shoot in Bedfordshire. This picture is an object lesson in effortless style in shooting

feeding during the autumn and spring, and as there were no early frosts or other adverse circumstances, the grouse wintered in excellent conditions. The weather in the early spring was mostly mild and dry and continued so until late spring, when there was a slight fall of snow, but not enough to cause damage to nests. Most of these contained eight to ten eggs and in a few cases as many as twelve. There was no disease in spring, and coveys in July averaged eight to ten. The prospects are excellent. Young grouse were early on the wing and will be well able to look after themselves on the Twelfth.

Further south in the Latheron district the grouse wintered well but there was a lot of rain at the beginning of March. On May 15th and 16th there was a slight snowstorm, but this did not interfere with nesting. Clutches varied from six to eight eggs, and there was no disease in spring. Birds are as forward as usual, and in this part of Caithness keepers are looking forward to a first-class season.

Further south still, in the neighbourhood of Braemore, the heather was in bloom earlier than usual last year, but did not last as long as usual. There was a snowstorm in the middle of April which put some of the birds off the higher ground down to lower level. Clutches averaged seven, there was no disease, and prospects are regarded as slightly better than last year.

Dumbartonshire.—There was an excellent crop of well-ripened seed to carry grouse through the winter, and the weather up till April was excellent. During this month it was cold, with snow and rain, but improved towards the end. The first nest was seen about April 5th. Clutches in nests varied from seven to ten. Very few eggs were left in the nest. There have been no signs of disease and the average of young birds in a covey will be five to six. A number of barren pairs of grouse have been seen and for these it is difficult to account. There were very many cold nights in May, with frost on the higher ground, which may have killed off some of the young birds. Prospects are fairly good.

Dumfriesshire.—In the Langholm district the heather ripened well and gave good feeding through the winter. There were no bad snowstorms in the winter and the weather in spring was fair. Birds nested very early at the beginning of April. There was very little mortality in the spring, eggs averaged as high as eight and nine in a clutch and there will be many coveys of seven and eight on the wing. There are a few second broods which hatched late.

In north-west Dumfriesshire prospects are above the average. After a favourable winter and spring there were many nests, but the broods were small. This applies to the coveys in July. In this district the bracken is a serious menace to heather. The diminution in the numbers of black game is deplorable. Pheasants seem to have invaded the country of the blackcock and even of the grouse, and this non-indigenous species, as elsewhere in England and Scotland, bids fair to usurp the place of the native black grouse. Incidentally, foxes in places are a nuisance and difficult to keep in check.

Inverness-shire.—In the neighbourhood of Fasnakyle there was a fine bloom on the heather in the autumn which lasted well with a rich crop of seed. Grouse came well through the winter, scattered all over the ground, with no packing. The spring weather was open and mild, and nesting started early, but a heavy snowstorm in the middle of May covered the nests with two or three feet of snow on the high ground. All these nests were lost. The second nests averaged no more than three to five in a clutch. There was no disease. Prospects are very poor on the high ground, but on low ground fairly good.

In the Invergarry district, much the same conditions prevailed. On May 15th there was a snowstorm at 1,000ft. which lay for three days, and some of the stock at this time disappeared. Most of the hens were laying above the 600ft. line and many of these nested a second time. At the beginning of August the young birds were fully a fortnight later than usual and the prospects for the coming season are described as only moderate.

In this district vermin are scarcer than they have been for years past. Fewer hoodies than usual have nested and foxes and wild cats are less numerous.

In the Colquhalearn district there was very little snow during the winter, but on April 10th there was a fall of 2½ft. to 3ft. which lasted for a week. There was another fall of 6in. on May 15th. All this was very much against nesting and many eggs were left in nests unhatched. There have been no signs of disease, and although there are coveys of eight and nine on the ground, there are other very small coveys owing to late hatchings and dry weather in June. It will not be more than an average season.

Kirkcudbright.—On these moors the condition of the heather last autumn was excellent and grouse came well through the winter. In the spring there was a good deal of snow and hard frost, and although the nesting season was satisfactory on the whole, it was a good deal later than usual. Eggs averaged eight in a clutch, there has been no disease, and coveys will average six young birds. Prospects are fairly good.

On some Kirkcudbright moors there are too many old cock grouse left, and there are keepers who would as soon see a stoat on the hill as one of these old cocks. A large proportion of heather, too, needs to be burned to provide for a proper supply of food.

Morayshire.—In the Dallas district, grouse were very forward and ready to nest at the beginning of March. Then came a long snowstorm from March 18th–23rd. This was a godsend as it retarded the grouse and kept them back until the proper nesting-time. A second snowstorm came on April 12th, when a few of the grouse lost their nests, and another followed on May 16th. But there was no frost. Coveys in August will average six and seven, and the prospects for the season are fairly good.

In the Knockando district the heather in the autumn could not have been better. The weather was favourable up till early April, though not good enough for satisfactory heather burning. Early snow delayed nesting in April, and there was a heavy snowstorm from May 14th–17th. This did a great deal of damage and would have done more had the birds not been kept back by the April storm. There were seven to eight eggs in a clutch and there will be roughly six young birds in the coveys. Had it not been for the May storm, this would have been a bumper year.

In the Spey Valley, north-east of Grantown, the weather was favourable until May 15th, when there was a week of snow, and the north-east ground suffered badly. On the high ground there were 9in. of snow. Grouse were about ten days later than the last two years. There were many second nests, but the grouse have made a remarkable recovery and, although some of the birds are young for the time of year, prospects are fair. The May snowstorm led to many eggs being left addled in the nests.

Peeblesshire.—In the Baddinsgill district heather bloomed early last year and grouse looked exceptionally well in the early spring. February and March were fairly dry, but there was heavy snow from April 8th–10th, then an inch of rain on the night of April 10th and 11th. Nesting began early, but the birds were upset by the snow. Some left the ground, but returned when the snow cleared. Hatching was very good, averaging seven to twelve eggs a nest and, including old birds, there will be coveys of eight to thirteen. There are, however, more late broods than there were last year.

On Upper Tweedside generally there was little growth of heather last year, owing to the drought, but grouse came well through to March, when very cold weather gave them a bad setback. The weather was bad through the first part of April and nests were not so well filled as usual. There was no disease in spring. Coveys as a rule are of four and five young birds, and now and then a covey of eight or ten. Prospects are not so good as they were last year and the heather will not have as much bloom.

Perthshire.—In the Blair Atholl district the winter was open and mild and, although there was a slight snowstorm on April 6th and 7th, nests were well filled with seven to nine eggs in a clutch There has been no disease and prospects are fair.

Further west in the Rannoch district and north of the loch the heather last year carried splendid bloom, of which the seed ripened well. Weather from the beginning of March onwards until the last week of May was very trying to the grouse, especially on the high ground. Nesting, however, was fairly good, but much later than last year. There were six to nine eggs in the clutch, and there will be three to seven young birds in the coveys. The very dry spell on badly watered moors has taken toll of the young chicks. It has been difficult to calculate the strength of coveys, as there are many late birds which did not show in July. Some of the later nests did not hatch out as clean as the earlier, and the May snow, which lay for three days, from the 16th to the 18th, has resulted in a certain number of pairs of barren birds. Frost did a good deal of damage to young heather in April, and prospects on the whole are not as good as last year.

On the moors in the neighbourhood of Aberfeldy the heather never looked better in the autumn, and the warm weather led to an early growth of young heather. The early part of the spring was

remarkably free from frost, but a snowstorm on April 7th helped to delay the nesting. At one time the danger was that the birds in their very forward condition would start laying too soon. There has been no disease, and with an average of eight eggs in a clutch there should be from four to twelve young birds in the coveys. The prospect altogether is one of the best seasons for some years.

Further west in the Garth district the winter, if anything, was too open and mild and the conditions were almost unnatural. Birds paired in February, which was a very mild month, and there were early nests in April. The snowstorm of May 16th did a great deal of harm to nests and young birds. There has been no sign of disease, but broods will be small, with four and five young birds. From May 20th onwards the weather was dry and hot; there were no heavy dews to keep the heather moist and grouse gathered round the springs. The first rain fell on June 12th and was a godsend to the moor and the birds.

From this district an experienced keeper writes: "I have never seen grouse so careless about their nests as they were this year. They did not try to shelter or hide them. A large number of nests were found on bare ground and on the burnt heather stubble."

In the Blairgowrie district it was an exceptionally open winter, but the spring weather was very bad from the beginning of March to the middle of May. It was, in fact, the worst spring experienced on certain moors in this district for more than thirty years. Many early nests were damaged by snow, but second hatchings have done very well. There have been no signs of disease, but the coveys in July were very mixed as regards size and age, and there were many very late hatchings. Prospects on the whole are good.

In the Strathearn district the heather was very good in the autumn with plenty of seed. Grouse wintered well, but the weather was really too mild, and there was no cold spell. The nesting season was satisfactory, though there was a fall of snow in May. There has been no disease; coveys averaged eight in July and one covey of fourteen young birds was seen. Prospects are described as "the very best." Most moors in this district had a whole stock at the end of last year and will require to be shot hard this season.

Ross-shire.—In Easter Ross last year's bloom of heather was very good and grouse came well through a mild winter. On April 8th, there was a severe snowstorm on the high ground, and between May 14th and 18th there was heavy snow which caused many birds to lose their nests. There was no disease in the spring, but with the drought that followed in midsummer coveys lost several of their young birds. There will not be more than three to seven young birds in the coveys. Prospects are of a fair average season.

In the Ardgay district there have been three first-class heather years in succession. Grouse mated at about the usual time, and nests were well filled with seven to ten eggs; but there was a severe snowstorm from May 15th–18th, when, on ground 500ft. above sea level, there was not a black spot to be seen. There were birds which sat on nests in about 10in. of snow and hatched out all right, but with an addled egg here and there. Some birds, unfortunately, had their nests covered with drifts 3ft. deep. Other birds lost their nests, laid eggs outside them, and then when the snow melted, returned to hatch out their first eggs. June was very dry, and many young birds died for want of water. There are also a lot of common gulls and rooks hunting the moors as they could find no food in the fields owing to the drought. The season will be a little above the average.

In the Muir of Ord district, the weather through most of April was cold, with a lot of snow which delayed laying for a week or more and also lessened the clutches by one and two eggs. But this had no effect on the health of the stock. Eggs were exceptionally rich looking and hatched almost 100 per cent. Snow came again in the middle of May, which caused many sitting hens to desert, but they laid again very quickly, so that there are many early second broods. During the last and present season the heather crop could hardly have been better, but in some parts there has been high mortality among young grouse. We find contrasts between the coveys on the low ground and those which have flourished on the higher ridges, where cool conditions and a moist surface have been unfavourable for the spread of coccidiosis. If it had not been for the drought of the past summer there would have been an average stock of grouse. At present the prospects are only fair.

Selkirkshire.—In the Tweed Valley the heather last year carried a splendid bloom, and winter conditions were easy. This was fortunate, otherwise the bad weather of spring would have told heavily against the stock. The weather in April was wintery almost throughout the month, and in May, except for two days about the 10th, and during the last week, conditions were cold and unseasonable particularly from the 13th to the 20th, when there were cold, northerly winds with heavy showers of snow and sleet. Nesting was general in the last week of April, clutches on the whole being very good; three were observed with eleven eggs, and others with nine were fairly common. As a rule nests hatched clean though there were a few on high ground which left two or three, and even four, eggs addled. After the cold blighting winds of April and May the sunny weather of June and July brought the heather into splendid order, though, perhaps, not quite up to last year, which was a record; the prospects are quite good for the season.

On the moors of the Upper Yarrow, March, April and most of May were cold and stormy with snow. There were a good many second nests; one with five eggs being seen on July 1st, and others with seven in the last week in June. There are some small broods, but, on the whole, coveys are bigger than for a number of years past. One covey has been seen with twelve young birds, and there are many with nine, eight and seven. There has been no disease. It was feared at one time that a heavy snowfall which came in May, and laid for several days, would have done much damage; but some good broods have been seen on the highest parts of the moors. A really good season is confidently expected.

In this district foxes have been numerous, but hoodies scarcer than in other years. There was a good stock of black game left on the ground, and they should make a good show this season.

Wigtownshire.—In Wigtownshire last year the heather ripened well, with plenty of seed, and grouse came well through to the spring. This was very cold with winds from the east and north, but there was no snow on the low ground. On the whole nesting was later than usual. There have been no signs of disease, but although the nests averaged seven or eight eggs in a clutch the strength of coveys is very irregular, and there are many barren pairs. This is probably to be accounted for by the very hot and dry weather, which led to a great scarcity of water on many parts of the moors, and in some parts there has been a great deal of trouble with tick. Prospects for the coming season are poor.

ENGLAND

Cheshire.—The heather was in very good condition in the autumn and grouse wintered well. In the spring the weather was very open, but 6in. of snow fell on May 17th. Nests were well filled with eight eggs in a clutch, but the snow came just as birds were hatching. Chicks were picked up on the edge of the nests and several nests did not hatch at all. There has been no disease, but coveys will hardly average five young birds, and the prospects for the season are regarded as only fair.

Cumberland.—In Cumberland the heather last year was better than usual and grouse came well through the winter, but the spring was cold and late. Clutches averaged eight eggs and young birds could fly early in July. There has been no disease and prospects seem to be fairly good.

From a moor in the Ravenglass district comes an interesting report of hand-reared birds. Our correspondent writes as follows: "Last season we hand-reared about 50 young birds, which were not shot and were on the ground at Christmas. These have probably increased the number of nests this season. The eggs were picked up on outlying parts of the moor which are hardly ever shot over. The eggs from one small moor about two miles away produced young grouse which were redder than the others and had much narrower heads. They were also much wilder than the others, though they were all hatched under bantams and small hens. They could be distinguished from the others as long as it was possible to get anywhere near them.

"About the middle of June someone started a fire which burnt about five acres of heather. Five nests were found after the fire on the burnt patch, but two or three of them had already hatched. Some of the young may have been destroyed in the fire."

Durham.—From the centre of the county reports are promising. The spring was very mild with little or no snow and grouse began to sit from April 15th. They were in good condition, having come well through the winter on a good supply of heather. As many as twelve eggs were found in a nest and the average would be about eight eggs. There has been no disease, though a few odd birds were picked up dead, possibly pricked in the previous season or having flown against wire. On low ground in this district, which has been very dry, it is difficult to know what is the stock on the ground during hot weather, when birds move towards higher ground. Prospects for the coming season, however, appear to be good.

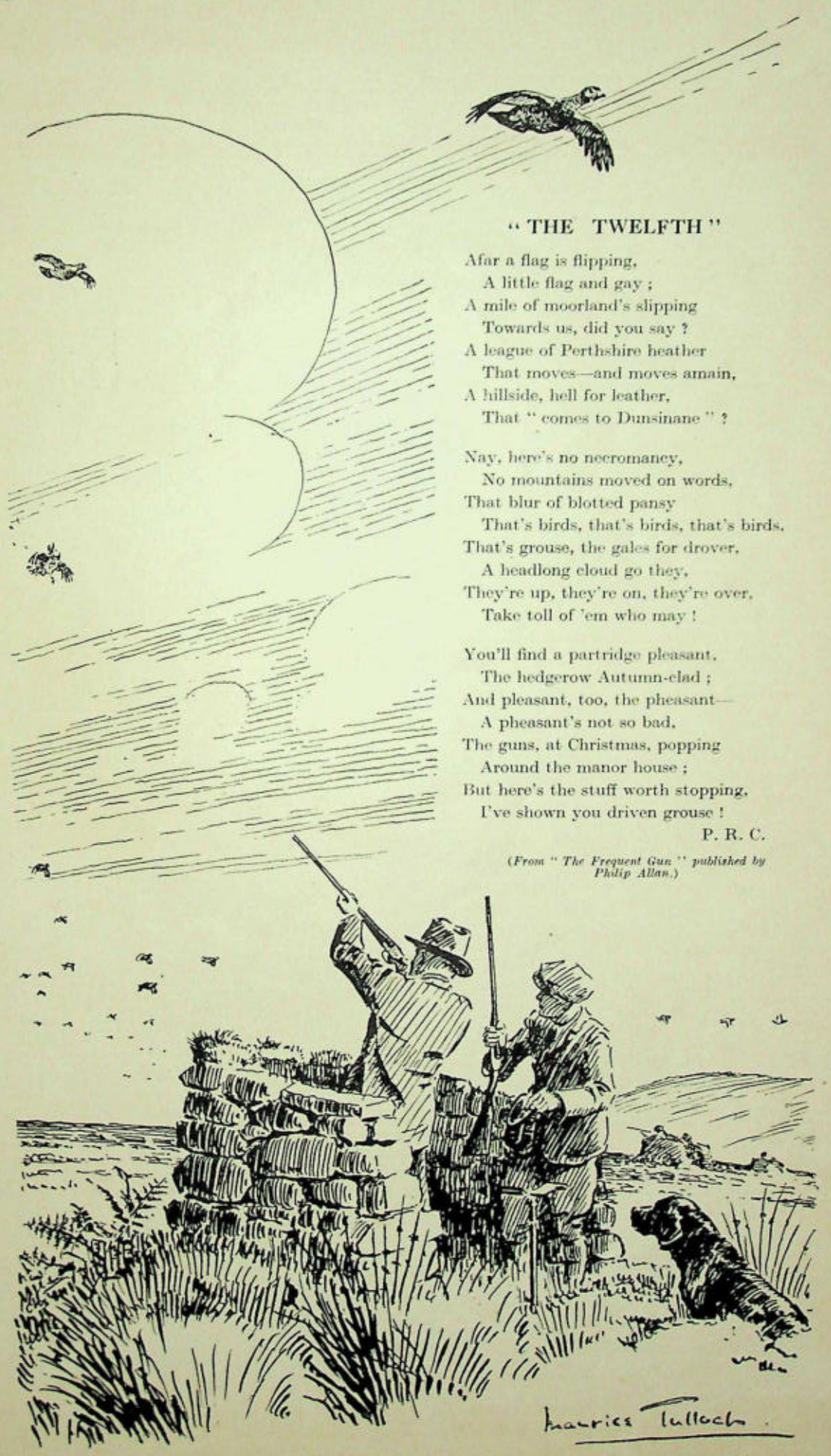
On moors in the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle there was a late snowstorm which destroyed some of the earlier nests, but after that the weather was excellent, and the great majority of the grouse did not suffer at all. Both the numbers of eggs in the clutch and of young birds in the coveys appear to be well above the average. There has been no trace of disease.

On some of the highest moors there was not a full breeding stock from last year, but the season this year should be above the average, and on some moors should be very good indeed. The heather has come on well and there is a satisfactory prospect of a good food supply for next winter.

Lancashire.—The heather last year ripened with plenty of seed and grouse wintered exceptionally well. The weather at the beginning of the spring was cold, but improved later, and conditions were good during the nesting period. Nests took some three weeks to fill, but eventually held nearly an average of eight eggs. There have been no signs whatever of disease, birds have been bright in colour and healthy looking, while the coveys in July numbered eight, nine and even twelve young birds. Owing to drought, the heather was at first backward, but afterwards progressed well. Of late years on these Lancashire moors birds have shown a tendency to pack early, even before the Twelfth. It is difficult to find a reason for this, but this year the birds are ten days to a fortnight later than usual. The prospects for the season are very good, perhaps the best since 1915.

Northumberland.—On Northern moors with a good supply of heather the birds did very well. There was practically no winter until after the middle of April. The last fortnight in April and the first ten days in May were the worst period of the year. There was a lot of snow on the high ground, and an experienced correspondent writes that he does not remember ever to have seen more snow on Cheviot on May 12th. The snow lay mainly about the 1,500ft. level, and there was little below 1,300ft. No disease has been heard of, clutches averaged about eight, but the coveys will be rather below the average, with a few good broods. A fair year is expected where there was a good breeding stock last year.

On moors in the neighbourhood of Allendale, the full sunshine of last summer produced a fine crop of heather seed. Young heather also made a better growth than usual. Grouse in October were in the best possible condition to face the winter. This was remarkable for its mildness and at no time were grouse driven off the heather by snow. They were ready to begin nesting at an early date, but were checked by cold and snow at the end of March. This weather continued during the whole of April and ended on May 6th with



"THE TWELFTH"

Afar a flag is flipping,
A little flag and gay;
A mile of moorland's slipping
Towards us, did you say?
A league of Perthshire heather
That moves—and moves amain,
A hillside, hell for leather,
That "comes to Dunsinane"?

Nay, here's no necromancy,
No mountains moved on words,
That blur of blotted pansy
That's birds, that's birds, that's birds,
That's grouse, the gales for drover,
A headlong cloud go they,
They're up, they're on, they're over,
Take toll of 'em who may!

You'll find a partridge pleasant,
The hedgerow Autumn-clad;
And pleasant, too, the pheasant—
A pheasant's not so bad,
The guns, at Christmas, popping
Around the manor house;
But here's the stuff worth stopping,
I've shown you driven grouse!

P. R. C.

(From "The Frequent Gun" published by Philip Allan.)

very cold rain. Snow lying 3in. and 4in. deep over the moors during April did not give much hope for early nesting. No eggs were found until a fortnight later than usual. This late snow, however, apparently only kept the birds from laying, and no eggs were found which had been dropped in the snow. The average number of eggs in the nest, which was eight and nine with an occasional clutch of ten, was disappointing. It had been prophesied that most nests would contain double figures, judging from the fine appearance of the birds in March. Since hatching the weather has been fine and broods have kept up their original strength to a high degree. There has been no disease and no sign of weak grouse anywhere. Prospects are for the season as good as there has been for many years.

Westmorland.—On moors in the Barras district, grouse wintered very well, and the weather in spring was favourable, with the exception of short periods of snowstorms. The nesting season was satisfactory, with clutches numbering from eight to ten eggs. There was no disease in spring and coveys in July averaged seven to eight young birds. On most moors good sport is expected.

On moors in the east of the county there was a bad week in May, when some of the grouse lost their nests. The average clutch numbered eight and coveys in August will number from four to ten young birds. There are a few late broods and the prospects for the season are fair.

In the Kirkby Lonsdale district the heather bloom was good and so was the growth of the young heather last year. Grouse throughout the winter were in good health and in the spring the weather during the nesting season was favourable, though laying was slightly checked by a cold east wind. Clutches numbered from seven to eight eggs. There has been no disease whatever and coveys with old birds will number from eight to ten. The prospects for the season are very favourable.

Yorkshire.—On moors in the north-east there was very little frost or snow in the spring and the nesting season was satisfactory, with an average of eight or nine eggs to the clutch. There has been no disease, but there has been a certain amount of loss through foxes. Prospects for the season, with seven or eight young birds in the coveys, are very fair.

In the district south of Barnard Castle it was rather wet in April and May, but there was only one day in May on which the rain did any real harm. Most of it fell before hatching time. Nests were well filled and hatching was satisfactory. Like that of last season, the heather this year was again good and in consequence the birds are healthy and strong, with no signs of disease. There are prospects of a good season.

On moors in the Reeth district there was not as large a breeding stock left from last year as there has been in other seasons, but what stock there was have done very well. It was a good nesting season and only in the first week in April were there two or three frosts. There have been no signs of disease. Clutches average seven and eight, but the coveys vary very much in strength; some have only four young birds, others ten, and one covey has been seen with fifteen young birds. The prolonged sunshine has had its effect on the heather, which has never been in finer condition, and also on the health of the grouse. Prospects are hopeful.

Good reports come from the Nidderdale moors. The heather last year was in good condition and grouse wintered well. In the spring the weather was dry, with very little snow, though the nights were cold. Grouse began to sit at the end of March and the beginning of April. Eggs averaged eight to a clutch; there have been no signs of disease, and on moors where a proper stock was left last year the prospects are good.

On Wharfedale moors last year the heather ripened well after a good bloom. There was very little frost or snow until the spring, when snow fell on high ground and lay for some twelve hours when some birds had nested. Clutches averaged eight eggs and there has been no disease. Coveys in July averaged six to eight young birds.

On Bowland moors the heather flowered last year very well indeed. Grouse never looked better in the spring and there was very little snow, though cold rain at Whitsuntide to some extent damaged the hatch on the low ground. Nesting on the higher ground was later. There were very good nests containing up to twelve eggs, clutches of nine, ten and eleven being common. There have been no signs of any disease. On some of the moors coveys will average nine young birds and eight on others. Prospects are regarded as the best since 1927 or even 1915.

WALES

Carnarvonshire.—The heather crop last year was good. Birds came through the winter in good condition, but the spring was rather cold and the nesting was rather later than usual. Nests contained from five to eight eggs and coveys will average from five to seven young birds. There may be a few birds too small to be shot on the Twelfth. There has been no disease and there are prospects of a good season.

Montgomeryshire.—In Montgomeryshire there was a very good crop of heather seed and birds came through the winter in fine condition. The weather in February was, if anything, too mild, and birds became almost too forward in condition. Rough and wet weather in the first three weeks of March, with heavy snow on April 6th, which covered the hill for a week, put the grouse back, and the weather remained wet and cold during laying and hatching The average number of eggs in the clutch was seven, but there was no disease and as there was a good stock left on moors last year the prospects for the present season are hopeful.

An interesting note comes from a keeper who writes that, "We had the heather beetle last season and burnt all the affected parts in July and the first week in August. This did a lot of good and I have only found a few small patches this year where the beetle is working."

FIELD TRIALS

Pointers and Setters in Shropshire and Wales

THE West Midland Trials were held on the Long-mynd Moors, Church Stretton, on July 20th and 21st, through the kindness of Mr. Max Wenner, and were an unqualified success. The arrangements made were admirable, especially the provision of water in buckets which proved a great boon to the dogs on a moor where almost every spring and burn is dried up. Doubtless the prolonged drought has depleted the coveys. We were a little short of grouse at times, but such as we saw appeared healthy if a little backward. The judges were Mr. W. East and Major J. D. Lloyd.

COCKERS AND SHELL DUCK

One of a set of panels designed by Mr. Vernon Stokes, R.B.A., for Mr. David Greig

The first heat between Mrs. Holt's Irish Setter puppy Menaifron Keene O' Moy and Mr. W. Humphrey's Horsford Countess Dusty was a really good one, and proved to be the best of the meeting. There was little between them, both quartering well and turning well into the wind, and both staunch on point. The Irishman proved the better gamefinder, obtaining four points to Dusty's one.

In the Novice Stake, Keene O' Moy failed to reproduce the good form he showed in the Puppy Stake, Horsford Countess Drone avenging the earlier defeat of her litter sister Horsford Countess Dusty.

Of the rest we liked Captain Colville's Irish Setter Penheale Dauntless, a grand mover, who, when she is more under control and has more experience, will be a force to be reckoned with in any company; in fact, the best type of Irishman.

On Saturday, Bratton Vanity won the Open Stake, undoubtedly a good class bitch. It might easily be said of her that she false-pointed several times, but we were confident that she did not as other dogs acknowledge scent at the same spots. Old cock grouse were behaving more like French partridges on the baked ground, which was, I fancy, the reason.

Mrs. Holt's nice Pointer Marjorie ran Vanity close, and is a very likeable bitch, though inclined to be somewhat highly strung. J. D. L.

The results were:

PUPPY STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Mary Holt's I. s. Menaifron Keene O' Moy; 2nd, W. Humphreys's E. s. b. Horsford Countess Duchess; 3rd, D. Jones's p. d. Menaifron Bittern; 4th, H. Mitchell's E. s. b. Lingfield Fay. Reserve, Mrs. Bernard Yeoward's I. s. b. Cwmwran Drennagh.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, W. Humphreys's Horsford Countess Drone; 2nd, Mrs. Mary Holt's Menaifron Keene O' Moy; 3rd, Captain N. R. Colville's G. s. b. Penheale Dauntless. Reserve, W. Humphreys's E. s. b. Horsford Countess Dusty.

OPEN ALL STAKE.—1st, H. Mitchell's E. s. b. Bratton Vanity 2nd, Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Marjorie; 3rd, Mrs. Yeoward's p. d Brynmor Newsboy; 4th, H. Mitchell's E. s. d. Lingfield Ila Reserve Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Rock O' Moy.

Mr. H. Mitchell, with Bratton Vanity, won the International Gun Dog League's silver trophy as the winner of the Open Stake.

Mrs. Mary Holt's special for the best I. s. went to Penheale Dauntless.

The field trials of the Irish Setter Association (England) were held at Ruabon, North Wales, on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24th and 25th. The judges were Mr. J. L. Somerville and Mr. M. L. Colahan.

OPEN STAKE.—1st (equal), Mrs. Foot's d. Beorcham Craftsman and Mrs. F. Nagle's Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or; 3rd, Mrs. Foot's b. Beorcham Clio; 4th, Mrs. Holt's d. Menaifron Rock O'Moy. Reserve, Mr. Deurden's d. Speedway Recorder.

BRACE STAKE.—1, Mrs. Nagle's F.T. Ch. Clogham Belle and Sulhampstead Bluff D'Or; 2nd, Mrs. Nagle's F.T. Ch. S. Baffle D'Or and S. Seal D'Or.

PUPPY STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Yeoward's b. Cymwran Drenagh; 2nd, Mrs. Holt's d. Menaifron Keane O'Moy; 3rd, Mrs. Holt's M. Jamie O'Moy. Reserve, Captain N. R. Colville's d. Penheale Demon.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Nagle's b. S. Seal D'Or; 2nd, Mrs. Holt's M. Jamie O'Moy; 3rd, Major H. Beaumont's d. Moody Mike; 4th, Mrs. Holt's b. M. Doone O'Moy. Reserve, Mr. Balding's b. Flashaway Wanda.

The 34th trials of the I.G.L. Pointer and Setter Society were held at Gwylfa Hiraethog, N. Wales, on July 27th and 28th, when the judges were Captain G. Powys Dewhurst and Captain J. B. Littledale.

The awards were as follows:

PUPPY STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Bee; 2nd, Captain N. R. Colville's I. s. d. Penheale Demon; 3rd, Messrs. A. and K. Bishop's p. d. Halesworth Beau; 4th, Mr. D. Jones's p. d. Menaifron Biton. Reserve, Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Keane O'Moy. Certificate of merit: Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Jamie O'Moy.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Yeoward's p. d. Brynmor Newsboy; 2nd, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. b. F.T. Ch. Clogham Belle; 3rd, Mr. E. Gardner's p. d. Persistent; 4th, Captain N. R. Colville's E. s. b. Fresco Fashion. Reserve, Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Marjorie.

[We are unfortunately obliged to hold over the report of the meeting until next week.]

TENNIS TITLES RETAINED

Lord Aberdare and R. Aird Win the M.C.C. Prizes

IN the annual tennis tournament for the M.C.C. gold and silver prizes, which has been held at Lord's throughout the summer, Lord Aberdare, holder of the gold racket, and R. Aird, holder of the silver racket, retained their titles.

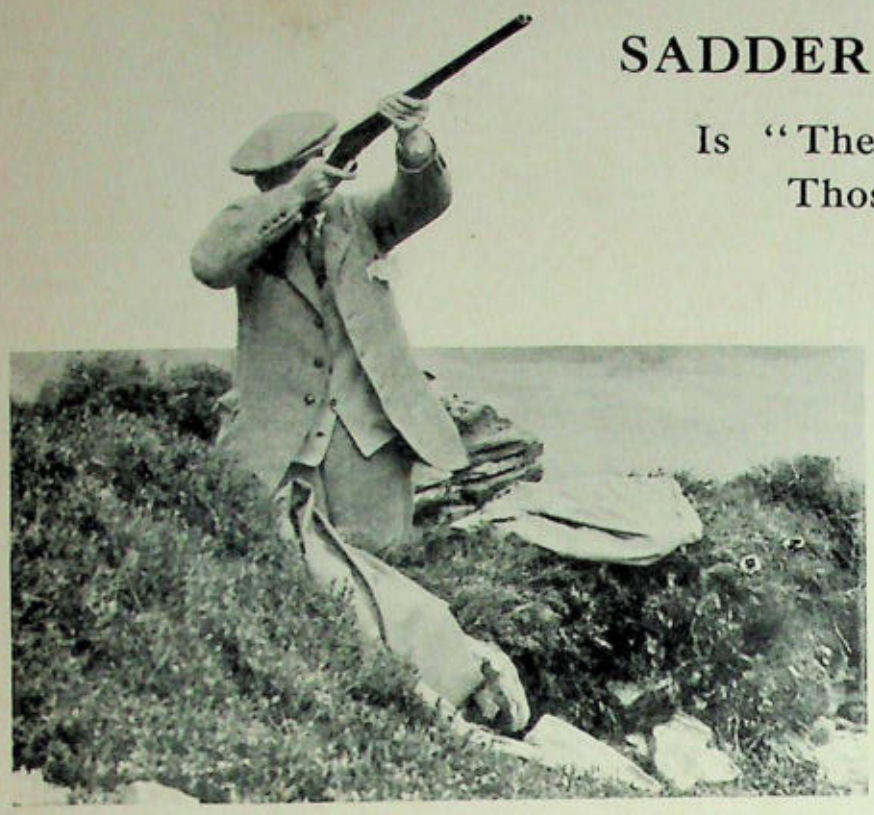
Last year, when Aird won the silver prize for the first time from W. D. Macpherson, it marked a great improvement in his play. This year Lord Aberdare and he were not expected to hold their titles, since L. Lees, the open and amateur champion, who has never won either of the M.C.C. prizes, was taking part.

Lees won the all-comers' competition by easy stages, defeating Macpherson by 6—1, 6—5, 6—4 in the final round. Too many competitors scratched from the all-comers' competition to make it as interesting as it should have been, but Macpherson, in what was by far the most difficult half of the draw, had a very close match against R. H. Hill, whom he eventually defeated by 6—2, 5—6, 6—5, 4—6, 6—5.

The challenge match for the silver prize began with an easy first set for Lees at 6—2. Thereafter Aird played as well or better than he has ever done, and with Lees in his best form the match was a splendid one. Aird captured the second set at 6—5, and Lees the third at 6—4. Lees led 3—0 in the fourth set, and at this point pulled a muscle in his thigh, which, although Aird was playing finely, probably lost him the match. Lees continued to play excellent tennis, but was a trifle slower in getting into position, and Aird won the match by 2—6, 6—5, 4—6, 6—5, 6—4.

Like the match for the silver prize the challenge round for the gold racket lasted over two hours. Aird, again playing at his very best, won the first set at 6—5, but thereafter Lord Aberdare outmanœuvred, if he did not outplay him, forcing his opponent to make mistakes. Lord Aberdare won the match by 5—6, 6—2, 6—2, 6—4, finding the winning openings on no fewer than sixteen occasions. Lord Aberdare has now held the gold prize for three years in succession and four years in all.

JOHN ARMITAGE.



SADDER SIDES OF GROUSE SHOOTING

Is "The Twelfth" Always as "Glorious" as Those Who Write About it Imagine?

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE grouse is of course a game bird, and game birds proper are a trinity—grouse, partridges and pheasants. This is the order in which they officially come, and therefore it is to be concluded that the grouse is the official ace of the trinity. "Game," let me pedantically say, is derived from an old English word which implied "joy" or "solace" and, eventually, came to be used (how I know not) as the adjective to qualify any bullet-headed fellow who pretended a preference for two black eyes and a broken nose before a helping of tripe. A fellow who made the best of things in fact. The grouse and also the partridge have been canonised. A hundred journalists write yearly, a few days prior to the 12th of August or the 1st of September, of Saint Grouse and Saint Partridge. I have never heard the 1st of October pheasant thus sanctified and, again, I do not know why. Possibly because the grouse and the partridge are taken up on their due dates, as the bill-brokers say, whereas the pheasant is "renewable" (an option usually exercised) until, maybe, November 15th. Now these three birds have made the modern shot-gun, each one contributing to it a third of its inspiration. I suppose, too, that they have contributed in equal parts to the "joy" or "solace" of the shot-gun's average exponent. In equal parts, too, they have been written of by serious men, in serious books their cultivation, their protection, their ultimate decimation.

Yet of this trinity the sacrifice of one, and but one, is made the subject of an annua Saturnalia. Concerning the red grouse only, concerning him and his 12th of August, does the pen ever become entirely lyrical. For the third time in about 200 words I am at a loss to say *why*. Yet even now I would wager that in England there are anything between 25 and 50 young men who, their fountain pens filled with Hippocrene, draw in their chairs to-day and prepare to fly to the North upon that most magic of carpets—foolscap. The North I say, and by *North* I mean the Highlands of Scotland. They forget that the Highlands are an exacting land. Mr. Augustus Grimble relates that a deerstalking friend of his, starting upon a long walk home from an outlying corrie on a wet October evening, was heard to mutter: "I'd give £20 to be able to go into Long's and get a pint of champagne and order a cab." Despite this, not one of our fifty has the slightest intention of stopping at Bolton Abbey, at Lowther, at Wimmergill. They are going further, going to join a jolly house-party of boon companions and lovely golden-hearted girls. They want to travel by night, they want to see the dawn "leap in at my casement" which is the window of a first-class sleeping berth upon which the engine-grits tap like the fingers of fairyland. They want to drink the early tea of anticipation from the hands of the uniformed servant of the railway company (than whom no cup-bearer of Zeus could be more divine) and to hear that they are running up to time, that Stirling is behind them and Perth within a brief forty minutes. In fact they want to be 500 miles from London and not 250. And all for the sake of a compact little red-and-black bird (a Scotch bird, never a Yorkshire bird or a Cumberland bird or a bird of the Derby dales) with feathers on his legs and a rudimentary back toe, to whom (the betting is almost even) they will refer as Saint Grouse.

Now this has been going on ever since the Game Laws were passed, ever since the right of shooting grouse in Scotland ceased to be reserved for those who held in heritage that mysterious quantity, "a plough-gate of land." Let us, with an open mind, and without appeal to any romance or sentiment, consider for a moment the justification for the roses and raptures of which the grouse is the annual recipient. To do so the better and the quicker I will (for all men have heard his pros) think of the creature's cons. For every rose has its thorn as surely as "cigarettes have ashes," as certainly as no rapture is far removed from tears.

MOVING UP TO THE BUTTS

A scene on the Slocha Beat, Kinveachy, Inverness-shire, when Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson was shooting last year

To begin with the grouse is a luxury bird and whether you pay for him in the office of an estate agent or at the Savoy Restaurant he is just ruination. And therefore the majority of people who meet the grouse meet him as guests. He is no popular medium of shooting hospitality as is a partridge. His very distance from London (even a guest must find a ten pound note before he can loose off at a grouse) makes him prohibitive as the excuse for a week-end out of Town. And having found the tenner and having received and accepted your invitation to Tommybeg, what then? In this case you will be, for the inside of a week, living in the close daily company of the same people. Your car will not fetch you home at four-thirty. Your host you know, and probably your hostess. The other four guns who will, with yourself, comprise the house-party, may quite well be total strangers to you. They may be the best and most companionable of men and one or other as good as a cabaret show after dinner. On the other hand, you may simply loathe the lot of them, and the more because they are unavoidable. Or they may loathe you, which is much the same thing. But the odds are that they will be just such ordinary, unobtrusive persons as you are yourself. And so you will all be just a little ill at ease. You will be bored but you will be on your best behaviour.

It may only be on the Friday night that you discover how good a good fellow is Colonel Smith-Robinson, how admirable a raconteur is Mr. Windsor-Brown. You will add to your good-byes a hope that you may again meet both. They will reciprocate in all sincerity. They will then pass out of your life. You will have had a very pleasant visit. Except that you are not as young as you used to be in 1904 and you get cooked to death on the hill, driving though it be. Your age will find you out on an Angus brae as surely as sin. The heather is as slippery as the brink of Cocytus. A driven grouse is the most difficult mark at which a man throws up a gun. It is easier to get a gun-headache by missing than by stopping the stuff. There is nothing to do at Tommybeg in August except to shoot at grouse. Which is to say, that if it rains—it *will* rain on one day, or if the mists (so much cold porridge) blot out the blue hills, as they surely will on another day, you must be content to take a walk. Or stay at home and read one of the Lodge's bound copies of excellent Mr. "Punch," as you might do at the dentist's. In either case here is a day washed for ever out of your shooting life, not merely postponed for you till next Saturday as though it were a partridge day, or a pheasant day, failed of at home. For there is no returning to Tommybeg in a week's time once you are back in The Boltons, South Kensington. Therefore the grouse, more than the partridge or the pheasant, is a gamble. Yet it occurs to me that "gamble" is derived from the same old English word that was referred to at the beginning of this article—the word that indicated "joy" or "solace." And therefore the grouse is logically a more joyous and consolatory bird than either the pheasant or the partridge? Thus, possibly the enthusiasts are right about him, and his festal day, after all. And I am wrong who have implied it otherwise.

TWO DAYS' CATCH ON THE NAMSEN BY TWO RODS. THE FISH WEIGH FROM 15LB. TO 40½LB.

THE CHANCE OF A FIFTY POUNDER

Sixteen Days of Norwegian Salmon Fishing on the Namsen

THIS June it has been my good fortune to enjoy a fortnight's fishing on the river Namsen in Norway, and although enjoyment cannot easily be passed on second-hand, an account of the river may perhaps be of interest.

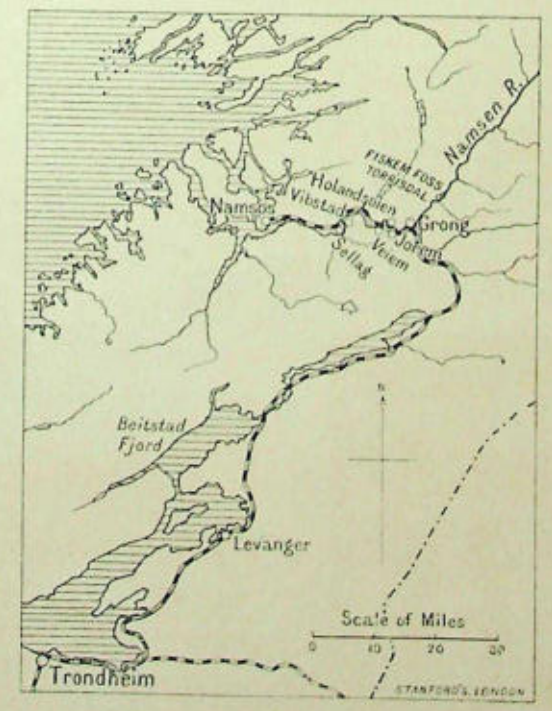
We were able to gain some information of the lower beats of the river, from the sea to some 25 miles up-stream. Salmon run up the Namsen as far as Fiskim Foss, which is a most impressive waterfall. Above this they cannot get, for even the Namsen salmon have not yet learned to jump the Foss, a height approaching that of Niagara. From Torrisdal, the beat below Fiskim Foss, to Jorem the water is fast and clear and divided into pools like those of Scottish rivers. Beats on this part of the river are usually let early. Probably from the point of view of catching fish one beat of the Namsen is as good as another, and as a fresh run of fish comes into the river so the news of successful catches in the beats below precedes it up-stream. In the upper waters I believe there is a certain amount of fishing to be done from the bank, but on the lower "harling" is the usual method except in very low water, it being impossible to cover the water in any other way. The river in several places is 400yds. across and consists of one vast holding pool.

The "taking-places" are many, and vary with the height of the water, and though to know the water thoroughly it is necessary to have seen it dead low so as to measure the chances of getting a fish from behind a favourite rock, there is satisfaction to be had in realising that every yard of the water is good, and that at any moment the stone on the line may jump and roll into the bottom of the boat and the reel start its screaming. Or perhaps the top of your rod may just twitch to show you how near you had been to hooking the 50-pounder of your dreams. And a 50-pounder is not at all an unlikely thing in the Namsen. There are models and outlines of fish between 50lb. and 60lb. in almost all of the farmhouses we visited. I am however thankful to say that a modest 40-pounder is not to be despised. Providence was kind in allowing the biggest fish I caught to turn the scales at half a pound over the 40 mark.

At Vibstad the verandah is famous for its outlined fish carved on the floor boards, and there are 55 of these fish, averaging approximately 45lb., taken in the 40 years up to 1924, when the last vacant space was filled by a fish of 52lb. Unfortunately, in the earlier years the carver was weak enough to perpetuate two fish of a mere 38lb. apiece, when I suspect that 40lb. was fixed as the qualifying score.

At Namsos we saw the cast of the record fish for the river and very impressive it was too, but seemed more in keeping with big-game fishing than salmon fishing. It just failed to reach 70lb. by one pound and looked nearer 80lb.; but when one is used to guessing weights of mere 25-pounders it is, perhaps, wiser to remain silent than hazard such an estimate, lest one should displease the god of all big fishers.

Actually the average weight of fish caught during the season in the Namsen is not particularly high, being in the region of 20lb., but the big fish all come together at the beginning of the season with the first flood of melting snow, and some being



THE NAMSEN AND DISTRICT

foiled by the barrier at Fiskim Foss gradually drop back to the sea and return again to the river to spawn later in the season. On this first run the average weight is high. After this comes a run of fish of more normal proportions, where a 30lb. fish is a good one and 14-pounders become more common. At the end of the season the average weight rises again.

We fished altogether on sixteen days, four of which were only half days, and between the two of us we killed 22 fish, 16 of which we got in the last week. This is not meant to represent any remarkable record, but just to serve as an example and a basis on which to estimate a bag in a normal year.

From records I looked at it is probably not far from the average. This particular year was in one way exceptional in that the month of May was a very hot one, and the usual flood caused by melting snow came much earlier than in normal years. The big fish came into the river in many cases too early to suit the fishermen, and by the time we arrived the first run of fish had passed through the lower beats. It was the second run with which we came into contact.

For the first week we did not have particularly good fishing, and a very cold north wind had the effect of discouraging the few fish which were then in the river. Personally I did not manage to stay connected with a fish for more than a few seconds in any one of the first five days, which sounds as if it might have been a trifle disheartening, for harling can at times be monotonous if the fish are not taking. But the river and its surrounding country had so many attractions to offer that I was supremely content to look on idly and to listen to what the boatmen had to tell. Also bird life was plentiful in this wide and fertile valley, and gulls and curlews defended their nests along the length of the river banks from a more or less continuous onslaught of magpies and crows, providing an exhibition of aerobatics guaranteed to fill even the most expert of test pilots with envy.

Sometimes the great northern diver would fly over us on its way to some mountain loch, and with a metallic laugh would scoff at our clumsy ideas of fishing. It did not seem to matter if one caught fish if one could be out on this magnificent river and look on such surroundings and watch the lights change colour on the mountains, which usually furnished the only indicationthat the clock had run its round. For night was as light as day with the exception that the sun hid behind the mountains for a few hours, and it seemed unfitting to retire to bed in broad daylight. On most days we started fishing at 9 a.m. and returned to lunch about 1.30, after which the sun became too bright, and we would start again at 6 p.m. and fish till supper-time shortly before midnight. The Norwegian boatmen are the most enthusiastic sportsmen I have ever met. It does not seem to enter their heads that there comes a time when one wants to stop fishing. Trades unions would find little support among these people.

We stayed four days at Vibstad and then the weather changed and rain set the river rising, and next day we got one fish of 29lb. and both lost another good one on the Grande water. For the next two days it rained continuously, and the local timber company, taking advantage of the rising river, started sending down a flood of logs to Namsos, so that fishing for the time being became impossible. These logs were always a difficulty in rising water, as they would wash off the bank and cause great anxiety lest they should foul the line when a fish had been hooked, though actually we never lost a fish in this way. Only one course was open if a log were to float down on the line, and that

VIEW OF THE NAMSEN FROM VIBSTAD. THE RIVER IN PLACES IS 400YDS. WIDE AND IS ONE VAST HOLDING POOL

was to plunge your rod point downwards in the water and pray fervently that the fish would not jump.

After this flood we moved up-stream to Veiem, and were lucky to get into the thick of a fresh run of fish, and the fun proper began. In two days we got 11 fish. The river had cleared with surprising speed, and on the first morning I got one fish of 19½lb. while my friend on the beat above got two.

In the evening, before I had been fishing half an hour I hooked into what I knew was a large fish which at once sought a stronghold on the bottom and could not be persuaded to move an inch. For the first time also the two boatmen who had come to row for me were unable to speak English, and misunderstanding my gesticulations they set off for the bank with a very premature hope of using the gaff. Several minutes we waited while the fish "jigged" sullenly, but at last it started to move across the river, and we again took to the boat. It wandered slowly some 300yds., and despite all my instructions to row down below the fish my boatmen again beached the boat on the other side of the river on a long shingle bank.

This time I was foolish enough to get out and play the fish from the bank, as I thought I had plenty of room to follow it. After a further ten or fifteen minutes I realised that I had wandered some way down-stream from the boat and tried to get my boatmen to bring it down to me. The fish grasped the situation quicker than they did and promptly set out for the sea and had 200yds. of the reel before the boat was on its way. It was more than another 100yds. down-stream before the boat caught us up and I was again able to scramble in, having reached a point on the bank beyond which I could not go, and still the fish showed no signs of stopping.

I suppose I had perhaps 25yds. of line left, but the reel looked uncomfortably empty, and it would all have gone in a few seconds, and the fish with it, if I had not been able to get into the boat then and there. For the fish was still set for the sea and the boatmen rowing like mad to get in touch with it again. Eventually we caught it up and got below it and I was at last able to drag it down the stream into a backwater, where I got the first glimpse of it. In another ten minutes it was duly gaffed and dragged out on to the bank some 700yds. or so from our starting point.

It looked enormous to me who had never caught anything as heavy as 30lb. in my life, and I tentatively suggested 20 kilo as its weight.

"Nei, nitten," said my boatman and unceremoniously pushed it into a very smelly sack in the bottom of the boat. He was right. It weighed 40½lb., and had it been fresh from the sea it would probably have been heavier and the length of my line would probably have been insufficient. As it was, my arm ached considerably. But this was not a long fight or a particularly big fish and does not compare with some encounters of which the boatmen told us.

But although I suppose I was more scared of losing my 40-pounder than any other fish I hooked, it never played any of the wild antics of the smaller fish we got later.

Undoubtedly the greatest attraction of fishing on this river is the gameness of the fish. Namsen salmon are said to play harder than any fish to be caught in the British Isles, and I have had this view confirmed by several people who have caught many salmon in Scotland. The reason is probably that in Scotland it is usually the smaller and younger fish which fight the best, and so it is in Norway; but the average of weight to age is higher, and the 25lb. fish is the one which wears out the check of the reel. Also in this wide river a fish can run in any direction and not only up and down stream, and it is seldom that a fish takes less than 80yds. or 100yds. of line in a run; so 250yds. is the minimum your reel must carry, and most people have 300yds. or 400yds., with reels specially designed to gather up the slack line quickly.

One fish I hooked on the second day at Veiem, after having fought like a fury for 20 minutes started all over again just when I thought he was finished, and running 120yds. straight downstream jumped twice and left me with the sickening feeling of a slack line and straight rod top, and it was not till I had recovered about 90yds. that I found he was still on and back in almost the identical position from which he started. Even then he was standing on his head in 3ft. of water when we got him out. He was a fine fish of 21lb. and covered with sea lice, as indeed were practically all the fish we caught.

I have never known fish produce quite such an hysterical scream from the reel as these fish did, and it was often difficult to realise that a fish which jumped 30yds. up-stream was the one you had hooked when the line was still probably coming off your reel down-stream of the boat.

We came to our last morning and set out for a half-day's fishing. We had each caught eleven fish during our stay, and the train for England left Grong at 2.30 p.m.

What if one of us was to get into a big fish towards the end of the morning? To miss the train at Grong meant missing the boat at Bergen.

But the Fates would decide. About half an hour before we had arranged to stop fishing, the reel screamed and he was there. Perhaps after all . . . but no, the line came back unweighted, and excuses for missing the train disappeared.

I went up-stream and called to find out how the other boat had fared.

"Any luck, Mark?"

"No—just lost one."

"So have I."

The Fates had evidently wavered, but London it must be. J. A. H. P.

(LEFT) A CATCH OF A DAY AND A HALF WHEN THE FISH WERE RUNNING: A FLOOD BRINGS UP A RUN (RIGHT) FAST AND HEAVY WATER: THE FOSS BELOW SELAG

KEEPING FIT ON BOARD

J. P. Metcalfe (Australia) practising the hop, step and jump on the Ormonde on the way to England. He holds the Australian records of 6ft. 6½in. high jump, 24ft. 0¾in. long jump, and 50ft. 2½in. hop, step and jump

THE EMPIRE'S FINEST ATHLETES

To-day's Great White City Gathering

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

TO open the Second Celebration of the British Empire Games, taking place this afternoon at the White City Stadium, there will be performed the most colourful ceremony seen in London since the Fourth Olympic Games took place at the same arena in 1904.

The British Games mean more to us than even the Olympic Games, because the former represent a link in our chain of Empire and give us the opportunity of welcoming to the Mother Country our fellow countrymen from every corner of our dominions. And so, to-day, thousands will thrill with pride, no matter how hard they try to hide any exhibition of sentiment, as the Great Parade, headed by Canada, host-country in 1930, marches into the arena, each team headed by its standard bearer and officials. Then the Oath of Amateurism is taken and the guns thunder, the trumpets sound, as 15,000 pigeons flutter free. For such is the ritual of the opening of the Games.

It is not easy to sum up the prospects of the competing countries, much less the chances of individual athletes. Men and women who have done great performances on the five continents and the islands of the seven seas may not be able to reproduce their home form here in England, others, under the stimulus of such stirring competition, may rise to heights hitherto undreamed of.

The Canadians provide the largest team from the Dominions, but they are the last to reach England, and that circumstance alone may have an adverse effect upon their performances. Many of us, of course, remember how Bobby Kerr thrilled us when he carried the Maple Leaf first past the post in the Olympic 200 metres here in London in 1908; others of us, who were at Amsterdam in 1928, will never forget the amazing running of Percy Williams, when he credited Canada with the sprint double, by winning both the 100 and 200 metres titles. Kerr and Williams are both here with the staff of the Canadian team. With them they bring a youngster who may well make history. This boy Pearson has already conquered Ralph Metcalfe, the tall American negro, who has been beating up world's records and is said to be the fastest human of all time. It is hard to say much more about the Canadians. Most of the names are new to us, and they seem to be giving their jumping men an absurdly large amount of competition in the space of the three days of the Games.

The Australians, however, are well known to us by this time and, which is far more important, they have been in England quite long enough to get thoroughly well acclimatised. Their star man is Jack Metcalfe. Under 6ft in height, sturdy, he is a thinker as well as an athlete, and has got all he does worked down to the last decimal point; that, I suppose, accounts for his three first class Australian records of 6ft. 6½in. high jump, 24ft. 0¾in. long jump and 50ft. 2½in. hop, step and jump. And if I am to pick Australia's most likely winner after Metcalfe, I should say F. I. Woodhouse. He is a slight, fair youngster and looks little more than a schoolboy, but he has a 13ft. pole vault to his credit and can be relied on to do at least 12½ft. I doubt if Dempsey, their sprinter, is fast enough for the class in which he will be competing.

MISS M. CLARK OF SOUTH AFRICA

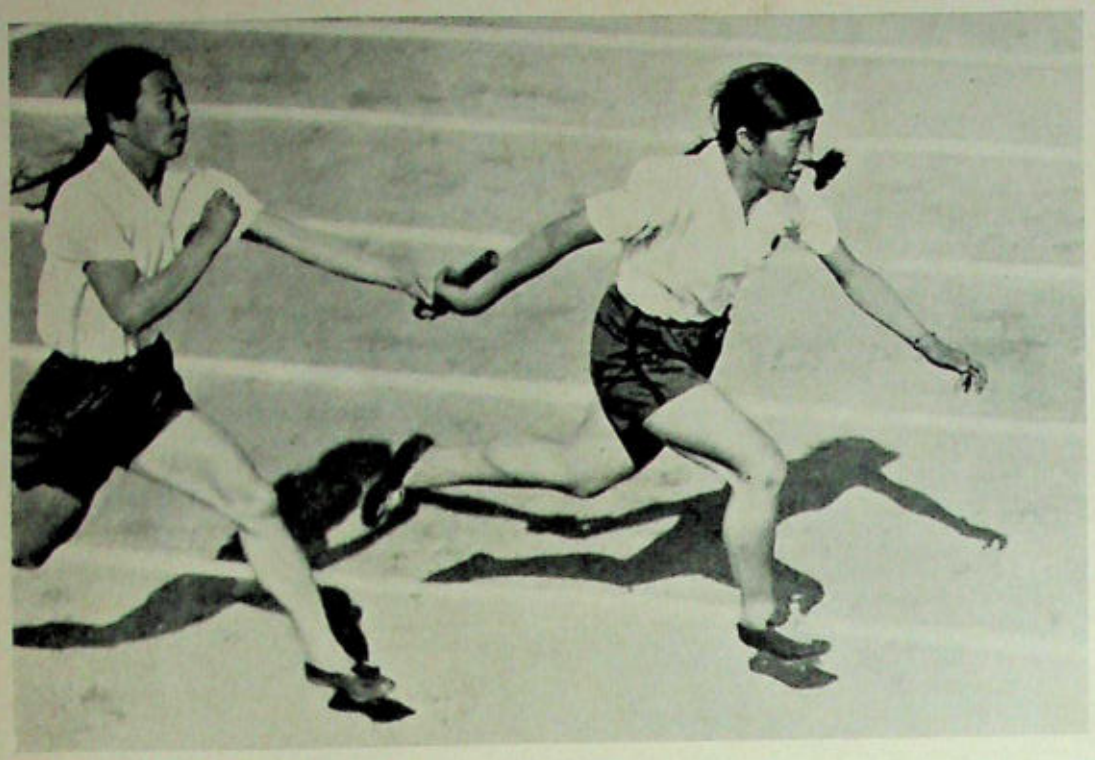
A good hurdler, Miss Clark is also South Africa's chief hope in the high jump

But the Antipodes must have their winner on the track, if sheer, racing genius is allowed to rule the mile. So long as men discuss athletics the question will be debated as to whether J. E. Lovelock, Oxford and New Zealand, would have beaten Bonthron, Princeton and U.S.A., in their great struggle at the White City if the race had been run differently. I am not arguing the point, but if the other Empire runners let Lovelock tail the field, while someone else sets a pace to suit him, the mile title will certainly go to New Zealand. I hear, too, that Broadway is capable of a 1min. 52sec. 880 yards, which should certainly be good enough to win, while Brainsby, young as he is, is a possible challenger to Metcalfe in the hop, step and jump. He has beaten 48ft. and, since he arrived in England, has been coached by C. Nambu, Japan, who holds the world's record.

S. du Plessis, the South African pole vaulter, is said to have done 13ft., but the stand-bys of that team will be the veterans Harry Hart, who can do everything from pushing a 16lb. weight best part of 53ft. to triple jumping 47ft. and pole vaulting 11½ft., despite his bulk, and J. Viljeon, a typical wiry Afrikander, who has beaten "evens" in the high hurdles, 24ft. in the long jump, and 6ft. 3in. in the high jump. By that same token, G. Hartwell, of the Rhodesian team, may turn out to be the dark horse among the sprinters.

CLEAN ACTION SHOWN BY ATHLETES TRAINING FOR THE EMPIRE GAMES

Left: R. A. Vernieux (British India) has been trained by an American coach since he arrived in England. He won the sprint event in Delhi last March in 9 7/10 secs. Right: Miss Violet Webb, third in the final of the 80 metres hurdles at the last Olympic Games, is likely to win this event for Great Britain at the Empire Games

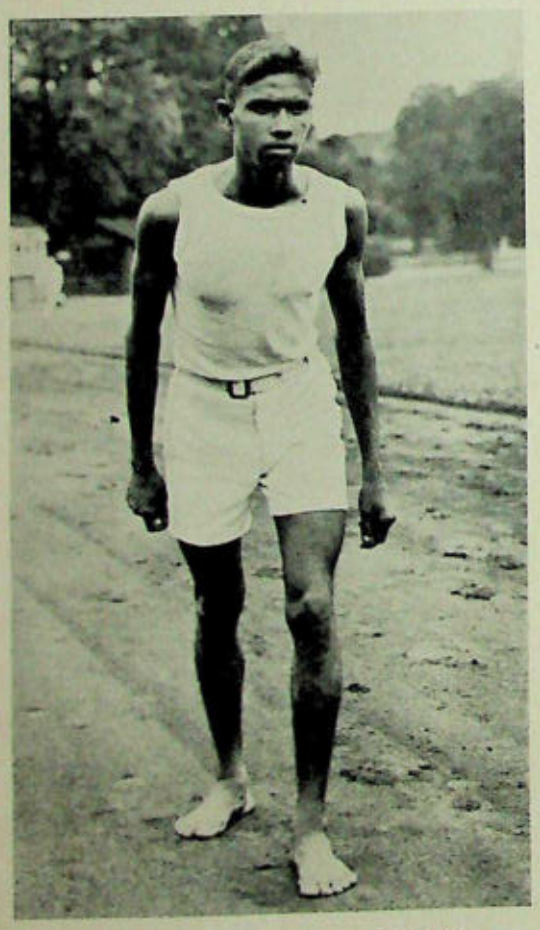


CHANGING THE BATON IN GOOD STYLE

Keenness, as portrayed by the Japanese athletes training for the Women's Olympiad on August 9th–11th. They have been coached very carefully and will take a lot of beating

There is a team from British India taking part, and the American coach who has taken charge of them since they reached England, may have worked miracles, for R. A. Vernieux, their sprinter, won the Far Eastern 100yds. title at Delhi last March in 9⅗sec., while Abdul Shafi, the pole vaulter, is said to be good for 12ft. 9in.

When the First Empire Games were held at Hamilton, Canada, four years ago, England, in the athletic section, scored nine first places, Canada six, South Africa three, New Zealand two and Scotland one. This year I think the countries within the British Isles will be well to the fore. J. E. Boyce, the first representative of Northern Ireland to win an English title, as he did in taking



ENTHUSIASTIC—IF A LITTLE AMBITIOUS

Mannie Alfred Dookie, aged nineteen, a West Indian long distance runner, who runs bare-footed, has entered for the one mile, six miles, three miles, and Marathon at the British Games

the hop, step and jump this year, is a factor to be reckoned with. Wales have in G. C. Cupid a sprinter who has beaten "evens" in the Principality, but has not shown his best as yet in England, and Scotland have, I feel, one certain winner in the marathon runner, D. McNab Robertson, who has held the English title for three consecutive years. R. Murdoch, of course, must be reckoned a potential danger in the furlong, but why the Scots have left H. A. MacKillop, the Army javelin champion, out of their team, and why they have allowed K. S. Duncan, the only long jumper in the British Isles likely to beat 24ft., to be claimed by England, will be for ever a mystery; for Duncan, on his 23ft. 7½in. performance against the American Universities, provides a very real threat to Metcalfe, the Australian.

The British Empire Games Federation has decreed that no points, as between countries, shall be scored officially, but if the International scoring system of reckoning from six points for a first place to one point for a sixth place was in vogue, I think that the English team would be well-nigh invincible. On the simpler system of counting only first places I am not so sure.

We can reckon that our sprinters, G. T. Saunders, A. W. Sweeney, E. I. Davis and W. Rangeley, are good for "evens," while D. L. Rathbone and M. A. Hintze, who replaces Saunders and Davis at 220yds., should be able to do better than 22sec., but my preference is for Sweeney, who finished second at both distances in the A.A.A. Championships. At 440 yards I doubt if there is a man in the world who can beat G. L. Rampling, and he has C. E. Stoneley, his brother officer, to back him. If the Scotch, instead of running F. A. R. Hunter in the low hurdles, elect to race him on the flat, I think he will push the Englishman to a shattering time.

One wonders if J. V. Powell will at last come into his own at 880 yards. He has been a world-beater in embryo for a couple of years. The ability is in him and this may be his chance. Of our milers A. V. Reeve, and the youngster, S. C. Wooderson, both beat Lovelock inside 4min. 15sec., and if the race is run at that rate may do so again, while J. F. Cornes, our third string, always beat the world's record holder when they were at Oxford together.

W. J. Beavers is good enough to win the three miles from his comrades, and the New Zealander, Norman Cooper, *if* he keeps his head, but there never was a more erratic runner. And I fancy the veterans, T. Evenson and G. W. Bailey, far more than the men who beat them in the championships for the steeplechase. About the six miles I am venturing no prediction, although I have a sneaking regard for the chances of J. H. Potts.

Duncan, I think, may beat even Metcalfe in the long jump, but our hop, step and jumpers are mediocre, although our pole vaulters, F. Phillipson and F. R. Webster, sound 12ft. 3in. performers, may yet bother the overseas talent, for both have a wealth of experience. With the javelin, C. G. Bowen, Army, who won the English title, is not likely to bother Luckhoff, the South African, who has been near the 200ft. mark. M. C. Nokes, the best hammer thrower we have ever had, will, I feel sure, retain the title he won at Hamilton four years ago, and if D. R. Bell, the Cambridge blue, strikes his real form, his chances are bright in the discus.

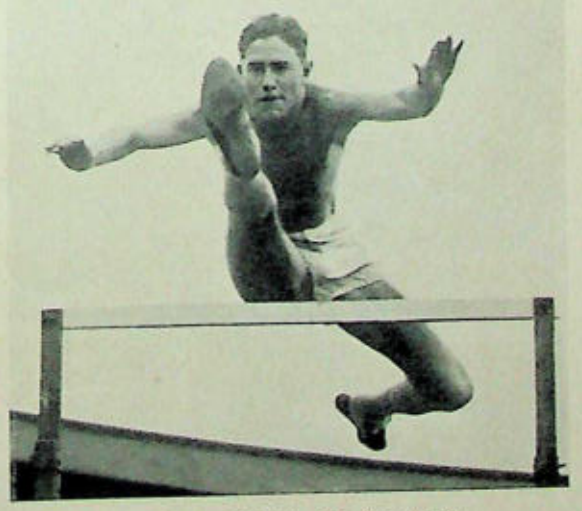
About England's chances in the women's events I am, frankly, uneasy. There was a time when our English girls were right on top of the world in athletics. They have fallen from their high estate, and the fault lies with the administration, as one could not but realise from the slipshod management of the English Championships. Moreover, no coaching seems to have been arranged for the English girls, and when I saw the Japanese girls at work under their coach, Nakazawa, recently, it was a spectacle of keen, efficient enthusiasm that left me very thoughtful. Kinuye Hitomi, the world's greatest all-round athlete, may be dead, but the Japanese girls are going to take a lot of beating

A JUMPER FROM THE EAST

Niranjan Singh, the Indian long jumper, getting fit during this week

in the Women's World Games on August 10th and 11th. The German girls at that meeting will be super-efficient, and so will the ever-graceful Poles, who have been running training camps month in and month out for their girls ever since the spring.

At the Empire Games, I think our strongest opponents will be the Canadians. Hilda Strike ran second in the world's record Olympic 100 metres at Los Angeles, beating Eileen Hiscock (England) into fourth place, and Miss Frizelle is said to be even better. On the other hand, Nellie Halstead should make a big showing for England in the furlong and Miss Lunn should win the 880 yards, although it is a mistake to have put such a runner in the javelin event, whereas she has no chance. Although Miss Green beat Miss Violet Webb by inches for the English 80 metres hurdles title, I think Miss Webb, who was third in the world's championship at Los Angeles, will win the Empire title for us, although Miss Marjorie Clark, of South Africa, and Alda Wilson, of Canada, are factors to be reckoned with. Miss Clark represents South Africa's best hope in the high jump and, on form, could give a couple of inches to Mary Milne, England.



SOUTH AFRICA'S ALL-ROUNDER

J. H. Viljoen has beaten "evens" in the high hurdles, has cleared 24ft. in the long jump, and done 6ft. 3in. in the high jump.

GUN-MAKING DYNASTIES

Names Which Have Placed British Weapons First

IN no trade has "the family" been preserved as an important factor in individual concerns more consistently than that of the gunmaker. There are many famous names who have made the British gunmaker's art unrivalled all the world over which are now being borne for the fourth and fifth generation. And no less striking is the fact that in many cases their workmen have gone on from father to son in the same way, for there is no finer body that the highly-skilled craftsmen who turn out a "best gun."

Typical of these firms is that of Stephen Grant and Joseph Lang in which no fewer than five famous firms are combined to-day. In the 'sixties the late Joseph Grant set up as a gun and rifle maker, and as early as 1875 he was making the rifles for the Prince of Wales's (King Edward) Indian trip. His work, and that of his descendants, has always been of the highest quality. With this firm amalgamated in 1925 Joseph Lang & Son. The original Joseph bought, in 1821, the business of Wilson, in Vigo Lane, and soon had a flourishing business. In the *Morning Chronicle* of 1826 we find him advertising the entire stock of the celebrated Joe Manton. In 1930 the business of Harrison & Hussey was added, and in 1932 that of Charles Lancaster & Co., which was founded in 1926 at 151, New Bond Street. In his earlier days yet another Lancaster had been a barrel maker and supplied the barrels used by Joe Manton. This firm has been patronised by the Prince Consort, and the three succeeding generations of the Royal Family, and is particularly noted in recent years for its .280 rifle, and for the Twelve-Twenty gun, with which they began to experiment in 1924. The shooting and fishing agency of Grant & Woodward was an adjunct to Stephen Grant's business established in 1884.

Another firm with a reputation second to none is that of Holland & Holland, whose centenary occurs next year. The firm was established in 1835 by Mr. Harris Holland, who had more or less begun the manufacture of sporting guns and rifles as a hobby and was persuaded by his friends to take up the gunmaking trade seriously. In earlier days the firm was chiefly celebrated for its rifles, and amongst those who were clients of the firm were such well-known sportsmen as Sir Samuel Baker, Captain F. C. Selous and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. After the death of Mr. Harris Holland, his nephew, the late Mr. Henry W. Holland, carried on the business, and as a result of his knowledge and activities numerous inventions and improvements appertaining to the firm's products were developed. Mr. H. W. Holland, in conjunction with the late Mr. William Froome, introduced the "Try-Gun," the Paradox Gun, viz., a ball and shotgun, and the well-known Holland Single Trigger. Amongst other features which he brought out included an exceedingly ingenious arrangement for detachable locks, and a very simple form of ejector mechanism.

Mr. H. W. Holland died in 1930 and is succeeded by his son, Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Holland, who has been chairman of the company since that time. Messrs. Holland & Holland, Ltd., have of recent years introduced many new features in their weapons, such as the "Self-Opening" (Patent) Action, which has, amongst other advantages, that of speedy loading and easy closing. With Messrs. Holland & Holland, Ltd., as makers of "Best Guns" which cannot be rivalled, one associates among other firms the two names of Purdey and Boss, accounts of which firms have recently appeared in the *Field*.

A typical British establishment is that of Henry Atkin Ltd., of Jermyn Street, established in Oxendon Street in 1875 by Mr. Henry Atkin, who had originally been with Purdey & Son. He died in 1907, and the present proprietor, Mr. Lionel Hodges, who had previously been connected with the firm, has been permanently attached to it since 1911. This well-known firm are now specialising in a light-weight self-opening gun.

Another firm dating from this era is Charles Boswell, of Mill Street, founded in 1865 by Mr. Charles Boswell, the father of the present proprietor, Mr. O. G. Boswell. Mr. Boswell was a very fine trap shot, and he made a speciality of improving trap or pigeon guns, and no guns have won more championships than those of this firm. Like his father, Mr. O. G. Boswell has been trained in the bench, and he has kept the business at its old high level of reputation.

A deserved reputation has been held for many years by W. J. Jeffery & Co., Ltd., founded by the late W. J. Jeffery in 1885. Mr. Jeffery played a large part in introducing cordite as used for military rifles for use in large bore sporting rifles, the Jeffery .400 double rifle and the .404 magazine rifle being two well-known examples. They have also made a reputation with a range of shot guns made in various bores suitable for all classes of sportsmen at home and abroad. Mr. W. J. Jeffery died in 1909, and was succeeded by his brother, Mr. C. Jeffery, who died in 1930, since when their nephew, Mr. F. Jeffery-Pearce, has been upholding the traditions of the firm.

One has associated the firm of Thomas Bland and Sons with wild-fowling ever since the days of the late Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, in collaboration with whom they introduced numerous inventions and improvements in guns for this sport. The business was founded by Thomas Bland in 1840, and upon his death in 1887 he was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas. During the latter's 41 years as head of the firm the business grew rapidly, and among other weapons of particular interest introduced were the famous "Keeper's Gun" and "Euoplia" ball and shot gun, both of which are too well-known to sportsmen to need more than a passing reference here. Mr. Thomas Bland died in 1928 at the age of 83, and his only son, Mr. T. C. Bland, who had

"THE BISHOP OF BOND STREET"
William Bishop, manager of the Bond St. Branch of Westley Richards during the early part of the last century and one of the "characters" of the gun-making world

joined the firm upon leaving Harrow in 1906, took charge. He was in the Navy in the war, and has done a great deal to revive interest in punt-gunning. Most of the credit for the firm's double-barrelled 4-bore punt guns which have proved such a wonderful success is due to him, and he has lately perfected a shoulder harpoon gun.

The well known firm of Rigby was started in Dublin more than 150 years ago by the first John Rigby. He was succeeded by his son, William, in partnership, with whom came his son, the second John, who had studied mathematics and science at Dublin University. This John opened a London branch in 1865, seven years after his father's death. In 1888 he became superintendent of the Royal Factory at Enfield, and the Dublin business closed. His work in connection with research, and with the production of rifles, was of great value, and continued till his death in 1916. He was succeeded by his sons, Theo and E. J. Rigby, in the fourth generation, and have kept up the high reputation of the firm as gun and rifle makers.

The business of Westley Richards was founded in London in 1813 by William Westley Richards, members of a family who had been gunmakers in Birmingham in the eighteenth century. He set up very boldly in competition with the great Joe Martin, and before long he had Colonel Peter Hawker writing of him in the following terms: "His barrels are as good as any in the world, being made of pure Holland Stubbs, and twisted in a manner best suited for service and safety." Within these last few years Mr. Richards has run some of the best London gunmakers so hard that they began to wish him and his Prime Minister, Bishop, in—"another and a better world!" In 1815 he opened a shop in New Bond Street. Here he installed his famous lieutenant, William Bishop—"the Bishop of Bond Street," one of the great figures of the gunmaking world, well known to every shot of the first part of the last century. He died in 1871. Mr. William Richards was succeeded by his son, Mr. Westley Richards. He was a man of charm and character, and he invented many improvements to existing guns and rifles, including the Westley Richards falling block patent rifle, bought by the Government of the day. He died in 1897, near Oakham, where he lived the life of an enthusiastic farmer and fox-hunter. He was succeeded by his cousin, Mr. John Richards, while Mr. John Deeby became proprietor and chairman. The present chairman of the company is Mr. D. J. P. Haines, a nephew of Mr. J. Deeby. The firm have held the Royal Warrant since 1840.

Few reputations are better earned than the well-known firm of Greener in Pall Mall, which is a branch of the house of Greener of Birmingham, founded in 1829 by W. Greener, a pupil of John Manton—Joe's brother—in Newcastle. He was a man of marke dinventive genius, and to be in the centre of the gun trade he moved to Birmingham in 1844. He supplied the Indian Corps of Guides with rifles in the days when the company regiments could supply their own rifles. His son invented the famous Greener cross bolt, and he revolutionised the system of choke boring. It was this son, his successor, W. W. Greener, who made some outstanding improvements in the Greener Gun, and died in 1921, and his sons and grandsons carry on this well-known business, Mr. C. E. Greener having been for several years chairman of the British Industries Fair.

A well-known Birmingham firm is that of Webley-Scott, with whom one naturally associates the manufacture of revolvers. The firm of Webley and Son had its origin in a Mr. William Davis, who, in 1794, had a business in Weaman Street, Birmingham. The business passed through him to Philip Webley and his sons William and Henry. It was this firm who, in addition to making first-class sporting guns, produced in 1880 the Mark I service revolver, which was accepted by the Government. The business of the Webleys amalgamated with that of Scott (founded in 1834 by William Scott, the father of the late Mr. William Scott, who died during the war) in the year 1897, and its reputation has been maintained increasingly ever since. The firm of Scott were well-known sporting gun makers.

A famous business in that same city, "the centre of the gunmaking trade" as it has been called, is the greatly respected one of William Powell, originally carried on by Joseph Simmons in High Street, Birmingham, at the beginning of the last century, and continued by his foreman, William Powell. It is carried on by this William's descendants in the third and fourth generation to-day, the present head of the firm, Mr. G. Victor Powell, having been chairman of the Gunmakers' Association for the year 1930. The firm will be remembered for Powell's patent vertical top lever in the early days of breech loading, than which there has surely never been a neater action.

Yet another Birmingham firm is that of William Ford, which was established by the late Mr. William Ford in 1876 as a barrel-borer and gunmaker. He was one of the first gunmakers to have his own shooting ground with his own patent try-gun, and he invented the patent anti-recoil wad. The business is now in the able hands of Mr. A. F. Ford, and is still flourishing.

A newer firm in that city is that of Parker Hale, founded by Colour-Sergt. A. G. Parker, of the 1st V.B. Royal Warwickshire Regiment, in 1880. His nephew, Mr. A. T. C. Hale, invented the Parker rifling system of rebarrelling by means of a rifled tube, and he was recalled from service to organise production by the War Office in 1914. In 1926, Mr. A. T. C. Hale and two of his sons created a record by winning places in the final stages of the King's Prize. The firm is chiefly known for its many admirable rifle sights and shooting accessories. In this department it is second to none.

Few initials in any trade are more significant than B.S.A., and this famous company is known alike as manufacturers of guns, rifles, bicycles and motor vehicles. In 1854 fourteen of the master gunsmiths concerned principally in contract work with the Government formed themselves into an association to resist the competition of the Government factory at Enfield. In those days they only made hand-made guns, but in 1861 the hard facts of economic survival forced them to take to machinery. In 1866 they produced the first British service breech loader, the Snider, since when they have consistently been turning out large numbers of guns or rifles on a mass-production basis.

Another well-known provincial business is that of C. S. Rosson & Co., of Norwich. The business was established in Norwich in 1805, though there is no trace of its proprietors till 1840, when it was acquired by a Mr. E. Cartwright, who sold it to Mr. E. Wilson, a highly skilled gunmaker, at whose death, in 1905, the business was acquired by Mr. C. S. Rosson, whose father, the late Mr. Charles Rosson, was the original inventor of a cartridge loading machine. Mr. Rosson who, with his brother, patented the slide-opening gun, is a keen shot.

STALKING THE ROE

A Much Neglected Sport of Summer Months

By H. STUART TEGNER

AN EARLY HEAD

This buck was shot on May 5th, 1934, by which date it was perfectly clean

IT would seem reasonable to assume that since the War roe deer have increased in number throughout the British Isles. During the War in certain localities wholesale slaughter was waged against them to provide meat, further, the very general felling of timber broke up the haunts of these woodland loving animals. With the subsequent increase in re-afforestation and the lapse of time since the War the replanted areas have grown up to become deer-holding, the roe as a result have been allowed to breed in seclusion and comparative safety.

The roe are found from Caithness to Northumberland and Cumberland, then comes a great gap from the North to the South. They can be found in a number of the southern counties, including Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Sussex and even Surrey. The nearest point to London where I have ever seen a roe being at Hartford Flats by Camberley. Of these southern counties Dorset undoubtedly harbours the greatest number of deer per acre.

A recent advertisement in the *Field* stated that sixteen roe had been shot in a small covert shoot in Hampshire; this is significant of their prevalence. In Scotland there are many fine roe haunts ranging from north of the Caledonian Canal to the Border Counties.

Roe stalking in the majority of instances means "still" or woodland stalking, and as such may not appeal to the stalker who is used to open ground where the crawl is everything. However, "still" stalking has its adherents, particularly amongst those whose life has led them amongst the woodland countries.

To be successful at this sport one must be prepared to rise at dawn and see the daylight out in the evening. Roe are nocturnal in their habits and they are only on the move at daybreak and dusk. Possibly this is one of the reasons why the sport is not more popular.

However, as the buck are shootable from the beginning of May until November, when they begin to shed their horns, the early mornings and evenings are long and very lovely, nature is at her best and the stalker has the country all to himself. Some of the earlier bucks are clean by May 1st, and in some rare instances roe quite clean of velvet are procurable in April. This is a great point in favour of this sport to the really keen sportsman, as there is no other form of shooting available during these early summer months.

The choice of weapons in roe stalking is of paramount importance, especially in heavily wooded country where the chance of losing a beast is so great. As good a weapon as any is a Mannlicher .256 or a Winchester .22 high velocity, but any rifle suitable for red deer or antelope can be used satisfactorily. So many people try and shoot roe with a '22 pea

AN UNUSUAL EIGHT-POINTER

A curiously malformed head with an extra brow point shot in Dorset this summer

rifle or a shotgun, and the consequent suffering inflicted due to beasts lost wounded is incalculable. A buck once struck with a proper weapon very seldom gets away to die a lingering death.

Field glasses should always be carried by the hunter, they cover a large area of ground, and once a roe is picked up a quick estimate can be made of his head. Telescopes, especially in the more densely-wooded areas, are not advisable; they are not so handy and the foliage is liable to make it difficult to get a quick focus. A Zeiss monocular is exceedingly handy, but you do not get the vision that you would with binoculars.

Roe frequent widely different types of country, but instinctively they love cover, however, in certain parts they become almost moorland creatures. Briefly, it can be stated that they prefer heavily-wooded country, secondly, they will inhabit sparsely planted areas, such as the edges of moorland with larch and spruce out-plantings, and, lastly, the open moorland, but the number per acre appears to diminish considerably with the lack of cover.

A mature roe buck is a redoubtable opponent, far superior in wit and wile to his bigger brother the red deer. Let anyone try and stalk a roe in open deer forest country and he will find that the target is smaller, the difficulties greater. Let him who has not done it attempt it.

Stag stalking in this country is usually done during late September and early October, when the rut begins, and the stags are surrounded by lady friends.

During the best of the roe stalking period, namely May and June, the roe are not on the rut, and every faculty they possess is available for their protection, without any other interests to play them false. Unless the country stalked for roe is very open, the cover is so thick during the time of the roe-buck's courting, which is at the end of July and early August, that the stalker does not get anything like the opportunities he would were he after red deer on the open moorland.

One of the greatest attractions of this form of sport is to be found in the anticipation of what sort of trophy you are to get, no two roe heads being alike, and herein lies half the pleasure of the game. Roe throw a wonderful head for their size, and due to their habits are liable to the most interesting malformations, and as you go up to your prize you never know quite what to expect.

Roe do not get their due respect in this country. Ninety-five per cent. of those killed annually are butchered by shotguns using unsuitable loads, fired at far too long a range by people used to hares, pheasants and rabbits, and consequently many escape wounded to die slow deaths. What a record when compared with other European countries like Germany, Austria, Poland and Hungary, where the roe ranks as a trophy worthy of the best stalker's efforts and are shot in a sportsman-like manner with suitable weapons. (One must, of course, make an exception in the case of foreign sportsmen who deliberately shoot buck in the hindquarters in order to produce the horn malformations they value so highly.)

A good roe head is a real prize worthy of any true sportsman's pride, and worth getting in the proper way—by stalking with a rifle.

DAWN AND DUSK IN A DORSET WOOD

On the right is an early morning scene in a woodland ride where the eight-pointer head shown above was bagged, the white spots in the centre actually being two does. The left-hand picture is of the spy which resulted in the early buck of the upper photograph being bagged

THE DERBY WINNER'S FUTURE

Is Windsor Lad Worth £50,000?

IN some quarters is noticeable a disposition to question whether Mr. Martin H. Benson has really paid as much as £50,000 for Windsor Lad, but as this is the figure definitely stated by the gentleman who conducted the sale it seems ungracious, to say the least, to doubt the accuracy of the published purchase price. Who has secured the better of the bargain—his new owner or the Maharaja of Rajpipla, one of whose reasons for disposing of the colt being that he has no breeding establishment of his own.

Whatever the future of Windsor Lad may be, the Maharaja has to be congratulated on having done astonishingly well with the colt. Mr. Marcus Marsh, the Lambourn trainer, is evidently a shrewd judge of a yearling. In addition to selecting Windsor Lad at the Doncaster sales, he was also responsible for the purchase of Caymanas, a colt who has carried off the Royal Hunt Cup and the Sandown Anniversary Cup on his only appearances this season. For his Indian patron he secured the Blandford colt for 1,300 gns.

Mr. D. Sullivan, the Dublin breeder, sent four yearlings to Doncaster, Windsor Lad being immediately followed into the ring by his filly by Apron—Lady Earn. That filly is now known as Spend a Penny, and as a winner at Ascot and third in the One Thousand she was a bargain to Sir Alfred Butt at 460gs. But in her case the results have been nothing like so remarkable as those attending the career of Windsor Lad who, in addition to the Derby, has won such good races as the Newmarket Stakes and the Chester Vase, as well as the Criterion Stakes last season.

In stake-money alone this has meant £13,412, and there was a further comparatively modest addition to the total when he was third in the Eclipse Stakes, in which he would assuredly have been first had he enjoyed the luck of the race. Add all this to the price at which he has now changed hands, and it will be understood that the colt has paid for himself nearly fifty times over.

And now the question is, what will he do for his new owner, who wisely intends to keep him in the hands of Marcus Marsh for the rest of his racing career? First comes his prospect of carrying off the St. Leger, which was worth £9,573 to the winner last season, but will be worth rather more this time, thanks to an improvement in the entry. At the moment of writing Windsor Lad is favourite for the last of the season's classic races at 9 to 4, his price having been disturbed only fractionally by his reverse at Sandown.

Among his probable rivals at Doncaster we find Colombo, a well-defined second favourite at 9 to 2. Next we have the three stable companions—Umidwar, Achtenan and Light Brocade—at quotations ranging from 10's to 12 to 1, these being prices current just before the opening of the Goodwood Meeting. It cannot be contended that the odds offered about Windsor Lad are ungenerous. A difference of 10lb. means that, all other things being equal, he will reverse the Sandown placings with Umidwar.

As for Colombo we candidly confess that we find it rather difficult to know what to make of him. We are at least convinced that nothing like the best of him was seen of him at Ascot, and those who backed Flamenco for the Atlantic Cup at Liverpool last week on the strength of his conquest of Colombo in the St. James's Palace Stakes had good reason to realise that they were completely out of their reckoning. We prefer to ignore Colombo's running at Ascot because we believe that the colt had not recovered from the effects of his most gruelling race in the Derby. Even now Lord Glanely's colt may not be as good as he was before the momentous Epsom race, and we are keeping an open mind about him so far as St. Leger prospects are concerned.

At the moment our view is that Windsor Lad's position in the ante-post betting is completely justified, and Mr. Benson has reason to hope that the colt will get back one-fifth of his purchase price on the Town Moor next month. The colt has some valuable engagements in 1935. He can, for example, compete again for the Eclipse Stakes. But at present his new owner says in effect: "I shall not decide whether to keep him in training next season until after he has run in the St. Leger."

What is at least certain is that in due course Windsor Lad will take up his quarters at the Beech House Stud at Cheveley, Newmarket, a relatively new and finely appointed breeding establishment already tenanted by fourteen brood mares of good type. Presumably his service fee will depend largely on his fate at Doncaster. Should he win another classic race one may expect to find him making a start at 400gs.

At that figure his earnings in his first three years at the stud would be 40,000gs., based on the probability that he will receive 100 mares within that time. To be deducted from that amount must be the cost of insurance, interest on capital expenditure, and other items; but when all allowances are made it is evident that Windsor Lad's purchase money will eventually be recovered and possibly with interest.

If it is decided to send him to the stud at the end of the present season, bloodstock breeders will have the two latest winners of the Derby at their disposal. Lord Derby has decided to withdraw Hyperion from training and, in our view, it is a judicious decision. We may think of reason to account for the fact that the son of Gainsborough has suffered some loss of form, but it would serve no good purpose to express them. What is definite is that Hyperion has run his last race, and will be remembered for his grand three-year-old performances rather than for his failures this year at Ascot or on the July course.

W. A. Rouch

PURCHASED FOR A RECORD PRICE

Windsor Lad (Blandford—Resplendent), winner of the Derby for the Maharaja of Rajpipla and sold by him to Mr. M. H. Benson for £50,000, which is a record sum to be given for a horse in training, the previous best having been the £40,000 given by Mr. J. B. Joel for Prince Palatine

GOOD-BYE OLD MAN!

The most perfect racing combination of our time between horse and jockey was terminated when S. Donoghue took farewell of Brown Jack, now to seek "pastures new" in the hunting field

FOXHOUNDS AND HARRIERS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

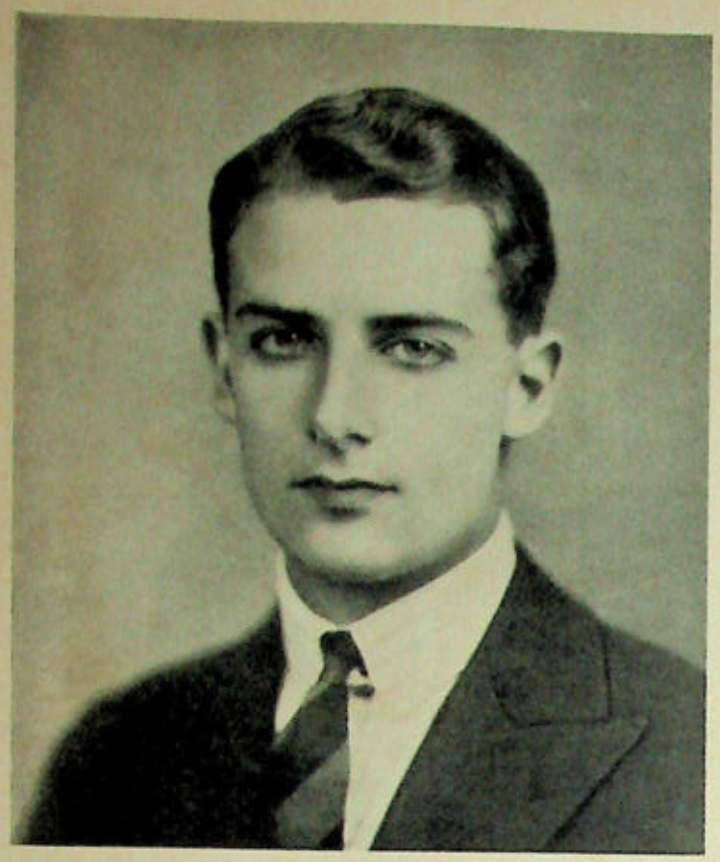
A CAPITAL local show for foxhounds and harriers in the west country was held at Sydenham, Lew Down Vale. Eleven packs of foxhounds and six packs of west country pure harriers entered in ten classes, which were judged by Major M. E. Barclay, M.F.H., and Captain Hon. T. Holland Hibbert, ex-Master of the Avon Vale.

The foxhounds were shown in couples with the exception of the stallion hound and brood bitch classes. The best dog hound was Stevenstone Chorister ('33), who, shown with Trimbush, were beaten by Western Actor and Acrobat, a much better matched couple. The best foxhound bitch was Lamerton Cackle ('32), which, shown with Welcome, won the first prize for entered bitches.

The West Country pure harriers entries proved a great attraction to a large company of ringside critics. The quality of the whole class was excellent. Captain Holdsworth, the Master of the Dart Vale, showed two couple of beautiful hounds in Jester, Emblem, Jaunty and Easy, who took first honours in their respective classes, and Captain Holdsworth thoroughly deserved the congratulations on his success. Dart Vale Easy, winner of the Champion Cup at Peterborough, won the entered bitch prize to conclude the day. This bitch is one of the finest West Country pure harrier bitches seen for a very long time.

The Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles would like to see more west country hounds competing at Peterborough, but recognise that the distance is rather too far for many Masters, and to demonstrate their wish to encourage this particular breed, they subscribed all the prize money towards this harrier show.

J. P.



AUSTIN BY BEATING SHIELDS IN STRAIGHT SETS, HAD AMPLE COMPENSATION FOR HIS WIMBLEDON DEFEAT

KEEPING OUR HOLD ON THE DAVIS CUP

Perry and Austin's Strenuous Task

By J. E. COLLETT

THE SUCCESSFUL BRITISH TEAM
From left to right: H. G. N. Lee, H. W. Austin, F. J. Perry and G. P. Hughes

WITH Great Britain, Australia and the United States engaged in its concluding stages, the Davis Cup was invested with quite a pre-war air. It was only fitting that in beating the United States by 4 matches to 1 Great Britain should honour the occasion of a challenge round on the "New" Wimbledon centre court, for it is 28 years since we won the Cup on British soil. The victory set the seal on the efforts Austin and Perry had put forth to challenge France in 1931 and beat her last year.

Once again we had to rely upon these two stalwarts to stem the American attack, for we could not rely on getting together a doubles pair to make certain of victory against Lott and Stoefen.

On the opening day, therefore, Great Britain made the major bid, and H. W. Austin started by beating F. X. Shields in three straight sets, 6/4, 6/4, 6/1. A mental retrospect presents Austin as a winner all the way, such is the impression which his masterly exposition of the all-court game gave; on the other hand, reviewing the actual score, Shields led at 4/3 in the first set, and at 2/1, 3/2, 4/2 in the second. It was not until the third set that Austin's supremacy was absolute, and that he had such timing and positioning for Shield's big service that he made the powerful American's best deliveries appear simple.

In effect Austin's was a triumph of footwork; he was seldom other than behind the ball, with room to hit with a free arm. That forehand stroke of Shields, which streaks into the far backhand corner and in flight eludes the sight was the acid test for Austin. Except in the second game of the final set, when Shields put out a special effort, Austin was never really beaten by it.

Shields, indeed, won the sixth game of the first set against service mainly by means of deep drives, but as the finishing point was a net cord, it would not be exactly fair to judge him as tactically beaten in that game. Austin broke Shields' attack off the ground and at the net entirely subdued his service. Austin's over net and overhead striking was decisive and he mixed his service speed and character in an unusually clever fashion.

This magnificent opening by Austin, though it provided Great Britain with an initial lead, was not a surprise in aught else than it was done so easily. Apart from previous records, which in lawn tennis particularly are often bad guides, the comparative form of the two men had shown Austin with much the greater power of continuance, and this was all he had ever needed to have the beating of Shields.

The match between F. J. Perry and S. B. Wood was held to be of more uncertain result and to have a more potent bearing on the ultimate result. Perry was not supposed to be in really reliable form and Wood is a player against whom in every fall of circumstance he is liable to have a scrambling tussle. On this most important occasion Perry won, 6/1, 4/6, 5/7, 6/0, 6/3.

It is not an exaggeration to say that both players seemed slightly overwrought by their duty to do their best, and therefore were only able to do so sporadically.

Perry, who had not watched the first match, but had preferred preliminary practice with Maskell, came on court in step, swing and stride in a mental and physical condition which Wood could not emulate. The first set was a procession, which Wood made no considerable effort to lead; he preferred the familiar tactic of waiting on the pace maker who was not likely to be able to keep it up. At 1/1 in the second set he suddenly went all out, and notched a service game with two aces in it. Perry replied with something similar and then broke through Wood for 3/2. Some level sparring produced 4/4, and then Perry's concentration left him.

SHIELDS IN PLAY
In his fourth set with Perry he made a desperate effort to save the cup

In the third set though Perry did well while pulling up from 0/2 to 4/2, playing with a determination that deserved the domination it brought, he again lost hold of himself. Wood was not in much better ease till the set had wobbled to 5/5, when he bestirred himself to win his service. Not only had Perry no adequate riposte, but he gave away the set quite carelessly with two double faults.

So far it seemed Wood's match, but after the interval he was so thoroughly ineffectual that he had to throw the fourth set, and in the fifth, with the exception of the second game which he won against Perry's service, he was playing second fiddle until near the end, and he finished tamely.

In the circumstances it was wise to decide not to play Perry in the double. But if it could have been foreseen how patchily G. M. Lott and L. R. Stoefen were to play, it would have been a temptation to field Perry in the hope of a two-day victory. H. G. N. Lee partnered Hughes, and did very well, particularly in the return of Stoefen's service, which was continually broken through. The Americans won 7/5, 6/0, 4/6, 9/7, but if Hughes could have struck form sooner or had been able to keep it up when he did, the match might have been ours.

In the first of the reverse singles Perry won the rubber by beating Shields, 6/4, 4/6, 6/2, 15/13. Perry opened with confidence; it was his obvious intention to call the tune and take what came—win or lose. This was the right spirit at the turning-point of the round, when Great Britain stood at 2—1; either Perry would succeed, and responsibility would be lifted from Austin's shoulders, or he would go down in an all-out fight. For three sets the result of these tactics was a match of free and courageous hitting.

Shields responded to the attack, but he appeared rather as a defender than a challenger so defiantly did Perry, at his full height and strength, accept the gauntlet on behalf of Great Britain. Thus he stood at the interval with the score 2 sets to 1 in our favour. But after the interval, though he began in the same mood with a love game, he was soon reduced to the standard of a struggler. Fretted by what he considered were doubtful decisions, he lapsed into temperamental displays. Now and again producing some wonderful play he got home in the 28th game, and although everyone rejoiced at a British victory, it was felt that Shields's gallant resistance deserved an equalising set.

The remaining single between Austin and Wood was pleasant to watch, but did not impress as a very serious affair.

(1) THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD ARRIVING BY AIR TO OPEN THE NEW AEROPLANE LANDING GROUND OF THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN Y.C., AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, AND (2) TAKING TO THE SEA TO WATCH THE REGATTA, ACCOMPANIED BY THE COMMODORE, MR. G. MITCHELL (RIGHT)

BRITANNIA'S WIN WITH A DAMAGED MAST

The Royal Corinthian's Aeroplane Ground

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

THIS season the weather has not been too kind to the King's cutter Britannia, but at Bournemouth Regatta on July 27th the conditions were just to her liking. There was a strong westerly breeze which veered somewhat at times and a smooth sea.

Shamrock was, unfortunately, too late in arriving to make a start; but Britannia, Velsheda and Astra crossed the starting line in close company. Travelling at a great pace, the King's cutter drew clear of the others, which were having a great match of their own to windward of their course for the first mark. Britannia continued to open out her lead on the beat out to the weather mark and secured a good lead on the first round. Barring accidents, she was certain of winning the lap, but before the end of the race it was evident that she was in trouble, as Sir Philip Hunloke luffed her up and lowered her staysail.

It transpired afterwards that she had sprung her mast below the deck, but she was enabled to finish the course under reduced canvas; and, having ample time in hand, she was still a winner from Velsheda by 4min. 47sec. on corrected time. That she was able to do so was due to prompt action in making a temporary repair by binding the cracked portion of the mast with wire rope.

This was Britannia's first win of the season, and, with it, she won the Bournemouth Cup outright, having already held it in 1924 and 1933. The conditions attached to the trophy—which was presented by Alderman Bishop in 1924—are that it had to be won by the same yacht-owner on three occasions before it became his property.

Needless to say, the victory of the King's old cutter was a most popular one, and Sir Philip Hunloke is to be congratulated on the skilful manner in which he handled her both before and after her mishap. I am told that a satisfactory repair can be made which will enable Britannia to race during Cowes Week, as steel bands are to be fitted to the damaged portion of the mast.

There was a most exciting finish between Velsheda and Astra, the newer vessel only just securing the second place in corrected time by the small margin of 4sec. Astra stuck to her bigger opponent in a wonderful way for a great part of the course; but in the end Velsheda's power told, and she drew away hand over fist from the smaller yacht. For a long while Astra, which was going grandly for so small a vessel, was well within her time; but at a critical period of the race she either overstood or her opponent had a lift which gained her at least half a minute.

In the 12-metre class there was a great race between Major Grigg's Miquette, steered by Sir Ralph Gore and Mr. G. F. Carrington's Zelita, the former winning by just under half a minute over the course of 26 sea miles. Mr. H. L. Goodson's Flica—the only other starter—had the misfortune to split her mainsail right across when she had a comfortable lead on the first round. There should be some wonderful racing in this class during the Solent Fortnight as it should then be a full muster of boats, and there can be no doubt that, this season, the "Twelves" are very evenly matched.

It is just the same in the 8-metre class in which the fight for the best average is keener than ever before and, with half the season to go, it is a very open question as to which boat will come out on top at the finish. The new boats and Saskia—new to the Solent—have their work cut out to beat the older craft, and one is particularly pleased to see Messrs. C. E. & A. W. Nicholson's Sagitta coming into the prize list, after having secured a very good "place" average up to date.

The splendid way in which the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club has come to Mr. Sopwith's assistance by supplying him with the large majority of his amateur crew has depleted the ranks of the sailing men at Burnham-on-Crouch to a serious extent, but the old club has a wonderful way of meeting difficulties as and when they arise. The new 18-footers seem to be the chief sufferers, as the joint owners of the new Laurent Giles boat, the owner of the Anker designed Norna, and the commodore's son, who was to have been at the helm of the Nicholson boat Mutt, have all "joined up" on Endeavour.

The Club is, thanks to the foresight and energy of the Flag Officers, making arrangements for considerable extentions to the Clubhouse to provide room for a large number of additional members. The alterations include the conversion of the present billiard room into a lounge and bar for men, and the construction of a new billiard room. There will also be a changing and dressing room with hot showers for visiting teams and members not occupying bedrooms. The extra accommodation for ladies includes a new cloakroom, private changing and dressing cubicles, shower bath, and generally improved accommodation. There will also be a supper room and cocktail bar, so that refreshments, after dancing, can be served without using the mixed lounges.

All these alterations and improvements will be completed by Burnham Week. Within the last few days the Club has lived up to its reputation for being right up to date. A "flying" ground has been opened within a few yards of the Club House. The opening ceremony was performed by Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.

The exceptional facilities offered by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, its proximity to London and the Eastern Counties, should attract a large number of new members, and the facts that the River Crouch affords a safe and comfortable anchorage, and that the town of Burnham-on-Crouch is heart and soul a yachting centre, should make an appeal, especially to men who can only spare time for yachting at week-ends.

A GOOD FINISH FOR THE CRUISER AND A ROUGH START FOR THE DINGHIES

Mr. McGregor's Boojum winning the Easton Cup in the race for cruisers of 10-30 tons at the West Mersea Y.C. regatta, as the One-Design Dinghies are about to start

1. HAULING IN THE SEA-ANCHOR ON SILVER GLEAM 2. DRYING OUT AFTER A VERY WET PASSAGE

A MOTOR CRUISER'S NORTH SEA ADVENTURE

Silver Gleam Goes Over the "Field" Trophy Course

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL, R.N.R.

ALTHOUGH it was a great disappointment to us to learn that our only competitor had developed engine trouble at Teddington, we were relieved to find that our indomitable owner, Mr. Harold Turley of Sunderland, was not going to be baulked of his attempt on the *Field* Trophy after his voyage of nearly 1,000 miles to the starting line, and that we were to be given a "sail over."

His craft, a converted Admiralty 54-foot pinnace called the Silver Gleam, fitted with a 40 h.p. Atlantic motor, had already won a race for motor yachts on the Clyde and the handicap from Southend to Rochester—the latter on July 26th—within four weeks, so that the rest of the crew who joined her at Rochester had no doubts whatever about her being properly tuned up for the job ahead.

The crew consisted of the owner, Lieut.-Commander F. Blair, R.N.V.R., Mr. Stanley Smith, Mr. Bush, the writer, and George, and we cruised around to the westward of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club starting line at Dover with due caution from 5.55 a.m. on Saturday, July 28th until the dipping of the Blue Peter at 6 a.m. sent us on our way. The course laid down was from Dover Harbour to the Sandettie, West Hinder, Schouwen Bank, Maas, Outer Gabbard, Sunk and Mid-Barrow Lightships, leaving them all to port, and thence to the finishing line off Strood Pier just below Rochester Bridge.

A fresh westerly wind was blowing when we cleared Dover Harbour, and it gradually freshened to force 5 by the time we passed Sandettie at 9.30 and, unfortunately for us, the sea increased with it. Shortly after noon we shipped two in quick succession clean over the stern, but, curiously enough, although we were to experience a really dangerous sea later in the day, these were the only ones that came over the stern.

Before leaving we had been informed that both the West Hinder and the Schouwen Bank Light-ships had been withdrawn and temporarily replaced by light and whistle buoys, and from 11 a.m. we were hopefully looking out for Ruytingen Lightship —which lay 3½ miles to the southward of our course—to get a check on our position and speed. At 11.20 we got instead a momentary glimpse of a pillar buoy, and this gave us an anxious hour until we picked up the West Hinder Lightship herself at 12.30 on our port bow.

Crossing the bank which lies to the eastward of the West Hinder we had a sample of what was in store for us, and several huge seas lifted the little ship's stern so high into the air that we thought she must turn a somersault. A still worse quarter-of-an-hour was experienced when we found our-selves to the south-west of Thornton Ridge Buoy and right on the edge of the two-fathom bank at 3.25. By this time Silver Gleam was frequently almost unmanageable, and our main efforts were directed to keeping her dead before it, and this no doubt accounts for her being 1½ miles to the southward of her course.

At any rate we became quite alarmed at what might lay ahead over the Schouwen and Middel Banks, and at the risk of being disqualified we decided to give them a wide berth and make straight for the Maas. But the course still took us over several patches with less than ten fathoms, and on one of these at 5.40 she did the expected and broached to on top of a huge sea. This one elected to pour into the deck house, and from there into the engine room, where it splashed over the magneto and put us completely out of action.

We first set the jib in the hope that it would keep us before the wind, and when this proved fruitless we set the mizen instead and hove her to. We now began to find out Silver Gleam's defects, the first being that she could not be pumped out without discharging the water through an engine-room port, which was, of course, out of the question. The second defect was the sea anchor of some 3ft. diameter which never even took in the slack of the hawser; and the third, that the yard which had carried out the conversion had thoughtfully covered up the suction of the hand pump, so that we were reduced to baling to free her.

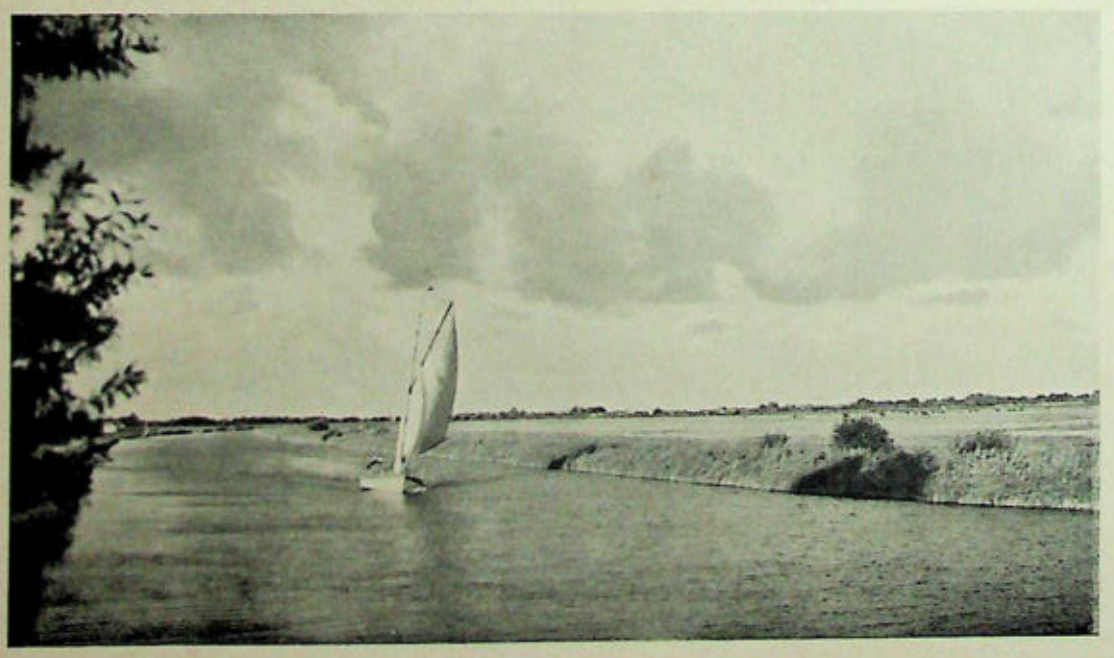
While this was being done the Ostend fishing boat No. 116 stood by and gave us the bearing of Schouwen Bank Buoy as S.S.E. five miles (my own estimation being three miles on the same bearing). By some extraordinary means George had the motor going happily again by 6.22 and we resumed our passage, sighting the Maas without further incident, bearing N.E. at 8.22 p.m. and rounding it into the teeth of the wind 40 minutes later. The lightkeeper promised to report us and ironically wished us a pleasant voyage, and we started off at about two knots on the long 67-mile run to windward to the Outer Gabbard.

Gradually the wind eased and, except for an hour's delay due to a choked fuel pipe, we made increasingly good time, passing the Outer Gabbard at 12.43 p.m. on Sunday the 29th, the Sunk at 3.6, and crossing the finishing line at Strood five minutes after midnight after a wet passage down the Barrow Deep and Knob Channel to the Medway.

It may not have been the intention of the promoters of the Endurance Test, when they allotted the international code flag T as a racing flag, to save competitors the bother of complying with the rule of the road, but it certainly had that effect, and it was not until a large Dutch mailship coming out of the River Maas had obediently altered course and gone under our stern that we looked up its meaning (" do not pass ahead of me ") in the signal book.

The conclusions we came to after completing the 260-mile course were: Firstly, that it is decidedly a fine weather one, and quite unsuitable if not actually dangerous in heavy weather; and, secondly, that very strict supervision must be exercised in future events over the seaworthiness and equipment of the vessels taking part if serious accidents are to be avoided.

In some respects there is no doubt that Silver Gleam, fine sea boat as she is, was ill-fitted for such a gruelling. Her compass jambed in its binnacle at every heavy roll, which meant often every few seconds; her saloon windows were most vulnerable and far from watertight; and she had no means whatever of pumping out the bilge in anything but smooth water. But for George keeping her going and the cheerful way that every-one on board buckled to immediately anything went wrong there might have been a different story to relate.



WHERE STORMY WINDS TROUBLE NO ONE

A holiday scene on the River Thurne on the Norfolk Broads

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Blake's, of 22, Newgate Street, who hire out Broadland craft

THE "FIELD" MOTOR BOAT TROPHY

What it is Awarded For

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

WHEN the original conditions governing the allocation of the *Field's* Gold Trophy to an annual competitive endurance test for *bona fide* cabin cruisers were drawn up, there was no intention that this trophy should be acquired easily. What seemed to be so desirable was that amateur navigation and seamanship should be stimulated and that a healthy type of sea-going cabin cruiser which could "endure" a typical sea passage should be encouraged. The course selected for the test had these essentials well in view: a 250-mile *open sea* course in which the legs from mark to mark would be mostly cross-tide; in which cross-sea courses of considerable length would have to be made by "dead reckoning" alone—a test of helmsmanship—and in which there would be a fair balance of day and night navigation, and of open water and tideway channel work.

All this was to be found in a course from Dover, Sandettie L.V., W. Hinder, Maas L.V., Outer Gabbard L.V., Sunk L.V. and thence to Strood Pier (Medway) via the Jarrow and Gage Deeps of the Estuary. No "down Channel" course could ever satisfy such conditions, and there were other reasons which supported the North Sea's claim. No one who has not spent some time in the uncertain waters of the southern North Sea's "Wet Triangle" can fully appreciate the vagaries of its weather, and this was to be an endurance test developing, if possible, a healthy type of sea-going cruiser.

In short, it was to be a really stiff test all round, one calculated to be well worth winning, a veritable European "blue riband" of power-cruising.

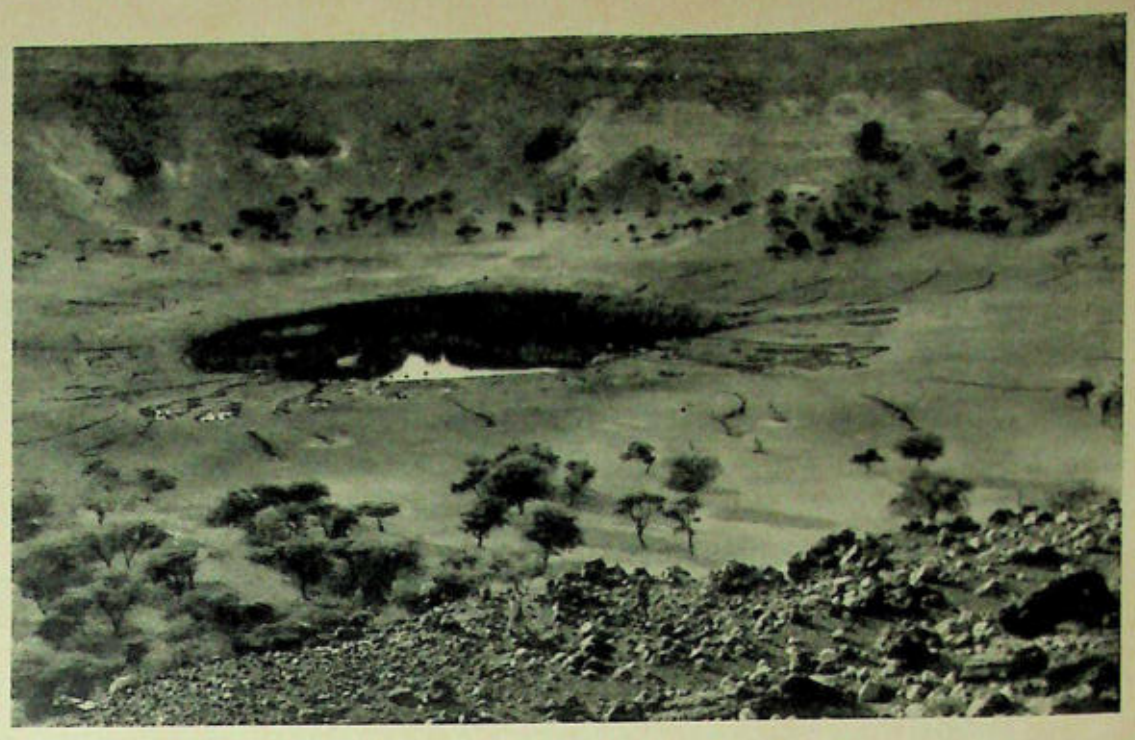
That the test was won by Mr. Turley's Silver Gleam, a sturdy ex 54ft. pinnace conversion is so much history now; but the manner of his success deserves more than passing comment. That the course was stern was well realised—or was meant to be—but the weather which set in for the two days of the passage made it doubly so. At the start, at 6 a.m., from the Royal Cinque Ports' starting line in Dover Harbour, there was a clear sky and a stiffish breeze from N.W.; within three hours the wind had flown out to W.S.W., freshening fast; the sky was overcast, and a moderate sea was running; by now the wind had increased to force 6–7, and the sea tops were coming over Dover breakwater. Such were the conditions of this first test; almost the worst that could have obtained, yet Silver Gleam succeeded, lost not a mile by bad reckonings, and, on corrected finishing time, ran very close to the "bogey" for the course and her speed.

If ever a win was well deserved this one was. Heavy seas followed them the whole way to the Maas, steepening, as was to be expected, off the Thornton Ridge. Thence to the Gabbard there was an ugly cross sea and swell to be reckoned with, then an ugly head sea from the Gabbard to the Sunk and into Barrow Deep. Not until they were well in the Medway did her crew get "the weather they had signed on for."

The grave pity is that there was not more competition; only two entrants within the conditions came forward, and one of these was prevented by engine trouble from getting to the starting-point. When one realises that Silver Gleam had come all the way round the West Coast from the Clyde in order, *inter alia*, to try her luck in this North Sea test, one cannot refrain, while congratulating her owner, from wondering what had happened to the Sassenach yachts. It must be admitted that undoubtedly one of the causes of the few entries was the very short notice—and that will be remedied for next year. Even so, however, the feeling remains that there *should* have been more to give Mr. Turley a good run for it.

As to the organising arrangements, these, as was to be expected, went without a hitch under the ægis of the M.B.A., of which association incidentally Silver Gleam's owner is also a member. The Dutch authorities were of great assistance in reporting data from the Maas Lightship—data that the handicappers wanted.

So there we have the result of the first essay as a new venture. A thoroughly wholesome type of seagoing cruiser with an adequate sail plan and 30 h.p. Atlantic engines wins the trophy and takes it to Scotland, for Mr. Turley, Silver Gleam's owner, is a member of the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club. His effort has proved the efficacy—and the sternness of the course and the conditions, besides providing valuable data for next year's test. If ever a prize was well deserved the Silver Gleam's was, and it remains to be seen who will wrest it from her next year.



MALHA CRATER

SAND GROUSE IN THE SUDAN

A Red Letter Winter's Day

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

YOU will admit that it is the atmosphere—the setting of the scene—which forms half the lure of a shoot, be it for game, great or small.

We have lived them all, and the thrill grows fainter. Gone is the fire of youth to kill one's hundred. Gone is the hope that one day one may shoot straighter or hold one of those halcyon days, when the gun swings true. It is downhill work now, with memories growing ever greener and a world changing—not for the better. But now and again, if you are lucky, comes a flash in the pan and the old thrill revived.

I would tell of a sand grouse shoot—the little fellows which so many of us know, which come to drink in their thousands, down the banks of the Nile. Poor sport and cold-blooded murder, since the skill lies only in picking your bird and avoiding a "brown" with half-a-dozen down to one shot. But there is one place at least where they come well enough to beat the best.

El Fasher, H.Q. of Darfur province, lies 400 miles west of El Obeid, in sand and scrub desert, dotted here and there with rings and ranges of small hills. A hundred odd miles north-east of Fasher lies the 30-mile circle of Meidob hills. A car can get through in a day on a rough road, and once or twice a year a visiting D.C. or some keen wanderer breaks the isolation of far Meidob. It is wonderful Barbary sheep country, and, incidentally, the portal to the Libyan desert and Addax country, so some day its wells may be better known.

At Malha, its most accessible well group, is a rest hut; and a mile away, across a bed of lava, is an extinct volcanic crater. I am not strong on craters, but I have certainly never seen its like. It is not a crater up amid the heights, but a hollow tooth rising almost from the stony plain. Imagine any of the stony kopjes thereabouts, whose summit and three-quarters of their wall have suddenly blown sky high, and carrying with them the contents of a hole half-a-mile across and 600 feet deep, have disappeared into space.

You walk up the fragments of the base of this hill, an insignificant 100 feet or so, and you are on the brink. The rim circles away from you to either side, sheer for the most part, with here and there a 50 yards broad shelf below. There is one great rift, which gives easy access to pedestrians and laden animals, and another—less easy—is reserved for camels and animals going to water. Here and there are gaps, like gun emplacements, in the rim.

As you stand on the brink you see far below the flattish base—saucer shaped—draining to the centre. The centre is a pool, 200 yards across and of a depth, they say, of two men's height. Its waters are bitter, the healing waters of natrun (rock nitre). Around the pool is a slatey-grey ooze of mud, criss-crossed by drains and channels. From this the inhabitants, and buyers from afar, cut slabs of nitrous salt as food for their animals, and pay for it at 6p.t. the load.

Outside the oozing salt circle lies a dry sandy belt, stretching to the cliffs, the inside walls of the hollow tooth. Hereon a few score camels are barracked awaiting their load of salt. There are a fringe of Dom palms and Acacia trees, and the Melek's garden of three, ill-tended, lime trees. Around the perimeter are half-a-dozen sweet water wells. Over all, in the shades of dawn and eve, broods some queer enchantment. It is another of the strange freaks of Africa which some of us go time and again to seek.

No wonder the Meidobi legends pile up marvel upon marvel, and although Islam ridden, still hanker for their old faith and sacred rites, linked with the crater.

Two of us, warned of sandgrouse flighting at sunset, stood on the brink of that crater one evening and went our ways, right and left. By chance I chose my stance on one of the narrow ledges, easy of access. Twenty yards away to my left rose the abrupt cliff, 60 feet, pointing to the darkening heaven. As far to my right, and the ledge broke and fell sheer 500 feet to the saucer below.

The sun was dipping already—long below the outer shell of our tooth. The light was fading; a suffused red and yellow radiance lit up the dark outline of one part of the cliff above me. There, and just there only, could I see to shoot, as the birds shot over the cliff top and before the darkness engulfed them.

Bang, bang! a dozen times from my friend on the right. A queer twittering from far below, as sandgrouse make when they are watering; the faint whisper of wings in the air and all invisible; and they were on me.

They came in threes and fours and then a flight of twenty, and then a succession of swift ghostly shapes, hard on top of one another. Brown them? Never was anything more impossible. To see them at all they were 60 feet up, topping a chasm, lit by the twilight for two seconds, then swallowed in gloom. Some, as they topped the crest, swung right and left and gave perhaps a second more of visability. Some soared high and others stooped and whispered by one's ear like moths.

For ten minutes the air was alive with them; then came a pause. The darkening gulf, far below, was full of twittering, and the light of the Arabs' fires in the saucer twinkled brighter. The jagged outline of the crater's rim alone stood out starkly in the gloom, while above the greater stars slowly awakened.

Then came more gentle whispers of wings, and the birds were swinging back, bound for their desert feeding grounds. If they were difficult shots coming in, they were ten times as difficult in their out-going. They leapt at you from the dark, swept overhead and topped the crest in a flash. They were like driven partridges behind you, only you had no light to see. They were too good for me. I longed to stand by the side of some super-shot and to see if it could be done.

In those 20 hectic minutes I fired two dozen shots with a single 16 bore, non-ejector. Cartridges were scanty and I took few chances. Given a double ejector and plenty of cartridges you might fire a hundred, and if you picked up 30 birds for them, well, you might cock your cap a trifle, and I, for one, should not jeer.

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.

INCREASE IN AIR MAILS

SIR,—The decision of the Postmaster-General to inaugurate air mails between a number of cities in this country is a step in the right direction. Not only is it important as a direct contribution to industrial development, but also as establishing a principle which those of us who are interested in air development have been emphasising for some considerable time.

The efficiency of the air industry and, as a corollary, of our air defences depends very largely upon the prosperity of civil aviation. Assured freight is the royal road to a solution of the problem and the Postmaster-General himself has now stated that "in organising these new air mail services our hope is to make an important contribution to the development of aircraft and air efficiency in this country."

It is to be hoped, however, that he will, without delay, extend these benefits of air mail facilities at a low cost to all parts of the Empire.

A year or two ago serious objections were raised to internal air services. The success of the Inverness-Orkney experiment has been so overwhelming that all fears have been banished, and the new services have been decided upon. I understand that 3,000 letters a day have been carried on the Orkney route without any need of surcharge.

The success of the new routes now announced is inevitable. So also would be that of Empire routes, and I have urged repeatedly in the House of Lords that our air development must be regarded not as a national but as an Imperial necessity.

Might I suggest that the Postmaster-General should inaugurate an experimental Empire service of low mail rates between, say, England and the East African territories? He would find, I am sure, that the results both in finance and in industrial benefits would amply justify the sending of all mails to the territories by air.

Sir Kingsley Wood is to be congratulated on going as far as he has done, but he should not be satisfied until he has pursued his policy to its logical conclusion and given us a low flat rate for all Empire mails.

Yours faithfully,
ELIBANK.

23, Pelham Place,
London, S.W. 7.

RHINO POACHING

SIR,—It may interest you to have knowledge of a reply I received to my letter to the *Field* about "Rhino poaching." My countryman, Mr. Prudhomme, of Kikube and Bamungaya Estates, Jinja, Uganda, wrote to me on December 10th, 1933, as follows:

"I read in the *Field* of November 4th, 1933, your letter re 'Rhino poaching,' and as you ask for the opinion of readers, I am giving all particulars. Mr. X., whose report you read in the French paper, has been shooting with me in Uganda and it was I who supplied him with the information in question.

"As the *Field* states, about 600 rhino have actually been killed in the Karagwe district by three poachers, two Italians and one Greek. I met the Greek on the Kagera river and he confessed to having killed 600 rhino with the aid of his band, but was fined for only 85. This Karagwe district can be compared with the high Vosges, and is nearly uninhabited. A few years ago there were no roads—that is why these poachers have been able to operate during a whole year without being disturbed and without attracting the suspicion of the authorities, because officially they were there on prospecting licences.

"Contrary to what the *Field* says, the horns have not been exported from Belgian Congo, but by Abyssinia. The horns have been sold on a basis of 10s. a pound to an Indian of Bukoba, who undertook the exportation by lorry to Kenya and then by caravan.

"A friend of mine, a Mr. Preston, of Naivasha, has seen about 50 sacks containing the rhino horns at the Abyssinian frontier. What is interesting about this affair is the percentage of rhino killed. Questioned by me, the Greek admitted that, with his partners, he killed about a tenth of the entire number, according to his statement there should still remain more than 5,000. The game warden who made an inspection in that district estimates the stock on the contrary at a few hundred.

"For my part, I am of the opinion of the Greek who, one must not forget, has travelled over this region during two years and knows these parts better than any European or native."

Mr. Prudhomme goes on to say the Karagwe region is the best in Africa for rhino, he himself having shot some wonderful heads, one of which appears in the *Field* of October 28th, 1933.

Yours faithfully,
MAX DE JANZE.

Sarreguemines,
Moselle, France.

[Abyssinia was a signatory to the recent Big Game Convention, and it is to be hoped that these practices will be much more firmly dealt with.—ED.]

ETIQUETTE OF ANGLING

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Bridges's article on the above subject is of supreme interest to anglers. Most anglers, and certainly all those who have fished from boyhood, regard the etiquette of angling as a code of honour, and any breach of it as something dishonourable.

Since the circumstances of every river and loch are different, it is obviously impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules, but I know of no better rule of conduct when angling than this: "Always do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." This precept is given practical application all over the country in local rules made to suit local conditions.

For some years I fished for salmon on a ticket water on a well-known river in Scotland. There were several short lies, and the rule there was one rod at a time, the rod fishing down at normal pace and coming out at the foot to make way for any waiting rod. In other pools, and some of them were quite long stretches, you were entitled to go in behind the topmost rod, always giving him ample fishing room. I never saw or heard of any abuse of these rules. Most of the ticket-holders were working-class men, and finer anglers or better sportsmen one could not wish to meet. Their motto seemed to be "after you," and they were as delighted to see another fellow kill a fish as to kill one themselves.

In such a water it is not possible to rest a pool. Even if it were necessary, I agree with "West Country" that it is not. I recollect fishing one day on one of the long pools of this water behind five other rods, and at my third cast I hooked and killed a fish of 22lb. The rod who came in behind me immediately hooked, at the same place, and killed another fish a few pounds less. At least a dozen rods had previously fished the pool and none of them had raised a fish.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. BARBER-FLEMING.

Terenon,
Stirling.

EXTINCTION OF RARE BIRDS

SIR,—It always seems strange to me that those who write about the danger of extinction of rare birds nearly always lay all the blame on the depredations of the egg collector.

Major Lees, to be consistent, should surely include the class of gamekeeper who shoots at sight all unknown or uncommon birds, a certain type of bird-photographer, who probably causes more cruelty than the collector of egg-shells (I admit the beauty of some of the photographs equals that of the "egg-shells"), and thirdly the falconer, whose method apparently is "to kill all but the biggest youngster, and tie him by a thong to the nest, so that the old birds may feed him as long as possible" (according to one of your correspondents). Can the taking of eggs beat this?

Yours faithfully,
H. LEYBORNE POPHAM.

Hunstrete House,
Pensford, near Bristol.

ADVENTURES OF AN OILED PUFFIN

SIR,—During the evening of April 25th, 1934, whilst anchored outside the Nab End Buoy, a puffin was observed from the deck of the Pilot Cutter "Gurnard," struggling in the water, its feathers clogged with oil. The course of tide then running eventually brought it alongside, by which time a grating had been slung overboard to water level, into which the bird scrambled and was hauled aboard by the mate, Mr. W. Smythers, who proceeded to clean it off with waste and petrol. During the operation of cleaning the bird had to be held by the neck and wings, pecking vigorously the while. After this forced cleaning it was allowed to run the deck, and right away accepted from the hand pieces of bloater that happened to be aboard, eating ravenously. After this meal it endeavoured to clean itself, and then allowed the men to hold its wings out for more efficient cleaning, this time offering no resistance—in fact becoming very tame.

During the next eight days it took its daily journeys afield, swimming fairly free and diving at periods, but it was observed that its submergings became less and less deep, and too, the gulls were inclined to attack it. However, in spite of being carried away from the ship by tides it always managed to struggle back. Sometimes its periods of absence exceeded an hour, and upon one occasion, after being absent for over two hours towards nightfall, it was thought that it had gone for good. Followed much speculating regarding its end—and night came down. Some time later the mate turned in and prepared for sleep, when he heard a peculiar flapping noise against the ship's side—his bunk being on the water level. Being curious he went on deck and peered over the side, but could discern nothing.

He turned in once more, but half an hour later the same flapping noise was heard, calling for further investigation, this time supplemented by the aid of a torch, and there was the puffin, struggling alongside and almost exhausted.

The grating was lowered, and eagerly the bird scrambled into it. Once more it took up its abode in its previous home—a Tate sugar box—being covered up for the night. Day after day it took its swimming exercise, always returning for a feed, and a stroll around the decks, attaching itself to everybody aboard.

The wind freshened, and a fairly large sea made up—this upon the eighth afternoon of its acquaintance—and during the night the cutter shipped a large sea which carried the Tate sugar box plus puffin along the deck, and in the tumbling around some injury must have been caused the bird, for by morning it had died.

This bird had gained considerable weight since its capture (?), enjoying its pieces of herring, each piece being taken in quite a matter of fact way. Its feathers were naturally deficient in oil, after the cleaning.

Yours faithfully,
J. E. WATERS.

"Newsholme,"
Bitterne Way,
Bitterne, Hants.

THE RABBIT MENACE

SIR,—You recently published an excellent article on the rabbit menace in West Wales. I agree with the author that the greatest enemies of the rabbit are "ground vermin," and I believe that the best method of attacking the ever-increasing hordes of rabbits would be to restrict the use of the steel trap and at the same time reintroduce the stoats and weasels.

I should therefore be much obliged if any of your readers could tell me:

1. If they can send me stoats and weasels alive?
2. At what cost?
3. In what probable quantities?
4. In what months of the year?

In regard to the latter, the most suitable time for "turning down" (!) ground vermin would seem to be March, April and May, at the end of and just after the trapping season.

Is there any precedent for this sort of thing? And does anyone think that polecat ferrets would do just as well?

Yours faithfully,
RUTZEN.

Slebech Park,
Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

AFRICA'S RAREST ANTELOPE

SIR,—The picture of the magnificent sable antelope in your issue of July 7th, fills me with regrets.

I knew in 1890, from native report, that this antelope ran in the country bordering on the Quanza River, and twice I started to investigate and on both occasions turned away, having no idea it was any different to the ordinary sable. The country holds practically no other game, and as I knew it was infested with the mopani bee, an insect which greatly detracts from the pleasures of hunting, I did not investigate further. Mention is made in Rowland Ward's book, *Horn Measurements for 1896*, page 181, that I had opened up a new country for both the roan and sable antelope in the country behind Benguella. At that time no white man had shot one of these sables, and I would have had them all to myself, possibly a selfish but a most gratifying experience.

Apropos of the lion's roar. I see John Millais illustrates in his book, *A Breath from the Veldt*, which appeared in 1895, a lion roaring with his head placed close to the ground. This, of course, is not done from any reasoning powers, but from instinct.

Yours faithfully,
G. W. PENRICE.

The Croft,
Ash Green, Surrey.

THE DRY AND MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT OF KANSU

A CURIOUS PROCESSION IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE CAPITAL

(See Letter "And then it Rained")

AND THEN IT RAINED

SIR,—Lanchow, the capital of China's dry and mountainous north-west province of Kansu, lies in a valley between two ranges of hills, brown and barren. Two centuries ago, according to the inhabitants, these hills were thickly wooded, but unrestricted deforestation has resulted in their complete sterility, and also, it is believed, in the frequency of droughts. The Yellow River flows swiftly past the capital, below the stout north wall. Its turbid waters are spanned by a cantilever bridge; and along its banks enormous water-wheels slowly revolve, supplying the irrigation canals from which the valley derives fertility in spite of drought. But beyond the valley the people are entirely dependent upon the rainfall.

I arrived in Lanchow when a period of drought was threatening the crops. The country folk had been carrying their idols through the village streets and setting them in the sun to get a good blistering in order that they might realise how hot and dry it really was and how urgent the need of rain. But the Provincial Governor and his officials were expected to do something about it too.

Consequently, a few days after my arrival I witnessed a curious procession on the main street of the capital. In the van a company of soldiers slowly walked, their rifles slung behind them and lighted sticks of incense in their hands. They were followed by the high officials of the province, in the centre of whom waddled the short, stout Governor. They were all wearing authentic English bowler hats and solemnly carrying sticks of smouldering incense. More soldiers, equipped like those in front, brought up the rear.

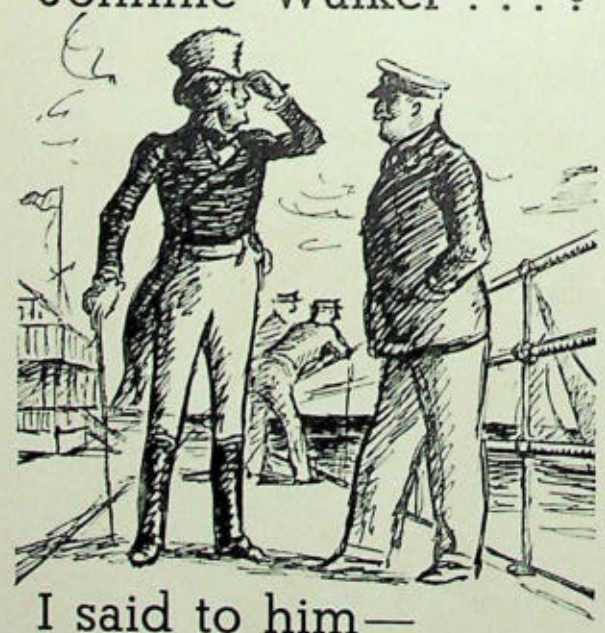
It was an official appeal to the gods for rain. Which gods, the Governor would probably have been unable to say, for he seemed rather hazy in his religious ideas. He had a roomful of idols in his yamen, and believed in keeping on good terms with all of them. But by going on foot in procession through the city he and his officials manifested in an impressive way their concern for the threatened plight of agriculture. It was an act of deep humiliation for them to walk the streets. Ordinarily they were borne on the shoulders of four or eight men in their ornate palanquins.

Ten minutes later a cannon boomed through the city announcing the Governor's return to his great yamen (a cannon was always fired whenever he went out and in). The people were pleased with the procession. And curiously enough, a day or two later it rained copiously.

Yours faithfully,

Sandwich, Kent. RAYMOND E. YOUNG.

He said to me—why is Endeavour like Johnnie Walker . . . ?



I said to him—because it has such enormous sails, I suppose . . . !

BORN 1820...STILL GOING STRONG..!

OLD PRINTS OF ETON

SIR,—In your issue July 14th there is a cricket picture, "A Match at Eton, from a series of 6 lithographs of Eton College published by J. Ryman." I possess a set of six, by the same publisher, which includes the following: (1) "Supper at Surley, 4th June"; (2) "After six on the River"; (3) "Before 11 o'clock School"; (4) "Absence in School Yard"; (5) "Mess at My Dame's"; (6) "The Long Walk, Windsor."

I have always understood that the complete set was eight. Perhaps the cricket scene is of the same set. I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me if this is so, and what is the eighth. The artist was, I believe, the Rev. G. R. Winter.

Yours faithfully,

Ipswich. E. H. G.

DEPARTING CUCKOOS

SIR,—With reference to your note on "Departing Cuckoos" it may be worth mentioning that I saw a cuckoo here on July 10th. As far as I can remember, this is the first time that I have seen one of these birds on the wing in July.

Your note raises an interesting question. I have, for a long time, suspected that cuckoos leave this country a good deal earlier than is generally supposed. With regard to the rhyme you mention, I remember, when a boy, hearing another one, which is probably nearer the truth:

"Cuckoo in April,
Cuckoo in May,
Cuckoo in June,
And then he flies away."

Kirkstone, Wadhurst, Sussex. Yours faithfully, J. E. AUSTIN.

UGANDA'S FIRST PHEASANTS

SIR,—The following may be of interest to your many Colonial readers.

Replying to an advertisement in the *Field*, of Enos Truman, Silverdale Game Farm, Arnside, I wrote for a sitting of pheasant eggs.

The eggs arrived here by air mail on May 3rd in perfect condition without a sign of a crack. This reflects well on packing and air mail, as the distance is over 5,000 miles. They had been despatched from England by parcel post on April 25th. And I permitted them to stand for 24 hours to settle down.

I set them on May 4th under two native fowls and was delighted to find three chicks out on May 27th. The remaining fertile eggs hatched out on the 28th, making a percentage of 85 per cent.

Unfortunately during their first three weeks two heavy storms were experienced here, and owing to my unavoidable absence and neglect on the part of my native servants, several were battered to death, and another died as the result of a hornet sting.

The remainder are strong sturdy chicks and are doing well.

These are the first pheasant eggs or pheasants to be introduced, hatched, and reared in Uganda.

Yours faithfully,

Agricultural Department, Kampala, Uganda. T. W. CHORLEY.

WITHIN ELEVEN MILES OF LONDON BRIDGE

(See Letter "Badgers Near London")

BADGERS NEAR LONDON

SIR,—You may care to reproduce the enclosed photograph of an Elmstead Woods badger, which was found on the railway line electrocuted on May 22nd, as being of interest owing to the fact that these fine old English gentlemen are carrying on within ten or eleven miles of London Bridge. One was unintentionally killed about eight years ago, a boar; this one is a sow, weighing 52lb. I am afraid the railway electrification will get them all in time.

Yours faithfully,

Rockpit, Elmstead Lane, Chislehurst. CHARLES RUSSELL.

TWO ILL-FATED SALMON

SIR,—A friend has recently had an experience which I think is well worth recording.

Fishing one of the beats of the Huntly Arms Hotel Water at Aboyne, he hooked and killed a fish weighing 10lb. in Red Brae Pool, which, when gaffed, was found to have a fly and length of cast in its jaw. Later in the same pool, he hooked and killed a 19-pounder, and this fish, when gaffed, was also found to have a fly and cast in its mouth. Both fish were killed on a prawn.

Yours faithfully,

Henley Park, Guildford. E. R. M.

THE LION'S ROAR

SIR,—One has read as a matter of general interest the various letters from correspondents which have appeared in your columns; it is more than probable that you are acquainted with Pope's reference to the subject in his *Essay on Man* (1733):

"Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound, sagacious on the tainted green,"

to which he appends the following note:

"The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal."

Pope was no doubt wrong, although I gave no personal knowledge on the question, but it is interesting to compare the belief of 200 years ago with the knowledge through expert observation of present times.

Yours faithfully,
Ravenswood, E. B. HANDLEY.
Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

HOW DO PARTRIDGES ROOST

SIR,—In the *Field* of July 14th the question is raised of the position of partridges roosting. Some 60 years ago, when I was a boy, I woke early one morning and on looking out of the dining room window saw a covey of partridges crowded together under one of the shrubs.

Though a fairly large covey they occupied a very small space—a bushel basket would have carried the lot. Their heads were all together in the centre, making a small circle of reddish brown. The whole was suggestive of one of those round posies which holiday makers used to bring home with them from the country.

Yours faithfully,
Trimley, Ipswich. A. M. BARLING.

SPANIEL AND FOX CUB

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken towards the end of May at Wallingford, where this cub was found in a litter of five, at the base of a hay stack. It is being reared as a pet, and the spaniel has made a great fuss of it. She has never had any puppies, so she is glad to have even a cub as an outlet for her affection. When the cub is given tasty morsels she never attempts to take any for herself. She just sits and looks on in admiration.

Yours faithfully,
31, Manor Road, JOHN H. VICKERS.
Headington, Oxford.

KUDU HORNS

SIR,—On my seven days leave last year, I came to a district in the Abyssinian territory where I was lucky enough to shoot several bulls of the Great Kudu (*Strepsiceros kudu*). Upon preparing these I observed from the form of horns and the length of the skulls that I had two distinct kinds.

The following are the measurements and descriptions of the two types:

Category (A):—

	Length of horn on front curve inches	Tip to tip inches	Length of scull from the basis of horn to the back end inches
No. 1 ..	46 3/16	38	2 1/16
Category (B):—			
No. 1 ..	46¼	26	2½
No. 2 ..	53¼	25½	2½

SPREAD IN KUDU HORNS
(*See Letter "Kudu Horns"*)

THE HEIGHT OF UNSELFISHNESS
(*See Letter "Spaniel and Fox Cub"*)

The horns of category (A) are widely opened in the form of a "V," the white crescent under the eyes is separated in the middle into two half crescents, the mane ends between the shoulders and the hair on the body is short and of a light brownish grey. The horns of Category (B) are almost vertical, in the form of a "U," the crescent is joined (no separation in the middle), the mane runs down to the tail, the body is covered with metallic grey hair, ¾in. long. The bulls of category (A) were shot out of a herd of nine animals, the others were found singly.

I would be interested to hear if these two very different types of kudu are forms of one species or whether they have been given separate names.

Yours faithfully,
Berbera, B. HASSOUN.
British Somaliland.

[There are two types of kudu horns—the narrow tip to tip and the wide tip to tip. In the current edition of Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, may be found many tip to tip measurements varying from 24in. to 40in. The white crescent is liable to variation in this and other animals, but if the mane runs down to the tail in one type and not in the other, it would be advisable to send two raw skins, and the skulls and horns if possible—so that the species could be examined at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.—ED.]

BIRDS KILLED BY CARS

SIR,—Mr. Beale's letter in the *Field* of June 9th under the above heading, prompts me to suggest a reason for this slaughter. In this station, where the mercury rises to 118 degrees in the shade, I have noticed on many occasions the effect of heat on birds, more especially the common sparrow. The bird lies on the road with its wings outspread and its beak agape and appears totally incapable of moving to escape an oncoming car. A curious fact, however, is that if the car be stopped, and the bird approached on foot, it at once takes flight.

It seems as though when the bird felt its strength failing, it seeks refuge on the open road as being preferable to the dangers that lurk in the undergrowth. Perhaps Mr. Beale will recollect if the weather was abnormally hot when he made his observations.

Yours faithfully,
H. S. I. PEARSON
Bannu, N.W.F.P. (Lieut.-Colonel).

HEAD AND BODY SHOTS AT ELEPHANTS

SIR,—The Editor's note on "Head and Body Shots at Elephants" is not my experience. The old hunters who shot elephants by the hundreds used black powder, and the first thing they told the men they employed and to whom they supplied powder and shot, was not to waste it by taking head shots. I know one old elephant hunter who kept an elephant skull to show the spongy bone that prevented a bullet, in the older days, ever reaching the brain. It is, of course, quite different to-day. The hardened bullet and cordite will penetrate to the brain.

It is not sufficient to show the beginner the points to aim at in any animal. These he of course must know, but the first thing to note is how the animal stands. Nothing is more deceptive, and the only way to tell this is to note the position of the legs.

A bullet can hit the right spot and miss the vital organ if the animal's standing position is not taken into account.

Yours faithfully,
The Croft, G. W. PENRICE.
Ash Green.

[The note referred to the generation of professional elephant hunters, of which that great shot, W. D. M. Bell may be taken as typical, who have disappeared with the reduction to two of the number of elephants that may be shot per licence nearly all over Africa. Latterly, of course, none of them used black powder.—ED.]

THE JACKDAWS' FRIEND

SIR,—The enclosed picture of Raymond Thomas, aged five, illustrates how perfectly he has tamed his three pet jackdaws. While enjoying perfect liberty and living entirely in the open, they answer his call and will feed from his hand.

The picture was taken at King's Quay, Isle of Wight.

Yours faithfully,
East Cowes. W. WHITE.

A BIRD-TAMER AT FIVE
(*See Letter "The Jackdaws' Friend"*)

CARRYING HOME FODDER FOR THE COW
(See Letter "A Life of Unending Toil")

A LIFE OF UNENDING TOIL

SIR,—I enclose photograph of a native woman of Tanganyika carrying a bundle of grass weighing over 150lb.

She lives with her family and a tame cow in a little hut on the lower slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, and she walks ten miles every day down to the plains and back to collect fodder for the cow. The latter has to be confined in the hut, as if bitten by the prevalent tsetse fly it would die at once.

I had the bundle of grass weighed by my house-boy after vainly trying to lift it myself, and was astonished at the strength of the Chagga woman.

Yours faithfully,
Knapton Cottage, E. M. CHANDOR.
12A, Bedford Gardens, W. 8.

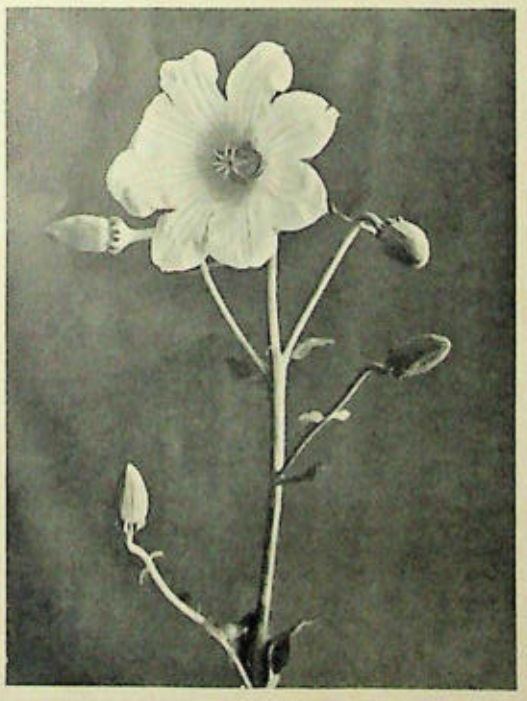
GROWN FROM A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD SEED

SIR,—Enclosed are photographs of a lily which no one has been able to identify. The seed was discovered in a box containing mementos from Rome, which the owner, now dead, had treasured. She was a Roman Catholic, and 30 years ago made a pilgrimage to Rome, and apparently the seed came from there.

Out of curiosity the seeds were sown, and produced the flowers depicted. The stems and buds are of a palish green, and the veins in the white flower are mauve. Yours faithfully,
31, Manor Road, JOHN H. VICKERS.
Headington, Oxford.

SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY IN LONDON

SIR,—I was surprised, the other day, to see a silver-washed fritillary butterfly flying slowly in King's Road, Hammersmith. It was rather tattered and appeared very tired, and eventually settled on a stationary bicycle, and allowed me to pick it up. I released it in some gardens nearby. Surely a strange place to find *paphia*. I wonder where it could have flown from? Yours faithfully,
High Wycombe. W. M. PIERCE.



AN UNIDENTIFIED LILY
(See Letter "Grown from a Thirty-Year-Old Seed")

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask help for an old man of 87, who needs a few shillings weekly for his fire, tobacco, and little comforts. His only income is 10/- weekly, Old Age Pension, and out of this he has to pay 3/6 rent for one small room in a slum near the river. For some years he tried to add to his pension by selling boot-laces in the street, but now he is too frail and infirm to go out. His one dread is that he may be turned out of his home, where he once knew happier days. £9 is needed to ensure his allowance and to help him during the coming winter.

WHEN WHITE SHEETS CALL

There comes a time in the pleasantest evening when one begins to miss the humour of the jokes, when, all of a sudden, bed appears the most desirable place in the world—*though the clock has just chimed nine!* But the wise people who know Eno's 'Fruit Salt' never feel tired till bedtime. For they have discovered the great truth that a teaspoonful of Eno in a tumblerful of water every morning puts their systems in tune, and keeps them healthy, active, and cheerful through the longest and busiest day.

IN THE CITY

RANSOME AND MARLES

LAST September attention was drawn to the 15/- participating preference shares of Henley's Limited (the car dealers) at 13/- and last December to the 7 per cent. non-cumulative participating preference shares of S. Smith & Sons (Motor Accessories) at 48/9.

The point which it is now desired to emphasise is not the appreciation in the market value of these shares, but the justification for the higher prices in view of the substantial improvement in the earnings of both concerns, as a result of the increased activity in the automobile trade.

Attention is now directed to the £1 ordinary shares of Ransome & Marles Bearing Company, which can at present be bought at 30/-, a price which does not seem fully to discount the improvement undoubtedly accruing to this concern also, from the greater output on the part of the motor manufacturers.

Ransome & Marles Bearing Company is one of the largest producers of roller and ball bearings in the Empire. It manufactures the bulk of the bearings used by the British motor industry, and is consequently affected to a marked extent by any increase in the demand for cars and lorries, having contracts with Austin, Morris and virtually all the other leading makers. However, although the automobile business is by far its best client, the company also produces bearings for almost all types of machinery and it has a large export trade. Furthermore, an increasing demand for bearings should be experienced from the aeronautical industry, particularly in view of the projected Air Force programme.

The capital of the company now consists solely of £500,000 in £1 ordinary shares, a second mortgage debenture issue for £24,000 having been repaid in 1931–32, and a loan for £60,000 in 1932–33, out of the company's cash resources. Despite the repayment of this indebtedness the company has a strong financial position, liquid assets exceeding current liabilities on June 30th, 1933, by £219,000. The company's earnings in recent years have been as follows:

Year to June 30th.	Net Profit.	Ordinary Shares. Earned (per cent.)	Paid.
1928 ...	£38,556 ...	10.7 ...	8.0
1929 ...	41,179 ...	10.3 ...	8.0
1930 ...	26,159 ...	6.7 ...	6.0
1931 ...	18,406 ...	4.9 ...	4.5
1932 ...	21,154 ...	5.6 ...	5.5
1933 ...	30,483 ...	8.1 ...	6.0

It seems not unreasonable to assume that for the year just ended earnings were not far short of the record levels established in 1928–29, since in 1932–33, during which period the recovery in trade was only just beginning, even the company's export trade was rising. At the annual meeting last October it was stated: "One of the most noticeable features in the past year's trading has been the steady increase of our export business, in spite of the extraordinary difficulties of exchange and restricted currencies." While deploring the sudden reduction from 33⅓ per cent. to 20 per cent. in the duty on bearings for industrial purposes (but not on bearings used by the motor trade) the managing director spoke confidently of the company obtaining "its share of any increase in general trade."

Even on last year's dividend payment of 6 per cent. the shares of Ransome & Marles yield over 4 per cent. at current levels of around 30/-, a price which includes the total distribution to be made for the year ended on June 30th last, since the dividend is paid once yearly, being declared last year in the middle of September. The shares have advanced from a low level last year of 16/9 and have changed hands this year at prices ranging between 26/6 and 32/3, but they do not appear overvalued at 30/-.

It might be noted that Ransome & Marles' shares have advanced only 2/- in value since the middle of January, whereas the £1 shares of Hoffman Manufacturing, a company in the same trade which earned 7.8 per cent. and paid 7½ per cent. last year, have risen during the last six months about 7/- to 36/-.

The market anticipate, seemingly with justification, the declaration by Ransome & Marles of a dividend between 7½ and 10 per cent. for the last year. If the payment should be 8 per cent. the yield at 30/- would be 5½ per cent. and the shares would be entitled to sell several shillings higher.

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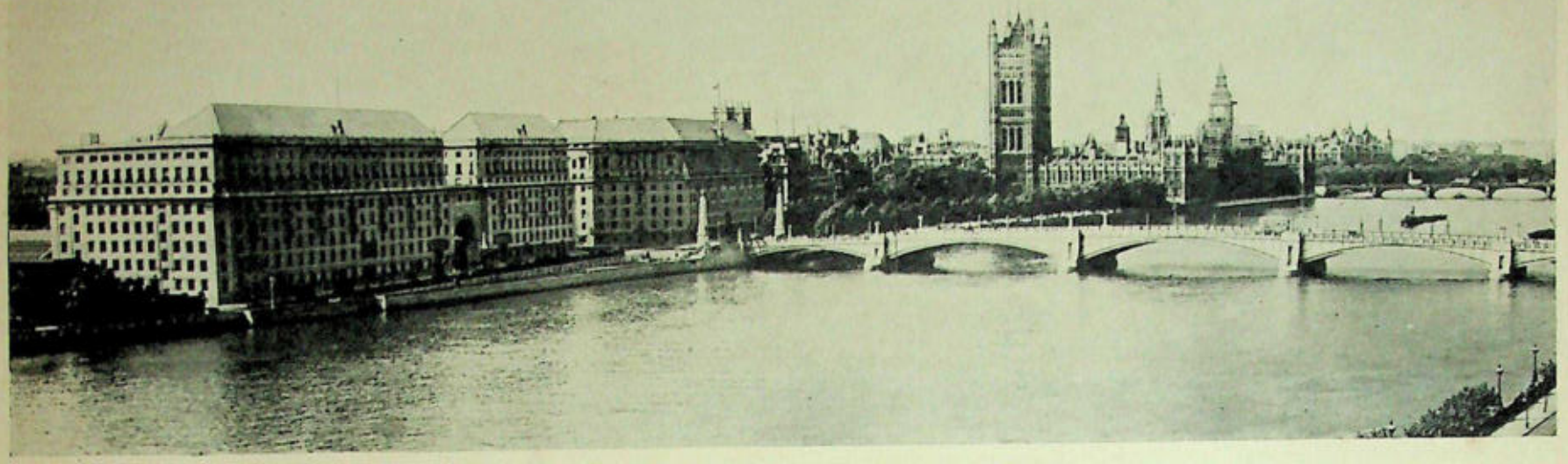

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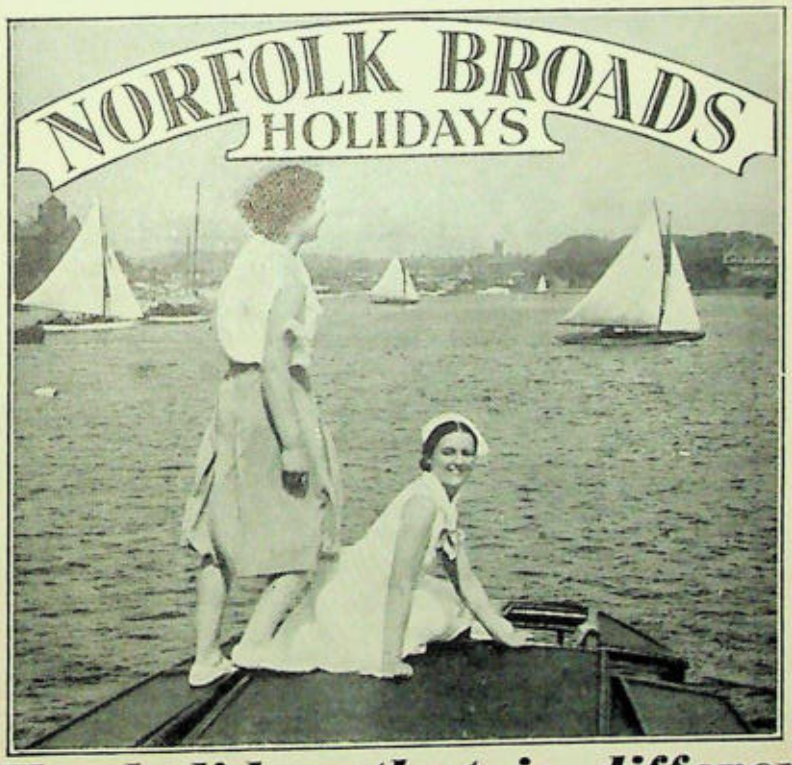

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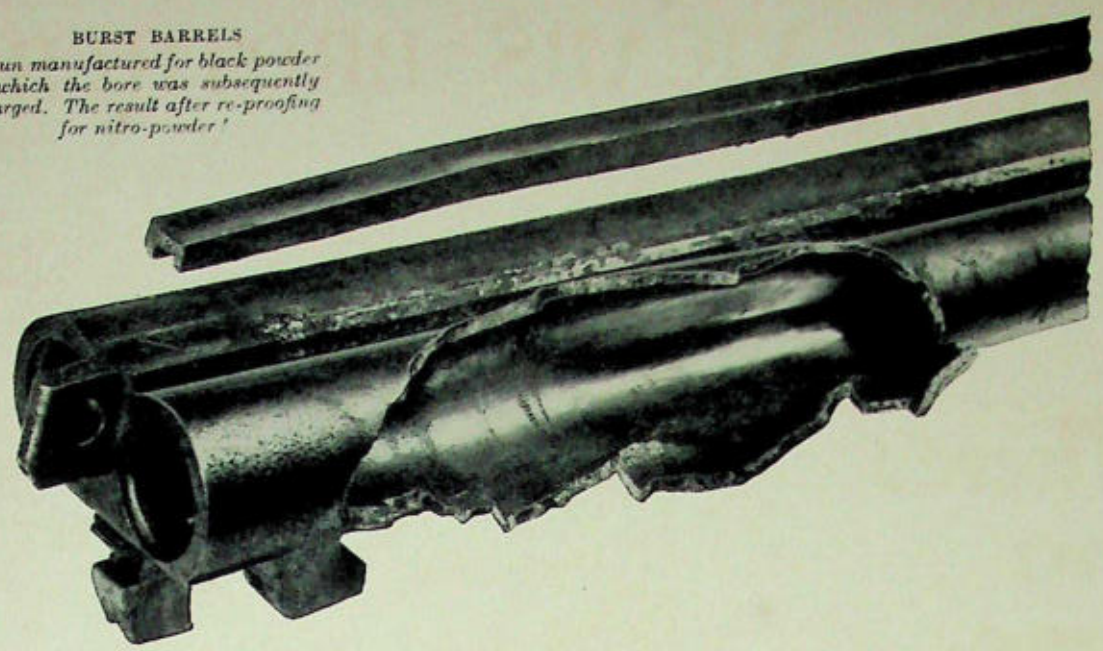
BURST BARRELS

A gun manufactured for black powder of which the bore was subsequently enlarged. The result after re-proofing for nitro-powder



LOOK TO YOUR GUNS

Dangers of Old Weapons

AT this time of year it is profitable for all shooting men and women, who have not already done so, to give personal attention to the condition of their guns.

It speaks volumes for the quality of material employed in the manufacture of English firearms when we consider that many shotguns, made over 40 years ago, are still in use and giving faithful service, one is, however, apt to overlook the fact that constant wear and tear must have a weakening effect, although possibly not apparent to the user.

Every shooting season one hears of accidents in the field which could, with a little forethought, have been avoided, while many send their arms regularly to their gunmaker to be overhauled, a most expedient practice, others carry on year after year no doubt thinking that an occasional cleaning and oiling is all that is required; one wonders if any motorist would act in a similar manner, and yet the danger of neglect is as great with the one as the other. There is a lesson to be learnt from figures recently published by the Birmingham Proof House. We note that out of 499 shotguns reproved during the year 1933, no less than 117 (practically 25 per cent.) failed to stand the test, of which figure barrel failures accounted for 90.

One wonders why sportsmen when having repairs or alterations carried out to their guns, which may tend to weaken them, do not insist upon the arm being reproved, the cost is infinitesimal compared with the guarantee of safety which may be classed on a par with insurance.

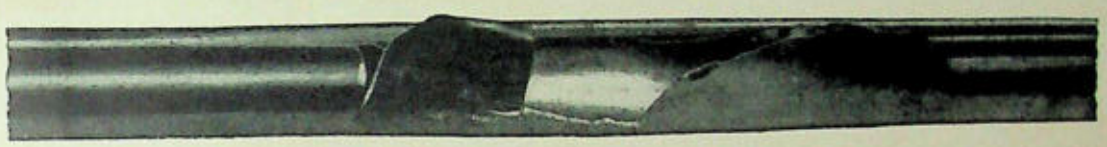
We have examined guns with barrels in parts as thin as paper, occasionally due no doubt to wear, but more often to the outer walls having been reduced in substance in process of dent removal by unskilled workers, others that have had chambers deepened so as to take a longer and more powerful cartridge than the gun was made for, and again others that, due to rehardening, had actions rendered brittle and liable to fracture.

The illustrations we give are interesting examples of bursts liable to cause considerable personal damage. A pair of barrels belonging to a gun manufactured by a noted English maker for black powder cartridges, since it left his hands the bore has been enlarged .020in., leaving the walls far too thin and the chamber deepened very roughly by an unskilled worker, the metal having been practically ripped out as can be distinctly seen. This gun was sent to a gunmaker for overhauling, who, doubting its safety, had it reproved for nitro powder, with the result illustrated—one shudders to think what would have happened had it so burst when being fired from the shoulder.

A typical example of a barrel that has been dented or badly damaged. In process of repair the wall has been so reduced on the outer side as to give a variation in thickness of from .040in. to .012in., a great source of danger, as whereas a thin barrel if concentric will stand up wonderfully even against high pressure. One which is thin on one side and thick on the other sooner or later will burst.

Another source of danger which should not be overlooked and which is particularly noticeable after use with certain smokeless powders, is corrosion. As the strength of a chain is its weakest link, so the strength of a pair of barrels is its thinnest part. Many barrels are so badly pitted that the thickness of walls is reduced to a minimum. In fact we have seen a gun in use in which rust had eaten right through the wall under the ribs, fortunately near the nose end, of which defect the owner was in complete ignorance.

Should you consider your gun requires attention, take or send it without loss of time to a skilled gunmaker. The old adage "a stitch in time saves nine" most certainly applies in the case of firearms.



RESULT OF BAD REPAIR WORK

In process of repair the wall has been reduced on the outer side from ·040in. to ·012in.

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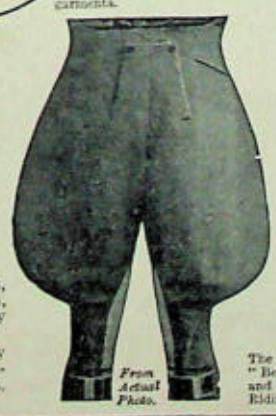

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New Books

CHINESE ADVENTURE

Two Garden Books—Pages for the Border Angler

WITHOUT waiting for the publication of *Brazilian Adventure* Mr. Peter Fleming was off to enjoy "one's company in a strange world." The world he chose was China, and more or less within the confines of the Celestial Empire we enjoy his company with him. His new book is a good one; there is always something more or less fresh about his point of view, but it is not as good as *Brazilian Adventure*. There is less here of the element of *opera-bouffe* which came so conveniently to hand at almost every juncture on that journey. Nevertheless it is a thoroughly readable account of a very interesting part of the world, and a book that I shall read again. Mr. Fleming is the apostle of the self-deprecatory; he is anxious to pose as the amateur, as the superficial observer. He starts us with a "Warning to the Reader." "The recorded history of Chinese civilisation covers a period of 4,000 years. The population of China is estimated at 450 millions. China is larger than Europe. The author of this book is 26 years old. He has spent altogether about seven months in China. He does not speak Chinese."

Yet many of the observations in this book cannot by the greatest stretch of the imagination be called superficial. Thus of the Five Years' Plan: "That Portentous experiment is not, as is widely supposed, primarily political and economic: it is primarily psychological"; of the Japanese love of propaganda: "The truth is, I think, that this frantic and misguided insistence on propaganda has its roots in an inferiority complex. The unsubtle western methods of propaganda are a game to which, like many other games, the Japanese are new. Behind their sturdy bluster they are shy and uncertain of themselves." Of the Chinese soldiery: "The Chinese is an individualist with a shrewd commercial instinct. To profit and advantage himself and his family, he will show immense industry, skill, and courage; for decent pay and a good master he will do all that is required of him and more. That this is true of the Chinese in war as well as in peace was shown by Gordon's levies against the T'aipings."

Yet I seem to be writing more or less of Mr. Fleming himself and not of his book. What did he do? Did he find a Major Pingle? What mad pursuit? What wild ecstacy? Well, he got into a train smash on the trans-Siberian Railway. He went on a bandit drive as fruitless as his pursuit of Colonel Fawcett, and told with certainly as much humour; he interviewed Chiang Kai-Sheh, a thing nobody has ever done before; he spent a great deal of time in the Red areas of Central South China, which are about as remote from the ordinary denizen of Pottinger Street as Tristan da Cunha; and he finally returned to Hong Kong, to find a typically British wrangle in full blast. "That pure, exhilarating breath of snobbery was as good as a sight of Dover cliffs; the Old Country seemed very near." And so, via Japan and America, home.

This is a very good travel book; it shares with the *Valley of the Assassins* this year's place of honour. And it proves what I have long suspected, that Mr. Fleming as a figure in contemporary literature is here to stay. R. M.

One's Company. By Peter Fleming. (Jonathan Cape; 8/6.)

A FEAST OF FLOWERS

And Some Sermons in Stones

THERE is a freshness and originality about this book that makes it delightful reading. Before I had read more than a few pages I forgot I was reading for review and just read page after page, absorbed in all that Mr. Vale has to say. For his book is crammed with the results of first-hand observation that invariably fascinates country folk. There is considerable literature for the thousands who spend their holidays going about in these wonderful islands. Most folk are inspired with an ardent desire not merely to see but to appreciate the manifold beauties and interests of the countryside. This is the ideal book for those who will spend halcyon days this summer roaming about in remote and familiar parts. It is one of the rare books that appeals both to the grown-up and the young enthusiast, for Mr. Vale has the gift of teaching how to look about one in the country. There is a first-rate introduction. "The guide-book attitude towards landscape," says Mr. Vale "is not a good one. It treats of 'views,' 'prospects,' 'beauty spots' and so on. But the assumption is that it is just something to be *looked at* like a still-life picture. Nothing could be further from the truth. All scenery, large and small, is a *force*, not a pose. The reception of it should not stop at the eyes, but react intensely on the mind and soul."

Then follow sections on Rock and Stone (calculated to teach and in the most delightful manner the veriest tyro), Trees and Woods, Flowers, Birds, Creatures and Water and, lastly, a section aptly entitled Contact. I like this section best, for these observations were written in the most satisfactory way of all—on the spot. "After that first experiment I came to the conclusion that there was no approach to Nature so eminently satisfactory

KNOWLE PARK, SEVENOAKS

From "English Country Houses Open to the Public," a short account of nearly a hundred of the great houses of England, which the public are allowed to visit, which is one of the most useful books of its kind published for some years. (George Allen & Unwin; 3/6.)

as the attempt to describe her on the spot. . . . For it is not only what you see that matters, but what you smell and hear, and feel, and the ideas and imaginative reactions which accrue from this momentary intimacy. . . . It is not the result of this kind of description which counts for anything, it is the actual doing of it. To photograph an object is to gain a souvenir of it, but to describe it is to wed it." Those of us who have for years practised this know that Mr. Vale speaks truly. Miss Ruth Vale and Mr. F. H. Glazebrook's illustrations are very attractive and in keeping with the book. I like particularly The Old Man of Hoy, Orkney, and The Natural Arch in the white Holyhead quartzite at Rhoscolyn, Anglesey.

Lady Martineau's charming book is already well known to all garden lovers. It was first published in 1913 and has since gone through several editions. This new edition is revised throughout and there is a great deal of new matter, chiefly on lilies, nomocharis, gentians and meconopsis. There are many lovely illustrations.

E. S. R.

Local Colour. By Edmund Vale. Drawings by F. H. Glazebrook and Ruth Vale. (Dent & Sons, 5/–.) *The Herbaceous Garden*. By Lady Martineau. (Williams & Norgate; 10/6.)

FROM THE BANKS OF TWEED

Its Trout and its Worthies

TWEED has inspired many writers, so Mr. W. W. Morris has good precedent for his own choice among the trout streams. Not that his book is confined to Tweed fishing; it is composed of a collection of reminiscent essays on fishing days spent mostly in the pursuit of trout on loch, or moor, or stream. But it is evident that the Tweed of all rivers is the one which has caught and held his affection, and few who know it will find fault with his attachment.

The river and its tributaries have been responsible for many heavy creels, but like most northern streams they can on occasion be more dour, more hopelessly and impossibly "fishless" than any river one can recall south of the border. Mr. Morris gives us a chapter on "luckless days and nights" of which most anglers must have had experience; but few, I imagine, have had such an interminable blank day as he and a companion once had on the Leader—a midsummer day and a drought. They left home at 1 a.m. (the hardy northerner recks nothing of an eight-hour day), arrived home at midnight having neither caught a fish nor heard a rise even in the dark. That surely must be something approaching a record for a blank day.

One of the most enjoyable chapters in the book recounts many tales for which Tweedside has been responsible. The scene is set on a July night when a devastating white mist has put a stop to the rise and the local rods have retreated to the camp fire which has been made on the bank—one by one chipping in with a yarn which keeps one chuckling the chapter through. The attraction of Purdie's March Brown is perhaps the best (though who will ever agree on a "best"?). "Weel," said Wullie, "I was in Purdie's tackle shop the day, seeing aboot a repair tae ma reel, and there was two or three ithers there haein' a crack aboot things in general, when the door opens and in rushes Tam Laing, frae doon by, a' in a great hurry, and breathless like. 'Hi,' says he, 'gie me twa o' your Mairch Broons tied on gut. *I'm wantin' tae catch a bus.*'"

It was doubtless a horse-drawn bus that Tam wanted to catch (though none the less difficult to rise, perhaps), for Mr. Morris writes mainly about the pleasant days before motor cars invaded the Scottish glens. Fishing to-day is more accessible, perhaps, but it lacks something of the old-world flavour which the author recalls so pleasantly in a very readable volume. H. D. T.

An Angler in Arcadia. By Wilfred W. Morris. Illustrated. (The Moray Press: 7/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Edward Martin has written and Messrs. Halton and Co., of 57, Haymarket, S.W., have published at 10/6 a *Bibliography of Gilbert White*, a new and revised edition of a book which both bibliophiles and field naturalists would want to have.

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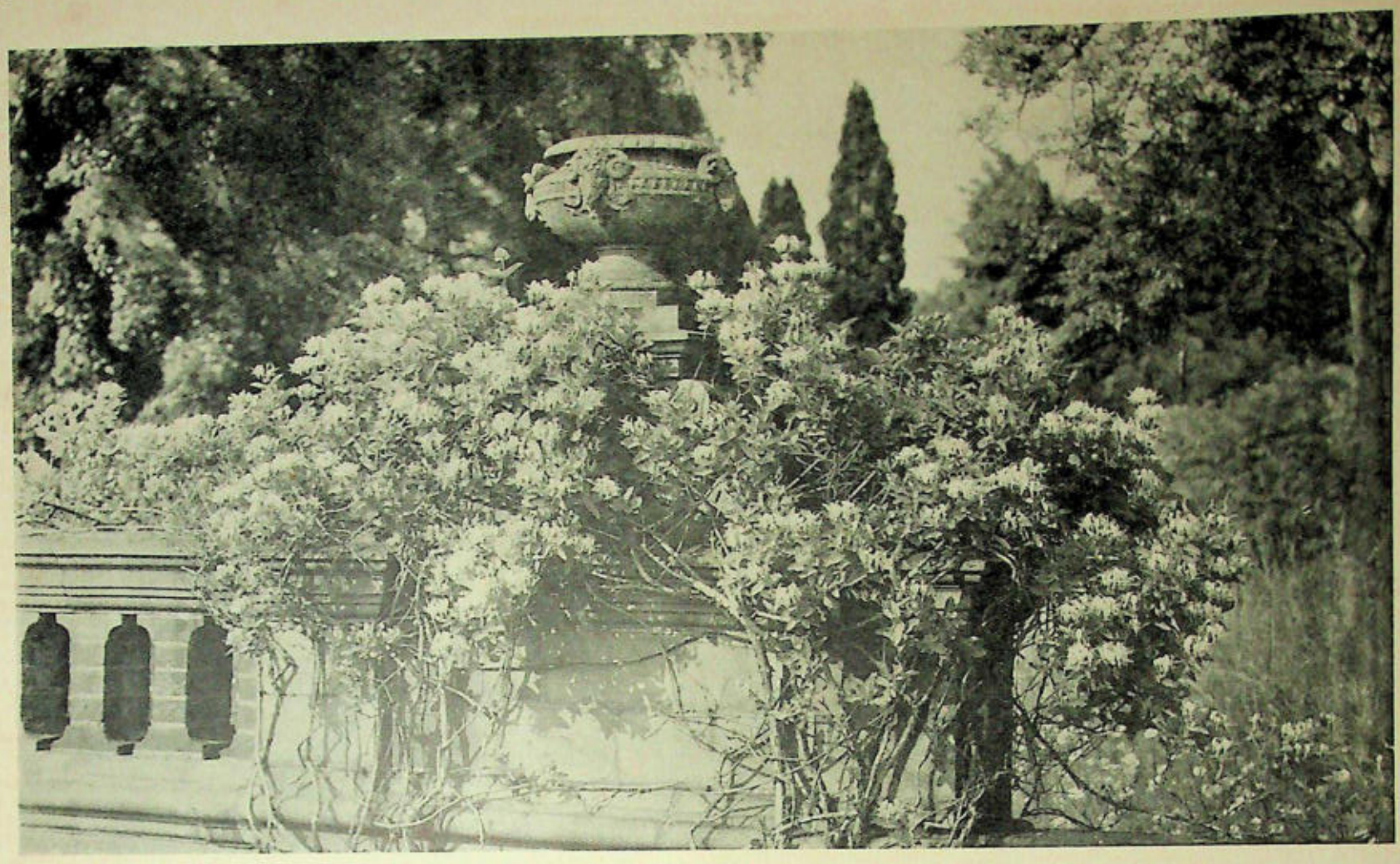


HONEYSUCKLE GROWING OVER A WALL
It is important to prune all honeysuckles after they have flowered, for unless this is done annually the plants are apt to die out

The Country House

COLOUR IN THE AUTUMN GARDEN

Decorative Climbers and Shrubs

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

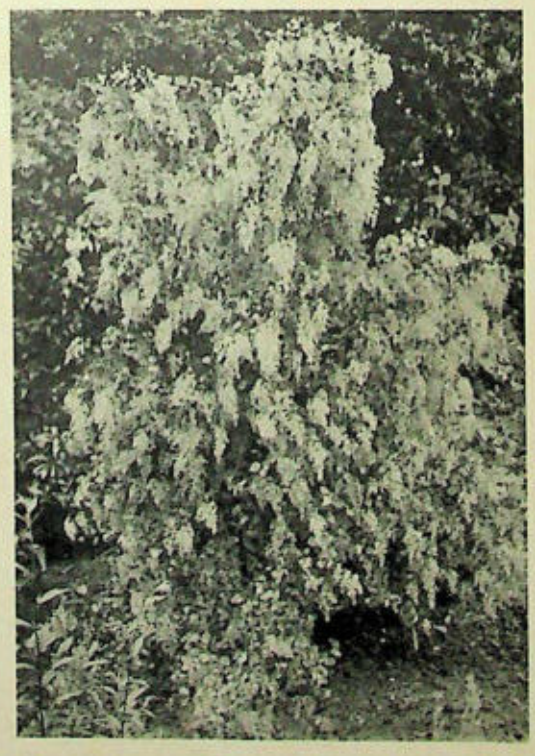
AMONG early autumn flowering shrubs few are so decorative as the hardy fuchsias. They are particularly suitable for small plots, and somehow look more at home in them than in large gardens. Of the hardy fuchsias the loveliest is, I think, *F. macrostemma corallina*. It is so gay in flower and far more vivid in colouring than the more commonly grown *F. Riccartoni*. In most parts of the South *F. macrostemma corallina* attains about 5ft., and quite 20ft. in parts of Devonshire. In the coastal parts of Sussex this fuchsia is a favourite in cottage gardens, and its vivid colouring attracts the attention of the least observant, even those flying past in cars at 50 miles an hour.

However sheltered the situation, all fuchsias need well-drained soil. Except in very mild parts it is well to heap coarse cinder ashes round the stems when the first frosts come. Spring and August are the best times to take cuttings. Those taken this month (August) should be the ends, about 2in. to 3in. long, from this year's growths. The compost should be two-thirds fibrous loam and one-third leaf mould and coarse sand. The cuttings need to be kept close and given a little bottom heat. They should be potted on when rooted and kept under glass during the winter and planted out the end of May.

The loveliest of the blue-flowered small shrubs in early autumn is, I think, *Ceratostigma Willmottianum*. It is generally regarded as one of the finest introductions of recent years from China. Young plants look rather weedy, but in three years this "hardy plumbago" makes a bush 4ft. high and quite as much through. It looks particularly attractive grown in big, wide tubs. For immediate effect it is a good plan to put eight young plants in a tub (measuring about 18in. across), placing one in the centre. The first year they flower charmingly, and the second year half of them can be taken out and transplanted. The third year the central one left will need all the space. This "hardy plumbago" is as hardy as the fuchsias mentioned above, and needs the same treatment in winter.

Ceratostigma plumbaginoides syn *Plumbago Larpentæ* is a lovely little shrub (about 9in. high) with flowers of the richest blue, and is suitable for sunny spots in the rock garden. It is in flower from July to October, and the foliage in autumn has bronze tints.

The best honeysuckles in flower now are the late Dutch (*Lonicera periclymenum serotina*) and the varieties of *L. japonica*. These honeysuckles are accommodating and flourish in almost any soil. *L. p. serotina* is a universal favourite, not only for its beauty but its scent. *L. japonica* and its varieties have the merit of being evergreen. In addition to bearing deliciously scented flowers, *L. j. aureo-reticulata* has pretty mottled leaves. *L. j. flexuosa* is equally attractive, for the leaves are purple veined and the flowers reddish. *L. japonica* and its varieties are generally acknowledged to be the most fragrant of all honeysuckles. It is important to prune all honeysuckles after they have flowered, especially the European and American deciduous species. All the shoots that have flowered should be cut away. Unless this is done annually the plants are apt to die out.



SPIRÆA DISCOLOR
This plant, from North-west America, which stands from 6ft. to 8ft. high, was introduced into England about 1827

It is very easy to increase honeysuckles by cuttings of ripe wood about 8in. or 9in. long, taken in autumn and stuck in the open in very sandy soil. The following autumn they can be put in their permanent positions.

If we have a succession of summers such as last year's and this, everyone in the South will be growing the blue passion flower of Brazil. One of the attractive features of this climber is the rapidity of its growth. In one garden in this part (Reigate) there is a passion flower which has attained well over 30ft. in two years, and is quite 10ft. in breadth. At present it is a sheet of bloom with literally hundreds of flowers. Even in the South the passion flower needs to be grown against a wall facing south or west, and a restricted root run encourages plentiful flowering. All the main shoots should be pruned back to half their length in March, and all side shoots shortened. This climber likes a well-drained soil, preferably a sandy one.

The early autumn flowering ceanothuses are, fortunately, hardier than those which flower in spring. The finest of all in flower in August and September is Gloire de Versailles. In parts mild enough to grow this ceanothus in the open a big clump of it is a lovely sight—a mist of lavender blue. In most parts, however, it needs a sunny wall. All the early autumn flowering ceanothuses are pruned hard in spring, for they produce their flowers on shoots of the current season's growth. Two of the best autumn flowering ceanothuses of recent introduction are Burkwood and Skipwith's *C. Burkwoodii* and Autumnal Blue.

C. Burkwoodii (awarded the Cory Cup in 1930) is evergreen, very hardy, a quick grower and continues in flower from early August onwards till cut by frost. Autumnal Blue is glorious in flower, for it produces its blooms in such abundance that from a little distance it looks like a blue mist. It is very attractive to bees and butterflies.

Apart from *Ceratostigma Willmottianum* and the lavenders, the most decorative amongst the small shrubs in flower in early autumn are the varieties of *Spiræa japonica*, notably the vivid rose-red Antony Waterer, which attains about 2ft. All the spiræas like a rich, moist soil and mulches of well-decayed manure.

LOOKING ALONG THE EMPIRE POOL TOWARDS THE ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN AND GARDENS

SURF BATHING AT WEMBLEY

FOR the price of a shilling it is possible, except on gala occasions, to bathe in the Empire's largest swimming pool and to revel in artificial waves on a sloping beach. This is a privilege which has so far been confined to dwellers on the Continent and notably in Budapest. For the price of a shilling you can do this at Wembley's big pool from 7 a.m. until midnight, and in between the dips you can sunbathe on special sunbathing terraces. If you are hungry and thirsty during such a nonstop session there are buffets for food and drink and a restaurant for the exclusive use of bathers.

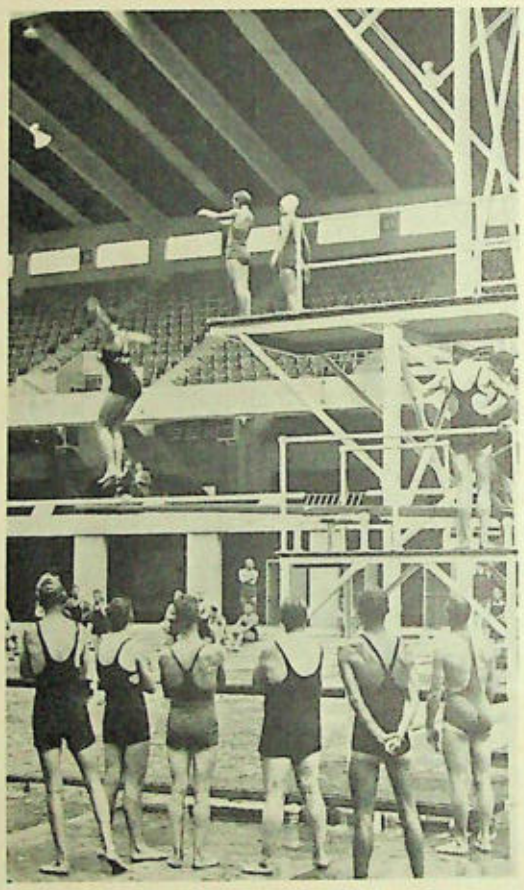
There are 1,250 dressing lockers at Wembley, and a unique system is adopted for storing clothes. On entering the building each bather is handed a rubber wrist strap bearing a number, and on obtaining it proceeds to an unoccupied cubicle to undress. After undressing clothes are placed in a locker bearing the same number as the wrist strap, and are only liberated on the production of the wrist strap for inspection by a proper attendant.

About 700,000 gallons of water go to fill the Empire Pool, which at its maximum depth is 16ft. 6in. and then shelves from over 10ft. at about the half-way mark to 4ft. 6in. for racing, and from this depth to a gentle slope to make the "beach." Four ordinary swimming baths would fit into the Empire Pools area of 200ft. by 60ft. The height of the building above it is 90ft., and the glass roof, which gives the bath almost as much light as an

THERE IS SUFFICIENT DAYLIGHT FOR A SWALLOW DIVE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED INSIDE THE BATH

open pool, is carried on a wonderful span without a column to support it or interfere with the view of those who occupy the seats round the pool. In the normal way there are 5,000 of these seats for spectators, but should the bath be transformed into a boxing arena or used for ice hockey, additional accommodation for 7,500 people, 12,500 in all, can be provided. Indoor athletics, lawn tennis, ice skating (on a rink 200ft. by 85ft.), curling and a vast variety of events can be staged under the huge roof. At last one long need has been met—an ice hockey rink which will accommodate a really satisfactory gathering of spectators.

One of the many questions which will be raised by bathers is whether the water of this large bath is likely to carry infection. There can be little risk of that at Wembley, for everything is sterilised, including towels and hired costumes, and precautions are even taken against extraneous dirt being carried into the pool on the feet of the bathers themselves. The chloramine sterilising plant for the water of the bath itself is capable of dealing with the whole of the 700,000 gallons every four hours, and two eminent bacteriologists are employed to



THE DIVING STAGES OVER THE DEEP END OF THE BATH AT 1, 3, 5, AND 10 METRES

take samples of water periodically from the bath and test them for impurities.

When the wave-making machinery is in operation, pistons working in a large chamber at the deep end of the bath vary the action from a gentle ripple to a giant wave. When the machinery is being used at full force a wave measuring 6ft. from trough to crest can be produced. The bathers, we are informed, will be notified when to expect this! Under water coloured illumination forms another feature of this super swimming bath, which has cost £150,000 to build in the short time of nine months, has occupied 800 men on its construction, and, together with the neighbouring Empire Stadium, employs a staff of 400.

Starting to-day (August 4th) with swimming and diving at 7.30 p.m., the aquatic programme of the Empire Games carries on until the 7th, when the boxing and wrestling events follow on until the 10th. Immediately after the Empire Games and the European Games at Magdeburg, the Hungarian National swimming team is to visit this country. Hungary are the world's champion water polo players, and as such they will provide a very severe test for the Empire Swimming Club's team when they visit the Empire Pool on Wednesday, August 29th.

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, August 11th. 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.

This summer has seen a large number of visitors to Nithsdale from abroad. I have one of my clients staying with me now, who hails from Lahore, and who entertained us greatly with an account of his trip from India to London in his car. This week, we have also to welcome another friend from Malaya, who has been good enough to say that he finds conditions here much pleasanter than in Kedah. We shall have a large party on August 13th for the opening of the grouse shooting, and our friends will arrive from almost opposite ends of the earth. One man hails from Nigeria, while another comes from Korea. We expect excellent sport as the birds have done very well, and the moor seems in fine condition. I think that Wood, my keeper, must have caught at one time or other, nearly every one of the ranch cats in his vermin traps, as the greater part of the adults who have acted as foster mothers for our fox pups, appear to be going about on three legs, or less.

On the ranch, work has been preceding apace, we have taken in another large tract of ground to provide for the extensions which have been rendered necessary owing to the number of cubs which we have bred this year, and we have begun on the new pens, 500 of them and a number will shortly be occupied by the new season's crop.

The tattooing time is now here, and next week will see all the staff on the ranches with the forceps. One of my clients, he from Lahore aforesaid, has got about 35 cubs, and has also acquired a bad headache, trying to find names for his lot. We suggested in view of the fact that the year letter for 1934 is "L," that all the cubs' names should begin with that letter; it may sound easy to think out 35 proper names all commencing with the same letter—but try it. It is a pretty big undertaking to tattoo over 900 cubs, the ownership of which is scattered among about 200 different owners, each of whom has his or her own special individual registered tattoo letters. The organisation in the Records Office requires to be very carefully done, the slightest error, and an animal is branded for life with a false tally, it is impossible once completed, to erase a tattoo mark from a fox's ear. However, we anticipate that we shall be finished with the job by the beginning of the shooting season, and that some of our Resident Owners will be able to take a day or two off ranch duties to attend to the more serious business of the moors.

I have been in London for the past few weeks, and I have been gratified to notice that the big fur houses in the Metropolis have been evolving new schemes to use fox furs. I saw in several shops very fine capes made from four or more silver fox pelts, and there is no doubt but that increasing use will be made of the fox skin in view of the fact that the price of a good specimen has come down to a reasonable figure within the reach of even the very moderately wealthy class of consumer. The old question of what will happen when the fashion changes is still one of the most frequent which is put to me—and it is of all the easiest to answer. Good furs are not fashions. As I shall be away from my office a great deal during the coming month, this series of announcements will be suspended until the autumn, but the foxes will continue to be fed and clothed nevertheless.

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.

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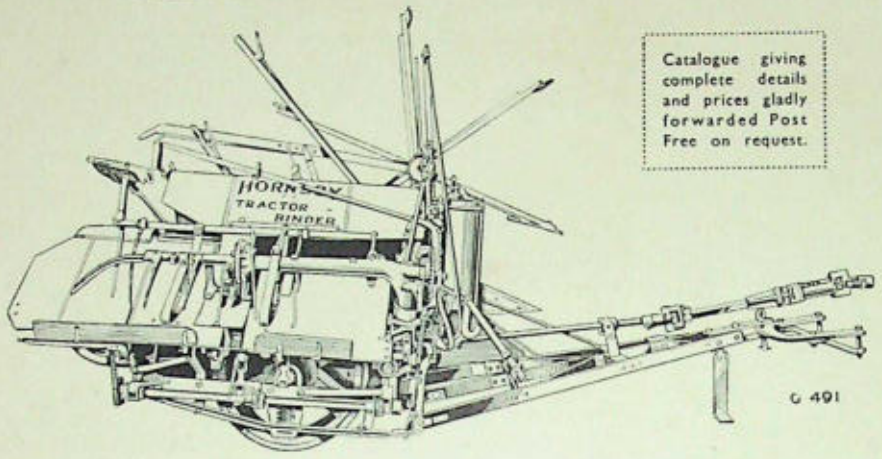

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The Bass Rock, near which these Hawker Harts, belonging to No. 603 City of Edinburgh (Bomber) Squadron, are flying, is 350ft. high, and one of the principal nesting places of the gannet, and also of kittiwakes, guillemots and razorbills

A CAR OF EXTRAORDINARY STABILITY

Impressions of the Lagonda Rapier

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

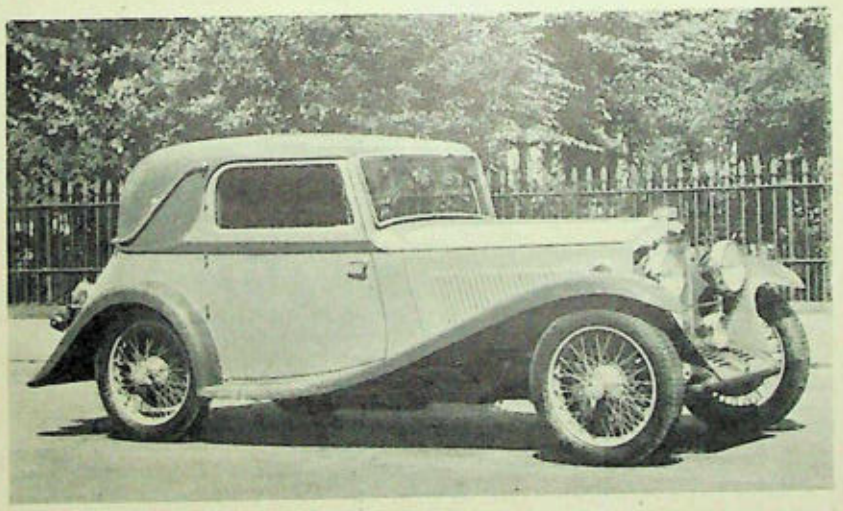
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

ALTHOUGH the Lagonda Rapier was introduced to the public as long ago as last October, when it appeared at the Motor Show as a polished chassis and created a most favourable impression among the experts, it is only recently that deliveries have commenced. In the interval it has been undergoing rigorous tests, and I am told that it has passed through these most satisfactorily, even beyond the highest hopes of those responsible for its design, which is saying a great deal. Certainly it is one of the most interesting cars I have had the opportunity of trying for a long while.

I have always taken a great interest in the productions of the Lagonda Company, who have been constructing motor vehicles for over 30 years. Originally their factory, which is close to Staines Bridge in Middlesex, was chiefly concerned in the construction, under the guidance of the late Mr. T. E. Gunn, of a tricar. At that time the motor industry was in its infancy, and I a youthful enthusiast, and I was always hoping that I should eventually be able to afford a Lagonda Tricar. However, I never arrived at that state of affluence, and had to content myself with a motor bicycle that sometimes went, but more often did not. When, at a later date, my own finances became more assured, the Lagonda people had ceased to build this particular type of vehicle, and were concentrating their energies on the manufacture of motor cars, a policy which, if my memory serves me correctly, they have been pursuing since 1906.

In those days, the London to Edinburgh run, organised by the Motor Cycling Club, was considered one of the greatest tests of the year, and I well remember competing in this event on a quadrant motor cycle, and being passed on the way up by Gunn on his tricar. It was then that I longed for one of these machines.

Throughout its history the Lagonda Factory has been noted for turning out good cars, never in large numbers, but always vehicles of quality. The greatest success they have achieved up to date, has undoubtedly been with their 4½ litre model. I can speak of this car in glowing terms, as I own one myself, and am delighted with it.



THE LAGONDA RAPIER FOUR-SEATER SPORTS SALOON

Now they have introduced the Rapier model, a moderately light car of 10 h.p. that has the performance and low running costs of the light and cheap super sports model, but with a factor of safety that it has not been possible to obtain with this class of vehicle. The chassis weighs 13cwt., has a very low centre of gravity, and great care has been taken with the weight distribution, which must account in no small degree for the amazing stability of this car on the road.

The brakes are the last word in efficiency, and to give some idea of their extraordinary power the car can be pulled up dead in 21ft. when travelling at a speed of 30 m.p.h. I should say that this must almost constitute a record, for if a vehicle can be stopped in 30ft. when travelling at 30 m.p.h. it is considered an extremely fine performance.

In these days, with the roads congested with traffic and the necessity to be always on the alert, it means a great deal to the motorist that the car he is driving should possess perfect stability, and be equipped with brakes that are well above the average.

The engine is a four-cylinder unit, and has two overhead camshafts, which are driven by a silent chain from the forward end of the crankshaft. The plugs are situated in the centre of the casting, as in racing practice, and there is one inlet and one exhaust valve per cylinder. The bore is 62.5 mm., the stroke 90 mm., the capacity 1104 cc., and the R.A.C. rating 9.69 h.p., the tax at present being, therefore, £10 per annum.

The motor gives off 45 h.p. at 5,400 r.p.m., but this is by no means its maximum output, as it will run at a considerably higher speed. The crankshaft is a very sturdy piece of work, in fact it is of the same diameter as that of its larger brother, the 4½-litre model, and it is supported on three large bearings.

This sturdiness of construction is a great feature, and should enable the engine to be run at a high rate of revolution for long periods without effort. The motor is suspended on silent blocs, and the head is detachable, the whole of the valve mechanism being enclosed in oil-tight covers which can be removed instantly. An excellent point is that provision has been made to enable the head to be removed without upsetting the valve timing.

Two S.U. carburetters are fitted, and petrol is fed from the 8-gallon tank by means of a pump. The gearbox is a Wilson of the pre-selective type, and the selective lever is not placed under or on top of the steering wheel in the ordinary way, but on the right hand side of the chassis. There are four forward speeds and reverse, the ratios being 5.28 to 1 on top, 7.18 to 1 on third, 10.56 to 1 on second, and bottom gear is 17.95 to 1.

A Hotchkiss type of drive is employed to the back axle, the universal joints being enclosed in oil tight casings The back axle is of the three-quarter floating type with spiral bevel gears.

The suspension is by means of semi-elliptic springs front and rear, which work in conjunction with Hartford shock absorbers. The brakes are of the internal expanding type, and the

drums are 13in. in diameter, and operated by rods. Brake adjustment is accessible and easily carried out. The wheelbase is 8ft. 4in., the track 3ft. 11¾in., and the ground clearance 5¼in. The price of the chassis with full equipment is £270, or complete with touring body £368, the price of the sports saloon being £398.

The performance of this car on the road is really remarkable, and its stability and braking truly amazing. It has the feel of a car of twice its size and power, the engine runs very smoothly and without any effort, while the acceleration is undoubtedly very good. The Lagonda Rapier's maximum speed is in the region of 75 m.p.h., but its great points are road holding, braking and extraordinary stability on corners. It can well be termed the safety model, and I commend it without hesitation to anyone requiring a car of this type.

NEW ENGINES FOR OLD

A NEW service recently introduced by the Ford Company should prove very attractive to the private motorist as well as to the owner of commercial vehicles. This firm have announced that they are willing to exchange any engine on certain of their models with a factory reconditioned motor which has been thoroughly rebuilt in the new Ford works, this exchange being effected for a nominal sum.

The tremendous advantage that this scheme offers to owners of Ford vehicles will be realised at once. Take for example the motorist who has covered a large mileage and whose engine in consequence requires a thorough overhaul. Instead of laying up his car for a lengthy period while the motor is being repaired, he is now able to send down to Dagenham and within a few hours the old engine will have been removed from the chassis and another fitted in its place, which to all intents and purposes is new. The total cost will be considerably less than that of a complete overhaul.

This scheme should appeal particularly to those who cannot afford to buy a new car every year, and its advantages to the owner of a commercial vehicle is even greater, for if a business firm runs only one lorry it cannot afford to lay it up for an overhaul even for a short period.

THE TOURIST TROPHY

ENTRIES in the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race have closed with a total of 41. The race will take place over the Ards Circuit, near Belfast, on Saturday September 1st next.

There are ten more entries than were received last year, the entry this year being fully representative of British sports cars. It comprises eleven different makes, and ten manufacturers' teams, and the competition for the Manufacturers' Team Prize presented by the S.M.M. & T., Ltd., should, in consequence, prove remarkably keen.

The outstanding feature of the entry is the large number of big cars that will be competing. There are twelve cars in Classes C and D, whereas last year there were only five. This year's handicap sets a lap speed of over 78 m.p.h. for cars in both of these classes, and with such a number of big cars competing the public interest will be stimulated to the full.

In the 1,500 c.c. class there are eighteen entries, comprising five different makes and six individual teams. The competition in this class should also be extraordinarily keen, and there will undoubtedly be a terrific struggle for the class prize.

For the first time since the Tourist Trophy Race was held in Belfast in 1928, there are no 750 c.c. cars entered. Whilst this is to be regretted, it will probably not detract from the interest in the race, which, owing to the excellent entry, should attract a bigger crowd of spectators than ever before.

SEEING BRITAIN FROM ABOVE

The Many Advantages of Holidays by Air

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

THERE is ample evidence to show that more and more people are making use of the light aeroplane as an aid to better and more extended summer holidays; and, most welcome of all, there are marked indications that the British Isles are becoming increasingly popular as an aerial touring ground.

Not so long ago the air holiday meant a tour on the Continent, where alone ground organisation was sufficiently developed to make it easy for the private pilot to visit places of beauty and interest. Now, however, with the growth of internal aerodromes, Britain is beginning to cater for the aerial tourist, and each year is likely to see greater progress.

With a widespread network of aerodromes and landing grounds, such as has been advocated so often in these columns, Great Britain could become the aerial playground of Europe, for there are very few countries that offer so diverse a wealth of scenery and interest within an equal area; and summers such as we have been enjoying lately should go far to dispel the widespread but erroneous belief that the British climate is suitable for flying only on very few days a year, unless the pilot happens to be a highly-skilled expert. There must be sustained and constructive effort to drive home the advantages of Britain as an aerial touring centre.

But even as it is, there is nowadays ample opportunity for seeing, with comfort and convenience, a very large part of Britain from above. Club aerodromes are now spread over most parts of the country; there has been some increase in the number of municipal airports; and private aerodromes are also multiplying. From the holiday-maker's point of view, it is gratifying that many of these landing facilities are in close proximity to districts that are likely to appeal to him; certain go-ahead seaside municipalities, for instance, are recognising that adequate aerodrome accommodation is destined to do much to enhance the popularity of their districts.

A holiday by air should be planned with at least as much care as is normally given to a road tour. The itinerary should be carefully worked out in relation both to the districts it is desired to see and the ground organisation available. But the greater possibilities of the aeroplane must not be forgotten in such planning; the enormous advantage of holiday-making by air is that it enables, if desired, a large area of country to be covered in a very brief time, and in great comfort.

It is fascinating to revisit from the air those places with which one is thoroughly familiar as a surface traveller. The new angle brings back all the sense of novelty, and it is quite amazing how much one learns of the relative geography of well-known places when seeing them from the air for the first time. One's horizon is increased, and with it one's enjoyment.

This is one of the advantages of the holiday by air; but even greater is that of visiting those parts of the country which are normally accessible only to the young and active—the mountains of Wales and the Highlands of Scotland for example. There are still many parts of Great Britain—districts of surpassing beauty—which are as yet unserved by roads except those of the most primitive kind; indeed, their exclusive charm would be largely destroyed if roads were built.

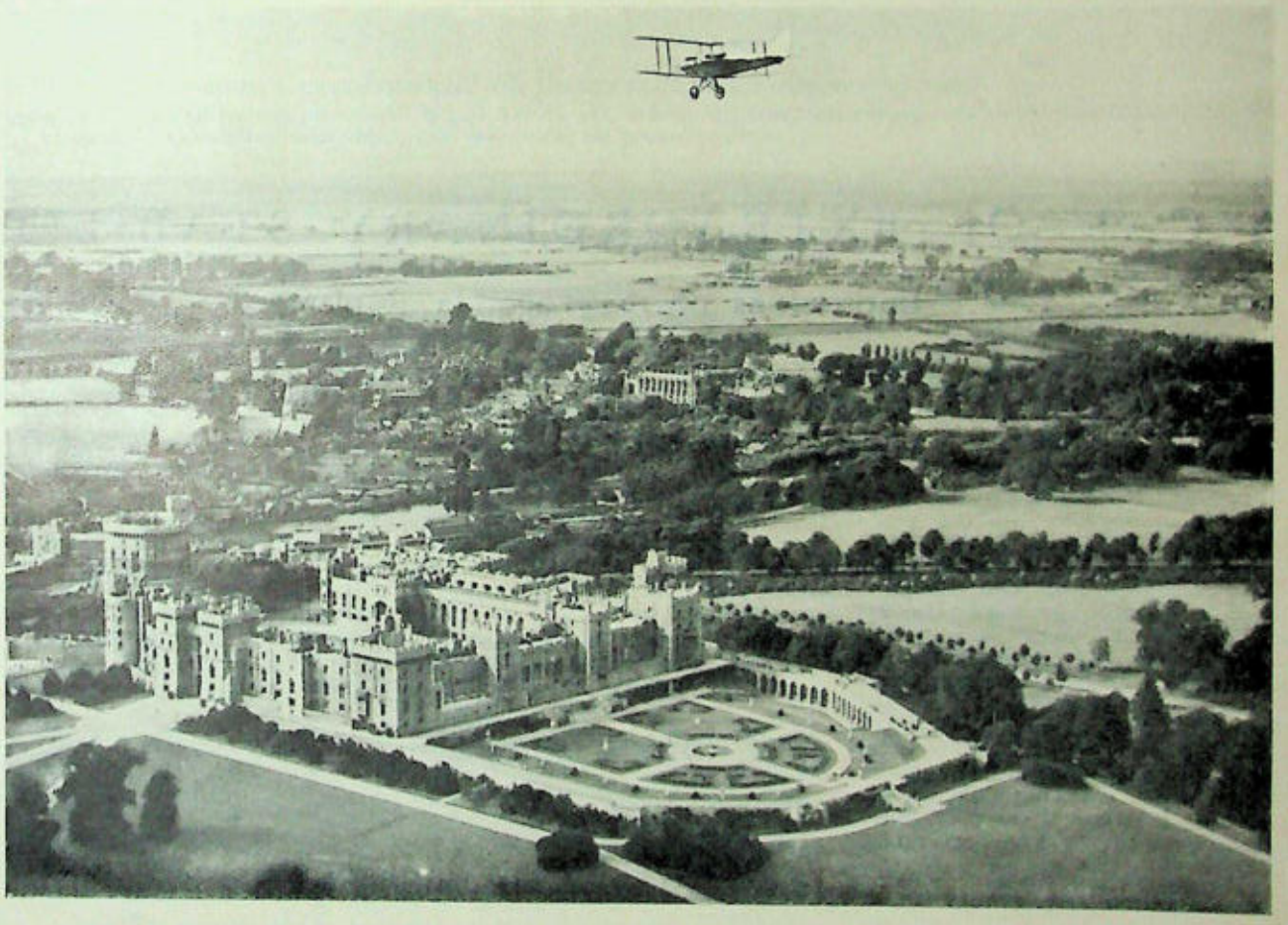
The air tourist can take all such districts in his stride, and see them as no one else can; and he can return at evening to a comfortable hotel where he may enjoy the more sophisticated pleasures of civilisation.

Technical progress is making air touring more and more pleasurable for the greater speed range of the modern machine makes it possible to travel more quickly over uninteresting areas, and to throttle down to a very low speed for sight-seeing. In this connection there can be no doubt that the autogyro type of machine will become increasingly popular, not merely because it virtually confers the power to hover over points of very special interest, but because it enables landings to be made in areas where an ordinary aeroplane could be put down only when the pilot is possessed of outstanding skill.

In the course of a fortnight's holiday by air, practically the whole of Britain can be seen comfortably and without undue rush or strain; in a week-end as much may be visited as could usually be managed in a fortnight by car. No matter whether the period be short or long, an air holiday gives a new angle on Britain, reveals new aspects of beauty, and imparts a realisation of the richness and variety that make up the British Isles.

This year everyone who contemplates a holiday by air should make up his mind that he will see his own country from above. It is not too much to say that there must be many private pilots who, although they have many flying hours to their credit, have not yet awakened to the possibilities of the British Isles as an attractive touring ground.

If they will experiment this year and explore their own country, they will be well rewarded, for in these days it may truthfully be said that no one knows Britain until he has seen it in true perspective from above—the angle from which the rising generation will become acquainted with their native land.



"IT IS FASCINATING TO REVISIT FROM THE AIR THOSE PLACES WITH WHICH ONE IS THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR AS A SURFACE TRAVELLER"
Windsor Castle, with Eton across the river, as seen from an aeroplane

"STALKING" IN ASIA MINOR

The Story of a Successful Search for Maral

EXTENSIVE pine forests in the interior of Asia Minor are the home of that fine stag, the Maral or Eastern red deer. They are by habit covert-loving beasts, and persecution and the wanton destruction of forests have forced them to retire to the further mountain ranges where they find sanctuary in the dense woods which range up to the snowline.

By no means plentiful, their distribution is largely a matter of sufficient food and shelter. Suitable localities are the Murad Dagh and Ak Dagh, two mountain ranges fairly accessible from Smyrna, where the maral roam in unfettered freedom.

Unfortunately the abundance of cover rarely makes a genuine stalk possible, and no little measure of skill attended by good fortune is needed before a trophy is secured.

Both the Murad Dagh and the Ak Dagh are conveniently situated within two or three days' trek of the railway, and by enlisting the aid of the local railway authorities transport to the nearest mountain village can easily be obtained. There a Yuruk tracker or two can be engaged and the final "bundabust" made. Failing a working knowledge of Turkish an interpreter is a necessary evil off the beaten track.

Transport and wages are inexpensive, owing to depreciated currency and the low standard of living, and it is advisable to be more or less self supporting, for apart from Smyrna and the larger towns little can be obtained locally.

The first difficulty, however, is the surmounting of certain vexatious regulations regarding the importation of rifles and ammunition into Turkish territory. Nominally all sporting firearms are allowed into the country but actually magazine rifles are liable to be classed as military weapons, and to save possible disappointment it is as well to take a double express. Ammunition of all kinds is a government monopoly, and a permit must be obtained before arrival for the exact number of cartridges to be imported.

It was more by good fortune than by good management that I acquired the necessary permits soon after my arrival in Smyrna, and having done so, lost no time in setting off for the interior.

Journeying by train I was thankful when, late in the afternoon, we arrived at our destination, a lonely station in the middle of a flat yellow plain with ranges of sterile looking mountains bounding the horizon.

By arrangement some peasants familiar with the stag country were awaiting me here, and soon willing hands piled my kit into a cart and I mounted a bay stallion already weary from the day's work.

We then started for a village high up on the slopes of the Ak Dagh or White Mountain, whose twin peaks, bare of snow after the long summer, reflected in purple and gold the rays of the setting sun.

A long and comfortless ride ending in a scramble in the dark up a steep bridle path brought us to the village guest house, and dismounting in a heap I stumbled inside to the unexpected welcome of a generous pine wood fire.

Next morning my baggage train, a motley collection of under-sized donkeys, awaited me with their owners, and after the inevitable haggling about loads, we climbed steadily upwards to the top of the pass, when there appeared a vista of green pine clad slopes and ravines in startling contrast to the brown parched country we had left behind us.

The site chosen for the first camp was over six thousand feet up the side of a steep wooded valley. This main ravine is of great depth splitting the mountain in two, and from it springs a maze of lesser gullies, with a tangle of undergrowth which makes silent walking a matter of great difficulty. The whole is covered with pine forests in various stages of growth, which provides the maral with plenty of cover, which he takes every advantage of.

The tent pitched, I called Osman the tracker, and strolled quietly through the woods until the setting sun had plunged the depths in darkness, when I heard a branch snap, and turning, saw a grey stag standing amongst the pine trees. His head was partly hidden, so I waited a fraction of a second, when he swung round, gave me a glimpse of tall pale antlers, and melted into the gloom before I could press trigger.

I returned to camp well content at having seen my first maral, and turned in to the music of two others roaring lustily in the valley below.

Sign of stag there was aplenty, but the beasts themselves were strangely elusive or my woodcraft was at fault, for all I saw in a week's hard endeavour was the white scut of a frightened stag through the trees.

Except in the corries and glens of the highest ground above the timber line, where an occasional stag may be seen and stalked, I was forced to adopt the less exciting methods of still hunting or tracking. This was an arduous task, as the steep slopes carpeted with a layer of dead leaves were very slippery, and an involuntary glissade, with its consequent pother effectually undid hours of hard work.

One night a stag roared persistently within a short distance from the tent, and Osman tried to persuade me without success to try for him in the brilliant moonlight. My forbearance met with an early reward, for the very next day what I am certain was this selfsame stag was brought to bag by a snapshot in the early morning.

Moving camp to the bottom of the valley I tried some fresh ground, where I missed a none too easy shot at a stag accompanied by two inquisitive hinds.

It was here that I saw a solitary stag which had winded us moving at a fast trot up a very steep slope some distance away. Large heavy beasts that they are, for a grown stag will weigh over 500lb. clean with a great spread of horn, it is surprising with what ease and speed they move through thick covert and over precipitous ground.

Stormy, gusty weather, which made stalking impossible, was followed by a dead calm, the prelude to a sharp frost at night which, in spite of sleeping bags and blankets, made the ground a cheerless bedstead. Hence I rose long before daybreak, and walking across to the men's shelter, where a cheerful fire was burning, sat listening to two stags indulging in a noisy duet up the ravine. This was most tantalising, so when Hussein, my other tracker, proposed trying for them I agreed. Hastily dressing, we proceeded along the banks of the stream and groped our way towards the nearer stag, but the first signs of breaking day started him travelling.

He moved leisurely, and loitered from time to time to roar a challenge to his rival, the while I found myself enmeshed in a dense mass of low-tangled scrub. Urged by the excitement of the chase I forced a passage through and lay panting next to Hussein, who, convinced that the stag was near, had buried his face in his cap to stifle his breathing.

I now took the lead, and moving forward cannily for a few minutes, saw a sleek hind a bare hundred yards from me and below her, gazing towards me, a great grey stag with heavy branching antlers. Happily I was steady enough and he fell dead where he stood. Two first-class heads, a sixteen-pointer and a fifteen-pointer with a length of beam of 43 and 40 inches should be enough for any honest hunter, so I left next day in great content.

KINNICOS.

TYPICAL MARAL COUNTRY, THE SIXTEEN POINTER AND THE AUTHOR'S FINAL CAMP

TOURIST CHEQUES

VISITORS to London and other large centres, as well as residents, should be interested in an ingenious idea that has just come to our notice. This is an International Tourist Cheque Book, which can be purchased for 5s., and contains concessions worth approximately £10. Each cheque in the book represents a voucher enabling a substantial discount to be obtained from the price of the goods purchased from shops or stores, the seats booked in cinemas, theatres, speedway and greyhound racing tracks, etc., from rooms booked in hotels, cars hired, meals taken in restaurants, hairdressers, tailoring service, etc.

These cheques are detached and handed in only after purchase is made, so that you are assured that the reduction is a genuine saving on the actual purchase price. As every cheque advertiser, we understand, has paid to be represented in this book of cheques, there obviously will be no difficulty whatsoever when the holder of the cheque book presents his cheque to obtain his discount; also International Tourist Cheques, Ltd. have a signed agreement from every advertiser to the effect that they will honour every cheque presented up to and including June 30th, 1935. From the advertiser's point of view, it is obviously an excellent form of publicity, as he can so very readily check up his returns, as every cheque in his office at the end of a given time represents a client who has been introduced by this form of advertising.

The value of the cheques varies from reductions of 10/–, 8/–, 5/– and 4/6 and 15, 10 and 5 per cent. on the respective purchase or bookings, and the cheque books can be obtained by sending a remittance of 5/– to International Tourist Cheques, Ltd., 126, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

Students' Visit to Italy.—The G.U.F. (Fascist University Groups) have organised a tour in Italy in August for foreign university students. The programme provides for visits to Rome, Florence and Siena. The inclusive cost of the tour of nine days is lire 325 (about £5 10s.) for all travel in Italy, hotel accommodation, meals, sight-seeing, excursions and tips. Arrangements have been made for visits to Naples (Pompeii, etc.), and Venice (International Exhibition of Art, etc.), at a moderate additional cost. Particulars can be obtained from the Italian State Tourist Dept. E.N.I.T., 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.

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Bishopstone was opened as an hotel in 1921, and since then there has hardly been a year without substantial additions, all tending to comfort, completeness and originality. One after another came an American bar, a silent cinema, tennis courts, a sports hall for squash and badminton, new wings, a great dining room, a covered swimming pool, a gymnasium, two fine sun lounges, a talking cinema and a ballroom. At the same time nearly 80 bedrooms were added, and the hotel will now house more than 250 visitors. Hotel-keepers do not enlarge their houses in this fashion without good reasons, and these extensions and fresh alterations were forced upon the proprietor, who has recently sold the hotel as a going concern to a company of which he remains managing director.

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THE YOUNG FALCONER

During recent years certain grouse moors have been leased in Scotland solely for the sport of hawking. The above is a portrait of Mr. John Buchan, eldest son of the well-known politician and novelist, Mr. John Buchan, C.H., M.P., painted by Mr. Charles Gere, R.A. Mr. John Buchan, junior, is a great authority on falconry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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HISTORIC HOMES

AT a recent meeting of the National Trust Lord Lothian, himself a member of the Radical left wing of the Liberal Party, brought forward a suggestion that certain historic houses to which the public is permitted reasonable access should be allowed to pass at death free from those duties which, if continued at their present scale, must inevitably stamp out all but the very richest of the great families in three generations. At the present time articles passed by the Treasury as of national, scientific, historic or artistic interest are exempt from death duties unless they are sold. Lord Lothian suggested that great houses similarly scheduled should also be exempt. He further suggested that the sums spent on the upkeep and embellishment of such houses should be allowed in maintenance claims. And, finally, he brought forward the proposal that death duties should not be levied even on sale, provided the house passes to owners who will preserve it as an historic whole to which the public may have access.

These proposals drew the usual agreeable sequence of commendatory letters to the *Times*, and one can only fear that, as is usual in these cases, the suggestion, which is an admirable one, will be discussed and forgotten.

Nobody could accuse Lord Lothian, though he himself is a large landowner who has, incidentally, made over one of the homes of his family as a "Youth Hostel," of being the unrelenting partisan of a diehard aristocracy. Coming as it does from such a quarter the suggestion is the more impressive. It deserves serious consideration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who at the end of the parliamentary recess will be beginning to consider next year's Finance Act. The cost to the Treasury will be very small, almost certainly less than a quarter of a million sterling. The benefit to the community, both from the educative and the recreational standpoint, will be enormous.

It is not perhaps always realised how many of these famous houses are open to the public, or to what extent the families who inhabit them are prepared to allow their personal amenities to be restricted in order that their humbler neighbours may enjoy their own good fortune. Nor perhaps do those neighbours, enviously considering the outward appearances of a past magnificence, realise how much self denial has gone into the maintenance of these homes. There are at least a hundred houses of historic interest which the public can view to-day, beginning with the Royal Palaces of Windsor and Holyroodhouse. If these homes which are so typically English, and in which this country is rich beyond all others, were allowed to disappear, either like Hornby Castle, the historic home of the Dukes of Leeds, into the hands of the housebreaker, or to become, like Stowe, a public institution however worthy, the loss to the public, not merely to the families concerned, would be a grievous one.

What would we not give to-day to walk through the Palace of Whitehall as the Stuart Kings knew it, or revive the memories of Carlton House in their own setting? How great a loss would it be to both history and art if the collections of Castle Howard, of Chatsworth, or of Knowle (all incidentally houses to which the public has access) were to cease to exist in their own setting? If the public purse is to assist in their preservation, then of course the public must be ensured reasonable admission, but a scheme of this sort should provide few obstacles which could not reasonably be overcome.

It is constantly asserted that the British in matters of government are opportunists incapable of prevision or forethought. Here is an opportunity of preserving to our descendants something of which they may well be proud, something that makes us universally envied abroad. Is it too much to hope that a sensible suggestion, capable of immediate practical application, is not going to end as a silly season correspondence?

EMPIRE GAMES

FOR the first time the Empire Games have been held in the Empire's capital. The setting, the performance and, above all, the spirit of the contestants were worthy of the occasion. Nearly every race, religion and creed within the confines of the Empire were represented, and though most of us are rather antagonistic by nature to any opening ceremony savouring strongly of the spectacular, the preliminaries were impressive to a degree. At a moment when nearly every country in Europe is on the verge of open conflagration, when the Far East is a smouldering blaze apparently waiting to burst out, when Latin America is seething with unrest, there could be no more definite proof of the great work for peace that is being done by the British Empire, and no finer example of the good effects of world-wide athletic competition. May these games long continue—and in the same spirit!

HAIG AND HINDENBURG

In the many eulogies so deservedly written on Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, who was the Commander-in-Chief and inspiration of those German Armies who held the world at bay for more than four years, as yet no parallel has been drawn between the Field-Marshal and Lord Haig. Yet it is exactly similar assets of character that made the one Commander-in-Chief as loved by his people as the other. Both were simple men, deeply moved by the simpler manifestations of religion; both were men of iron determination; both were beyond all question of personal self-seeking; both were criticised for their generalship (for history has still to judge finally of their achievements); but both were symbolic of everything best in their national character; and both won the admiration of their countrymen for their selfless and patriotic service after the war, when they might well have asked for well-earned rest, or, worse still, joined their fellow-soldiers in recriminatory memoir-writing. The late Field-Marshal was a gallant foe, and with the respect in which he came to be held in this country much of the past bitterness has vanished.

BROWN RATS OR BLACK?

There is a curious irony in the statement, apparently published on authority, that "in the interests of economy the position of City rat officer has been vacant since 1931." Is a rat officer a luxury, then, or do rats do no damage to property? Or has it been found, perhaps, that rat officers make no difference in the numbers of rats? At all events, the rat population of the City of London is reported to have increased, and Dr. Willoughby, the Medical Officer to the Corporation, attributes the increase to the number of empty properties. There seems to be no available figures showing the numbers of rats annually killed in the City, though one of the firms engaged in the business informed Dr. Willoughby that they killed 14,563 rats in the City in 1933. But which rats were they, brown or black? There was a time when the black rat, which carries plague, was supposed to be extinct in England. Now, in certain areas, particularly the Port of London, it is believed to outnumber the brown.

PENALISING CARELESSNESS

This hot summer has been productive of many serious fires, notably those in Surrey and the blaze at Brownsea Island. With the countryside as dry as tinder, it takes very little to start a conflagration and, while many outbreaks of fire may be spontaneous, there is little doubt that the match or cigarette carelessly cast aside is responsible for much of the damage done. One of the commonest sights is to see a cigarette thrown out of the window of a travelling motor car. When the charge can be brought home they have a short way with offenders in Germany. Twelve months' imprisonment was the penalty inflicted on a shepherd who started a disastrous fire by throwing away a lighted match. Action of this kind is calculated to make the smoker or picnicker who lights a fire think twice before he acts.

ONE-ARMED GOLFERS

Those of us who are in complete possession of our physical faculties find the game of golf extremely difficult—even tantalising at times. But for the golfers who play despite the loss of an arm or a leg or both we can have only profound admiration. Moreover, some of these unfortunates give quite extraordinary displays of skill. Last week at the Wildernesse course, Sevenoaks, the second annual championship for one-armed golfers was held, and those who witnessed it must have come away feeling that they themselves should not grumble so much. F. W. Berridge, a Bournemouth artisan player, won the title in fine style, the winner of the inaugural competition, W. R. Thomson, being beaten in the semi-final after leading the sixteen qualifiers with a score of 179 for two rounds. Two consecutive rounds under an average of 90 with one arm! How many would like to accomplish that with two!

LEG BEFORE WICKET

The announcement by the M.C.C. that the question of a new leg before wicket law to cover balls pitching on the off side of the wicket is to be placed on the agenda of the next meeting of the Advisory County Cricket Committee in the autumn is significant. It may be taken for granted that no drastic alteration in the law will be made without careful study of its probable results from actual experience, and if the Advisory County Committee are in favour of a change they will probably agree to adopt it experimentally for a season or two, just as they adopted experimentally the "snick rule" by which a batsman may be given out even if he had snicked the ball with his bat. This rule is still being experimented with in county matches, but not in other first-class matches.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a famous Scottish Daily on women shooting: "Of course, there are still many women members of shooting parties who do not handle a gun; but even they will be found on the moors in much greater numbers than formerly. The fact that drives—in which women were apt to get in the way and be a nuisance—have given place to stationary shooting at the butts makes it more possible for women to keep their menfolk company on the moors for an hour or two."

MACHINES OR MEN?

Why, it may be asked, does not the British farmer show himself more go-ahead in corn harvesting methods and why does not he make more use of the combine-harvester, which is now considered indispensable on many farms in Canada, Australia and the United States? One good reason is the heavy cost of these complicated machines and the small size, relative to Canadian conditions, of the great majority of our farms. But a more powerful deterrent with many farmers is the displacement of labour which must result from mechanisation if the new machinery is to pay for itself. It would be folly for any farmer to invest in a combine-harvester unless he was prepared to steel his heart and dismiss several men. Relations between masters and men are so close in the farming industry that such considerations weigh heavily.

CORN HARVEST

From time to time statements are made about the rapid progress of mechanisation in British farming and the increased use of the American monsters, known as combine-harvesters, which cut, thresh and bag the corn at one fell swoop. But really these innovations have made very little impression as yet on the English countryside at harvest time. We still see the binder drawn by a pair of horses making its steady way round the cornfield, throwing out the sheaves to be built up into stooks and later carted to the rick for threshing in the autumn. Indeed, this summer there are many fields of laid corn where even the binder is useless and the scythe or the hook is the only effective weapon to reduce the wind-battered corn to manageable sheaves. Happily the men's skill is not lost despite the advance of the tractor.

FLY-CASTING RECORDS

Monsieur Godart's fine cast of 105ft. with a 5oz. fly rod at the British Fly and Bait Casting Association's recent tournament at the Crystal Palace has raised the question of how "records" should be awarded. The cast itself, as pointed out in our last issue, does not constitute a British record for length with a fly rod, the present holder, Mr. H. J. Hardy, having a cast of 108ft. to his credit, made at the Welsh Harp in 1910. Both casts were made in an open event with unrestricted rod length.

It has been suggested that our Belgian guest's cast should count as a record for light rod in this country, but this, if adopted, would cause some confusion. In an "unrestricted" event it is to be presumed that a competitor uses the rod with which he can cast farthest—light or heavy according to his strength or preference. If a cast made in one competition is allowed to count as a record for another, it is difficult to see how the claims for a cast authenticated but not made in competition at all could be disregarded, as is now the custom.

DROUGHT AND BIRD SONG

While the drought lasted there had been, as noted in previous dry periods in late summer, no very great diminution in the volume of bird-song. Blackbirds sang intermittently and thrushes with almost their full fervour of spring. Thus the hot, dry days of July passed with no real beginning of the usual "silent season."

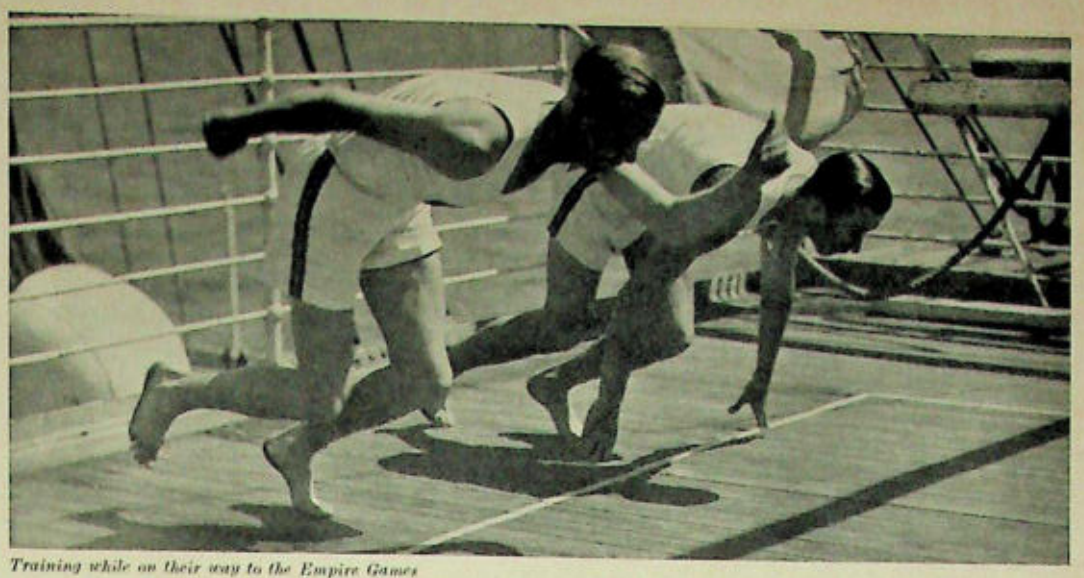
But with the rain a curtain of silence fell upon garden, woodland and hedgerow, broken only by the plaintive autumn song of the robin and the occasional outburst of a diehard thrush.

TO THE HILLS

This year the Twelfth falls on a Sunday, and the chances of the grouse season cannot rightly be guessed until lunch-time on the Thirteenth. And not all of us will be able to be there. For some of us, perhaps, the holidays must wait in a distance far from southern gardens and London. And there will come times in August when we shall think of the North as does "P. R. C." in his poem "Mine Eyes to the Hills": —

"Then we fashion for Fancy plays wonderful freaks
The sough of a pine-wood, the scent of a brae,
With, massed far above us, crags, saddles and peaks,
Where the gales of the gods chase the cobwebs away,
And roar in the gulleys, and whoop down the cuts,
And bring the wild grouse-packs like smoke to the butts.

"By leagues of red heather and murderous midge,
By crisp Autumn duskings a-bellow with deer,
By straight-driven coveys, by rigging and ridge
It's mountains for us now that August is near;
For London's got every sublunary ill,
And our hearts—like old David's—are fain for 'the hill.'"



Training while on their way to the Empire Games

TRAINED OR UNTRAINED?

A Problem Every Athlete Has to Face

By GUY M. BUTLER

SINCE the war there has been a world-wide wave of athleticism; not only in athletics proper, that is to say, running and field events, but in every type of game and sport has there been a tremendous increase of interest.

England may claim, without undue boasting, to be the Mother of Sports, but the English temperament is such that the man who goes all-out to produce optimum results in any sphere of sport is the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps I should modify this generalisation because there is no doubt that now there are in this country a very large number of men and women who do take their games very seriously. The reason for this is almost certainly due to the growing severity of outside competition. The rest of the world as a whole, since they have taken up the games which had their origin in England, have concentrated fiercely upon efficiency. The result has been to make something of a fetish of training in those sports which demand a very high standard of physical fitness.

How often do we hear the excuse that such and such an athlete was not fully trained? Probably that excuse was made more frequently a year or two ago. Now the tide has certainly turned in track athletics, and even more often is heard the plea of staleness or being *over*-trained. The question is, how much does training matter? A thorny subject, this, because the whole problem is intensely individual. Examples may be adduced in plenty to back both sides of the argument. It will not be uninteresting to produce some of them here.

The quarter-mile is—probably erroneously, it is true—regarded as the most gruelling of all races. The holder of the Open Championship record at this distance since 1886 is the Rev. H. C. L. Tindall. I think I am right in saying that this marvellous runner allowed himself only a fortnight in which to get fit for that meeting, and he not only won the quarter-mile in the splendid time of 48½sec., but also took the half-mile in 1min. 56sec. This is an extraordinary short period of preparation compared with that generally allowed by most modern aspirants to athletic honours.

One of the finest performances ever put up by a long-jumper in this country, considering the conditions, was in the Oxford University Athletic Club Jubilee year, when the London Athletic Club went down to compete against the University at Iffley Road. The reigning amateur champion at that time was Dr. R. St. J. Honner. It was a coldish day in March, and all the training that he had was one afternoon. Yet with every one of his six attempts, he cleared over 23ft. Turning from long jumping, it is not very often in England that a high-jumper exceeds 6ft. 2in. Yet E. Bradbrooke put up what I believe to be the biggest altitude of his career when he went down with an Achilles team to compete against Eton College. This was the first time that he was out in competition that season, and he had certainly a minimum of training or practice.

A most striking example of a runner producing a series of brilliant times with practically no training between them was that of G. L. Rampling in 1931. Time after time he beat 50sec. for the quarter-mile. It would be almost true to say that he did so most Saturdays from the beginning of June until the beginning of August. But in between these races he rarely, if ever, touched a running shoe.

How often, one wonders, have athletes surprised themselves by their efficiency on the track when by all the rules they ought to have been hopelessly out of condition? The writer well remembers such an example in his own career. One of the rare times when he covered a 100yds. in "even" time was the day following two nights of dancing in May Week at Cambridge. He also competed in two Olympic Games in both of which he was compelled by the force of circumstances to treat the heats of the 400 metres as training runs. He actually went out to the Antwerp Games having done no training at all for a month, and very much the same applied four years later at Paris, owing to a muscular breakdown.

It will be noticed that all these examples are connected with jumping and running comparatively short distances. It stands to reason that the longer distance must demand more training work than the short. The great runner or jumper can, in fact, generally put up an excellent show "straight out of his clothes," as the saying is—in other words, without any special preparation.

So much, then, for the untrained side of the picture. Perhaps the most amazing result of training in the past few years was that of R. M. N. Tisdall in 1932. In May of that summer he turned out for the Achilles Club in the quarter-mile *flat* race of the Kinnaird Trophy. He was not placed in the final, which was won in 52½sec., yet at Los Angeles exactly two months later, he won the 400 metres *hurdles* in the amazingly brilliant time of 51¾sec.

J. E. Lovelock, who is not only a very great middle-distance runner, but also an athlete who gives a great deal of intelligent thought to his athletics, works himself very hard in training and regards himself as not fully trained unless he has three months' preparation before a really hard race. The amazing "Flying Finn," Paavo Nurmi, from an early age has set himself a tremendously strenuous programme in training, and without doubt developed his powers to a very large degree by sheer determination to succeed. His example has been followed by other Finns, and to realise the greatness of the results it is only necessary to look at the incredible performances in the long-distance events by the athletes from this quite small country.

Just how seriously the Finnish athletes can take their training work may be instanced by the fact that their great javelin thrower, Matti Jarvinen, who systematically increases the world's record each summer, in quest of the preliminary physical fitness necessary for this event with its run-up of less than 50yds., goes for strenuous walks of eight miles each day.

Is it possible to reach any conclusion about this question of training? Probably not. The truth is that every athlete is a law unto himself. There are some like Tindall and Rampling, who can produce super-performances with a minimum of preparation. Others like Nurmi and Lovelock thrive on work which would kill the majority of us stone-dead. It is also true, however, that most English athletes do shirk the tedious training work which would give them the fundamentals of fitness and technique, without which no athlete can hope to attain continued success.

WHEN THE "ASHES" WENT BACK TO AUSTRALIA IN 1930

The crowd swarming across the Oval ground at the end of the Fifth Test when the Australians were last over here. England lost by an innings and 39 runs

LOOKING TOWARDS THE OVAL TEST

England's Batsmen Must Get Runs and Not Merely Defend Their Wickets

By NEVILLE CARDUS

NEXT Friday the struggle for the rubber at the Oval will occupy the attention of many peoples of the Empire. It will, of course, be a fight to a finish. Many good conservatives in this land deplore a cricket match that has no time-limit. For my part, I find a Test match thrilling that simply must continue until a decision is reached. Next Friday, when the first over is sent down, we shall know that one team or the other is doomed; that every ball will be a nail in somebody's coffin; that there will be no escape for England or Australia. This, surely, is a great thought; Destiny will stalk over the Oval next Friday and the days following.

The two elevens are, I think, so evenly matched that neither can afford to give a pennyworth of luck away. If all the Test matches this year had been fought to a finish, the position now would be "two-all"; England would have won at Manchester, and Australia would have won at Leeds. At Leeds the Australians were easily England's betters in every department—better batsmen (with many more strokes), better fieldsmen and better and more thoughtful bowlers. In another important direction, too, the Australians are our superiors—and that is in strategy. Grimmett and O'Reilly know how to bowl to their fieldsmen; they know also how to bowl to England's different batsmen. O'Reilly's length to Walters is not his length to Hammond!

None the less I feel in my bones that there is somewhere in the country a team which could beat Australia at the Oval; the trouble is to assemble the available and excellent spare parts. If we look into the Australian team, we can point to one or two cricketers who would find it a hard job to win places in the England eleven. Would Chipperfield be chosen to play for England, or Darling, or Wall? I doubt it. Woodfull's men are obviously vulnerable against fast bowling; at Nottingham, Lord's and Manchester the Australian batting shaped most tentatively against the new ball whenever it went swinging away past the off-stump at a good speed. I am convinced that the bowling needed to defeat Australia is fast stuff that *swings away* from between the middle- and leg-stumps. In-swingers and off-breaks are of little use against Australian batsmen. But where are our really fast bowlers? It is easy to cry out "Let's get plenty of pace together for the England attack at the Oval!" Second-rate fast bowling is expensive.

Bowes is the best of a poor lot; possibly Gover would be a likely man with the new ball on the wicket he knows so well. I do not think any slow English bowler is worth taking to the Oval in fine weather excepting, of course, Verity. But I am referring to leg-spin bowlers. The Australian batsmen are clever against the turning ball of the "googly" order. Grimmett is usually hit to all parts of the field by Ponsford in Australia—but, of course, Grimmett in Australia and Grimmett in England are two different propositions. The Selection Committee are in a tantalising position; they know the enemy's weakness, but they cannot hit upon the means to take advantage of it.

I would confidently expect England to win at the Oval if Tate at his best were bowling at one end and Bowes and Voce in turn at the other. The chances are that England and Australia will both trust to their batsmen in a "timeless" match on a good wicket. And here we must beware of false reasoning. I have heard several county cricketers recently expressing the view that in a "timeless" Test match the great thing is for the batsmen to stay in, to keep up their wickets, and not bother about the runs! Perilous nonsense! The paradox about a cricket match without a time-limit is that runs matter more than in a four-day match; in fact, runs are the *only* consideration in conditions where the clock is neither friend nor foe. The side that hits the greater number of loose balls is the side that will win at the Oval. Little use will it be for England to bat ten hours for 400, if Australia bats six hours for 480. Scoring strokes will win this year's rubber.

England must not play into Woodfull's hands by pushing the ball to the fieldsmen all day. The purpose of every English batsman at the Oval must be not to kill time but to kill the attack of Grimmett and O'Reilly. I stress this point because I am afraid that there is a tendency, as I write, to pick for the Oval an England eleven mainly composed of defensive batsmen. I have even heard it suggested that a brilliant player like Walters will not be wanted in a Test match played to the bitter end.

A DANGER TO BE FACED BY ENGLAND AT THE OVAL.

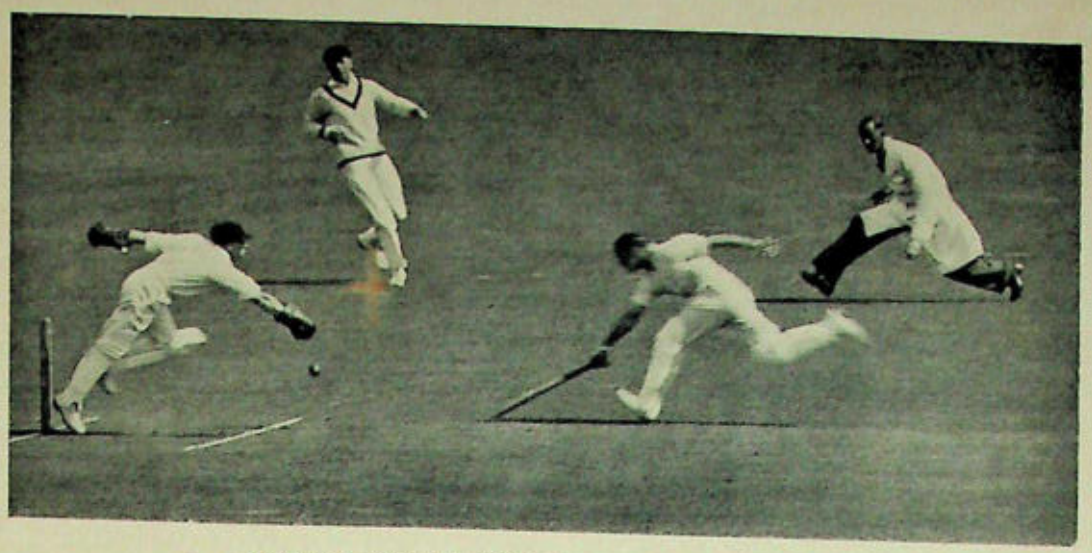
Grimmett, who knows exactly how to bowl to his fieldsmen, in action at Manchester

Folly most foolish! Let us cast our minds back to the Oval Test match of 1930. Did not Ponsford attack the English bowling from the first over, and score a dazzling century?

In every England innings this summer, there has been a breakdown, usually after a good start. At Nottingham, the match was lost on the second afternoon, while the wicket remained excellent; Sutcliffe, Hammond, Pataudi, and Leyland were all dismissed in half an hour. At Lord's, five men were out in the first innings for 180; at Manchester, Walters, Wyatt and Hammond were accounted for in an over. At Leeds, on the first day, and on a perfect wicket, there happened one of the most mysterious collapses of all cricket's history. Attempts have been made by certain writers to explain the Leeds breakdown in terms of a curious pitch. I have discussed the point with several of the England players; they are agreed that the Leeds wicket on the first day was from the batsman's point of view beyond reproach.

Hammond must find his Gloucestershire form for England. His Test match failures have had a depressing effect. He comes in to bat at a "key" situation—Number 3. It is inconceivable that a batsman of Hammond's experience and skill is going to pass through five Test matches without once mastering an Australian attack which by now he should know by heart. Sutcliffe, no doubt, will return to the England eleven and go in first. His temperament is an asset still; none the less, it would be blind of us to pretend he is to-day as sound a batsman as he was a few years ago. England's need, apart from a great fast bowler, is a fresh mental state amongst the run-makers.

Walters and Wyatt would do well to strike the brave challenging note they struck at Lord's in the Gentlemen v. Players' match. At Leeds on the first afternoon, Australia lost three wickets for 39. That evening I met and talked with several of the Australians, in their hotel at Harrogate. They were each confident that next day all would be well; that Bradman and Ponsford would achieve centuries.



SUTCLIFFE SCUTTLES HOME IN THE OVAL TEST OF 1930
Although not quite the power he used to be Sutcliffe is still an asset to any England eleven

FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

Excellent Fielding in School Match

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

THE Clifton v. Tonbridge match, played at Lord's on July 30th-31st, was chiefly remarkable for the excellence of the fielding on both sides, that of Tonbridge being especially noticeable. Day was, I thought, the soundest and best bat on either side, and followed up his 27 and 60 of last year, when Clifton won, with 71 and 130 not out. A superb catch by Nuttall probably prevented his making two centuries in the match, though he might have been caught early on in his second innings. Even so, Tonbridge would have probably won.

There was a moment when a good finish seemed possible, in spite of my estimate that 140 was the limit of Clifton's capacity in their second innings and that was when Tonbridge had lost eight wickets for 131, and were, therefore, 177 ahead and had two wickets to fall. But then came the Popple bombardment, and that settled it for good and all. No account of the match would be complete without reference to Weston's glorious off-side shots in his 124 for Clifton. He has come on enormously since last year. Scott, of Clifton, who, as a very small boy, took six wickets for 57 last year, was not so successful as I anticipated he would be. The bowling all round was fair, runs were made at an excellent rate, though not quite up to the average of last year, which was the exceptional one of 80 per hour all through the match, and the fielding and picking up was, as I have already said, splendid.

A MENACE TO ENGLAND
O'Reilly, like Grimmett, can bowl to his fieldsmen, and has improved tremendously during the season

ENGLAND'S BEST SLOW BOWLER
Verity is the only slow bowler good enough for a place in the Oval Test

The Rugby v. Marlborough match of August 1st-2nd petered out rather ingloriously on the morning of the second day, Marlborough failing altogether to make a match of it, and losing by nine wickets. Rugby came to Lord's with a poor record, having been beaten by Clifton, Uppingham and Repton, but they were undoubtedly a better side than Marlborough. By the book Tonbridge would beat Rugby and eat Marlborough. Both sides framed a great come back. Marlborough, who batted first, lost seven wickets for 105, and made 176, and Rugby went one better and scored 250, after losing seven wickets for 126. That lead of 74 settled it, but Marlborough should have done better than they did on the Thursday, when the whole side only added 77 runs.

Hewan, the Marlborough captain, is not afraid of hitting the ball; Harbottle, the left-hander (39), played some rather bumping deliveries well, and Dickson, who had such a long bowl, cut nicely. But no one hit the ball quite as hard as the O'Regan. Steel, of Rugby (44), is a sound bat, a good player, and reminded me of Hotchkin, of blessed memory. Walford, the Rugby captain, had a splendid match scoring 70 much-needed runs and taking nine wickets for 67, and his tail wagged furiously. The Rugby bowlers made use of a rather lively wicket, and were well supported in the field, and especially so on the Thursday. The Marlborough fielding was a little ragged, some unnecessary overthrows being due to the Celtic impetuosity of the O'Regan, who returned the ball as hard as he hit it. Scores: Marlborough, 176 and 88; Rugby, 250 and 15 for one wicket.

I spoke to an old Marlborough player (I do not know what his name was) who comes up every year to look at the window in the long room of the pavilion which he broke in this match. I did not see Reggie Spooner hit the ball through the writing-room window, also for Marlborough, but Lord Ashburton, who did, declares that an old gentleman who was writing there, rushed out, pen in hand, terrified beyond measure and smothered in ink, the ball having landed in the inkpot under his nose. He thought the end of the world had come, and was never quite the same again, but they did not tell R. S. about it, in case it might upset him.

I must plead guilty to having, in my previous notes, referred to the accession of Sussex to the throne of Champion County as a practically accomplished fact. Lancashire have, since then, been winning matches steadily, and were on August 3rd within striking distance of the leader with the percentage of 59 to Sussex 60, and Yorkshire should be close up with 58. As it is they are 55, the difference being solely due to their dilatory methods against Notts. If Yorkshire lose the Championship by a small margin, they are bound to look back upon their performance in that match with regret. They actually took five hours to score 218 runs on the Saturday and three hours to add

WILL WE SEE THIS AGAIN?
Don Bradman acknowledging the cheers of the crowd upon completion of his 200, in 1930

166 on the Monday, at the miserable average rate of scoring of 48 runs per hour. It certainly prevented them winning the match and deservedly so. It may lose them the Championship. Meanwhile the fight for that title looks like being a desperate one after all.

Sussex must give up the idea, which I think they have been entertaining lately, that a policy of safety first will pay them. It is contrary to their usual methods and if pursued will be their undoing. You need to have a great deal in hand to make such a plan worth while. We should have beaten Sussex at Lord's in Whit-week if a little risk had been taken, and we should have been the only county to have beaten the three leaders, Sussex, Lancashire and Yorkshire. As it was Sussex had one wicket to fall at the call of time and were some 100 runs behind. They earned three points by saving the match, but we forfeited ten points by not winning it.

It emphasises the enormous importance of a win, and the comparative insignificance of a loss. If you are behind on the first innings you can declare five times and can afford to lose four matches and win only one, as you will, even so, be quits, and if you succeed twice in five attempts you will be fifteen points to the good. Risky declarations are a mathematically sound proposition, and lay little or no responsibility upon the shoulders of those who make them. A few county captains realise this, but the majority do not. I do not advocate risky declarations with a view to supplying good finishes for public amusement, but simply because they are a paying proposition.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Puzzling Extremes of Form

IT would puzzle most people to account for some of the extremes of form, individual and team, seen this season. No one has been able satisfactorily to explain why the English team in one Test match should score over 600 runs and be able to declare with wickets in hand and yet in the next match should have to struggle desperately to score 200. Equally inexplicable has been the form of Hammond, who can score his hundreds and two hundreds for his county but has failed altogether to get into his stride in Test matches. With the counties it has been just the same. A week or two ago Gloucestershire looked as though they meant to take the championship by storm. Notts made them look almost like a minor county; then they slaughtered the Worcestershire bowling and in turn had their own bowling belittled by the Australians, even Woodfull making merry over it. Hampshire one day are hopelessly outplayed by Derbyshire and the next day dismiss Notts for 109. And Sussex, who seemed to have left the field behind in the struggle for the County Championship, have been showing themselves possessed of feet of clay against Warwickshire and Surrey.

Almost everywhere the same kind of unreliability has been apparent and must have been the despair of the Test match Selection Committee. How many players have really "chosen themselves" for this season's England teams? R. E. S. Wyatt and C. F. Walters, certainly, and Verity and Ames, perhaps. Sutcliffe has, of course, been the greatest disappointment and Clark flattered only to deceive—though he was almost at his best before Selection Committees began to look at him. It is all very well to say that the England team wants more of this and more of that calibre to beat the Australians, but who is to say with certainty where it is to be found?

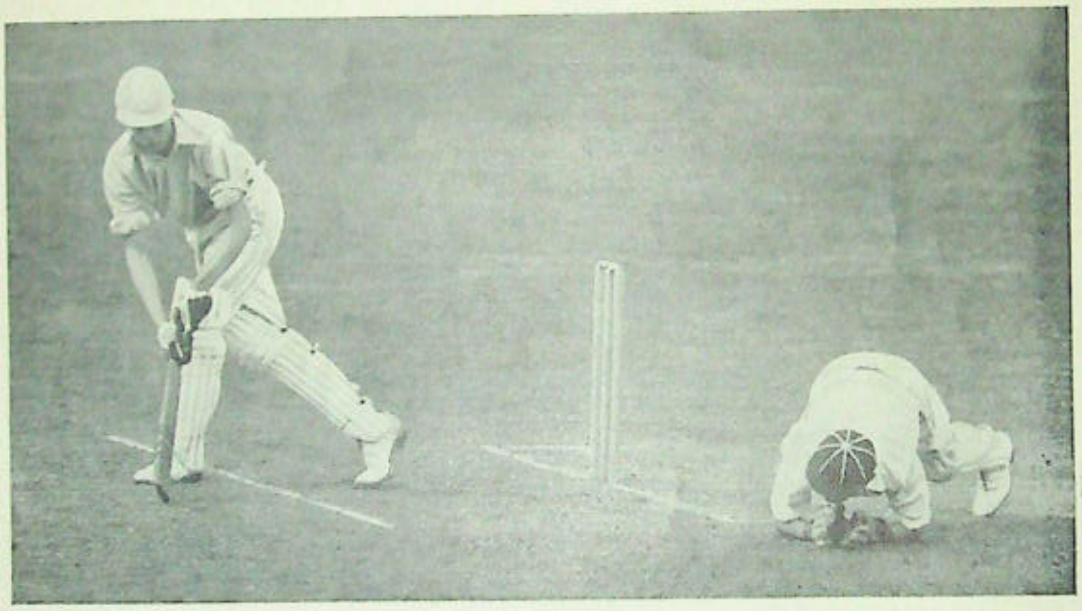
Warwickshire's form against Sussex last week provided an excellent illustration of the variety of really good material that the side just now contains. Perhaps even Yorkshire may regret that they let Norman Kilner migrate to Warwickshire when he was not quite so brilliant as his brother, the late Roy Kilner. Norman has developed into an admirable opening batsman and he demonstrated that he can hit by taking three sixes off the Sussex bowlers in an innings of 70. Wyatt's leadership as well as his batting means a lot to the side, and Croom, Bates and Santall are by no means the worse batsmen because they are experienced; Santall, in fact, seems to improve the longer he plays. There is also plenty of variety in the bowling, for Paine and Mayer are both very near England class—Paine almost certainly is—and P. Cranmer, the Rugby international, is proving a very useful addition.

Some of the most exhilarating cricket of the season has been provided by the two matches between Kent and Surrey, at Blackheath, where Kent gained an astonishing victory by scoring over 400 runs in the fourth innings, and at the Oval, where last week Kent saved the game in a thoroughly sporting finish. This second match was full of good things from first to last and showed how true in the old spirit the game still is when two captains and their teams are prepared to take their risks and answer challenge with challenge. Surrey set out on the third day to win or be beaten, and when they offered Kent two-and-a-half hours to get 278, Kent set about the task with almost joyful abandon. Some of our critics would have us believe that a match is not worth while unless one side wins outright, but here we saw that a fighting draw can be as thrilling as a close win. Kent had nine wickets down with half an hour to go, and the most amazing thing then was that C. S. Marriott, the slow bowler, whose batting is a much relished joke, lasted out the half hour. One morning paper put this feat on record on its principal news page!

Just as this match was true to tradition so, too, was the Notts v. Yorkshire match in a different way. No light-hearted abandon intrudes itself on the grim determination of this meeting. Here are hereditary foes fighting a stern duel. Yorkshire virtually spoiled their chances of victory by scoring too slowly, but Notts also thwarted them by scoring slowly, too. Yet there was something to admire in the stubborn back-to-the-wall batting of Notts which enabled them just to save the game after they had failed to save the follow-on. After this performance it was the more surprising to see Notts on the following day tumbled out by Hampshire's two left-hand bowlers, Boyes and Creese. Boyes is one of those tantalising bowlers who look as though they ought to be very good but are only very good sometimes. He has the methods of the true slow left-hander, but apparently lacks the consistent control of the ball so necessary to a slow bowler's success. It is interesting to note that the Hampshire wicketkeeper, McCorkell, made five catches in this Notts innings.

Woodfull, the Australian captain, can seldom have permitted himself such freedom as he did in his innings of 131 against Gloucestershire, but it is often forgotten that because a man adopts a certain style of batting he is not necessarily devoid of skill in other directions.

F. I. W.



LIVING DANGEROUSLY

P. Kershaw (Rugby) nearly caught by H. G. Jelf (Marlborough). The wicket-keeper has done extremely well to get right over on the leg side so quickly

THE DAVIS CUP

To Be An Annual Event

By J. E. COLLETT

THE nations of the lawn tennis earth met in solemn conclave at the Savoy Hotel on July 30th and 31st and decided: (1) that the open championship for amateurs and professionals is still to be taboo: (2) that the Davis Cup competition is once again to become wholly annual.

Regarding the first decision, it is to be presumed that such an august assembly knows best what is good for its own world, but the world at large may be permitted to have some doubt whether a principle, which has been accepted in other games, should not be applied to lawn tennis. If it is not to be applied, then logically the International Federation, as a corollary to its own proposition, must tighten the dividing line between its amateurs and its professionals, and must administer strictly its own rules regarding amateurs. According to common knowledge, both nationally and internationally speaking, it does not at present do so.

As to the second decision, the Davis Cup competition is now being run under the system worked out by Mr. H. Anthony Sabelli, the secretary of the L.T.A. and joint secretary of the I.L.T.F., namely, in two sections—a preliminary and eliminating competition, and a competition proper. This was adopted in order to relieve the congestion caused by the increasing size of the entry and the inconvenience of the amount of travelling involved. It has had short shrift, having been in existence in effect for one year. There is no reasonable argument against its suitability for the work for which it was designed, but it was found to put nations in the position of having to stage Davis Cup ties at a time of year when neither players nor spectators wanted them, that is, during the late summer.

The whole situation would have been relieved if the competition had been made biennial, but though their proposition obtained a narrow majority, two-thirds was required, so it failed. The majority for the abolition of the qualifying competition was heavy. A further reference is to be made to countries whose delegates were not present, but this is unlikely to alter the balance of the vote. The competition will return completely in 1936 to its original cumbersome character. The usefulness of the Davis Cup competition is undeniable. For example, without doubt it has fostered international entries for Wimbledon which might not otherwise have been obtained, but behind the maintenance and manufacture of tennis and the contingent gate money problem lies latent the considerable danger to the well-being of the game as the *Field* recently pointed out.

Before these portentous meetings a small special committee of the federation met on July 6th to discuss the fate of the foot-fault rule. Its members, having possibly made history, may be recorded. They were: T. B. Barker, C.B.E. (South Africa), Dr. H. O. Behrens (Germany), R. Lacoste (France), P. H. Stevens (Great Britain), and R. N. Williams (U.S.A.) The proposition before them, put forward by South Africa, was that the server should throughout the delivery of the service keep both feet behind (i.e., further from the net than) the base line.

The committee however, felt that the South African proposal might make things even more difficult. Finally, they evolved the suggestion for all national associations that an auxiliary line should be drawn at a distance of 2ft. behind the base line, the server to take his stand behind this line and to keep one foot behind it during the delivery of the service.

By way of explanation, under the proposed new rule, while the server would be further from the net, he would have to keep only one foot behind the auxiliary line. The idea is that thereby the linesman's duty is simplified, because he need not watch the swinging foot. All he has to do is to make sure that one foot was behind the line at the moment of impact. Clearly when the game was being taken by a chair umpire, unassisted by a base linesman, he would be able to call all foot-faults; as things are, there is only one variety he can call with certainty—the placing of the toe on the line.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

When the Bridge Pool Justified Its Reputation

By LORD DORCHESTER

MY invitation to fish a tributary of one of the most celebrated of English trout rivers fell due on July 20th, 1934, that is, on almost the hottest day of the year. All day "the earth was iron and the skies were brass," so, delaying my start, I did not reach the water until 5 o'clock.

Fish there were, not in single spies but in battalions, but never a rise, for there was no hatch, though here and there a dimple showed that some cruiser was on the move in spite of the blazing sun, which had warmed the water to 72 degrees, a fact I verified by means of a thermometer brought with me out of curiosity.

Never had conditions appeared more hopeless, and my first thought was to return home. Where I had hoped for a steady, if reduced, stream, the water lay motionless and shiny, the current barely perceptible owing to the closing of all hatches. The erstwhile fishable shallows, the pick of the whole water, were a succession of mud and weed flats pierced here and there by narrow gravelly runs and channels along which the tepid water, seldom a foot deep, threaded its sluggish course. These runs were crowded with fish, whose black shadows upon the silvery bottom gave an impression of doubled numbers.

The belts of rushes which normally fringe the margin of the stream and give cover to the angler now stood fresh and green withal like some palm oasis upon the edge of a desert of sand and drying mud that separated them from the water. The water bailiff did not add to my hopes. "It's a pity you had this beat; in any other season it is the best, but now with the mill hatches closed there will be no water on the shallows until they are open again in two days' time—there might be a rise very late in the pool below the bridge. That's your only chance."

No cheering prospect! but anyway it is always pleasant by water, and while my dog had a great time with dried-out water rats I listened to the local man and my own river keeper, who accompanied me, exchanging notes and picking each other's brains on the subject of trout and river management. Hopeless or not, you will never catch trout unless you fish, so mounting the tiniest of red hackles on 4x gut I proceeded to wade some two hundred yards of muddy shallow, scaring the fish by dozens as I did so.

In that dead water, only advancing foot by foot, I yet pushed a bow-wave yards in front of me, and cast I never so lightly the trout would swerve and shy from the mere shadow of my line long ere it reached the water. Strangely enough, I did catch a fish. It was in a tiny pool isolated from the main channel by banks of exposed weed and from afar I had spotted a bulge once or twice, a cruiser patrolling its beat and seeking what it might devour. Probably its head was turned away as the hackle lit on the glassy water a foot beyond the weeds, and so it failed to see the shadow. Since there was no current I left the fly to sit on the water and take its chance. To my enormous surprise suddenly I saw a bulge, tightened, and was into a fish. Promptly it bolted into the weeds, where after a little probing with the landing net it was bagged.

Three-quarters of a pound and in beautiful condition—not a big fish, but anyway I should not go home "clean."

That was my only success, if I except a black fish, which I chased into a hole and scooped out with the landing net. There are hundreds of these black fish in the main river, but very few in the tributary.

It was now 9.30 and time to get back to the bridge pool in case there should be a rise, and moreover, the light was beginning to go. Arrived at the bridge, we saw a few desultory spinners and presently some rising fish, and there really seemed to be a chance after all.

The pool itself starts below the arches of the bridge culverts and extends some ten yards downstream, shallowing away gradually to a pebbly bar that spans the water some 30yds. below. The fishable water, in effect, amounted to a pond about 15yds. wide and 20yds. long with a depth of 10ft. at the upper end dwindling and dwindling down to a couple of feet at the gravel bar. A few tufts of rushes stuck up here and there, and had there been any current would have interfered seriously with a floating fly. As it was, there was just enough movement to carry a fly down stream at about 1yd. a minute, so the fly could be manœuvred to miss the flags.

I got a fish at my first cast, a three-quarter-pounder, then a smaller one. Visitors here are requested not to put back any fish of whatever size; a sound rule this. From then onwards the sport became fast and furious. Nothing seemed to put the fish off. The fly was barely on the water before a fish took it, and despite the fact that all the fighting took place within a very limited area other fish continued to rise.

As soon as I had tumbled to the conditions I worked my trout down to the gravel bar and landed them there.

Disappointments there were, and exasperating delays. One way and another, mostly owing to the flags, five fish broke me. The light was bad, too, for threading 4x gut into correspondingly small flies; then there was the delay in disengaging fish and cleaning and re-drying the slimy fly. Then the light got so bad that I put up a big dry "alder," not because they were taking it, but because I could see it. Even this proved successful, and by half-past ten I had eight fish, the smallest about ¼lb., the three best ranging from 1¾lb. to 1½lb.

Now I could no longer see, so abandoning the dry fly by the light of my car lamps I substituted a short 2x cast and a large wet fly. That was a fly! It was barely in the water before I felt a tug; I got another fish just under 2lb., and two more over 1½lb. Moreover, I met and failed to secure quite as many fish as I landed, for I was fishing entirely by feel, and since the pool was rather weedy it was impossible to tell at the first touch whether I was into a fish or a weed. The fly, too, had to be continually inspected for adhering weeds—a most annoying delay.

In this last mad half-hour I cast as far as I could into the culvert mouths with an occasional throw into the lower part of the pool. Between 10.30 and 11 p.m. I had nine more fish, and when from the great house in the park above, the stable clock boomed out, I decided to call it a day!

And what a day, and what a night, and what a wet fly! But the last is my own secret.

WAITING FOR THE EVENING RISE
On a reach of the Kennet, famed for its trout

E. A. Barton

NEW FLY-FISHING REEL
Designed by Dr. E. A. Barton

DR. BARTON'S REEL

Valuable Points for Fly Fishers

A REEL designed by so experienced a fly fishermen as Dr. E. A. Barton, this year's president of the Fly-fishers' Club, is sure to create interest—and the reel, in fact, justifies it. As can be seen from the illustration, it includes several very practical improvements on the standard type. Many men dislike the use of a spear on the butt of a rod—it catches in the sleeve of the macintosh and has other undesirable qualities—but the omission of it brings the reel too close to the end of the butt, where it is apt to get a knock when the rod is grounded, which may damage it or at least loosen the saddle grip. To avoid it the saddle fluke is made longer on one side so as to keep the reel well up on the handle.

The line guard is made of rustless steel and is rectangular in section which avoids the difficulty of the line piling up on the drum in recovery. The drum clearance is increased to avoid jamming if it receives a blow which bends it slightly. Above all it has a small toothed check which emits a gentle purr instead of the raucous scream with which some reels advertise their revolutionary nature. Altogether the new reel, which is being manufactured by Hardy Bros., has every chance of earning a permanent place in the fly-fisher's regard.

IN CONTRAST WITH AUTUMN SALMON FISHING—A HOT DAY IN WALES
A 30lb. cock fish from the Wye, near Erwood

AUTUMN SALMON

Pros and Cons of Back-End Salmon Fishing

By T. E. PRYCE-TANNATT

WHEN the Salmon Fishery Act of 1861 fixed the annual close season for salmon it postponed its beginning, so far as regards the taking of salmon by rod and line, for a period of two months. That is to say that, whereas the use of nets and similar instruments had to be discontinued after September 1st, angling was made lawful until the end of October. The more recent, codifying and amending Act of 1923 has perpetuated this differentiation as between nets and rods.

The differentiation was originally devised as a concession to the riparian and angling interests, because in most rivers at that time the intensity of netting was such that few fish succeeded in escaping out of the netted area—which often included a considerable length of non-tidal water. In many cases, indeed, angling was hardly worth serious consideration so long as the nets continued in operation. So two months were allowed for angling only.

In those days the concession was valued and on many rivers the back-end salmon fishing figured in the calendar of field sports as a feature of some significance. At the present day it is of less importance, and there has been growing for some time a body of angling opinion which is inclined to look a little askance at those who fish for salmon in the autumn months.

Nevertheless there are still quite a number to whom autumn salmon represent almost the only effective chance in the year of handling a salmon rod. The more fortunately circumstanced, who can regularly reckon on opportunities in the spring or early summer, may deprecate back-end salmon fishing on the ground that it is ethically and economically wrong; that the fish are really not worth taking, being unstimulating on the hook and almost worthless for the table. But, however cogent their arguments may be, they are liable to be reminded that, though to a full belly the pangs of hunger may seem incomprehensible, it is an indubitable fact that the hungry are grateful for half a loaf (and a stale one at that) when bread is scarce. There are many anglers, whose desires remain unsatisfied by the capture of trout, grayling and such, to whom autumn salmon fishing symbolises that half loaf. But it is not a matter of choice—*qua* salmon fishing.

Ironically enough nature nowadays seems to be weighting the argument on the side of the more fortunately circumstanced, for whereas formerly an autumn run of salmon was a well-recognised thing generally it has been getting less marked in many rivers. As a result of more enlightened management rivers which used to be deemed late have in fact proved themselves early ones. To an increasing extent, therefore, the annual close season is being made to begin earlier, so that the autumn salmon angler is finding a gradually diminishing list of waters from which he can choose.

In course of time there may be a swing of the pendulum back in the opposite direction, because the practical value, as breeding stock, of these late running fish—the genuine "back-enders"—is open to doubt. At the same time it is well to bear in mind that the earlier fish, many now on the eve of spawning and as such of infinitely more value in the water than out of it, must be regarded as definitely unclean, and the law prescribes penalties for taking an unclean fish. The thought may serve to stimulate the conscience when the fate of an October "kipper" is hanging in the balance.

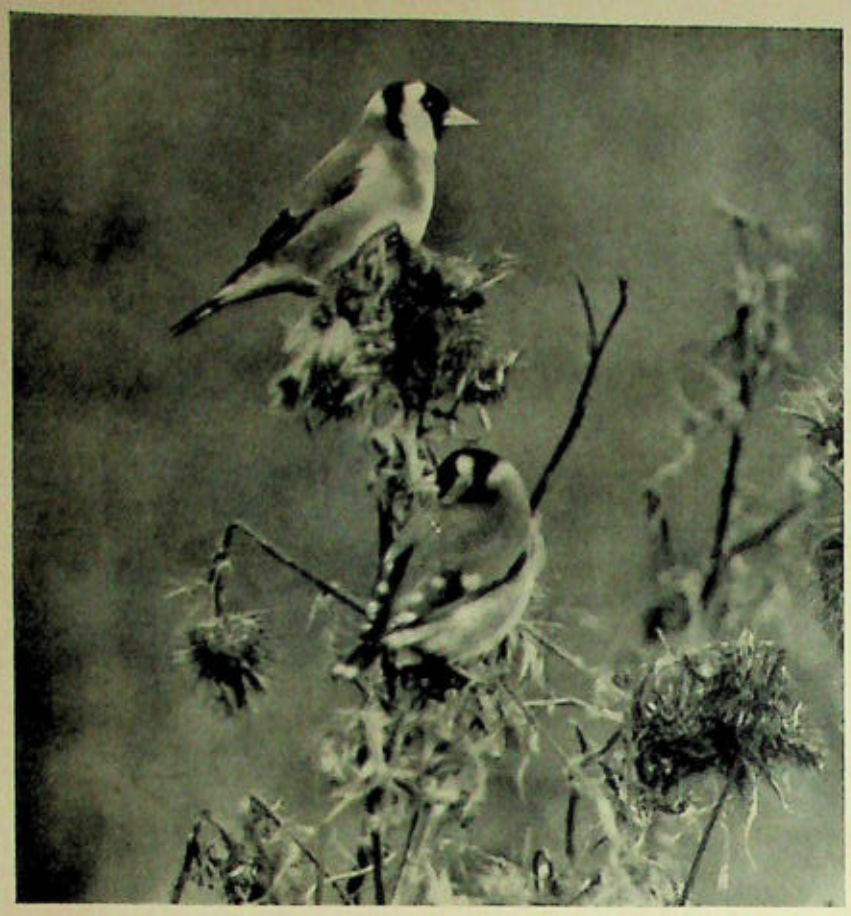
It is also desirable to remember that in the autumn, after the annual close season for the nets has begun, salmon, though lawfully caught by rod and line, cannot lawfully be sold; and the purchaser of such, equally with the vendor, is committing a breach of the law. They must, therefore, be given away; and gifts of salmon are not as keenly appreciated by the discerning in the autumn as in the spring. Indeed, an appreciable number of the fish caught are hardly worth the cost of carriage.

With the idea of checking the slaughter of obviously gravid fish certain restrictions are sometimes imposed, such, for instance, as limitation to the artificial fly as a lure, or prohibition against the use of the gaff for landing the fish. It may be doubted, however, whether much of tangible value is really achieved thereby, though certainly fewer fish are hooked when spinning baits and prawns are taboo.

But record breaking in the matter of fins and tails is not exactly a characteristic of autumn salmon fishing, which is at best an uncertain business, even more uncertain than the spring edition. Tales of obstinate drought, or a dreary procession of turbid floods to shatter hopes and vex the soul, are common enough. There will also be dead leaves to contend with; lots of them, of all sizes and shapes, careering down the stream, on the surface and below the surface, impaling themselves on the hooks with wearisome persistence, sometimes giving a pull so sudden and fierce as to incite confident expectations of a fish. The fall of the leaf is a term of very real significance to the angler in the autumn.

Of course it is not always mortification and disappointment, and if the river does come into good ply there are worse ways of taking exercise and enjoying the air than with a salmon rod on a brisk autumn day of chequered skies and ruffling breezes. Though, generally speaking, autumn salmon are comparatively tame at the end of a line, there will be occasions when issue is joined with a hard-fighting cock fish of five-and-twenty pounds or more, fresh-run and showing only incipient signs of its spawning livery. Such a fish is worth taking.

Occasionally also, but very occasionally, the capture of an unusually early spring fish will be an event worthy of special note. It happens to some. To me it happened once, on an afternoon of a last day of October and of the season, some years ago; an indubitable "springer" of 16lb., which succumbed to a 2in. "Torrish," much to my agreeable surprise. On that same day, out of the same pool, an angler on the opposite side caught a recently spawned kelt as well as a brace of the usual autumn brand of fish, and in the burn at the head of the pool there were a couple of salmon busily spawning. Great though they may be, the attractions of a day's fishing in the spring of the year could hardly include such diversity as was provided on that autumn day.



THE GOLDFINCHES' HARVEST—

THE BIRDS' HARVEST

August Activity in Cornfield and Woodland

By FRANCES PITT

NOW, in August, the birds are gathering a rich harvest, from the town sparrows, which have joined their country cousins in order to raid the farmers' grain, to the goldfinches enjoying themselves on that "gone wild" bank by the woodside where the thistles flourish unchecked.

What a lovely picture do the goldfinches afford as they flutter to and fro in the sunshine, their many hues aglitter, so that their countryside name of seven-coloured linnet seems peculiarly apt.

A piece of rough ground such as this, where thistles, teasel, grasses and rushes flourish, is indeed a harvest ground for the birds. The flash of yellow and green denotes a party of greenfinches seeking what they may find, and the more sober hues of the brown linnets are soon distinguished. Whinchats flit from bush to bush, and a spotted flycatcher flies out from a nearby tree to snap up a passing insect, for a place such as this is rich in insect life, and affords a good harvest ground even for the insectivorous species.

Peacock and red admiral butterflies flaunt their beauties on the purple-blue heads of the devil's bit scabious, and that local butterfly, the comma, comes here to fan its rich brown blotched wings with their curious irregular margins.

Its sun-bathing is interrupted by a cock pheasant strolling majestically by on his way to the rushes, the tasselled heads of which are now full of seeds. Of the much excellent fare that August provides, nothing is more appreciated by the pheasants than rush seeds. Partridges also appreciate them, and rushy ground is sure to be visited by the covies.

The earliest item in the birds' harvest is rowan berries. No sooner do the mountain ash fruits begin to colour than the blackbirds take heed. Hardly have they begun to turn orange than the birds descend upon them. There is a tree at my home which is the annual scene of an orgy. The bunches of berries begin to change hue, for a few brief hours the tree is gay with tasselled orange bunches, and then the blackbirds arrive. They peck, pull and gorge themselves, and in 24 hours not a berry is left. They certainly enjoy their harvest, just as the starlings enjoy their raid upon the early pears. There is a pear tree which always bears a goodly crop of very early pears, and despite the fact that starlings do not normally attack fruit in the district to which I refer, they always raid this tree. Many blackbirds aid the starling company, with the consequence that it is stripped in a day or two.

As fruit pilfering hardly comes under the heading of "harvesting," let us get back to the fields, and the cornfields in particular, whether those in which grain is yet standing, those where it has been cut and is standing in orderly rows of stooks, or those wherein there is nought but stubble awaiting the plough.

Standing corn that has been laid down by heavy rain and wind is the delight of the sparrow clan, often, it must be confessed, accompanied by chaffinches and greenfinches. The flocks can wreak their will upon the bent grain, and gather their harvest despite "scarecrows" or even drastic action on the part of the farmer.

The corn in its stooks also affords chances for unauthorised harvesting from that of small birds to bigger raiders. A picture by a well-known bird artist of blackgame coming to the harvest field in the dawn of an early autumn morning rises before one's memory, and I have seen pheasants, also partridges, helping themselves aloft.

Woodpigeons rarely neglect any opportunity and they often come to the stooks, and I have even seen a dainty little turtle dove picking at the heads of grain. It is usually a diligent gleaner.

Gleaning under modern conditions, with little corn left on the ground by the highly efficient machinery of the present time, is not a very productive proceeding, but the birds harvest what there is to be found. Pheasants, partridges, pigeons and the finch tribe seek industriously for fallen grain and find a certain amount.

For the pheasants and pigeons harvest time does not really begin until the acorns fall—then they do enjoy themselves. Another bird which likes to go acorn gathering is the mallard. When the acorns begin to drop our tame wild ducks cease to come to the house for food, but may be seen in the early morning waddling about beneath the oak trees picking up acorns.

After the acorns come the sweet chestnuts, nuts which are eagerly sought by birds and beasts. Squirrels and mice delight in them, the rabbits eat them, and the pheasant has many of them.

The turn of those keen nut-eaters the great tit and the nuthatch does not come until the hazel nuts ripen, and then their "tap, tap, tapping" can be heard from the trees, where they have wedged their treasures into crevices of the bark and are hammering at them.

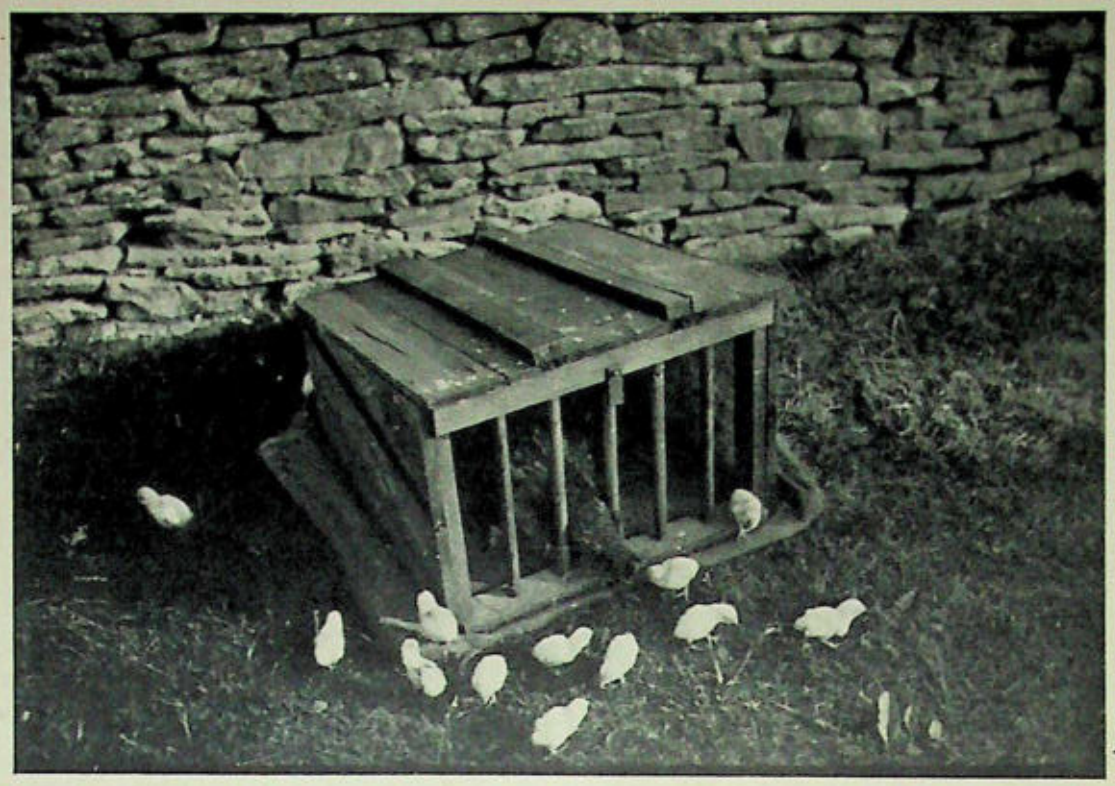
The nuthatch owes its name to the neat efficiency with which it does this work, fixing its nut so firmly and then working until it has made a hole in the shell and can extract the contents.

Harvesting of a different description lies before those birds that like beechmast, or those such as the crossbill that want pine seeds. The latter has, of course, a tool for the purpose; its peculiar beak with crossed mandibles, which enables it to tear off each lobe of the fir cone and get at the seed. The squirrel, which likes pine seed too, bites the pieces off and makes a neater job; hence one can tell whether squirrels or crossbills have been at work by an examination of the remains of the fir cones lying on the ground beneath the trees.

In many respects the mammals enjoy harvest time even better than the birds. The dormouse waxes fat on nuts, the long-tailed mice have a high time on the stubbles and in the hedges, ditto the bank vole, and the badger faring sumptuously on wasp nests, etc. becomes amazingly portly. In short, creatures of all kinds make the best of the season of plenty which is now at hand.

—INTERRUPTED BY A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

These photographs are two of a series taken on just such an area of rough ground as Miss Pitt describes, where thistles (above) and teasels (below) provide goldfinches, and many other birds, with a happy hunting ground at the latter end of summer



A keeper's nightmare—where have the white ones gone?

"OFTEN AWHILE I STRAY"

One of the Most Pressing Problems of the Pheasant Preserver

OBJECTIONABLE is perhaps too strong a word to use when describing the habit of straying in the pheasant, but no doubt gamekeepers use even more explicit words in this connection. This habit is the bugbear of pheasant preservation. How comparatively easy would the gamekeeper's lot be without this propensity to cope with! If only a thousand pheasants placed in a covert would remain a thousand pheasants up to the day of the first shoot! Perhaps loss from straying is the most common cause of failure, or partial failure, in a shoot. There are some estates (where no wild stock is present to help matters) that are fortunate if 50 per cent. of the birds reared ever reach the game bag. An average of 75 per cent. would be good.

It will be seen that the prevention of straying is an important matter, and one that should receive every attention. Some keepers pin their faith on a certain breed of pheasant, others on a food or patent remedy to mix with the food. Unfortunately, the matter is not quite so simply overcome. Every breed of pheasant will stray, whether it be Old English Black Neck or Chinese. The reason why the latter have a bad name amongst keepers is merely that they are easily distinguishable; and because one day they are seen here and to-morrow there the pheasants of this breed are thought to be bad strayers. A white or pied bird will act in just the same way. Indeed, every pheasant will "explore every avenue," as our politicians say. A certain keeper, knowing the worry it would cause him, would never allow a white or pied pheasant to reach maturity. If the chick was not killed by getting into the wrong coop it succumbed in some other mysterious way.

Attractive food goes a long way in keeping pheasants at home. Soft or cooked food is better than just hard corn, which can usually be found elsewhere by the birds, and has no special attraction unless it contains a goodly mixture of seeds. In the old days raisins were purchased for pheasants, and corn was even soaked in rum, but raisins and rum make expensive feeding, and in these days other tactics must be employed. A load or two of barley rakings, which can usually be had from the farms at a reasonable price, are useful if dotted about the rides in the form of feed-stacks. These feed-stacks should not be just dumps of corn-in-the-straw upon the ground, but staging should be erected upon which to place it. The pheasants will then love to scratch about underneath, especially during wet weather. A few handfuls may be pulled each day and thrown under the stack.

Lucky is the game preserver whose coverts are surrounded by plenty of arable fields, giving stubbles and root crops — always providing he has the shooting rights over these said fields and does not receive a bill for damages from the farmer.

One of the best methods of helping to keep pheasants at home is to arrange for a certain acreage (say, 10 acres per 1,000 birds) of buckwheat to be grown near the covert for the birds. This corn should be sown about the first week in June, and it is best if drilled 1-ft. apart in the drills, when one bushel will plant an acre. The crop should be left standing for the pheasants to harvest. Pheasants love to walk up the wide spaces between the drills pulling down the ripe seed, and as it does not ripen all at once it lasts right on until cut down by frost. Other advantages of buckwheat over other crops are that rabbits are not very partial to it, and it has to be grown for a number of years before pigeons and rooks find out its value. Further, a field of buckwheat will collect every partridge in the vicinity. Whatever the crop grown for the pheasants may be, and there are alternatives such as barley, beans or mustard, they should never be shot direct out of it; they will then look upon it as a sanctuary.

The use of decoys is well understood for duck and other purposes, but few have tried pheasants as decoys for others of their species. If an open aviary is erected in the centre of the pheasant covert and stocked with brailed birds, it will be found that others that have their liberty will be greatly attracted by the captive pheasants. This aviary would be a suitable home for the old birds out of the laying-pens, where they would be kept out of mischief—there is nothing as bad as an old cock pheasant for teaching the youngsters to stray.

However thoroughly these devices are carried out, they will do but little good unless the keeper in charge, his assistants and spaniels, are of the most active habit. Driving-in must be done thoroughly. Every hedgerow or fence leading away from a certain safe area around the coverts (pheasants must be given a little scope) must be thoroughly worked by man and dog as often as possible (every two hours is not too often) from early morning until well on in the afternoon. Even then it is easy to let 30 or 40 birds in one bunch slip by, and if they go too far they may not find their way back, or they may find a more attractive residence across the boundary and have no wish to return.

Lastly, keep the pheasant covert as quiet as possible. Allow no man or beast to enter. Do not be tempted, when the boy comes home from school, to let him try his hand at shooting pigeon or rabbits in or about its confines. If there is not a plentiful supply of drinking water available then supply it, or the pheasants will go where there is.

RING NECK.

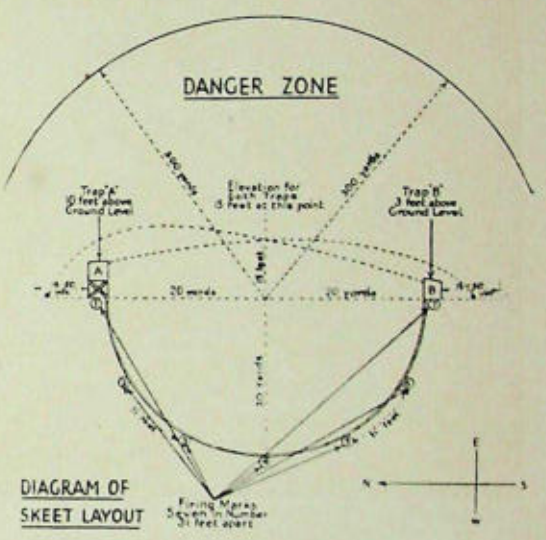
"SKEET," A NEW GAME OF THE SHOOTING GROUND

Clays at Sporting Angles

FOR some months now the game of "Skeet," recently imported from America, has been gaining a hold in this country. One of the first Skeet grounds in the country was set up by Messrs. Holland & Holland in their shooting school, and at present grounds are also laid out at Messrs. Boss's Regent Shooting School, at Messrs. Rosson's Shooting School at Caversham (where there was a competition on August 10th), at the West London Shooting School at Greenford (where there will be a competition on August 18th), at the Waltham Abbey Gun Club ground, and at Baskefield, nearest Leicester, among others.

A most instructive pamphlet has recently been issued by I.C.I. on the subject, and I am indebted to that publication for these details. Those who wish for further information, for instance, about the traphouses, should apply to Thames House, Millbank, for information.

The first object of "Skeet" is to give realistic and accurate practice with clays, and as such the game has met with marked success in America. In choosing a ground a stretch 300yds. by 600yds. with a good sky-line is needed. The traps should be as shown in the diagram so as to have the shooting north and north-east and get the best of the light. The firing marks are arrayed in a

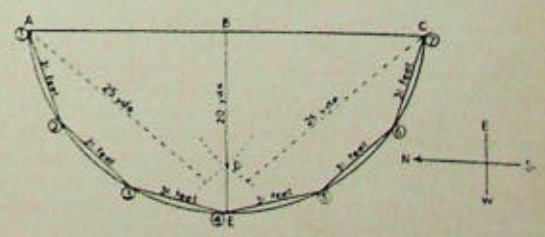


semi-circle between the two traps, No. 1 near the A (high) trap to No. 7 next the B or low trap. Thus with 40yds. between traps, No. 4 stand in the centre is 20yds. to the rear. I should add that the traps are 10ft. and 3ft. high, respectively. The stands as the diagram show are 31ft. apart.

Shooters in squads of five or less start at No. 1 firing stand. The first shooter loads with one cartridge, and at a signal the "going away" bird is loosed from No. 1 trap; he then reloads and fires at a low incoming bird at one trap. The rest of the squad then shoot and the party move to No. 2, No. 3 and so on, every member of the party firing fourteen single shots in all. The round is then completed by the firing of three doubles, taken from stands Nos. 2, 4 and 6. In these three cases the bird is first released from A trap; on hearing the shot the trapper in B house releases his bird. This makes 20 shots in all. As the chief object of Skeet is to provide practice for field shooting, the referee should pay particular attention to the rule governing the use of a gun, as a shooter is not allowed to raise his gun to his shoulder until the bird is in the air. All birds must be broken before they pass the opposite traphouse.

This in simple terms explains the principles of a shooting game which has become popular this summer, and which will give good practice in August to those not fortunate enough to be going grouse shooting.

R. M.



SETTING OUT A SKEET GROUND

ON RENTING A MOOR

Random Thoughts on the Vagaries of Grouse

INCREASING prosperity and the gradual return to better times are clearly reflected in the much greater demand this year for grouse shoots Once more the Scottish Laird is enjoying the revenue from his moors, which, in normal times, he had always looked upon as a certainty ; but which, in recent years, could only be regarded as the possible source at the best of a very uncertain and diminished income. It is, indeed, to be hoped that a long time will elapse before he has to pass through such bad times again.

The lean years of 1931 to 1933, though so unprofitable to the owners of moors and forests, yielded, however, a rich harvest of excellent shooting to the guns visiting the lodges in the vicinity of the unlet estates, for they undoubtedly got a great deal of extra shooting, so, as usual, it was an ill wind that blew nobody any good.

I was one of the lucky ones two years ago, when, on leaving a shoot in Inverness-shire for another in Ross-shire, I called in at the local gunmaker, whom I had known for years, to obtain some more cartridges. Before my purchase was complete, he asked me whether I had four free days to spare during the following week. As a matter of fact I had, and on informing him accordingly, he electrified me by asking whether I would care to have four days driving at A——. As the place he mentioned was a famous 2,000 brace moor, I was somewhat astonished that such an invitation should be in his hands. He, however, informed me that the owner had been totally unable to let it, and as the moor had to be shot by someone he had been instructed to try and get eight guns together from the immediate neighbourhood to shoot a minimum of 1,000 brace. I took the glad news to my next host, and it was speedily arranged that his house party should furnish four of the required guns ; and a capital time we had, too, for we shot 760 brace in the four days.

The following year, with this bit of luck fresh in my memory, I again called at the same gunmaker for more cartridges, in the hopes of similar fortune ; but such opportunities rarely occur twice, and I learnt to my disappointment that this year A—— was let. However, my luck was still in, for, to my surprise, a very old friend of mine entered the shop, who proved to be the tenant of the moor in question, so I again visited the butts in which I had had such good sport the year before.

It is in some ways, I think, surprising that driving moors in Scotland let as readily as they do, for, without doubt, they cost far more than any other shooting property when the total price involved is balanced against the head of game usually killed and the shortness of the season. Few moors, I suppose, are let for more than two months, and as the total cost of the shoot, including entertaining a large house party at the lodge, is probably quite double the actual rent asked, the resulting sum is a large one to pay for the few days' sport which it provides. Prices, moreover, as a general rule remain the same whatever the year promises, which would appear unreasonable, although the landlord can hardly be blamed for obtaining as much as he can for the privilege of shooting his moors—even should he know well that the prospects of an average bag being obtained are not good. Sometimes, however, the boot is on the other foot, and a bumper year comes along when a much heavier bag is killed than could have been expected from the rent asked. Such a case was furnished only last year when a famous Forfarshire moor, after having been let at a very reasonable figure, yielded a bag in the neighbourhood of 9,000 brace. This, however, must be a very exceptional case and one which is not likely to occur again very frequently, for more often than not it is probably the landowner who gets the best of the bargain, as is exemplified by the case of a certain moor which lets year after year with unfailing regularity for £1,700, yet it yields also with unfailing regularity a very mediocre bag. It consequently never attracts the same tenant twice, and, therefore, never enjoys the advantages of a long lease, which state of affairs is undoubtedly very bad for the moor itself.

WAS IT WORTH IT?
Counting the bag on a moor in the Highlands

On the Continent and especially in Central Europe, shoots are more often than not let on the basis of paying a certain sum for each bird of every species that is actually killed. This method undoubtedly protects the tenant to the fullest possible degree, and also ensures that in bumper years the landlord obtains an adequate payment for the sport he has provided. By this system the latter unquestionably suffers if the guns are not up to the ordinary standard, yet, in the main, it answers very well, and gives general satisfaction.

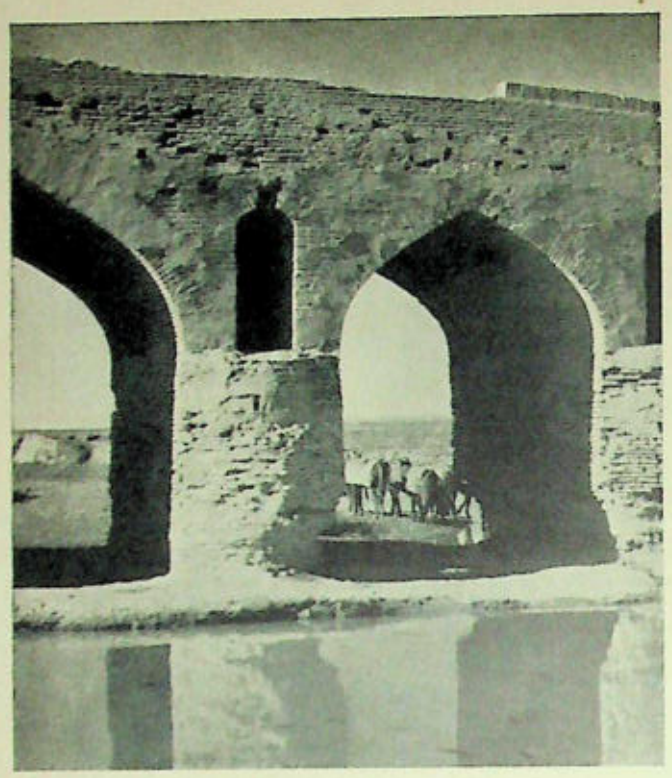
One is, therefore, given to wonder whether some similar arrangement could not be adopted in these islands, for if we may assume that the ordinary British tenant is an average performer, neither of the parties concerned in the two cases quoted above could have any complaint to make Of course one knows it never will be!

One can, of course, say it is foolish of any tenant to rent a moor before he has taken the trouble to ascertain the probable head of game he is likely to kill on it, but this in practice is probably very difficult to find out with any degree of certainty owing to the little time he has at his disposal in these strenuous times to make the necessary *personal* investigations. In all probability he will have to confine his inquiries to a study of the game book over a period of years, but this record is one of the most unreliable guides in forecasting the bag for the current year, as to mention but one fact, a moor that has shown an excellent record for the past five or six years may be due for its turn of grouse disease, which, if it does occur, will reduce the bag to a microscopic number. A moor that has produced a wonderful bag the year before is an easy one for any agent to let, and sounds a tempting proposition, but it frequently is not so attractive as it appears, for it is often the season *after* a heavy bag that disease appears.

DOUGLAS LANG.

LOOKING INTO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
To the left of the keeper are Sir Herbert Cayzer, Sir George Hennessey, Mr. L. Bulteel, and Lord Hutchinson, shooting at Kinloch, Amulree, last year

Shooting Homilies.—The impressionable mind is more likely to be influenced by the eye than by the ear, however crisp the curse that enlivens the Highland air. So all young shooters should be possessed of the admirably graphic *Shooting Homilies*, issued by J. & C. Eno, Limited. They consist of Mark Beaufoy's well-known doggerel rhymes—"Never let a loaded gun, etc."—illustrated by Fougasse. Yet for all their levity these sketches bring home many lessons which must be learnt by every young shooter.



A PERSIAN BRIDGE

BY CAR TO INDIA

Desert, Cart Track and Arterial Road

By PATRICK BALFOUR

IT would be hypocritical to pretend that a motor journey to India is any longer a hazardous venture. The world is becoming daily a less dangerous place, and it grows increasingly difficult for the adventurous traveller, who is so inclined, to find danger anywhere. He is just as likely to incur risk from the bandits of the Great North Road as from the "wild" tribes of the Near East and Central Asia. You can to-day set out to motor to India with only an infinitesimal risk of molestation, and, indeed, at only moderate discomfort.

We decided not to do the whole journey overland, chiefly because we were in a hurry, and had heard disconcerting reports of bad roads and obstructionist officialdom in Turkey. So we put our two Rolls-Royce cars on a boat at Brindisi, bound for Haifa.

Our first hitch occurred at Cyprus, where we were informed that Arab riots had broken out in Palestine owing to the influx of German Jewish emigrants, that we could not at present land there, but would be delayed pending further bulletins. Since, with 600 German Jewish refugees in the third class our boat resembled a floating Ghetto, we had no cause to regret such precautions, and explored the island of Cyprus.

Cyprus, because it approximated so little to my preconceived notions, disappointed me greatly. I had imagined a lush Mediterranean island, rich with verdure, gay with orange trees and olives. Instead I saw an apparent desert—mile upon mile of unrelieved dust. Centuries ago, in the days of the Roman and Phœnician civilisations, Cyprus was one of the granaries of the Mediterranean. It was thickly wooded, and Alexander the Great built his entire fleet from its timber. It remained rich until it fell into the hands of the Turks, who let it go completely to the dogs—or rather to the goats, the lowest stage a country can reach in the decay of cultivation. But, despite 400 years of atrophy, it still has immense possibilities. Practically anything will grow there, including 71 different varieties of fruits and nuts, and the British should in time be able to restore it to a cultivated state.

After 48 hours' delay we proceeded to Beyrout, which, being in Syria, was free from the Palestine disturbances, though what happened to the 600 Jews—who palpably could not be let loose in Syria—I never discovered.

We had prepared ourselves for bad roads the moment we landed in Asia; but nothing could have been better than the *route nationale*, which took us across the Lebanon Mountains to Damascus. Asia was beginning well in this respect. And what a way to enter Asia! First, the long, spiral climb of 5,000ft. to the top of the Lebanon (where, incidentally, there is no such thing as a cedar), with Beyrout and the Mediterranean still visible, as if through the wrong end of a telescope, beneath and behind us. Then, on the other side, the plain of Rayak, a great bowl of colour, where the old Roman temple of Baalbek stands, its sandstone pillars turned gold by the sun, on a ground of innumerable reds, like a sunset spread upon the earth.

At Damascus our difficulties—such as they were—began. A few years ago the desert road to Baghdad was anything but safe. To-day there is so much traffic on it that the dangers from hostile Bedouins are negligible, and the track is so well marked that it would be hard to lose it. Nevertheless, the French cannot be blamed for taking what may seem excessive precautions to protect intending passengers. No car is permitted to travel unless attached to a convoy. Convoys are limited to two days a week, and do the whole journey of 600 miles in 24 hours, driving day and night, with only an hour's stop at Rutba Wells (the half-way house). As we had three women in our party and no spare driver we preferred to lag behind the convoy and stop a night at Rutba. The authorities insisted, therefore, that we must take a guide, who cost us the pretty sum of £8 and slept comfortably in the front seat the entire way to Baghdad. In addition, to avoid paying exorbitant sums for petrol at Rutba we had to carry sufficient extra supplies for the whole journey—ten tins per car—and this left singularly little room for passengers.

On the first day we stopped to eat our lunch at an isolated French fort, where the wireless operator was a Foreign Legionary from Birmingham. Unlike the average member of that force, he was enthusiastic over his lot. If you speak languages and can do specialised jobs, he said, the Legion is a grand life. As a wireless operator he got £2 a week, from which had to be deducted living expenses at the rate of 6d. a day. We reached Rutba in time for a very British dinner, with British beer, at fantastic prices, for we had crossed from Syria into Iraq in the middle of the desert.

There is nothing in Baghdad but its name. It is a totally featureless and uninteresting town, consisting of a single main street, stretching for miles beside the Tigris, with the richer Arabs jingling up and down it in Victorias. Its main virtue is negative: that it is as yet unsullied by trams, omnibuses or other such modern means of transport. Its other virtue is that it is close to Persia, and Persia is a name that never fails to thrill. We left Baghdad with few regrets. The next morning we passed the most romantic signpost in the world. It bore the one word, Persia.

No sooner were we across the frontier than the country changed. It at once became mountainous, and in between the bare mountains were fascinating streams, like English trout streams, overhung with willows, bordered with poplars and planes—green stretches unbelievably refreshing in such parched surroundings. In these valleys are the true Persian gardens, whose essence is coolness and greenness rather than a blaze of flowers.

The road to Teheran, originally built by the British during the war, was in excellent condition, and we made good time over the high passes. There were two of these, each above 8,000ft.; and after surmounting the first we never descended to our original level.

Until Teheran we found primitive hotels to sleep in each night. But from there to Mesched were nothing but garages, built on the lines of the old caravanserais, where we slept in bare rooms, our bedding stretched on the ground, motor lorries making incessant raucous noises outside a few feet off. Mesched is the back of beyond. From here the normal route to India is to the south, via Baluchistan. But, much to our surprise, though it was only a fortnight after the murder of the king, we were given permission to proceed through Afghanistan. Thinking as it was to see this little-known country, we had not bargained for an almost complete lack of roads. In Afghanistan these are simply rough tracks, with innumerable small humped bridges. Throughout we found a thoroughly friendly spirit among the natives, whose reputation is so evil. They were only too ready to assist us, and without them both our cars would still be lying embedded in Afghan mud. As it was, they reached Quetta in an unrecognisable and battered condition just five-and-a-half weeks after leaving London.

IN SYRIA AND CYPRUS

On the left is a picture of a French Native Armoured Car Detachment in the Syrian desert; third from the left is a British Foreign Legion wireless operator; on the right is a house in Cyprus

"There is no reason why cruisers when Bermudan rigged should not have all spars hollow"

CRUISING YACHTS AND THEIR SPARS

"Sticks" and Booms to Suit the Rig

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

IN the last ten years the steady development of hull form has been a most noticeable feature of cruising yacht design. Moreover, possibly because this factor is more readily appreciated by yachtsmen and because its problems are capable of scientific investigation, these developments which first appeared in ocean racer design have extended their influence to small cruisers.

Side by side with the march of hull-form development has been an improving knowledge of spars and their functions. "New ships: new ways," so probably the development of the Bermudan rig has been responsible for a wider interest in this problem. Even so, what improvements have been made in spar plans have very largely been confined to racing craft and fast ocean cruisers; the small cruiser and the *bona fide* passage-making cruiser do not yet seem to have been drawn within the net.

Undoubtedly the most difficult problem which a spar designer must face is the lack of scientific data at his disposal. There is a general lack of knowledge of the actual stresses set up in masts, spars and rigging under hard-weather conditions. Here and there—particularly in Germany—one meets an owner who, for his own amusement, applies test-metres to his standing rigging, and ascertains the strains and stresses for varying wind strengths. The collection of this valuable data is however, so sparse as to be almost valueless at present. Again, the designer is up against the eternal problem of material for his spar materials vary in themselves, and between each other in their strength, elasticity and durability as well as in their weight.

Just as in hull construction it is as well to limit the timbers used as much as possible, and with limitations on mast timber the problem of spar dimensions may well be accentuated. If a spar plan is designed for one rig and for one purpose, it is very certain that the same plan will not be applicable to another rig, for the bending, twisting and thrust forces set up in a seaway vary with each alteration in sail plan. It will readily be appreciated that in the absence of accurate and comprehensive working data the designer's problems are wellnigh insuperable, and encourage him to design more often than not with a far larger margin of safety than is necessary. The net result of such a large margin is that there is unnecessary weight aloft, that the heeling moment of masts and spars is unnecessarily large, and, in consequence, much of the ballasting has to be devoted to the counter-action of this top-weight when it could be put to better purpose. And in this lies the crux of the matter. For the last 80 years or more spar designers have striven with increasing success to keep down top-weight. How necessary this is can be realised all too well from Dixon Kemp's observation that some 25 per cent. of a yacht's ballast was used solely to counteract the heeling tendency of her masts and spars.

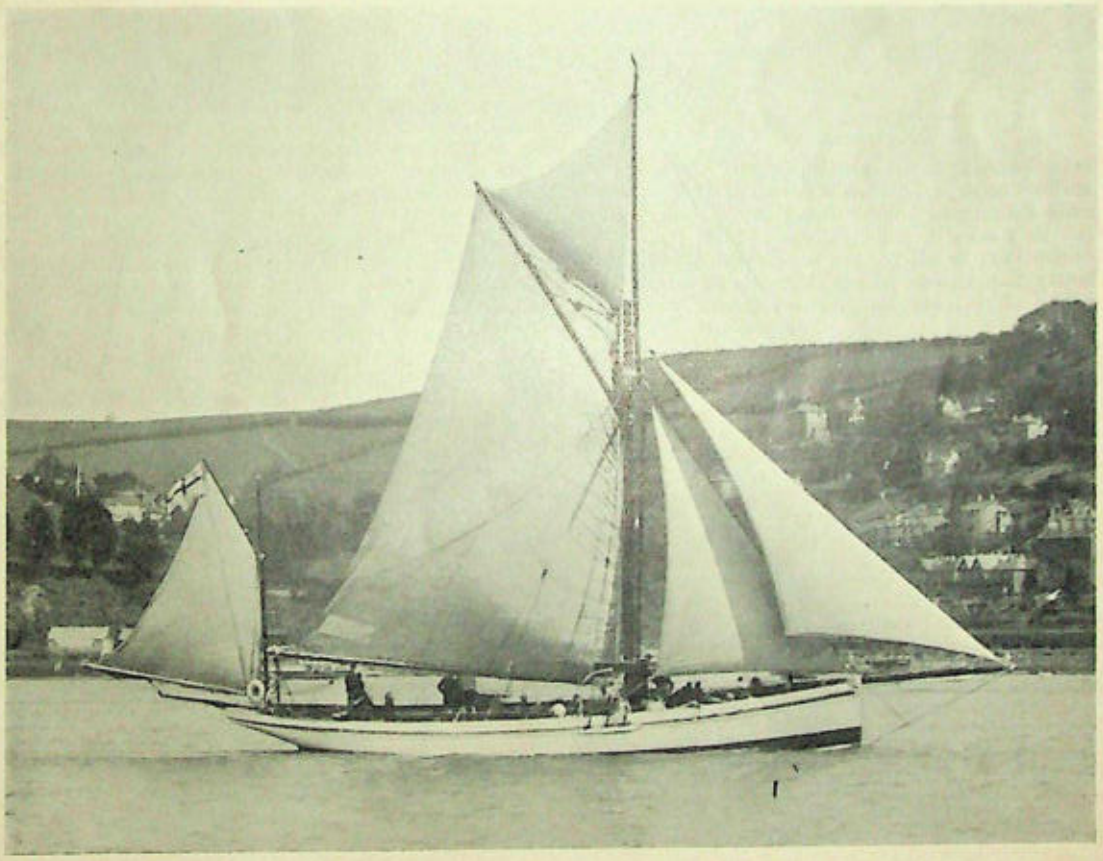
Take first the mast as the principal spar. This, in its primitive state and as fashioned for centuries, was just a solid stick, either a grown pole or one cut from the heart of a baulk. Pitch pine, Oregon pine, Norway spruce, Riga fir, and even larch were used; all suitable timbers for the job, but, with the exception of Norway spruce, very heavy. Then, as the tendency of sail-plan design urged a higher and a higher sail spread, and as grown poles and baulks of sufficient scantling for solid masts became scarcer and scarcer over here, built masts made an appearance. These spars, made up of sections glued together in the solid in the manner of a split cane fly-rod, are able to give the desired length, and it is even possible to economise slightly in weight. They are, however, costly and an unnecessary luxury in the ordinary cruising yacht.

Direct attempts had been made to lighten spars artificially. In about 1850, Harvey of Wivenhoe constructed a spar which was hollowed—a solid spar cut in half, the heart gouged out of each portion, and the two halves then tongued and grooved and glued together once more. Other hollow-spar designs followed, and it was seen that, using such timbers as Columbian pine, silver spruce, etc., in which the natural resistance to longitudinal crushing strain was considerable, a hollow spar could be made which was entirely practicable and which involved a saving of weight of some 50 per cent. over the solid or "built" stick. The growing popularity of the Bermudan rig gave this hollowed spar-making a great fillip, particularly when it was appreciated by spar designers that this rig sets up an entirely different series of stresses to the gaff-rig. Then, at the end of the war, there appeared the laminated hollow spar, a hollow spar made up of thin cylinders of wood—mostly Douglas fir.

And so the development of the hollow spar theory has proceeded, and to-day many a cruising owner wonders how much advantage he can reap from these developments. To state a rule for him would be arbitrary, but a few observations may help him to a decision. In the first place the bending strains set up by Bermudan rig in practice make, I think, a hollow spar of adequate staying just as safe a proposition when cruising as a solid stick would be. With gaff rig, however, there is the thrust at the jaws and the wringing strain at the mast-head to be considered and I would prefer a solid lower mast with a hollow topmast, or even a lightly scantled solid topmast.

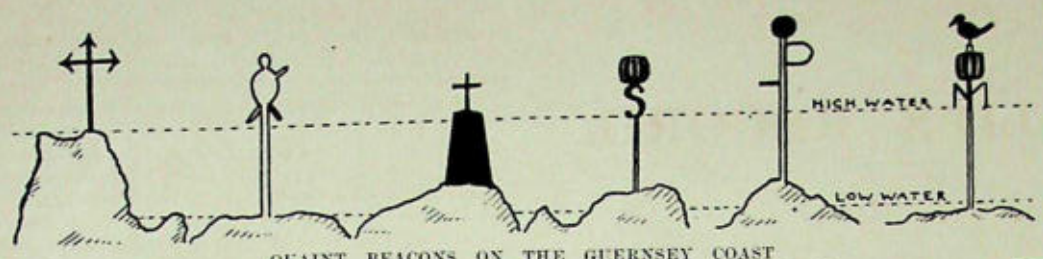
The bowsprit is a spar which is subject to such varying strains that I do not think a hollow spar should be risked on a genuine cruiser—a solid grown pole would be better. A hollow boom will be found welcome in a long rolling swell when there is little wind to keep the sail asleep. Again, it possesses marked advantage over a solid spar when laced to the foot of a long-foot sail such as is found with a "square"-planned gaff-sail or a Bermudan sail with a short hoist. On the other hand, with a loose-foot sail, and even with a roller reefing sail and with a short-foot sail, a solid boom is to be preferred.

Booms with deep-bellies, flat-topped booms, flexible booms, plank-booms and even booms of rectangular section have been tried with varying degrees of success; but for ordinary off-shore cruising I do not think that in the general case a solid spar of circular section and the correct taper can be improved upon. The gaff can, with every advantage, be a hollow spar; this makes for ease of handling, reduced man-power on the main halyards and definitely reduces top-weight. Summarising, therefore, it would seem that there is no reason why cruisers when Bermudan rigged (even the smallest) should not have all spars hollow, although, personally, I think she would be the better for a solid boom. In a gaff-rigged cruiser I should prefer a solid lower mast and a hollow topmast (whether a one-piece pole-mast or in two pieces is immaterial), a solid boom and bowsprit and a hollow gaff.



"For a gaff-rigged cruiser I should prefer a solid lower mast, a hollow topmast, a solid boom and bowsprit, and a hollow gaff

Little Ship Club Meeting.—The Ocean Race from Brightlingsea to Ostend this year under sail gave a first gun to Felicia. With the power cruisers, Mr. Quill got a win with his Lady Dora, thus giving the handicappers more trouble than they bargained for.

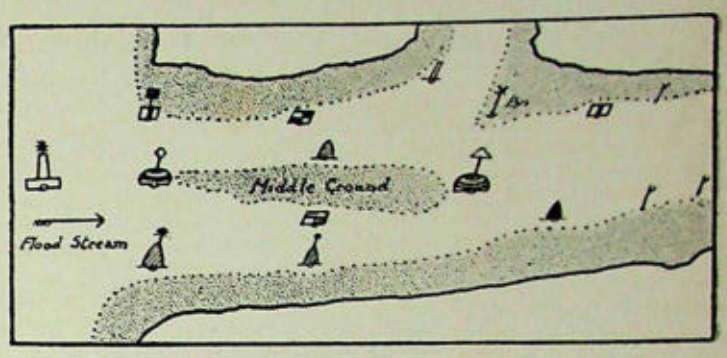


QUAINT BEACONS ON THE GUERNSEY COAST
Rousse, Grunette, Goubeau, Sardrette, Longue Pierre and Moulimet

FINDING ONE'S WAY ROUND THE COAST—I.

Sea Signposts and Their Meaning

By J. B. KIRKPATRICK



UNIFORM SYSTEM OF BUOYAGE

RECRUITS to cruising, whether in sail or power, are often doubtful of their ability to find the way when they first venture beyond the limits of their home port. Let them take courage. In ordinary weather it will be found that a coast-wise passage of 50 miles or 60 miles is really no more difficult than a cross-country journey of the same distance over unfamiliar roads. The sea has its signposts, though they are not marked "Ten miles to Yarmouth" or "Sharp right for Beaulieu River."

There is nothing very abstruse in the principles of coastal navigation, which depends mainly on the intelligent use of chart and compass, but practice is naturally necessary before those princi-ples can be applied with confidence under any conditions. While he is gaining that confidence the beginner cannot get into any very serious trouble if he makes himself familiar with the sea "signposts" and their meaning.

The first step is to master thoroughly the Uniform System of buoyage, so that one can tell at a glance from the shape and colour of a buoy on which side it must be passed. This system applies with very few exceptions to all waters under the jurisdiction of Trinity House, but in small creeks and harbours controlled by local authorities there may be variations.

Since form is distinguishable at a greater distance than colour the shape of a buoy is the important factor in interpreting its meaning. All conical buoys are starboard-hand buoys—that is, they must be left on the right when entering an estuary or harbour, or in open waters when proceeding with the main stream of the flood tide, which on the east and south coasts of England flows towards the mouth of the Thames.

Starboard hand buoys are painted in a single colour, sometimes red and sometimes black, and if they carry a top-mark it is a staff and ball. Port-hand buoys are flat-topped can-buoys, and they are parti-coloured, with chequers or vertical stripes of red and white or black and white. The top-mark, if any, is a staff and cage. When leaving harbour or proceeding with the ebb-stream the meaning of the buoys is, of course, reversed.

Spherical buoys are painted with horizontal stripes of red and white or black and white, and they may be passed on either side. They are commonly used to mark a "middle ground" or detached shoal, and the buoy at the outer end where the channels divide then carries a staff and diamond top-mark, while a staff and triangle distinguishes the inner end or junction of the channels. If the "middle ground" is of any length its sides will be marked by conical and can-buoys in the ordinary way. A spherical buoy with a St. Andrew's cross top-mark is sometimes used to mark the middle of a minor channel or swatchway.

Large light and bell buoys used in important positions normally conform to the same rule, though their cage construction makes it harder to distinguish their colour. An exception is the pillar buoy, which consists of a tall central structure on a flat base, but these, though common in Continental waters, are not used to any great extent by Trinity House. The green and yellow or black and yellow striped buoys which are occasionally met are not intended for the ordinary purposes of navigation, but mark special areas, such as the "Spoil Grounds," where dredgers deposit their sludge. Buoys marking wrecks that are likely to be dangerous to navigation are invariably painted green, and again show by their shape on which side they must be passed. They are almost always lighted, starboard hand buoys giving three green flashes, port hand two, and those that may be passed on either side, one.

In addition to buoys and lightships fixed beacons are also used in many places to define channels or give warning of dangers, or as in the case of the towers on the Naze and Gribbin Head, simply to help the mariner to fix his position. There are beacons on many of the shallow sandbanks of the Thames estuary, and they are also employed extensively where isolated rocks are numerous, as, for example, in the Channel Islands. In such places they follow no fixed rule of shape or colour, but are designed to be as distinctive as possible so as to be easily identified.

To a man standing on the deck of a small yacht the horizon will be about three miles away, and a lightship would be visible at that distance, but a buoy, unless the atmospheric conditions are exceptionally good, cannot be picked up until it is considerably closer, and its shape and colour cannot be distinguished with certainty at much over a mile. In well-buoyed waters it is possible to follow a channel by picking one's way from buoy to buoy, at least in fine weather. But this elementary form of pilotage will not satisfy a keen yachtsman for long, and if he is wise he will take advantage of fine weather to practise the more precise methods of navigation, which are essential to safety when conditions are not so kind.

(To be continued.)

ENDEAVOUR'S RIVALS

Our Chances for the America's Cup

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

IT is never an easy matter to estimate the capa-bilities of a new yacht—and especially of a large yacht—during the first few weeks of the racing season. In the case of Endeavour—although she has sailed in a dozen races, as well as in the special trials with Velsheda—it is not possible, with any degree of accuracy, to gauge her chances of winning the America's Cup. She is, undoubtedly, a very good boat, but the results of the Velsheda trials are apt to be misleading, as that yacht has been in far from her best form during the whole season. Had Mr. Stephenson's yacht been at her best, it is difficult to believe that the challenger would have beaten her a minute a mile to windward in their last trial off Torquay.

It is even more difficult to estimate the chances of the three candidates for the defence of the Cup. After a number of informal tuning up races and nearly a week of official trial races, it is evident that the new Burgess boat Rainbow is going to have her work cut out to beat the older Paine-designed Yankee. During the winter Yankee has had alterations made to her fore body, and to her sail plan forward of the mast, which have made a marked improvement in her performance in from light to moderate weather.

In 1930, Yankee was considered to be a very fine performer in heavy weather but relatively slow in light and moderate going. This season, after her alterations—and with Mr. Charles Francis Adams at the helm—she has shown greatly improved form to windward under these conditions, and has also shown that she is fast with the wind abeam. Her weak point, as compared with the others, appears to be when sailing dead before the wind. So far, she had not had a heavy weather trial this season, but there is every reason to believe that she will be as good, or even better, under these conditions, than she was in 1930. In four races she beat the new Rainbow three times and only lost to her once when the Burgess boat picked up a slant of wind and passed her right on the finishing line.

Weetamoe, which had also undergone alterations during the winter, also lost three races to Yankee. The Crane-designed cutter had had weight added to the fore-end of her lead keel, giving her greater stability and bringing the centre of her lateral plane further forward but, in these preliminary races, the practical results of these alterations have been distinctly disappointing. It may be that her increased wetted surface has told against her in the prevailing winds and that she will only benefit by the alterations when it is blowing harder, but, at present, it looks as if she is out of the running for the honour of being selected as Cup Defender.

The old Gardner-designed cutter Vanitie has been useful in the preliminary trial races, as, although she is outclassed in a hard breeze by the newer boats, her well-known light weather qualities have set a standard by which the performances of the others may be judged. The new Vanderbilt Syndicate cutter, Rainbow, has shown great speed at times, but has obviously not yet found her true form. She is, however, outstandingly good with spinnaker set, in light and moderate airs, under which conditions she has definitely outfooted the other three yachts. By this time she will have had a new and lighter boom fitted. This is to be built of duralumin and is to be of the pattern which proved highly satis-factory on Enterprise, and with which the desired amount of flow to the foot of the mainsail can be obtained in a simple and effective manner. Rain-bow, it is said, is to try out a double-clewed jib similar to the one Mr. Sopwith had fitted to Endeavour—a set off to the fact that a "Park Avenue" boom has been fitted to the challenger. It is true that, in these early trial races, the Vanderbilt Syndicate's yacht has been somewhat disappointing, but just as in 1930 it took some time to discover Enterprise's ultimate trim, so, it may be expected, some considerable time may be required yet before the best is got out of Rainbow. In spite of her defeats in the earlier races, her after-guard are said to be quite confident that, by the date of the final trials, the new vessel will be able to more than to hold her own with the other two yachts—and a bit over!

American yachtsmen, who have been looking forward to a keen and hard fought out series of races for the America's Cup, were somewhat dis-turbed by the news that, owing to a number of Endeavour's professional crew having refused to accept Mr. Sopwith's generous terms, the majority of the racing crew will be amateurs. It is thought, by them, that trained hands are absolutely essential aboard a Cup challenger and that amateurs have never been able to fill the shoes of professionals on a large yacht.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next competition is Saturday, September 22nd. 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.

"One Crowded Hour"

BREAKING A WORLD'S RECORD

The Best Race I Ever Ran

By T. HAMPSON

ALTHOUGH two years have elapsed since the Olympic Games of 1932, every detail of the competitions in the huge stadium at Los Angeles is still fresh in my memory, for it was here that I experienced my "crowded hour of glorious life"—so glorious, in fact, that rather than face a possible disappointment through inability to repeat a record-breaking performance, I have thought it wise to renounce active interest in athletic competition.

The 800 metres race in the Olympic Stadium on August 2nd, 1932, was not the solitary achievement of four years' strenuous training and racing; but those four years of hard though steady work had, as their avowed object, participation in the Olympic Games, with a remote hope of achieving an Olympic victory. I was persuaded into athletics in August, 1928 after the retirement of D. G. A. Lowe, whose example I hoped to follow and possibly to emulate. After months of strenuous training, I managed to reach the fringe of the Oxford Athletic Team, and later in 1929 to tour with the combined Universities in America.

Having meanwhile "come down," I became a schoolmaster at St. Albans School and, thanks to many kindnesses on the part of two headmasters and my colleagues on the staff, I was released from a number of school duties to devote my time to training and racing. How great the debt I owe to them may be easily estimated when one considers that from early 1930 to July 1932, I was racing, in the season, all over the country, and meanwhile training every day; and I am proud that they should justly claim a share in the credit of my performance at Los Angeles.

START AND FINISH

A picture of a heat in the Los Angeles Olympiad with Hampson (above) on the right of the start, and winning from Martin, of France, in 1min. 53sec. (below)

We left England on July 13th, 1932, sailing on the Empress of Britain to Montreal; and travelling thence via Toronto, Chicago, and the Santa Fé railroad, reached Los Angeles—as far the other side of New York as the distance across the Atlantic—five days before the opening of the Tenth Olympiad. The weather in California exceeded even our rosiest expectations: golden sunshine, blue skies, warm and light breezes are common features of a Californian summer. On account of these excellent weather conditions, tracks can be constructed of a type of peat clay the fastest running surface known, and one which for obvious reasons can only be used in a district where rain during the athletics season is unknown. Combined with this fast running surface, the ideal weather conditions mentioned above were sufficient to produce a host of new world records which will probably only be broken under like conditions.

July 30th saw the opening ceremonies in front of a crowd of 105,000, filling the massive steel and concrete stadium to overflowing. July 31st gave me my first taste of competition in the preliminary heats of the 800 metres race. August 1st was a day of rest, and the final was run on August 2nd.

How I lived through the evening and night of August 1st and the morning of the 2nd is a mystery to me. All athletes, in greater or less degree, suffer from "cold feet" or "wind-up," which, briefly described, is a state of mental unbalance due to a fear—usually unfounded—of making hopeless fools of themselves in an important race. Of the nine who qualified for the final, I was certainly not the only one who spent a few uncomfortable hours. What feverish making and remaking of plans occupied that apparently interminable period; what an amount of kind advice came from all manner of people; and how my hopes sank lower and lower until the scheduled time of the race!

Nine of us lined up before the starter, Leslie of New Zealand, on the brown clay track surrounding the emerald greensward. Edwards and Wilson of Canada, men for whom I held an awesome respect, having competed against them two years before; Peltzer of Germany, and Martin of France, both world's record holders; three American cracks, Genung, Hornbostel and Turner; and J. V. Powell, of the London Athletic Club, and myself.

I had, as usual, already prepared the plan of my race, which was to carry out the principles on which my training had been based—two laps of the same average speed, or as near as possible to a level pace throughout. I was prepared to risk about 55 seconds on the first lap, hoping to complete the second lap in the same time, thus doing 1min. 50sec. for the whole distance—a time which I judged ought to win the race. But supposing the pace lagged over the first lap? I was not keen on bearing the brunt of the pacemaking, and Powell gallantly offered to help me out and make the pace on the first lap for me.

Two false starts, one on each side of me, showed how keenly on edge we all were. At the third attempt the starter got us successfully away, although I lagged a little in my holes and was clearly last off. In the first 50 yards of a middle distance race, nobody quite knows what is happening. It is a "devil-take-the-hindmost" rush to the first bend, and a picking and choosing of positions, often with spikes and knees and hands making a way when speed itself fails. There was remarkably little bumping and boring, and when the ruck was clear, a lithe brown figure was out ahead, stepping out in tremendous strides—Edwards of Canada, followed closely by Genung and Wilson. I was then lying sixth, and as we turned into the back straight I endeavoured to move up to the leaders, not liking to be left so far behind, but feeling at the same time that the pace they were setting was much too fast. The announcement of the loud speaker as they passed the 200-metre mark confirmed my suspicions. "Time for 200 metres, 24⅘ seconds," and I knew that they would begin to crack before long, and that if I continued my own steady pace I could not go far wrong.

Swinging round the next bend, the pace of the leaders began to flag, and I moved up gradually into fourth place, still a dozen or more yards behind Edwards, who completed the first lap in 52⅕sec., which gave me a lap a little faster than 55. The strain of the pace was beginning to tell on him and he was slowly but surely losing what had earlier appeared a commanding lead. We all steadied a little round the next bend, and I prepared myself for the effort I intended to make at the beginning of the back straight, some 300 yards from home.

I made the effort, my legs appearing to move with the leadened slowness of a nightmare, and though gradually I crept upon the flying Canadian, it cost me most of my strength, and brought Genung and Wilson along as well. I was now in third place, and as we reached the last bend, Wilson crept past Edwards and went away with a lead of a yard, two yards, increasing at every pace. Here I did some quick thinking. To pass Edwards myself on the bend meant running an extra three or four yards. Providence assisted me to decide to remain behind him, jump him at the corner, and attempt to cut down Wilson's six yard lead in the home straight, in other words, in 80 yards.

I threw everything to the winds and went crazy. I pounded as hard as I could go, but yet by good luck kept my style. At half the distance I had drawn level, and out of the corner of my eye saw first Wilson's shoulder,

(Continued on page 346)

"IN A REDDISH HAZE"

Hampson finished his record 800 metres in a reddish haze, and the camera seems to have caught the atmosphere. He broke the world's record in 1min. 49⅗th sec

WATCHING THE EMPIRE'S FINEST ATHLETES

New British Records Set Up

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

LAST Saturday the second Empire Games Festival was opened at the White City Stadium, London, by Sir George Truscott, the Acting Lord Mayor of London, and the affection in which that great sporting peer, the Earl of Lonsdale, is held by the public was exemplified by the wonderful reception he was given both on Saturday and Monday.

The opening ceremony followed the precedent of the Olympic Games, and magnificent the teams of young men and women, drawn from sixteen parts of the Empire, looked as they marched into the arena, behind the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and headed by R. L. Howland, the famous Cambridge shot-putter and now English captain, carrying the Union Jack. Behind, came the nations within the Empire, each team headed by its standard and national flag bearers.

After Howland had taken the oath of allegiance to the King-Emperor, and had solemnly undertaken on behalf of all the athletes that they would follow the rules and compete in the spirit of true sportsmanship, the strains of "God Save the King" floated on the air and 40,000 pigeons were released from baskets ranged entirely round the arena.

The first event on the programme was the 440yds. hurdles, and nothing could have been more pleasing than to witness the victory of Alan Hunter, of Scotland, for he is the son of Evan Hunter, who is secretary of both the British Olympic Council and the British Empire Games Federation. The 100yds. heats promised very well, for I. C. Young, Scotland, got inside evens, a performance equalled in the semi-final by A. W. Sweeney, England, who took the final in evens from a magnificent specimen of South African manhood, M. W. Theunissen. Sweeney's subsequent running in the furlong marks him as one of the greatest sprinters, in the making, that England has yet produced.

Perhaps the most popular victory of the first two days of the Games was that of Phil Edwards, British Guiana, who took the half-mile in 1min. 54⅕sec. He covered the first 440yds. in 53⅗sec. and literally ran our English champion, A. W. Cooper, who tried to hang on to him, right into the ground. Londoners have a warm place in their hearts for the coloured sportsmen of the Empire and, after Edwards's victory, a beautifully built boy from Trinidad, M. A. Dookie, who ran barefooted in the six miles, was followed by cheers lap after lap until he was forced to retire through foot soreness at three-and-a-half miles. D. O. Finlay, England, produced his usual victory in the high hurdles without being pressed, but the time would have been inside 15sec. if J. H. Viljoen, South Africa, had not fallen so heavily at the eighth flight that he had to be removed on a stretcher.

What happened to J. P. Metcalfe in the high jump no one will ever know. On Saturday he beat the British, and got within 3in. of world's, record in the hop, step and jump; in Australia he has beaten 6½ft. in the high jump, but last Monday he was not among those who beat 6ft. E. T. Thacker, South Africa; S. Richardson, Canada; and J. F. Michie, Scotland, all cleared 6ft. 3in., but were placed in the order given on the jump off. The two Canadians, S. Apps and A. Gilbert, gave a delightful exhibition of pole vaulting, but F. I. Woodhouse, Australia; A. S. du Plessis, South Africa; and all the Englishmen except F. Phillipson, were right off form.

The women's events found the English girls *in excelsis* on the first two days, but the Canadians were not much behind them, while Marjorie Clark South Africa, scored a great victory in the high jump with a new British record of 5ft. 3in. In the 660yds. relay, the English team led until the third change over, when Canada went right away to make a new British record of 1min. 14⅘sec. England, however, took their revenge in the 440yds. relay, beating Canada comfortably in 49⅘sec.

Meanwhile Miss Gladys Lunn had won the javelin-throwing event for England with quite a moderate performance, and followed that success up, on the second day, by winning the 880 yards in 2min. 19⅘sec., 1⅘sec. outside her own British record. She was followed home by the English girls, I. Jones, D. Butterfield and C. Furneaux, and the fitness of all four at the end of a fast race provides a complete answer to those who believe that running is harmful to the so-called weaker sex. Even more delightful was the running of the girl sprinters. Miss Hiscock, England, won her heat in the 100yds. in 11⅒sec., only the odd fraction outside Miss Johnson's British record, and took the final in 11⅒sec., beating Hilda Strike, the Canadian Olympic runner-up at Los Angeles in 1932, by a yard, and English girls filled the next three places.

The men's three miles was amusing for the running of W. Beavers who, after trailing the field lap after lap, produced an enormous burst of speed and won with a very broad smile on his face. I think victory and defeat are small matters to this Yorkshireman, compared with the fun he gets from keeping his opponents wondering what on earth he will be up to next.

The final day of Empire Games was all a blaze of glory for England. The welcome reappearance of F. C. Nokes sent the Cross of St. George to the mast-head and signalised our first victory in the throwing the hammer event. Meanwhile the marathon men had started on their long journey, but they were almost forgotten save for the announcer's occasional news item, for everyone was keyed up for the mile race. Lovelock, in accordance with his new custom, dropped straight to the back of the field and allowed his rivals to make the running. The first quarter-mile was covered in a minute with H. M. Craske, of England, leading, but in the last lap, when Cornes and Wooderson, of England, were in the van, Lovelock swept up to win comfortably.

A few moments later the crowd were on their feet cheering wildly as Rampling produced the greatest effort of his life to win the quarter-mile in the new British record time of 48sec. England also placed the next two men, W. Roberts and C. H. Stoneley.

Thrills followed thick and fast. Miss Hiscock gave England the new British record of 25sec. in the women's furlong; then A. W. Sweeney completed his double event, by giving England the men's furlong. After that there was no stopping the English, for they placed the first four men in the steeplechase, and then won both the relay races. The marathon race, however, went to an elderly Canadian, H. Webster, in the fast time of 2hrs. 40min. 36sec.

The sight of the ground as the last events closed was remarkable, for everywhere one could see the Empire athletes taking leave of one another on the best terms of goodfellowship.

The final placings among the leaders were: England, 16 firsts; Canada, 5; South Africa, 5; Scotland, 1; Australia, 1; British Guiana, 1; New Zealand, 1. England had, too, 9 seconds and 15 thirds.

The report that J. E. Lovelock has agreed to meet his great rival W. R. Bonthron in a race at Colombes Stadium, Paris, on August 19th, will be of particular interest in view of the former's fine form in the Empire Games.

ENGLAND WINS!
A. W. Sweeney winning the 100 yards from M. W. Theunissen (South Africa) and I. C. Young (Scotland)

IN THE THREE MILES
M. A. Dookie (Trinidad) attempts to pass J. A. Burns. Dookie, who ran bare-footed, was forced to retire in the last lap but one

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"One Crowded Hour" *(Continued)*

then arm, then hand disappear, and knew I was safe; but tape I could see none. In a reddish haze I struggled forward, felt the worsted break across my chest, was just conscious of Wilson's congratulatory pat on the back, as we both subsided, dead beat, on to the grass.

Some minutes later, when I was more or less able to stand, the Victory Ceremony was performed. The thrill of seeing the Union Jack break at the masthead for the first time at the Tenth Olympiad and hearing the old familiar National Anthem was perhaps dimmed by the extreme fatigue from which I was still suffering and by the fact that my own relations and closest friends were not there to share in the triumph at the close of my most glorious crowded hour; but not even to satisfy them will I ever attempt such a race again, against such redoubtable opponents.

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.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

SIR,—Mr. Winston Churchill recently made so moving an appeal at a Mansion House meeting for the mentally disabled and neurasthenic victims of the Great War, of whom there are 6,000 in mental hospitals and over 30,000 officially recognised as suffering from neurasthenia, that (writing on August 4th) I cannot refrain from bringing it to your readers' notice on this tragic anniversary in our country's history. He told of these "men to whom the purpose and meaning of life is lost"; of an existence in which "the loss of sleep makes the night unbearable"; of this deepest abyss of human tribulation into which so pitifully many of the sailors and soldiers who fought for us have been plunged.

It is to relieve the sufferings of those who live in the perpetual twilight of mental torture that the Ex-Services Welfare Society asks for generous help to-day.

This organisation, which supplements the work of the State, is, in the words of the Duke of York, doing "a great work for a type of disabled man who has either lost his reasoning power or the control of his nerves." In many cases they inevitably fall outside the rigid categories of the Ministry of Pensions and the Society has helped 17,000 of them to bear the burdens from which we ourselves were saved by their sacrifice.

The Ex-Services Welfare Society does not pretend to maintain these 6,000 men in mental hospitals, but it is the only ex-Service organisation which deals entirely with the mentally disabled, and is able to supplement the work of the State as other organisations are doing with the physically disabled. It gives free treatment in its homes and trains men in its industrial colony to earn their living on a self-supporting basis. Last year £10,000 was spent on the Society's curative homes and industrial colony, over £5,000 in nursing homes and mental hospital fees, and £5,000 in grants, ex gratia payments and hostel accommodation to destitute ex-Service men not in need of in-patient treatment.

But the mercies and mitigations the society is able to provide depend entirely on voluntary support; it does not call on the State for any grant of any kind; and that its efforts may continue unhindered this appeal goes forth to-day to all who shared in the hopes and the fears, the sorrows and joys of that memorable cataclysm into which these comrades of ours threw themselves with such selfless patriotism on this day 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
53, Victoria Street, REGINALD TYRWHITT,
London, S.W. 1. President,
Ex-Services Welfare Society.

SIDMOUTH CRICKET CLUB

SIR,—I should be glad if you could publish some information about the Sidmouth Cricket Ground and Club, in aid of which we are appealing for funds. The club consists of a glorious and perfectly kept cricket ground, six tennis courts and three croquet lawns, and its situation is right on the sea front. I know of no other cricket club so fronting the sea.

It is, and always has been, a proprietary club. Its date of birth as a cricket club is lost in the distant past, but we have records to show that in August, 1824, our club appealed to the "President of the Marylebone Ground" regarding a dispute as to whether a batsman was out if struck by a ball below the wrist. Cricket was in full swing at that time, and the club must be considerably older than 120 years. The earlier score books have been lost at some time or other, but we still have a fairly complete sequence of score books going back to 1860. Glancing through them, one sees that many hundreds of cricketers, famous in their day, have played down here, until one comes to the last two or three years when we find such names as Hobbs, Woolley, Brown and Kennedy of Hampshire, F. R. Brown, etc. Throughout August we play matches daily, and our captain is C. T. A. Wilkinson, the ex-Surrey captain.

Now, after a lapse of over a century, the present owner has decided to sell the ground, and has offered it to us—the cricket club—for £5,000. We accepted the offer, for the club is Sidmouth itself, and if the ground fell into the hands of the builders Sidmouth would be ruined. We have to raise at least £3,500 of the amount this year, and as we have only a membership of under 200 elected members we must rely to a great extent on the generosity of the cricket-loving public. It is our intention to keep and declare the club as a cricket club for all time, and the ground will be vested in suitable trustees.

The ground is nearly 6 acres in extent. Each August, lovers of cricket from all parts of the Empire forgather at Sidmouth and scatter again. It is, in the main, these people that we are trying to get in touch with, and also those cricket lovers who would not like to see such an old cricket club fade out of existence. Any help that the *Field* can give us would be very much appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
Sidmouth Cricket Club, E. CAPEL
Sidmouth. (Secretary).

[H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught has taken a very active interest in the affairs of the club, and is a keen supporter of this appeal, to which he has himself made a generous donation.—ED.]

EAST ANGLIA'S OWN BREEDS

SIR,—May I supplement the notes in Mr. David Elkington's letter, which appeared along with the excellent portrait of the Suffolk horse, Cup Bearer, in your issue of July 28th.

This celebrated horse was bred by the executors of Mr. Henry Largent, of Marlesford, near Wickham Market, and was foaled in 1864; his sire was Crisp's Conqueror and his dam by Crisp's Prince. He was bought as a foal at the Marlesford sale in 1864 for 25gs. by Mr. Crisp—who is said never to have seen him—from his knowledge of the blood the colt came from, composed almost entirely of the best strains of the "Old Breed" and Wrights' Attleborough Farmers' Glory.

In July, 1869, he was purchased by Mr. Richard Garrett for 370gs. after the death of Mr. Crisp.

Cup Bearer had a long list of prizes to his credit and sired a large number of stud and show horses. Mr. Garrett sold him to the Rev. R. A. Westhorp, of Willingale, in Essex, about 1872, and he died the following year.

The groom in the photograph is apparently James Lewis, who was with Mr. Crisp and accompanied Cup Bearer to Mr. Garrett's, where he was in charge of the Carleton Stud, and the number of rosettes which the stewards of the day handed to him is said to have been incredible. The late Mr. Hermann Biddell—the first secretary of the Suffolk Horse Society, who was responsible for the excellent and informative original volume of their Stud Book—remarks of him: "If there is no such thing as luck, good or bad, in the show field, there is certainly something in having a man who knows as much and does things as well as James Lewis, even when one's horses are as good as Mr. Garrett's."

Yours faithfully,
Burngrove, R. H. RADFORD
Pitsmoor, (Captain).
Sheffield.

ROAD SAFETY

SIR,—May I emphasise yet again the vital need for securing the co-operation of all road users in safety measures and the avoidance of sectional attacks. I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Parliament has so far failed to initiate or undertake practical measures of such a character as would be likely to achieve the substantial reduction of road accidents. The way in which sectional attacks have been allowed to develop is most regrettable. It is futile for one class of road user to endeavour to throw the blame on another, but this spirit of antagonism has been fostered and encouraged in various ways, *e.g.*, by the prejudiced statements of public men, by the introduction of anti-motoring legislation, and by the frequent publication and broadcasting of the figures of motor accidents without reference to actual causes. Used in this manner, the term "motor accident" is a misnomer and apt to create an entirely false impression on the public mind. Letters received by my association during the past weeks show growing resentment on the part of our members against what some describe as "class hate."

On behalf of motorists in general and our members in particular, I appeal for the cultivation of a greater sense of proportion. We are all pedestrians at some time or another. The pedestrian of to-day may be the motorist of to-morrow. The passenger in the motor coach or omnibus is a motorist for the time being, while at other times he may use the road as a pedestrian or cyclist. The statistics of road accidents show that every class of road user has a proportionate responsibility for those accidents in which motor vehicles are involved, but official statements have been far too prone to emphasise the errors of the motorist and ignore the faults of others.

The motorist is not getting justice. Surely motoring—which by greatly increasing trade has done so much for the relief of unemployment, and in the past few years has contributed to the National Exchequer hundreds of millions by way of special taxation—is at least entitled to claim equitable treatment in legislation. History provides ample proof of the fallacy of subordinating the vehicle to the road. To-day, with the vast sums provided by motorists in taxation, the highways should be made adequate for all motor vehicles, with paths for pedestrians and cyclists as essential features. The annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, the last edition of which deals with the year 1932, shows that during that period 21,869 persons died from violence in England and Wales. Of these 6,819 were grouped under "Road and Air Transport." The balance of 15,050 included suicide, homicide, drowning, etc., yet this latter figure apparently caused no public alarm.

May I urge all classes of road users to co-operate in a nation-wide road safety campaign under the aegis of the Ministry of Transport and financed by the Government. It is several months since my association submitted to the Ministry of Transport the outline for a campaign of this nature, but up to the present the fringe of it has hardly been touched.

Yours faithfully,
Fanum House, STENSON COOKE,
New Coventry Street, Secretary,
London, W.1. The Automobile Association.

DRUMMING WOODPECKERS

SIR,—British Columbians who live, as I have for over 20 years, in this timbered province and have unrivalled opportunities of observing the habits of the woodpecker tribe at short range will disagree, absolutely, with Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald's statement in the *Field* of June 2nd that the drumming is produced vocally.

Here, on my ranch in the East Kootenay, district, or close round, I have six species, three resident and three as summer visitors. They are fairly tame and all can be observed at 20yds. or so with a little care. They range in size from the Western pileated, which is as big as a jackdaw, down to the sap-suckers, which are no larger than the lesser spotted woodpecker.

Much could be written of their varied and interesting ways of life, but I had better confine myself to the question in point.

Touching on the green woodpecker, I once watched one hanging practically motionless a yard below the nesting hole which was in a very old and unsound elm. During that time he drummed, shortly, twice. The sound produced was very feeble, largely, perhaps, owing to the inferior quality of the timber. All our birds drum vigorously and frequently—some species more so than others—during the mating season, occasionally in summer and, in this country and *pace* Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, never in winter.

Individuals may be seen and heard drumming on wood of all sorts, but the finally-selected drumming station, of which a bird usually has several scattered round, is always on hard, sound, dead and naked wood if on standing timber. Hard fence rails, such as poplar, are also frequently used, and to these selected spots he will return exactly time after time.

The different noise produced from these various spots is very noticeable. I have also seen them drumming on gate hinges, galvanised spouting and, some years ago, one eccentric bird produced frequent music on a tomato can nailed to a stick to provide a drip on my grind-stone. The tune was correctly rendered, but certainly had nothing vocal about it.

I see no reason at all why a bird should not add a mechanical sex-call to his vocal accomplishments if he is built that way; in fact, scores of instances might be quoted in which birds do so. The amorous cock pheasant and our blue grouse add a whirr of wings to their call. Our nightjar produces what amounts almost to a roar with his wings in a long downward swoop and zoom to supplement his feeble squawk. The barnyard cock and pigeons clap their wings over their backs—to mention only a few cases that come to mind.

I wish Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald could have seen and heard my tin-can artist!

Yours faithfully,
East Kootenay, JOHN SOWERBY.
British Columbia.

[No correspondent has yet tackled the paramount question of the difference of quality of sound produced by a woodpecker when "drumming" and when pecking out a hole for its nest.—ED.]

THE LESSER EVIL?: A SMOKE-POT TO DRIVE AWAY INSECTS
(*See Letter "Protecting Horses from Flies"*)

DEPARTING CUCKOOS

SIR,—With reference to the paragraph about the cuckoo in your issue of July 14th, is it not a fact that the cuckoo "sings" only during the breeding season, and perhaps for a few weeks after? Although I have seen many in Africa during the winter months they were all apparently silent, yet the note is unmistakable.

I read your paragraph on Sunday morning (July 15th) and in the afternoon saw an adult cuckoo here; but I agree with you that many had already left their breeding haunts.

Yours faithfully,
W. R. THOMPSON (Lieut.-Colonel).

Bisley Camp,
Surrey.

THE RABBIT MENACE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Major Fitzherbert Wright, apparently lives in a part of the world where sport and all its affairs are extraordinarily well ordered, as compared with "Cambrian's."

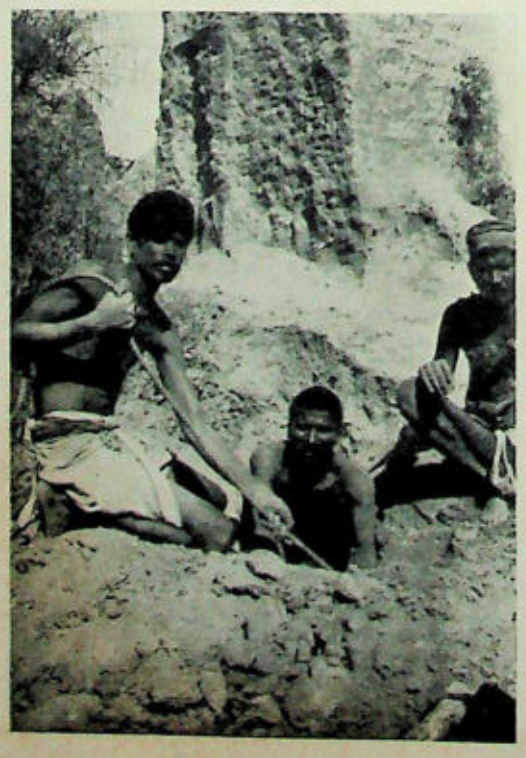
As a farmer of 40 years' standing, the latter fourteen spent in "Cambrian's" district, I can fully endorse every word he has to say on this matter in his impartial and succinct letter. Most of the farmers in the three counties of Carmarthen, Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire are freeholders, and can legally put traps on their own doorstep if so disposed.

Gamekeepers are rare birds here, as any shoots in the three counties could be counted on one hand, or two at the most.

As to profit in rabbits: as a man who has farmed all his life, I cannot see that the losses, damage, etc., by rabbits, can ever be compensated by a small cheque on their sale.

Rabbits and stock do not thrive together.

Yours faithfully,
South Wales. CADNO.



TROUT AND SALMON SPAWN

SIR,—Seeing the letter from "C. F." reminds me of a trout I once caught on the Tweed, which was so gorged with salmon spawn that the eggs were literally rolling out of its mouth.

It was in the month of April, and I was spinning for salmon with a 3½in. golden sprat, which the trout took. I suppose he did not want anyone to share the banquet he was enjoying, and probably snapped at the sprat to chase it away. He could not possibly have swallowed it, being too full of salmon eggs.

There must have been a "baggit," as they call them on Tweed, or late spawning fish, nearby, which was endeavouring to carry out its maternal duties at the wrong time of year.

Yours faithfully,
Woodside, R. S. K. EYRE.
Crowborough, Sussex.

PORCUPINE HUNTING

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* who have witnessed the dislodging of a badger from its earth may be interested to know how an Indian gypsy tribe deals with an equally formidable burrower, the porcupine to wit.

These folk are expert in capturing many diverse creatures, including jackals, monitor lizards and snakes, and many of the snake-charmer fraternity found in up-country stations are of their clan. Indeed they are called in Northern India Sanperas, a name derived from the Hindustani term for snake.

A species of lurcher is their indispensable ally in most of their operations.

When hunting porcupine the tribesmen utilise to the full their knowledge of the habits of the animal, which is a fastidious as well as a destructive feeder. Search is, therefore, confined to the precincts of some fresh green crop. Every burrow is carefully scrutinised, the dogs being put to those bearing recent marks of entry; and when the whimperings and eager scratchings of the dogs denote that the prey is at home digging is commenced. I was recently fortunate enough to witness the conclusion of a hunt.

The method employed was that of making a holding attack in front while the decisive blow was delivered from the rear. Several persons were digging at the entrance of the burrow with a good deal of fuss and pother, thus convincing the quarry that the irruption of its enemies would be from that direction. Simultaneously, but very quietly, a vertical shaft was being sunk over the spot where the termination of the burrow was judged to be. It was already deep enough to exclude from view all but the heads and shoulders of the two men within.

These, their bodies as lithe and muscular as those of athletes, bent absorbed over the task, while the rest of the tribe squatted around the edge of the crater. In their bright gypsy clothes they made a colourful picture.

On the termination of the burrow being discovered, one of the diggers cautiously inserted a hand and seized the inmate by one of its hind legs. The unfortunate animal was completely nonplussed, being, by reason of the constricted space, unable to turn round to defend itself with its teeth or nails. I should note in parentheses that the popular belief crediting the porcupine with powers of projecting its quills at an adversary is a fallacy. The quills are provided by nature to serve as *chevaux de frise*, not as missiles.

A noose was speedily passed around the imprisoned limb and the beast was drawn forth with éclat like a cork from a bottle, and further secured by a noose round the neck in order that it might be photographed alive. It proved to be a full-grown animal, and provided a welcome addition to the menu of the captors for that day.

Yours faithfully,
India. E. S. THOMSON.

"DRAWN FORTH LIKE THE CORK FROM A BOTTLE"
(*See Letter "Porcupine Hunting"*)

PROTECTING HORSES FROM FLIES

SIR,—The harvesting illustration in your issue of July 21st, in which attention was drawn to the fact that the horses were given a certain amount of protection from flies (by means of cloths placed on their backs), reminded me of the accompanying photograph which I took during a holiday in Switzerland. In this a smoke-pot will be seen suspended on the shaft between the two horses, which effectively drives away all annoying insects so soon as the animals turn their heads into the rising cloud.

Whether the smoke is appreciated for its own sake is rather dubious, but doubtless it is the lesser of two evils. For Swiss flies *can* bite and draw blood if they are not seen in time and flicked away before their attacks cause one to leap into the air with an exclamation! In addition to the smoke-pot the horses are fitted with "aprons" and back coverings. I have also seen horses and oxen with nets fastened before the eyes, which are shaken by a movement of the head.

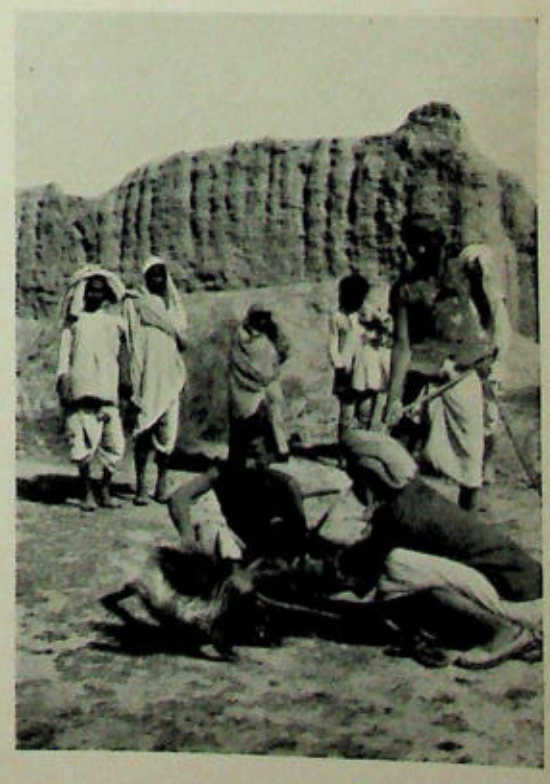
Why is it that our own people do not seem to study their animals in this way? We often see cattle enduring the torments of dozens of insects, especially about the eyes, with no means of ridding themselves of the parasites. Horses, being more intelligent, stand nose to tail and swish one another's faces, but they are without even that device when in harness in the fields. It seems to me, as one without personal knowledge or experience of farm life, that more attention should be paid to this matter than appears to be the case at present.

Yours sincerely,
London, N. 1. H. T. COMERFORD.

A BROWN ROOK

SIR,—While cycling on the Stow Road near Cirencester recently, I noticed among a number of rooks in a field a brown bird which I thought must be an owl. As I watched it, another cyclist, who I took to be a keeper as he had a gun fastened on to his bicycle, came up, and seeing what I was looking at, said, "that bird is a brown rook. I have been watching him for the last four years, he has always been about here." As this bird rose from the ground I saw that it was exactly as other rooks except in colour.

Yours faithfully,
Cirencester. A LOVER OF BIRDS.



CANNIBAL TROUT

SIR,—Your correspondent Dr. O'Donel Browne prompts me to ask "What are signs of cannibalism in trout?" He illustrates a very shapely fish, which appears to be a female. A trout of 7½lb. would almost certainly have spawned; had it been a male it would no doubt have displayed the long head and hooked jaw which, to many people, denote cannibalism.

The fact that females "mend" more perfectly after spawning than males is generally overlooked. This results in differences of colouring, as well as of shape, hence all the "varieties" and "species" of trout which many anglers believe in.

There seems to be no reason why cannibalism should not be inherent in all trout, given the opportunity, but why should it be expected to alter the appearance of a fish other than beneficially? The trout in question seems to have enjoyed playing about with mutton bones and live baits even if not a "cannibal."

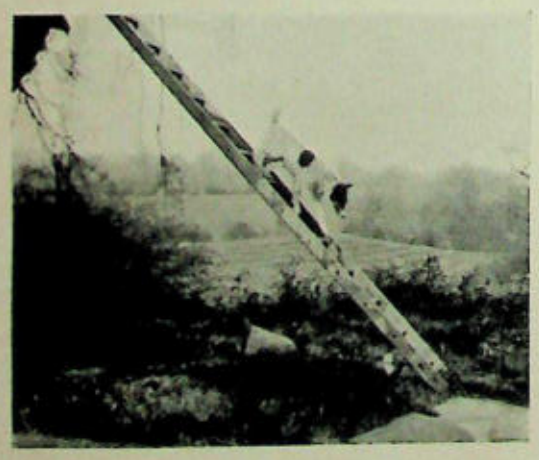
I submit that of the trout described as "cannibals" or "*ferox*," the majority are simply old males, or fish which have degenerated through age, and not from diet.

Yours faithfully,
Perthshire. C. TROUT.

DOG AND LADDER

SIR,—I am sending you a snapshot of an oak tree in my grounds, and of a fox terrier which climbs a ladder up to a small house that I have built in the tree for my son. The ladder is 15ft. 2in., and the dog climbs up and down without any encouragement.

Yours faithfully,
Bradford Court, Taunton. F. H. HILTON GREEN.

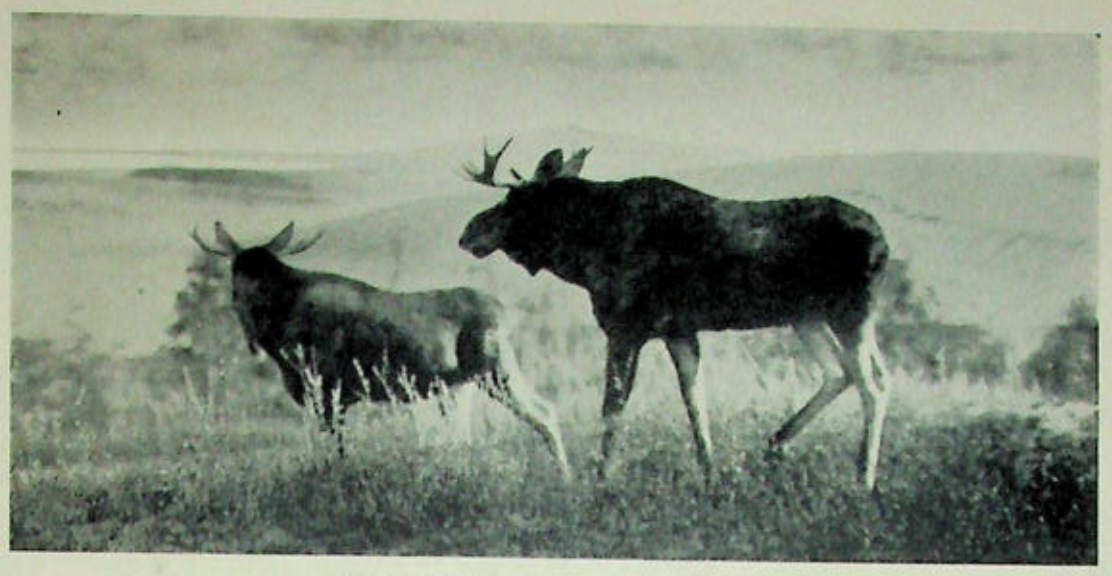


NOT A CAT BURGLAR
(See Letter "Dog and Ladder")

INCUBATION PERIOD OF PARTRIDGES

SIR,—In a letter published in the *Field* a few weeks ago it was stated that the incubation period of a partridge was 21 days. I thought it might be some slip, but now I see a letter commenting on the fact, and you support the 21-day theory.

My experience proves the incubation period to be 23 to 24 days, and some eggs imported from Hungary took 26 to 27 days.



ON THE DUNES AT KURISCHE NEHRUNG
(See Letter "Elk in East Prussia")

French or red leg partridge eggs seem to take, almost a day less than the common partridge though I have little knowledge of the former.

Yours faithfully,
Elcho Park, Rhynd, near Perth. D. G. MONCRIEFF WRIGHT.

ELK IN EAST PRUSSIA

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken recently in East Prussia. It is rather unusual, as these animals are very shy and not very numerous. The elk used to be a protected animal in Germany, but they have multiplied so well that six calves have been caught and taken to the Imperial Forestry Lodge at Pait near Tilsit, where they are being brought up on the bottle by experienced foresters.

Yours faithfully,
5, Gloucester Place, Windsor. JILL SEYMOUR.

PROFESSIONALISM IN PONY CLASSES

SIR,—A correspondent in the *Reading Mercury* has raised the question of ponies, in classes for children, which are trained and employed for practically nothing but the show ring. The writer suggested that this was unfair competition for the genuine child owner to meet. The question is wider, however.

No one who watches these classes regularly can fail to observe that certain children, as well as ponies, go all round the country competing. What I may perhaps call the "amateur" cannot hope to rival these, whom I will call "professional." In the interests of the sport it seems about time that the latter should be classified separately or handicapped appropriately. The same thing, of course, occurs in classes other than children's, and cannot perhaps be eliminated altogether, but a start might be made with children's ponies.

The "professionals," other than mere pot-hunters, should welcome a system of classification which would limit them to worthy opponents.

Yours faithfully,
Fairfield, Burnham, Bucks. HAROLD MCKENNA.

THE LION'S ROAR

SIR,—Having heard lions "giving tongue" at night on countless occasions in many parts of Africa, it is my impression, confirmed by native opinion, that when a lion indulges in full-throated roaring at night, it is *after* he has killed, or at least found meat. The usual sound is a low moaning series of grunts; in no sense roars. Whether a troop of lions hunting at night, separate, and try to drive the game, is difficult to prove; but the opinion that they do so is not uncommon amongst natives, in good lion countries like Somaliland and East Africa.

Yours faithfully,
74, St. James's Street, S.W. 1. MANNLICHER.

A RUN OF LUCK IN CANADA

SIR,—Fishing from June 8th on the Cascapedia river this season I managed to kill, in six days' fishing, eighteen consecutive fish averaging just under 30lb. The weights of the fish were: 32lb., 29lb., 25lb., 29lb., 28lb., 28lb., 29lb., 25lb., 29½lb., 27lb., 33lb., 28lb., 30lb., 29lb., 34lb., 32lb., 37lb. and 36lb. Twelve fish, including the last four, were caught in one pool. Hoping this will be of some interest to your readers,

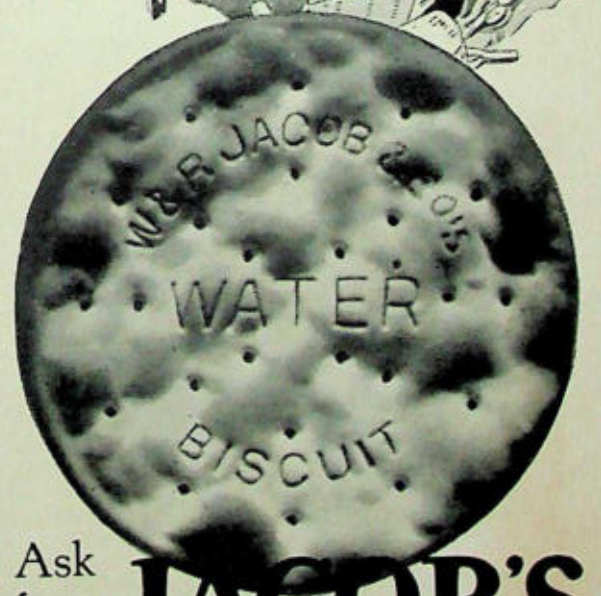
Yours faithfully,
New York. TOWNSEND B. MARTIN.

HOW LONG WILL GUT LAST?

SIR,—Mr. Rogers' letter in the *Field* of July 7th reminds me of an experience I had 40 years ago during a visit to Durness, Sutherland, where I spent a week or two fishing the Kyle and River Dionard for sea trout.

I was told that beautiful silvery trout, more like sea than brown trout, were to be had in Loch Crospuil, and was advised to use fine tackle. The only fine cast in my book was one I had fished with in the Tweed seven years previously, with three small river flies in it. I soaked this cast well, and one evening after dinner my gillie and I went to this loch. After fishing for a quarter of an hour I hooked a nice trout, and being doubtful of my tackle played it longer than usual, eventually getting it safely in to the net. When I returned to the hotel it was found to weigh 3¼lb.

Yours faithfully,
The Glebe, Boat of Garten, Inverness-shire. D. AITCHISON.



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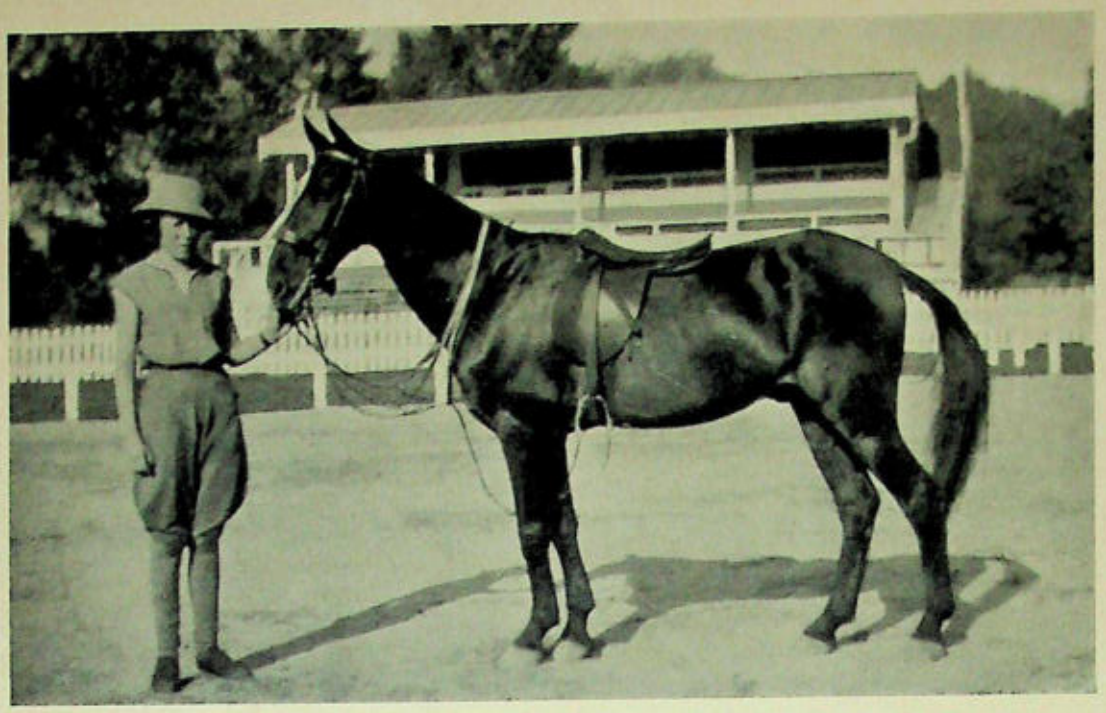


BEN, THE VETERAN, WITH HIS YOUNG OWNER
(See Letter "A Twenty-nine-year-old Pony")

A TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD PONY

SIR,—I was interested to read the correspondence about old hunters. The horse mentioned was 22. I may say that I, in India, own a pony Ben (about 14.3 hands), who is in his twenty-ninth year. He is in fine hard condition, and perfect to ride. He hunted two seasons with the Quetta Hounds, and was always willing to be at the front, jumping ditches, etc., even big horses were afraid of. He is most reliable, and nearly always reached the kill. I have had many delightful hunts on him, and he never once went lame throughout the season.

Before I was lucky enough to have possession of this great old horse, he had served all his life in the army. He must have been exceptionally efficient to have been kept in service up to his twenty-sixth year.

I may add that he is still very full of life, and is sometimes quite a handful.

Yours faithfully,
BETTY S. DICKEY (age 14).

Quetta, Baluchistan.

TURNED TO STONE

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph will present a scene that is quite unfamiliar to most of your readers. The place is Knaresborough Dropping Well, and each article in this weird-looking array is being slowly petrified by the action of the water which pours over the great limestone rock. Suspended here are stuffed animals and birds, cast-off clothing in the form of hats, gloves, stockings, etc., and the people who have brought these articles will have to wait anything from three to eighteen months for the completion of the transforming process. I have handled several articles after they have been petrified here; they do indeed become objects of stone. It is curious to think that tiny but regular deposits of calcium and other ingredients from the falling water can effect this remarkable change.

Yours faithfully,
G. BERNARD WOOD.

11, Park View,
Beeston Hill, Leeds.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

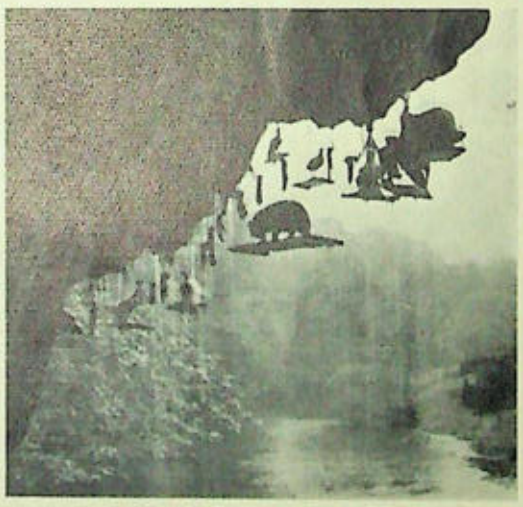
Two Cuckoo's Eggs in One Nest.—Many years ago I found a wagtail's nest at Cringleford, near Norwich, containing two cuckoo's eggs. Both hatched, also three young wagtails, which were quickly evicted. The parent birds reared both cuckoos successfully, and we used to see them on the lawn for some time after they fledged.—I. L. GURNEY, Stone Lodge, Ipswich.

The "Broken Wing" Trick.—Frequently, when fishing from a boat on Lough Erne, and coming round a bend, one will surprise a duck with a dozen ducklings. Instantly the mother, feigning the usual broken wing stunt, struggles off to the nearest bed of reeds while the ducklings scuttle off to those much further away. It has always appeared to me that this manœuvre has been arranged so as to allow her brood sufficient time to reach safety.—G. BAILLIE, M.B. (Major), Erne House, Maheramena, Belleek, Co. Fermanagh.

White Swallows.—It may be of interest to record that on July 16th, while watching the Green Jackets v. Free Foresters match at Winchester, I saw an albino swallow skimming along close to the ground. It came near enough for me to note that its beak and legs were pure white, and that it had no touch of colour anywhere in its plumage.—M. PHELPS, Hill Lodge, Campden Hill Square, W. 8.

——A white swallow has been seen here on several occasions lately. Apart from a few dark feathers in its head it appears to be pure white. The other swallows do not seem to take any notice of it as it flies among them. It is the first I have ever seen.—W. E. BIGGE, Langdale, Melsonby, Barton, Yorks.

Golden Oriole in Suffolk.—While cycling near —— (Suffolk), on April 27th, I was surprised to see a golden oriole alight on a tree just in front of me. As I had my binoculars I was able to examine it closely. It did not rest long, but joined another bird, apparently the female oriole, when they flew



THE "ZOO" AT KNARESBOROUGH DROPPING WELL
(See Letter "Turned to Stone")

off inland. A bittern has nested in the same area, and I have seen the female twice. Also on May 12th I saw a pair of cirl buntings near Norwich.—CYRIL E. WESBY, Lowestoft. [Locality omitted for obvious reasons.—ED.]

Humming Bird Hawk Moth in Berwickshire.—It may be of interest to record that a humming-bird hawk moth, in good condition, was seen hovering over some clematis blossoms here on July 11th.—CLEMATIS CAMPBELL, Lennel, Coldstream, Scotland.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for help in removing a great fear from an old lady's mind. She lives at present in one little room in a home for old people, and all went well as long as she could earn a little. Now she is too old and too blind to work, and her only income is her Old Age Pension of 10/- weekly. To remain where she is she must have an extra 4/- weekly, for the home cannot take inmates for less than 14/- per week. She dreads being moved to an institution, yet this is the only alternative, for she is alone in the world, having no relatives and few friends. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to collect a fund to make her future safe.

IN THE CITY

A HIGH YIELD

THE 10/- ordinary shares of Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, Ltd., are at present quoted around 30/-, a price which does not seem to suggest that the payment of the dividend of the preferred stock of this company is considered to be in jeopardy. It may be of interest, therefore, to point out that the 6 per cent. cumulative preferred stock can still be purchased on a yield basis of about 5¼ per cent.

The company is one of the larger South African holding and finance concerns. Since the extent of the holding in each company is not published it is not possible to determine the market value of the investments, but the company's annual reports include a list of "the companies in which the Corporation is principally interested," and it is interesting to compare current market prices for their shares with those prevailing at the close of last year:

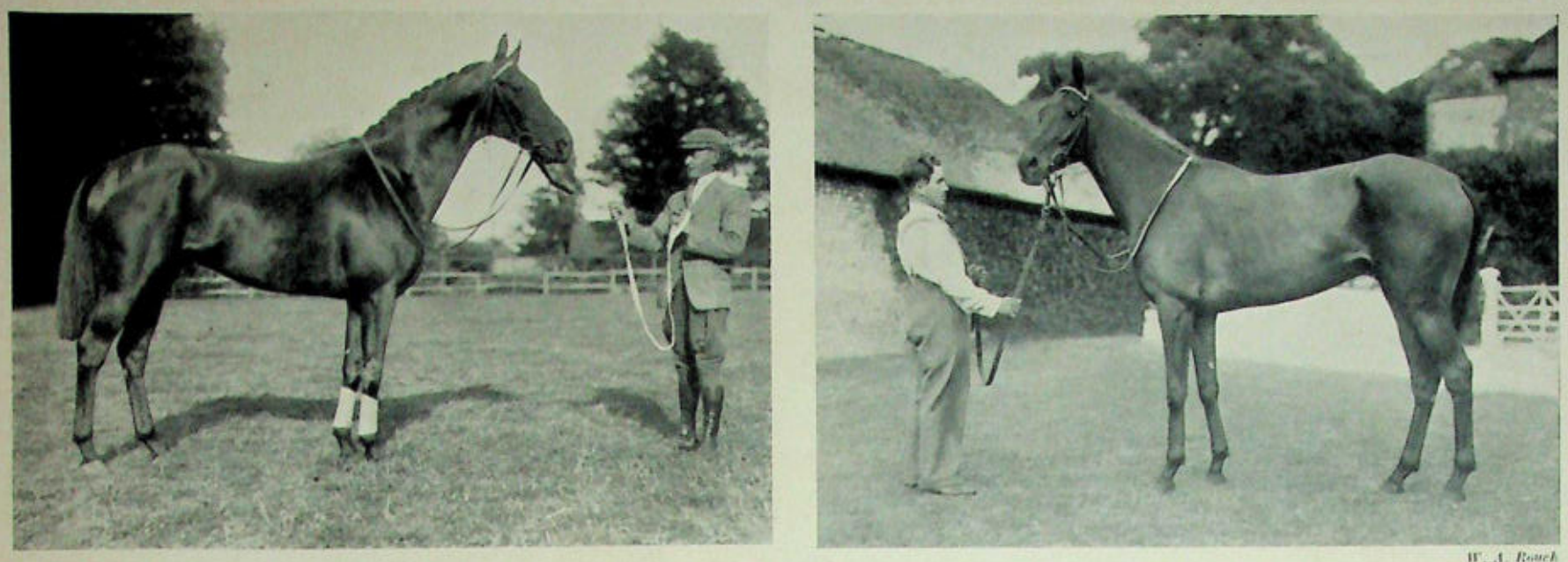
	Dec. 31st.	July 31
Rand Selection	16/9	23/6
New Era Consolidated	11/3	16/6
De Beers Consolidated	108/9	80/-
Brakpan	5¼	8¼
Daggafontein	97/6	132/6
East Daggafontein	31/3	46/3
Springs	113/9	135/-
Vogelstruisbuilt	37/6	48/9
West Witwatersrand	56/3	47/6
West Springs	33/9	50/-
East Rand Gold, Coal & Estate	8/-	18/9
S. African Land & Exploration	17/6	62/6
Gold Coast Selection Trust	17/3	42/-
Consolidated African Selection Trust	42/6	41/3
Rhodesian Anglo-America	13/6	12/-
Rhodesian Minerals Concession	2/-	1/9

Obviously the company's investment portfolio, which on December 31st, 1933, had a book value of almost exactly £5,000,000, must be worth substantially more now than it was at the close of last year, and the chairman stated that at that time "the total value of the individual items, taking market prices for quoted securities and directors' valuation of those investments which are not quoted (but in no case above cost), is considerably in excess of the book value." However, even taking the portfolio at book values, the balance-sheet on December 31st, 1933, showed that net assets totalled £4,882,000, or covered by nearly two-and-a-half times the £2,000,000 of preferred stock outstanding. There are no debentures in issue and the preferred stock is followed by £2,000,000 in ordinary shares of 10/- each.

Dividend requirements on the preferred stock (which was issued in 1929) take £120,000, and in the period 1924/29 would have been well covered by net profits, which in no year were less than £520,000 and averaged £700,000. In the three following years earnings declined drastically, and while the net profits in 1931 and 1932 were only just insufficient to cover preferred dividend, no payments were made in order to conserve the company's cash and enable it to take advantage immediately of any opportunities which might occur. Despite the fact that no revenue of consequence was received from the substantial holdings in diamonds and copper, the net profit last year increased from £120,000 to £444,000, which was more than three-and-a-half times the annual preferred dividend requirement, and enabled the Corporation to pay up the preferred arrears to the end of 1933. Of course last year's improvement was due in large part to profits on the sale of securities, and while the extent of future profits from this source are uncertain, it should be realised that since the abandonment of the Gold Standard by England and South Africa the whole position of the gold mining industry has changed, and the writer's opinion more or less permanently. It is worth noting that in 1926 the Corporation and Rand Selection Corporation agreed to offer each other a participation of 25 per cent. in any new business in Africa, south of the Equator, and in view of the company's good record prior to 1929, and of the greatly improved outlook, preferred dividends should be well covered in the future.

The 6 per cent. cumulative preferred stock can be picked up from time to time at about 117, a price which includes the dividend for the first half of this year, which is to be paid, together with the distribution then due, in December. The price is equivalent therefore to 114¾ plus net accrued arrears of dividend, and after allowing for expenses of purchase the yield works out at £5 3s. per cent. The writer knows of no more reliable medium for obtaining a return of comfortably over 5 per cent., and in addition to a high yield the stock appears to offer scope for moderate capital appreciation.

PACTOLUS.



W. A. Rouch

TWO LEADING WINNERS AT GOODWOOD

Figaro, winner of the Stewards' Cup, and (right) Loosestrife, winner of the Goodwood Cup

A VINTAGE SEASON FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Is Bobsleigh the Champion?

AFTER the Goodwood meeting racing people begin to indulge in speculations as to whether the season's crop of two-year-olds are good, bad, or indifferent. Autumnal racing may have some startling changes in store for us, but at the moment we are inclined to classify the pick of the two-year-olds as rather above than below the average standard of merit. It may, indeed, prove a regular vintage year for colts, but the fillies do not seem to be so good as in some seasons.

Few things in racing are more interesting than to watch the development of the best young thoroughbreds and to endeavour to estimate what they are likely to achieve in the future. It is not always the youngster that wins brilliantly the first time out who becomes the champion of his age. There are various reasons why a great young horse may not be seen to full advantage on his introduction to the racecourse. Even when a trainer believes that he has a two-year-old ready for the first practical test of his career there is always the probability that his charge will run green and fail to reproduce the promise he has exhibited on the trial ground.

A notable case in point this year is that of Duke John, whose gallop with such speedy three-year-olds as Satyr and Dictator before he ran at Sandown last month was, if reports are correct, one of the most encouraging displays seen at Whatcombe for a long time past. Yet on the course this Blandford colt was a dire disappointment, and his supporters were left wondering why they had been foolish enough to take such remarkably short prices about him. Duke John became hopelessly unbalanced before he had gone half the journey, and his action went to pieces. Time will probably show that the form was wrong so far as he is concerned.

Bobsleigh is another example of a high-class colt who failed to do himself justice at the first time of asking. To judge by what we know of him now he should have won at Ascot. But inexperience of the game caused him to give away some valuable ground in the early stages of his race, and though he was settling down to his work in the last quarter of a mile he was decisively beaten into second place by the Aga Khan's Theft, who, though also running for the first time, was, unlike Bobsleigh, in no way handicapped by lack of previous experience.

On his return from Ascot Bobsleigh showed himself to be all the better for the outing, the impression that he was an exceptionally good colt being amply confirmed when C. Leader galloped him in earnest again. Thus he was sent to Goodwood with every hope that his reputation would be established, and his performance in the Richmond Stakes was most convincing. Odds of 3 to 1 were betted on him, and the people who laid them never had cause of a moment's uneasiness.

After the race it was generally agreed that there should be an exceedingly bright future for him. The three colts who finished closest to him, all newcomers to racing, are likely to be winners before long. Second place was filled by the Manton colt Sevrier, whose prominent display must have been a source of great satisfaction to his owner and breeder, Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Powerful Prince, who finished third, might have been actually nearer to the winner had he been ridden out to the last ounce, and he will be all the better for having been given an easy race when his jockey perceived it was quite impossible to get on challenging terms with Bobsleigh. The success of Lord Derby's colt has naturally invited comparisons between him and Hyperion, especially as they are both sons of Gainsborough. It can be said at once that Bobsleigh shows more promise than the older horse did at the same age, when Mr. George Lambton feared that lack of size would be a barrier to Hyperion's future greatness.

One assumes that the next public appearance of Lord Derby's colt will be in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster on September 11th. Here the best of his opponents will assuredly be the selected of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds. Theft, who enhanced his tall reputation at Goodwood by giving 7lb. and a handsome beating to Ben Marshall, the best of the Beckhampton colts, is not engaged in the Doncaster race, so the Aga Khan's choice will rest between Bahram and Hairan. The first of these was also an extremely stylish winner at Goodwood, it being no small achievement to concede 14lb. to the Racla colt, who had been second in a big field for the New Stakes at Ascot; but Bahram repeated his unexpected Sandown triumph and is clearly one of the best of the season.

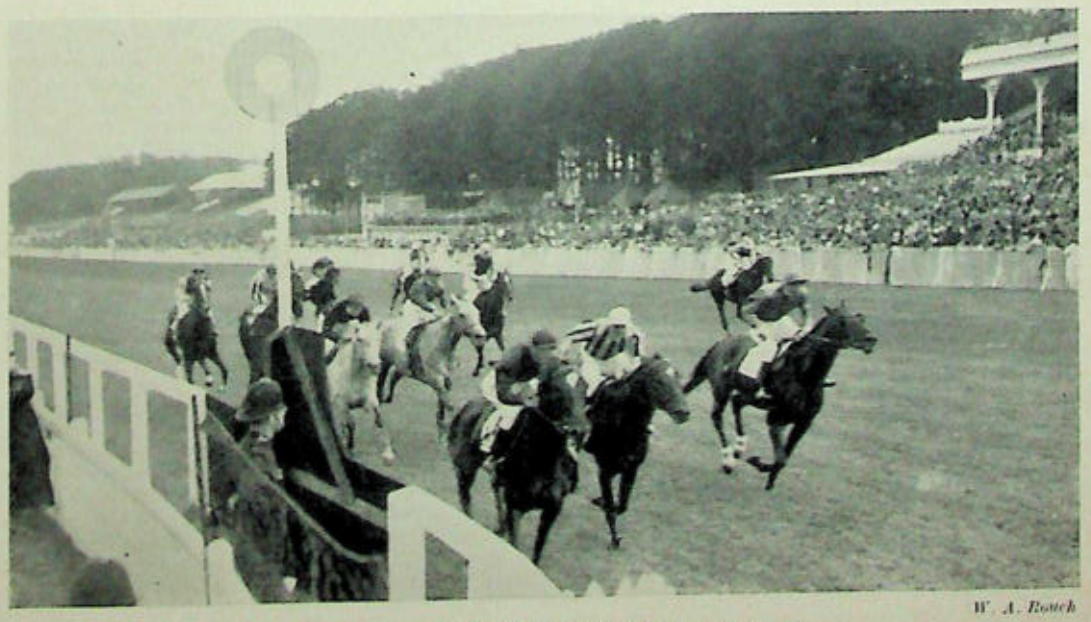
Hairan became shin sore after carrying off the Coventry Stakes, which accounts for the fact that he has missed one or two engagements since Ascot, but this easy time is likely to be all to his benefit later on. Until he runs again it is impossible to say whether he is not the best of the Aga Khan's wonderfully fine group of two-year-olds. If this son of Fairway and that most successful mare Harpsichord (dam of Royal Minstrel and Qurrat-al-Ain) is brought out against Bobsleigh in the Champagne Stakes, their rivalry will not only be one of the most interesting features of the season but should do much towards settling the question of the two-year-old championship.

HUNTERS AT EDENBRIDGE

DRAWN mainly from the confines of the Old Surrey and Burstow country, the hunter, hack and children's pony classes filled well at the Marsh Green and Edenbridge Horse Show. The hunter classes were level in character, and novice hunters mustered strong. With Curtain II, a well-made, free-moving bay, Mr. Sam Marsh won this class, and Blood Royal, a chestnut four-year-old which should make a further name for himself, won the heavy-weight class, while the light-weight event went to Mr. J. R. Owen, whose Quiry, a well-balanced chestnut, was ridden by Mr. R. Willersby. Curtain II followed up his previous victory by taking the ladies' class, which filled well and was one of the most interesting in the hunter classes.

The only class for hacks was won, as most people anticipated, by Miss Jill Erriman, who put up a fine show on her own Wonder Bar. Mr. W. E. Rootes was placed second with Batchelor, although many preferred the chaims of Mrs. G. S. L. Whitelaw's Polly, a well-moulded stamp of mare, which answers hand and heel as a hack should.

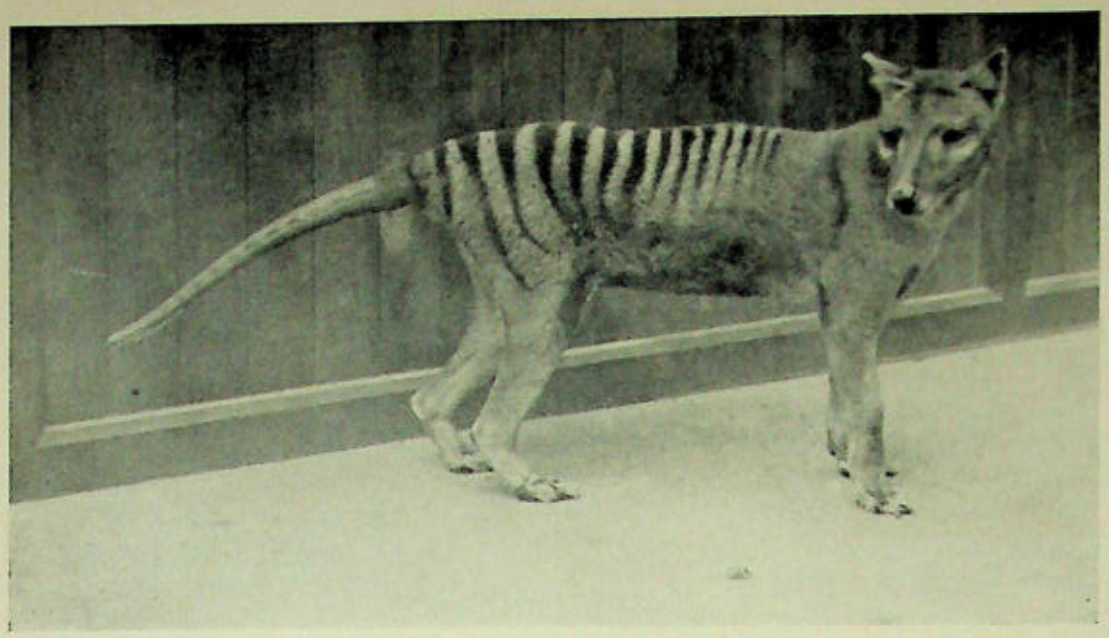
The children's classes were excellent, all the riders (it was a pity perhaps that more boys were not riding) sitting down well and showing their ponies in the correct manner. Miss V. Lush had a well-earned success with her Golden Wonder, a well-mannered liver chestnut, while Miss Joan Nelson's pony also won in a large class. W. F.



W. A. Rouch

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE SINGLETON HANDICAP

Artistic (nearest camera) winning at Goodwood from Valkyrie and March Tor



TASMANIAN OR THYLACINE WOLF

TASMANIA'S ANIMAL LIFE

A Promising Outlook for Preservation

GENERALLY speaking the animals of Tasmania are of similar character to those of the mainland of Australia. The outstanding species are the Tasmanian Marsupial Wolf (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*) and the Tasmanian Devil (*Sarcophilus harrisi*) which are found, in a living state, nowhere else in the world.

The Marsupial Wolf is now only found in the unsettled parts of the western portion of the island. Its sheepkilling habits caused it to be hunted to extinction from the settled districts and the scattered remnants of this most interesting species are now but few in number, and the race has every chance of becoming extinct. So far they have not bred in captivity, but efforts are being made to obtain several pairs and place them on one of the larger islands off the coast in order that the species may be preserved.

The other allied species, the Tasmanian Devil, is a much hardier type. It is to be found in all the rugged sections of the country and appears to be in no danger of extinction, particularly as its fur is not of commercial value.

The chief remaining marsupials indigenous to the island are the kangaroos, wallabies and phalangers, the last mentioned being generally called opossums in Tasmania, but they are far removed from the true opossums of Central America. The Forester kangaroo, which is an insular form of the large Australian kangaroo, has been hunted almost to extinction, and only scattered mobs in several parts of the island remain to remind one that in the early days these kangaroos were plentiful and widespread throughout the land, sharing with the Tasmanian Emu (now extinct) the herbage of the plains.

Bennett's wallaby, a variant of the mainland red neck is the "kangaroo" of Tasmania. Its fur is of considerable market value, and this species, together with the Scrub wallaby (*Macropus billardieri*) has been hunted since the dawn of settlement with a ruthlessness which paid but little heed to the future. Within recent years, however, the whole control of our fur-bearing fauna has been placed on a much improved footing, and the position is being safeguarded.

As far as the phalangers or opossums are concerned, they provide our most valuable furs and have suffered accordingly. Every effort is now being made to preserve the stock in accordance with a definite fauna conservation scheme.

The Ringtail opossum offers a problem. It has been hunted incessantly and yet the numbers show very little falling off when compared with the decreased "take" of the other species as shown by figures for each season since 1923. It should be noted that 1929 was a close season.

Turning to the question of administration and conservation. Prior to 1929 the administration of the Game Protection Laws was in the hands of Crown Lands and Police Departments and from 1920 to 1928 were dealt with by the Police Department solely.

Many people recognised the need for a wider appreciation of the value and economic importance of the fauna of the State. The Royal Society of Tasmania and other societies took the matter up, and the Government recognised the importance of the matter, as in 1928 an Act was passed whereby a board of nine members was set up to control the fauna. Each member is elected as representative of some particular group or association interested in the fur trade, including the scientific and acclimatisation aspects, so the board is a thoroughly representative one.

It is not possible within the limits of the present brief article to deal in detail with the board's work, but briefly the position is that each year a season of two months is proclaimed during which fur animals may be taken. Sometimes the period is altered, and in some seasons (such as 1929) closed altogether. In the present year the board has resolved to close the season for opossums, but open the kangaroo and wallaby season for ten weeks.

An outstanding feature on the preservation side is the setting aside of large sanctuaries to serve the dual purpose of giving complete sanctuary to animals within certain areas and in addition to make those areas serve as breeding grounds for the surrounding districts. The main Tasmanian reservations are the National Park (42,000 acres), the Cradle Mt.—Lake St. Clair Reserve (158,000 acres) and the Tooms Lake—Macquarie River Reserve (56,000 acres). In addition there are various minor reservations of a general nature and certain others for specific species. CLIVE LORD.

BENNETT'S WALLABY

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN

Greece—No. 1.

FOUR kinds of partridges are found in the Mediterranean, the red leg, the brown partridge, the Francolin and the Barbary partridge, of which the most common and most widely distributed is the red leg. He varies very much in size and weight, according to the feeding in the locality. The brown partridge is the same as the one which is so common in England and is found in considerable numbers in Thrace and Macedonia. The Francolin partridge is plentiful in Asia Minor and Palestine, but is generally found either singly or in pairs. They go down to the cultivated fields to feed in the early morning and the evening, but spend the rest of the day in the hills, from where their most peculiar and unmistakable call can frequently be heard. The most practicable method of shooting them is to search the ground at the foot of the hills with a dog just before they come down to the valleys to feed. They are poor fliers but excellent to eat. The Barbary partridge frequents Morocco and the South of Spain, and in many of his habits resembles the Francolin.

The coasts of Greece have been much favoured for years by yachtsmen with a taste for shooting, and undoubtedly most excellent sport can be obtained within easy reach of most of the well-known anchorages. There is, however, even in these days one serious objection to visiting the more remote and wilder portions of this country, especially in the north, for the peasants are inclined to be treacherous and hold human life but cheaply. The great majority are shepherds who carry instead of the peaceful shepherd's crook, a Martini rifle with some 120 rounds of .45 ammunition hung in bandoliers round their bodies. The sheep are guarded not only by their warlike looking owners but also by packs of extremely fierce dogs which look as if they were a cross between a wolf and a collie. They are absolutely wild and fear no one except their master, and will often attack a stranger at sight. It is most important to remember that these dogs are very highly prized by their owners and must not on any account be shot even in self defence, for the shepherd will probably retaliate by shooting the destroyer of his animal at once. The only permissible way of killing one of these dogs is with a knife, for then there is indubitable proof that the animal got to close quarters with the man who killed him. As, however, these dogs are frequently found in packs of six or more in number, a knife is of little avail.

In recall on one occasion when I was trekking over the hills to shoot duck at Platea I saw a flock of sheep about a quarter of a mile away. Within half a minute the guarding pack of nine dogs came bounding across the valley at me. I dropped my gun and in a "blue funk" placed my back against a large rock and awaited the charge with a long hunting knife in one hand and an automatic pistol in the other. The pack formed a semicircle around me with the leader a yard in front of them, all snarling, growling and looking the incarnation of fury. The leader kept up a series of undecided leaps at me while the remainder snarled behind him. What was I to do? I knew that if the leader sprang the whole pack would spring too a tenth of a second later, and yet if I shot him before he made the fatal leap, the odds were that the shepherds would shoot me. Luckily for me their owners appreciated the situation at once and came to my assistance with all possible speed and called their dogs off to my unbounded relief. This incident occurred on the very first occasion that I went out shooting in Greece, and ever afterwards I made it a rule to keep well out of sight, and if possible to leeward of any pack of sheep.

A most important accessory, in my opinion, to carry on all shooting or similar expeditions out of sight of the coast is a reliable pocket compass, for without one it is the easiest thing in the world to get completely lost in this wild and roadless country where the only paths are sheep tracks which will inevitably guide one to the only beast to be feared, the sheep dog. The Commander of my first ship in the Mediterranean was always most insistent that all officers who went out shooting should carry one, and his orders I soon found were very wise, for on the first occasion on which I omitted to take this invaluable instrument I found myself in trouble at once. I had gone out alone and stood in the middle of a shallow lake seven miles from the coast for the evening flight. By the time I had collected all my duck it was quite dark, and after I had pushed my way through the 200 yards of tall reeds which fringed the lake, I did not know which side of the water I had reached, and had no idea in which direction the coast lay. There were no stars, and after wandering about for hours over the thorn-covered hills I had to give it up and wait for dawn.

DOUGLAS LANG.

"LAST HORSE RACE RUN BEFORE CHARLES II"
A very interesting early print by Thomas Barlow

Copyright British Museum

A RARE SKATING PICTURE
The "Skating Lovers," by Piercy Roberts and Stadler

COLLECTING SPORTING PRINTS

Some Rare English Specimens

By ARTHUR M. HIND
(*Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum*)

MOST students of engraving as one of the Fine Arts fight shy of English sporting prints, and I must confess that only the smallest proportion of my long experience of prints has been devoted to their study. The fifteenth century, with its rarities and beauties, the sixteenth, with its classics of engraving, and the seventeenth, with its wealth in original etching, demand the constant allegiance of most professional iconographers.

Nevertheless, many of us who are happy in moments of leisure with the lighter weights in life and art, come with a real sense of refreshment to a drawing or etching by Rowlandson. He is not the professional sporting artist; that is all to the good. He is a first-rate draughtsman, who used pen and water-colour for the most varied subjects; life in a wide gamut, from the charmingly domestic to the outrageously vulgar; a peopled landscape of simple beauty, and all drawn in his inimitably rounded style. He is the artist who finds in sport a natural outlet for his sense of moving life, set against a perfect background of English landscape. His series of six large etchings illustrating fox-hunting, published in 1787–88, and showing George, Prince of Wales, among its figures, are to my mind, one of the greatest achievements of English sporting art. As in most of Rowlandson's outline etchings, the colour was added by hand, and in one set known to me, belonging to that great collector of sporting prints and drawings Mr. Schwerdt, the colour is certainly from Rowlandson's own brush, for he has added his signature in the colour itself. The British Museum is fortunate in having recently secured a fine set of these plates, presented by the National Art-Collections Fund. Collectors may be interested to know that their price was £200, undoubtedly a moderate sum for so rare a series.

There are thousands of impressions of well-known sporting prints to be had for a few pounds each but these are not the impressions that thrill the amateur of discernment, who recognises the transparence of aquatint before the plate is worn and realises the difference between an aquatint plate whether printed in colour or coloured by hand. The inexperienced collector should be reminded that if a plate is printed in colour it is the lines which show the colour, while the spaces between the lines are white, preserving the true quality of the process. Colour added with the brush on the impression covers the paper and blunts the value of the aquatint work. It is of course only seldom that the whole colour of an etched and aquatinted plate is printed. In many sporting prints it will be found that the huntsmen's red coats are added on the print in strong opaque colours, and such local emphasis may enhance the gentler qualities of the purely printed landscape background.

Apart from the absolute rarity of certain early prints, and the greater demand for one sport than another, these are the differences which account for the astonishing variety in price of available sets of racing, hunting, hawking, shooting and fishing prints, from a few pounds to a thousand or more. But in general it may be said that the collector who wishes to secure any good set of four or six colour-aquatints of sporting subjects must be prepared to face his £100 at least, even in these days of somewhat lower prices. Artistic merit is not a standard of value, for etchings by Rembrandt and engravings by Dürer are no more expensive.

Very desirable are certain of the early English prints, etchings by or after Francis Barlow, such as the "Last Horse Race run before Charles II" (reproduced here from an impression in the British Museum), engravings and mezzotints after John Wootton, and mezzotints by Thomas Burford after James Seymour. Then in the classic period of English sporting art (1750–1850) comes the etchings and mixed mezzotints by George Stubbs, and mezzotints after his paintings by his son George Towneley Stubbs, colour-aquatints, etchings, engravings and lithographs by and after Samuel Howitt (for example, in Captain Williamson's *British Field Sports*, 1807), Philip Reinagle, George Morland, Francis and John N. Sartorius, Benjamin Marshall, John Ferneley, Samuel and Henry Alken (notably in that remarkable volume, *The National Sports of Great Britain*, 1820–21), Dean Wolstenholme, father and son, Robert and James Pollard, F. C. Turner, W. P. Hodges (for example, in the famous *Beaufort Hunt*, 1833), R. B. Davis, with his *Hunter's Annual*, and those noteworthy amateurs Loraine Smith and Sir Robert Frankland. Most productive among the aquatint-etchers and engravers in mezzotint, apart from the painters themselves, were Thomas Sutherland, R. G. Reeve, Charles and George Hunt, H. C. Pyall and Charles Turner. Nor should the publishers remain unnoticed, especially that prolific trio Rudolf Ackermann, S. W. Fores and Thomas McLean.

Sport aside, lovers of English landscape will find much real beauty in these prints, largely the background of the rolling country that centres in Melton Mowbray, a country of open fields, ever varying hedges and broken woodland, such as is scarcely represented in the classic English landscape painting.

The British Museum is making efforts to increase its collection of these subjects, and its old riches added to various recent donations (from the National Art-Collections Fund, Miss F.L. Cannan, Mr. Herbert W. Hollebone, Mr. Schwerdt, Lord Wakefield, Sir Robert Mond, Mr. Arthur Du Cane, and Messrs. Arthur Ackermann) presents a nucleus round which a worthy collection should soon materialise. A selection of fine impressions is on permanent exhibition in the Prints and Drawings Gallery. Miss Cannan's gift of skating prints and drawings has a special interest, and one of the rarest of the series, the "Skating Lovers," a colour-aquatint by Piercy Roberts and Stadler, after Adam Buck, is here reproduced.

A FOXHUNTING DINNER BY ROWLANDSON
One of a set of six recently acquired by the British Museum for the moderate price of £200

The Country House

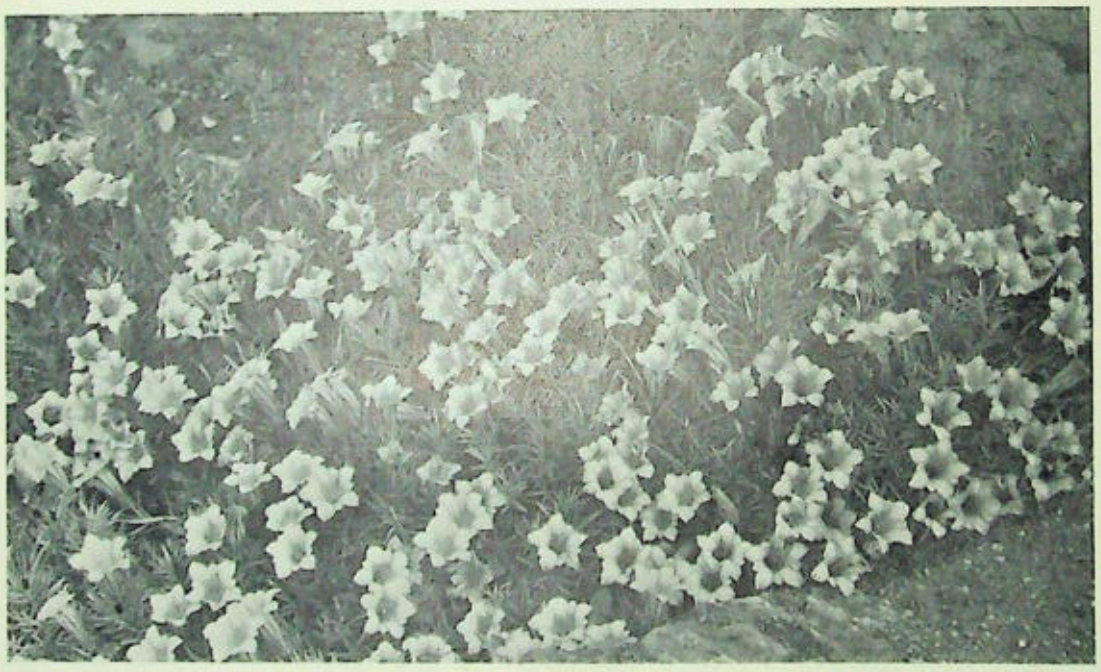
IN THE ROCK GARDEN

Selections for Autumn Decoration

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SO many treasures for the autumn rock garden have been introduced of recent years that possibly no two people would agree as to what are the aristocrats. But I think most gardeners would give the charming new miniature kniphofia—*K. Galpini*—a high place. This South African gem attains only about 18in.; it flowers from September well into November, and is very floriferous and it is perfectly hardy. An array of virtues! Moreover, unlike the large-flowered kniphofias, it is useful and uncommon for indoor decoration. Like all kniphofias this species needs full sun, a well-drained soil, and in cold parts protection in winter. Once planted, kniphofias should never be disturbed, and planting, except in mild parts, is best done in spring.

Even more vividly coloured is the delightful Californian fuchsia, *Zauschneriana californica*, and notably the variety *Z. c. splendens*. The latter is not only much more striking, but it begins flowering in August. The flowers are the richest orange coral, the foliage soft grey-green, and clumps of the plants are of outstanding beauty throughout the autumn. I believe that in California the popular name of the plant is Humming bird's trumpet. *Zauschneriana californica* needs full sun and preferably a sandy soil. Ultimately the plant attains about 2ft., but it flowers when only a foot high. Cuttings of the young shoots taken in spring can be struck in boxes of silver sand placed in a cold frame.



GENTIANA SINO-ORNATA NEEDS A RICH CLAY SOIL BUT NO STAGNANT MOISTURE AND NO LIME

Then there is the delightful miniature fuchsia, *F. pumila*, which attains only about 9in. with ruby-red flowers. It is one of the daintiest shrubs, and flowers throughout October. The attractive *F. gracilis variegata*, which attains about 2ft., is chiefly valuable for its pretty foliage. It is unfortunately not very hardy, and should have protection. Like all fuchsias these species need a well-drained soil and a warm spot.

The richest blue flowers in the rock garden in autumn are surely *Gentiana Macaulyi* Wells's variety. On a hot day in early autumn a sheet of these in flower suggests sapphire-blue water. Like *G. sino-ornata*, this gentian needs a rich clay soil, but no stagnant moisture and no lime. *Convolvulus mauritanicus* is another lovely treasure with its clear lavender-blue flowers. It is indeed one of the finest wall plants. *C. mauritanicus* is not very hardy and needs full sun and a sandy loam. In bleak parts where it is impossible to grow this convolvulus out of doors it is an excellent subject for the cold greenhouse. It is most attractive when grown in hanging baskets. The compost should be two-thirds fibrous loam and one-third leaf mould and sand. Even in a greenhouse full sun is essential. One of the most useful and hardiest of the convolvulus family is *C. althæoides*. It is certainly not an aristocrat, but I do not know a more useful perennial for covering dry banks on poor soil. It covers square yards very

NIEREMBERGIA RIVULARIS LIKES HALF SHADE, A VERY SANDY, WELL-DRAINED SOIL AND PLENTY OF MOISTURE

the charm of its silvery foliage and bright flowers, it is in bloom from May to October.

Amongst the erodiums there are *E. chrysanthum*, with its fern-like silver-grey foliage and dainty yellow flowers; *E. corsicum*, which, given a very warm nook, spreads its pink flowers on a carpet of crinkled silver foliage all through the summer and early autumn; and *E. trichomanifolium*, a Spanish species valuable not only for its charming foliage and veined flowers, but also because it flowers from May well into October and is very hardy.

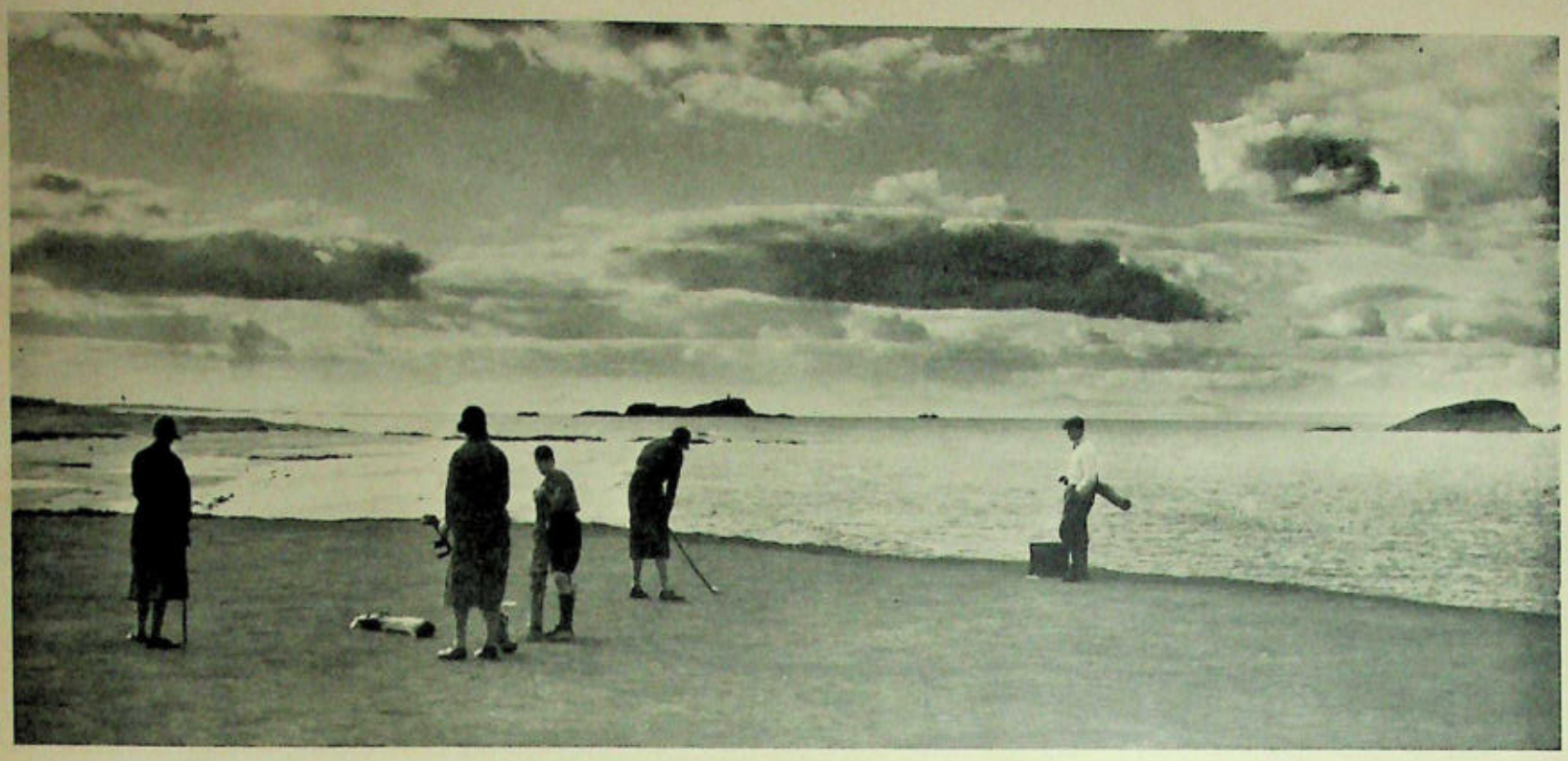
Epilobium chlorifolium is a charming New Zealand treasure recently introduced. It is far better than *E. glabellum*. The large white flowers, slightly tinted with pink, are produced on trailing stems, and the glossy leaves have a bronze tone.

The best of the autumn-flowering erigerons for the rock garden are *E. Villarsi*, with golden-centred lavender flowers, and the rare *E. glaucus*. The true *E. glaucus* is not easily obtainable. The foliage is glaucous and the flowers are a rich lavender blue.

The loveliest yellow and white flowers in the autumn rock garden are those of *Oenothera riparia*, a cataract of golden flowers on thin stems. The rare *Oe. triloba* is also late flowering. *Oe. speciosa* is very floriferous, both the white-flowered type and the pink variety. *Onosma echioides* has attractive yellow flowers with a curious almond scent. The rare *O. decipiens* has lemon yellow flowers. All the onosmas like a very dry sunny spot. *Nierembergia rivularis* is a gem from Argentina with fragile white cups fit for fairies' use on a thick emerald carpet. This dainty treasure likes half shade, a very sandy, well-drained soil and plenty of moisture.

KNIPHOFIAS NEED FULL SUN, A WELL-DRAINED SOIL, AND IN COLD PARTS PROTECTION IN WINTER. ONCE PLANTED THEY SHOULD NEVER BE DISTURBED

bunch brought indoors scents a room. The foliage is very prettily tinted in autumn. Mr. Ingwerson has a lovely variety of this geranium, which he collected on Mount Peristeri. The flowers of the type are rose purple, but those of Mr. Ingwerson's variety are a good rose and very large. Then there are the vividly coloured *G. subcaulescens*, with cherry carmine flowers, and Russell Prichard's variety of *G. Traversi*, a gem indeed, for, apart from



A HOLIDAY COURSE OF THE BORDER
North Berwick's Sea Hole Tee looking over

HOLIDAY GOLF

Courses Worth Visiting and Some Experiments Worth Trying

By E. R. TIPPLE

OUR appetite for championships has now been sated, and the majority of players are more interested in their holidays than anything else—in care-free rounds over pleasant links, playing when and how they wish. Perhaps it will be of some help to those who are undecided as yet where to go, if I mention a few of the places which, in my opinion, are worthy of any golfer's interest.

If any enthusiast has never explored the south-east corner of Kent, he should seize the first opportunity to do so. Deal is an admirable centre for those who stay there have easy access to Royal St. George's, Prince's and Royal Cinque Ports links. Each of these famous links will provide unlimited entertainment for any and every type of golfer. Sandwich, where many thrilling events have occurred in history, possesses that indescribable atmosphere one associates with Scottish links. You feel as if golf was meant to be played there, and after your visit it is to be hoped that you may feel you have played the game as it was meant to be played!

Bournemouth is not only an up-to-date resort but it is also one of the few towns in the south which offers a first-class selection of courses to the visitor. Broadstone, perhaps, is the longest and most severe test, but Ferndown is very, very good. It reminds me of American courses, as the majority of the holes are dog-legged either to the right or left, thus calling for accuracy from the "tiger." The short, straight driver would beat the "wild" slogger there every time. The two municipal courses, Queen's Park and Meyrick Park, possess first-rate professionals in Don Curtis and E. R. Whitcombe respectively, and both courses are in keeping with these fine exponents of the game. But of them all I like Parkstone the best. What it lacks in length it more than makes up in the many subtle problems which have to be solved before the end of the round. Further inland, in the heart of the New Forest, Brockenhurst Manor is to be found, and there a game can be enjoyed amidst as beautiful surroundings as could be desired.

In Devon and Cornwall games can be had over many links not so well known as they deserve to be. A year or so ago I spent two weeks motoring in these parts, going to Land's End along the north coast and returning by the south. The Lelant course, near St. Ives, has many supporters. Five of its holes are situated in as small a space as can be imagined.

Most golfers like to see the sea when they are playing, and they can have wonderful views of Fistral Bay from the Newquay course and the Atlantic from Perranporth. The former is rather an artificial lay-out, but the latter is as natural as possible. The turf is very sandy—thanks to the wind—and if the course is allowed to run wild the player does not lose by it, for his golf at Perranporth becomes a great adventure.

St. Enodoc is the most famous of all the North Cornwall links, rightly so. It is one of the most natural links I have ever seen. The holes wind along the valleys and over the hills, there are no offending artificial hazards anywhere.

I have happy memories of a short course near the Lizard—that of Mullion. Those who like to play in natural surroundings are well catered for in this delightful place. Its bogey is only 69, but I will wager there are few who have broken 70. Part of the course is on the headland overlooking Poldhu Cove and part by the sea itself at Dollar Cove, where a Spanish galleon is supposed to have foundered. I remember playing one of the short holes at Mullion when there were bathers on the beach on my left, chickens feeding on the green, and farm folk in front of a quaint and, incidentally, historical cottage to the right. Just the proper atmosphere for holiday golf. The next drive is played—as it should be—over a chasm with the huge breakers ready to carry away the mis-hit ball. No wonder that Mullion is a favourite holiday place for Miss Wethered and other famous golfers, for large crowds and matches are but memories when one is down there.

Turning to the north, Southport is an ideal centre, while Hesketh, Birkdale, Formby, West Lancs are courses that all lie nearby, whilst across the Mersey are Wallasey and Hoylake—Hoylake, the home of John Ball and the course over which many a championship has been played.

Scotland has so many fine courses that it is difficult to make any selections. On the west coast there is Troon and Turnberry. Indeed, in Ayr one can play, if one wishes, along the coast for miles, going from one links to another. There have been many such cross-country matches in this district, all providing a great deal of fun.

St. Andrews—the Mecca of all players—is, well, St. Andrews. Few like it after one round, but after several you come away feeling that this historical links has that "something" which others would like and have not got. Across the Forth lie North Berwick, Dunbar, Muirfield and Gullane. The last-named is one of my favourites. In any of these places take the advice of your caddie—he knows, for everyone there is a golfer as soon as he can walk.

If you wish to see foreign countries and to take part in championships—there are some who can never have enough competitive play—then the present is a suitable time to visit Germany and Sweden. The German Championships are being played during the week beginning August 13th at Bad Ems. This is Germany's best test of golf, and I understand its longest course. Baden-Baden, besides being a fashionable health resort, has a golf course which will give the good golfer a chance of accomplishing more three's in one round than he could obtain elsewhere. The Swedish Championships are to be held between August 23rd–26th at Falsterbo, a course that is becoming increasingly popular each year.

Holiday golf, I think, should not be treated too seriously. Relaxation and a change is good for anyone, especially the keen golfer. While I cannot understand why men play ten rounds in one day—except because of a desire for notoriety—I believe much enjoyment can be had out of the several variations to the game. Instead of playing the usual best-ball match, try the exact opposite, the worst-ball. A six handicap player should find no difficulty in beating the worst-ball of two scratch men—moreover, this game will help to improve the standard of play of those concerned.

If there is a large group of holiday golfers an amusing match can be had by dividing the number into two sides, each member playing with only one club. Thus those with the drivers start first, and so on. The fun begins when the player with the brassie has to extricate the ball out of a bunker, and when the one with the niblick has to drive off.

If any golfer imagines that he is too good for his wife or his usual opponent, let him try left-handed clubs instead of right-handed. When Harry Vardon was at Ganton he used to give the members large handicaps and still win, so he got himself some left-handed weapons and played them, giving the normal allowance. But he won just the same!

Limit the number of clubs to be used, and you will be surprised at the way you can play. Some golfers have even gone round a course with no clubs, just throwing the ball. But that, I think, is going too far.

Then, why play the course in the orthodox way? A great deal of fun can be had by playing a round starting from the last tee and going to, say, the sixth green, then from the seventh tee to the twelfth green, and so on. But remember to play eighteen holes. This experiment is good for your game, as you are given strokes you would not have to play otherwise. St. Andrews is one of the few links that can be played backwards—indeed, it is a very good test the opposite way round. Whatever you do by way of experiments or wherever you go for holidays, be wise and treat the game, even for once, lightly. That is the pleasure of holiday golf.

I.G.L. POINTER AND SETTER SOCIETY

With the Irish Setters at Ruabon

THESE the 34th trials on grouse under the control of the I.G.L. were held at Gwylfa Hiraethog, near Denbigh, on July 27th and 28th. This is a beautiful moor for dog work, there were plenty of grouse and the judges had ample opportunity of finding out the stamina of dogs, handlers and spectators alike.

There were no entries in the Brace Stake. In the Puppy Stake the first brace were Mrs. Holt's Keane O'Moy, the Messrs. Bishops and Halesworth Beau. Keane was only just down in time, but steady when birds rose, he then found again, but was not too staunch; he seems afraid of doing wrong. Beau gallops extremely well and has fine style on point. Bright d'Or, who got no chance, met Biton, who had a useful point.

Bracken and Mickey Walker came on a bad patch of ground, and did not go in as stylish a manner as others. Down with Valette d'Or, Mrs. Holt's Menaifron Bee had a very nice point which Valette backed. Bee again found well, but is almost too careful. This is a good bitch which works her ground well. Mrs. Holt's Jamie O'Moy next met Mickey Mouse. The former found; Mickey stole the point, went on but could not locate them, and later he did the same again; he evidently has no use for Irishmen. Bramble and Captain Colville's Demon were the last pair. Demon had one excellent point in lovely style, and really galloped. In the second round Beau was down with Biton. Both pointed nicely together. Bran goes a good pace and is very handy to whistle. Demon fairly beat Jamie. He just dropped in time going down wind, then had a long good point, had birds just a moment before Jamie. Bee was then put down with Beau; she pointed and was very well backed by Beau; she found again, as also did Beau, who was well backed by Bee.

The awards were: Bee, 1st; Demon, 2nd; Beau, 3rd; and Biton, 4th. There was a lot of good work done by these puppies under most difficult conditions of wind.

The All-aged Stake had nineteen runners, the winner being Mrs. Yeoward's Brynmor Newsboy, who, when down with Red Michael, really galloped and backed two points of Michael's admirably. Later on Newsboy did good work against Mrs. Nagle's Cloghan Belle, who had in her first round, against Vision of Otham, did quite excellent work. Eventually Newsboy was placed first and Cloghan Belle second. Only the judges can see everything, and there must have been very little between these two. Penheale Don and Victory of Otham followed. Victory refused to back when Don found, but eventually had a point which Don backed well.

Rock O'Moy met Stylish Ken, who had a long draw for nothing, which he repeated several times, while Rock had birds once with a flush to which he might have dropped instead of returning to his handler. Fashion down with Peggy had a good point, and Vineyard of Otham and Mrs. Holt's Marjorie had a long trial together where there were very few grouse. Vineyard's good quartering was particularly noticeable. Marjorie had a nice point well backed by Vineyard. Mr. E. Gardner's Penitent ran a bye with Clio. He found and showed particularly nice style in going up to his game; they both found and behaved well, a most interesting trial.

In the second round Newsboy and Cloghan Belle ran a very level trial. Beorcham Clio had a nice point. Fashion then met Vineyard and did all the work. Vineyard only got one lot of birds, but backed Fashion nicely all through. Marjorie, down with Persistent, had a nice point, so did Persistent.

The third round began with Newsboy and Vineyard. Newsboy flushed going down wind, but was down in a moment; he then found a single bird, while Vineyard had no luck. Cloghan Belle met Persistent; she got a good point which Persistent might have backed. Fashion then met Marjorie, and had two very pretty points, though getting a bit tired. The placings were: Newsboy, 1st; Cloghan Belle, 2nd; Persistent, 3rd; and Fashion, 4th.

Preceding the I.G.L. meeting the Trials of the Irish Setter Association were again held by the kind permission of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bt., on his Ruabon Hill on July 24th and 25th. There were lots of birds, and though the wind and weather were not too kind everything went off extremely well, as Brown, the headkeeper is an artist at working the ground to the best advantage both for dogs and judges.

We began with the Open Stake. Mrs. Foot's Beorcham Clio, who eventually was placed third, ran a most attractive trial against Mrs. Holt's Keane O'Moy, and later against Rock O'Moy. She goes a nice gallop, had several good points in exceptionally nice style, and was well backed by Rock O'Moy, who was placed fourth; he had done nice work in his first round with Mrs. Nagle's Sulhamstead Seal D'or, who had no luck. Speedwell Recorder, placed reserve, was a doubtful backer, but puzzled out an old cock grouse rather cleverly, which got him the reserve card. Sulhamstead Bluff D'or had two excellent points when down against Captain Colville's Penheale Don, and later did excellent work against Beorcham Craftsman. These two were very close together and were placed equal first. Two high-class dogs, they really gallop with just a bit more drive than Clio, who otherwise is as good. Penheale Don and Flashaway Bess were given certificates of merit.

There were only three braces. It is sad to see how few go in for this attractive work nowadays. Mrs. Nagle's Cloghan Belle and Bluff, the winners, went well together, quartering their ground particularly well.

In the Puppy Stake the best were Mrs. Yeoward's Cymuran Drenagh (first), who did nice level work, excellently handled by Evans, and Mrs. Holt's Keane O'Moy (second), who is almost too careful, and Jamie O'Moy (third), who is the same. Captain Colville's Penheale Don, the most stylish puppy in the stake and perhaps at the whole meeting, made unfortunately one "bloomer," or he might well have won the stake. Irish Setter breeders should use this dog, as his style and pedigree make him very valuable.

Mr. Somerville and Mr. Colohan, who were judging for the first time in England and had come, one from Scotland, the other from Ireland, took the greatest pains and may be heartily congratulated on their decisions.

HUBERT WILSON.

International Gundog League.—A very useful book of reference is the *Year Book* of the I.G.L., Pointer and Setter Society, Retriever Society, and Sporting Spaniel Society. This contains details of the field trials held during the last season, a full card being given in each case; lists of previous winners of championships and challenge cups and lists of affiliated societies. The book is illustrated with photographs of various challenge cups. Copies can be obtained from the Secretary, Captain G. H. Gibson, Bradwell House, Witham, Essex.

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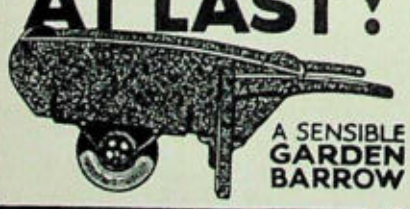
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A HEAVY CROP OF WHEAT ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS AT ASTON TIRROLD
A hot dry summer has produced bumper yields on well-farmed land

CATTLE SUBSIDIES AND THE FUTURE

Searching for a Policy

ON the day on which Parliament rose Mr. Elliot announced the names of the Committee who will administer the Cattle Subsidy Act from September until next March. Sir John Chancellor is the chairman and he has as colleagues three members of the Fat Stock Reorganisation Commission—Mr. H. G. Howitt, Dr. J. B. Orr and the Hon. Jasper Ridley. Sir Francis Boys, Mr. George Dallas and Mr. William Harvey are the other members. It is an advantage that three of the members have already devoted many months to a detailed study of the problems of the livestock industry and that they will have the knowledge so gained at their command in administering the temporary subsidy of £3,000,000 provided by the Treasury to tide the cattle industry over the next seven months.

Mr. Elliot has not allowed the grass to grow under his feet in making the necessary arrangements for the administration of the subsidy. Once Cabinet approval was obtained the Bill was rushed through Parliament within three weeks, and at the same time meetings were being held with the National Farmers' Union, the livestock auctioneers and the butchers to prepare the ground for the Committee now set up and make it possible for them to complete the administrative machinery during the present month. It will not be long after September 1st when the Act comes into operation and subsidy payments are available.

The rate of payment is to be 5s. per live cwt., or 9s. 4d. per dead cwt., and to qualify for the subsidy beasts must be good quality steers or heifers, certified as such on the Ministry's behalf. The Cattle Committee will, it may be expected, administer the subsidy in much the same way as the Wheat Commission administers the deficiency payments under the Wheat Act. Once an animal has been certified at market and its ear duly punched it cannot be eligible for a further subsidy, although it may not be slaughtered for a week or two afterwards. Certification is already being referred to as the "Fifty-shilling punch," this being the sum payable on a 10-cwt. fat beast.

One effect of the Government proposals has been to check the marketing of fat stock during August. Many farmers are inclined to hold back their cattle until September to qualify for the subsidy. This is questionable policy. If everyone does likewise there will be better prices now than will be obtained, including the subsidy, in September, when the markets are likely to be overdone with fat stock. An outright price of £25 for a 10-cwt. bullock in August is likely to be a better proposition than the chance of a glutted market in September with a subsidy of 50s.

Let it be clearly understood that this subsidy is only an emergency measure and that the Chancellor Committee are merely concerned to administer the Exchequer's money in proper fashion. They are not in any way duplicating or revising the work of the Reorganisation Commission. What lies ahead of the fat stock industry no one can yet foretell. Mr. Elliot and his advisers have not made up their minds for or against the proposals for factory abattoirs where hundreds of fat beasts would be dealt with daily on the lines of the meat-packing houses in South America and the Dominions. Lord De La Warr, the Minister's lieutenant, is very keen on this scheme, but against him are ranged the butchers who say that if factory abattoirs are established in this country English meat will no longer make a much higher price than chilled or frozen beef and will lose its advantage of freshness and bloom. The Minister, it may be recalled, is the son of one of Scotland's most successful livestock auctioneers, and he realises the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the present system. One or two factory abattoirs may be set up to test the economies that can be effected in this country by handling home-killed meat and offals in bulk, but it is to be hoped that the farming industry will not be stampeded into an expensive venture before the pros and cons are properly understood.

R. F.

FARMING NOTES

Milk for School-Children

AFTER the summer holidays supplies of milk should be available for the children in every school in the country. The price will be one shilling a gallon, and it will be supplied at a charge of ½d. for a bottle holding one-third of a pint. This means that the parents will be called on to pay 2½d. weekly, which seems reasonable enough.

There is no question about the value of a supply of milk to growing children, especially when, as in this case, the supply is approved by the local medical authority as being produced from healthy cows and handled under proper hygienic conditions.

Potato Marketing

Growers of potatoes have been advised by the Potato Marketing Board not to be in a hurry to lift and market their crops of second earlies. The market has been fully supplied with immature potatoes, and there is serious risk of a low level of prices being set from which it will be difficult to recover when the main crop comes on the market.

This advice is sound, but would it not be more effective if the Board used its powers now to fix a minimum riddle and so automatically check the marketing of excessive supplies? Growers have welcomed the scheme for regulating the marketing of potatoes, and now they would like to see its merits put to the test.

Advice to Pig Breeders

In a foreword to the N.P.B.A. *Pig Breeder's Annual* the Minister of Agriculture suggests that it must be our firm intention that the quality of our product shall be and shall remain ahead of that of our foreign competitors, and therefore we must start at the right end—with the raw material, the pig. "From now onwards," Mr. Elliot adds, "we are going to need all our resources in breeding stock of proved performance as well as all the assistance we can get in the dissemination among producers of the best methods of breeding and feeding for bacon. Only so will it be possible even to hold and consolidate the position we have already gained."

Dairy Shorthorns at Windsor

Redrice Tarquinius, bred by Major Miller Mundy, Red Rice, Andover, Hants, has been purchased for the Royal Farms at Windsor, where it is understood a recorded herd of Dairy Shorthorn cattle is to be maintained in future. Redrice Tarquinius is a grown fifteen-months-old bull, dark roan in colour, and sired by Anderson Wild Bates 8th, a bull that has left many good animals in the Redrice herd.

Scottish Sheepdog Trials

By securing the maximum number of points for his performance in the singles championships in the Scottish Trials at Pitlochry last week, Mr. A. Millar's five-year-old Ken has excelled all previous records. This dog is bred off Millar's famous Ben out of Howie's Nell. There are over forty different sections in which half-a-point could be lost. In gathering the sheep Ken made a fine sweeping outrun, and in the "fetch" he revealed his great power and ability by steering his charges along an absolutely straight course, in the process of which he received scarcely a command from the handler. In driving, too, his line of direction was excellent. This display was a high tribute to the training of Mr. Millar, who has to his credit seven victories in this contest during the past ten years.

Last year's winner, Mr. J. M. Wilson, was second, third and fourth. None of his entrants responded with the alacrity and firmness of the leading dog, and in the near-at-hand work they lacked the finish of the cup winner. Mr. Wilson, however, put up a brilliant display in the "brace" trials with Roy and Fly—a son and daughter of the famous Loos.

August Pastures

Grass is a valuable but variable food. August pastures have very different feeding virtues to May pastures, and the farmer, whether he is producing milk or beef, needs to take these marked herbage changes into account. An article in the current issue of *Spillers' Livestock and Poultry Magazine*, always a useful publication, emphasises that the feeding value of grass on extensive grazing depreciates considerably as the season advances, more particularly in its protein content. Its feeding value may become less than half what it was worth earlier in the season. It is advantageous to give grass nuts throughout the whole of the grazing season. Copies of the magazine may be obtained, free of cost, from Spillers, Ltd., 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C. 3.

BROADLEAZE.

ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE PART AEROPLANES ARE PLAYING IN POPULARISING HOLIDAY RESORTS
This photograph of holiday crowds on the sea front in Jersey, with seven air liners on the beach, was taken from a passenger aeroplane about to land with visitors from England

THE MOST REMARKABLE CAR OF THE CENTURY

Recent Improvements to the V·8 Ford

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

IN two respects at least the new V·8 Ford merits description as the most remarkable car of the twentieth century. I refer to its performance on the road and the low price at which it sells.

Twelve months or so ago I described the V·8 Ford, then an entirely new departure, as a truly amazing car. Since then not only has the car been greatly improved, but what is more extraordinary, the price has been reduced still lower.

Although the size of the engine is the same as before, the brake horse-power has been greatly increased. At 3,500 engine revolutions the power now available is 80 h.p. Formerly it was 65 h.p. at 3,400 r.p.m. This increase of power has been obtained through raising the compression from 5.5 to 1 to 6.33 to 1, and in addition to this the detachable head is now made of aluminium instead of cast-iron. A new type of twin down-draught carburetter is also fitted.

The large increase of power now available has not interfered in any way with the smooth running and flexibility for which the V·8 has been famous since its inception. Rather does it operate the other way, for the latest cars, although much faster than the earlier type, are more flexible than ever.

Except for the alterations already referred to, the specification of the motor remains the same, but to those who are not familiar with its make-up, the following details may be of interest. The cylinders have a bore of 77.79 m/m. and a stroke of 95.25 m/m. The eight-cylinder motor is a "V" type, the two blocks of four cylinders being set at 90 degrees. Aluminium pistons are employed with a split skirt, the valves are side by side, and the camshaft is supported on three bearings.

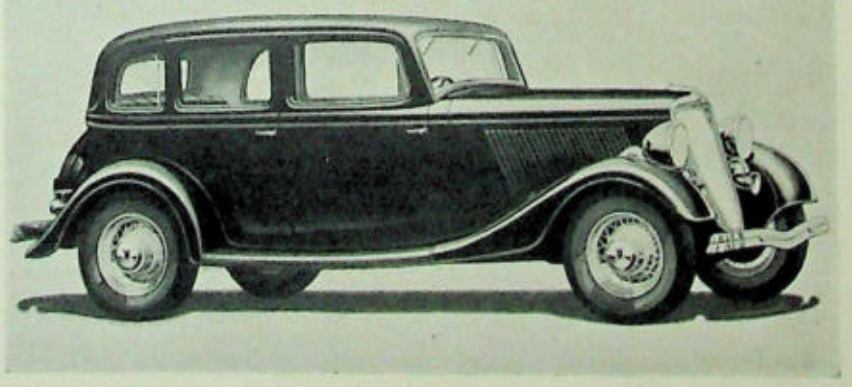
Cooling is effected on the thermo-syphon principle, and is aided by two pumps which are located in each cylinder head. A fan is driven by the same belt, the latter obtaining its drive from the forward end of the crankshaft. Ignition is by coil and battery, the capacity of the latter being six volts. Lubrication is by pressure and splash feed, the pressure being 10lb.

The wheelbase is now 9ft. 4in., formerly it was 8ft. 10in.—an increase of 6in. This increase in length makes all the difference, not only to the body space now available, but to the all-important question of road holding.

Road clearance remains as before, namely, 9in. The rear axle is of the three-quarter floating type. Final drive is by spiral bevel gear, and all shafts are mounted on tapered roller bearings. The axle ratio is 4.11 to 1, no alteration having been made to the latest models in this respect.

Suspension is transverse, both front and rear, and hydraulic shock absorbers are fitted. The gearbox has three forward speeds and reverse, and the top gear has a ratio of 4.11 to 1, second 6.59 to 1, and bottom 11.59 to 1. Synchronised gear-change is employed with helically-cut constant-mesh, and second speed pinions.

The clutch is of the single-plate type and the propeller shaft is enclosed in a torque tube, radius rods being fitted in addition to absorb the torque. The four-wheel brakes are operated by the foot pedal, the hand-brake operating on the rear wheels only. The drums are made of special non-scoring alloy and the braking area is 186 sq. in. The steering is 3/4 irreversible of the worm and sector type, and the turning circle is 40ft. diam. There is a lock fitted on the steering column which, when the key is turned, not only locks the steering control but the ignition at the same time.



STRIKING PRICE REDUCTIONS OF THE V·8 FORD
The 4-door Saloon de Luxe, previously listed at £280, which now sells at £235, a saving of £45

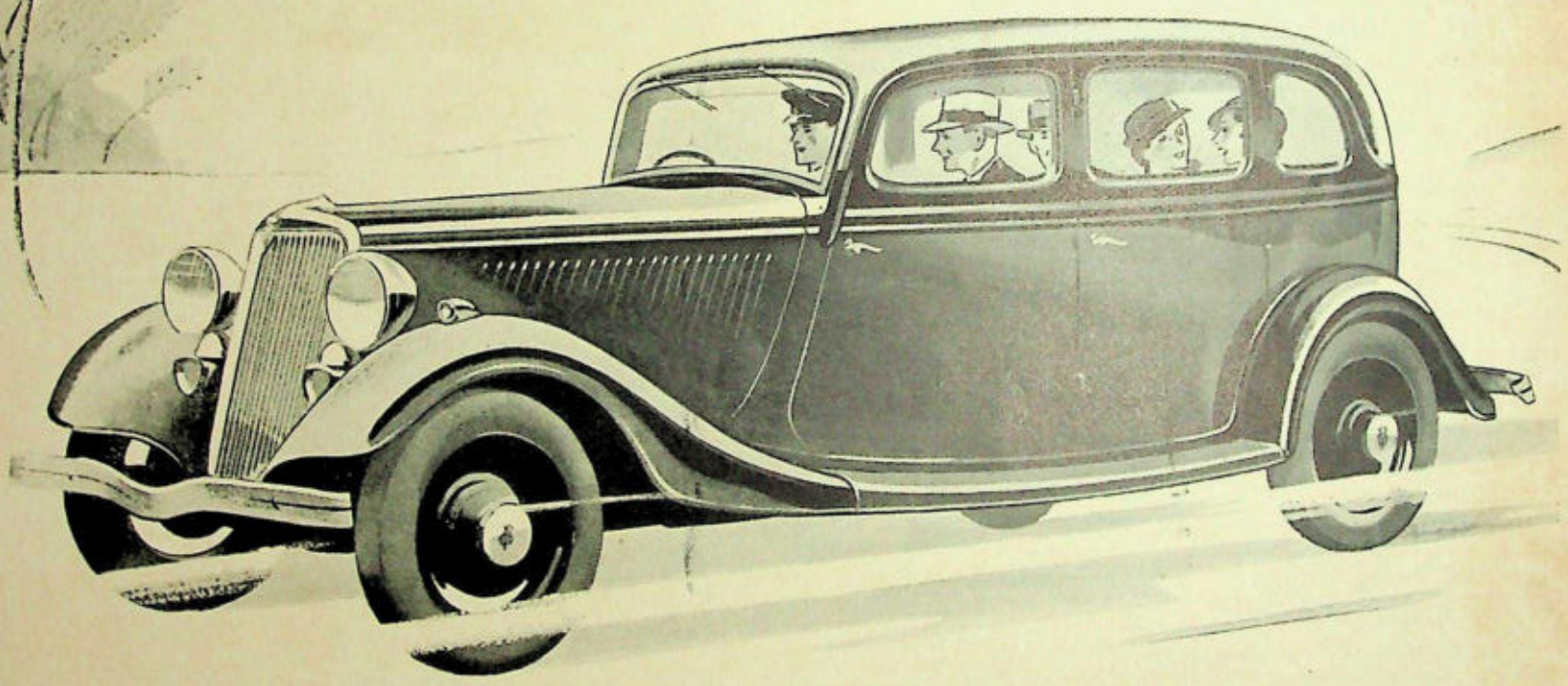
The V·8 Ford can be purchased with a variety of different types of coach-work, the standard model being a two-seater De Luxe, which now sells at £205 instead of £230. The Coupé De Luxe is listed at £220 instead of £258, the Cabriolet at £225 instead of £265, and the Victoria Coupé at £230 instead of £270. The two-door Saloon De Luxe now sells at £220 instead of £255, and the four-door De Luxe at £235. Previously it was sold at £280, making a reduction of £45 on this particular model.

The shape of the radiator has also been altered and the general lines of the coachwork have been greatly improved, the finish both internally and externally leaving nothing to be desired.

Although the annual tax payable under the present regulations is £30, this sum will be reduced by 25 per cent. next January. A point well worth bearing in mind is the fact that the Ford Company are able to issue a special insurance policy with this car which only costs, with full benefits, £12 per annum. This means a considerable saving.

On the road the performance of the V·8 Ford is remarkable. The engine is dead silent throughout its entire range of speed, and the smoothness of running is truly astonishing. The acceleration is such that the car can more than hold its own against any other make, no matter what price or horse-power its competitor may command. As acceleration means so much where high average speeds are concerned, it follows that the V·8 is ideal for long runs. At the price at which it sells it is within the reach of the driver who, although a discriminating

PRICES ARE DRASTICALLY REDUCED



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NEWLY REDUCED PRICES:

Saloon de Luxe (2 *doors*)	£220
Saloon de Luxe (4 *doors*), *illustrated*	£235
Coupé de Luxe (3-*window*, *with dickey*) ..	£220
Cabriolet	£225
Victoria Coupé	£230
Imperial Limousine (123 *ins. wheelbase*) ..	£350
Chassis (112 *ins. wheelbase*)	£165

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motorist, has, up till now, been unable to afford a car with a superlative performance.

I have heard it said that the V-8 Ford is unsafe when travelling at its maximum velocity. I can only say that I have found this statement very far from the truth. Its stability is remarkable, although I would recommend the fitting of additional shock absorbers to dampen the suspension down a little. I have had the Telecontrol system fitted on my own car, and it works admirably. I find the car very steady on corners and on the level throughout the range of speed.

To sum up, I consider the V-8 Ford a wonderful proposition from every point of view, and I speak from experience, having owned one for the past fifteen months. During all this time I have not had the slightest trouble with it, nor have I spent a penny-piece upon renewals or replacement of parts; in fact, no adjustments have been made to it whatever.

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHY BY AIR

A Pleasant Hobby With Considerable Possibilities

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

PHOTOGRAPHY is looked upon to-day as an essential part of almost every kind of holiday, and the flying tour is no exception Actually, photography from the air, even for the amateur, offers considerable possibilities; with very little skill and effort, the most remarkable and interesting record can be obtained.

Because the great majority of aerial photographs published in the Press and elsewhere are the work of highly expert professionals, there is a belief that this kind of work demands very special abilities, and is beyond the capacities of the ordinary amateur This is an entirely erroneous view, for quite excellent results can be obtained with simple apparatus, and with very little more skill than is demanded for ordinary landscape work.

Moreover, it is possible to choose a greater variety of subjects from the air, the very novelty of the view-point being sufficient to give an unusual attraction to everything that is taken.

Any really good quality camera of rigid construction can be used with success for aerial photography, the chief requirements being a first-class lens working at a large aperture. Nevertheless, the best results are naturally obtained when one of the special aerial cameras is employed, and these are now obtainable at a moderate outlay, and quite within the reach of the keen amateur photographer. Perhaps the most useful of these special cameras is the so-called pistol type, sold by the Williamson Manufacturing Co., Ltd., which, as its name implies, is provided with a pistol grip, with trigger action, and is used in exactly the same way as a revolver.

Whatever the type of apparatus employed, there are some precautions which should not be overlooked. One of these is that the hands or arms should not be in contact with any part of the aeroplane at the actual time when the exposure is made; this avoids fogging due to the vibration of the machine. Another point worth noting is that absolutely vertical photographs usually yield extremely flat results; the more oblique the angle, the greater is the suggestion of depth and perspective.

Such technical details as exposure and size of stop may be left for the expert photographer to discuss, the best guide of all being experience. The manufacturers of aerial cameras issue handbooks which are very valuable guides on matters such as these, and the beginner would do well to study them thoroughly. It may be mentioned, however, that high-speed plates or films should invariably be employed, and that particular attention must be paid to the effect of cloud and mist, the influence of which is more important in aerial photography than in normal work.

At first, the aerial tourist, whether pilot or passenger, will probably confine his photography to recording the scenes over which the machine normally passes. In order to secure the best results, if the photographer is not piloting the machine himself, it is essential to have a close working arrangement with the pilot, so that the best view-point and angle for any particular shot can be secured. In order to minimise the effects of vibration, the engine should be throttled down when the exposure is being made. Incidentally, aerial photographs of the approaches to landing grounds, if well taken, can be of very material assistance to the pilot himself when planning future flights.

The appeal of aerial photography, however, does not lie entirely in the fact that it enables unusual angles of familiar and unfamiliar places to be secured. Some of the finest photographs of all are those which may be obtained of cloud formations. The amateur, once he has gained confidence, should pay particular attention to this branch of work, for it is capable of very great artistic possibilities, and offers, perhaps, more opportunities for original composition than merely taking scenes from above.

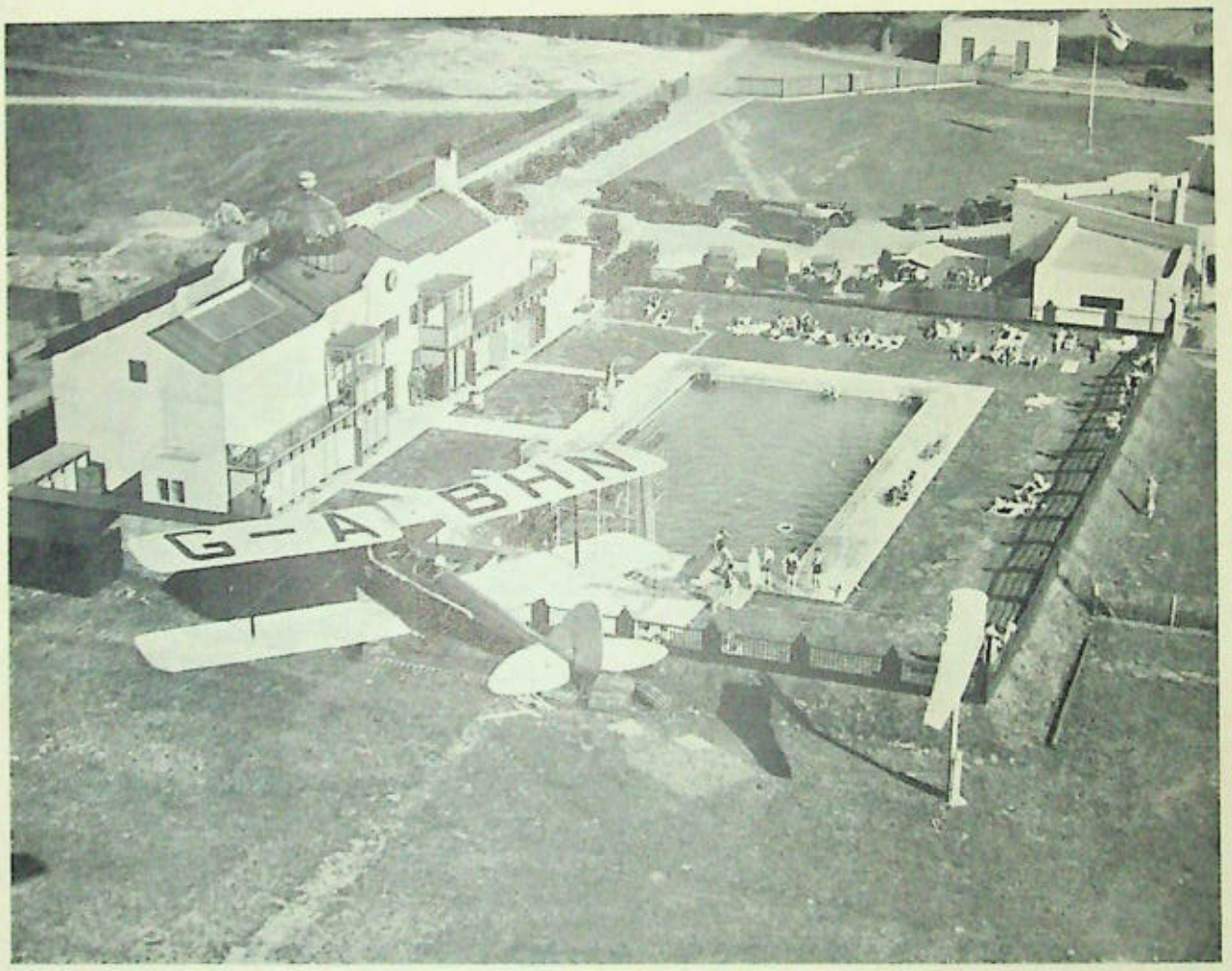
Taken all round an aerial holiday can hardly be considered complete unless proper attention is paid to the photographic side. This is particularly true when pilot or passenger are relatively inexperienced, because a complete set of photographs shows at once what areas should be avoided, and what districts are best from the point of view of the flying sight-seer.

One of the most difficult things to acquire, in the early stages of flight, is the aerial view-point; a photographic record of every extended flight made enables the faculty to visualise things from the airman's view-point to be more rapidly attained.

Although the pleasure side of photography has been chiefly stressed in this article, the pastime has, too, a very great value in relation to aerial navigation and meteorology. It has already been pointed out that valuable information regarding the approach to landing grounds can be obtained from aerial photographs; no less important are the things that can be learned from a study of good cloud photography.

The relation between various types of cloud and the weather to be expected, and the various signs of bad weather, can all be learned from aerial photography, and the lesson is all the more valuable if the photographs have been taken by the pilot himself. The camera can also be very useful for recording various customs in vogue in foreign countries; methods of agriculture and planting or types of architectural planning can by this means be studied at leisure and turned to good account.

One golden rule may be stressed in conclusion: it should always be remembered that the pilot must not be hampered in any way, and that photography must always be subordinated to the necessity for good pilotage. If the pilot strikes bad weather or unfamiliar country, and needs all his concentration for flying the machine, the camera should be put away, no matter how many photographic opportunities appear to be missed.



"AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE APPROACHES TO LANDING GROUNDS . . . CAN BE OF VERY MATERIAL ASSISTANCE"
A picture of Hatfield Aerodrome taken from the air, showing another 'plane making for the landing ground and passing over the swimming pool

"CHAMPION OF BROOKLANDS"

New Records set up by Mr. Cobb

LAST Monday, August 6th, at Brooklands, Mr. John Cobb, the British racing motorist, broke the existing lap record for the course, and by doing so became the first official "Champion of Brooklands." Driving his 500 h.p. Napier-Railton, he covered the 4½ laps at an average speed of 131.53 m.p.h., thus making the race for the championship the fastest ever driven at Brooklands.

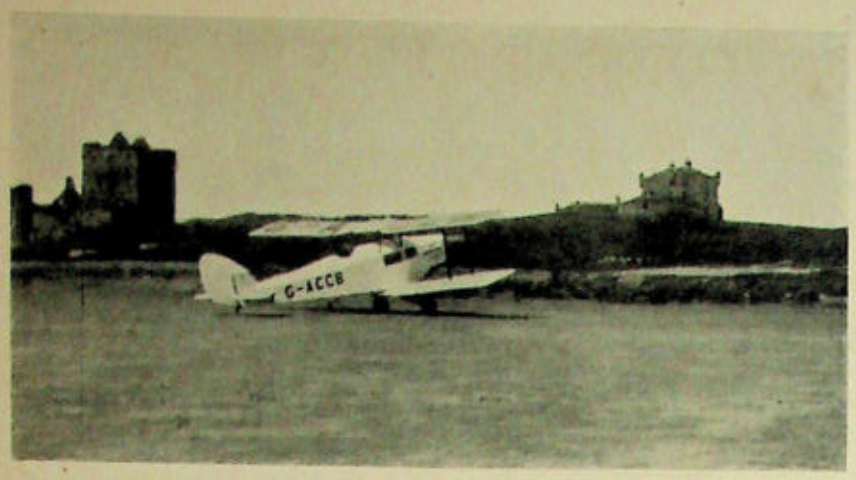
Mr. Cobb put up the lap record on his second time round, when he averaged 140.91 m.p.h.; he is, therefore, the first man to drive at a speed of over 140 m.p.h. on this track. It was obvious from the start that he was bound to win, for he drew away from his three rivals very quickly, touching at times 160 m.p.h., and ended the race nearly half a lap ahead of the other cars.

More Letters by Air. Further appreciable increases in the number of letters outward-bound by air from England along the European and Empire routes are shown by figures which have just become available. During the quarter which ended on June 30th 61,300lb. of letter air mail were dispatched from this country, as compared with 43,000lb. for the corresponding period in 1933, this representing an increase of 42 per cent.

SPORT IN THE HEBRIDES

The Isle of Coll and What It Offers

By BRIG.-GEN. E. M. P. STEWART OF COLL



"AEROPLANES CAN EASILY LAND ON BREACHACHA SANDS"

COLLA CREAGACH ("Rocky Coll"), to give the Isle of Coll its Gaelic name, is one of the Inner Hebrides (Argyllshire) and lies within two-and-a-half hours' steaming from Tobermory, in the Isle of Mull, and can be reached in five-and-a-half hours from Oban three days a week. Taking the mid-day train at Euston one can be landing in Coll within twenty-four hours. The island—about twelve miles long—is low-lying and from a distance appears bleak, desolate and cheerless, but on landing at Arinagour one finds an extraordinary perennial expanse of green pasture, moorland heather and cultivation with all the lovely colouring which Nature bestows in a mild climate, where in winter snow seldom falls, and if so, lies but a few hours, and the summer is daylight till 10 p.m. and later.

The fresh and balmy air, so equably temperate, is due to the Gulf Stream's influence, as in Western Ireland, Cornwall and Devon. Though windswept in winter and spring the breezes make the air fresh and invigorating, and cultivated ground, well stocked with game in considerable variety—grouse, partridge, woodcock, duck, snipe, golden plover, curlew, rock pigeon, hares, rabbits and, last but not least, wild geese. The winter season's sport is almost as good as in the autumn.

Taking the shooting as a whole, the grouse, which are exceptionally strong and big (one and a half to one and seven-eighths pounds fully grown) are increasing, owing to systematic heather burning and effective control of vermin and other enemies. Partridges flourish on the sandhills and in the bents, some of the coveys being very large. There never has been any grouse disease, the plentiful feeding and blood strain being vigorous and strong. Fresh pairs of birds are introduced periodically. Snipe breed in the island, but flights arrive continuously throughout the winter. Woodcock come when a hard spell sets in on the mainland, while the geese (greylag, whitefront and barnacle) arrive about November. Coll corn and potato fields. The geese, which come in November and stay till April, can always be relied on to provide a welcome bye-day. They are always hard to approach and it needs the best of stalking to get within effective range.

Rabbits abound. Some four to five thousand couple are trapped every year and there are no signs of diminution. There are many brown hares—some of the largest known.

It is a truism to describe Coll as a "sportsman's paradise." But it is a paradise only for those who are prepared to walk up and work for game with dogs over broken ground. Those who like their shooting from butts or seated on shooting sticks would not enjoy it; driving is never

"COLL WILL GROW ANYTHING—EVEN PALMS FLOURISH IN THE OPEN"

"ARINAGOUR—PORT OF CALL FOR THE ISLAND"

there is never any drought, and the grass is green long after autumn tints pervade the mainland.

There are some fourteen farms, either dairy or stock and arable, with but few people scattered over an area of 35 sq. miles. The dairy farms produce a remarkably fine quality of cheese, equal, if not superior, to any colonial or foreign product. Fine horses are bred on the island from pedigree stock.

The coast line is deeply indented in places with some miles of clean sands, bent grass and sandhills, ideal for a sun bathe and seabathing, and where companies of the Boys' Brigade camp annually. The wild, natural landscape, unspoilt and accessible everywhere, is particularly suited to the town dweller who wants a restful holiday and sport for rod and gun, with sunshine and ozone to build up health.

There are some 20,000 acres of shooting over moorland, bog, heather and cultivated ground, well stocked with game in considerable variety—grouse, partridge, woodcock, duck, snipe, golden plover, curlew, rock pigeon, hares, rabbits and, last but not least, wild geese. The winter season's sport is almost as good as in the autumn.

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An average day's bag for two guns should be between 30 and 40 head of feathered game, and this can be obtained almost day after day, as fresh ground can be shot over each day owing to the large extent of the shooting.

Bags obtained during the past six years average:—

Grouse	170
Partridge	350
Snipe	535
Woodcock	85
Duck, geese, golden plover ..	100
Hares	20
Total exclusive of rabbits	1,260

Totals exclusive of rabbits:—

1932	1,482 head
1933	1,475 ..

Good duck flighting can be had in the evening as they come in to the done in Coll. But this article is writtten for the sportsman who likes the earlier methods.

The fishing in Coll can be regarded as well up to the average. There are about a score of lochs to choose from where good baskets can be obtained, but there are almost as many which do not hold any fish, so that anglers should make careful enquiries before setting out. Two keen and expert fishermen came back one eveing this year without a fish in the basket and were advancing all sorts of theories why the trout were not taking; the real reason being that they had spent the day flogging a completely tenantless water!

The fish are early in coming into condition; good trout can be had in March. Later in the season several of the lochs become too weedy and overgrown with water-lilies to fish. April, May and June are undoubtedly the best months. All the lochs are on the small side, and can be easily fished from the banks, being clear of bushes and trees, and by wading. All are readily accessible, none being more than a two-mile walk from the road.

Fish in Coll are, generally speaking, free rising and seem to have no special taste in diet, so that, equipped with an average variety of loch flies dressed on No. 13 and 14 Limerick hooks, one should feel quite confident of sport. As the fish do not run to a very large size, 3x or 4x gut is quite strong enough. In general they run four and three to the pound, with three-quarter-pounders and pound fish or slightly over.

All the lochs are well stocked, but some have become overstocked, and consequently the fish are smaller in them. Some fresh Loch Leven fry from Howietoun Fisheries were turned in this spring, and it is hoped to re-stock gradually the many lochs which are at present fishless, so that in future years anglers will have a choice of about 40 lochs to which they may go with good prospects of a return with full creels.

Sea fishing for mackerel, saithe, lythe and flat fish is indulged in by visitors. Seals find a home in Breachacha Bay, but there is no "monster" yet in Coll.

The island is peculiar in having no high hills, no snakes, adders, stoats, weasels, foxes; no frogs, toads, not even a policeman; no cinemas and no noise! There is a clean, simple hotel where the food is good and the rooms comfortable, situated in a vantage spot at Arinagour—port of call for the island. It is frequented yearly by the same sportsmen and yachtsmen, with occasional visitors from overseas.

Coll will grow anything—cereals, vegetables, etc., early and late; even palms flourish in the open in the castle garden. Fuchsia hedges, escallonia, Chinese honeysuckle, etc., are luxuriant. The soil is a rich sandy loam, alternating with rock and moorland heather in profusion, where peat is dug for fuel, giving the welcome reek, heat and ready blaze to boil the kettle for tea at any hour of the day.

The fourteenth-century Castle ruin stands on the sandy bay of Breachacha, the Gaelic rendering of the "field spotted with flowers"; this and the modern mansion built between 1746 and 1750, were both for centuries the home of the MacLeans of Coll. Here in 1773 Dr. Johnson and Boswell were the guests of the MacLean of Coll of that day. A picture of the lexicographer hangs in the bedroom he occupied, and there are other interesting relics there connected with the Stewarts of Coll, formerly of Glenbuckie, Perthshire. My family have been owners since 1856, being of the Ardsheal branch of the Appin Clan.

"Feu charters" to build bungalows can be granted to those who wish to retire for a time, short or long, from city life to Coll, and a new golf course has recently been opened, and other natural links will be laid out as and when required.

Aeroplanes can easily land on Breachacha sands (one-and-a-quarter hours from Glasgow) and seaplanes from Oban in Arinagour harbour. The island is in telegraphic and telephone communication with the mainland; there is a resident doctor and a qualified district nurse. Mails arrive (w.p.) three days a week, and leave on the day following. Motor cars can be hired on the island.

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PLAYER'S
NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

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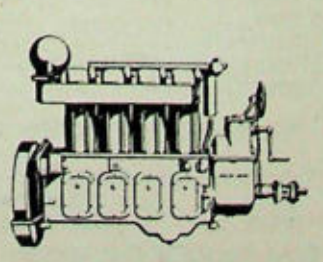

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A PURER MILK SUPPLY

IT is common ground that our milk supply is not what it might be and that there is scope for improvement in our ways of producing and handling this vital commodity. But the authorities have never been able to agree on the best means of tackling the problem. Failing agreement the Milk Marketing Board have courageously embarked on the scheme proposed by the Grigg Commission in their report last year, and as a first step this is to be welcomed wholeheartedly. The purpose is to establish a register of accredited producers on January 1st next, the qualification for which will be a healthy herd of cows and milk that complies with a prescribed bacteriological standard. Those farmers who qualify will be paid an extra penny a gallon for their milk, which will be found by a small levy on all producers. There will, it may be noted, be no extra charge to the consumer for milk from accredited herds. But greater confidence in the purity of the supply should lead to an increased consumption of fresh milk and so better prices all round for dairy farmers.

So far as farmers are concerned this is a matter of plain business. Every gallon of milk sold in the liquid state brings in about 1s. 2d. to the pool and every gallon sold for the manufacture of butter and cheese about 6d. It is worth making the effort which the accredited scheme requires to develop the remunerative market. For most progressive farmers qualification should not be difficult. If they know their business they are already producing milk under proper conditions and bacterial tests hold no horrors for them. There are many more who will now have to come up to this standard if they mean to earn the premium of a penny a gallon.

Where the chief trouble will arise is in the veterinary inspection of dairy herds. One essential qualification for the register is that the dairy herd harbours no cows that are likely to be a danger to the milk supply and the farmer must be able to produce a certificate from the veterinary officer of the county council to show that his herd is clear of disease. Some councils already employ a veterinary staff whose duty it is to inspect dairy herds periodically, and others are now appointing officers. The West Sussex County Council, for instance, has decided to appoint four assistant veterinary officers at a salary of £400. But many councils have not yet realised their responsibilities in this matter, and the herds in their areas are not inspected from one year's end to another. These backward county councils must now come into line with their progressive neighbours and take proper steps to ensure that the milk produced in their areas is not a danger to public health. Every county should have its full-time veterinary officer and he should either have his own full-time assistants or make use of veterinary surgeons who are in private practice. It is certain that pressure will be brought to bear on every county council by farmers themselves to complete the arrangements for veterinary inspection so that none may be denied facilities for qualifying as accredited producers in the New Year.

Some will ask when the question of appointing veterinary officers comes up on the agenda at county council meetings why should not the dairy farmer or the Milk Marketing Board or the Ministry of Health pay for the additional officials? Let it be made clear that the farmer will bear his share of the cost of improving the nation's milk supply in the loss he will sustain on cows which are rejected on inspection. Every six months his whole milking herd will be examined individually for symptoms of disease and doubtful cows will have to be sacrificed. It must also be borne in mind that the advisory officers employed by the county councils are paid for mainly by Government grants at the present time, and that a State veterinary service covering the whole country is a likely development as still higher standards of purity in the milk supply are required, as will be the case. The present duty of the county councils is clear. No farmer should be denied the opportunity of producing clean milk under proper safeguards.

"THE THIRTEENTH"

THIS year "the glorious Twelfth" became the sinister thirteenth. And it lived up to its reputation, for in many parts of England and Scotland sport was spoilt by rain and mist. From the few reports which have come in it would seem that bags have been less than was expected, and there were a number of cheepers. No disease is reported.

Unfortunately, press arrangements make it impossible for the *Field* to publish any reports this week of bags except one or two received by telegram. Shooting over dogs at Dunalastair, Colonel de Sales la Terrière's party of seven guns shot 145 brace the birds being described as "very wild"; while at Glenfarquhar, where the same conditions prevailed, General Pritchard, Sir James Caird and Lord Arbuthnot shot 78 brace over dogs. On the Logie House moors, Sir Alexander Grant's party got 115 brace. In Yorkshire, Lord Harewood's party shot 260 brace; while Mr. Parkinson and nine other guns had 235½ brace on Ilkley Moor, and 365 brace were shot on Gallowgill.

EMPIRE GAMES

The second celebration of the British Empire Games has proved an unqualified success. English people, whose knowledge of our vast possessions overseas is mainly confined to what they have read or heard, have seen the very flower of the Empire's young man- and womanhood here in London, and the friendly keenness of the competitors has communicated itself to the vast crowds of spectators who have watched and applauded their endeavours.

Track and field athletics supply the common currency for international exchanges in sport nowadays, since they are, perhaps, the one form of recreation in which the peoples of all nations take part. It is obvious, therefore, that the purely athletic section of the Empire Games was the most important. None the less the swimming and diving at Wembley and the cycle racing at Manchester, proved immensely popular. One feels glad, also, that boxing and wrestling were included in the sports selected for decision among Empire athletes, for the inclusion of these personal combat contests has given the Empire yet another chance of showing the world that the British, at least, can "come to blows and struggle strenuously" without loss of either dignity or temper. Finally, some people may have smiled at the staging of such a mild form of sport as bowls, and yet the contests were as keen as they were clever, and they also gave the older members of our great Imperial community the chance of forming valued friendships.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

According to the scheduled arrangements of the Fédération Sportive Féminine Internationale, a hundred years must elapse before the Women's World Games, just concluded in London, will again be held in England. It is a pity, therefore, that the meeting was not better advertised and more advance information was not distributed to the press to ensure a better support of a really wonderful occasion from the public.

It was a pity for many reasons that in England there are still many people who are ignorantly prejudiced against the participation of girls in competitive athletics. Had the sceptics visited the White City on August 9th and 11th, they must have come away convinced that there is nothing more beautiful and nothing likely to benefit a girl more greatly, both physically and mentally, than taking part in the jumping and running contests, long and short, which are included in the modern Women's Olympiad.

GERMANY'S TRIUMPH

In this connection, the victory of Germany in the international contest was superb, for the girls from that country gave, in their triumphs, conclusive proof that female mentality can grasp the finest points of technique, and female physique be tuned up to an astounding degree of fitness and efficiency without the slightest loss of grace or feminine charm.

The English, however, who remained unconquered from 1919 to 1929 in international competition, have fallen from their high estate, mainly because no trouble is taken to provide our girls with coaching and the right sort of competition and our national need is made subservient to the interests of the various clubs affiliated to the English Women's A.A.A. Our women administrators must learn to think nationally if we are to regain our place in competitions open to the world.

"EXCLUSIVE"

Hurlingham has been accused unjustly, as facts go to prove, of being unduly aristocratic, and, in polo matters, severe and autocratic. How unfair this accusation is may be proved that the Hurlingham Polo rules are the best code of their sort in the world, and now the Committee are considering the reconstruction of some of the stands to accommodate 2,500 extra spectators to watch the best and most thrilling of all ball games. But unfortunately—and the proposed erection of a new stand would do much to popularise polo—the club cannot go on with the work until the future of Hurlingham itself is decided. It may, in the autumn, be proposed by the London County Council to cut up the headquarter grounds of British polo into building sites. Such a course would prove disastrous in many respects; it would rob London, which exists by them, of one of its most potent attractions; the whole of the West End would suffer directly or indirectly; and—not least in importance—such proceeding would serve to create unemployment among grooms, gardeners, and groundsmen. Let us hope that the London County Council may think well and carefully before embarking upon an act which, in the eyes of many, would be a national calamity.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Scottish daily paper: "The ladies are no longer content to await in the shooting-lodges the return of the 'guns' with their day's bag, or to spend their time making up lunch baskets with which to walk out to the butts and enable the busy sportsmen to assuage their hunger between volleys at coveys."

RETURN OF GRILSE

Rain during the early days of the month has probably made many sportsmen among the annual northern migrants speculate on the possibility of a day or two with grilse sandwiched in between days with the gun. In the closing years of the last century these young salmon were so numerous in some Scottish areas that sport, given favourable weather, was almost a certainty at this time of year, but during the last three decades, until a year or two ago, decline in the grilse runs had been so great that the fishing was hardly worth consideration.

Now it looks as if the pendulum had swung back. The Fishery Board for Scotland's report for last year records it as the best grilse season, in some rivers, of the present century, and this year local reports speak of fish waiting to run. Timely rain last week-end suggests the possibility of a good run during the "Saturday slap." Even now some good grilse fishing would go far to save the season's face.

FATE OF THE GAME BILL

Apparently the Game Bill is to be dropped. Having passed its second reading in the House of Lords, it was referred to a Committee, but its promoters—unofficially no doubt—have learnt its fate. It is regarded as too long and too complicated. Lord Ullswater, in the debate on the second reading, remarked that if Lord Bayford, as sponsor of the Bill, had confined himself to the consolidation of the law, there might not have been very much difficulty in passing it. But when two laws contradict one another, how can you consolidate without amending?

That is the difficulty which has faced the framers of the Bill throughout. Their desire, surely praiseworthy, was to simplify the game laws. They are now told that their simplification is too complicated. It is a curious situation, for the Committee which worked on the Bill for two years consisted of a body of authorities on shooting and sport which it would be difficult to match in any Committee chosen from both Houses.

AUGUST FISHING

Come the dog days—they have thrown their shadows well before them this year—and the trout fisher is at a loss for employment, at least during the greater part of the day. A sense of staleness has invaded his river, its current loiters unbecomingly round overgrown weed beds clogged with flotsam which has lost its hold on the river bed, and its trout, except for an occasional hour at nightfall, seem to have betaken themselves to a perpetual noontide siesta. But in August there are sea-trout waiting to be caught, and "waiting" is no fanciful term this year, for the drought has ordained that only the lower pool should be tenanted. It has offered, too, a tempting opportunity for the more delicate art of the chalkstream to triumph over the chuck and chance it.

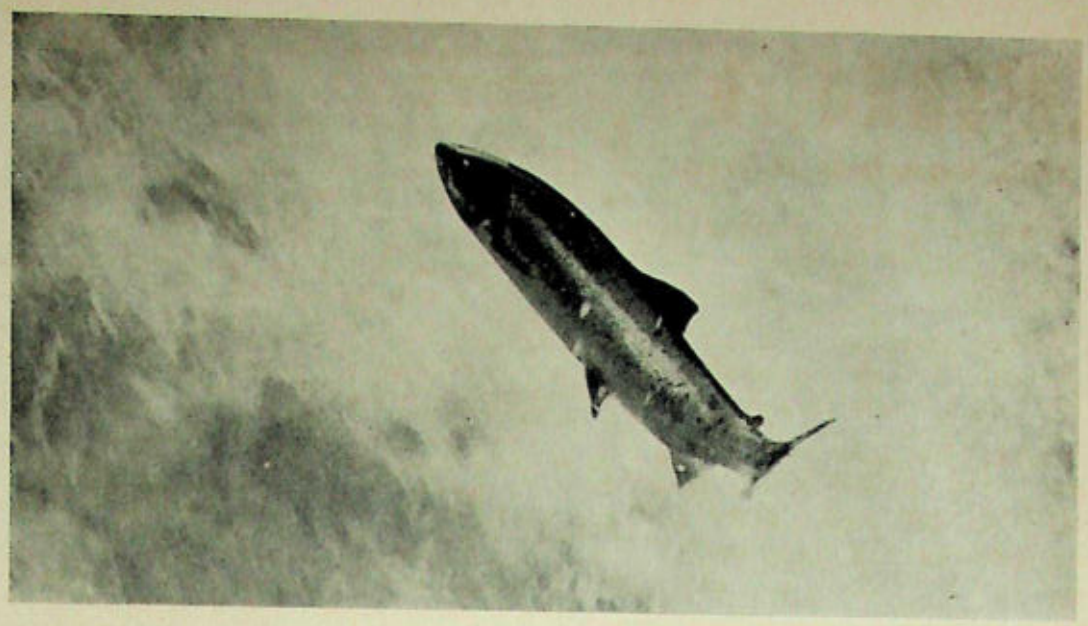
THE PASSING OF THE SWIFT

There is something a little puzzling about the departure of the swifts. One evening they are with us, screaming lustily as they dash in headlong flight across the darkening sky, the next, there is no sign or sound of them—the "broad arrow" that seemed the very hall-mark of summer has vanished from the sky as surely as the voice of the cuckoo. Why does the swift, admittedly a master of flight and one that should make short work of the passage to its winter haunts in Africa, find it necessary to leave our shores in the heyday of summer? Surely there are insects enough in the latter end of August and the beginning of September to tempt it to stay.

JOHN SMALL

In an age of cricketing records, whose career is to be compared as to length with that of John Small, one of the Hambledon Men, who died at Petersfield in 1826, aged 89? According to *Lillywhite's Scores and Biographies*, he began to play "in great matches" in 1755, when he was eighteen years old, and played his last match for Hampshire against the M.C.C. in 1798, when he was 61. Thus his poet biographer:

"Here lies, bowled out by Death's unerring ball,
A Cricketer renowned, by name John Small.
But though his name was Small, yet great his fame,
For nobly did he play the noble game;
His life was like his innings, long and good.
Full ninety summers he had death withstood;
At length the ninetieth winter came, when (fate
Not leaving him one solitary mate)
This last of Hambledonians, old John Small,
Gave up his bat and ball, his leather, wax, and all."



WHERE IS THE SCOTTISH SALMON BILL?

The Need For Legislation

By H. D. TURING

FOR two years past there have been alarums and excursions among the owners and lessees of Scottish salmon rivers. It started with the formation of the Scottish Salmon Anglers' Federation, designed ostensibly to combine salmon rod-fishing interests for their mutual advantage, but in reality (there was no particular secret about it) to see that salmon anglers on the upper and middle reaches of the rivers got a fair hearing when "the New Bill" was under consideration.

Later, one met anglers who had "seen a memorandum" or who had, one gathered, been consulted by some undefined authority on this or that section of "the New Bill." At the beginning of the present year there was apparently "every hope" that members of Parliament would be asked to devote some of their time to the reform of Scottish fishery law. The last Act was passed in 1868, so it cannot be said that this question, an important one by the way, for it concerns the food supply of the country, has caused any undue drain on Parliamentary time.

A week or two ago, however, a written reply in response to a question from the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair elicited the information that: "It will not be possible to proceed with legislation on the subject of salmon fisheries in Scotland during the present session. A memorandum setting out the heads of a proposed amending Bill has been circulated," etc. What is this mysterious enactment which makes the Government so nervous that even now only the "heads" are to be made available for certain selected interested bodies?

That the law needs amendment is almost universally agreed. An exception may be made perhaps in the case of a few interests who find the present lack of any compelling power from above a convenient excuse for doing nothing. There are a few of the smaller rivers, too, which are owned throughout by one proprietor or syndicate and are in general very well managed. In consequence their owners see no need for amending the present law. But there is no reason why a new law should effectively alter their control of their own rivers. The overriding power of some central authority which is probably necessary for the general good, could no doubt be modified in effect by making action dependent on application from at least one interest on a river. A single owner could always avoid interference by not asking for it.

But in the main the bone of contention lies between the rods and the nets. It is here that reform is most urgently needed. Records show very clearly that Scottish salmon production is dropping off; the decline has been going on for a hundred years. There are those who declare that this is no more than a natural process and that over-netting has nothing to do with it. Whatever causes have been at work, however, in bringing about this undeniable state of affairs—and they are probably many—the only known cure which has yet been discovered is to allow more fish to get up to the spawning beds. Every river must, in the first instance, depend for its stock on the number of eggs laid, and consequently on the number of parent fish which lay them. The number of parent fish can only be increased by a reduction in the catching power of nets and traps. Comparative figures as between rod and net catches are, unfortunately, available for very few rivers, but 10 per cent. of the total for the rod catches would probably prove rather too high a figure. Rod fishing takes so small a toll, comparatively speaking, that were it stopped altogether it is doubtful if the desired result would be achieved.

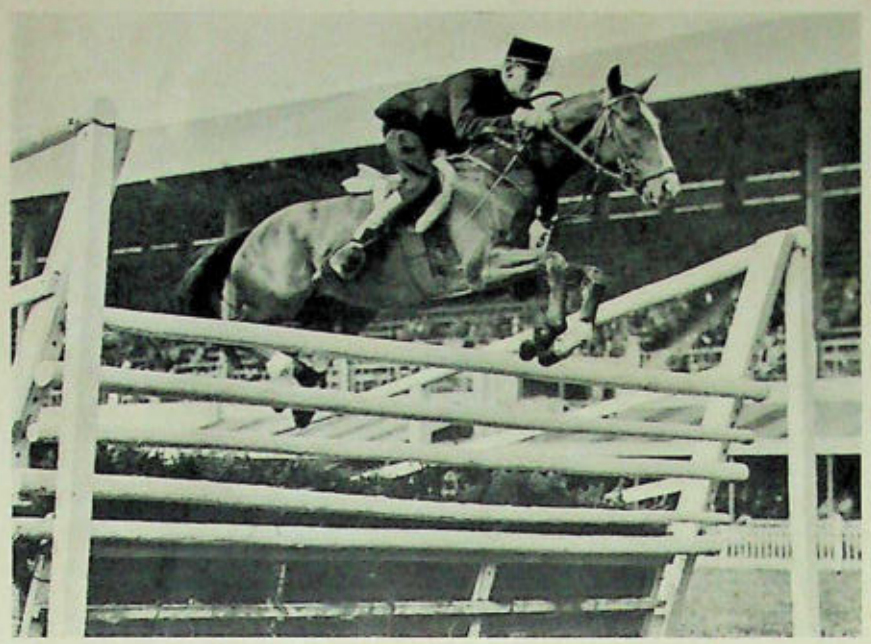
Nor is it desirable (in the interest of the community at large) that it should be stopped, or even seriously reduced. The amount of money brought into a district by sportsmen is large; in some cases it undoubtedly exceeds, both in "trade" and "employment," that provided by the netting of a river, and this in spite of the fact that it takes but a small toll of the stock of salmon.

Here is where the present law fails so lamentably. There is no means of insisting on a combination of commercial and sporting interests, though, in the long run, they are essentially the same—the maintenance of a river at its full capacity. Of the 107 fishery districts which the 1868 law created less than half now have Boards which function. The composition of the Boards themselves is out of date. They are divided into upper and lower proprietors, which often enough means into rod interests and net interests, and the largest proprietor is the permanent chairman. Hence it has come about that the "governing power" lies effectually with one or the other interest, though both pay for the upkeep.

It may easily happen that the lower proprietors are immediately interested in the product of nets or the maintenance of some obstruction which will keep salmon in their own waters, or that the upper proprietor has no inducement to protect the spawning beds since a depleted stock has made his own fishing negligible. In addition, there are the coastal nets, which must be effectually controlled or any improvement in the stock will be immediately absorbed by more intensive operations.

It is evident that there is plenty of scope for an enlightened policy in river management alone, to say nothing of pollution and industrial power developments, over which more effective control is urgently needed.

With such an obvious case there is surely no need for the details of the Government's proposals to be kept secret. Bills which are sprung suddenly on the public are the ones which take up most Parliamentary time. Open discussion beforehand will give a much weightier support to a common-sense enactment than any amount of private treaty.



THE CONTINENTAL FORWARD SEAT IN ACTION
A member of the Netherlands jumping team taking the poles at the Royal Dublin Horse Show

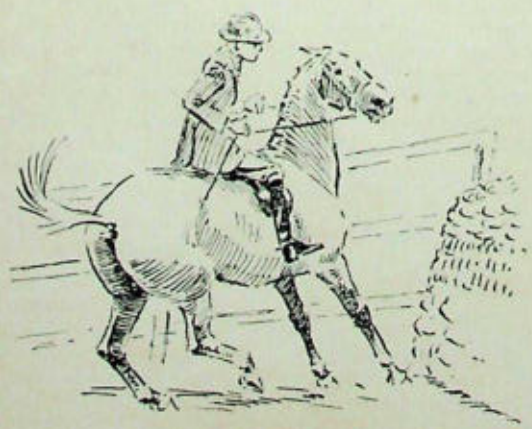
JUMPING AN IRISH WALL
Captain Bizart, of the French team, winner of the Military Jumping Competition at Ballsbridge, leaving nothing to chance over a typical Irish obstacle

AT "THE SHOW OF A THOUSAND HORSES"

Winners and Losers at the Dublin Horse Show

ENTRIES this year at Dublin totalled 1,042 and constituted a post-war record. The weather generally was kind, and the attendance each day quite up to expectations. The extension of an extra day seems to have been quite justified and the show was a financial success. There were somewhat diverse opinions as to the demand for horses, but with the generous rebate or bounty offered by the Irish Free State there is every reason to suggest that English buyers took advantage of the terms. Among the hunters there were some good animals, one or two outstanding, but as usual the majority were merely what may be termed "utility horses" of the right stamp. There were some useful entries in the class for six-year-old heavy-weights, 15st. and upwards. At the head of the line came Fisherman, belonging to Captain C. B. Harty. A well-balanced chestnut this, with plenty of bone, good top line and quite a nice mover. He was a better furnished horse than Mr. James Barry's Johnstown Lad, although the latter showed well in a gallop and has a well-set bodypiece. Five-year-olds up to the same weight saw the red rosette awarded to Mr. Terry O'Brien's King Billy, a handsome grey, by Coreyrian. His colour somewhat neutralised his quality, and several ringsiders took more of a liking for Roger, a chestnut with clean shoulders, fine bone and an easy mover, belonging to Mr. J. McGaffin.

One of the best classes was that for six-year-olds up to 14st. to 15st. The issue lay between Mr. Justice Wylie's Grand Slam and an unnamed brown gelding, exhibited by Mr. J. W. Straiton, of Knutsford, and it was some time before the judges put up the first-named horse. It speaks well for both animals that they ultimately stood champion and reserve among the heavy-weights, and later Grand Slam secured the supreme hunter championship which carries with it the Laidlaw and Bright Prospect challenge trophies.



EVEN AN IRISH HORSE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO REFUSE
From sketches by M. Tulloch

Among the five-year-olds of the same weight, the pick was Man o' Mine, a well-balanced brown of substance and bone, belonging to Mr. N. Galway-Greer. His nearest rival was Mr. Eamonn Rohan's Tempered Steel, a chestnut with a good head and shoulders, but hardly quite the same free stride of the leader. Another good class was that for medium-weight hunter geldings, six-year-olds or over. An outstanding winner was Manly Power, a chestnut, owned by Mr. Hugh Boal, of Ballymena, which won the Joseph Widger Challenge Cup for the best medium-weight and put up a rare good fight in the championship. At least one of the judges supported his claims, but Grand Slam, on the day, was perhaps the more finished horse. The chestnut has been brought to England, and it will be interesting to watch his subsequent career.

In the first of the light-weight classes, that for geldings, six-year-olds or over, Lady Ainsworth's very likeable bay Sir Francis made a welcome reappearance. Two years ago he was an outstanding four-year-old and won the light-weight championship. He is now furnished, well-balanced and moves in easy fashion. The best of the light-weight mares was Rosemarie, a neatly-made, good-boned sort, belonging to Mrs. N. Galway-Greer. There was, however, little to choose between her and a brown, owned by Mrs. E. White. This too, was a free-striding type, but appeared to be a little light behind the saddle.

In a fairly strong class of five-year-old geldings, Mr. Justice Wylie's Lop Gilt impressed the judges almost at once. This bay has greatly improved since he won the light-weight championship last year, and many considered him the best mover in the show. Once again he secured the Samuel Ussher Roberts Cup for the best of his weight.

Among the four-year-olds shown in the saddle there were several useful animals. Mr. E. Davis Kenny's Rolando, a rare boned brown, headed the heavy-weight class, over 15st., and in the class up to 15st. a worthy leader was found in Mr. Justice Wylie's Mac, a well-balanced, good-topped grey. Ben Fox, a well-grown bay, exhibited by Mr. M. McCarthy, led in the class for medium-weight geldings. A useful sort this, with a good loin, while in the class for mares of the same weight, the red rosette went to Mrs. E. White's chestnut Dolly.

The Laidlaw Cup for the best of the young hunters was awarded to Mr. John Bamber for Rocbaro, a three-year-old chestnut. He has plenty of quality and good bone, but might be faulted for shortness of neck. Reserve to him was Lieut.-Col. C. L. Graham's Destrier, a clean-limbed bay, who had previously won the class for three-year-olds likely to make steeple chasers. A new champion thoroughbred stallion was made. This was Mr. J. J. O'Donoghue's eleven-year-old Brian Water, a bay son of Spearwort. He stands on plenty of ground and has nice heart room. Last year's champion, Knocklong Boy, could now only get third behind Mr. E. J. Byrne's Pseudonym. Mr. J. Cowhey's stylish bay, by Vesington Star, won the challenge cup for the best thoroughbred yearling

ON THE FLOOR AT DUBLIN

colt, the cup for the best filly going to a chestnut of rare quality by Prester John, shown by Mr. D. H. Edwards.

The Coote Challenge Cup for brood mares was secured by Elizabeth II, the ten-year-old chestnut belonging to Mrs. J. de Sales La Terriere, who was second in 1934. Mr. Bertram Mills, who took over a very strong team of jumpers and harness horses, met with several successes. His Edgware Lady Lark, ridden by Mrs. Baggalley, won the ladies' jumping competition, and he also secured second in another class with his last year's champion Edgware Odd Socks. In one of the children's pony classes, Mr. Mills's charming little grey Silver Star won third prize. He was admirably ridden by Master Vernon Green, who gained a notable success by winning the hunting crop for the best boy rider. The success of this English boy at his first Dublin Show was keenly appreciated by the spectators. The German military team put in some fine riding

to win the Aga Khan Trophy, France being second and Ireland third. One creditable performance was that of Mrs. Magee's 23-year-old The Nugget, which jumped in great style to win the wall jump for the third time in his career.

CESTRIAN.

AMATEUR RIDERS AND PONY RACING

A Case for Jockey Club Consideration

SOME of the amateurs who ride under Jockey Club Rules when the rather limited opportunities of doing so come their way have found a new grievance. It is that non-professional riders who have ridden winners under Pony Turf Club Rules should be eligible to claim the "maiden" allowances when they compete under the Rules of Racing. A case in point occurred at Brighton last week. Mr. G. Burry, a horseman with a good reputation in the saddle at Northolt and Portsmouth Parks, was entitled to a 9lb. riding allowance in the Berwick Welter, and his mount was an easy winner.

Onlookers were quick to perceive that the successful jockey was a long way from being a novice at the game. The allowances in the race in question and in similar races are for riders who have never ridden a winner, or only a certain number, under "recognised Rules of Flat Racing in any country." It is quite certain that when these conditions were framed it was not contemplated that pony racing would come to occupy the important position it holds to-day.

Thanks to enterprising management, efficient stewardship, attractive programmes and the provision of first-class stand accommodation, to say nothing of the facilities afforded by the totalisator, it is clear that the Northolt meeting has become an established success. The crowds it secures on its best days are the envy of some of the smaller fixtures under the Rules of Racing. Is it not time, therefore, that its activities should receive more general recognition on the part of the Jockey Club and especially by those racing clubs which cater for amateur riders?

The position at present is that the Pony Turf Club, a responsible body controlling the meetings at Northolt and Portsmouth, is so far recognised by the Jockey Club as to have been granted a reciprocal agreement for the mutual enforcement of sentences passed on offenders. An owner may race under Pony Turf Club Rules without becoming a "disqualified person" under the Rules of Racing. Similarly, amateur riders, as we have seen, are free to perform under both rules. Professional jockeys, however, must confine themselves either to one branch of racing or the other, and it is the same with trainers.

Whether amateur riders should be permitted to step in where professionals are unable to tread is a point which deserves consideration. In any case, it is surely an anomaly that amateurs who have made their mark in pony racing should be given lumps of weight when they begin to ride at the Southdown, Newbury, Bibury or other racing clubs.

A criticism made by some visitors to Northolt is that the standard of professional jockeyship is considerably lower than that seen in regular racing. This point has not escaped the observation of the pony authorities, who are instituting a system of bonuses to their most successful professionals in the hope of improving the standard of jockeyship under their rules. The most successful rider in pony racing this year is P. Serby, who served his apprenticeship with Mr. Percy Allden at Epsom, and rode some winners under Jockey Club Rules. He, at least, has had no cause to regret turning his activities to pony racing, in which his ability has quickly taken him to the front.

A further token of the enterprise of the Northolt Park executive is the announcement made by them a few days ago relative to the bonuses they propose to set aside for the benefit of the breeders of winners under their rules. It has been decided that in future an amount equal to 5 per cent. of the stake money will be added to the principal races run at Northolt and Portsmouth Parks, this money to be paid to the breeders of the winners of those races. The terms under which these breeders' bonuses will be paid are as follows: (*a*) In all races for first and second division ponies where the value of the race is not less than £100; (*b*) In all two-year-old races where the value of the race is not less than £100.

That this scheme may become of material advantage to the breeder of bloodstock is manifest from the growth in the value of the stake-money competed for at Northolt this year. There has been the Northolt Derby of £1,000, together with a number of other events worth £500 and £250.

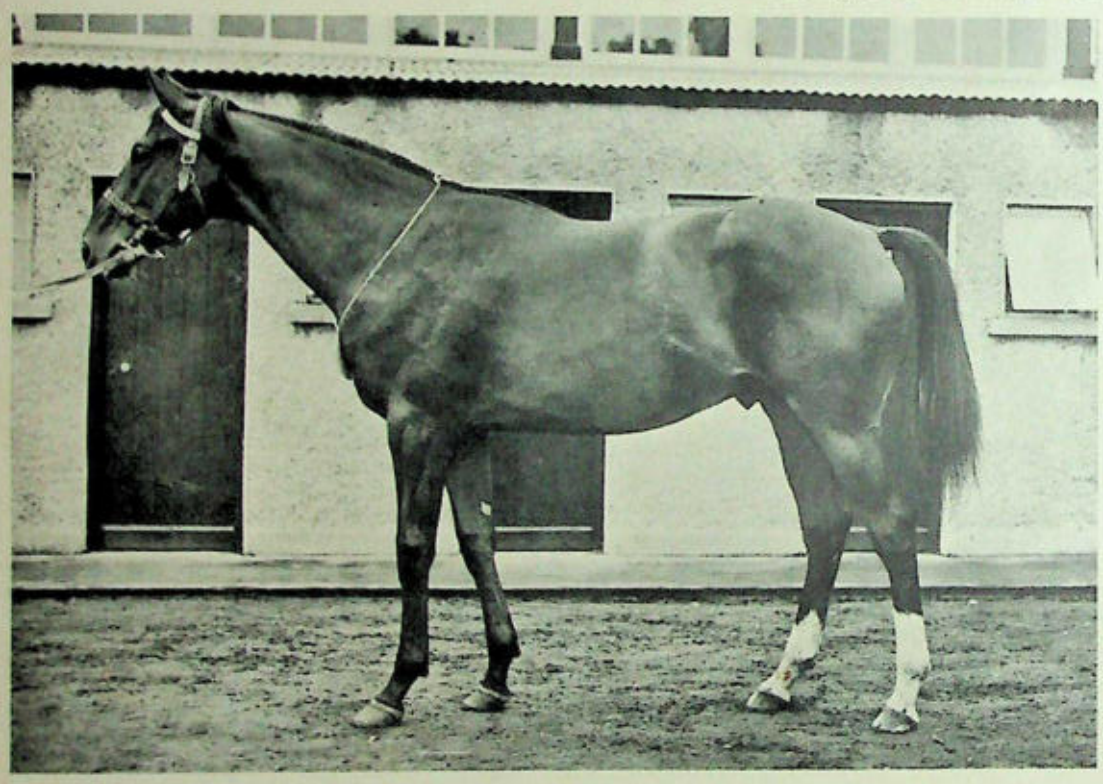
Whether pony racing as it is now being conducted is likely eventually to prove a menace to racing under Jockey Club Rules is a matter which has probably not been overlooked by the Jockey Club and the Racecourse Owners' Association. At present it would seem that there is plenty of room for both branches of racing, and it is possible that pony racing will continue to attract its own special public without encroaching in any serious way on the prosperity of racing under Jockey Club Rules. If the success of Northolt should have the effect of causing other racecourses to provide better accommodation and cheaper racing, so much the better for the race-going public.

It is evident that the progress of pony racing is providing an important market for thoroughbreds which are too small for racing under regular rules. Undersized yearlings and two-year-olds need no longer be a drug on the market, and in this direction, at least, bloodstock breeders can regard the present situation with satisfaction.

The returns of the Horse Show sales at Dublin last week showed a marked advance on those of 1933. Business was specially brisk on Friday, when 118 lots were sold for a total of 12,890gs., as against 3,914gs. on the corresponding day last year. The aggregate for the four days this year was 496 lots sold for 56,099gs. as against 39,571gs. a year ago. The average for each lot was 113gs. as against 93gs. last year.

Horses purchased at these sales were liable to British Customs Duty of 40 per cent. *ad valorem*, but half of this was met by the Irish Free State Government's bounty, 50 per cent. of duty paid to the British Customs being refunded to purchasers. The feature of the sales was the keen competition for the steeple chaser Reviewer, bought by Mr. Robert Gore on behalf of Mr. J. V. Rank for 3,000gs., one of the highest figures in the history of the sales at Ballsbridge. A six-year-old black gelding, he is by King David out of Re-united, by Santorme.

If we take him on the balance of his public performances, Reviewer is by no means the best steeple chaser in Ireland. At Naas in June Millenium gave him 19lb. and a beating in a two-mile 'chase. Subsequently, however, he won the Galway 'chase of £600, and the glamour of that success served to accelerate the bidding for him at Ballsbridge. All of which goes to show that young 'chasers of the right stamp will fetch as big money as they have ever done.



DUBLIN'S MERITORIOUS WINNERS

Top: Commandant O'Dwyer jumping the bush fence to win the Challenge Cup, presented by the Swiss Cavalry, at Dublin Horse Show. Bottom: Mr. J. Cowhey's yearling colt by Vesington Star, which won the Perpetual Challenge Cup at the Royal Dublin Horse Show

MEDITERRANEAN TUNNY

An Angler's Adventure off Mallorca

By JAMES MARSHALL

I HAD almost headed this article "Funny Angling in the Mediterranean," for though, during the weeks immediately following the capture of my first tunny off the Balearic islands, my situation appeared serious enough at the time, it is the comic element in that part of my adventure which now looms large in my treasured recollection.

It is natural that, after its sensational development in European waters, tunny fishing as a sport should become possessed of a literature of its own. At the time of writing we have already a book on *Tunny Fishing*, by Mitchell-Henry; a considerable section of the *Sea Fishing* volume of the "Lonsdale Library" devoted to the same subject; and another volume on *Tunny Fishing for Beginners*, by Fred Taylor. But in such literature as is at present available there seems to be an historical hiatus, waiting to be filled by some account of the transference of the venue from American to European seas and of the earliest efforts of tunny anglers therein. A brief account of my own experiences may, modestly, help to fill the gap.

I do not claim to be the first angler to catch a tunny with rod and line in the Eastern hemisphere. Although I did not advertise the fact, I admit that I was under such an impression at the time, but since then I have come across Dr. Holder's statement, in his *Game Fishes of the World* (1913), concerning the Sicilian waters: "Several members of the Tuna Club (Santa Catalina) have visited these grounds and endeavoured to take these tuna with rod and reel . . . but, so far, if I am not mistaken, but few have been landed with a rod, nor do I understand that they will bite."

They *will* bite, as I proved in 1920, some years before the North Sea tunny possibilities were exploited, when I was catching them off the Balearic Islands with what the local fishermen insisted on terming "a piece of stick and a bit of string." It is true the tunny I was getting were very small potatoes compared with the North Sea monsters—they run small off the Balearic Islands, seldom going more than 150 lb.—but under the conditions that characterised our merry meetings they gave me all the sport that I had any use for. For when I started I knew a good deal about the Balearics and very little about tunny fishing. Consequently, when I had rigged up the bottom joint of an old 18-ft. salmon rod with a 6-in. top, furnished with a large metal end-ring with an agate centre, equipped it with a big game fish reel of early vintage, and 150 to 200yds. of 8-ply line with a breaking strain of about 60lb., it seemed to me that I was tackled to grass a whale. I soon learned that, like the professor during his first round of golf, I was outfitted with implements singularly ill-adapted to the purpose. Moreover, as I had no aids in the shape of harness or rod-rest, I had to fight my fish as I should a salmon, relying on my physical strength and endurance.

I made my first attempts from Mallorca, hiring a felucca for the purpose. I might say here that at that time the numerous feluccas which thronged the waters of the Balearics were primarily engaged in the staple industry of the islands—the contraband trade—and did a bit of fishing in their spare time. My first attempts were made from the felucca itself, but always with the same result—the tunny first took my hook, and then took their own. It then dawned upon me that the only way to conquest lay in taking out a dinghy with us and transhipping into that the moment we established contact with the quarry. My first effort on these lines was not an unqualified success.

However, on the following day things went better. I struck my fish, and the next hour and three-quarters were full of that delirious excitement which inspires you to pull your socks up, and spit on your hands, and call it your busy day. At times I was playing the tunny; at other times the tunny was playing me, dinghy and all; and between whiles I was pumping it laboriously from ocean's depths, whither it had retired to think. Once I got it to the boat side, or, rather, we got the boat to the fish's side, when my raw brigand of a boatman made one wild swipe at it—and smashed the gaff. Thereupon, the tunny made off with, apparently, renewed bodily health and strength.

This was its dying effort, and soon I had it on the surface motionless. It weighed 140lb.

Naturally I was elated by the capture of my first tunny, and when my padrone and his crew excitedly assured me that this was the very first occasion on which an aton (tunny) had been caught in these waters with a piece of stick and a bit of string, and that by that same token I had made history in the glorious annals of Mallorca. Visions rose before me, as we made for port, of civic receptions and torch-light processions, and, maybe, a brass band playing "See the Conquering Hero!"

Oh, yes, in a sense," the band played" all right, but it was quite a different tune. Promptly my poor padrone was hauled off to gaol. It seems that the authorities had long suspected him as a live brand among the contrabanditti, but had always failed to get him on that count, so, as they could not arrest him on the roundabouts they had jumped at the opportunity to nab him on the swings. Gorgeous officials in comic opera costumes "gleaming with purple and gold," and covered with spurs and swords, and other miscellaneous cutlery, sprang into the limelight like jack-in-the-boxes.

From them I gathered that, amongst a large and varied assortment of offences, my padrone was charged with having carried a passenger in his felucca without a licence, having aided and abetted a stranger in taking soundings off the port, and taking photographs of fortifications along the coast. Further, it was charged that the said stranger had killed a tunny of 1,000 kilos within territorial waters; also, it was reported, the same stranger was in league with a foreign company who were contemplating setting up a local tunny curing factory, and thus robbing the fishermen of the port of their means of livelihood. And, finally, it was intimated that anything I said might be used in evidence against me.

As a matter of fact, I was so flabbergasted that I was too incapable, at the moment, of saying anything beyond, "Here's a pretty state of things! Here's a how-d'ye-do!" or words to that effect.

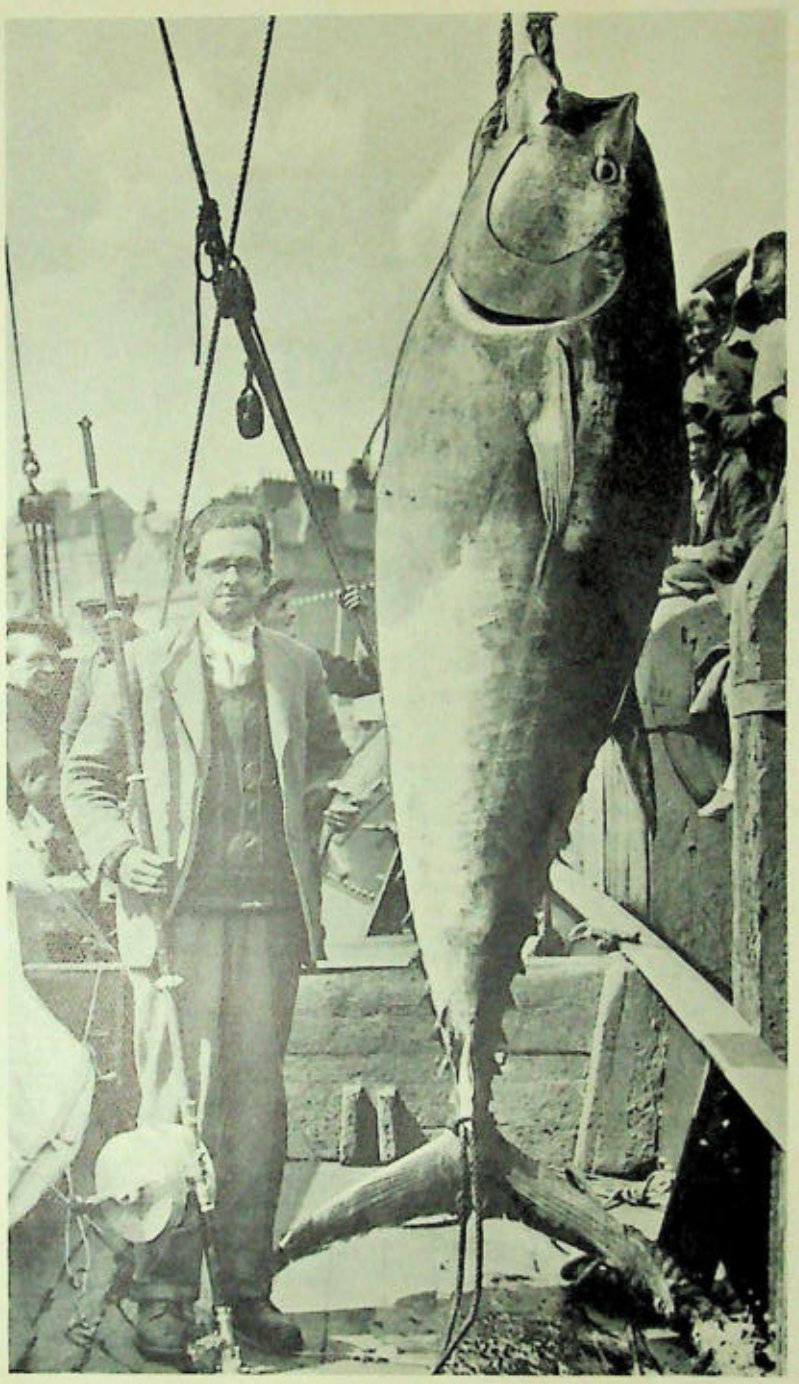
Marched off by a file of his dazzling swashbucklers, I was paraded before the captain of the carabineros; an escort of naval ratings hauled me before the captain of the port; despatches between the island and headquarters all but burnt out the cable between Mallorca and Madrid. It was broken gently to me that while I was not exactly under arrest, very grave charges against me were being considered, and for a few weeks it seemed even chances whether I should be arrested before evening or shot at dawn. And all because I had caught a tunny on "a piece of stick and a bit of string"!

By and by the situation became less tense—I think the local military, police and naval forces must have discovered a new mare's nest to amuse themselves with—and during the lull in hostilities I folded my tent like the Arabs, and as silently stole away, seeking some sanctuary where the carabineros ceased from troubling and the Spanish blue-jackets were no longer a pest. This I found eventually in the small island of Formentera, off which, using the felucca-dinghy combination, I had plenty of sport, landing many tunny of from 50lb. to 150lb.—all fought to a standstill on my decrepit tackle without the aid of any rod-rest or harness. Here is a brief sketch of one of my days, condensed from the diary I kept at the time:

Starting out in the felucca, navigated by an old salt-pickled and sun-dried buccaneer of the name of Pedro, and his crew, we had not sailed far when the sea about half-a-mile off appeared alive with fish schooling, and I skipped into the dinghy. Quickly I got a strike, and after playing the fish for just over an hour I had it ready for the gaff. It weighed 81lb., which, on the minute-per-pound standard for salmon fishing, was not bad going, especially as my rod top had gone west in a previous adventure, and I had had to rig up a jury top whittled out of a tough bit of old spar I found on the felucca, which caused me to "ca' canny." Shortly afterwards this capture was followed by another of 62lb. Both these tunny were things of beauty as they lay on the bottom boards of the dinghy. Pedro, as an old tunny netsman, pronounced them fresh-run fish from the Atlantic—in fact, the first fresh-run fish of the season. And here is a point which may have some slight bearing on a later tunny controversy. Throughout my stay in the Balearic Islands I found it to be almost the invariable rule that the fresh-tunny did not put up the fight shown by the kelts—I mean the well-mended kelts—on their way back, in my humble opinion, to the Atlantic.

Having seen me during the previous fortnight kill a dozen fish with the piece of stick and bit of string, Pedro became fired with a mighty ambition to do likewise, and pleaded hard for a trial. Half-reluctantly, I allowed myself to be persuaded, firmly impressing it upon him that he must not strike, if he got a bite, until I gave him the word; and, as it was my one and only, I implored him not to loose his hold of the rod whatever happened, with all the earnestness of the Scottish laird beseeching his gillie, who had tumbled into the river in gaffing the salmon of the day: "Donal! Donal! Dinna get drooned gin ye can help it, but haud on tae the fush, mon!"

Then I took over the oars, and Pedro settled himself on the after thwart. Suddenly a grand fish broke the water just astern. "Keep still!" I warned the old buccaneer in the sort of language



THE SEASON'S FIRST CATCH

Sir Joseph Hewitt with the season's first tunny, which he caught after 1½ hours play. Weighing 630lb., this fish was caught 100 miles north-east of Scarborough

he best understood; and he sat tight, with the sweat pouring down his face, and his jaw set in a ghastly grin. Within three or four seconds the tunny broke water again, this time a little further from the boat, and an instant later took the bait with a bang! In that split second old Pedro's Spanish blood was aflame! Warnings and entreaties went by the board; he let out one razor-edged yell, struck like blazes, and pulled the bait clean out of the fish's mouth.

Set for meeting strenuous resistance, and encountering none, he somersaulted backward over the thwart, catching me fairly between the eyes with the rod. I pretty nearly took the count, and on coming round I found Pedro wildly gnashing the place where his front tooth had been before the reel had crashed into his face as the result of his capsize. Blood and Spanish oaths, both of vivid hue, streamed from his mouth. (I have selected this day from my diary, not because of any big tunny it yielded me, but on account of the colourful incident that pervaded it.)

Having effected a few extempore repairs, not being equipped with the resources of a casualty clearing station or a beauty parlour, to the old smuggler's ravaged features, I signalled the felucca, which bore down upon us, and our No. 2, Mauricio, came aboard the dinghy to gillie for me, vice Pedro indisposed. Pedro, however, would not leave the boat. Shortly afterwards I got another tunny—a mere tiddler of 52lb.—and then came the star turn of the programme.

A swordfish took me, and we were off. Soon it started to give a brilliant exposition of the marvellous accomplishment possessed by the swordfish of "riding on its tail," or "walking the water," with three-quarters of its body above the waves. Then it was off again at racing pace, only to vary the entertainment with a wonderful turn of high and lofty tumbling, during which it jumped thirteen times, clearing the water by 12ft. to 20ft. at a leap, and when it had finished its aerial acrobatics treated us to more of the spectacular "skeetering" along the surface. At the sight of this grand water pageant Mauricio flew off the handle, thrashing the gunwhale of the boat with the gaff in his excitement, yelling blue, green and pink murder, and rapping out a string of weird Iberian oaths that would have sent a sailor's parrot into moult with sheer envy.

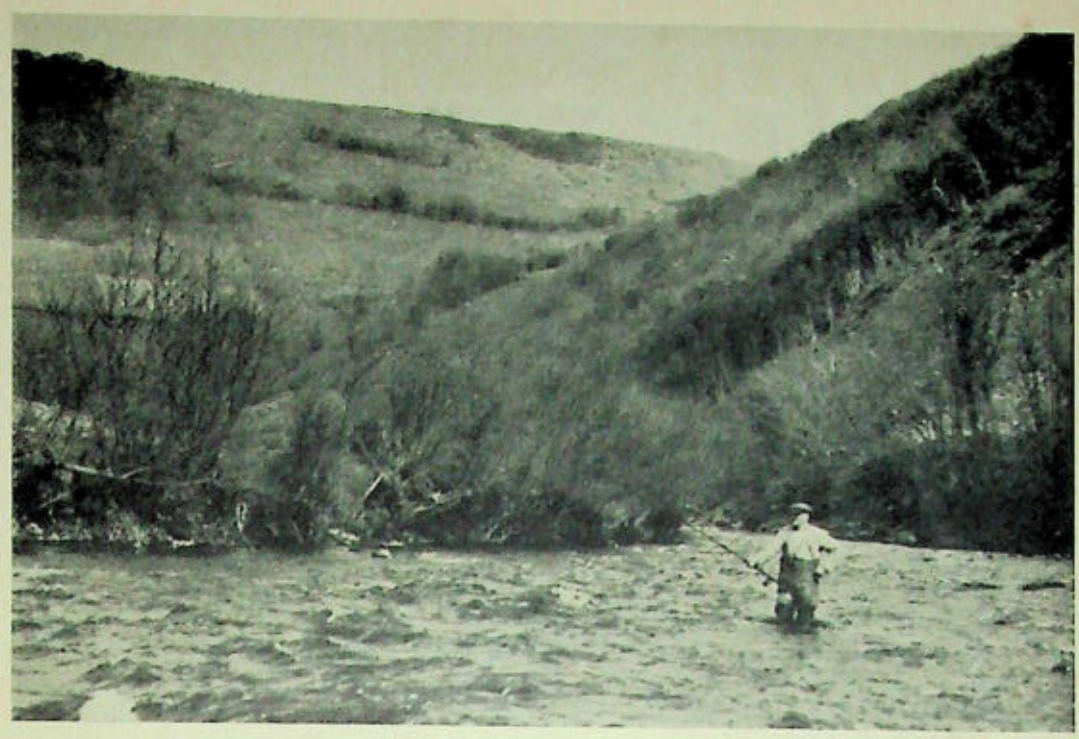
Pedro caught the contagion with all the eagerness of the man who sent out his little girl to the crowd in the street, to inquire: "Please, father wants to know if it's a row, because if it is he'd like to be in it!" Those two temporary lunatics fought for the gaff like Kilkenny cats, rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can. There I was, with a swordfish scrapping like a ton of wild cats at the end of my line, a Spanish ripe-red revolution in full blast immediately behind my back, and a reasonable prospect of getting it in the neck—the gaff-hook, I mean—at any moment. And yet there are people who say that fishing is such a dull, slow game, they would never have the patience to endure it!

At last Mauricio brought down the gaff with such a thwack on the gunwale that the shaft snapped, and the business end sank beneath the waves. This disaster quelled the rebellion, but left us in sorry plight. No gaff, no harpoon, no spear! How in Sam Hill were we to get the fish into the dinghy? There only seemed to me to be one way. I had tailed many a salmon of 30lb. and upward in Scotland and Norway; but, then, I had a shelving beach to aid me. Here I had upwards of a hundredweight of devilment and a cockboat rocking in the cradle of the deep to deal with. It looked even money whether I pulled it into the boat or it pulled me into the Mediterranean. However, I determined to have a shot at it.

Having played the brute as hard as I could for an hour, apparently about to the point of exhaustion, we backed down to the swordfish, and I tailed it, while the crew tailed on to me. No sooner had I got a grip with both hands than the fish started its death flurry, and pretty nearly swamped the dinghy. But I hung on, although the rough excrescences near its tail rasped the skin off my hands and wrists, and the crew stuck to me. In the end we managed to haul it inboard, when I suddenly remembered that I had a sticker knife on me, and with that I gave the *coup de grace*. What with the fish's blood, and Pedro's and mine, the dinghy was like a shambles, but the joys of victory were ours as we sailed back to Formentera.

And that was the end of a perfect day.

This, as I have said, was a sample day, but I am not suggesting that it was typical of my attempts to catch tunny in the Mediterranean—heaven forbid. But since I have read accounts of the North Sea and its thousand pounders, of the strong tow and the long tow, the free trip across the Dogger Bank and all the rest of it, I have thought sometimes that this southern fishing can provide a "crowded hour," which might vie even with Scarborough and its monsters.



ON THE COTHI AT BRECHFA

Captain Cyril Joynson, superintendent of the Towy Fishery Board, fishing near Carmarthen

WELSH SEA TROUT

Rivers Which Repay an August Visit

JULY and August are credited with being the best months for sea trout, and after a pretty extended experience from the Coquet on the border to the Fowey in Cornwall I am inclined to prefer August. There are many rivers which are little visited in pursuit of this noble fish, the finest fighter for its size of all game fish, and leaving the Coquet, the Lune and the Esk I would pin my faith to the rivers of Wales—the Towy, the Teify and the Dovey—with their tributaries, which afford some of the best and cheapest sea-trout fishing in the kingdom, and which are not too difficult of access.

The Towy holds the records for the big sea trout, here called "sewin," and the Carmarthen Amateur Angling Association has quite a lot of water for which visitors pay at the rate of 7/6 per week. For £1 per week salmon may be included, and I know of no other salmon fishing in the country which can be had at this price. The secretary is Mr. W. Thomas, Regent House, Carmarthen, from whom information and tickets may be obtained. Other water, belonging to Lord Cawdor, embracing many miles in a sparsely inhabited district, where farmhouse accommodation may be obtained and all the little inns take in visitors, is to be had. The estate office at Carmarthen (Mr. F. D. W. Drummond) issues tickets for the upper or the lower waters at £2 2s. for the season or £1 1s. per month. When it is considered that this embraces salmon, sewin and brown trout it will be seen how reasonable a sum it is. I have recently covered through the courtesy of the superintendent of the Carmarthen Fishery Board about a hundred miles of this watershed, and am astonished to find what an immense amount of excellent fishing there is available.

Then there is the Teify, stretching from Cardigan to Newcastle Emlyn, Llandyssul, Lampeter and beyond, including the beautiful Cenarth, where sewin are to be had. The Teify Trout Association, of which Mr. J. Brenchley, The Box, Newcastle Emlyn, is the secretary, has fought a long battle with netsmen and succeeded in making available to the public many miles of excellent fishing at a price which is more than moderate. Here one can see the coracle at work, but to paddle the coracle with one hand and fish with the other is expert's work and not to be recommended to the ordinary angler.

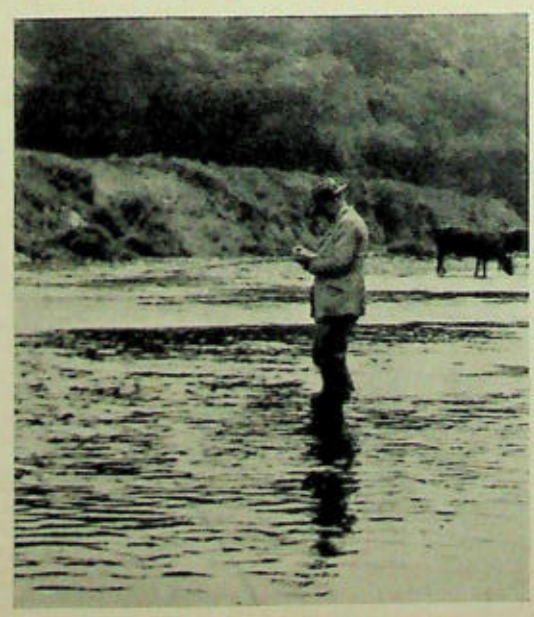
The Dovey is another Welsh river to be fished. I do not speak of it at first hand, although I have seen it at Machynlleth and other places, a beautiful river and easy to fish. Records show that it has big fish, one of 16¾lb. and another of 15lb. having been caught in recent years. There are many tributaries in which brown trout are plentiful.

The Dwyryd is also a salmon and sea-trout river included in the Dovey Fishery Board, and this I know at Maentwrog and Tan-y-Bwlch, where there is a comfortable hotel, the Oakley Arms.

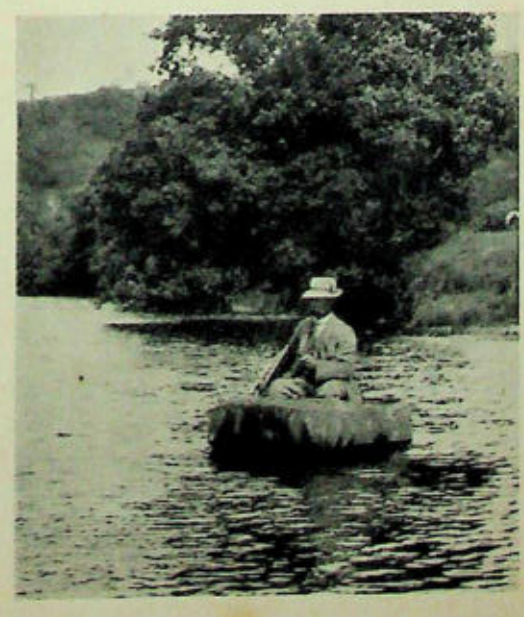
Besides the usual "rights" belonging to the hotel there is free fishing to be obtained for the asking, particularly at Festiniog, a few miles away. There are many lakes in the neighbourhood holding brown trout which may be fished.

All the Welsh rivers hold sea trout, and there are vast areas where no one seems to fish. It must be because they are so little known and are so remote from the holiday angler's beaten tracks, but these are the rivers to fish.

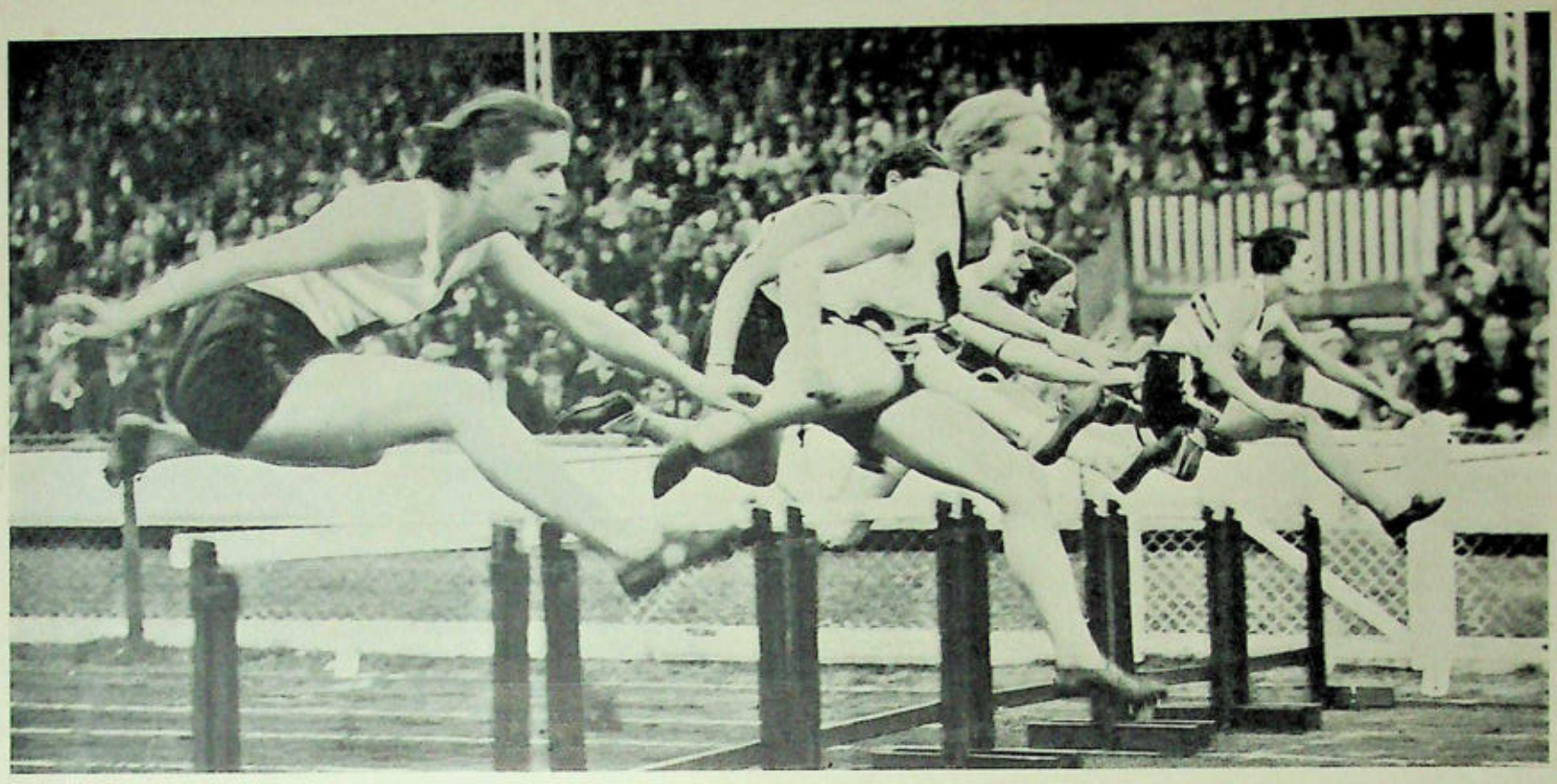
B. A.



AT HENLLAN ON THE TEIFY: THE DRY-FLY FISHERMAN CHANGES HIS FLY



WITH ROD AND PADDLE: AN EXPERT IN A CORACLE



A NEW WORLD'S RECORD IN THE MAKING
Fr. Englehart, of Germany (second from left) winning the 80 metres hurdles final at the Women's Olympiad from Miss Taylor (Canada) and Miss Webb (England)

A DRESS REHEARSAL FOR BERLIN

What the Empire Games and Women's Olympiad Have Shown

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

MOST of the teams that came to England to take part in the Second Celebration of the British Empire Games are now on the way to their distant homes. It has been a splendid festival, the best, I think, that I have seen in the thirty-odd years of my connection with international meetings. Not least of many satisfactory circumstances has been the way in which the friendship and keenness of the competitors has communicated itself to the spectators. The Australians arrived fully six weeks before the first contest was held, and their coming marked the creation of an atmosphere which was so absolutely "right." Other teams came in their turn and were made equally welcome, right down to the appearance of a big contingent from Canada a few days before the athletic section of the Games was to commence.

During the weeks preceding the Games all the teams trained together, mainly at Paddington, but occasionally at the White City. One need hardly state that considerations of caste, creed and colour did not enter into the circumstances of life, but the thing that struck me most pleasantly was the whole-hearted willingness with which the men and women of the contending countries set about helping and advising one another in every possible way, while the coaches and team managers were equally ready to co-operate. In this connection, however, not all the credit must be given to the Empire athletes, for Dr. Gilbert Ayers, the U.S.A. coach with our team from India, was more than helpful to many an Englishman puzzled in the matter of field events technique, and so were Nambu, holder of the world's long jump and hop, step and jump records, and Nakazawa, who came to London with the Japanese girls' team for the Women's World Games.

This fraternity in sport, not only within the Empire but throughout the world, is a magnificent factor for progress and future international peace, and yet seems miraculous to those of us who remember that hush-hush secrecy as to methods and strategy and tactics in athletics which prevailed when the Fourth Olympic Games took place in London in 1908. The Englishman's gospel of sporting behaviour has, indeed, spread far and wide throughout the world in the last quarter of a century. There is this to be said, also, that the harmonious atmosphere which characterised the pre-competition period was maintained right through the contests at the Empire Games until the last flag was sent to the masthead and the anthem of the country which produced the final victor had been played.

TRACK TACTICS AT THE FIRST BEND IN THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIAD
Fighting for positions at the start of the 800 metres final, won by Z. Koubkova (Czecho-Slovakia), seen on the inside nearest the turf. Miss Wretman (Sweden), who was a very plucky second, is No. 101

In all fairness, I think we may regard the second British Empire Games as the Empire's full-dress rehearsal for the far greater festival of the eleventh Olympic Games that will be held at Berlin two years hence. It has been a dress rehearsal, firstly, in the matter of comportment and ceremonial, and, secondly, and yet more important, it has been an introduction to our younger talent to the nervous strain which is inseparable from taking part in the biggest kind of competition and, so, those of our athletes who were "blooded" at the White City this August will do all the better when they find themselves competing in the magnificent stadium at Berlin which Germany is building to house the eleventh Olympic Games. That many of those who took part in the Empire Games will be seen in Germany is certain, for there was not a competing country that did not find some splendid promise for its Olympic future.

England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland will be united as Great Britain at Berlin, and it well may happen that we of the Motherland may be embarrassed by the very greatness of our athletic riches. Have we ever, I wonder, had such a wealth of quarter-milers? Rampling, Stoneley, and Roberts have all proved their ability to touch 48sec., Blake, Hunter and Rathbone are coming into the same class, and it may be that some of them will be well advised to turn their attention to the furlong or the half-mile. Stoneley and Blake have, perhaps, the better build for the shorter distance.

Undoubtedly the best performance at the Empire Games was that of J. Metcalfe, Australia, who, in making the British hop, step and jump record of 51ft. 3½in., was only 3½in. short of the world's record which he is likely to break at Berlin, if not before, while S. Richardson, the fifteen-year-old Canadian schoolboy, who took the long jump at just on 23½ft., may be good enough to win a world's and Olympic title two years hence, for these coloured lads mature very quickly.

The Women's World Games were opened by Lord Desborough at the White City on August 9th. The foreign girls very quickly showed us that they are far more efficient in the matter of athletic technique than are any of our Empire athletes. It was evident, too, that the judgment of the women is not so good as that of the men. Miss Phillips, of England, and Marjorie Clark, South Africa, for instance, should never have been put into numerous individual contests as well as taking part in the pentathlon.

The final of the 800 metres produced the spectacle of girls flogging their game spirits to exhaustion and the subsequent distress of J. Wretman, the seventeen-year-old runner-up to Fr. Koubkova, who made a world's record of 4min. 12⅘sec., made anxiety mar our enjoyment of a great achievement.

That Germany won the Women's Games is not surprising, for the representatives of that country were as well trained as they are efficient, and not one of them showed any signs of distress, although Fr. Krauss who won both the 100 and 200 metres was in the winning relay team, and also took third place in the discus event. The hurdling at 80 metres of Fr. Englehart, who made a new world's record of 11⅘secs., was delightful, and Fr. Maumeyer's feat in breaking the world's pentathlon record was astounding, but while we have nothing but admiration for the German team, which scored 95 out of a possible 127 points (more than the scores of Poland, England and Canada added together), one can but regret the inability of our English girls to secure a single first place, since there was a time when England led the world in women's athletics.

ENGLAND'S BATSMEN MUST GET RUNS

Scoring Strokes Will Win the Present Test

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THIS week-end, cricketers all over the world will be talking of the Test Match at the Oval. Patriots will pray that the luck will continue to go England's way—and England has been lucky indeed. The weather gave us victory at Lord's, and the weather saved us from defeat at Leeds.

Most people, I find, are not optimistic about England's chances at the Oval. For my part, I am certain that with proper management, the England eleven would win easily. Woodfull's team is not a good all-round combination; there are only two bowlers; there is a "tail" to the batting. And even Ponsford, Woodfull, McCabe and Bradman all have weak ways of dealing with a fast attack.

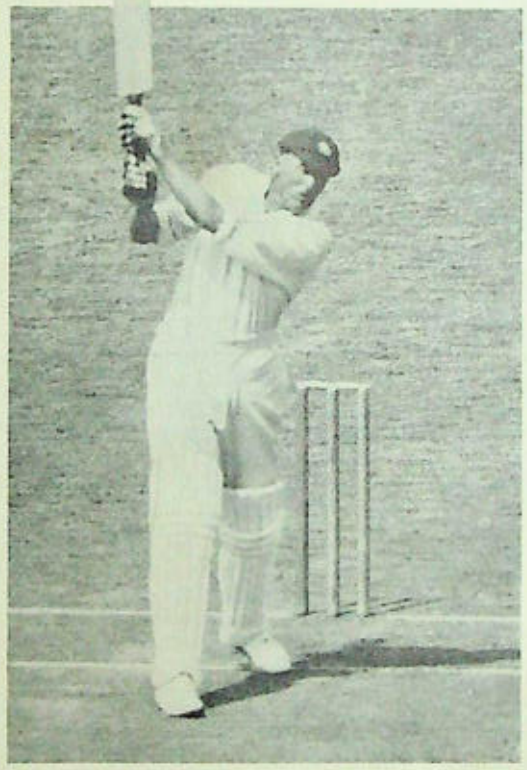
Australia ought not to score 400 in any innings against Voce, Bowes, Allen, Verity and Hammond; I am, of course, presuming that England's slip fieldsmen would hold most of their catches. The frailty of Australia's batsmen in the face of fast bowling is beyond belief. I suppose the shocks administered by Larwood are still affecting the minds of Woodfull and the rest. It is a matter of psychology, not of technique. Last Saturday, at Trent Bridge, Voce made the Australian batsmen look a very tentative lot. Voce has not been in consistent form this summer against English players; but last Saturday he put forward a special effort. I write these lines before the announcement of the England team for the Oval. Much as I dislike a last minute "selection" of a team based opportunistically on form, I sincerely hope Voce is deployed against Bradman and company in the crucial engagement of the year.

There need be no "body-line" rumpus; Voce is, by his left-handed swing, entitled to a field which contains three or four short-legs. If he were an Australian, Voce would certainly be bowling against England at the Oval. In a match without a time-limit, Voce's attack would, I think, possess a two-fold value; it would take wickets and it would always keep down the runs. And, as I pointed out in my article last week in these columns, it is runs, and *nothing but runs*, that matter in a match played to a finish. A good many deluded folk seem to imagine that in the Oval match the victory will go to the eleven that stays in the longer time. I am glad to see that J. B. Hobbs has supported the argument I put forward here last week; scoring strokes will settle the issue at the Oval, not stone-walling and the consumption of time.

I have actually heard the suggestion from an England cricketer that C. F. Walters ought not to play at the Oval, even if fit, because "he is too quick with his hits, too eager to make runs." Can anybody imagine that Woodfull would "drop" McCabe, who is as bold and aggressive as Walters, given a few half-volleys? It will be a thousand pities if Walters is unable to play for England at the Oval because of injuries. It will be a scandal if he is out of the side for any other reason.

If I were England's captain to-day, I should like to win the toss and see Walters and Sutcliffe opening England's innings. And I would like to see Woolley going in first wicket down, and Hammond second wicket down. Given these men to open England's innings, I should confidently expect the score at the tea interval to be 280 for two or three wickets. Woolley at his best might easily pulverise Grimmett for the day in half-an-hour.

Besides, there is the question of style. An England innings has an obligation to the beauty of the game. There are fanatics I know, who would gladly see England pushing and poking miserly runs for days, if in the end victory justified the shabby means. I am hopelessly old-fashioned and quixotic, no doubt. Anyhow, I wish to see proud and lovely cricket played by England against O'Reilly and Grimmett; I know that the crowd will see proud and lovely cricket if McCabe gets set, or Bradman, or Ponsford, or Kippax, or Darling. "Play the Australians at their own game!" is the parrot-cry of the school of passive resisters. Where, O where, did this school obtain the notion that Australian batsmen in crucial Test matches are strokeless and given to gentle treatment of the loose ball?



OUTDOOR FIREWORKS

Woolley, of Kent, made a hundred before lunch during Canterbury week, as well as another hard-hit 82

ENGLAND EXPECTS—

That Hammond's run of Test match failures will be succeeded by a big effort in to-day's match

In all the history of Test cricket there are only three instances of a batsman scoring a century before lunch on the first day. And every time the gallant deed has been done by an Australian—Trumper at Manchester in 1902; Macartney at Leeds in 1926; and Bradman at Leeds in 1930. Woolley is capable of quick scoring against better bowling than O'Reilly's or Grimmett's. So is Hammond. I expect, and England expects, a dazzling innings by Hammond at the Oval. His record in Test matches this summer is comic—and the summer as a whole has been Hammond's wonderful year. Hammond, least of anybody, knows why he has failed in six consecutive Test match innings to hit the bowling of O'Reilly and Grimmett, not to mention Chipperfield's amiable slows, far and wide.

The great match will be getting to grips while these lines are being read. I have exhausted my speculations about the end and issue of it all; let me turn to county cricket now. The visit of the Australians has overshadowed much excellent sport up and down the land. No Test match could possibly achieve finer play and a more thrilling climax than the match between Surrey and Middlesex the other day at the Oval. The last men were in—Winlaw with an eye closed up, a dozen runs were wanted. Then Brooks, the stumper, was knocked to the earth, stunned! He picked himself up and smote two fours and won the victory! Skill and bravery; cricket at its most chivalrous. And only a handful of spectators were there to revel in the drama and applaud the heroism.

TOUCH WOOD

Rarely has the winning of the toss been so vitally important as in the present Test, for even if the weather holds, the wicket is sure to crumble

Too much has been made of the Test matches this time. The press has blown them out sensationally. As a consequence, the public taste is vitiated—spoiled for the day-by-day performances by the counties. We are putting the prize before the game itself. Moreover, the Test match mania is spoiling the style of many good county cricketers. They feel the temptation incessantly to try to win places in the big matches, and in the endless winter tours. Can they be blamed, if in the average county engagement, they avoid risks and seek vast scores and concentrate upon impressing the Selection Committees, who would be more than human if they were not influenced by "paper results"?

FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

Another Good Knock by Pawle

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

LORD'S Schools v. the Rest, played on August 6th and 7th, is a contest always worth watching. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may mention that Lord's schools consist of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, Tonbridge, Clifton, Haileybury, and Cheltenham. Haileybury, estimated as the best public school of the year, supplied the captain and three other players. The Lord's schools, after losing five wickets for 41 on a pitch which was slow but responsive to spin, made a gallant recovery, thanks to Pawle (92) and Walford (27), and put on 77 runs, and after that Haileybury carried on the good work, Hayles (46) especially, and the innings realised 263 runs, the last five wickets being responsible for 222 of them.

It is impossible to overpraise Pawle's innings. It was compiled with effortless ease, and there was no flaw in it either in offence or defence. As he played to-day he is a first-class batsman, fit to take his place in any company. In the four matches he has played in at Lord's to date, he has made 96, 93 not out, and 92, in three of them.

Although Toutfield, as a contemporary recorded, was slow (I do not know what school he belonged to), the Rest fielded splendidly, though their throwing in, like the umpiring, was not above criticism. Ballance, with his beautiful easy action, took five wickets for 56 runs, and Hayfield and Pilkington bowled a good length. Brodhurst kept wicket admirably, and he was not to blame for the fourteen byes conceded. Yardley's fielding at cover-point was on a par with Pawle's batting, and he watched the ball, when he was in, on to the bat. Bell (43)

of Uppingham also played very well with a beautifully straight bat. Walford, the Rugby captain, made two remarkable catches, the first one at square leg bordering on the miraculous.

On the Tuesday the Rest did not add to their total of 173, and the Lord's Schools made 221, leaving the Rest 312 to get to win in three hours twenty minutes, at the rate of 93 runs per hour. This was evidently considered too big a proposition, but they managed, chiefly thanks to a great defensive innings by Butterworth (63) to effect a draw, being 120 runs behind, and having three wickets to fall. Scores: Lord's Schools 263 and 221; The Rest 173 and 191 for seven wickets.

On August 8th and 9th, a picked eleven of the Schools played the Army. Last year the Schools won for the first time by 46 runs. This year they totalled 303 for eight wickets at the rate of 78 runs per hour, and declared. After losing five wickets for 140, Yardley and Walford (40) put on 89 invaluable runs, and Mayhew (56 not out) after being missed mid-off when 6, hit the ball in directions entirely unexpected, except by himself, and completely spoilt Stephenson's analysis. Had the catch been held the latter would then have taken seven wickets out of eight for about 60 runs, instead of six for 92. He bowled very well as did Melsome. The latter, who bowls his slows as accurately as Grimmett, had a rare duel with Yardley of St. Peter's York, who more than confirmed the good opinion I had already formed of him. He made 117, and I wish George Hirst had seen his innings. However, I expect they know all about him in Yorkshire. No ball that he played at passed his bat till he had made 90, and the sooner they play him for Yorkshire the better for it. Darewski, the School's captain, and one of the three Haileybury Musketeers, whom we shall all miss at number 8, 9 and 10 next year, took two Army wickets cheaply, but Hudson and Packe added 119, and the Army scored 165 for three at the rate of 79 runs per hour. Hudson made 72 in his usual form.

On the second day the Army took their total to 319, Packe scoring 92, and the Schools declared at 215 for six—Yardley 63, and Bell 56 not out—at 5.30. The fielding of the Army was exceptionally good, Stephenson being outstanding. They were left 200 to get in one-and-a-half hours, at the rate of 134 per hour. Hudson and Hamilton played splendidly, and scored 68 runs in the first half hour, but at 73 Hamilton (26) was run out, and after Nelson had apparently been given out caught at the wicket by the square leg umpire, on a solitary appeal from the long field, stumps were drawn at 6.20, owing to bad light, with the score 105, the Army being 6 runs behind the clock. Five minutes later the light became quite good. Hudson played superbly for 63 not out. Scores: Army 319 and 105 for two wickets. The Schools 303 for eight declared, and 215 for six declared.

The question of a series of batting failures in Tests arose at Lord's the other day, and the suggestion that Hammond should be left out of the England side at the Oval was made. On this point it may be of interest to recall that the great Victor Trumper, in 1908, scored 4 and 0 at Adelaide in the third Test, and followed this up with 0 and 0 in the fourth Test, played at Melbourne. In the last Test at Sydney he made 10 and 166. But far the most extraordinary run of failures without a redeeming feature is supplied by two of the greatest batsmen of my generation. At Edgbaston in the first Test of 1902, Ranji made 13, and Fry 0, the English total being 376. Then came Lord's, where they were both out first ball for 0. Ranji was then dropped, but Fry was played in the third Test at Sheffield, and made 1 and 4. Ranji was therefore reinstated at Manchester, and Fry dropped. He scored 2 and 0, and the selectors, crying "Ichabod," decided to invite neither of them to the Oval. That batsmen of the super calibre of Ranji and Fry could, between them, only succeed in compiling 20 runs in eight consecutive Test innings, is incredible. Nevertheless it is a fact.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Woolley's Two Grand Innings

WOOLLEY nearly always plays at least one beautiful innings during Canterbury week. This year he batted only twice—once against Somerset and once against Notts—and each innings was a pure rhapsody of batsmanship. The spirit of Canterbury surely runs in his veins; there is none other of Kent's delightful grounds which provides a more mellowed setting for the elegance and power that are still the essence of his batting. Forget for a moment the ugliness of the concrete stand, walk leisurely among the marquees occupying time-honoured positions round the ground, or linger in the shade of a tree watching the activity of the flannelled players in the sunshine—and you seem to look back down the history of Kent cricket. The famous old tree in one corner of the ground has in past years been roped within the boundary and surrounded by spectators. It was a pleasure to see again the boundary marked some distance behind it and to watch fieldsmen chasing the ball beneath it, and having to run clear of its branches before they were able to throw in. Let's keep the rural spirit in cricket as long as we can.

The Somerset match at Canterbury was for Freeman's benefit, and the cricket was all very good, particularly on the Bank Holiday Monday, when Woolley made the large crowd happy for the day with an innings of 82. But better was to come against Notts. Going in first again with Ashdown, Woolley hit the first ball of the match for four—was it not A. N. Hornby who said, "Hit your first ball for six if you can; if not, a four will do"—and in 35 minutes Woolley had scored 50, after that his hundred before lunch came naturally, though he was missed at 82. Once again we saw and wondered at all the batting artistry that Woolley commands. The years make no difference—it is still as spontaneous and lovely as it ever was. After his grand display, the rest of the Kent innings seemed almost tame, an impression heightened by the lack of variety in the Notts bowling. On a hot afternoon the players seemed lethargic. Voce, who is evidently putting on weight, bowled fast and so did Butler; Woodhead, Gunn, Harris and Staples (A.) were all more or less medium. No wonder there were repeated calls for Larwood from the crowd. Much more interesting to watch was the bowling of Freeman and Marriott, the Kent slow bowlers, who routed Notts on the second day; but much of the Notts batting was surprisingly feeble. The net result of the Week was two easy victories for Kent, though unfortunately the collapse of Notts left the last day blank.

Smith, of Middlesex, has done his best to force himself into a Test team. His fast bowling for Middlesex this season has been sufficiently impressive and he is a hitter of the old-fashioned type that sometimes turns a match. His innings of 45 against Surrey last week, for instance, gave Middlesex an outside chance when all seemed lost, and was one amusing feature of a day full of incident. When Surrey went in to get 118 to win, Smith and G. O. Allen bowled like heroes, and it was not their fault that Surrey scraped home by one wicket.

Yorkshire's experience against Leicestershire in losing after declaring in their first innings, with a lead of only 102, has been held as a warning of cricket folly. I prefer to thank the Yorkshire captain, A. B. Sellers, for giving Leicestershire a sporting chance. He is one of the captains with the courage to make a speculation, and some of his declarations have won matches for Yorkshire. This one happened to contribute to Yorkshire's downfall, but an even bigger factor was the unaccountable failure of Yorkshire's batting in the second innings. There can be no doubt that Yorkshire this season have lacked both the stability and the character traditionally associated with Yorkshire cricket. Even Surrey's limited bowling caused them to labour for runs at the Oval on Saturday, and Sutcliffe concentrated much on defence until he had made his hundred. No doubt it is merely a coincidence that Sutcliffe has not been quite the player he was since he lost Holmes as first-wicket partner for Yorkshire and Hobbs as first-wicket partner for England.

It was illuminating to see at Trent Bridge on Saturday that the Australians' weakness in batting against leg-theory bowling, so plainly revealed on the last English tour in Australia, apparently remains. Voce, bowling to a leg-side field, had most of them in difficulties and accomplished a performance which at once caused urgent demands for his inclusion in the England team. In some quarters there is now a tendency to be squeamish about any form of leg-theory bowling, which is absurd. But the truth is that Voce this season has seldom shown the form he produced against the Australians in this match.

It is sad to hear that in spite of two splendid summers of cricketing weather, the Leicestershire County Club finds itself again faced with financial difficulties and has decided to effect economies in the ground staff. Lack of public support is given as the chief reason for this situation, and the fact that the county has been doing rather badly in the championship competition is contributory. Unfortunately it is true that public support does depend to some extent on success in the championship, but in a sporting county like Leicestershire the club ought surely not to be allowed to languish.

That outpost of Cricket, Zuoz College, on the "Roof of Europe," has just concluded its most successful cricket season. After ten years of uphill work the continental boys, who at first did not take kindly to the game, have now become enthusiastic cricketers. The house matches have never been so keenly contested. This year the bowling has easily been on top. The traditional match against the English Visitors, the only outside match of the year, has since the crisis given way to an Old Boys' match. This match is in its way unique, as most of the old boys have to travel some hundreds of miles (from Paris in the West and Prague in the East), and this is often the only occasion in the year when they can even see a game of cricket. The grass pitch, which had to be prepared for weeks, proved that pitches can be made on the Continent with proper care. In the match against the College this year the Old Boys were beaten by two wickets, H. Krull making 52 for the boys. F. I. W.

FIELD TRIALS

Pointer and Setter Championship

THE Pointer and Setter Trials of the Scottish Field Trials Association were held at Yester, East Lothian, on August 7th and 8th, and the Champion Stake on the 9th. The judges for the Trials were Lord Henniker and Mr. David Black; and for the Championship, Mr. J. B. Littledale and Captain Powys Dewhurst.

The weather was good on the first two days, but very windy and showery on the third day. Throughout there were plenty of birds, but they were always wild and rising a long way ahead, which did not help the dogs in their work. The ground is ideal from all points of view.

In the Puppy Stake Mrs. Holt's Menaifron Bee, a pointer, was the winner. She is a very steady and consistent worker, with a good nose and a nice backer, and had no difficulty in getting her place. The second, the same owner's Keane O'Moy, an Irish setter, is a fast dog and an intelligent worker. He will probably be heard of again, as he shows promise of being a first-class dog. He is an excellent backer. Third, Miss Prior's Bashful of the Boreen, a pointer, has plenty of style and did some good work. Fourth, Messrs. A. & K. Bishop's Halesworth Beau, a pointer, is a very promising dog, a free goer with good nose and style. He would have been higher but for the fact that he made one or two mistakes, chiefly owing to his keen disposition. He will not be easy to beat when he settles down properly.

In the All-Aged Stake the Duke of Montrose's Isle of Arran Brigadier, a six-year-old pointer, won without any doubt. He is a real good dog with great nose and style, a good backer and most systematic in all his work. The second, Messrs. Bishop's Curate's Egg, an English setter, found a great deal of game, sometimes at long distances, and with certainty. In doing this he is sometimes inclined to miss a good deal of ground, but at other times he hunts his ground well. His good scenting capabilities make him a difficult dog to beat. Third, Lorna Countess Howe's Stylish Stag, an English setter, is a very attractive and finished worker, and a beautiful backer—altogether a very nice dog. Equal fourth were Captain G. Blaine's Westdown Mandarin, an English setter, and Mrs. Nagle's Cloghan Belle, an Irish setter. Mandarin is a fast dog, hunts his ground well and generally put up a good performance. He looks like a dog that will improve considerably. Belle, now six years old, ran as well as ever, which is saying a good deal, but did not perhaps have much luck.

In the Champion Stake Mrs. Holt's Menaifron Bee won by steady and consistent work throughout—a very creditable performance for a puppy, as she had many good dogs to beat. The second, Mrs. Nagle's Baffle D'Or, an Irish setter, ran up to his great reputation. He seems as good as ever, and just as full of keenness and energy. Third, Lorna Countess Howe's North Dyke Gamble, an English setter puppy, was close up to those above him. He is a first-class dog with very attractive style. The Duke of Montrose's Isle of Arran Brigadier was reserve. H.

The card for the Champion Stake was as follows:

CHAMPION STAKE for single pointers and setters, winner of first, second, or third prize at any trials in the world. All ages.
1. Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Bee. Handler, D. Jones.
2. Mrs. Nagle's I. s. b. F.T.Ch. Cloghan Belle. H., G. Abbott.
3. Messrs. A. & K. Bishop's E. s. d. Curate's Egg. H., R. G. Powis.
4. Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Marjorie. H., D. Jones.
5. Mrs. R. M. Foot's L. s. d. Beorcham Craftsman. H., D. Lindsay.
6. Mrs. Holt's p. d. Menaifron Marquis. H., D. Jones.
7. Mrs. Nagle's L. s. d. Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or. H., G. Abbott.
8. Captain G. Blaine's E. s. d. Westdown Mandarin. H., J. Chalmers.
9. Duke of Montrose's p. d. Isle of Arran Brigadier. H., A. Fraser.
10. Major J. D. Lloyd's E. s. d. F.T.Ch. Vineyard of Otham. H., W. Downes.
11. Miss A. M. Prior's E. s. b. Bright of the Boreen. H., T. S. McGregor.
12. Lorna, Countess Howe's E. s. d. North Dyke Gamble. H., T. Gaunt.
13. Captain G. Blaine's E. s. d. Westdown Gond. H., J. Chalmers.
14. Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Rock O'Moy. H., D. Jones.
15. Mrs. Nagle's L. s. d. F.T.Ch. Sulhamstead Baffle D'Or. H., G. Abbott.
16. Mrs. B. E. Yeoward's p. d. Brynmor Newsboy. H., W. Evans.
17. Mr. E. Gardner's p. d. Persistent. H., R. G. Powis.
18. Mr. H. Mitchell's E. s. d. Lingfield Ila. H., Mrs. Foster Mitchell.
19. Mrs. R. M. Foot's E. s. d. Beorcham Ptarmigan. H., D. Lindsay.

Certificates were awarded to Nos. 2, 8, 10, 11, 13 and 16.

We are unfortunately obliged to hold over the report of the Scottish Gun Dog Association's Pointer and Setter Trials.

Labrador Retriever Club, Field Trials – Applications for nominations for the All-aged Stake, to take place on October 4th-5th, will close on August 27th instead of August 20th as previously announced.

TURNING DOWN POULTS

How to Acclimatize Young Pheasants to the Coverts

PHEASANT poults are usually purchased from game farms at the age of twelve to thirteen weeks during the months of August and September. Should losses amongst one's own birds have been sustained this is a very convenient way of making up numbers. On the other hand, it may be that a shoot has only just been taken, on which no rearing has been done, but where a certain amount of sport is required—again, purchased poults will put matters right. On some estates it is found cheaper to buy poults than to attempt to rear. This is especially the case if trouble is usually experienced through disease on the rearing field or if difficulty is found in obtaining a suitable field.

The ideal way of turning down poults (and by far the most satisfactory if it is to be an annual occurrence) is to construct an aviary in which to keep the pheasants for about a week, until they have settled down and become accustomed to their new surroundings. These aviaries should have sides at least 8ft. high constructed with 2in. mesh wire netting. The top should be covered in, and is best if done with string netting. The size of the aviary naturally depends on the number of pheasants to be enclosed; but the more space they can be given the better, as they can then be kept in for the full week or longer without fear of impairing the health of the birds through overcrowding. If the space enclosed does not include plenty of natural cover and low roosting trees or shrubs (and this is not always possible, owing to the position having to be chosen where the pheasants are required to stay), this must be added with a liberal hand. If it is not possible or practicable to cover in the top of the aviary, then just the sides will be better than no pen at all; but the pheasants must then be liberated with extreme care, so as to ensure their not flying. If this is accomplished it is often several days before the birds discover the way over the top of the netting, and by that time they will be reasonably certain to look upon the immediate neighbourhood as home. However, care must be taken to see that they are not frightened by man or beast, or they will fly out in a flock.

At the end of, say, a week, during which time the poults have been regularly fed and watered in the aviary, they may be given their liberty. This must not be done by opening the aviary door and driving out the birds, but they should be allowed to wander out of their own free will. Food should be scattered around outside the aviary and a feed stack of barley rakings close at hand is useful. It is advisable to close the aviary door for the first few nights, as should any of the poults have returned there to roost they would fall easy prey to foxes.

If there are already in the covert a few hand-reared pheasants that can be collected on the feed ride, the aviary can be dispensed with if desired. These home-bred birds will act as decoys for the strangers if the latter are quietly liberated amongst them at feed time.

To liberate pheasant poults quietly the hampers in which they are received should be placed well under the thickest bush available. The lid should then be gently raised a matter of about 6in. and propped with a stick. After a few minutes the birds will be found to hop out one and two at a time. Do not hurry them—the longer they take to turn these young birds loose on their own—they would still need the shelter of the coop and the care of the mother hen. If the weather were warm and everything favourable they might survive satisfactorily, but there would be a risk. It is possible to buy the mother hen and coop with each brood of these six-weeks-old poults, and this is the safest plan. If the estate already possess all the coops they require, then, provided they are not too different from the ones to which the pheasants have been accustomed, the poults might possibly take to them when they see their mother hen inside; but, again, there would be a risk.

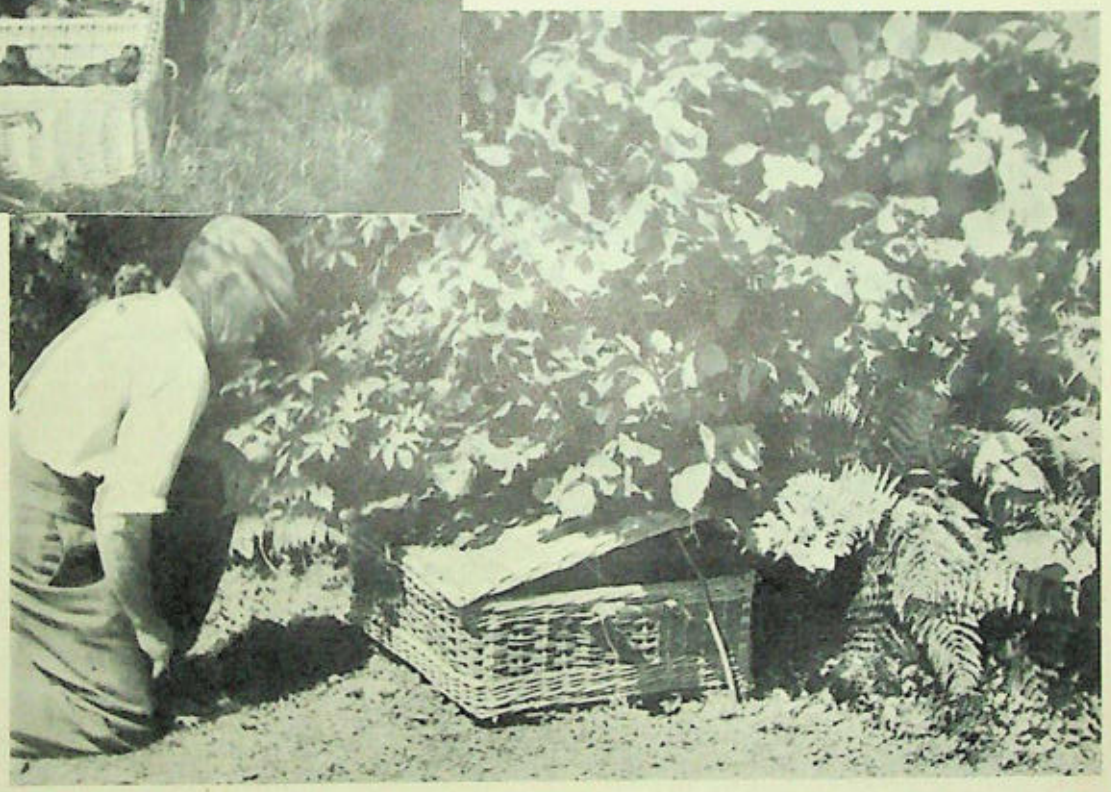
The purchase of six week old poults would be greatly simplified if only pheasant coops were standardised. Unfortunately this is not the case, there being about as many different patterns as there are sizes of motor tyres. No two game-keepers appear to be able to agree as to what is the ideal coop. Some like them large and others like them on the small side; the shape, too, varies considerably. They are painted red, white and green or just creosoted. There are advocates of the slatted front and of the bars. Some game rearers require the slides on the top (there are many patterns) and others in the front, both these features have been known to be incorporated in the same coop. The only thing upon which all agree is that there shall be no floor to the coop.

However, as the standardisation of coops is an ideal that is never likely to be reached, facts must be faced. If it is expected that six-week-old poults will be required for a number of years, then, provided one is satisfied with one's supplier, it is obviously best to continue to obtain them from the same source, as the original consignment of coops can be used over and over again. Perhaps one precaution should be observed, and that is to ascertain that the particular game farm has only the one pattern coop, or can at least guarantee birds reared in coops of the original pattern.

RING NECK.

RIGHT METHODS AND WRONG

In the lower picture the birds are being let out into a thick bush into which they will probably hop without being able to fly away; in the upper picture they are about to be turned out helter-skelter into the largest field in the diocese



ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN

Greece—II.

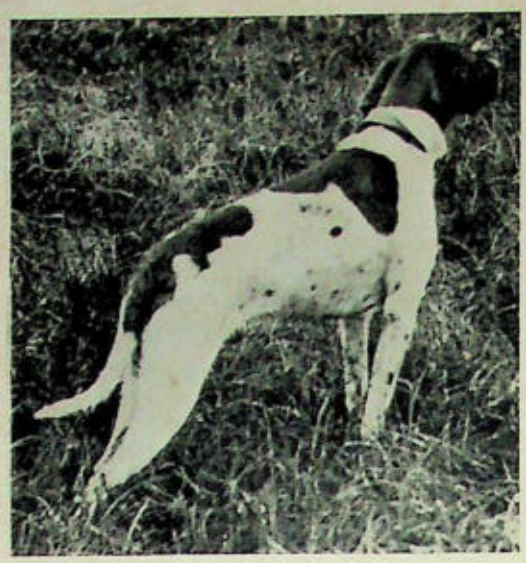
GREECE and the Grecian Archipelago are on one of the main lines of migration across the Mediterranean, and as the terrain is very suitable for snipe, woodcock, as well as for all species of wildfowl, these birds are very numerous at the appropriate seasons and really excellent sport can be obtained. All lakes and lagoons hold duck, often in thousands, and every marsh can be beaten successfully for snipe. Cock are plentiful in the wooded areas at the foot of the hills, where there are also a fair sprinkling of partridges. While all the country is good, the most exceptional places for each variety mentioned are as follows:

Duck.—Gulf of Arta, Petala, Patras, Salonika, mouth of the Vardar River and Kalamuti.
Snipe.—Zaverda, Patras, Vatica Bay, Gulf of Zeitun, Volo, Salonica and Oreos Bay.
Woodcock.—Petala, Patras, Navarin, Volo, Salonica, Stavros, Samothraki, and the Gulf of Makri.
Quail.—Patras, Salamis, Salonica, Dedeagatch, Amorgos and Rodosto.
Partridges.—Salonica and Thermia.
Rock Pigeons.—Skyros, Mergalo Island and Gairdaro Island.

The above places are mentioned in the order in which they would be met sailing down the west coast from the north'ard, thence along the south coast and up the eastern shores. As general shooting centres, Salonica and the mouth of the Vardar River are undoubtedly by far the best, as from these places vast tracts of excellent country are close at hand.

When shooting the larger lakes for wildfowl it is essential to employ a "stirring-up party," or if this is not possible only a few guns should take up definite and fixed positions while the others walk through the surrounding reeds and keep the duck well on the move. A watchful eye should be kept on any local boys who have been engaged to carry cartridges as otherwise both the boy and the cartridge bags will soon be found to be missing.

The best time for shooting snipe or cock in marshes or scrub which are surrounded by hills is when there is a slight frost, for then the former always appear to be more numerous and the latter come down from the higher ground into the valleys.



RUNNING A SYNDICATE MOOR

What Each Gun May Expect to Pay and Why

By R. N. BURTON

NOWADAYS I suppose the majority of moors which are driven, and even some of those which lie in the far north and can be walked till late in the season with reasonable hope of success—are run on a syndicate basis, either the owner of the moor or the lessee collecting a sufficient number of guns who pay shares and simply come to shoot. The preliminary arrangements, care of the moor in the close season, heather burning, trapping, etc., being no concern of theirs and in many cases of no interest either.

The selection of a suitable moor to lease needs some care, and a few of the points to be considered are age and condition of heather, if burning has been properly carried out in past years, whether overgrazed, and the proportion of white land on the moor. There should be plenty of water, and it is therefore a good opportunity to look over the springs and watering places in time of drought.

Elevation must also be taken into account, as very high moors may be shrouded in mist for days at a time, and beaters may have to be paid if they are arranged beforehand, even if it is impossible to shoot. There must also, of course, be a good strong breeding stock of grouse.

The keynote of successful running is a good keeper, as he will select beaters who do not tend to walk in two's talking until within sight of the butts, stops who will not fall asleep in the heather on a hot afternoon, and flankers who know when to keep down and when to show themselves. He will take a keen interest in his work both in and out of season, and will in a hundred ways well repay his master for the wages he earns and the guns for the tips they bestow.

The system of paying beaters a flat rate and making them provide their own lunch and refreshments is an improvement on the old system of providing their lunch and unlimited ale, which often resulted in very poor work in the afternoon.

The dog question is a pressing one. Personally I cannot see the advantage of pointers and setters on the average north-country moor, even if it is intended to walk for two or three days at the beginning of the season, as, unless they can be used later for partridges, snipe, etc., on ground where game is scarce, they do not justify their keep for the rest of the year. Five or six guns and their cartridge-bag carriers and keepers will show most of the birds. However, in the majority of cases where driving is commenced at once good retrievers are a necessity, and you are fortunate if two or three guns have good steady dogs of their own which they can work after the drives are over, saving much time in picking up, and the keepers' dogs from being overworked.

In many cases those responsible for running syndicate shoots prefer their guns to use one gun only, on the ground that the use of two guns by those who do not habitually do so leads to unsteadiness and a higher percentage of missed or crippled birds. And it is safe to say that the average shot does not get enough practice to keep him really up to two-gun form.

Before setting out on a campaign of collecting suitable guns a variety of points have to be decided such as (*a*) whether walking for a couple of days before driving, (*b*) charges per gun.

Costs must, therefore, be very carefully gone into, and they may be roughly divided into overhead and running as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
OVERHEAD.						
Rent of moor (say, 5,000 acres)	400	0	0			
Sporting rates	150	0	0			
Pay of two keepers	200	0	0			
Allowance for (keepers') two dogs ..	12	0	0			
Extra labour for heather burning, say, twelve men for six days at 7/– a day.....	25	4	0			
Extra labour for making up butts—two men, six days	4	4	0			
Traps, cartridges, etc., for keepers..	4	10	0			
				795	18	0
RUNNING.						
Twelve days' driving, with an average of sixteen beaters, flankers, etc., at 8/– a day (for which they provide their own lunch)	76	16	0			
Lunch and game cart, fifteen days at £1 a day	15	0	0			
Six game and cartridge bag carriers for three days' walking at 8/– a day	7	4	0			
				99	0	0
				894	18	0
Less sales of game:						
1,000 young birds at 5/– a brace.....				125	0	0
600 old birds at 2/– a brace				30	0	0
				£739	18	0

If the moor has shot well in recent years rents (and, of course, rates!) will be high, but overhead costs should not come to more than about £1 a brace on the average annual bag the moor yields. Again, in a generally good grouse year such as the present, the market value of birds will be low. Birds marketed on the first day or two of the season realize from 4/– to 6/– a brace more than they do later, and this must be remembered when deciding to walk or drive the first two or three days.

On the above scale of costs guns would be let at about £100 each, which of course does not compensate for the trouble, time and expense involved in finding a suitable moor, running it out of season, finding suitable guns and arranging the shooting.

Having arrived at a figure at which guns will be let, you place your details with various agents and a carefully worded advertisement in the leading sporting papers, which will probably bring a sheaf of enquiries from guns most of whom may be grouped under one of the following headings:

(*a*) Good safe shots who want and can afford driven birds.
(*b*) Others who can't or won't, but hope to pick up a gun cheap just before the season opens.
(*c*) The young and keen, who want both walking and driving.
(*d*) Those who want to potter about alone with a dog and a keeper.
(*e*) Those who write and enquire for full details, without the least intention of taking a gun.

After lengthy correspondence then and cross-questioning, you have collected eight safe and reliable guns, if it is decided to have two or three days walking at the beginning of the season, and some of them cannot manage the walking, it is often possible to place them in butts well ahead, where they will get some nice shooting at times during the day.

In drives which are much affected by the wind it is sometimes arranged to have nine or ten butts in the line, when the two top or bottom butts can be left empty. The first season on a moor it is generally best to drive it as it has been driven by the previous tenant, as only experience will tell where drives can be altered to advantage, butts moved farther up or down a slope to give higher birds, or the sportsman a fraction longer to see them coming.

Anyone who has been fortunate enough to have the experience of arranging beats for large or small game finds the greatest satisfaction in bringing it well before the guns, having taken the many variable factors of nature into consideration.

BEATERS MOVING OFF ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR

"The system of paying beaters a flat rate is an improvement on the old system of providing their lunch and unlimited ale, which often resulted in very poor work in the afternoon"

The Shooting History of a Great Generation.

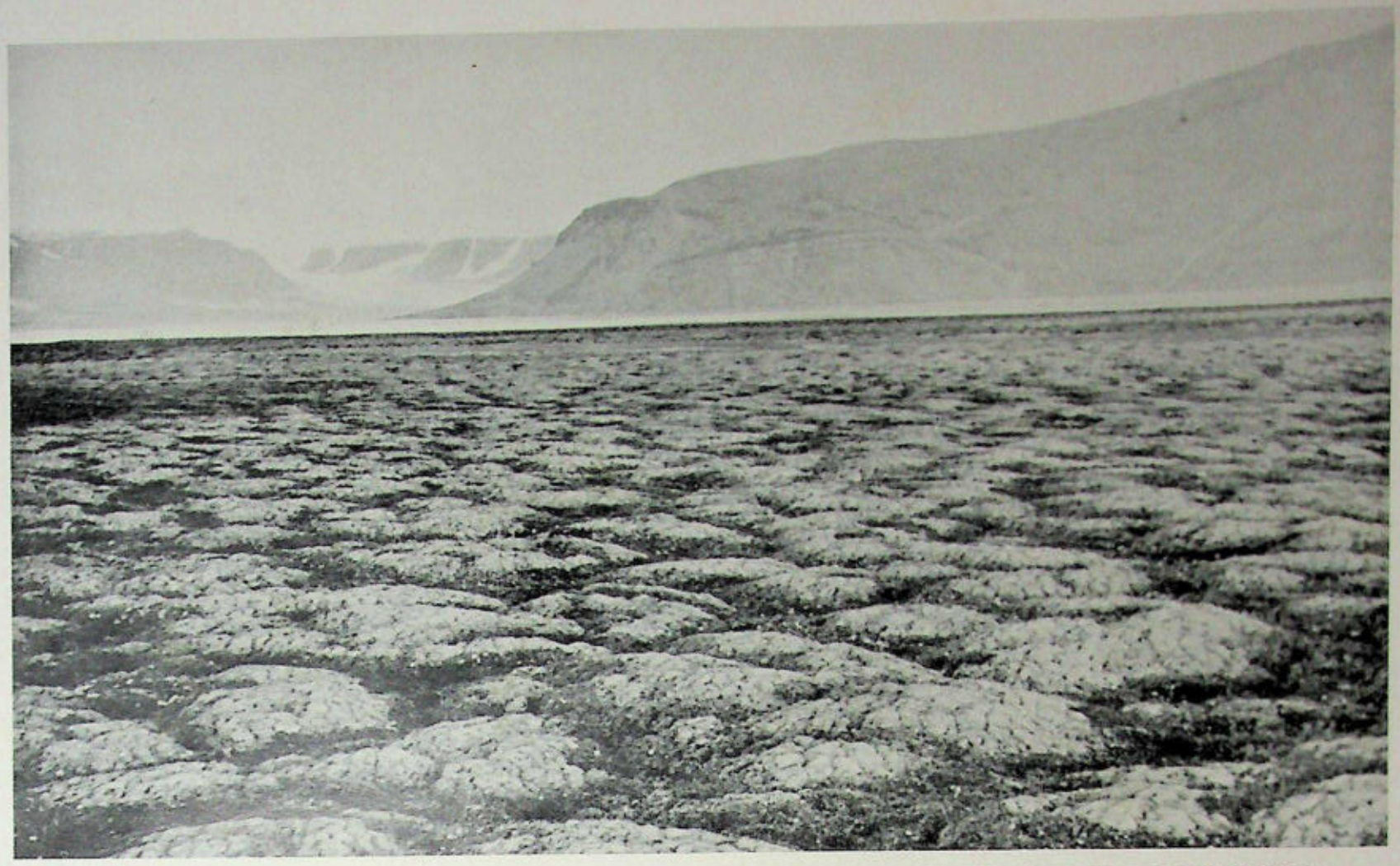
In the extracts from Sir Harry Stonor's Game Books there is a mention of bags of 2,194, 2,020 and 749 partridges being bagged in three days, which was incorrect, the numbers being of pheasants shot—even the Welbeck Estate being unable to achieve such a bag. The record bag of pheasants at Hall Barn, as taken from the Game Book, did not include the pick-up which brought the total to 3,945.

V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (4 DOORS), NEWLY REDUCED PRICE, £235, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM

Do you like to *move* when you sit behind the wheel of a car? Then drive the V-8 just once. From a standing start you reach forty—almost imperceptibly. Slip into top—put your foot down . . . never in your motoring life have you had such a thrill, such a sense of power speed and safety.

Go to the nearest Ford dealer. Sit behind the wheel of the V-8. Get the "feel" of it yourself, and see at how reasonable a cost the greatest thrill in modern motoring can be yours for thousands of miles to come.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



THE STRANGE POLYGONAL STRUCTURE OF PARTS OF THE ICE-FREE COASTAL STRIP NEAR BRUCE CITY AT THE HEAD OF THE ICE FJORD
This formation is probably due to alternate thawing and freezing, and presents a scene of unforgettable beauty, the intervening cracks being filled with flowering Alpine plants

WITH THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC

Important Discoveries in Spitzbergen

By ALEXANDER GLEN
(Organiser of last year's expedition)

SWEEPING clouds cast black arabesques on the glistening snow crust, and the wind sings its winter song in the mountains. The sun is shining now and the sun has not yet appeared to usher in the spring. But in the summer, Spitzbergen as we know it, in different [illegible] in September permanent daylight has given way to only ten hours' night, and a [illegible] takes the place of what is [illegible] Arctic lands cast their spell by [illegible] memory a few episodes of [illegible] forgotten.

Eighteen members made up the personnel of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition of 1934 which spent three months in Spitzbergen. We left Newcastle on June 27th, and travelled to Tromsö by mail boat. Here in some four hours' work over 400 cases were transferred to our own ship, the M.S. Isbjorn, a 150-ton vessel. For the next five days most of us took little interest in what was happening, and it was a somewhat haggard-looking group that appeared on deck when a faint appearance of ghost-like peaks gave us our first view of Spitzbergen.

The proximity of the ice had made the sea quite calm, and the next 48 hours were spent in packing sledge cases, in waxing skis, and in doing the hundred and one jobs that crop up at the last moment. On July 7th the Isbjorn anchored half a mile from the east shore of Petunia Bay, where the base party of eight men were to be stationed. Two days later she left with the remaining ten for the Treurenberg Bay in the north east.

The main object of the expedition was the survey of northern New Friesland, which was to be carried out by one sledge party and by a coastal survey party travelling down the Wijde Bay by 18ft. whale boats. A second sledge party hoped to determine the thickness of the inland ice which covers northern New Friesland by means of the geophysical seismograph which it carried. The base party had also an extensive programme, which included the survey and geological investigation of Dickson Land, and observations on the marine biology and ornithology of the Ice Fjord.

"A" sledge party, which had to carry out the survey of the interior and east of New Friesland as well as geological investigations in this area, consisted of four members: The Rev. W. L. S. Fleming, and Messrs. H. C. Smith, R.E., J. M. Edmonds, and A. S. Irvine. They had to carry ten weeks' food in addition to some 400lb. of scientific instruments, so before they could start their work, a depot had to be laid on the south side of the ice cap which could be picked up on the return journey to the base. Almost immediately after being landed, therefore, a sledging party started off to lay this depot and to reconnoitre the interior, which was entirely unknown. The 1,000lb. loads which had to be hauled up to 3,000ft. over a surface torn by torrential thaw streams, proved a heavy burden, but the total 80-mile journey was completed in sixteen days.

AFTER FOURTEEN WEEKS
Members of the party developed fine growths of beard, during the course of the expedition

Fine weather was experienced, and the interior was found to consist of an elongated ice dome rising to about 3,300ft. in the south, where the Sihbendorff and Chydenius Ranges shake off their icy coverings and emerge in their grand beauty. The Duner Glacier flowing down into the Treurenberg Bay divides the main ice cap into two ice domes, the Valhal and the Asgard nevé domes. The interior seems like a vast white rolling desert, on which the high latitude can play many tricks of mirage and refraction.

While the depot was being laid, some interesting finds had been made around Treurenberg Bay by the remaining members of the sledge units. Although nesting colonies of the ivory gull have been found in North East Land and in Franz Joseph Land, they had never been found in Spitzbergen. Great was the excitement, therefore, when a colony was discovered on a cliff near the Duner Glacier, and, after some fairly tricky rock work, photographs were taken of the nesting birds. Valuable geological finds were also made, and the nature of the immense stone polygonal surface markings, which are also found in the higher Alps, were investigated.

On July 26th "A" party started on its own work. Since a 90-mile return journey had to be made from the south of the ice cap to the base at Petunia Bay, August 25th had been fixed as the latest date to start the return. Thus, under four weeks was left to complete the survey, and the prevailing fog which is caused by the meeting of the pack ice with the warm Atlantic current in the north west, cut further into this time.

We tried to travel during the bad weather so as to be ready to take advantage of the few fine spells, but on those days when mist merged into snow a yard ahead, travel was impossible. All that could be done then, was to pitch camp and wait. Travelling under a cloudless sky with an unbelievable view would have been perfect, had it not been for the tantalizing certainty that the mist would reappear the moment the next survey station was reached.

On one occasion the two surveyors made a long journey to Mt. Hecla Hook in the extreme north east. Nearing it the wind became so strong that they could move forward only during the lulls. They eventually found an abandoned hut on the coast, which had been built some 70 years ago by Parry as the base for his attempt to reach the Pole. The stove had disappeared, having been used, it is rumoured, as an anchor for their seaplane by the Oxford Expedition of 1924, but the hut still contained the remnants of a grand piano. Nevertheless

it provided a good shelter until the blizzard had blown itself out.

The survey was completed, however, and some valuable geological work was carried out. It is hoped that the relation of the Heela Hook to the more highly metamorphosed rocks has been discovered, and this is one of the two classical questions of Spitzbergen geology. On August 25th the food depot on the south of the ice cap was reached and the return journey started. This involved a rapid descent down a tributary glacier on to the lower part of the great Lomme Bay Glacier which divides the Stubendorffs from the Chydenius Mountains.

Although the highest of these, Mt. Newton, is only 5,480ft. in height, they are of true Alpine grandeur, and excellent climbing both of rock and ice are offered. First ascents of several of the Stubendorff peaks were made by the coastal survey party, and two members of this sledge party climbed one of the Chydenius mountains. On September 10th, the head of the Ragnor Glacier leading down to Petunia Bay was reached, and we halted a moment for one last view of the north. The pale green of the Wijde Bay stretched away to disappear into the golden sunset: the jagged peaks of the Stubendorffs flung fantastic shadows across the snowy whiteness. Far away a silver streak attracted us: the New Friesland ice cap caught by the sun paid its last farewell. Two hours later the base hut was reached.

The Rev. W. L. S. Fleming (leader of the expedition) and Mr. H. C. Smith (the surveyor) in camp

About 10lb. of dynamite were used in this explosion on the New Friesland ice cap. By means of a geophysical seismograph it was hoped to discover the thickness of the ice, but the experiments were only partly successful

After the departure of the Isbjorn in July, the first few days were spent in organizing stores and in forming some routine for the base party. We knew very little about hunting conditions in this part of the Ice Fjord, except that there seemed to be considerable bird life, and a few seals had also been noticed. Our first attempts at hunting were carried out in the open fjord and were not very successful.

Some six miles from the base hut itself, however, is the face of the Nordenskiold Glacier, which forms the eastern boundary of the Adolf Bay. Two miles across, it towers up to over one hundred feet in height, and the green crevasses slashed across its whiteness make it a wonderful sight. In the course of one of the hunting trips, Hartley the ornithologist noticed that bird life as well as the number of seals increased greatly in the neighbourhood of the glacier, and it was decided that the marine biologist and the ornithologists should investigate this peculiarity, which, as far as is known, has nowhere been reported before. Consequently the huts at Bruce City, the old Scottish Spitzbergen Syndicate settlement, were used as headquarters for this work, as the glacier face was only two miles away from them.

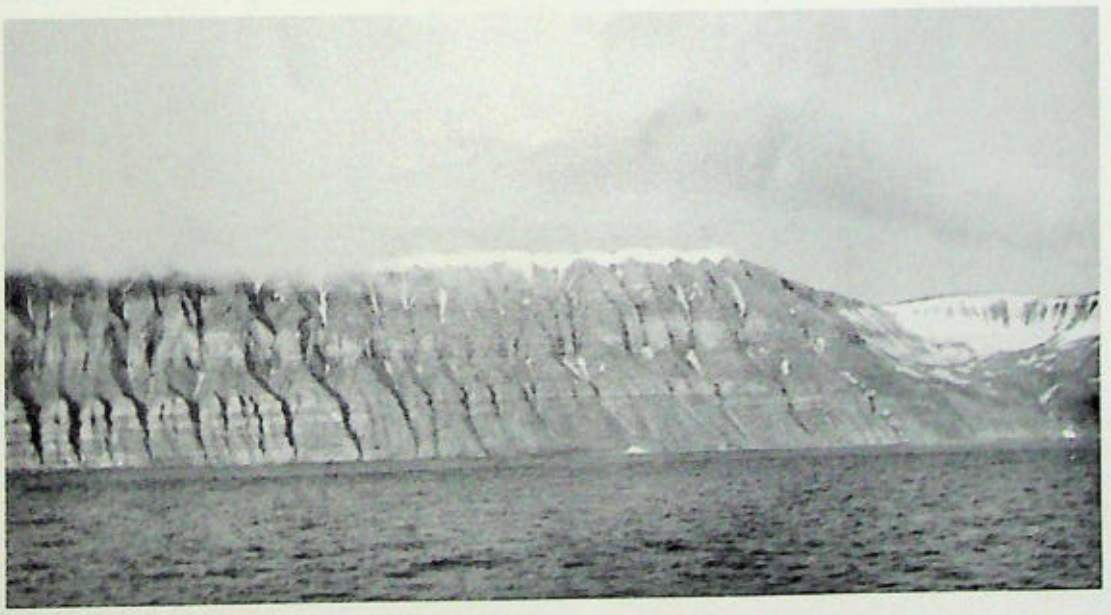
Routine work was carried out in various parts of Klass Billen Bay, and particularly at the glacier face itself. It was found that a large cave roughly in the centre of the face was the main feeding ground, and on an average about 4,000 kittiwakes and fulmars used to come twice daily over 40 miles to feed here. The reason seems to be that the glacier stream flowing out of the cave brings with it much glacial dirt which, being in suspension near the surface of the water, blankets the light and enables certain kinds of crustaceans to live in great numbers near the surface.

The kittiwake and fulmars lived almost exclusively off these and they also formed the principal diet of the seals. Fresh meat was never lacking, for until September any number of seals could be found near the glacier face. They showed no signs of nervousness, and used to swim around, apparently greatly interested in us. This is strikingly different from their behaviour on the Greenland coast, where considerable local knowledge is needed before hunting can be successfully carried out. Since the Nordenskiold face is constantly calving bergs of every size, work underneath in an open whale boat is full of thrills, and we had several lucky escapes with the luck always in our favour.

Eider duck and pink-footed geese were also found in considerable numbers, and other birds which were numerous included ivory and glaucous gulls, puffins, guillemots, and hosts of sandpipers. A few grey phalarope were seen, and ptarmigan became very numerous in September, when the rapidly lowering snow level forces them to seek the coastal plain. In July a hen ptarmigan with two chicks was met in the middle of a glacier at about 1,000ft., and the negotiation of crevasses proved somewhat of a trial to the chicks.

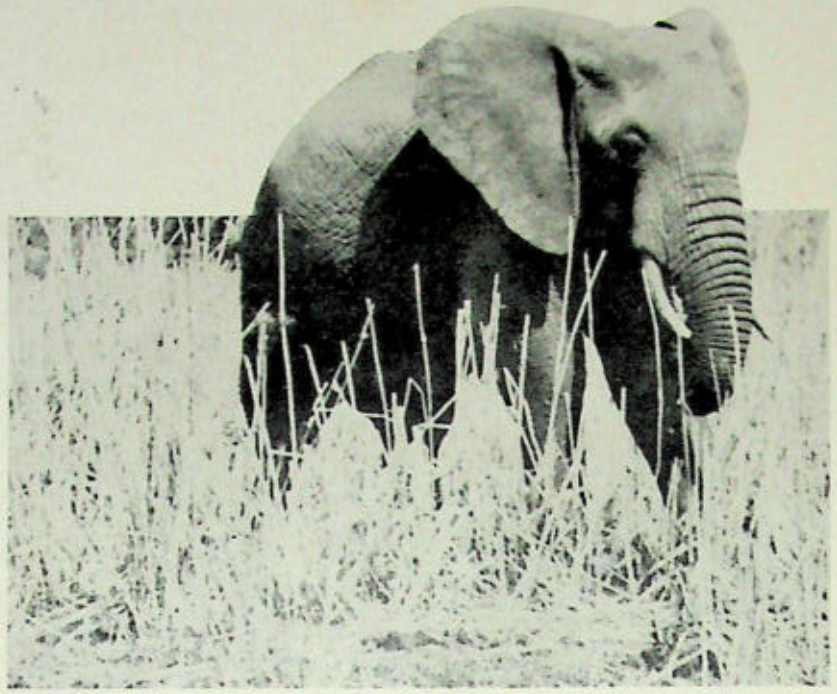
In addition to the survey of 400 square miles of Nordaust Land, some very interesting geological discoveries were made. A large number of fossils, both vertebrate and invertebrate, were collected from the rich Triassic beds. Several fairly long boat journeys were made including a 100-mile journey single handed by E. E. Mann. Sailing conditions in the Ice Fjord were generally good, and valuable work could be done in addition to an excellent holiday, by a party of two or three with a good sailing boat in these waters.

After the return of the northern parties on September 10th, preparations were made for our departure, as the Isbjorn was expected on the 15th. It did not arrive, however, until early on the morning of the 21st, having been held up by very heavy gales off the east coast. In 24 hours' time we were sailing down the Ice Fjord. That evening, Spitzbergen slipped back into the mist, and all that remained was a memory of an enchanted land.



Amazing effects produced by frost on the south cliffs of Ice Fjord. These cliffs are 400ft. high and the nesting place of vast numbers of kittiwakes

Ivory gull and chick, a photograph taken in the first colony ever found in Spitzbergen



HUNTED DOWN WIND BY AN ELEPHANT

A Three-Mile Point in the Sudan

By C. WHITAKER

I HAD been shooting in the Rejaf district (Southern Sudan) for a month and was making my way down into Uganda, when I heard from the natives of a big herd of elephants in the district. After six hours' hard walking, from dawn next day, I spotted the herd as I was spying through glasses from the top of a hill. It was an amazing sight to see the mass of animals, covering perhaps 80 acres, moving slowly along and feeding as they went. I counted more than 600.

We were four miles away to the west of the herd and what little wind there was blew from the south-east. I decided to make a detour to the north and come up with the herd from that direction, though it was dangerous, as the stampede after a shot nearly always takes place in the direction the herd is moving, but in this case there was no alternative. This meant a ten-mile walk, and as the heat of the day was making itself felt, I took off all the clothes I could, leaving myself with just my shorts, foot-gear and short-sleeved khaki drill coat.

As we worked our way up to the north, hurrying as fast as we could through thorn scrub and across stony gulleys, the wind started to change and work round with the sun. This meant a still further detour, but by 3 o'clock we were within half a mile of the herd. I left the two porters there, and took only the gun-bearer carrying my second rifle, while I took over my heavy one. We narrowed the distance from the herd down to 200 yds., still without any sign of their suspicion. From there I dodged my way from tree to tree until I found a good place 50 yds. from the fringe of the herd.

There was only one animal in the herd I wanted, a fine old animal with short but very thick tusks. It was essential I should wait patiently until he chanced to come my side of the herd. Luck was with me, for before I had been waiting an hour he moved and stood clearly defined. I fired at his heart from 20 yds.

On the report of the heavy rifle the whole jungle was pandemonium, as the herd (I thought) crashed away up-wind. I was impatient to follow up at once as the bull I had shot had disappeared with the rest of the herd, but common prudence demanded a halt of a few minutes. However, this is where I made my mistake.

My anxiety to know what had happened overcame my caution, and I started to follow up. I had not gone a hundred yards before my gun-bearer plucked me by the arm and pointed down-wind.

A part of the herd (about 100) was now directly down-wind of me. Led by an old cow they were heading straight for us, and only 80yds. away, packed shoulder to shoulder in a sort of disorderly column of fours, that looked a solid mass. There was only one chance and that was to "clear out" as quickly as possible. It was obviously no use running up-wind. Down-wind was closed to us and there was but one slender chance left—to run across the wind.

I decided instantly and turned to run with the native at the top of my speed across the wind, along the ridge covered with long coarse grass on which we were standing. After 200yds. of this we reached a gulley about 20ft. deep, running roughly up and down-wind.

It offered a chance, and with the herd now less than 15yds. behind we plunged, in any fashion, to the bottom through scrub and rocks, absolutely regardless of torn hands and faces, to scramble up the further side and continue our run, turning down-wind at the same time.

A few hundred yards more and I had reached my limit, with my heavy rifle to carry. I thought we were safe as we were down-wind, and had managed by a stroke of sheer luck to evade the herd as we plunged into the gulley. I turned to watch the herd.

They were circling round the spot where we had crossed the gulley, trumpeting angrily, and some had their trunks to the ground, apparently trying to pick up our scent. Three minutes later the remainder of the herd returned. Then a big cow, the same one that had originally winded me, trumpeted loudly and crashed to the bottom of the gulley at the exact spot where we had crossed, followed by the whole herd spreading out fan-wise. They were hunting us by our scent on the ground.

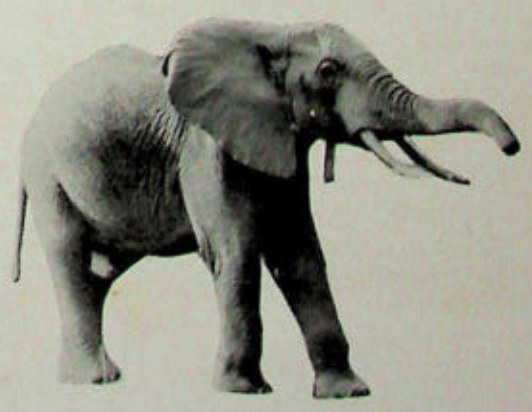
This was getting more serious. How long was this to go on for? The question flashed through my mind as I turned again to run dead down-wind. My gun-bearer had left me and was probably miles ahead. I felt far from comfortable with 600 very angry elephants on my trail. They were not coming fast, and a jog-trot was sufficient to keep ahead of them as they puzzled out my tracks on the ground. The country was fairly open and undulating, so that I could see quite plainly that they were all trying to keep my trail, and the leaders seemed to have not much difficulty in doing so.

The question was how long were they going to keep on my tracks, and as far as I could see there was nothing to prevent them going on all night. There was a considerable risk of my spraining my ankle in the rough going I had to plough through, and if I had to keep going through the night I should probably run into buffalo. I contemplated climbing the biggest tree I could find, but that would have been useless, in fact, it would have been fatal. The herd would have pushed it down or dug it up.

There was nothing left except to keep on running. What I most feared was a change in the wind. It was, however, increasing and blowing now strongly from the north, while clouds were hurrying along. If rain broke the scent would be washed out. My luck did hold and the herd gave up the chase half an hour later, when the rain came down heavily. The "point" had been nearly three miles.

I had now to go back to see what had happened to the elephant I had shot, and at the same time avoid the still angry herd. It was nervous work, and I was more than glad to find my shot had been effective, and to find the bull lying dead not 300yds. from where I had shot him. I left him where he lay, of course, and started on my weary twelve miles or more back to camp, cursing my bearer for having left me.

A FAMILY PARTY OF ELEPHANTS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL



"One Crowded Hour"

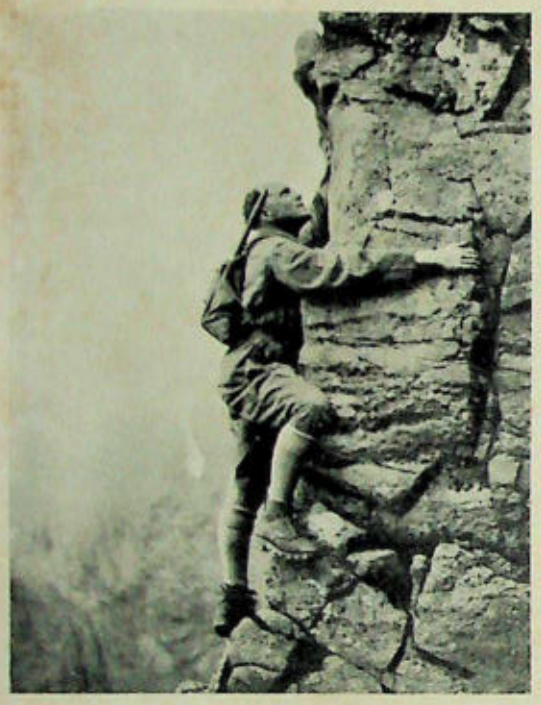
CONQUERING THE AIGUILLE DU PLAN

The Hardest Climb I Ever Made

By F. S. SMYTHE

IN assessing the difficulty of a mountain climb, a number of varying and complex factors have to be taken into account. A route in certain conditions may be difficult or impracticable, but in other conditions it may be easy. Or the principal difficulties may be in ascending steep ice or rocks—difficulties calling for the exercise of very different types of skill. Then there is the question of the length of a climb and the consequent physical stresses involved, and even altitude and its incalculable effects in ranges such as the Himalaya and the Andes. Indeed, it is unlikely that there is any sport in which there is an inter-play of so many variable factors, as in mountaineering.

In the present instance, however, in going back over the Alpine experiences of thirteen years, I have no hesitation in saying that the hardest and, in some ways, the most exacting climb I ever made was up the east ridge of the Aiguille du Plan. This peak is situated in the range of Mont Blanc, and is one of the Gothic-like rock spires of the Chamonix Aiguilles, rising above the Mer de Glace, a group of mountains famous the world over among mountaineers for the magnificent rock climbing they afford.



MR. J. H. B. BELL
Mr. Smythe's companion, a great rock climber

Unlike the well-known Grépon, once ranked as the hardest rock climb in the Alps, and which is associated with the name of A. F. Mummery, who perished on Nanga Parbat in 1895, the Aiguille du Plan can be climbed with comparative ease up its south-east face, mostly over snow and ice. To the north-east, however, it falls some 3,000ft. in a ridge of formidable steepness to the little Glacier d'envers de Blaitière, an offshoot of the broad ice stream of the Mer de Glace.

That great climbing party, Mr. V. J. E. Ryan and the guides Franz and Joseph Lochmatter, who ascended so many difficult new routes on the Aiguilles, made the first ascent of this ridge in 1906, and Franz Lochmatter, whose death last year on the Weisshorn was lamented by all mountaineers, subsequently told me that he considered it the hardest climb he ever did in the range of Mont Blanc. Prior to 1927, when Mr. J. H. B. Bell and I were climbing in this district, the climb had not been repeated.

Our original intention was to make the first traverse of the Col du Pain de Sucre, a col between the Plan and the little eminence known as the Pain de Sucre, and we left the Montenvers Hotel at 1.40 a.m. on July 21st with this end in view. But when we arrived at the bergschrund at the foot of the ice slopes leading up to the col we found the proposed route so dangerously exposed to falling stones that we decided at the last moment to attempt the ascent of the Plan. Thus, unintentionally, we were led into making the hardest climb of our lives.

After some difficulty we gained the foot of the ridge, but we found that owing to an ice glaze on the rocks we were unable to ascend its crest. The only alternative was to circumvent this impracticable section by ascending the side of a gully. We began to do this, but were presently forced by the difficult nature of the climbing into the dangerous bed of the gully. Conditions were bad. Every hold had to be kicked or scraped free of its load of recently fallen snow, and progress was very slow. Meanwhile, the sun was gaining in power every moment, and it was only a matter of time before falls of rocks and ice would sweep the gully from the cliffs above. We escaped from the danger zone not a moment too soon, and even so Bell had a narrow escape from a slab of hard snow detached from the rocks by the warmth of the sun, and it was only by crouching under a rock and allowing it to shoot over him that he was able to avoid it.

On the ridge of the Grépon, a typical piece of granite climbing

To gain the crest of the east ridge from the gully involved us in the longest and hardest bout of step-cutting on an ice slope we had ever experienced. For five hours we were relegated to the ice and the higher we went the steeper it became. The upper part can only be described as a wall, and hand-holds as well as foot holds had to be cut. This work fell to me, but if it was work of the most exacting nature, it was even more unpleasant for Bell, as every chip and flake of ice I detached bombarded him pitilessly, and his hands were bruised black and blue. He endured it nobly, and I heard nothing in the way of complaints beyond an occasional low growl from the depths when my axe dislodged an extra large chunk of ice.

It was not until 3 p.m. that we emerged at last on to the ridge. Ahead, sun-warmed granite slabs beckoned us onwards in a great curving crest. Optimism bloomed. "In three hours we will be on the summit." We were utterly deceived. We were not more than 1,200ft. from the summit, but that 1,200ft. took no less than twelve hours of actual climbing time. This was partly due to the recently fallen snow, which, in many cases, rested in unstable masses on the crest and had to be flogged down piecemeal before advance was possible, and partly due to the extreme difficulty of the climbing. For the rest, the ridge consisted of firm granite slabs set at a continuous angle of about 70 degrees and cleft by clean-cut cracks. Seldom were these cracks less than 50ft. in length and there was not one of them that did not tax both strength and skill. In one deep crack Bell lost his ice axe beyond recovery, and in another a loose boulder fell and jammed my leg. Had it not been for Bell's prompt action in climbing to me and, after a great effort, freeing the boulder, I should have fallen off backwards, as I could not have held on much longer, which would have resulted in a broken leg at least. On no climb have I ever experienced so many disquieting incidents.

Up and up we climbed. Evening drew on and

(Continued on page 398)

THE CHAMONIX AIGUILLES FROM THE EAST
The Aiguille du Plan is marked with an arrow. It was up this face that the climb was made. Mont Blanc is on the left buried in cloud

"ONE CROWDED HOUR"

(*Continued from page 397*)

we realised that we were going to be benighted. At 7 p.m. we bivouacked on the only ledge we had seen sufficiently broad for the purpose. We were very tired, and my knee, which had been skinned by the falling boulder, was stiff and painful; but as we lay and ate our supper we could not forbear admiring the splendour of the sunset which fired the Grandes Jorasses opposite and filled the valley of the Mer de Glace with luminous mauve colourings.

We had with us a shelter in the form of a jaconet sack, and into this we crept to escape the frost. Everything depended on the weather. If it broke our position would be an impossible one; but we need not have feared, for all night the stars shone brilliantly and not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the mountains. At 5 a.m. the sun rose in a cloudless sky, but we were so stiff with cold that not until 7 a.m. were we able to continue on our way.

To rested men the work was easier, but an awkward bulge of some unstable edges of snow took a long time to negotiate. An hour or two more and we came to a rock wall 100ft high. This proved impregnable to direct assault. The only alternative was a traverse to the left across an expanse of smooth and almost holdless slabs. For this Bell, who was leading, took off his boots as these would not grip on the minute holds. It was the most exposed and desperately difficult traverse I have ever seen and Bell's lead of it was a magnificent piece of rock climbing. As for me, I somehow clung and clawed my way across in my boots, firmly held by Bell on the rope. Crack after crack followed, all difficult and some bordering on the impossible. It was a question of wedge, and wedge, and wedge with hand, elbow and knee.

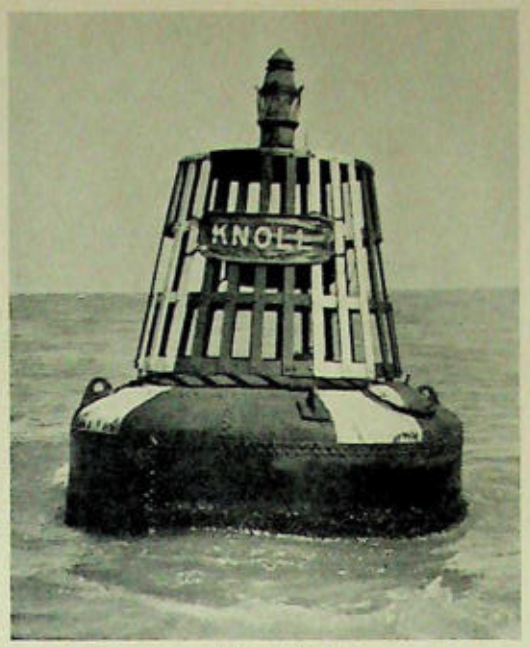
At last we realised with a thrill of hope that we were only separated from the summit by a final buttress. To our dismay this looked hopeless, and we wondered how Ryan and the Lochmatters had ascended it. The situation was a serious one. The sky was clouding over, and there were signs of a change in the weather. Retreat was out of the question. Somehow the buttress had to be climbed. The only possibility, and it was a remote one, was a crack to the left which sprang from a tiny ledge a few inches broad. It was a horrible looking rift, set vertically in the smooth face of the precipice, and there was nothing around which the rope might be hitched to secure the party. Bracing myself on the ledge I gave Bell a shoulder as well as I could. It was terribly difficult work for him once he was launched out on the cliff, for the crack was so splayed out that he could neither wedge an arm in it nor jam his body, it was one of those ultra-severe bits of climbing that demand both great skill and great energy.

Slowly he struggled up. He had about 40ft. to do. He did 20 of them. Ten feet higher the crack eased off in angle and was obviously easier. That 10ft. was impossible. He had to come back. It is in coming back that the true test of climbing skill lies. Had he exhausted himself after his tremendous effort he would have fallen, and I could have done nothing to stop him; we should have both gone. He had put everything he possessed into trying to climb the crack, but he came back safely. It was great rock climbing.

There seemed no alternative. The situation was an ugly one; the weather was now threatening a storm, and it was long past midday. The peak *had* to be climbed. We descended and traversed to the right. It was a forlorn hope. I was first and shouted to Bell: "There's a chimney ahead; looks not too good; full of ice; but it *might* go."

Ignoring this logic, Bell started up the chimney. A tongue of ice filled the back of it. After 50ft. it ended in a wicked overhang, and further progress seemed impossible. But now came a surprise as welcome as it was dramatic. Running across the cliff to the left from beneath the overhang and unseen from below was a narrow ledge, a mere wrinkle in the face of the precipice. Along this we passed, edging foot by foot with arms outstretched to grasp the irregularities in the wall above us. The ledge broadened. We walked. Suddenly we saw a snow slope and on it three men, two guides and a voyageur descending from the summit by the ordinary easy way. They stared at us in astonishment as we emerged from the shadow of the great mountain side on which we had spent the best part of two days. We threw off the rope, raced past them, and a minute or two later were shaking hands on the summit of our peak.

(*Next week: "My Best Day's Big Game Fishing," by L. Mitchell-Henry*)



A LIGHT BUOY

A parti-coloured can buoy, and therefore to be left to port under the Universal System. Appears on the chart as "Knoll R.W.V.S. Fl. ev. 10sec."

FINDING ONE'S WAY ROUND THE COAST—II.

Three C's for Yachtsmen

By J. B. KIRKPATRICK

THE three L's of the old-time sailor—lead, log and look-out—are just as important as they ever were, but for successful small craft navigation they need to be reinforced by the three C's. Charts, compass and common sense are the fundamentals of the art, and though the use of charts and compass is simple enough in theory, practice is necessary if one is to apply one's knowledge promptly and accurately when it is most needed.

Take no notice of the rule-of-thumb experts (most paid hands belong to this class) who scoff at "scientific navigation." Get into the habit of carrying and consulting both chart and compass, even when sailing in familiar waters. It is not only good practice but a sensible precaution. The small yachts that you may see any week-end stuck ignominiously on Hamble Spit or the Buxey are nine times out of ten not strangers but boats whose owners have neglected elementary precautions from misplaced confidence in their "local knowledge."

Every yacht then should carry a set of the appropriate coastal charts on the largest scale available, or certainly not less than two miles to the inch, supplemented by large scale plans of harbours likely to be visited. British Admiralty charts are the finest in the world, and many owners prefer to use them exclusively, but there are other charts which have certain advantages of their own. "Bluebacks," for example, are printed in a rather bolder style, and usually include larger scale plans of the principal harbours on each sheet.

The one disadvantage of Admiralty and Blueback charts is their size. Few small yachts have a chart table on which it is possible to spread out a whole sheet. The well-known Royal Cruising Club charts avoid this inconvenience, for they are issued in small sheets, about 12in. by 18in. The depths under three fathoms and the sands which dry at low water are coloured with a distinctive tint, and detail which is unnecessary for yacht navigation is eliminated, with a gain in clearness. These charts are only obtainable through members of the club, but the publishers of Bluebacks have recently introduced a series known as the Y charts, which are very similar in lay-out and have the same merits of handy size and legibility.

Whatever charts you choose the first thing is to learn to read them. There is an enormous amount of information concealed on a chart—far more than on any land map—information not only on the depth of water and the nature of the sea bottom, but on lights and buoys, tidal streams, anchorages, leading marks, bearings and courses, so that it needs some practice to extract from it just what one wants. The conventional signs and abbreviations are not given in full on every chart, and it is worth while getting the separate sheet which explains them all in detail, and also the pamphlet on "The Correction and Use of Charts."

The finest charts are an illusion, a danger rather than a safeguard, unless they are kept up to date. Lights are changed or their sectors altered, channels shift and sandbanks extend, buoys are moved or removed to keep pace with the changes. In such waters as the Thames Estuary, Trinity House has

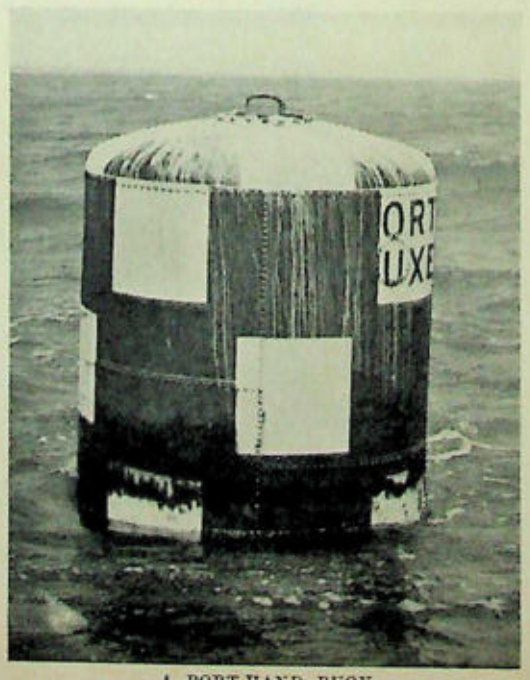
A STARBOARD-HAND BUOY

Conical, painted red, and having staff and ball topmark

some alteration to report almost every week, and these are announced in *Notices to Mariners*, which are now published weekly and can be obtained free of charge from any Custom House or from the Admiralty Chart Agents on payment of postage.

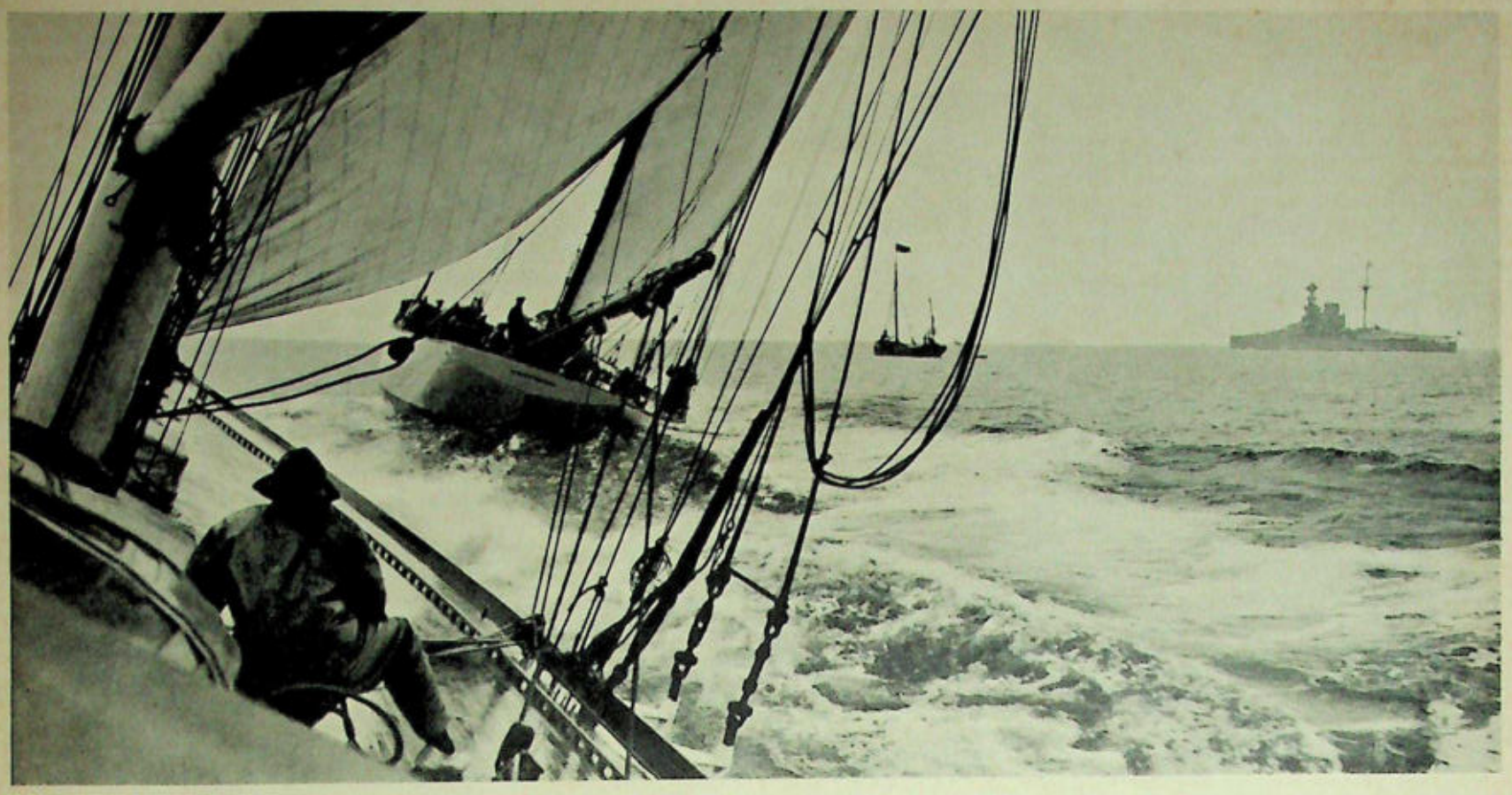
Not one small cruiser in twenty carries up to date charts, and not one in ten a really adequate compass properly installed. Do not be satisfied with a wretched affair in a box, pulled out of a locker on rare occasions and dumped down haphazard in the cockpit. It is true that it is not easy in a small auxiliary yacht to find a position for the binnacle where it will not be affected by the engine, where it will be visible to the helmsman wherever he is sitting, and where it can be used for taking bearings. But it can be done, and it is worth doing. A solution of all three difficulties can often be found by installing on the cabin top one of the modern compasses with a magnifying prism which allows the card to be read at a horizontal distance of several feet.

Having installed your compass do not forget all about it, but make yourself thoroughly familiar with it, its various notations in points and degrees, its use in steering and taking bearings, and the meaning and application of variation and deviation. In these days of auxiliary engines the latter is difficult to avoid, and unless the owner has the skill to do it himself it is wise to call in a professional compass adjuster to make out an accurate deviation card. For these errors really exist, and are not, as a sixteenth century writer surmised, "a meere Forgery of Mariners intended by them for a Cloake of their own Errours, as P. de Medina, Grand Pilot to the King of Spaine, was of opinion."



A PORT-HAND BUOY

Marked on the chart as "N. Buxey R.W. Chq."



VELSHEDA FOLLOWING CLOSE IN THE HEAVY WAKE OF MR. T. F. B. DAVIS'S WESTWARD DURING THE KING'S CUP RACE, WHICH THE LATTER WON BY 3½ MINUTES

BRITANNIA'S FINE WIN

Splendidly Sailed by Sir Philip Hunloke at Cowes

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

COWES Week may be said to start on the Saturday immediately preceding the actual week's racing. Under the flag of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club there was a great day's sport and everyone was delighted when the King's yacht Britannia secured a fine win in the race for the big class. She had her work cut out to win, but splendidly sailed by Sir Philip Hunloke, she did so by the small margin of 12sec. from Astra. A protest by Velsheda was upheld and the second and third prizes went to Shamrock and Velsheda.

Westra won in the 12-metre class from Miquette and Veronica and, in doing so, showed a definite superiority in windward work. Miquette gave one the impression that she was tender, but very fast, through the water. Variety, Saskia and Violeta were the prize winners among the "eights"—a class in which the boats are so evenly matched that any one of them may win.

The Week proper opened, as usual, with the annual regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. It was a light-weather day and the big vessels sailed one round of the course—the second and shorter round being cancelled—Shamrock winning on corrected time by less than a minute from Velsheda, with Astra third by the small margin of 10sec. The light weather and flukes played havoc with the "twelves," Flica winning from Westra by nearly 10min. with Miquette third. Carron was the winning "eight," with Severn II. second and Variety third, but in this race, too, the luck of the weather had much to do with the result.

On Tuesday, the King's Cup was sailed for, and Mr. T. F. B. Davis's big schooner found the weather to her liking, as there was a reach practically all round the course. The feature of the race was the way in which Velsheda held on to her throughout the race and finished about 3½min. astern of her—a grand performance against the big schooner under the weather conditions. Westra and Flica sailed a wonderfully close race, Westra winning by 26sec., with the others a long way astern. Cedora led at the end of the first round in the 8-metre class, but lost it to Saskia, Sagitta and Violeta, which finished in this order.

On Wednesday, the big vessels were sent around the Island—the course set being to the westward—the yachts having to face an adverse tide for most of the day. Astra, who was well astern of the others at the Bridge Buoy at the westward end of the Island, caught a light air which took her around and gave her a slight lead for a short time. It was very slow work to the eastward at the back of the Island and at the Noman Fort, Velsheda and Shamrock had to hedge, and Astra and Candida ran up on them. When a light breeze came Velsheda felt it first and got well away, followed by Astra, leaving Candida and Shamrock becalmed and Britannia and Westward far astern. Then Candida and Shamrock got a breeze to themselves which took them along the Island shore—Candida winning by about 2½min. from Shamrock, with Astra third on corrected times. Miquette secured an easy win in the 12-metre class from Westra and Zelita, and Sagitta won Lady Gore's cup for the "eights," with Violeta second and Cedora third.

The five big cutters had a great race on Thursday, and Britannia saved her time on Velsheda by about a minute, with Astra nearly 11min. astern on corrected time. Westra was again the winner in her class, and Saskia won her second race of the week.

At the regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, on Saturday, Velsheda won her first race of the week by about 40sec. from Shamrock, but if Britannia had not lost a lot of time through passing a fairway buoy on the wrong hand, the King's yacht would probably have won. Westra finished up a wonderful week by winning from Flica by 11sec. and Cedora won from Saskia and Sagitta by over 4min. So ended a week of exciting and varied experiences.

CHANNEL RACING

Flex Wins by More Than Two Hours

NOW that the Fastnet Cup Race, promoted by the Royal Ocean Racing Club, is only held every second year, the Club gives a race on every alternate year which is open to yachts of more than 35ft. and not exceeding 60ft. on designed load water line. The course is to the eastward from the Royal Yacht Squadron starting line, between the Noman and Horse Sand Forts, and thence—leaving the Owers Light Vessel to port, the Royal Sovereign Light Vessel and the Havre Lightship to starboard, and the Nab Light to port—between the Noman and Horse Sand Forts to the finishing line in Cowes Roads between H.M.S. Malaya and the Prince Consort buoy—234 sea miles.

In 1932, the Channel Race for this class was won by Mr. H. E. West's Nicholson designed 45-ton cutter Patience, with M. Adrien Verliac's 60-ton schooner Hygie, second, and the Royal Engineer Yacht Club's 20-tonner, Flex, third. This year, of the four yachts entered, only two started, the 35-year old Flex and the 19-ton Lucette, built in 1922. The latter has about 6ft. less effective length, a foot more beam, nearly 2ft. less depth, and less than half the sail area of Flex, and, by the R.O.R.C.'s rule, her rating is less than that of the older boat by 14½ft.—being only 26.8ft. as against 41.3ft. By the R.O.R.C. Time Scale she was allowed about 7 hours, 6 minutes, but she lost to the older vessel by 2hr. 20min.

In the smaller class, for yachts of not more than 35ft. nor less than 25ft. on designed load water line, there were fifteen starters, ranging from Messrs. Hunt's 22-ton Spica to three yachts of 8 tons. This race was of particular interest because of the great variation in tonnage, R.O.R.C. rating, age and the amount of sail carried relative to the size of hull. After the race was finished and the results on corrected times known, it was said by a yachtsman of great experience of both racing and cruising, that these results went to show that the smaller yachts, with everything in their favour, had not been able to take their chance under weather conditions which probably would not occur again for some years.

This conclusion seems hardly to be justified, as the first prize was won by Mr. W. H. Watkins' 13-ton cutter White Heather—with 6hr. 44min. 49sec. time allowance from the scratch boat Spica—by 39min. 5sec. from Mr. H. G. May's 13ton cutter Gauntlet. Spica took the third prize, being a little under an hour behind Gauntlet on corrected time. Mr. Herbert Sudd's 18-ton cutter Nona was fourth by about 20 minutes. It should be noted that, rating only 1ft. 6in. more than Gauntlet, and with approximately the same effective length, White Heather has about 50 per cent. more canvas and also that both yachts beat the 22-tonner Spica.

Nona is a converted Fleetwood fishing boat with a relatively large sail area in proportion to her effective length and—the four yacht's being essentially, different from each other in type—it would seem that the rating rule under which they were measured has worked fairly well and also that the smaller yachts were not placed at a disadvantage. Gauntlet and Spica would probably have shown up still better had there been more wind and sea. Further, it should be noted that the winner was built in 1907; the second boat, in 1934; the third in 1915; and the fourth in 1900. The fifth, sixth and seventh, on corrected time, were built, respectively, in 1905, 1904, and 1906. Spica's previous record for the Channel Race is: First in 1930, second in 1931, and first in 1932 and 1933. White Heather was third in 1931 and 1932, and second in 1933. The fact that there were fifteen starters in this race, and also that all fifteen finished affords sufficient evidence to show that deep sea cruiser racing is growing in popularity among the owners of small yachts.

H.-S.

TRAINING THE HUNTING LEOPARD

An Historic Sport of Indian Princes

By MAJOR LEONARD HANDLEY

OCCASIONS are few and far between in India of to-day—degenerate or regenerated !—of witnessing the old sport of Kings and Rajahs. The fights in walled enclosures between infuriated bull elephants, the matching of buffalo and tiger, of panther and boar; all redolent of the great animal fights staged in the Circus Maximus—to form a Roman holiday.

On the decline of the Mogul pageantry, these displays were superseded by less sadistic recreations—still retaining a measure of specularity—such as quail and partridge fighting, the spearing of the wild boar on horseback, falconry, and the pursuit of buck with the hunting leopard. This latter became *par excellence* the sport of Kings and Princes, and it is of comparatively recent years that the exigencies of the Chamber of Princes, and all the cares and anxieties of the control of a State—swamped with Congress propaganda—flirting with anti-government agitation and anarchy—has relegated such pastimes to the limbo of the past.

To-day in the whole vast continent of India, the cheetah, tamed and taught for his legitimate sport—the hunting of black buck—can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands. Certainly in my very widespread wanderings of the last five years from Kashmir to Travancore, I have only once been privileged to witness a Royal Cheetah hunt. As the motor bicycle and the ukulele are superseding the horse and gun, so the pulses beating to the downward swoop of the falcon, and the rush of the unhooded cheetah, are yielding to the intoxication of Jazz, and the more rapid vertige of Western mechanical stimulation. The cheetah, in fact, has—in all but name—ceased to exist.

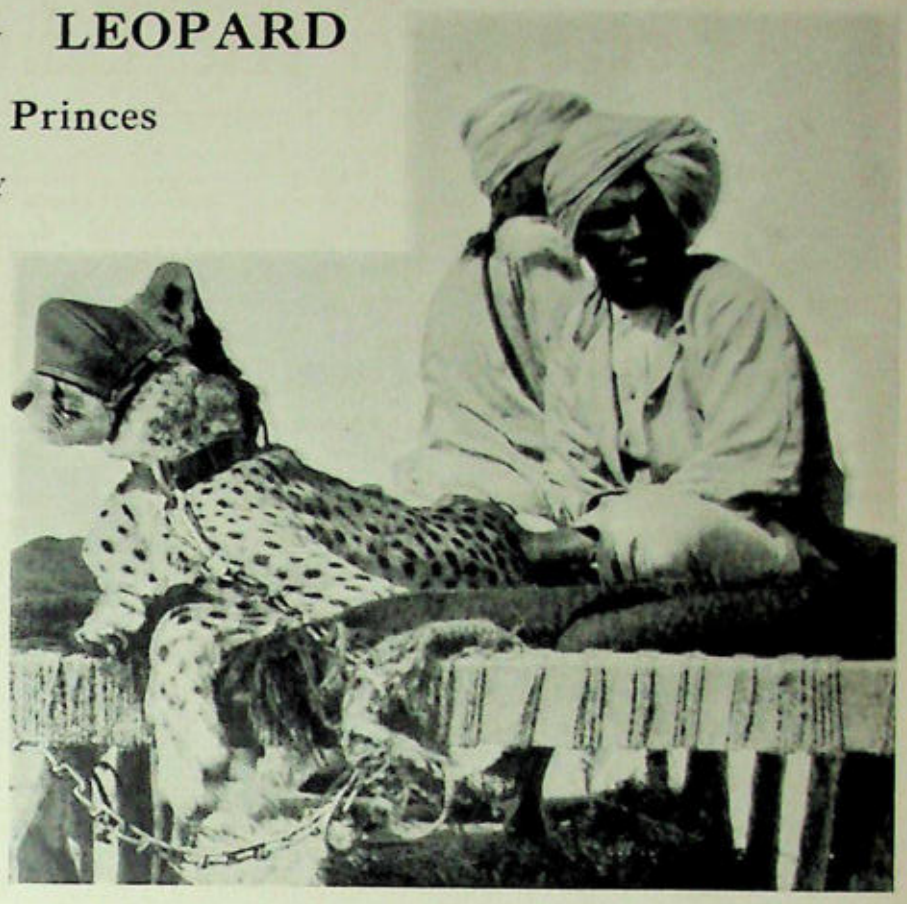
Hence my excitement, one evening, seated in the verandah of the guest house of the Rajah of M—— (one of the Mahratta Confederacy States) on receiving a visit from the Dewan, bearing a verbal invitation from His Highness to an antelope course the following morning. "If the Sahib Bahadur would care to see the evening routine of the training of a young cheetah—a car would be in readiness within an hour." At the appointed time, a brilliant green and silver Daimler, with an orange horn disguised as a python curled about its bonnet, conveyed me to the Palace grounds.

There were a pair, male and female, caught full grown in the jungles of South Canara; as until they have come to full strength and learnt to kill for their own needs, they never acquire the speed and power necessary for coursing.

If his early training holds good he should allow himself to be recaptured. If unsuccessful, he will probably take to the jungle and return to the primitive state, creating terrible havoc in the district among the smaller domestic animals, until recaptured or destroyed. Finally, hooded and leashed, he is introduced into a herd of black buck or chinkara, and has his first course.

Then—when he has successfully matched his speed against a succession of herd does—comes the final consummation of all his training—his matching against the lord of the herd—the black buck in all his slender pride.

Before leaving M——, I was privileged to witness the blooding of a cheetah with a full-grown buck. The rendezvous was some five miles from the Palace, in the heart of the best black buck country. Undulating pasture, dotted with fields of young gram, irrigated with considerable labour from a few scattered wells, the rain supply being quite inadequate. These fields—the sole cultivation practicable owing to the crudity of the soil and the rigorous heat—were the happy hunting grounds of vast herds of buck.



WAITING TO UNHOOD A CHEETAH AFTER BLACK BUCK

TWO HUNTING LEOPARDS, HOODED, WITH THEIR KEEPERS

Their nightly depredations were only too apparent, and the villagers had long since given up hope of preventing the ultimate destruction of their sole means of livelihood.

The cars were left behind, and we took to bullock carts—a form of transport which the buck no longer distrusts. The cheetahs, hooded and leashed crouched on two charpoys (string beds), lashed to the carts. Scouts, mounted on camels, were sent to spy out the land; awhile, like a bridal procession, we serpentined across the plain. Soon they were back with "khubr" of a large herd—with several warrantable males—lying up on the edge of a nearby field of gram.

The procession now assumed even more carefully the guise of harmless itinerant villagers. My tell-tale topi was swathed in several evil-smelling yards of pugarree—even the Rajah covering himself with an equally insanitary disguise. The cheetahs still remained upon their charpoys, more or less concealed by the attendants.

Thus, we slowly approached the unsuspecting herd; never directly headed in their direction but gradually, on an ever-diminishing circumference. Free of suspicion—were not passing bullock carts seen every day?—we drew almost imperceptibly nearer.

On the edge of the herd, a full-grown buck, black as night, with horns laid back against his ebony withers, playfully chivvied a portion of his hareem. The sentinel does—noses outthrust, ears hinging to and fro—were as yet ignorant of danger. Nearer and yet nearer, till the herd had started to edge away from the carts, prompted with that fourth instinct of imminent danger. Neither sight, nor sound, nor smell; but akin to that canine instinct of the psychic—denied the human.

Several of the does have started to trot away; soon the whole herd will be in full flight. The master of the herd rises indolently—contemptuous of the does' alarm. And now the hood is withdrawn, the cheetah unleashed, as he is shown his quarry. He steps down—not springs—from his platform. I have seen this initial deliberation of movement when a mongoose is first shown a snake. No hurry, but a sinister gathering of all his forces for the job in hand. Perhaps he knows unerringly that if things go right, his victim has but little hope. Very deliberately he approached his prey—the perfection of feline grace—though should we say feline?

At last the buck realises his danger—but it is too late. He has lost that start which might have given him a chance of life. They spring, almost simultaneously, into flight. The two swiftest things on four feet in all the world are matched, and from the grand stand of carts we watch the Rajah's Waterloo Cup. . . .

It is a strange trait of the hunting cheetah that should he not draw level with his prey in the first 300 or 400 yards, he loses heart and gives up the chase; according to Dr. Jerdon, more apparently from anger than from fatigue. Should a greyhound be slipped in pursuit I have seen it at once follow the dog and take up the chase.

UNHOODED AND ABOUT TO BE RELEASED

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.

PERSECUTION OF RARE BIRDS

SIR,—In the footnote to a correspondent's letter on this subject in the *Field* of July 21st an invitation is given to readers to supply information to you as to the depredations of the collector of rare birds' eggs.

This is welcome news and may lead us somewhere in the right direction. It seems that the only way to deal with the egg grabber is to hold him up to public scorn and ridicule, as was done some years ago in the case of the Norfolk crossbills' eggs.

In the meantime perhaps Miss E. H. Borough can give some more precise information about the large number of clutches of Dartford warbler, hobby and dotterel which she alleges were taken last year.

Yours faithfully,

St. Ives, Maidenhead. J. B. WATSON.

THE GAME-REARER'S NIGHTMARE

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Game Farmer," of Stroud, in your issue of July 28th (p. 215), expresses disagreement with my article on Bacillary White Diarrhœa of pheasant chicks, which appeared in the *Field* of July 14th (p. 77). In doing so he commits the not uncommon mistakes of (1) misquoting the author, with whom he disagrees, and (2) drawing conclusions from statements to which he has added his own words. If "Game Farmer" will do me the honour of intelligently analysing my article and then writing a fair criticism I shall be pleased to attempt a reply in your pages.

I understand, only too well, that "Game Farmer" as a vendor of eggs and day-old chicks is embarrassed by some of the universally accepted conclusions of scientific research on B.W.D. One's sympathy is aroused by his defence of his commercial interests, but one's respect is denied to any game farmer who seeks to defend his interests by implying that science has no practical (or field) knowledge of preventing disease on game estates. For the benefit of his customers, some of whom may read the *Field*, I suggest to "Game Farmer" that he might rid his mind of two notions—(1) that scientists are his enemies, and (2) that they give advice without long experience of the problem. The enemy is disease among the game of Great Britain, and upon its conquest all the resources of estate owners, game farmers and scientists must be concentrated.

Yours faithfully,

70, Holywell Hill, St. Albans. TOM HARE.

MILK AND DISEASE

SIR,—The letter in your issue of May 26th from Mr. Geoffrey B. Fleming, University of Glasgow, on the above subject is interesting; at the same time I feel it is in many respects rather misleading owing to the one-sided issue which Mr. Fleming puts forward in his discussion, viz., "that it is at the farms where the uncleanliness of milk begins."

Mr. Fleming states that his occupation is the treatment of sick children, many of whose diseases are attributable to impure milk. This statement is evidently made despite all the up-to-date improvements now in force at the fountain head (the farms) in order to supply the city of Glasgow with good, pure, clean milk.

In this age we all know that milk is an admirable culture medium and carrier of disease-producing micro-organisms; therefore Mr. Fleming very pertinently asks, Why not have it clean? Well, what I do know exceptionally well is this: Good, pure, clean milk has been constantly supplied to the citizens of Glasgow for the past 30 to 40 years or more, all taken from a radius of about 100 miles around the city itself, but when it reached Glasgow, and was taken up by the consumers throughout the city, it was quite noticeable that the citizens exercised little care or gave little attention to their utensils; on the contrary, it was put into household receptacles that were very rarely washed or cleaned, hence the evident cause of illness attributable to impure milk, which eventually became contaminated through the carelessness or ignorance of consumers themselves. I have seen this with my own eyes in the milk shops right throughout Glasgow.

On the top of all this nothing reliable is being done beyond the wail of the medical profession for pure milk from the farms, so little do they realise or care about the abominable contamination which occurs in the consumers' own households.

Perhaps it may interest the medical profession to know that the Chinese here give their sickly infants the milk of the horse in preference to the milk of the cow; this is done through milking mares which travel through the streets two or three times a day, and the mare is milked on the spot for her fresh milk.

Yours faithfully,

Shanghai, China. A. J. RICHARDSON.

CATERPILLARS IN THE LONDON PARKS

SIR,—May I draw your attention to the plague of caterpillars which has been causing great deterioration to many of the plane trees in the London parks? I first noticed them twelve months ago. This year they have been far more numerous, and in my opinion, unless some steps are taken to check their increase, the plane trees will be doomed in a few years. The caterpillar I refer to is that of the vapourer moth, and a visit to the walk which runs along the Rotten Row from the Bowling Green Hut, past the Barracks, and an inspection of the railing dividing the path from the Row reveals their abundance. I calculate that there are in this walk, which is overhung by plane trees, about 400 posts 3ft. 6in. high and 6ft. apart. Every post (they are, of course, iron posts) is covered at the junction with the horizontal bar with the cocoons made by these caterpillars.

The mischief is not confined to the particular walk referred to. Wherever in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens plane trees overhang iron railings the same manifestation is observable. Where there are no iron railings there seem to be no cocoons, but all along Constitution Hill the low railing inside the Green Park is infested with the things. Perhaps, sir, if you could bring these facts to the notice of the public, some steps might be taken to see that no repetition of the plague occurs next year.

Yours faithfully,

15, York House, Kensington, W. 8. FREDERICK S. PHILLIPS.

ARE BISON DANGEROUS?

SIR,—A letter on the above subject in the *Field* of July 28th expresses the opinion that there are two schools of thought on this point. I agree, and it occurs to me that an experience the late Colonel Malcolm McNeill and I had might be of interest—taken from my journal.

We were on leave from our regiment, then quartered at Umbala. He and I went on a shooting trip to the Lakvalli Jungle in Mysore for bison. We usually went out separately, but on this special occasion we went together, as one tracker had failed us. We came up with the bison, and McNeill took the shot; but although the bison was hit, it made off. The tracks led downhill, and we came on a good deal of blood. Immediately afterwards we caught sight of the bison, but it was off before McNeill had a chance of a shot. We followed the track for about half an hour, which led into dense jungle formed by low bamboo trees, so that it was only possible to see a few yards ahead of us, so we decided to leave our gun-bearers behind us, and we went on. Without a moment's notice, the bison crashed through the jungle and came at us.

McNeill and I were separated at the time and in line about 10yds. apart, McNeill on my left. I could not fire as the bison went for McNeill, only slightly to the left. He fired and, after a few seconds of breathless suspense, I saw him without his hat and rifle exclaiming, "Finish him; he is down"; but the buffalo had no further kick in it. McNeill then told me that he had only time to fire from his hip, when the bison passed him so near that his rifle was dashed out of his hand, the stock catching him on his side and knocking him down, the rifle being buried in the mud. The shot hit the bison in the eye, and it was practically dead when it fell. It was lying with its head in the direction from which it came. After receiving the shot, it circled round behind McNeill to its left and fell dead—a narrow escape. I feel sure some of your readers have seen the wonderful collection of Colonel McNeill's trophies of wild animals shot by him in various parts of the world, and for which he built a museum at Oban.

Incidentally, I may add that on another occasion my tracker and I came up with a solitary bull facing us at 35yds. I hit him in the forehead, and he charged, but missed me, and I got him in the shoulder as he passed me, and he turned a complete somersault. On other occasions when I have been tracking bison I have had practically no trouble except for the long distances travelled in coming up with them.

Yours faithfully,

Ross-shire. A. F. MACKENZIE.

WOODCOCK CARRYING YOUNG

SIR,—There has been some correspondence in the *Field* recently on this subject. On June 21st my wife and I had the interesting sight of a woodcock conveying three of its young from one part of my garden to another. Part of the garden, I may mention, is rough, with heather, broom, blaeberry, juniper and pine.

The first time we saw the bird she got up carrying a youngster about 15yds. from where I was and took it to a broom bush about 30yds. away, leaving two young ones behind. We hid ourselves behind a juniper bush 10yds. from the young ones and sat down to watch. In about three minutes she came back again and getting right on top of one of the young birds she kept flapping her wings, which were fully extended, and seemed with a motion of the tail to be pushing the youngster in between the upper part of her legs. This went on for about 30 seconds, when she finally rose with the young bird tucked in between the upper part of her legs and the tail depressed down and forward so as to hold the youngster firmly in position. This youngster was also taken to the broom bush. After another three or four minutes she returned to the third young bird and in exactly the same way lifted it and carried it to the broom. I had a complete and perfect view of the whole operation.

When flying with the youngster her lower legs and claws were hanging down and quite free, the young were definitely gripped between the thighs, with the additional support of the tail pressed down and in from behind. To-day all four have been feeding on the main walk near the lawn. This is the third year in succession I have seen woodcock carrying their young in my garden.

Yours faithfully,

Dalgarno, Ballater. A. E. STEWART (Colonel).

FISHING IN ULSTER

SIR,—With reference to the article referred to in the letter, signed "Toome Bridge," in your issue of July 28th, there is no question about Lough Neagh holding enormous trout, as one can see any day on the fishmongers' slabs in Belfast. A 10lb. trout is nothing out of the ordinary. All are caught in nets or night lines—chiefly nets—and none are ever known to be taken by legitimate angling with rod and line, so that as an anglers' resort it is utterly useless.

I do not think one can find rivers in Antrim where one can walk for miles without meeting a soul. They are too near to Belfast with its army of anglers. At the same time there are plenty of rivers where one can fish for days without meeting an angler, and rivers that are very little fished. From this it must not be inferred that these rivers have no owners and are free. There is no such thing as free fishing, as all waters are under some ownership, but there are stretches where an angler who behaved himself as a sportsman should do and did not trespass on cultivated land, closed gates, etc., and took the trouble to ask permission, could fish without hindrance.

There are also long stretches of water in the hands of private owners, who would give permission sometimes without charge, and at other times by some small payment or by staying at their houses as paying guests.

The latter is best for a visiting angler, as fair accommodation is lacking in places where good fishing "without meeting a soul" is obtainable, naturally, as it would not be good fishing otherwise.

For about £3 or £4 a week it is possible to have the run of miles of river with really good accommodation, and a bicycle would enable the angler to reach any part of the waters cheaply and easily. Tyrone is very well favoured in this respect, and an angler has the choice of small waters with consequently small fish running three or four to the pound with occasional larger ones, or the larger waters holding fish up to two or three pounds.

For those who prefer salmon and (or) sea trout fishing, there are plenty of waters to be fished for relatively small payments where good accommodation can be had as paying guests.

The Ulster Tourist Development Association whose offices are at 6, Royal Avenue, Belfast, have collected a lot of useful information on angling and angling quarters, and would be pleased to assist those wishing to find a suitable place for a visit. I, also, should be pleased to be of assistance.

Yours faithfully,

Tyrone, Ulster. "SABREUR."

THE RESULT OF AN AFTERNOON'S "RECREATION"—1,500 CROCODILE EGGS
(See Letter "Crocodile Nesting")

"CROCODILE NESTING"

SIR,—The inherent utility of hobbies is perhaps seldom so emphatically demonstrated as in the case of "Crocodile Nesting," of which the accompanying photograph gives a vivid and horribly suggestive picture. The scene of the afternoon's recreation—save the mark—is a river in Zululand near a well-known farm, Hluhluwe, where many distinguished guests, among them Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, and the late Louis Botha and others, have stayed or received hospitality, and adjoining the Reserve, so called, for wild game which with its proposed northerly extension will become the largest of its kind in Zululand.

Boating on the river, which is full of crocodiles, would seem to be a fearful joy, but in fact is not as risky as one would imagine, since the reptiles, hating the noise of the motor boat, keep out of the way as much as possible, though they can be seen sliding down the banks into the water. The eggs are laid in the banks, buried about 18in. in the ground and covered with mud, and the mother crocodile lies on the surface of the ground close to the nest for part of each day. The eggs are found in what has the appearance of a large honeycomb when dug out of the ground—50 to 60 eggs are found in each nest. The bag on the afternoon in question was a large one, as 1,500 eggs were secured in a very short space of time, and were promptly destroyed.

Yours faithfully,
Folkestone. A. W.

A MUSEUM OF SPORT WANTED

SIR,—I have some books on hunting, giving the biographies of Masters of Hounds, dating from early in the last century, also some sporting prints, etc. I should like them to have a permanent home where they could be seen, and appreciated, and should be glad to know whether there is any museum in London, or in the country, devoted to sport?

I am sure there is room for such an institution, particularly for hunting trophies, old sporting books, and prints, etc., and there should be no difficulty in finding people who would contribute.

Yours faithfully,
Barton-on-Sea, Hants. FREDK. R. MAGGS.

[There is, so far as we are aware, no museum in London especially devoted to sporting subjects, and we commend the idea to our readers.—ED.]

CAPE GOOSEBERRIES

SIR,—A correspondent in the *Field* of July 21st asks for information about growing Cape gooseberries as a commercial proposition.

The Cape gooseberry grows wild from the Cape up to 12 degrees south of the Equator. I found it growing in profusion in many parts of Angola. It grows into a sturdy bush requiring no support, and bears a profusion of fruit in a light leafy cover.

Probably under cultivation it may change its habits. There seems to be no reason why it should not do well in Europe, although I have never succeeded in raising African vegetable seed, imported into the West Indies. The Cape gooseberry makes excellent jam, but as a fruit it cannot compare with our own gooseberries.

Yours faithfully,
The Croft, Ash Green. G. W. PENRICE.

PRICE OF RHINO HORNS

SIR,—With reference to the inquiry in your issue of May 19th regarding the price of African rhino horns, I am credibly informed that at the present time these horns fetch from Rs. 15 to Rs. 20 in Calcutta, but are not in any demand even at this rate.

The prices originally quoted by me related only to the great Indian rhinoceros and were based entirely on the "medical" value ascribed to this particular horn.

Yours faithfully,
British Legation, Nepal. C. DAUKES.

[As our Editorial Note in the issue of May 19th stated, Indian rhino horn fetches a higher price than African in the East. In the London market, with no medicinal values attached, both fetch about 15/- per lb.—ED.]

ASCOT SIXTY YEARS AGO

SIR,—You no doubt will deprecate a correspondence between Lord Albemarle and myself being carried on in your excellent weekly paper, but I must state that Albemarle having known me since I first went to a private school—Winton House, Winchester—knows how utterly without foundation and how tactlessly untrue his comments as to my having been a bad boy at Eton are.

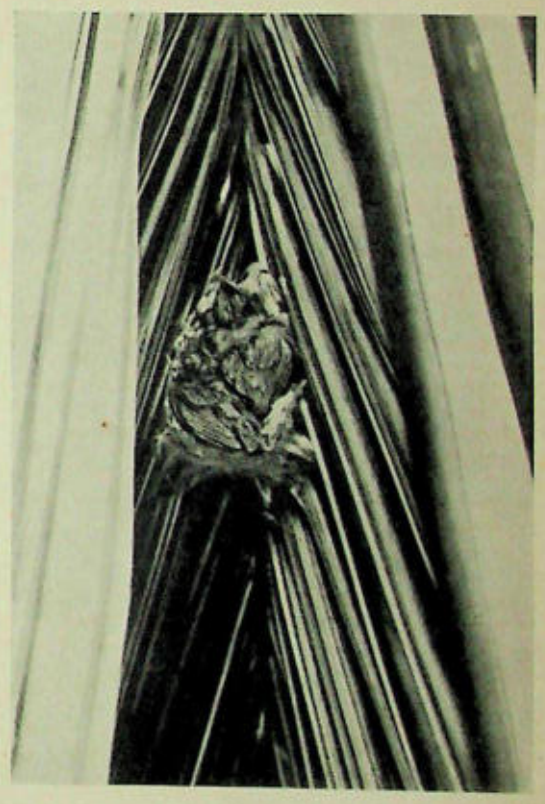
Now, A. E. Studd and Piggy Campbell (the late Lord Cawdor's brother) really were bad boys, because they went to Ascot the year before and came back on a coach of which the driver had been looking on the wine that was bubbly, and they were upset into a ditch, got late for absence, returned with their faces and hands all bleeding and scratched, and got the swishing from the Head that they so richly deserved!

Yours faithfully,
Fordingbridge, Hants. HUGH F. CLUTTERBUCK.

EAST ANGLIA'S OWN BREEDS

SIR,—Mr. Elkington's letter about Cup Bearer in your issue of July 28th reminds me that I was shown this famous horse when staying with the late Mr. Richard Garrett at Carlton Hall in 1879 or 1880. As the portrait shows, Cup Bearer was a little short on the leg and had not quite bone enough for the weight he had to carry. In this respect I consider the breed has made improvement since that date.

Mr. Garrett drove me round his extensive farms in a dog-cart drawn by a strawberry roan Norfolk roadster, a class of horse which has, I fear, become extinct. I saw the Suffolks at work in the fields (for it was nearly all plough) and was fascinated by them and purchased my first Suffolk from Mr. Garrett. We have kept to the breed ever since,



YOUNG PALM SWIFTS AT HOME
(See Letter "Precarious Nest-Building")

and I believe it is the teams of my firm which have in some measure helped to bring the breed into its present popularity.

Yours faithfully,
Sudbury Park, Middlesex. G. TITUS BARHAM.

PRECARIOUS NEST-BUILDING

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken in Malaya (by means of scaffolding) of the nest and young of the palm swift, the smallest of the swifts. The nest is built on the midrib of the leaf of the areca nut palm and was 25ft. from the ground. The leaf is almost perpendicular to the ground and exposed to sun, heavy winds, which shake it with great force, and to torrential rains, which pour over the young birds.

The nest, made of a silken mixture, is only just big enough to hold the two tiny eggs, so the young must hold on by their feet in all weathers, from the time that they are hatched till they leave the nest. Truly one of Nature's wonders. All nests of this species are built on palm trees and in similar positions, usually on the lowest leaves which, being old, are practically parallel to the trunk.

Yours faithfully,
Sweetcroft, Hillingdon. M. A. HAWES.

● He said to me—"one swallow doesn't make a summer."

● I said to him—no, but it's enough to tell you whether it's Johnnie Walker or not . . . !

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . !

THE BEST ELK, ROE AND RED DEER HEADS AT THE WARSAW EXHIBITION
(*See Letter "Polish Deer Trophies"*)

POLISH DEER TROPHIES

SIR,—Through the courtesy of the Marquess Wielopolski I have received the official measurements, together with the accompanying photographs, of the best elk, red deer and roe antlers exhibited at the Warsaw Exhibition last April. By the Continental methods of judging antlers, points are awarded for length, weight, spread, colour, quality, etc., and the best head in any particular class is the one credited with the greatest number of points or marks.

The elk head was shot on September 11th, 1933, by Mr. Stefan Steinhagen at Rzepichow, Baranowicze, Volhynia, on the estates of Count Jaroslaw Potocki. Its greatest spread is 51⅛in., and according to Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, 1928 edition, this measurement is only exceeded by two heads of 52 and 51⅞in., both from Norway. Other Polish heads have been recorded with greater breadth of palm, but this fine trophy inclines to the cervine type.

The splendid red deer head was shot by Prince Henry of Pless at Promnice, Upper Silesia, on August 28th, 1909, and from an entry of nearly two hundred it was considered the best head in the show. Its principal measurements are as follows: Length, 44in., spread, 38in., points 17.

The roe head is remarkable for its very massive development. It is 9⅝in. in length, which is by no means unusual for an European roe, but the way that both antlers retain their thickness throughout their length is extraordinary. It was shot by Count Alfred Potocki, who at the time informed me that the circumference of one coronet was no less than 9¼in.

Yours faithfully,
34, Carshalton Place, EDGAR N. BARCLAY.
Carshalton, Surrey.

TERRORS OF TEHRI

SIR,—I am enclosing a snapshot obtained while on a ten-days' shooting trip on the borders of Tehri State. The band had at dawn attended the funeral of the wife of one of the residents in the ten-hut village near which we occupied the Forest Rest House. My companion, by "butting in" on the concluding fanfare, managed to arrange for them to come up later in the morning and give us a full performance for the inclusive fee of Rupees one.

Our efforts, on the conclusion of our private performance, to purchase any or all of the "instruments" were stoutly resisted on the grounds that they were one and all purchased on the "pay while you play" system. The horns were of corrugated brass, the drums of copper.

Yours faithfully,
Hill Depot, J. H. CAESAR
Chakrata, (Capt., 1st K.S.L.I.)
U. P., India.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE
(*See Letter "Terrors of Tehri"*)

FROM AN OLD-TIME DAIRY
(*See Letter "An Early Cheese Press"*)

AN EARLY CHEESE PRESS

SIR,—Hereford Museum possesses a series of old cheese presses, some weighted by boxes filled with earth or stones, others by large shaped single blocks of stone. Methods of lifting vary, being either by windlass or by wood or iron screws. The photograph is of a box press, with windlass. The pierced piece of wood in the upright on the right when slipped inwards prevents the windlass from unwinding. This press was given recently by Mr. J. Ratcliffe, of Letton.

Yours faithfully,
Hereford. F. C. M.

DRUMMING OF WOODPECKERS

SIR,—Three years ago I watched both male and female lesser spotted woodpeckers drumming at close quarters for portions of several days. It was obvious that the tone and pitch of the sound varied according to the thickness or thinness of the dead branch on which the drumming took place. It was deeper in tone and lower in pitch on the thick, and higher and sharper on the thin wood. Also the violence of the blows affected the volume of sound; resonance diminished with softer blows.

It appears to me that the differences which occur in tone and pitch according to the thickness or thinness of the wood, and the diminution of the resonance when the blows are softer show conclusively that the drumming is instrumental—caused by vibration—and not vocal. It is also significant that where the drumming takes place upon very thin wood, the note produced is thin and scrannel, but no vocal sound is audible even at close quarters. I wrote at some length on this subject in *Discovery* for October, 1931.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, Porlock, E. W. HENDY.
Somerset.

THE LION'S ROAR

SIR,—Apropos your interesting letters on this subject, may I be permitted to refer your correspondents to the Old Testament? That grand old man the prophet Amos evidently knew a good deal about lions—knowledge gained no doubt when he was "among the herdmen of Tekoa." In Chapter 3, verse 4, we find him saying, "Will a lion roar in the forest when he hath no prey? Will a young lion cry out of his den if he have taken nothing?" Presumably the lion to be found in Palestine in the ninth century B.C. did not differ in this respect from the species to be found nowadays in Africa.

Yours faithfully,
13, Holland Villas Road, ERNEST LESSER.
Kensington, W. 14.

[Amos was evidently more of a naturalist than the Psalmist, whose lions went "roaring after their prey."—ED.]

PROTECT YOUR SKIN
from Wind and Scorching Sun

WIND and sun play havoc with face, hands and arms, making the use of Larola essential for the preservation of the skin. A little rubbed on the hands before and after work, either in the garden or elsewhere, banishes redness and roughness and all evidence of toil. Once you try Larola, you will use it always. Get a bottle to-day, and keep it in a prominent place in the bathroom or dressing-room. It will prove to be a very trusty friend. Use Larola also when on holiday; it enables you to tan without the pain and unsightliness of peeling and blistering.

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LAROLA FACE POWDER. Pink, White, Cream and Cream No.2. Sealed boxes with puff 2/6.
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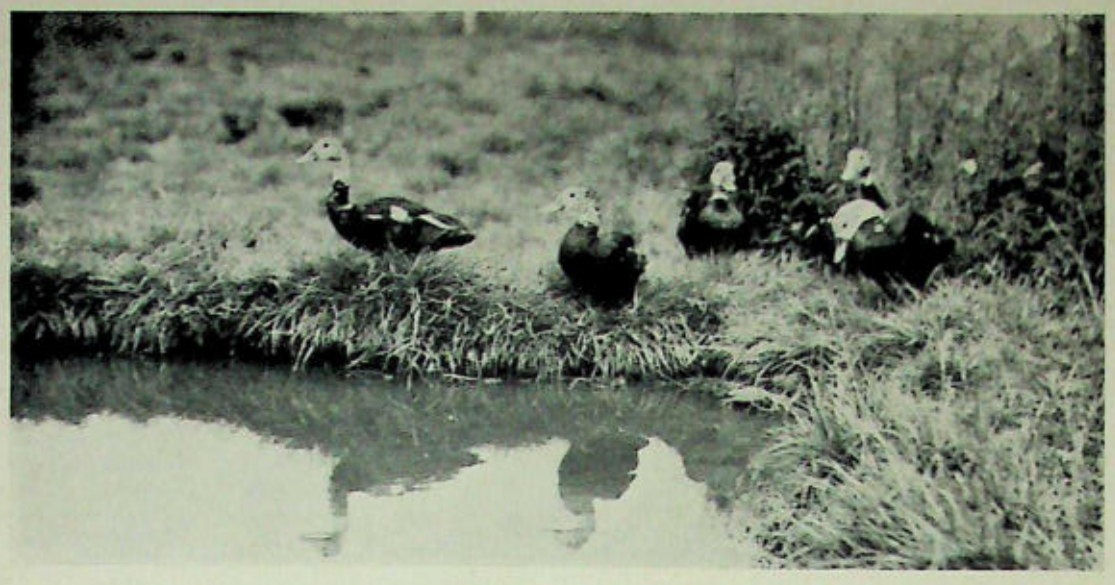


WHITE-WINGED WOOD-DUCKS NEWLY ARRIVED FROM THE EAST
(See Letter "Rare Waterfowl")

THE INSECT PROBLEM IN IRAQ

SIR,—Can any reader of the *Field* advise me of anything that will keep off sandflies, fleas, bugs and mosquitoes, and prevent them biting?

I live in Iraq, and my life is made a perfect misery by these pests. I do not find any of the usual things such as citronella oil any use—fleas seem to like it. Flit is only of use when fresh, and I cannot take a flit gun with me and use it when having tea in a sheik's house or tent.

Any suggestions would be most welcome.

Yours faithfully,
M. GOWAN (MRS.).

Breamish House,
Powburn, Northumberland.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Comma Butterfly on Yucca.—On July 24th I was able to observe at close quarters a comma butterfly feeding on the flowers of yucca in my garden; it was a rather battered specimen. The only other comma I have ever seen was at Gulmarg in Kashmir.—W. R. N. HINDE (Capt., 15th/19th Hussars), Peene House, Newington, Folkestone.

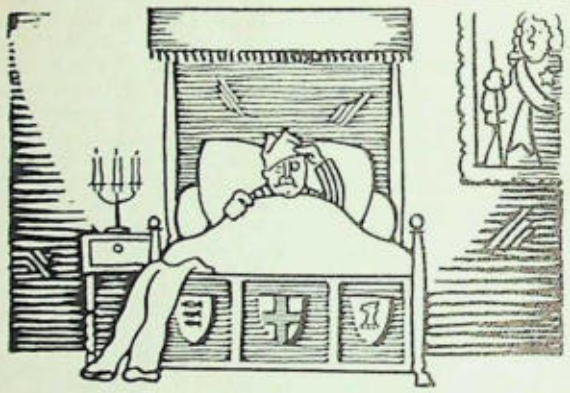
Rare Waterfowl.—Possibly the enclosed photograph may be of interest to some of your readers. The birds are white-winged wood-duck (*Asarcornis scutulata*) which were imported into this country—for the first time, we believe—a few weeks ago. We have five specimens which we consider a most interesting addition to our collection of waterfowl.—R. and N. STEVENS, Chapel Farm, Elmley Castle, Pershore, Worcestershire. [Although rare, this species has been represented in several collections in this country, as, for instance, at Woburn.—ED.]

LAID BY TWO BIRDS?
(See Letter "Wagtail's Abnormal Clutch")

Wagtail's Abnormal Clutch.—The enclosed photograph is of a pied wagtail's abnormal clutch of eleven eggs. The nest, which was built in a recess in the wall of a settling tank at a sewage works near Preston, was one of eight nests found in similar situations. Last year fourteen nests were occupied by wagtails in the walls of these tanks. The eleven eggs, rather small for wagtail's, were very similar in markings and would appear to have been laid by the same bird.—JAMES ASKEW, 10, Tomlinson Road, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston, Lancs.

Little Bittern in Devon.—It may be interesting to place on record that a little bittern spent several weeks in April and May on the Tavy around Denham Bridge. It was seen at close quarters by numerous persons, including myself, on many occasions, and there is not the slightest doubt as to its identity. To the best of my belief it was never molested and departed of its own free will early in May.—WEST COUNTRY, Devon.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are hopeful of a good response to the following appeal. Two motherless boys, aged twelve and ten, live with their father in a crowded part of South-East London, and are in great need of a holiday; it would be advisable to take them away from the London streets, and to send them to a farm in the country for three weeks. The total cost of this, including fares, will be £5. Their father suffers from rheumatoid arthritis (the result of war service) and can only do light work. At present he is unemployed, and living with his sister, and the home is sadly overcrowded when the two little boys come back from school.



MORNING GORY

There is a dreaded zero-hour in life known as the "morning after." It may be traceable to some wild Bacchanalian orgy, or merely a too-lengthy session over contract.

The symptoms are the same and the remedy identical. Coax the vile body to the bathroom, drop a little Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a tumbler of water and see how merrily it leaps to life.

Drink it slowly and luxuriously, and feel the cares of this world slipping from your shoulders. Then, with your system cleansed and tuned you will face the day once more with a clear head and light heart.

IN THE CITY

BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT BONDS

EARLY this year details were given in these notes of the new Brazilian debt scheme enacted in February, and the attractions of certain of the Government obligations were discussed. In the writer's opinion these attractions have in no way diminished, rather the reverse, although the unsecured bonds can now be obtained at even lower price levels than at that time.

The new debt scheme dealt with the payments to be made during the next four years on the whole of the Federal, State and Municipal external debt. The issues which are to continue to receive full interest and sinking fund payments include the Brazil 5 per cent. 40 year Funding Bonds of 1931, which can now be bought at about 66, to yield £7 11s. 6d. flat and £7 16s.—allowing for redemption.

The 40 year (and 20 year) Funding bonds of 1931 were created under the 1931 Funding scheme, which provided for their issue in lieu of cash interest. The issue of further bonds will cease next October, by which time the amount outstanding, together with the two older and senior funding issues, will be such that the aggregate service of all four loans will require about £2,500,000. Brazil's export surplus for 1933 approximated £8,000,000 and current indications are that the balance in respect of this year will be materially higher, so that there appears to be no occasion for supposing that full service charges on all four Funding issues will not be met promptly. It is understood that the internal position of Brazil is improving both economically and politically. A certain amount of cotton is being grown instead of coffee, a diversification of crops which should help in stabilising exports.

Taking all things into consideration, the risk incurred by a purchase of Brazil 40 year Funding Bonds at present levels appears to be in no way commensurate with the high yield afforded. Moreover, the bonds offer scope for quite substantial capital appreciation, for once it is generally realised that the maintenance of payments is reasonably assured they are not likely to continue to sell on a 7¾ per cent. yield basis. It should be noted that the sinking fund on these bonds is due to operate for the first time next March, and its operation should have a considerable effect on the market quotations for the bonds.

THREE YEARS HENCE

Investors definitely looking for a speculation, which they are prepared to hold for several years, might well consider one of the Brazilian Government's unsecured loans, which were placed in Grade IV of the plan—such for instance as the 4 per cent. bonds of 1889 which could be bought at the time of writing at £18 per cent.

Interest on the 4 per cent. loan of 1889 is payable on the first day of April and October, and the plan provides for payments in cash at the rate of 27½ per cent. of the scheduled amount for the period ending March 31st, 1936, 30 per cent. for the following year, and 40 per cent. for the year ending March 31st, 1938. That is to say, holders will receive cash payments at the rate of 1.1 per cent. per annum until October, 1935, 1.2 per cent. per annum in 1936, and 1.6 per cent. per annum in 1937. At 18 these 4 per cent. bonds of 1889 would give the following yields:—

6 per cent.	on the basis of	1.1	per cent. payment
6⅔ per cent.	Ditto	1.2	ditto
8⅞	Ditto	1.6	ditto

and nearly 22¼ per cent. if and when the full 4 per cent. is resumed.

It is, of course, impossible to say whether full interest payments will be resumed in 1938, but it is noteworthy that the new plan included a provision under which the Brazilian Government may apply any foreign exchange over and above that required for debt service under the plan in purchasing bonds in the market below par. It seems not at all unlikely that such funds will be available in due course, and that they will be utilised mainly in the purchase of those Federal obligations obtainable at the biggest discount, such as the 4 per cent. bonds of 1889.

The current price of these bonds seems to leave little room for further depreciation in their value whereas there is scope for something more than moderate capital appreciation over a period of years. Meanwhile a high rate of income return is likely to be received on the funds thus invested.

PACTOLUS.

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SCHOOLBOYS AND LAWN TENNIS

A Perfect Doubles Pair Still to Come

By J. E. COLLETT

A GREEK boy from a French school, G. M. Zariti, won the Schoolboys' Tournament at Queen's Club, beating N. E. Hooper (Marlborough) in the final 6—2, 6—1. Internationalism has therefore stated a case at first hand to our juniors. Hooper is not an unknown boy; aided by a natural instinct for court games he has already begun to make his mark. It is idle to put out excuses for his loss to Zariti; the weather conditions were unpleasant, but that was the same for both; he was not playing as well as he had been in the earlier rounds, but that cannot be regarded as anyone's fault but his own. Zariti was the better player on the day and would probably have been on any day, because he seems to know more about the game.

Thus I am led to my point, which is the question: Do our boys know enough for their age about lawn tennis? Both at Queen's and at Wimbledon in the Junior Championships of Great Britain they show each year a slowly improving general standard, but the acute knowledge of the game which boys develop naturally at cricket is not apparent. Perhaps they are still, as a whole, slightly superior to their pastime—in effect the Public School attitude remains one of partial indifference. Perhaps our boys are a trifle bumptious about lawn tennis—the thing their sisters, age for age up to sixteen, do so much better than they do. Perhaps then the jolt which the Lycée de Marseille has given Marlborough will help to the understanding of the situation.

We are honoured, some think rather saddled, with the predominant position in lawn tennis; Great Britain is the world's head boy. Liking it or not, for this reason or that, but really proud of it, we have to do our level best to retain our honours. Casualness will not avail, nor expenditure of cash, nor L.T.A. committee meetings. The will to win further must be a natural outcome of the junior spirit, which should be inherent by now and not to be fostered as in the past.

Admittedly the incident of one foreign win is in itself a plain call for a wigging, but it is the first of its kind and cannot but be an object lesson. Our seniors are on top, our juniors are not; it is their job to see to it, and no doubt they will. They mind more about being beaten by a foreigner, because they are not so used to it as the seniors are.

It was made pretty obvious at Queen's that however much coaching might have improved the method and manner of the singles play, it would seem to have been neglected or to have been more or less wasted in the case of the doubles. The general style of the singles is wonderful considering the shoddy stuff the majority were displaying only a few years ago, but the doubles have improved but little. It is difficult to understand this manifestation, because in the majority of places where ordinary people play lawn tennis doubles are the rule not the exception. Despite every urge to the contrary there is no doubt that our standard in men's doubles is declining. This may be due in a measure to our national lack of service strength. In minor play a cannon-ball merchant is more of a nuisance than a pleasure. The acquisition of a great service is not part of the necessary equipment of a player for ordinary purposes, and there are but few who aim at the extraordinary.

But the service is only part of the business; service return, positioning and tactics can and do rob it of its advantage. The majority of these Queen's juniors seemed to go on court with a sort of "let's have a double" air, and a species of adapted two singles ensued. Let us play doubles. They are the team side of the game.

It would be interesting to inquire how much of the time spent by professionals in coaching at the Public Schools is devoted to the science of doubles or even to any teaching of doubles play. When the Public Schools Old Boys' L.T.A. go along to play their matches on school grounds it would be a good idea if some veteran of them (say, their indefatigable organiser, H. S. Scrivener) could spare the time for a short lecture, accompanied by a few illustrative diagrams drawn on a blackboard. With regard to the true inwardness of doubles the practical knowledge of many coaches is perhaps scant. What the spectator sees on the surface of the court in a first-class double is one thing and how the various fluctuations of the game are produced is another. The sceptic may not think so, but a perfect double at lawn tennis is one of the highest examples of team work in games. In fact, it is doubtful whether in the history of the game so far there has been a doubles combination which could be described legitimately as perfect, though there have been many ideal pairs as requirements go.

PROFESSIONAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

LAST Monday saw the start of the Professional Lawn Tennis Championships at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. The first round of the singles was completed. D. Maskell, the holder, started with an easy victory over J. A. McConchie, of Westcliff, winning the first two sets with the loss of only one game. The champion made full use of his backhand drive and this, combined with his speed, was more than McConchie could stand up to, with the result that he was beaten 6/1, 6/0, 6/3. Another interesting match was that between T. C. Jeffery, of the Melbury Club, and W. H. T. Cooke, Wimbledon Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club, the latter being defeated 6/1, 6/4, 6/0, though he was unfortunate in appearing to strain his arm when on the verge of winning a set. I. Poulson, Queen's Club, again showed what possibilities lie in the game in winning his match against D. S. Macqueen, Sydenham. P.M.

A PROVED DOUBLES PAIR

Miss E. M. Dearman and Miss N. M. Lyle won the German ladies' doubles at Hamburg on August 12th, beating Mlle. Adamoff and Mme. Rollin-Courquesque 6—4, 6—2, in the final

WITH THE SHEEP DOGS AT LLANGOLLEN

A Record Meeting

SINCE the year 1879, when the late Captain the Hon. J. C. Best, R.N., was president, and later became secretary, the Llangollen Sheep Dog Trials have been held in the grounds of Plas yn Vivod and country ideally suited to the purpose. The Vale of Llangollen claims to be the birthplace of organised sheep dog trials, whence others (international and local) took their standard. Moreover, the Llangollen society was honoured by giving a command performance before Queen Victoria, and ever since has been privileged with the patronage of queens.

Everything possible is done to make the conditions fair for the competitors, who come from England, Scotland and Wales. The judges are carefully chosen, but to give no possible ground for suspicion, one of them is English and the other Welsh. Each lot of sheep loosed for competition is made up of a representative from three separate flocks which, until the day before the trials, when they are driven over the course, have been grazed separately in different parts of the Vivod estate. Since there would not be time to run all the heats on the same side of the valley, the local stakes and half the heats for the open stakes for single dogs are run on the opposite slope. The finals are on the Vivod side.

When a shepherd's turn comes to run his dogs, the sheep to be driven are loosed from an enclosure a quarter of a mile away in the next field high up on a steep slope. The dog sent to bring them in may approach either right or left-handed. A clever performer brings them direct to the gap in the railings without bustling them, for which he is allowed six minutes. Next the dog has to turn the sheep and drive them between a hurdle and the rails, then through a gap in some hurdles in the open, and finally into a pen. Except for driving the sheep into the pen the shepherd is not permitted to help his dog except by voice, whistle, or signal. He is compelled to remain behind a line which at the beginning of the exhibition is as much as a quarter of a mile away from the sheep. There is, of course, a time limit to the whole operation, form and time being the principal factors in the judging. The course for the finals is much the same except that the sheep have in addition to be driven up a ramp on to a lorry to demonstrate the capacity of the dogs to truck sheep.

Naturally there is more interest in watching a pair of clever dogs working together than a single performer. Here the art of the shepherd is seen at its best. It is no mean feat to divide six half wild sheep, keep them separate while three are driven into an open pen, which one dog guards, and the shepherd and the remaining dog drive the remaining three over a lorry into a pen. Yet it was done.

Work in the special stakes was not quite up to the average of previous years; the sheep seemed difficult. In the open stakes for single dogs the judges had a hard task, the winner gaining 63½ points out of a possible 65, the second and third, who tied, gaining 62½ points. It is satisfactory to report that the winner of the local stakes for bitches and the cup was R. Williams, of Pen Vivod, this being the first occasion on which a tenant of the estate has won the cup. The judges were Mr. E. E. Gittins, Mr. B. Eyre and Mr. W. Jones, and the results were as follows:

Cambrian Stakes (open to the world).—1st, J. T. Jones, Glyneeiriog; 2nd (equal), J. B. Bagshaw, Worksop, and J. H. Thorp, Atherstone.

Special Stakes (open to the world, for two dogs working together).—1st, J. B. Bagshaw, Worksop; 2nd, L. J. Humphreys, Towyn; 3rd, A. Miller, Newmilns.

District Stakes.—Dogs: 1st, J. O. Jones, Tregeiriog; 2nd, Selwyn Roberts, Pentredwr. Bitches: 1st, R. Williams, Pen Vivod (winner of the challenge cup); 2nd, T. O. Jones, Tregeiriog.

In conclusion I should like to congratulate Captain Best and his hard-worked committee for the excellent way in which these trials were run. They are an event of real importance in beautiful North Wales. This year they were held in really beautiful weather, which added to the enjoyment of the many visitors. J. W. B.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next competition is Saturday, September 22nd. 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.

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BLACK LABRADOR DOG, good worker, third season, perfectly steady under all conditions; £25.—WALKER, The Common, Bolney, Sussex.

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The Only White Lavender—And Some Century Old Recipes

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

"LAVENDER and Rosemary is as woman to man and White Rose to Red." Thus the author of the fourteenth century treatise on rosemary, sent by the Countess of Hainault to her daughter, Queen Philippa of England, compared the two favourite aromatic herbs.

The sweet, clean fragrance of lavender is unlike that of any other flower or leaf, and for centuries it has been customary to dry the spikes, for even after several years, properly dried, lavender retains its exquisite scent. Parkinson in his *Paradisus* describes the scent of lavender as "piercing the senses," and I think this accurately describes it. There are altogether about twenty species of lavender, but the only kinds grown in these islands are *Lavandula spica* and its varieties; *L. vera*, *L. stoechas*, and *L. dentata*.

L. spica is frequently described as Old English Lavender, but until the early nineteenth century when De Candolle pointed out the differences, *L. spica* and *L. vera* were not regarded as distinct. *L. spica* attains three to four feet, and the variety *L. spica gigantea*, or the Grappenhall variety is very fine. This late-flowering form seems to do exceptionally well in Norfolk. There are various dwarf forms—the very dwarf *L. nana*, an early, flowering kind, about 9in. high, sometimes described as dwarf French, the Munstead dwarf, the well-known variety of *L. nana*, early flowering and about 15in. high, with richly scented dark flowers; Bowles' variety, with lavender-coloured flowers, and Folgate variety (with paler flowers than the Munstead dwarf). *L. spica alba* has pearl-white flowers, and their scent is very sweet and delicate. This lovely lavender is not commonly grown, although much admired, and I think the reason must be that it is apt to die out after three years. It is apparently not less hardy than the type, for we had bushes in the open that survived the severe winter of 1928 without injury, but for some unaccountable reason white lavender is not long lived. At least that is my experience, and it is advisable to take cuttings every two years.

At present this white lavender is the only white-flowered form listed in the catalogues, but I saw an almost white-flowered form in a row of the Munstead dwarf a few days ago, and was kindly given cuttings. Only on looking at the flowers closely was it possible to discern that they were not pure white. Parkinson describes white lavender as very rare, but Queen Henrietta Maria evidently grew quantities of it, for in the parliamentary survey of the garden at Wimbledon which belonged to her, the "very great and large borders of rosemary, rue, white lavender" are specially mentioned.

L. spica is the lavender chiefly used in making oil of lavender and lavender water. But the best essential oil is that extracted from *L. vera*. The famous Mitcham lavender water used to be made from *L. vera*. *L. dentata*, a native of South Eastern Europe, and *L. stoechas*, a native of the Mediterranean regions, chiefly the south of France and Spain, are both hoary leaved. Neither is very hardy. The ancient Romans named the islands near Hyères, the Stoechades, because this lavender grew in such abundance. This lavender was an ingredient in the famous "Vinegar of the Four Thieves." Spanish peasants used to make oil of lavender from *L. stoechas*, by leaving the flowers in a bottle of olive oil exposed to the sun's rays. *L. stoechas* is a charming little shrub and very distinct with its bottle-shaped heads of dark violet flowers terminating in leaflets.

Lavender does well in sandy, well-drained soils and in sunny, sheltered parts. It does exceptionally well on chalk soils, and, to my thinking, the scent is richer. This shrub is easily propagated by cuttings taken from side-shoots in August and September, and struck in sandy soil in the open. The following April or May the plants can be put into their permanent positions or in a reserve border. In order to encourage vigorous growth they should not be allowed to flower their first year. Dwarf varieties can be increased by root division in early autumn. From their second to their sixth years, lavender bushes are usually at their best, but hedges can be kept for several years longer by careful pruning immediately after the spikes have been cut. Pruning at this time allows a certain amount of growth before winter.

Everyone loves lavender walks, but I think I like best of all a rose and lavender pergola. The illustration shows the rose and lavender walks in the garden of Vachery, Shere. The breadth of the path is 12ft. between the pillars and the space in the row between the pillars is 8ft. The other day I saw a delightful arrangement—a background of various Wichuriana roses—Thelma, Hiawatha, etc.—and between them tall sidalceas and erigerons, and in front a hedge of dwarf lavender. It made a lovely picture. I recall also a long pergola of various Wichuriana hybrids and the path edged on both sides with dwarf lavender.

If lavender spikes are to retain their fragrance when dry, they must be cut at the right time. The perfume of the flowers is at its richest and best at mid-day in hot sun. This is owing to the fact that the most valuable constituents of the oil are volatile. If picked in a hot mid-day sun or when a hot, moist wind is blowing, this fragrant constituent will be lost. Leaving cut lavender exposed in the open to sun and wind is a serious mistake. The spikes should be gathered early morning, but after the dew has dried off it, and taken indoors and spread out in a room and not in the direct rays of the sun. The more quickly the drying is effected the better, and consequently it is best to spread out on large sieves rather than on a table, for when spread on sieves the air circulates above and beneath the spikes. The spikes should be placed separately, for carelessly piled they will be spoilt by the moist heat engendered.

Lavender has been grown in these islands for many centuries. The Romans would certainly have introduced a herb they esteemed so highly, and possibly it had been introduced even before their days. Our ancestors used lavender in countless ways. Lavender figured largely in the sweet waters for washing purposes that were commonly made in households of any size. Most seventeenth and eighteenth century cookery and stillroom books contain directions for distilling lavender. In *The Queen's Closet Opened*, by "W. M.," cook to Queen Henrietta Maria, there is a recipe for Lavender Wine, which is described as "a great Cordiall." Two ounces of dried lavender flowers put into a bottle of sack, together with 3oz. of sugar candy and a little ambergris, shaken well, and then put through a jelly bag. After a week or more it was fit for use.

Lavender sugar was a seventeenth-century delicacy made by pounding freshly picked lavender flowers beaten into three times their weight in sugar. The sugar is thereby flavoured with lavender. Our grandmothers made not only lavender bags, but sweet bags filled with various mixtures of dried flowers and leaves. These dainty little bags were hung on wing chairs. The best recipe I know for a sweet bag is equal quantities by weight of dried lavender, sweet geranium leaves and lemon verbena leaves. The scent is exquisite.

The quaintest lavender recipe is, I think, that to be found in *Turner's Herbal*, 1551. The Father of English Botany gravely sets forth one of the virtues of lavender thus: "I judge that the flowers of lavender quilted in a cap and worne are good for all diseases of the head that come of a cold cause, and that they comfort the braine very well."

New Books

VIOLET TO VERMILION

Some Studies in the Old School Tie

ONE must approach this collection of school experiences from one standpoint only—that of a number of purely personal variations of the old school tie theme in every colour from violet to vermilion. As such they are not uninteresting, especially those written of girls' schools, which are naturally less "expected." They are personal to one particular man in one particular school at one particular time. So far so good. They run along these lines quite merrily to the end of the book. Unfortunately, the editor, Mr. Graham Greene, has then tried to use them as a source of evidence on which to base his own hostile views of public schools. That was very silly of him. For he has quite patently seized on those essays which bolstered his case and ignored those which did not: a most elementary error that is at once obvious. Now in the first place no two schools are exactly alike. There is Westminster with its day boys, and Eton with its tutorial system, and Oundle with its laboratories. Nor are any two boys the same. One school alone can produce in a decade a trio as remote from each other as Ronald Knox and J. B. S. Haldane and Aldous Huxley. And no school is exactly the same as it was in 1919, still less in 1914, and even less still than in 1850. Mr. Greene is one of those who think of the public school Peter Pan in one set of terms only, a product conceived by Dr. Arnold, suckled by Dr. Jowett, and sent out by Queen Victoria to turn the Gatling guns on to the subject races. Now there were public schools before Dr. Arnold and after Dr. Jowett, and they bear about as much resemblance to each other as Mr. Greene does to Delane.

Of the individual contributions all the women's are readable and interesting, but by far the best is the story of convent life by Antonia White. Of the men it is interesting to note that all those writing of "class" schools write with real appreciation, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and refute any idea that they were either repressed or moulded. Their views are only personal to themselves, and so I will not use them to support my theory that these schools where finance permits of their becoming junior universities are the obvious home for the "unusual" boy who will be ignored or even ill-treated in narrower institutions. I liked all these three essays, and I like Mr. Sean O'Faolain's account of the Lancastrian School in Cork very much indeed. I also liked Mr. Walter Greenwood on a Salford Council School, and Mr. H. E. Bates on Kettering Grammar School.

Mr. Harold Nicholson, whose work has been so often admired in this column, fails, I think, not in his latter half, which is fair and candid, but in a too pretentious opening. Surely one doesn't want half-a-dozen pages of Alain to carry off the infant Nicholson, and surely Mr. Nicholson is the last writer in the world likely to think so?

The ablest essay in the book is a bitter attack on the public schools by Mr. Derek Verschoyle (under the guise of an account of his days at Malvern), and with neither him nor with "the last word" by Mr. Graham Greene do I agree. But then I was one of those people (full of "smug confidence in his own superiority, his own powers at a crisis, of narrowness and prejudice, above all of absurd loyalty") who despite being utterly undistinguished look back on four happy years with undisguised pleasure, and proclaim (despite Mr. Greene) *Floreat*, and expect (despite Mr. Greene) *Florebit*. R. M.

The Old School. Edited by Graham Greene. (Jonathan Cape; 7/6).

STOCKYARD AND BUSH

A Convincing Story of the Wild

MR. DAVISON has given us a notable addition to the sum of books about wild life. This life-story of a "scrubber," a cow born wild in the Australian bush, who reverts to the mountain fastnesses after one terrifying brush with man in a Queensland stock-yard, is written with a sincerity and restraint that is very convincing. Nature is a hard mother and belongs to no society for the prevention of cruelty, and the author does not soften the picture or sentimentalize about the life led by the wild things in the hills above the up-country stations. The scrubbers have a stern fight for it, water is scarce and the wild cow has to learn to eke it out with the fruit of the prickly pear, dingoes attack the young calves, and Man the Enemy, with his allies the Horse and the Dog is always lurking in the plains below ready to raid the hill sanctuaries.

To the stockman, the cow is merely so much prospective beef. But, if he is no sentimentalist, he will allow no wanton cruelty, as witness Splinter who, when the wild cows pined in the confinement of the paddock, watched them slipping away in the dusk through the rails broken in the bull's mad struggle for freedom—and held his tongue.

But it must be emphasised that this book is primarily about cows and not about stockmen. Those who hope for some hard guy yarns after the American cow-boy model, with the crack of revolvers and the rush of the sheriff's posse need not look for them here. But by those who love wild life, and dawn in the bush, and the rustlings of the small things in the undergrowth at night time, this tale of the instincts, fears and joys of dumb beasts will not easily be forgotten.

I am grateful to the author for not having appended a vocabulary for his English public. I am vague about the meaning of gilgais and biglows, but I like to keep my own ideas of what they mean, as suggested by Mr. Davison's restrained by vivid descriptions of "down under," uncontradicted to the end. The book is illustrated by Frank Wallace, whose etchings of animals are full of action, and he manages, with a few strokes, to suggest the great spaces which form the background to his drawings and to the story. V. E. P.

Man Shy. By F. D. Davidson. Illustrated by Frank Wallace. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 7/6).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Colonel McTaggart has given us many books on horses and horsemanship, all written in a pleasant style from an expert's point of view. His latest addition to the sportsman's library is *A Handbook for Horse Owners* (Methuen; 5/- net), and is just the book for which every small owner has been waiting. To those, in these days, who can only afford to run a small stable, it should be invaluable; and the slim volume is just the right size for the pocket.

Mr. F. A. M. Webster needs no introduction to readers of the *Field*, and his new books, *Girl Athletes in Action* and the *Games Master's Handbook* (5/- and 6/-; Shaw), are most useful manuals of athletic training for young men and women.

The *Investors' Guide* (The *Financial Times*, 72, Coleman Street, E.C. 2; 3/6) contains information of which every investor should be possessed unless he intends to leave his financial affairs entirely in the hands of his brokers. The chapter entitled "How to Read a Prospectus" should be found particularly useful in these times of numerous new issues of various types.

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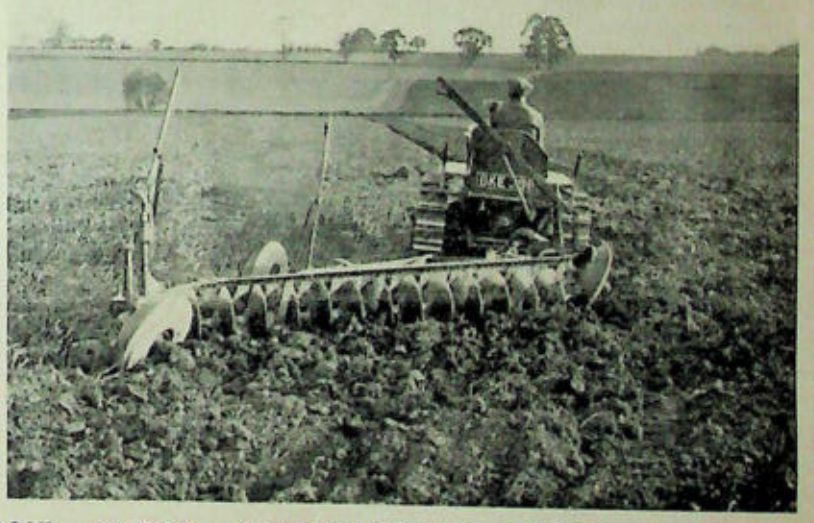

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TRAVEL BY LAND SEA AND AIR

ONE OF THE BRITISH COMPETITORS—C. NEEDHAM, DRIVING AN S.S.—CROSSING THE GREAT ST. BERNARD PASS DURING LAST WEEK'S ALPINE TRIAL

A SMALL CAR WITH A BIG FUTURE

Novel Features of the Singer "Eleven"

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

LESS than a year ago I predicted that the car of the future would be fitted with independent front-wheel suspension, but little did I realise that this method of design would be widely adopted so soon. Since then, many of the leading manufacturers in Germany have fitted front-wheel drive to their cars, and at the Salon in Paris, where these were on view last year, several French firms exhibited cars of a similar nature. At Olympia last October, one of the best-known British firms exhibited a car fitted with independently sprung front wheels, and early this year the American automobile industry followed suit, for the 1934 programme of General Motors included certain models fitted with this new method of suspension.

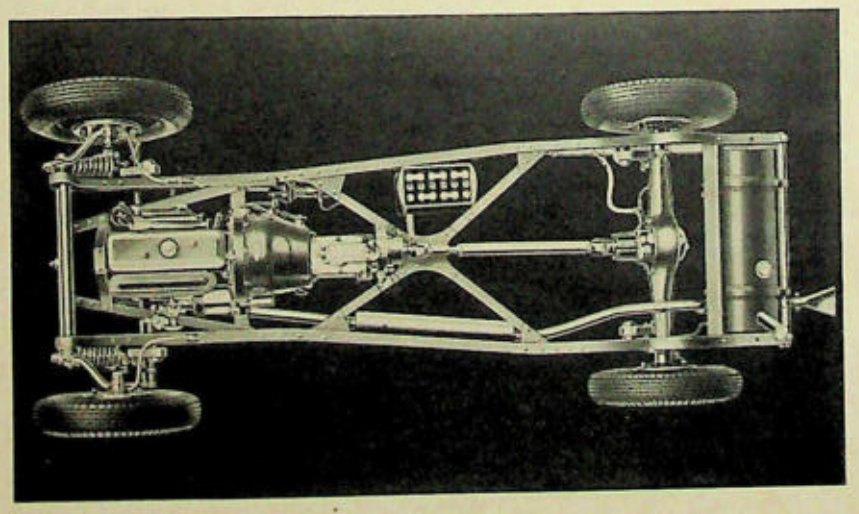
And now the famous Coventry firm of Singer have brought out an entirely new model in which the same principle of front springing is adopted. It is called the Singer "Eleven" and is most up to date in its design. The engine is a 4-cylinder unit, the bore being 65 m/m. and the stroke 105 m/m. The R.A.C. rating is 10.5 h.p., and the annual tax under present regulations £11.

An overhead camshaft is employed, driven by a Duplex Roller Chain, and the valves are inclined and operated through the medium of rockers. The carburetter is a horizontal Solex, fitted with an easy-starting device. Ignition is by means of a coil and battery of 12 volt capacity.

Both the coil and distributor are mounted high up on the engine for accessibility, and a warning ignition light is incorporated in the instrument panel. The engine and gearbox are mounted on four absorbent rubber mountings, which absorb all engine vibration. The clutch is only required when starting from rest, as the Vulcan Sinclair Fluid-drive, which is incorporated in the transmission, provides an extremely flexible drive to the gearbox, and enables the car to be brought to a standstill and started off again without the necessity of withdrawing the clutch.

The gearbox, which is in unit with the engine, has four forward speeds and reverse; the second and third speeds being of the silent type, and having helically cut gears. The top gear has a ratio of 5.2 to 1, third 7.36 to 1, second 10.96 to 1, and bottom is 21.6 to 1. Under normal touring conditions a speed of 65 m.p.h. can be reached on top, 42 on third, 23 on second, and 12 m.p.h. on bottom. The manufacturers recommend that these speeds should not be exceeded when running on intermediate gears.

Immediately to the left of the gearbox, and within easy reach of the driver, is the free wheel locking device. The Lockhead brakes which are employed are hydraulically operated, the hand brake, however, is entirely independent and works on the rear shoes only. The lever itself is situated between the two front seats and is set at a most convenient angle: on many cars I have driven lately it has been placed so far forward that to grab it in an emergency would be a matter of some difficulty.



THE CHASSIS PLAN OF THE SINGER "ELEVEN"
Note the independent front wheel springing which is a special feature of this car

The suspension of the "Eleven" is very good indeed. The front wheels are independently sprung according to the Gordon Armstrong patents. Low frequency coil springs are employed, and in place of the usual front axle beam the hub swivels are carried on pairs of parallel motion arms mounted on transverse trunnion shafts which run in the tubular front cross members of the chassis frame. The rear springs are of the orthodox type and are long semi-ellipties mounted on silent bloc bearings. Double acting hydraulic shock absorbers are also fitted.

The steering is of the worm and nut type, and has been specially designed to suit the independent wheel suspension. The chassis frame is an excellent piece of work, and of very sturdy construction. Instead of employing the ordinary method of cross bracing, an X type of centre bracing is used and this is extended to the front cross bar in the shape of an A, the result being that the frame is exceedingly rigid without being unduly heavy.

A great advance has been made recently in the design of the modern chassis frame, for manufacturers realise that stability, road holding and long life cannot be obtained unless the frame is really of rigid construction.

In its design, the Singer "Eleven" is undoubtedly the most up-to-date small car that has yet appeared on the market. Here we have a 4-cylinder engine which runs as smoothly as a 6-cylinder unit, with an ample reserve of power and a really good turn of speed. With its independent front-wheel springing, fluid drive transmission and clutchless gear change, it sets a standard in which at the moment it has no rivals.

The price of the chassis, complete with a six-light, four-door saloon body, is only £240, this price including a most comprehensive specification.

The car loaned to me for testing purposes had only covered a distance of 240 miles when I took it over, and in view of the fact that the engine had not been run in, I was surprised at the liveliness of the motor and the performance it put up for the most part on half throttle.

Changing gear on a car of this kind is quite unnecessary in traffic, for, if the driver so desires, he can remain on top speed the whole day. The car makes no effort whatsoever at getting away from rest with top gear engaged.

Sir Macpherson Robertson with the gold cup he is presenting to the winner of the international London to Melbourne air race, and (right), a map of the course

owing to the efficiency of the fluid drive mechanism. If it is brought to rest on a hill in top gear, it can remain stationary without the driver even having to apply the brakes to prevent it from running backwards. If by chance it begins to creep in a slightly forward or backward direction, all one has to do is to ease or depress the accelerator pedal slightly.

Regarding the independent front-wheel suspension, one has only to drive fast round a right-hand corner hugging the left-hand side of the road to realise the "Eleven's" stability. With an off set camber, it is really astonishing how the car follows its correct course without the least effort and without the slightest tendency to sway or to skid.

Silent gear changes can be effected without having to touch the clutch pedal, and for this and other reasons I should imagine that the Singer "Eleven" will prove most popular, owing to the simplicity of handling and to the absence of driving fatigue when undertaking long journeys.

THE ALPINE TRIAL

A Triumph for British Cars

British cars scored a great triumph in the international Alpine motor trial which began at Nice on August 7th and finished in Munich last Sunday. The Talbot and Triumph teams won Alpine cups in their respective groups, and thirteen British drivers were awarded Glacier cups for retaining a clean sheet during the 1,900 miles run. This total of fifteen first prizes out of the total of 41 possible is a very satisfactory performance from the point of view of British motoring prestige.

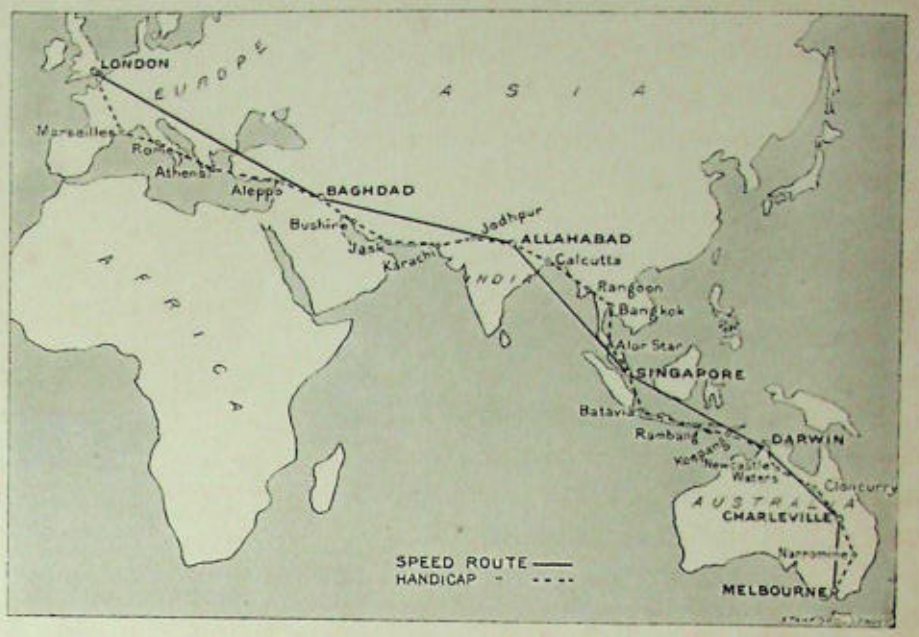
The course was a severe test of both cars and drivers. T. H. Wisdom, of the Talbot team, had five punctures during the final run from Zagreb, but managed to get in within the prescribed time. Disappointment awaited Miss J. Richmond (a Triumph driver), for at first it was thought that she had won a silver plaque, but when the judges came to give their decision it was found that she had been disqualified.

The route was through Aix-les-Bains, Interlaken, St. Moritz, Venice and Zagreb, over the French Alps, the Dolomites, the Swiss Alps and the mountains of Yugo-Slavia, Austria and Germany.

BRITAIN'S PROSPECTS IN THE AUSTRALIA AIR RACE

A Review of the Entries

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



ALTHOUGH the London-Melbourne Air Race will not begin until October, there is already an immense amount of interest everywhere in the event. It is generally conceded that the nation which wins the MacRobertson Trophy (of which the donor is Sir Macpherson Robertson) will gain a world-wide prestige that will benefit its aviation industry enormously. That is why it is so vitally essential that Britain should secure the award.

It is, of course, too soon to assess chances with any degree of accuracy, since many of the machines are unknown quantities, and a great deal will naturally depend upon the weather conditions that obtain at the time of the start. Nevertheless, it is of great interest to run through the official list of entries, which is now complete, and to seek to discover what the relative prospects of each country are.

The complete list of entries contains 64 names, representing thirteen different countries. The largest individual entry comes from the United States, with eighteen machines, though Great Britain is a close second with seventeen. Seven entries come from France, five each from Holland and Australia, four from New Zealand, and two from Italy, while Denmark, Sweden, India, the Irish Free State, New Guinea, and Portugal each have one entry. These are, of course, the total figures, and give little clue to the prospects of the actual competition, which is divided into three classes, these being for speed only, for handicap, and for speed and handicap combined.

Analysing the entries in these three classes, we find that the largest entrant in the handicap event is Great Britain, with ten machines; then come the United States with five, Holland and New Zealand with three each, and Germany, Denmark, France, Australia, India and Portugal with one each. In the class devoted to speed only, the United States tops the list with seven entries, the only other competitors being Holland and France, with one entry each.

Possibly the most interest attaches to those countries which are competing in both the speed and the handicap races. Here, Great Britain and the United States have each six machines, France has five, Australia four, and Italy two, while New Zealand, Holland, Sweden, the Irish Free State, and New Guinea have one entry each.

These classifications have been made on the basis of nationality of the entrant, and while it would be very gratifying if a British competitor were to win the race, it would be hardly less satisfactory if one of the many British machines, entered from the Dominions and foreign countries, were to prove successful. The contest would, indeed, seem to lie, at any rate so far as numbers are concerned, between the British and American machines, there being 25 of the former and 24 of the latter. French machines are the next most numerous, with a total of six, Holland having four, Italy two, and the German, Australian and New Zealand aircraft industries being represented by one each.

It has been very clear, ever since the first details of the race were published, that the winning machine will have to possess an exceptional range combined with unusually high speed; and here the American entries would seem to have a big pull over those of other countries, for the American industry has paid great attention to developing high speed, long-distance machines for the Trans-Continental Airway.

In this connection, it may be noted that Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Colonel J. C. Fitzmaurice are both flying American types. But the chances of British entries in the speed event must not be easily dismissed, since there are some worthy representatives of the industry taking part.

British hopes centre chiefly in the performance of the new De Havilland Comet, which has been specially designed for the race. At the moment of writing very few details of this machine are available, but it is believed to be exceptionally fast, as might be expected in view of the performance of the Dragon 6 and the Express Airliner machines turned out by the same designer. There are, too, some other very fast British entries, notably a couple of Fairey Foxes. Little is known of other entries in the speed class, but it is to be expected that the French representatives, as well as the Dutch and the Italians, will give very good accounts of themselves.

From the British point of view, one of the most satisfactory circumstances is that the British competitors are taking the race very seriously indeed and are making thorough preparations to ensure, not only mechanical reliability, but accurate course keeping. The race will be as big a test of navigation as of sheer speed and reliability, and here, the qualifications of British pilots taking part provide a great stimulus to British hopes. The route to Australia is familiar to quite a number of them, while it is more or less of an unknown quantity to other entrants, particularly the American.

Summing up British prospects, therefore, one feels justified in taking a view of quiet optimism, while recognising the great strength of the opposition, and the undoubted quality of the men and machines against which the British competitors will be matched.

AN INDIAN AIR RACE

The Viceroy's Challenge Trophy for 1934

It is announced that the annual air race for the Viceroy's Challenge Trophy will be held this year on December 15th and 16th. It will be a handicap race open to all aircraft under 400 h.p. registered in India or in any other part of the British Empire, and to all pilots, but a special prize will be awarded to the first Indian trained pilot to pass the post.

The course will be from Calcutta to Cawnpore on the first day, and from Cawnpore to Bombay on the second day. There will be checking points at Gaya and Hoshangabad, where all pilots must land. Aeroplanes will be handicapped for the whole race, but, in order to secure a close finish at each place, the handicap imposed on each day will be proportionate to the distance to be covered. No dual control will be allowed.

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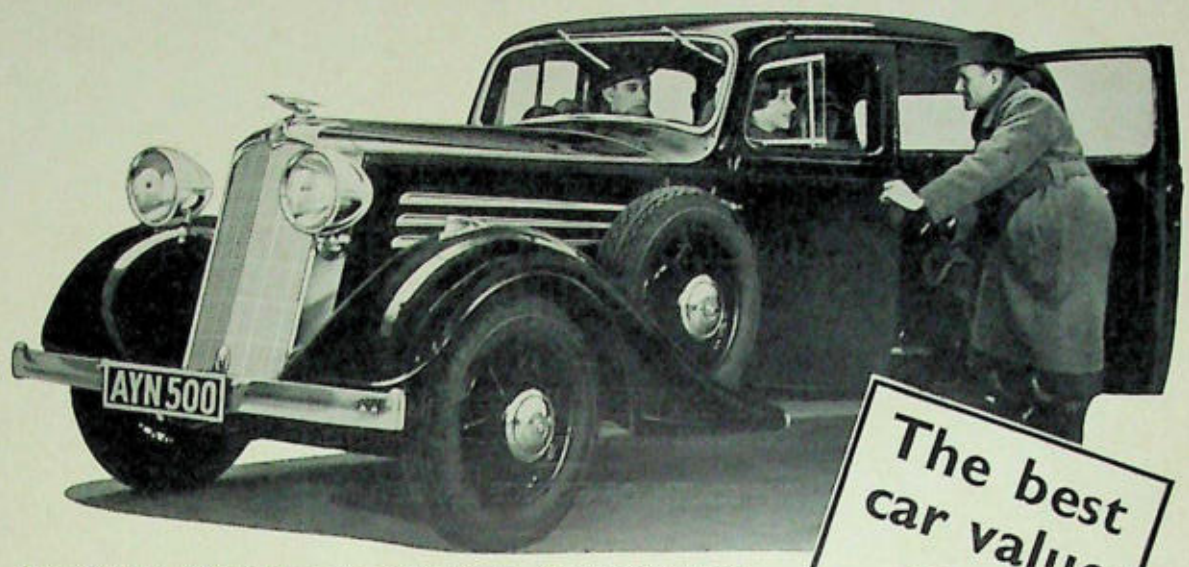

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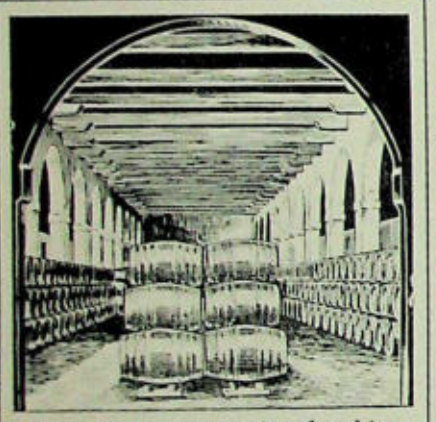

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AUTUMN AND WINTER CRUISES

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LIFE on board ship, combined with the opportunity of visiting foreign cities and strange lands, is an attraction that shows no sign of losing its appeal, even among those to whom cruising has lost its novelty. As a result, the steamship companies have arranged a programme of autumn and early winter cruises which offers a wide and unusually attractive choice to the late holiday-maker.

A last opportunity this season of cruising in northern waters is provided by the City of Paris and the Meteor, both of which sail for Norway on September 1st, the former calling at Oslo and Kristiansand in the course of six days afloat, the latter visiting in addition Arendal, Copenhagen, and the Kiel Canal ports of Holtenau and Brunsbüttel—a cruise of nine days.

Oslo is a charming yet imposing city, framed in beautiful surroundings, and it is always a popular port with cruising visitors. Copenhagen, the largest of Scandinavian cities, has its own characteristics of grace and gaiety —"The Paris of the North" it has been called—and opens up to the traveller a countryside of many charms. The passage through the Kiel Canal is an event of considerable interest, the six or eight hours which it fills being packed with incident.

The majority of the cruises available during the autumn are away for round about a fortnight, calling at various ports in the Western Mediterranean and on the neighbouring Atlantic seaboard, some vessels, however, continuing southward to Madeira and the Canary Islands. The ports of call, though many of them are familiar to the seasoned traveller, are as fascinating as they are varied, and at each there is the double attraction of the town itself and of its hinterland, in which delightful excursions can be made.

Lisbon provides an excellent example of this twofold attraction, for it is not only full of interest as a beautiful and modern capital, but supplies the opportunity to visit the fairyland of Cintra, where the famous Pena Palace stands high up on its rocky bluff overlooking the Tagus. Farther south, the busy port of Cadiz may be made the starting point of a memorable excursion to Seville, with its glorious old cathedral and the Alcazar, breathing the spirit of Moorish Spain.

At Gibraltar, which looks across the sea to the charming little Spanish town of Algeciras, you are on one of the ancient Pillars of Hercules; the other is at Ceuta, where it is well worth while to make the trip to Tetuan, a walled city which contains everything that the imagination expects of a typical Moorish town. Another fascinating town is Rabat, which is some 50 odd miles from Casablanca, the great modern port which the French have built over the ruins of the old town.

White-walled Tangier, too, is always a popular port, and here you may enjoy the experience of sightseeing on the back of a donkey in the markets and in the narrow streets thronged with queerly-garbed people. Farther east, along the north coast of Africa, Algiers rises in tiers from the sea front—a town teeming with life and presenting a

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fascinating mixture of East and West. Many excellent trips can be made from it, including that to Blida, an Arab town lying 8,000ft. above the sea in a beautiful region where roses, olives and oranges grow in abundance.

On the Mediterranean coast of Spain cruising steamers call at the contrasting ports of Malaga and Barcelona, the one a fine old Andalucian town and the other a progressive city exemplifying the modern activity of the country. If there is sufficient time to make the excursion from Malaga to Granada it should on no account be missed, not only for the sake of seeing the Alhambra, with its thousand slender pillars and incomparable delicacy of architecture, but because the journey there by car is a supremely interesting experience.

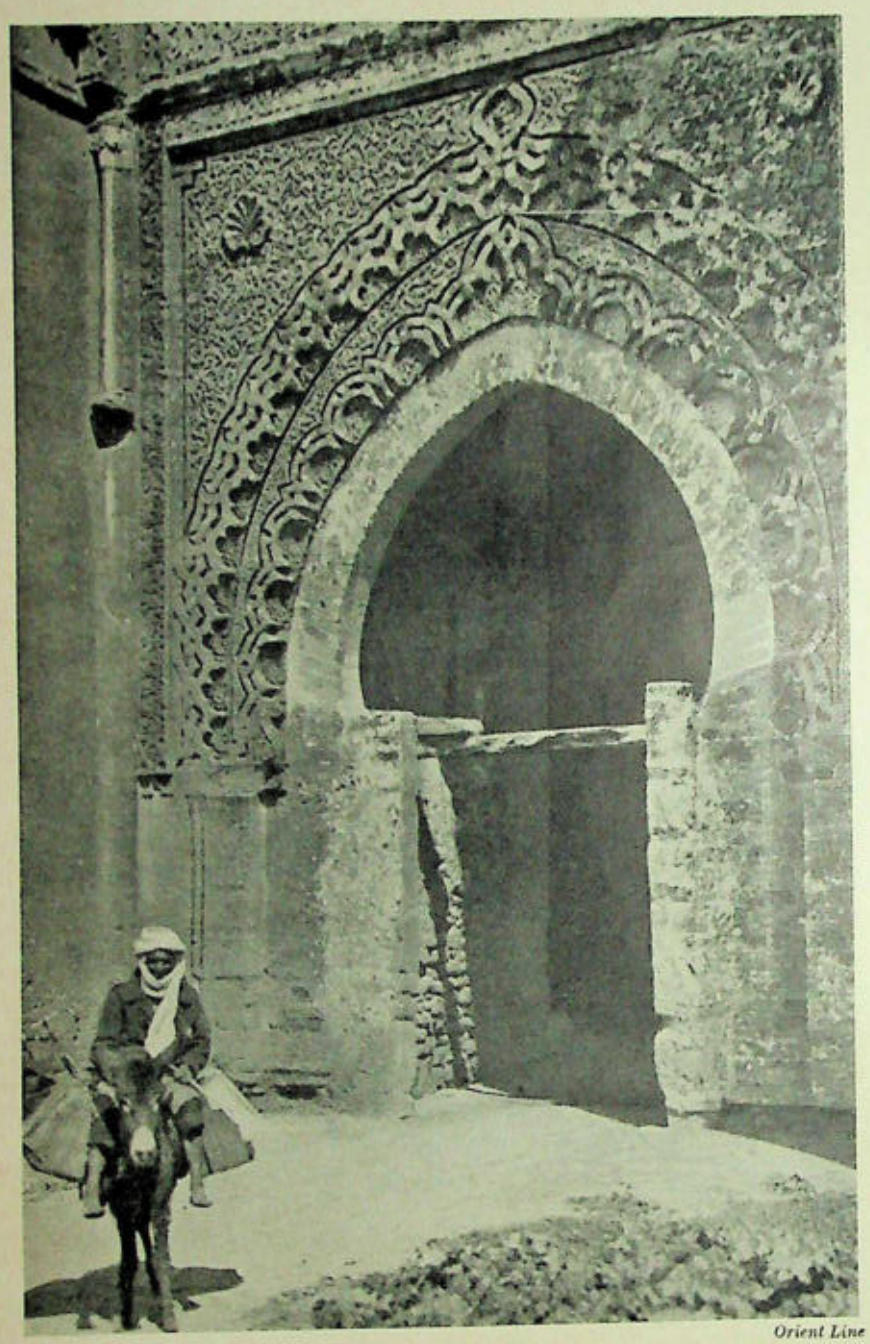
Majorca, another favourite place of call, set in the sea between Barcelona and Algiers, offers a delightful prospect of scenic charms, though much of architectural interest is also to be found in its capital, Palma, which abounds in old houses with pillared courtyards.

The Atlantic Islands, with their sub-tropical vegetation, have further experiences to offer in the matter of shore excursions. At Madeira you ascend from Funchal in the mountain railway to Terreiro da Lucta, the train rising to over 3,000ft. and providing a wonderful view of the bay and of the terraced slopes which lead down to it. On this excursion you have the option of returning from the summit by toboggan—an exciting and amusing, but perfectly safe, means of descent. Funchal itself has a distinctive charm, to which the picturesque but cumbersome bullock-carroes contribute.

A call at Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, gives an opportunity to drive through the banana plantations of the island and to visit a number of interesting little towns, including Orotava, renowned for its beautiful old Spanish houses. Again, the gay capital of Grand Canary, Las Palmas, is the starting point of a highly popular drive, which includes the cave dwellings of Atalaya.

During the autumn the Canadian Pacific Line is running a series of eight twelve-day and thirteen-day cruises, visiting a selection of the ports mentioned above. The Cunard Line has a similar series of six cruises by the Lancastria and the Samaria, including a sixteen-day cruise which extends to Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, and the Tunisian port of Bizerta. Three cruises of about a fortnight's duration have been arranged by the White Star Line, one of them touching the French Riviera at Monaco. The Voltaire and the Vandyck, of the Lamport and Holt Line, sail on three cruises of from thirteen to fifteen days.

The Anchor Line has arranged for two fortnight-cruises to be made by the Tuscania, one of them extending as far as Monte Carlo; and another is to be made by the P. & O. steamer Strathaird, visiting among other ports Monte Carlo and Naples. A sixteen-day cruise by the Royal Mail Line's Atlantis calls at ports in Portugal, Spain, the Riviera and North Africa; while the Ellerman's City Line steamer, City of Nagpur, calls in the same period at seven ports, including the Corsican capital, Ajaccio, and Civita Vecchia, which is the port for Rome. The excavations of the ancient city,



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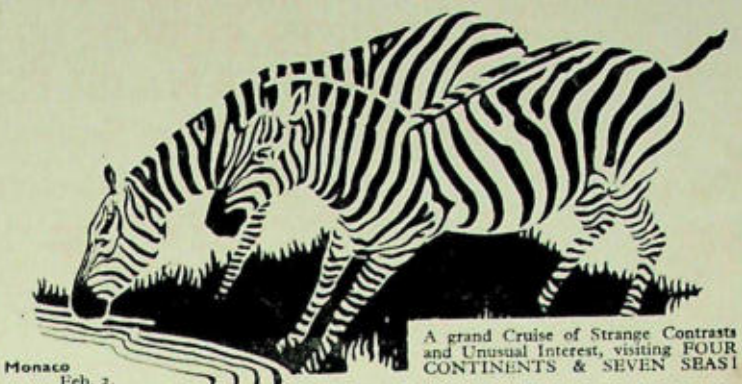

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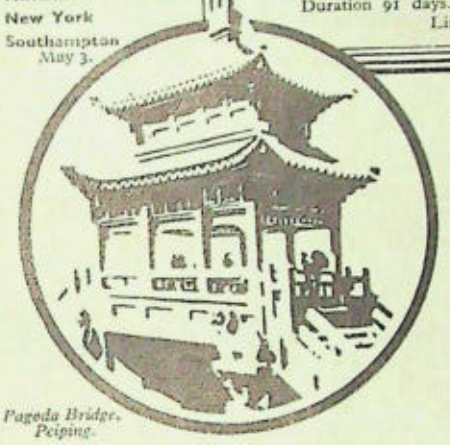

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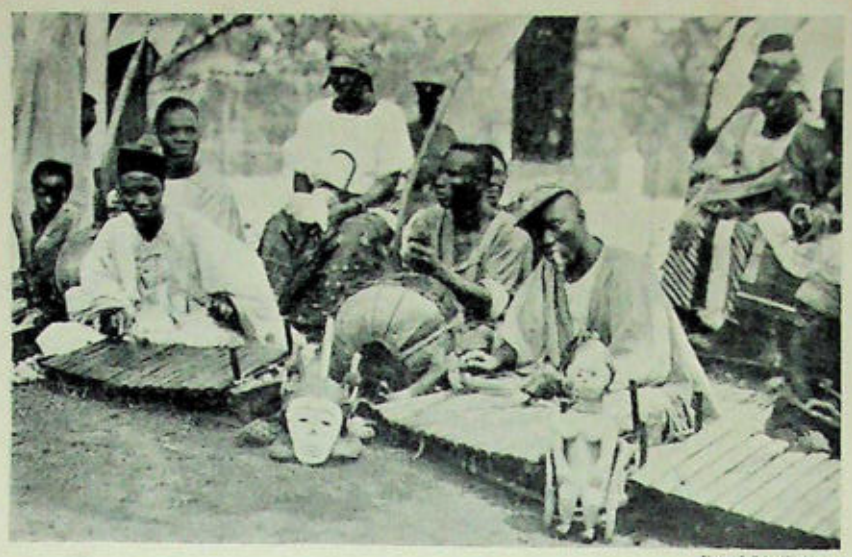


Royal Mail Lines

ON THE ATLANTIS CRUISE TO SIERRA LEONE: A GROUP OF SUSU MUSICIANS

which have recently been carried out, render a visit to the Italian capital at the present time of more than usual interest.

As an example of what can be done in the way of short cruises, there is a nine days' voyage by the Canadian Pacific steamer Montrose, with calls at Casablanca, Gibraltar and Corunna. In addition, two seven days' cruises are being made by the Stella Polaris to the Spanish bathing resorts of San Sebastian (from which Biarritz may be visited) and Santander. Even shorter cruises are being made by the Tuscania, which visits the Cornish Riviera during five days afloat, and by the Melita, which sails on another five days' cruise to Torbay.

Several long cruises are available for those who have more than a fortnight to spare, and these are away for varying periods up to a month, the more extensive of them visiting distant ports in the Eastern Mediterranean. The Voltaire and the Vandyck are each scheduled to sail on an eighteen-day cruise extending as far as Naples and Palermo. Passengers at these ports have the enviable prospect not only of exploring two of the most beautiful cities in the Mediterranean, but of visiting the Crater of Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii, of seeing something of the charms of the Sicilian countryside, and of taking a drive from Palermo to Monreale Cathedral and the great Greek Temple at Segesta.

The Atlantis also calls at Naples and Palermo during an eighteen-day cruise, visiting in addition the Rivieras of France and Italy; while the Arandora Star touches at Tripoli, as well as Naples and other ports, in the course of a nineteen-day cruise. In a similar period the Homeric calls at Malta, Athens, Rhodes and Katakolo.

Malta, with its impregnable harbour, its grand buildings raised by the Knights of Malta, and its steep roads which are no more than flights of steps, is an astonishing place if you have never been there before, and though you may wish it possible to enter the harbour of Rhodes to-day beneath the ancient Colossus, you are unlikely to be disappointed in that remarkable city of domes and minarets.

Athens and Katakolo represent attractions of a different order. At Athens you see, among other noble ruins, the Acropolis, which stands as a symbol of ancient civilization overlooking the modern city, while the call at Katakolo may be made the occasion of a visit to the famous ruins at Olympia.

On another cruise, lasting three weeks, the Homeric goes as far as Istanbul, visiting also Mudros, Athens and Malta. No other place is like Istanbul; it is worth going there if only to see the glorious sweep of the Golden Horn and its Oriental skyline. Salonika is the objective of a 24-day cruise by the City of Paris. This cruise has been arranged under the auspices of the Salonika Re-Union Association for the purpose of enabling those who are interested to visit the scenes of the historic Salonika campaign. Other ports of call on this cruise include Malta, Athens and Naples.

Egypt and Palestine are visited by the Arandora Star on a de luxe autumn cruise of one month, the shore arrangements include overland tours to Cairo, Luxor, Thebes and Karnak, Jerusalem, Galilee and Syria. In addition, the usual short trips have been arranged from the ports—Alexandria, Jaffa, Port Said, Haifa and Beirut—while visits are also paid during the same cruise to Tangier, Philippeville, Cyprus, Rhodes, Athens, Tunis and Gibraltar.

* * *

A cruise extending over Christmas and the New Year offers a new and delightful way of spending the festive season, and it is by no means too early to book passages now. The Arandora Star and the Atlantis leave on December 19th and 21st respectively for 20-day cruises to Gambia, Sierra Leone and the Atlantic Islands. The contact which they provide with African native life and the beautiful tropical scenery around the ports of call should be a sufficient guarantee of the success of these cruises, no less than the wonderful climate which this part of West Africa enjoys during the winter months. The Atlantic Islands, too, have a warm and agreeable winter climate which offers a welcome change from the vagaries of our own weather.

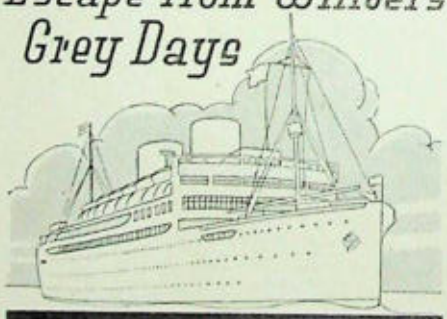
Other Christmas and New Year cruises, extending over a fortnight, are to be made by the Homeric and the Viceroy of India. Both are calling at ports in the Atlantic Islands, and one of them pays a further call at Lisbon, while the other calls at Casablanca, Tangier and Gibraltar. L. H. G.

NEW YEAR CRUISES

In January next the Empress of Britain, the largest vessel ever to encircle the globe, will leave Monaco on a Grand Cruise round the world. Calls will be made at many places off the beaten track, and the carefully planned itinerary provides for visits to the various countries at the best time of year for each. The accommodation aboard the Empress of Britain, and the places of interest which will be encountered on the cruise, are described in an illustrated brochure, which may be obtained on application to the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1.

Sailing from Plymouth on January 17th, and returning at the end of March, the M.V. Reina del Pacifico (17,707 tons) will embrace seventeen countries in her tour round South America. The itinerary includes visits to Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video, Buenos Aires, Santiago, and other South American cities, the passage through the Magellan Straits, and a call at Robinson Crusoe's Island. Full particulars of the tour and details of available accommodation at moderate rates will be sent on application to the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool 3, or America House, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

Escape from Winter's Grey Days



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SO-CALLED TEST MATCHES

LET us be sure of our facts as regards this last series of so-called Test cricket matches.

In the series played in Australia, with Mr. Jardine as captain of the English side, Australia were beaten. They were beaten mainly because Mr. Jardine discovered that they were weak against fast bowling, particularly on the leg stump, and shaped his tactics accordingly. The Australian Press resented this, and invented the term "body-line" bowling, the insinuation being that the English bowlers tried to intimidate the batsman, whereas the worst that they did was to bowl at, and hit, the leg stump.

The Australian Board of Control, however, followed up this Press outcry with a sort of propaganda by cable, designed to prevent their side being beaten again by what has come to be known as "leg-theory" bowling. The M.C.C. parried these Australian requests, and in the end it was decided that the 1934 series of matches in England should take place as it had been arranged. Many people thought it would have been better to postpone this series, but English County Cricket Clubs need gate money, and their wishes over-ruled what was probably the better opinion of the M.C.C. Meanwhile Mr. Jardine, whom the M.C.C. had appointed captain of a cricket team touring in India, intimated that he did not wish to be asked to captain the next English side against Australia, and the M.C.C., though demurring to his wishes, accepted his decision.

What has happened since? The first four Test matches were played with the result that two were drawn and each side won one game. In none of the first four matches were the two Nottinghamshire bowlers, Larwood and Voce, chosen to play—Larwood himself declining to be included in the eleven and Voce apparently not having been considered good enough by the selectors. After the fourth Test match, however, came the match played by Australia against Nottinghamshire. On the Saturday of this match Voce obtained eight Australian wickets for 66 runs. On the Monday he bowled two overs and the match was stopped for bad light. On Tuesday morning he was withdrawn from the game. For what reason? Presumably someone connected with the Australian team had protested against his methods of bowling. There was no question of the M.C.C. interfering with a county game, as was reported at the time; the decision to remove Voce from the game rested entirely with the Nottinghamshire Committee, and it is not unnatural that there should have been speculation as to whether the Australian demand for Voce's withdrawal was not accompanied by some sort of reference to the possibilities of a future Test match at Trent Bridge.

However all this may be, the fact remains that for the fifth Test match, England took the field without their best captain and without the two bowlers most likely to take Australian wickets. Moreover, the fast bowlers who were included in the team were not allowed—at all events on the first day of the match—to place their field as they wished. It was absurd to see a left-hand bowler like Clark deprived of his proper field on the leg side—such a field, for instance, as Hirst used to place when he played for England. Even so, the two chief scorers in Australia's first innings obviously disliked the fast bowling which was sent down to them, and showed that with a field properly placed, the Australian total would have been considerably less.

In these circumstances the word "test" as applied to the 1934 series of matches loses its meaning. The Test team, to all intents and purposes, is chosen by Australia, and England's captain defers to Australia's wishes. This is not cricket as it is understood by Englishmen. For the real game we must go to the schools, the country house and the village green. We do not wish to see another Test match played under the conditions in which England took the field at the Oval.

PRICES AT DONCASTER

DONCASTER once more looms large upon the racing and bloodstock-breeding horizon. As usual at this time of the year the question which is perplexing the minds of stud owners who have yearlings for sale is how will prices rule in the Glasgow Paddocks. Here, many a classic winner, Singapore and Rose of England to name only two, has been sold. This year it appears that prices will rule high with the added proviso that the yearling sold possesses true racing conformation.

A glance at the lots which the leading studs are sending up is instructive in more ways than one, for it certainly proves that the majority of studs are now offering quality rather than quantity. In the boom years after the war, far too many bad racehorses were bred, probably owing to the fact that breeders—in view of the gigantic prices then ruling—thought that bloodstock breeding was a short cut to easy wealth. Their disillusionment did no harm to horse-breeding.

At the present time, and it should prove to be the case this year, the average price of 580 guineas per yearling compares favourably with the 690 guineas which obtained in 1913, when times were more settled than they are to-day. The reduction in the income tax should help matters with the big buyers.

TEST MATCH PUZZLES

"What is wrong with the England team?" The question came naturally to many spectators at the Oval last Saturday as they watched fielding that would hardly have done credit to a good club team. It was not so much that catches were missed—everyone misses catches at critical moments sometimes, and this just happened to be a bad day; but, with one or two exceptions, the ground fielding was unsafe and untidy and the throwing-in often really bad, while slackness in backing up allowed more than one overthrow to give away runs. The England team, plainly, did not look like an international side; there was no inspiration anywhere in it.

Another question asked occasionally at the Oval was "What is the matter with the Australian batsmen?" This was when a ball happened to rise high from the pitch. The batsman would then stand in an attitude obviously of protest. This was ridiculous because there was no question of leg-trap bumpers being used. Ponsford was hit by the ball several times, but only because of his habit of walking across the wicket almost every time he plays a stroke. The crowd was mildly demonstrative when these incidents occurred, but was otherwise thoroughly good natured and ready to enjoy the batting of Ponsford and Bradman.

OVAL ACCOMMODATION

Puzzling, too, is the poor accommodation in the "popular" area at the Oval. At Lord's there is room for thousands of spectators to be seated comfortably, yet the Oval is so constructed that nearly everyone in the ordinary area has to stand. The trouble is that the bottom concrete tier has not been made high enough for the spectators on it to see over the heads of those standing behind the two rows of seats which are on the grass. It follows, therefore, that when they are forced to stand to get a view of the game those on the tiers behind them are also obliged to do the same thing, and eventually everyone on the stone tiers is standing.

CUSTOM HARD TO UPROOT

B.B.C. announcers it is stated had become so accustomed to the 24-hour clock system that they at first found it difficult to revert to the twelve-hour timing. This may be taken as an indication that it would not be a matter of great difficulty for the general public to become equally accustomed to the innovation. But the 24-hour clock brought forth enough protest to show that our conservative ideas are still as difficult as ever to overcome. It augurs ill for any hope of ever changing our complicated system of weights and measures for the simplicity of the metric system, or of a road reform by which this country will fall into line with the rest of the world and drive on the right hand side of the road.

A FEEDING STUFF SCARE

Sharp rises in the price of feedingstuffs, consequent on short crops of wheat and maize abroad, come most inopportunely at the beginning of a winter when hay and other home-grown foods are not too plentiful, and the market prices of fat stock do not leave a margin for a heavier outlay. It has even been said that the extra cost of feedingstuffs will nullify the benefit of the £3,000,000 Government subsidy on fat cattle. But there is no call for undue pessimism. The markets have been jumpy, reflecting the uncertainty about America's crops, but the recent rise has been too sharp to be maintained. If farmers are not ready buyers for the next few weeks the markets will steady as they have done before.

CHANNEL SWIMS

It is 59 years since Captain Webb started the vogue for Channel swimming when he crossed from England to France in 21 hours 45 minutes. T. W. Burgess, in 1911, and H. Sullivan, in 1923, emulated his feat in making the England to France passage, but it remained for E. H. Temme last Saturday, under favourable conditions, to rival Webb's time to the tune of 15 hours 54 minutes, and incidentally to become the first swimmer to cross the Channel in both directions. On the same day an Austrian lady, Frau Emma Faber, swam from France to England, her time being given variously as 14 hours 15 minutes (beating Miss Ederle's 14 hours 34 minutes) and 14 hours 40 minutes.

Captain Webb after his great swim in 1875 was a visitor to the *Field* office with his witnesses, and the *Field* owes a deep apology to his memory for wrongly recording the manner of his death in a recent issue. He was drowned on July 24th, 1883, in an attempt to swim the rapids below Niagara Falls.

WITHOUT COMMENT

One Test Match commentator: "There was that shipping clerk from Melbourne who stood back to back with me in a nasty little affray in Singapore. . . . And then there was Gallipoli! . . . Are we going to let a game of cricket pull down the old roof tree . . .?"

KEEPER AND LITTLE OWL

On August 7th, William Pratt, employed as gamekeeper by the well-known firm of game farmers, Messrs. Dwight, of Berkhamsted, was charged before the local Bench with shooting a wild bird contrary to the provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880. This bird was a little owl which the keeper had seen attacking his young pheasants and had shot in the act of doing so. The Bench did not regard the offence as serious and fined him one shilling.

The Chairman said that the Bench felt that they could not get away from the terms of the statute, and doubtless, technically, they were right. It may be pointed out, however, that when the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880 was framed, the little owl was merely an occasional visitor to this country. It was not until the late 'eighties and 'nineties that the bird became common in this country, owing to its introduction from Holland by the late Lord Lilford. The Act of 1880, therefore, cannot be said to apply to the little owl. Further, it should be noted that the little owl, in many counties in England, is specifically excluded from protection in the County Council schedules, owing to its mischievous habits and the damage it does, not only to game, but to poultry and to singing birds. In the circumstances most people will agree that the keeper was perfectly justified in shooting the owl to protect his master's property, and sympathy will be extended to Messrs. Dwight for the annoyance to which they must have been put in resisting so unnecessary a prosecution.

HONOUR FOR A TROUT

For a fish to receive an obituary notice in the *Times* and to achieve the additional distinction of inspiring a leader in the same paper must surely be unique. The age of the late lamented trout from the Kent, if correctly estimated at ten years, was "nothing to write home about," for there have been fish whose scales revealed the probability of some 50 per cent. additional time spent in mocking their would-be seducers; nor was its ability to distinguish truth from falsehood, if its immunity from capture may be attributed to that cause, by any means superior to its confrères in more southern streams. The education of many trout nowadays, alas, has conduced to the knowledge that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and that anything floating overhead is of a different calibre.

LIFE UNDER WATER

Fishing has become so interwoven with the Natural History of fish that eminence in the art is seldom attained merely by the manual skill which enabled our grandfathers to become famous for their baskets on Tweed or Test. Nowadays it is the man who can explain the vagaries of fish, who can throw light on that mysterious underwater world dimly seen through the veil of ever-flowing water, who holds the angler's regard. Colonel E. W. Harding was such an one, and his death last week at the early age of 56 has brought more than grief to his wide circle of friends; it has left a sense of loss to fishermen who saw in him a man whose studies, it was hoped, would open out a new world to the flyfisher. His book, *The Flyfisher and the Trout's Point of View*, set the door ajar on that new world. There is a feeling of tragedy in the thought that it must now be left to others to open it.

HOUNDS AND HARD GROUND

Although the harvest has been one of the earliest to be gathered for many years, the outlook for the hunting season is only a moderate one, owing to the hard state of the ground. Relatively little rain has fallen throughout the sun-drenched summer, and hounds cannot get out cub-hunting, nor in many parts of the country, and the North especially, can racehorses be trained. Until rain falls in some quantity all over the country, hounds will not be able to rattle the cubs about, one of the most important proceedings in the whole hunting season.

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

Much ink has been spilt on Test match cricket and Test match methods. For a change, let us listen to George Meredith's Juggling Jerry, pitching his tent by the hedgeside on the common:

"Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I whip off the bail from the wicket?
Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—
I know them!
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem."

AGRICULTURAL POLICY UNDER FIRE

Misunderstandings and the Real Facts

USUALLY the *Field* abjures political controversy, but there is a matter of fundamental importance to farmers and landowners which is being raised in the urban Press and the issue should be faced now, before more mischief is made. Brief quotations from a leading article in the *Daily Herald* of August 17th will suffice: "There are basically only two ways of assisting agriculture. One is to increase agricultural incomes by raising the price of agricultural products. . . . This policy is frankly one of subventions and exactions from the 93 per cent. of the community not engaged on the land in the interests of the 7 per cent. so engaged. . . . Agriculture is asking for trouble in accepting this policy. For sooner or later the nation will repudiate it. Then there will be a terrible agricultural relapse and distress infinitely worse than now. . . . The other policy is to reduce farming costs through increased technical and marketing efficiency so that the net income of agriculture is higher at the same or even lower prices. . . ."

Let us get the facts clear. All that British agriculture wants is reasonably remunerative prices for its products. The Government have decided that it is sound national policy to have a live agriculture in these islands, and that the farming community shall be afforded the right to make a fair livelihood just as other citizens who are engaged in the manufacture of, say, motor cars or boots, or who are professional people. Agriculture is not asking for specially favoured treatment, or for a measure of protection from overseas competition at greater cost to the consuming public than the protection afforded to urban industry. The present misunderstandings arise from the method of applying the necessary protection.

It has not been an easy task. For more than 80 years the farming industry had been sacrificed to urban industry and the cause of "cheap" food. Two figures will illustrate the effect. In 1871 the number of agricultural workers in England and Wales was 962,000. In 1934 the number is 687,000—a reduction of about 30 per cent. The present Government, when they took office, were not able to agree on any clear-cut policy for the regeneration of agriculture, although they realised that the job must be tackled vigorously. So a variety of methods have been used. We have a subsidy for home-grown wheat derived from a tax on all flour milled, whether imported from overseas or ground in this country. We have the quantitative regulation of bacon imports designed to strike a nice balance between the supply of bacon and the demand so that the producers' price can be maintained at a remunerative but not extravagant level. We have tariffs on horticultural produce from abroad and we have a combination of tariffs and quotas to assist the home producer of eggs. The latest expedient is a temporary subsidy from the Treasury to aid the home beef producer who so far has been afforded no effective protection from cheap imported supplies.

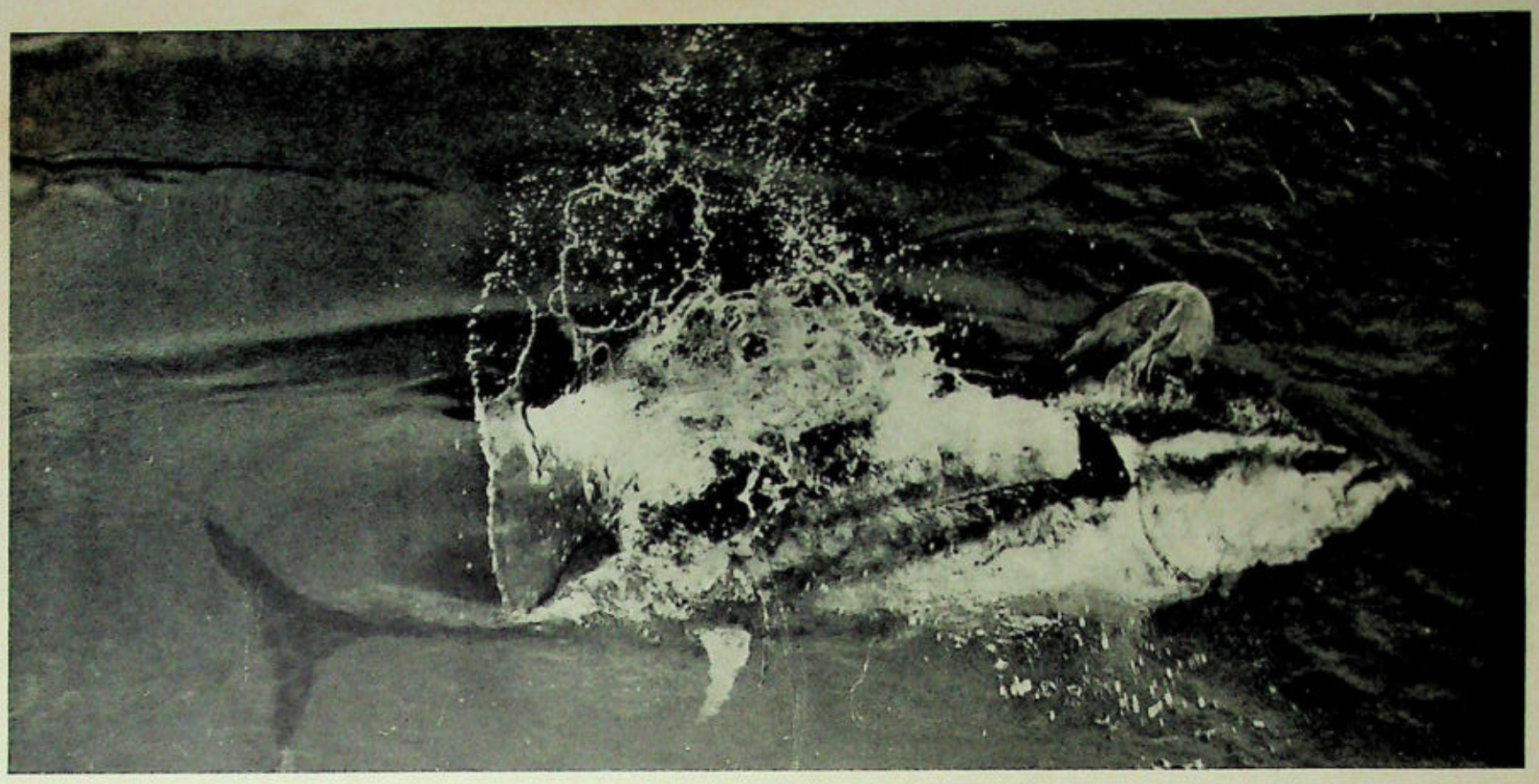
It is the confusion of method which gives critical urban opinion the impression that British agriculture is being spoon-fed and that the whole business is most unsatisfactory. There is danger if these ideas are allowed to grow uncorrected. In two years' time the Government must go to the electorate and their agricultural policy—and with it the livelihood of the farming community—will be weighed in the scales of public opinion. Cannot we then evolve from the experience of the past two years of trial and error a more clear-cut policy that can be readily understood by the urban electorate? Mr. Elliot is a clever man, and maybe his plans are sometimes a little too ingenious and complicated. Protection we must have in the same way as urban industry, but let it for the sake of continuity be as straightforward as possible.

"The other policy is to reduce farming costs through increased technical and marketing efficiency. . . ." This sounds simple enough. But to put the matter in proper perspective let me quote Professor J. A. Scott Watson, writing in the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture this month: "The decline of employment and the apparent waste of land are obvious and regrettable things that seem to imply the defeat of the present generation of farmers and the decay of the industry. There is among townspeople a very general tendency to regard these things as proof of the inefficiency of the farmer. If land is fallow when it might be growing roots or is under indifferent grass when it might be bearing corn, it is obvious that neither the maximum possible output of food nor the maximum possible amount of employment is being provided—and these are still regarded by many as the only objects to be aimed at in farming. . . . The only *economic* alternatives are to abandon the land or carry through a complete reorganisation aimed at a drastic reduction of costs. Any such reorganisation if it is to succeed must mean a large reduction of employment and possibly, too, a big reduction in output."

The true basis of national policy is to combine the ideal of reasonable efficiency in production with recognition of the importance of agriculture as a way of life. Have we not learned by experience that it is folly to crowd our towns and leave our country half idle and half empty? Bread and meat may be cheaper to buy in our towns than anywhere abroad, but what does it profit us if this cheapness spells warped minds and bodies for the majority of the population? Neglect of our agricultural resources has cost the nation many million pounds in health services alone. The aim of the new philosophy should be to establish farming in this country as a way of gaining a fair livelihood for a greater number of people. Efficiency and economy in production are important, but they can be dangerous masters. There is something greater than cheapness at stake.

At the same time the nation can confidently expect that the expansion of home agriculture which is now taking place will result in fuller supplies of fresh produce of high quality at reasonable prices. The Milk Marketing Board has been criticised a good deal, but its existence and the Government assistance given to the dairy industry will be fully justified if we see, as we should during the next two years, a marked improvement in the purity of the milk supply and a lowering of retail prices to induce consumption to keep pace with increased production. When they can offer a product in which the doctors and the public have confidence it will pay milk producers to "go all out" to increase the demand. The same is happening in the bacon industry. Promised a stable market farmers have planned to increase the production of prime bacon pigs of suitable type for present-day requirements and we shall see, if all goes well, an ever-increasing share of the bacon market taken by home produce rather than Danish or Lithuanian. These are but two examples of the benefits which the consuming public can expect and demand in return for a measure of protection for British agriculture.

BROADLEAZE.



A THRILLING SIGHT FOR THE BIG-GAME FISHERMAN: A TUNNY COMING TO THE SURFACE AFTER HERRING

THOSE MAGNETIC TUNNY

Anglers in Force at Scarborough and Big Fish Close in Shore

By HAROLD J. HARDY

THIS summer, 1934, is the fifth season for tunny angling in the North Sea. A short review of past seasons is instructive and will show how often "the best laid schemes of men gang agley." The first season 1930 saw no boats of more than 50ft. employed, and all of these were from the local market fishing fleet. No one knew much about where the fish were likely to be found, and a large amount of useful information was gained. In that year the tunny came close in, that is within ten miles of the shore; the weather was on the whole good.

The next year, 1931, was chiefly notable for stormy weather, and short—too short—periods of better conditions. Local boats were still the only ones in use for fishing. In 1932 came the first really good season, during which the fish came close in shore, and the weather was warm and settled. Colonel E. T. Peel, D.S.O., M.C. arrived that year and used his motor yacht St. George to take him to the fishing grounds. This was the only large ship at Scarborough that year, but Colonel Peel did not go out, usually, any farther than the local fishing boats used by other anglers.

The great change came last season when several yachts arrived off Scarborough, and in the early part of the season went distances of at least 140 miles in search of the fish. On two occasions only were tunny hooked close in. Two Americans, Mr. Francis Taylor in his yacht Aldebaran hooked and lost two thirteen miles N.N.E. of Scarborough, and Mr. W. H. Millspaugh killed one thirteen miles east of the port.

The present season promises to be one in which all classes of boats from the open 35ft. motor coble, which some of us prefer to anything else, to large ocean-going yachts, will have a chance of success. There would seem to be little doubt that tunny are always to be found during the season on or near the Dogger Bank, *i.e.*, from the middle of July till early October.

The first angler to go out this season was Mr. W. H. Usher of Edinburgh, who arrived at Scarborough towards the end of July in his yacht Joanna, a beautiful little ship of some 23 tons. He unfortunately struck one of the few periods of unsettled weather there have been this summer, but was able to get out once or twice during his stay. He hooked and lost one fish, the hook not having got home properly.

The first fish this season fell to Sir Joseph Hewitt, who chartered a local steam drifter, Silver Line, a ship from which several tunny were killed last year when she was hired at various times by Major Dugdale, Lady Broughton, Colonel Ashton and Mr. H. A. Brown. After one abortive attempt, when the weather conditions forced him back, Sir Joseph steamed out 80 miles and hooked two tunny. The first broke his rod, but he succeeded in killing the other. It was not weighed, but was estimated to be 600lb.

Baron Henri de Rothschild arrived in his steam yacht Eros, a vessel of about 1,000 tons, on August 3rd. He had a small party aboard, but only one other angler, a Monsieur Herpin. The baron was only able to go to sea once during a visit of ten days, after which he had to leave Scarborough because of previous engagements. He said he was not discouraged in any way, and hoped to make another visit next year with better success.

Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, Jun., and his two brothers Maurice and Donald, have been fishing for some days from the motor boat Prospecto. During their first trip out they hooked and lost one tunny, and caught two Porbeagle sharks of about 100lb. each. On their return to port to-day (Sunday), however, they have landed two tunny weighing 551lb. and 642lb. respectively, Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, Jun., having caught the smaller fish and his brother Maurice the 642lb. fish. Included in their bag were two Porbeagle sharks weighing 79lb. and 45lb.

The second fish of the season was killed on August 17th by Lieut. Anthony H. Terry, R.N., who went to sea in the 42ft. local motor boat Albatross, from which seven tunny were caught last year. His fish was hooked in the gullet, and was landed after an hour's struggle. It weighed 756lb., the best fish of the season so far, and in beautiful condition. Shortly after Lieut. Terry hooked his fish Colonel Peel, who had just previously lost one, hooked and killed a tunny of 539lb. Mr. Fred Taylor, the author of a book which should be read by all novices to the sport, *Tunny Fishing for Beginners*, who was on board the St. George as Colonel Peel's guest, was not lucky enough to hook a fish.

Mr. J. O. Matossian who has chartered the steam drifter Sure Find came in on August 18th with a perfectly shaped fish of 500lb. He reported that he had hooked on the morning of that day five fish losing four of them under Dutch herring boats' nets. While playing the fifth fish his reel came away from the rod as the seating was not properly screwed up. Luckily he had another rod ready and his boatman held the line while Mr. Matossian tied it to the line on the spare rod. He then played the tunny and killed it. That afternoon, Mr. G. Crompton fishing from the coble Geoffrey, an open-engined boat 35ft. long from which Mr. Fred Taylor usually fishes, brought in a very thick fish of 663lb.

All of these fish, with the exception of the one killed by Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, Jun. were killed more than 30 miles north-east from Scarborough, and Mr. Crompton's fish was hooked within sixteen miles from here. Mr. Holgate's fish was hooked 50 miles off. Several reports which have been received from time to time from market fishing boats confirm that fish are certainly close in this season. It is interesting to note that of the six fish landed on August 17th, 18th and 19th, there were four caught from small boats and two from large vessels (a drifter and a yacht). Thus every class of fishing vessel and angler has secured a fish.

Mr. J. A. Hutton, a newcomer to tunny angling but a man who has fished for game fish in many parts of the world, went out on the night of the 18th in the yacht Joanna. Mr. F. Sigrist arrived on the 18th inst. in his yacht Viva II., and shortly afterwards left in search of fish. Colonel Peel, with Mr. Fred Taylor, Colonel Stapleton Cotton and Mr. F. S. Russell of the Plymouth Biological Research Station, also went out again at midnight of August 18th, and are still at sea. Several tunny anglers are due to arrive at Scarborough during the next few days, including Lady Broughton, Colonel Ashton and several other well-known people.

The harbour to-day (Sunday) is crowded with Dutch herring vessels, and there are also some English drifters. This indicates that the herring fleet is working close at hand, and anglers report the presence of many herring fishing vessels of Dutch, French, German and other nationalities within a reasonable distance from shore.

THE EARLY PART OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE WITH THE FIRST TUNNY

"One Crowded Hour"

FIGHTING THE FIRST TUNNY

My Best Day's Big Game Fishing

By L. MITCHELL-HENRY

TUNNY FISHING provides much excitement for its votaries as well as disappointment. It is difficult to say what is the most potent fascination of this Big Game Fishing; perhaps it is the intense anticipation and uncertainty both as to the possibility of hooking a fish, as well as to the uncertainty of the size which may be encountered. Curiously enough, the capture of the world's record tunny on rod and line of 851lb. last year provided me with no excitement at all, for not only was the fish out of condition, but I did not realise its immense size, either during the fight or upon its capture, until it was actually weighed. Personally, the fish being a soft one, I had lost all interest, and it was not until I was seated at dinner on my return to the hotel that news was brought to me that my catch was far in excess of anything previously landed.

On the other hand, a fish of 532lb., which I had previously caught, gave me what was unquestionably the hardest battle of my life, and this was indeed exciting. But, perhaps, nothing in my experience of big game fishing can equal the capture of my first tunny, off Nova Scotia in 1914.

It must be realised that for four long years I had been planning in anticipation of an attempt to catch one of these monsters. I had tested out the best tackle then available, upon other big game fish, and had come to the conclusion that it was quite useless for so powerful an opponent as the tunny. In confirmation of this was the fact that over a number of years some 70 odd fish had been hooked and every one had been lost.

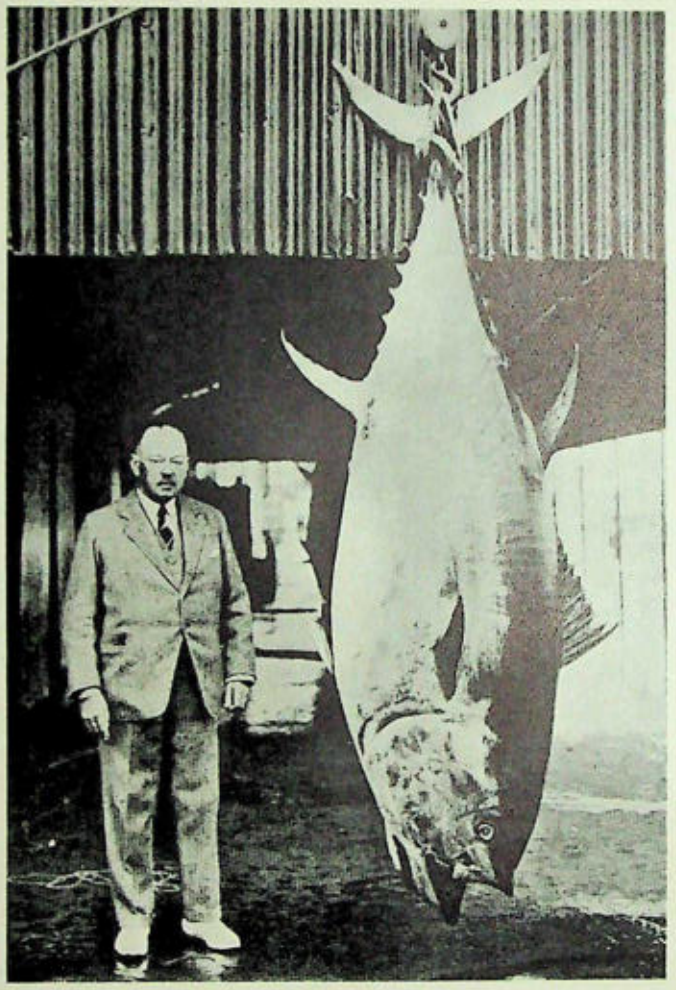
My state of excitement can be imagined when, after these years of preparation, I set out at last under the guidance of the late Captain Lawrie Mitchell in the attempt to capture one of these fish. Having procured some herring for bait from a neighbouring motor drifter, we enquired around the nets for the presence of feeding fish. In due course I hooked my first fish, and the fun began. Imagine the scene. The small rowboat containing myself and two boatmen, attached with experimental tackle to a most powerful fish, Captain Mitchell in the motor boat remaining at a reasonable distance to be handy in case of accident, and yet giving me ample room in which to carry on the fight.

No one has so far encountered in those waters the soft fish which form the great percentage of those present in the North Sea, the capture of which has ruined the sport in home waters, and this fish which I was fighting proved thoroughly game. He dashed down to the bottom of the ocean, and turning sideways, made a big circular sweep around the boat, coming up to the surface some distance away, and then plunging down again.

For hours this curious elliptical fight went on, while my muscles became more and more cramped and tired with the strain. I very soon discovered that although the principle upon which my tackle was designed remained sound, and has indeed been used with improvements up to the present time, it was nothing like strong enough to stand the strain. The brake lever bent, and I had the utmost difficulty in maintaining sufficient pressure on the fish in consequence.

The harness to which I had attached the rod was merely a single canvas girth over one shoulder, and this proved most inadequate and exceedingly uncomfortable, as it had no padding, was comparatively narrow, and the method of wearing it "a la bandolero" gave one a desperately lop-sided strain. Just as matters were getting exceedingly strenuous, the sea began to get dangerously rough, and it was no easy matter to hang on to this great fish with the boat pitching and tossing, some ten miles off shore.

One factor which is the cause of very great strain in rough water, is that the fish naturally maintains its steady depth irrespective of the height of the waves above it, and in order to keep a tight line and to avoid smashing, the fisherman has to let out line as the boat rises, otherwise it will be smashed, and to wind in again the slack line as the boat falls. When one is cramped and tired, and cold and wet, racked with anxiety lest the fish may be lost after so much effort, it is a very simple thing to make one little mistake which will spell immediate disaster. Only by most rigid discipline of mind and body based upon previous determination of every move in the campaign, and an iron resistance against the temptation to ease up, can success be achieved, and only those who have suffered the prolonged mental and physical agony of such experience can appreciate what success or failure means to the big game angler.



MR. MITCHELL-HENRY WITH THE RECORD TUNNY OF 851LB.

Success seems constantly within reach, but as the gaff is seized hopefully as the fish nears the boat, the slightest effort of its tail inevitably takes line from the reel and enables it to stay at a safe distance. Repeatedly one winds with might and main to get the fish alongside, and cramps one's hands in the effort to hold it, but rough seas and the power of the fish has often foiled one's intent. Finding that the fish repeated its tactics of swimming in an ellipse, which brought it periodically to the surface about 50yds. ahead of the boat, I at last determined to make one desperate effort to reach it at such a point, and eventually succeeded in doing so. The fish was gaffed and fastened to the boat.

During the hours through which we fought, no one can imagine how the combination of excitement and a rough sea, served to wear one out, and upon the fish being safely gaffed, I sat humped up in the boat, too exhausted to take much practical interest. Only on reaching the shore, and after having the fish measured and weighed, did I begin to realise the full measure of success.

The Cup offered by *The Forest and Stream* had become my property by the capture of the first fish taken under these sporting conditions, and no one could deprive me of having been first in the field to succeed.

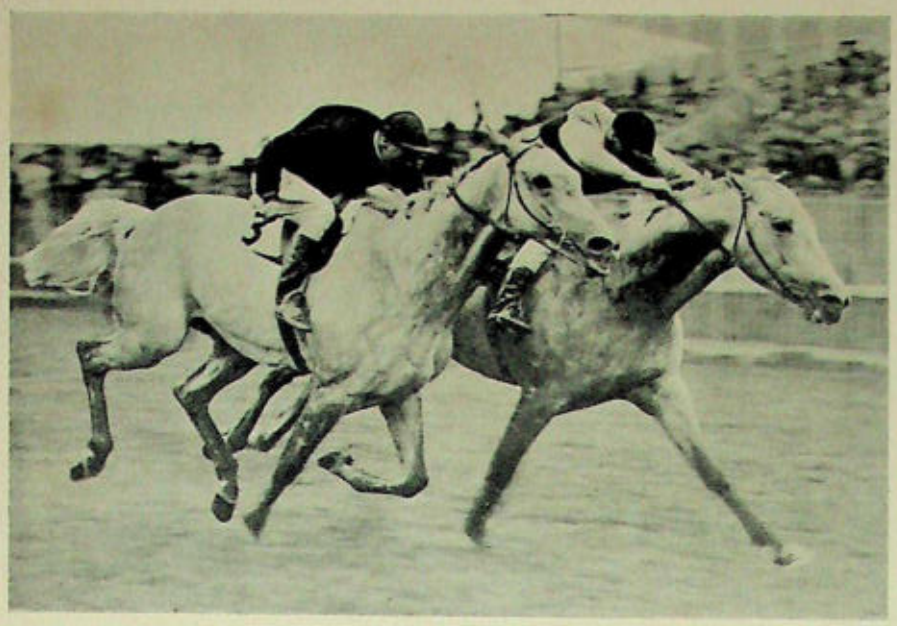
The subsequent capture of another fish served, therefore, to prove my tackle, and Captain Mitchell —to whom I lent my spare set—was fortunate enough to capture a world's record the day I left. Thus my record made by the first fish only lived for a few days. Subsequent successes in Denmark, in catching the first tunny in British waters, and also the first fish of the season for three years in succession, as well as the present world's record to which I have referred, each provided some excitement and anticipation of a milder kind, each in itself a source of satisfaction.

The intense excitement of tunny fishing is chiefly felt in the initial stages. The discovery of a rising fish is the first thrill, then comes that ecstatic moment when one anticipates the acceptance of the proffered bait, paralleled in a minor key by that during which the floating fly sails within the ken of the monster trout. Add to this the uncertainty of the size of the fish to which one may become attached, and we have a degree of poignancy hard to surpass.

Then perhaps there is the thrill to our senses as we receive the shock of impact as the hook goes home, followed by the realisation of the power, speed and fierceness of the huge fish, these reinforcing emotions mount to a head as the fight gets under weigh. Then the vague, neuralgic fear begins to gnaw our nerve centres, and dread of loss through foolishness or mischance combines with the thrill of action to make the moments unforgettable in their mental anguish. The less said of the physical variety to follow the better!

[In the article on the opposite page our contributor records the presence of a member of the Marine Biological Association on Colonel Peel's yacht, which we hope may be taken as an indication that further research work will form part of this season's programme as it did in 1933. One of the questions which has aroused great interest (and a considerable difference of opinion) is the presence of the "soft fish" to which Mr. Mitchell-Henry refers in his article. At present the only known spawning grounds of the fish are in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic off the coast of Spain, and it is towards linking up the North Sea fish with those of Southern Europe that research has been directed. We hope, however, that efforts may be made this year to diagnose the condition of the tunny themselves in the North Sea. Are they in effect kelts or are they not?—ED.]

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE—GAFFING THE FISH



GREYS FIGHTING OUT A LEWES FINISH

Strathcarron (Tetratema—Rathcarron), furthest from camera, winning the De Warrene Handicap at Lewes from Early Closing

RACING ON THE KNAVESMIRE

Bright Prospects for the York Meeting

ALTHOUGH the Knavesmire was not the original home of racing at York, this fine galloping course has provided sport for the greater part of two centuries, and was never more popular as a racing centre than it is to-day. The social side of its meeting is just as strong as it was in the dim and distant past. The stands and the general appointments are as good as can be found on any course in the country, and visitors always declare it a pleasant place at which to be racing.

A thoroughly practical Race Committee have maintained the high-class character of the programme, with the happy result that the quality of the sport has never weakened. Perhaps the only drawback of the Knavesmire is that while the track becomes very hard in a spell of dry weather, it may be partially waterlogged in a season of heavy rains. John Osborne once said that he remembered seeing young boys paddling on the Knavesmire at the time of a meeting, and we were forcibly reminded of that when parts of the course were inundated at the spring meeting of 1932.

Happily, there is promise of excellent going for the meeting on the Knavesmire next week. Here we have all the old attractions of the York August fixture—the Ebor, the Gimcrack, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and the Yorkshire Oaks. A much more modern institution than those races is the sprint for the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes, in which it is customary to see a selection of the finest short-distance performers of the year.

Like the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot, this race is open to two-year-olds as well as older horses. It is, however, the exception rather than the rule to see two-year-olds in the field, and we think the race would be improved in this direction if the weights were arranged on a 7lb. higher scale. At present the weight for a two-year-old colt is 6st. 12lb., and the difficulty of finding jockeys capable of doing justice to their mounts at that weight causes owners and trainers to refrain from entering their first-season performers.

For example, Knighted was not put in the race this year for that reason. This gelding, who has not known defeat up to the present, has the makings of a champion sprinter, but he is too much of a handful for the average boy rider. According to present arrangements we shall see Knighted at Newbury next month, and he is to be entered for the Hurst Park race in the closing weeks of the season. We are to have a representative field for the Nunthorpe on Tuesday, and the race may decide the question of the sprinting championship of the year.

We shall all be keenly interested to see Windsor Lad on the last day of the meeting. No doubt he will be a good favourite for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but 9st. 8lb. is a big burden over this searching mile and a half, and we have in mind some notable horses who failed under the weight in the past. The task should not be beyond the powers of a colt for whom as much as £50,000 has lately been given, and he will need to win if he is to justify the short price now being offered against him for the St. Leger.

The set-back experienced by Colombo has naturally had the effect of causing the Derby winner to become a stronger favourite than ever for the last of the season's classic races. It remains to be seen how far the Doncaster prospects of Colombo are affected by the interruption of his preparation. A knee knocked against the manger in his box caused an enlargement which at once necessitated the colt being placed on the easy list. An accident which in the ordinary way would not have greatly troubled his trainer becomes a different thing within a month of the St. Leger.

A first-rate field of two-year-olds can compete for the Gimcrack. Who will be the owner fortunate enough to be the guest of the evening at the Gimcrack Club dinner? Last year this distinction fell to the Aga Khan and nobody will be surprised to see him win the race again. Indeed, with his wealth of smart youngsters, this owner bids fair to carry off many of the best of the autumn juvenile events. But in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster the smartest youngster which Mr. Frank Butters can put in the field will assuredly find it difficult to beat Bobsleigh, who is thought by many good juges to be the best of his age. It is to be hoped that the mishap which occurred to the Gainsborough colt last week-end proves only a trifling affair.

W. A. Rouch

TO RETIRE TO STUD AT THE SEASON'S END

Myrobella (Tetratema—Dolabella), which will return to the National Stud after carrying Lord Lonsdale's colours successfully

COUNTY POLO

Some Prominent Clubs

AUGUST is the important month for county polo. Local members are then reinforced by players from London and tournaments take place in the North and the South, the East and the West. Let us take a glimpse at one or two of these clubs.

The most prominent to-day is the Beaufort Club at Norton. Here, thanks to the generosity and keenness of Mr. Cox, M.F.H., is an array of grounds unsurpassed in England. It has its hon. secretary—Colonel V. N. Lockett—who this year succeeded Major T. Longworth. Its attractions have not been lost on visiting teams.

It will be recalled that Goulburn (the Ashton brothers) went there direct from Australia, as did Jaipur from India, and Aurora from America. It is an excellent spot to acclimatise and condition ponies, the grounds dry quickly and there are facilities for schooling and stick and ball practice not easily obtainable elsewhere. Many of the leading players are to be seen there in April preparing for the London season, and taking part in the club's spring tournament in early May.

Now let us look at the Eridge Polo Club near Tunbridge Wells, which can only boast of one ground. It was founded in 1929 on Lord Abergavenny's property. His lordship and his family have from the start taken the keenest interest in the club and all its doings; in fact, only this year recruits to playing members included Major Guy Larnach-Nevill (Master of the Eridge Hounds) and his son; also Lord Abergavenny's grandson, Lord Roderic Pratt. Captain A. V. Drummond, himself a well-known player, was the prime mover in the foundation of the club, and has been its captain since its inception.

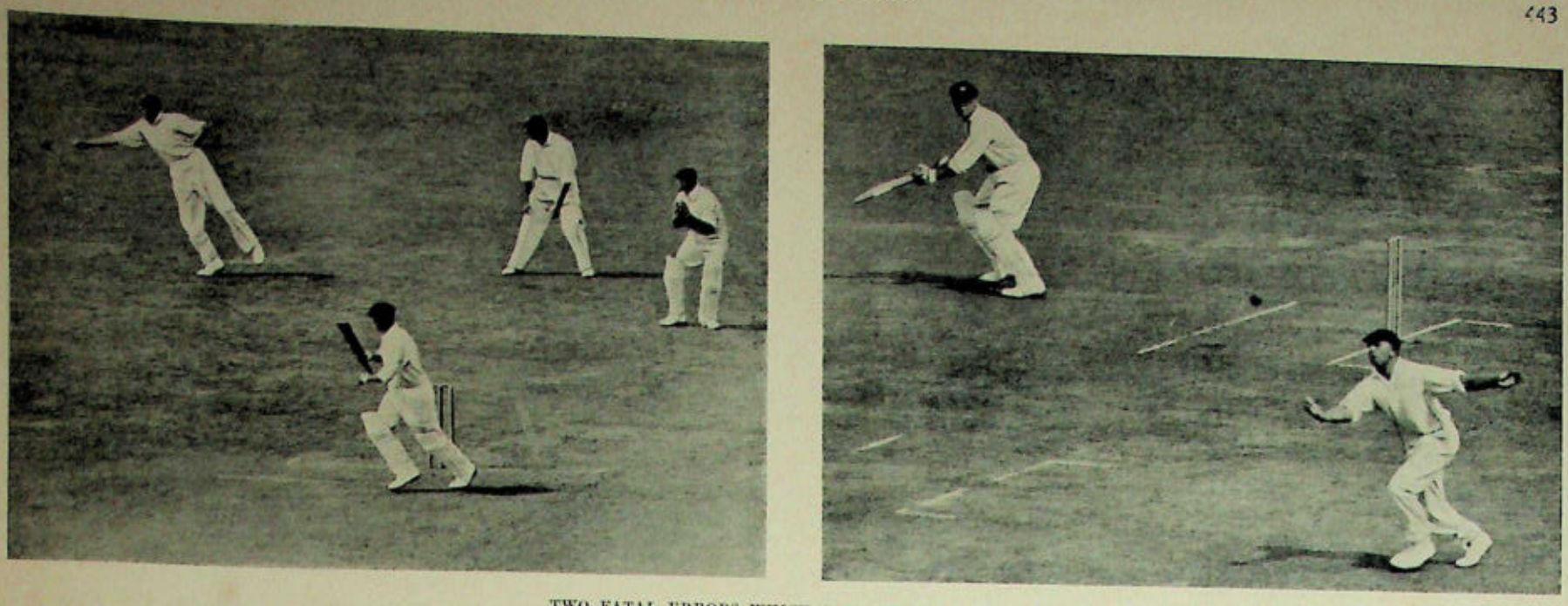
Colonel O. C. Mordaunt is the genial secretary. When the club was formed, 80 per cent. of the players were novices; even to-day no one has a higher handicap than two, and yet they are a real sporting lot in the best sense of the word and are rapidly improving. One of the features of the club is the large number of non-playing members.

It has been interesting to watch the success of Mr. Hugh Nelson's side, Laker's Lodge, in his sporting venture to Phœnix Park, Dublin. The All-Ireland team, who were their opponents, contained two ex-internationals in Major Kirkwood and Colonel Atkinson. The superiority of the Laker's Lodge ponies was very apparent, and the whole team played well, Captains Ansell and Morrison being particularly conspicuous.

"A British Empire Day" at Northolt—In honour of all British Empire visitors to London, the Northolt Park executive will hold on Monday, August 27th, a British Empire Race Meeting, when the Dominions High Commissioners and Agents General will be the chief guests of the day. The race for the British Empire Cup for a stake of 525 sovs. will be the main event of the afternoon.

POLO AT PHŒNIX PARK

Mr. Hugh Nelson's Laker's Lodge team playing an All-Ireland team at Dublin. Major Campbell (Ireland) is seen clearing from strong opposition



TWO FATAL ERRORS WHICH COST ENGLAND DEARLY

Left: Woolley misses Ponsford—a difficult chance, and, right, Wyatt juggling with a ball from the same batsman before missing what seemed a fairly simple catch

TEST MATCH HANDICAPS

English Fast Bowlers Who Have Been Afraid to Employ a Legitimate Field

By NEVILLE CARDUS

BY the time these lines are in print, the fifth Test match will, I fervently hope, be over and done with, and the result entered into the book of records that many lovers of the game never read. But last Saturday's play is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry; future generations will talk of and wonder at the remarkable stand by Bradman and Ponsford of 451, achieved in five hours and a quarter at the splendid speed of 80 runs an hour.

In a Test match without a time limit, so we have been told frequently enough, the shrewd game to exploit is one of ca'canny. A certain school of English cricket criticism argued that the England eleven for the Oval should contain as many stonewallers as could be gathered together—and there are no lack of them in our county cricket at the present time. Bradman and Ponsford, coming together in the year's crucial match after a bad start for Australia (Brown being bowled by Clark at 21), sent beautiful strokes all over the field from the outset of their long and prosperous partnership.

Many times in these pages have I tried to explode the curious notion that the Australian batsman in a "timeless" game becomes purely defensive. The Australian is a realist, in cricket, as in every other walk of life, he hits the loose ball. While Bradman and Ponsford exhibited at the Oval the full range of scoring strokes in the technique of batsmanship, many patriots on the pavilion pretended to groan at the "tedium," the "long-drawn-out monotony," of a cricket match played to a finish. I am the last man in the world to want to sit through a six-day cricket match. But Saturday's complaints were utterly irrelevant to the afternoon's batsmanship. It is no unusual occurrence in county cricket for us to see in a day's play the fall of only two or three wickets. But it *is* unusual for us to see 475 runs hit in a day. While the "tedium" of the Oval Test match last Saturday was afflicting the "patriots," Lancashire at a Dover Cricket Week were boring the crowd by scoring in a whole day the aggregate of 268 for six wickets.

The superb performance of the Australian batsmen has been highly praised by all who saw it with eyes unblinded by partisanship. Ponsford and Bradman were warmly cheered. The present writer has never been niggardly in praise of Australian cricketers. He argued their case in this country almost alone during the "body-line" rumpus of D. R. Jardine's tour. He feels free, therefore, to say his say about one aspect of Saturday's cricket, and of the Test matches in general—an aspect which has spoilt a little of his enjoyment of the Australian batsmanship.

At the Oval on Saturday Clark, the Northamptonshire left-handed fast bowler, did not have his field correctly and strategically placed until Bradman and Ponsford were thoroughly set. A fast left-hander is entitled, if he swings the ball as diagonally as Clark swings it from off to leg, to a leg-side field. Clark's three short legs are his slips, his fine-leg is his third man, his mid-on is his mid-off. He is in fair sport free to set any field of his choice, so long as his bowling is not an intimidatory sequence, over by over, of high bumping balls.

Every bowler, right-handed or left, is equally at liberty to set any field he pleases. The controversy about leg-theory and "bumping" has become hopelessly muddled. The one and only point of it is the "bumper," which *persistently* imperils the batsman's head. There is nothing more "to it"—as they say. At the Oval the wicket was so docile, so unfairly in the batsman's favour, that no living bowler, not even Larwood, could for long have caused a ball to rise breast high. Clark bowled fair and finely. But, as I say, he was not given the cordon on the leg side which he employs in a county match at Northamptonshire most days in a summer.

Why did Clark not have his field set in the style demanded by his left-handed swing from off to leg? "Leg-theory" and "body-line" have nothing whatever to do with the right of a fast left-handed bowler to the field which is a logical outcome of his action. Amongst many of us who have been friendly to the Australians throughout the "body-line" argument, there is now an impression strengthening that England's fast bowlers in the Test matches this year have suffered embarrassments. They have felt that they must not do this, must not do that, must not bowl against Australia the same sort of bowling which is exploited day by day in county cricket.

Is it true that protests (not official) have been made against English fast bowlers after they have exploited against Australian batsmen a style of attack that is accepted as fair cricket by all English players? Has any English cricketer objected to any setting of the field, in the absence of persistent bumpers? Could not the air have been cleared by a statement from the Australians to the effect that so long as the high kicking ball was banned as a basic part of an attack, no exception would be taken to a leg-side field, especially when set for a fast left-handed bowler? Leg-theory, fast or slow, is a legitimate device invented to circumvent the modern batsman's superbly developed on-side play; "body-line" or the persistent "bumper" is another thing altogether.

I sincerely hope that within the next two or three years, the Australians will discover a great fast left-handed bowler of the F. R. Foster class. He will, of course, need four fieldsmen on the leg side, beginning at short leg and finishing at mid-wicket. Few, if any, English batsmen will protest against his methods, if he does not aim at the head

PONSFORD WALKS DOWN THE WICKET TO VERITY

On a wicket full of runs Ponsford and Bradman made a world's record first wicket partnership of 451 at the Oval last Saturday. Some of the English batsmen might take a hint on how to deal with Grimmett in the way Ponsford walked down the pitch to Verity's deliveries

openly. English batsmen in certain places have, it is true, expressed disapproval of a leg side field set to support a right-handed fast bowler's "bumpers." No English cricketer will deny a fast left-handed bowler's dependence on "slips" to leg.

The Australians' great deeds in England this year have delighted us beyond measure; every student and lover of the game has learned from them, has found ideas in their science, and beauty in their art. It is a pity that, rightly or wrongly, some of our fast bowlers have felt, now and again, the sense of an embarrassment which, if not disarming, has not been helpful.

FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

Another Interesting Schoolboy Match

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

IF you want to see how the younger rising generation of school boy cricketers are shaping you cannot do better than pay a visit to Lord's and watch the annual match, Lord's XI v. Mr. C. F. Tufnell's XI. The sides are chosen from the boys who have had cricket tuition on asphalt pitches at Lord's in the early spring. This year the batting rather overcame the bowling, which was in addition not very well supported in the field. Pollen of Downside, and Richardson of Westminster, were the outstanding batsmen. The former, by excellent strokes all round the wicket, actually scored 106 out of 126 made from the bat, while he was in, and looked as if he could have made 200 if he had been so minded. The latter, who played in the Westminster XI last year, must have represented his school when he was fourteen years old. The nearest approach to that, that I know of, is the case of E. M. Dowson of Harrow, who played at Lord's when he was fifteen years and three weeks old.

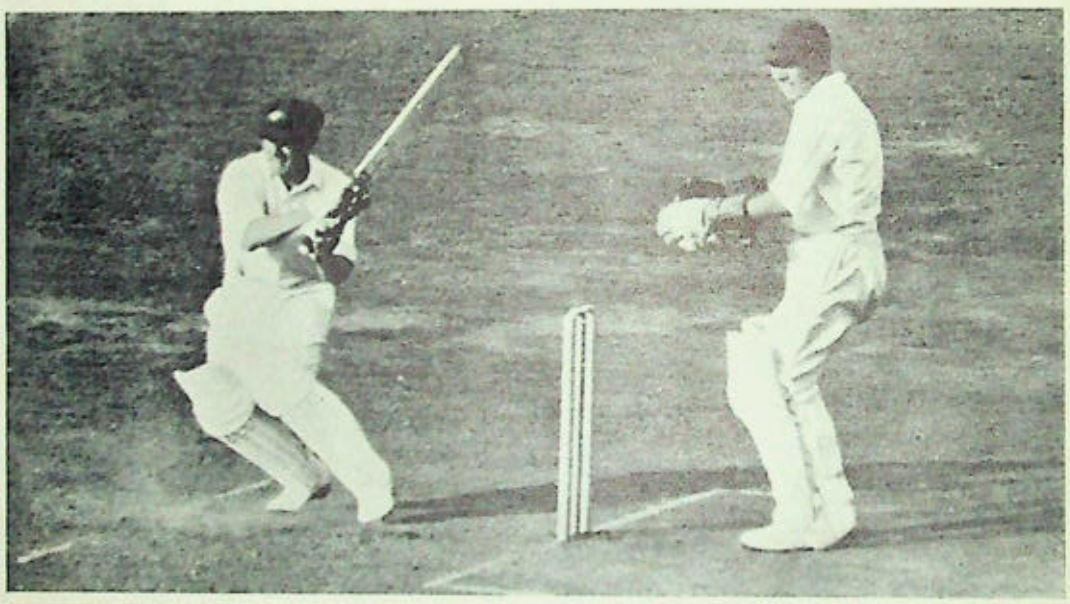
Another Downside batsman, Addington, also distinguished himself, and played admirably for 60, and the stand of 111 that he and Richardson (74) made for the sixth wicket of Mr. Tufnell's XI, saved the situation. Redfern of Ampleforth was very correct and had a good match, scoring 46 and 37, whilst Watson of Harrow (38 and 24 not out) after a shaky start, during which he ran out his colleague Stuart through hesitation, batted sufficiently well to cause me genuine alarm. I hope he will not have improved *too* much by next July. Wynyard of Eton, who reminded me of Lord Rosebery in his youthful cricketing days, not only by his sturdy physique, but by the way he batted, hit the ball hard and played well enough to almost satisfy his illustrious father; and Prioleau and Tennyson of Eton showed promise. Harrow, in the shape of Stewart and Stuart, bore the burden of the attack for the Lord's XI, and got eight wickets between them, four apiece. Higgens of St. Paul's kept wicket admirably for Mr. Tufnell's XI.

The Lord's XI were leading on the first innings by 35 runs, and compiled 140 for three wickets in their second innings, and declaring at 5.20, left Mr. Tufnell's XI 176 runs to get in one-and-a-half hours. Buchanan of Stowe, and Watson of Sedbergh, opened the innings, and did their utmost, scoring 48 in the first half hour, the former playing especially well, but the rate of 117 per hour was too much to ask. At 63 Buchanan ran himself out, and stumps were drawn by the umpires at 6.30, with the score at 104 for two wickets, the making of 72 runs in 30 minutes being evidently, in their opinion, too much of a proposition. Their assumption was, I thought, a premature one, and play should have gone on, at all events, until 6.45. Scores: Lord's XI, 279 and 140 for two, declared; Mr. C. F. Tufnell's XI 244 and 104 for two wickets.

The other day at Lord's the rather interesting question was raised as to what was the greatest all-round individual performance ever accomplished in a county match. Several feats of exceptional merits were quoted, but I think the following takes some beating. On June 16th, 17th and 18th, 1902, Yorkshire were playing Somersetshire at Sheffield. The match was played on a wet wicket, and the scores ruled small, Yorkshire making 74 and 84, and Somerset 86 and 106, thereby defeating Yorkshire by 34 runs. Braund made 31 and 34, top score in each Somerset innings, and took six wickets for 30 runs in Yorkshire's first innings, and nine wickets for 41 runs in their second, or fifteen wickets for 71 runs in the match.

As this followed close upon the famous match between the two counties of the previous year, it emphasised the respect which Yorkshire already entertained for the western county. This match was played at Leeds on July 15th, 16th and 17th, 1901. Yorkshire made 322 and dismissed Somerset for 87, and then, incredible though it may appear, Somerset scored 630 in the follow on, and dismissing Yorkshire for 113, actually won the match by 279 runs after being 235 in arrears! Palairet made 173, Braund 107, and Phillips 122.

I am indebted to Mr. H. Carter, the famous Australian wicket keeper, for the following amusing story. Sid Gregory, who was well known for his speed between the wickets, was once batting with a colleague who refused to run the longest run. Gregory eventually played a ball slowly to deep extra mid-off and called. His *vis-à-vis* declined to budge, so Gregory ran down the pitch, whispered in the timid one's ear, "We'll run the next one," and then *ran back again*.



BRADMAN SCORES HIS 200TH RUN IN HIS INNINGS OF 244

Batting in faultless style Bradman was at the wicket for nearly the whole of the day's play. A feature of his long stand with Ponsford was the running between wickets. To the very end both men were taking every possible run

ROUND THE WICKETS

Slow Cricket Does Not Always Mean Dull Play

NOW and again well-meaning enthusiasts will write to the papers making suggestions of all kinds designed to do away with drawn matches. In the *Times* recently there was quite an entertaining correspondence containing several highly ingenious schemes. The most favoured seems to be to split county matches into equal periods, so that each side would have exactly the same time to bat, thus making a definite result certain, barring interruptions by rain; and there are even those who would have every match played to a finish. Almost any week's cricket this season would have provided the strongest possible arguments against attempting to reorganise the game along these lines. We have had close finishes, games won and lost in the last hour, and splendid fights to gain an honourable draw when all seemed lost that would have been impossible in matches divided into set periods. In the matches that ended last week there were some admirable examples of the infinite variety of result produced by the game as it is.

What better could you wish than the match at Dover between Kent and Northamptonshire? Timms has never done anything finer for Northants—and he has played many excellent innings—than his hundred on the first day when against Freeman and Marriott the other batsmen were hopelessly at sea. Timms got 60 of his runs with fours, while only one other batsman reached double figures—14! Kent seemed to have the match won when they scored 304 and gained a lead of 147, but the game had swung right round by the end of the second day, when Northants had scored 191 without loss in their second innings. The third day was full of fluctuations, with Kent in the end left to get 194 in two hours to win. Then Woolley proved the match winner once again. I thought I had seen him at his best at Canterbury, but he was even more devastating at Dover, hitting 104 in just over an hour, with the result that Kent won with 20 minutes to spare. Such a match as this defies all argument in favour of time-limit innings.

Then there were two drawn matches equally fine in their way. Against Lancashire Essex had defeat staring them in the face when Nichols joined Cutmore in a great fighting stand of two hours. They scored only 96 in that time, but the game was tense as a rapier duel. In vain did Lancashire claim the extra half hour; all their schemes were foiled. Cutmore batted three-and-a-half hours for 56—a case when stonewalling may justifiably be regarded as classic batting. Somerset, too, fought their way out of a seemingly hopeless position against Surrey, and a struggle for actual victory could not have produced a greater thrill than watching the brothers F. S. and J. W. Lee defy the Surrey attack—and nine men bowled—for nearly five hours. Drawn matches like these will never bore, but matches of cut-and-dried periods certainly would.

How often does a team which puts the other side in to bat reap the advantage in the end? No one keeps statistics of such things, but in general I should say the experiment more often fails than succeeds. Yet county captains are always willing to speculate on it. Warwickshire were put in to bat by Glamorgan last week, and J. C. Clay made such good use of the wicket that the score was only 160. But Glamorgan in turn found that Paine, Mayer and Hollies could do the same, and the odds were against them when it came to playing the fourth innings with 177 to get. But they at least went down fighting, 37 runs short at the end.

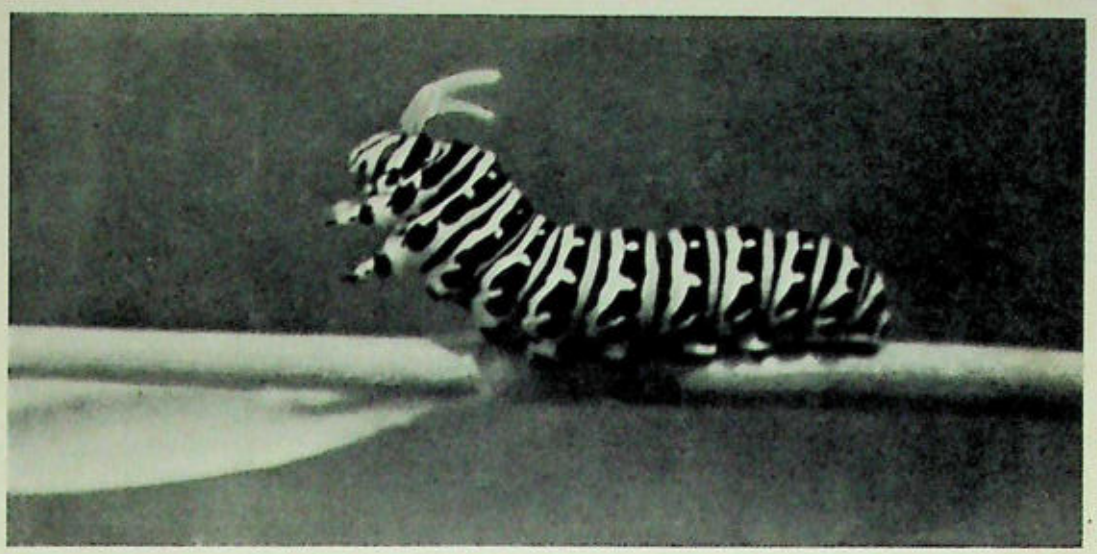
It is natural that the sons of famous cricketers who in due time appear in county matches should be watched with special interest. Comparatively few have equalled or surpassed their fathers' brilliance, but there are several just now who are making a strong bid to do so. Hardstaff, the son of the old Notts player, last week, for instance, reached another milestone when he made 153 against Hampshire—the highest score he has so far made in county cricket. Also in the Notts team Gunn, the son of George Gunn, is making progress as both batsman and bowler, though probably he will never emulate his father's inimitable and unaccountable methods as a batsman. My most lasting picture of George Gunn is seeing him walk out nonchalantly to G. O. Allen when he was bowling at his fastest and driving him to the boundary from about a third of the way down the pitch. Allen responded with real thunderbolts, and eventually Gunn saw his wicket shattered when he was nearly half-way down the pitch. Cox, of Sussex, is another who is at least doing justice to the reputation of old George Cox and looks like making a harder hitter than his father, and Willie Quaife, who I believe still plays with great success in league cricket, often has reason to be pleased with his son, B. W. Quaife, who plays for Worcestershire.

Kent cricket weeks are usually associated with bright cricket. I have already referred to the sustained interest of the Kent v. Northamptonshire match at Dover, but it would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than the first day of the following match there. Lancashire batted as though they had never seen Freeman and Marriott bowling before, and had never heard of the brighter cricket movement. By excessive caution Watson scored a hundred in five-and-a-half hours, but the same methods availed the other batsmen little, and at the end of a day that produced only 268 for six wickets Lancashire men should have asked themselves whether it was all worth while. But Lancashire had then just got to the top of the Championship table, which has seemed this year to produce a blight on enterprise. Sussex tried hard to hold the position by defensive methods and failed. Will Lancashire succeed, or will Sussex revive in time?

F. I. W.

COVERED WITH FRAGMENTS OF ITS FOOD PLANT

One camouflaged caterpillar of the Essex emerald moth can be seen feeding at the end of a spray, another is resting on the main stalk



"FRIGHTENING" BEHAVIOUR AND WARNING COLOURS

An unusual photograph showing the caterpillar of the swallow-tail butterfly shooting out two gelatinous horns, from which a pungent odour is exuded, to scare away its enemies

THE "CLEVERNESS" OF CATERPILLARS

Some Interesting Examples of Hereditary Intelligence

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

WHETHER certain "clever" actions of animals are dictated by reasoned intelligence or by unreasoning instinct has long been a fruitful source of controversy. It is not my intention to enter into this, but rather to describe from personal observation on our Butterfly Farm, at Bexley, some of the most interesting examples of apparently intelligent behaviour among the insects we breed there.

One of the commonest forms of protective resemblance is seen in the caterpillars of the moths known as "Geometers," so called because they measure their length as they move from one leaf to another. We know them, also, as "loopers." They have no legs in the middle part of their bodies, and this adds to their extraordinary resemblance to twigs during the day time, when they remain quite still, attached by their hind claspers to a branch and extended at an angle like a twig. Being night feeders, they have every protection from the birds, which are their chief enemies. Many of the caterpillars of this family are coloured like the bark of the twigs they imitate, and the deception is helped out by little "warts" or humps on their skin that resemble buds. But what is most wonderful is the ability of the caterpillar to behave like a twig, as well as look like one.

Another caterpillar which takes advantage of its surroundings is that of the lappet moth. It can easily be found at night with a torch or acetylene lamp as it feeds on the young shoots of shrubs in the hedgerows of many quiet country lanes. When this caterpillar is full-grown it measures quite 4in. in length, yet it defies detection by day as it rests along the thick stem of a blackthorn bush.

An instance where hereditary instinct may have proved detrimental is seen in the case of the purple emperor butterfly. It is the habit of the caterpillar to attach itself to the leaf it is feeding upon and to bind this leaf firmly to the twig with a few silken threads. Collectors of lepidoptera noticed this, and during the winter it was easy for them to find the larvæ lying in the forks of branches on sallow bushes, where it was known they hibernated. A few dead leaves which had not fallen, and were found to be attached to the twigs, was a sufficient clue. Perhaps birds have also made this discovery, which may partly account for the scarcity of this species of butterfly in England.

There are, of course, many caterpillars which have no colour protection, and are often quite conspicuous on their food plant. These usually have warning colours, which tell birds that they are not good to eat. The caterpillar of the swallow-tail butterfly, which can be seen on the Norfolk Broads every year, is an example of this form of protection. Nature has also endowed it with other methods of self-preservation. At the top of the caterpillar's head are glands which secrete a strong fluid, which it distils from the juices of its food plant, and when danger necessitates it shoots out two gelatinous horns which are connected with the glands, and the force of the projecting movement sprays an acid with a very pungent odour into the air.

Other larvæ which have no protective devices are sometimes covered with thick coats of hair. This makes them quite immune from the attention of birds, except that gourmand the cuckoo! I have watched a couple of these birds feeding ravenously on a colony of marsh fritillary larvæ in a field scattered everywhere with webs of this species. All the wriggling and twitching of the hairy caterpillars did not appear to frighten the cuckoos in the least or put them off their meal.

Perhaps the Essex emerald moth has the most ingenious instinct of self preservation. On hatching from the egg the caterpillar at once begins to cover its body with fragments of its food plant which it fixes in between the spikes and hooked spurs which protrude from its back. When this task is completed the caterpillar can feed on the young shoots of the wormwood, which is its natural food, without any fear of detection. The only dangerous period comes at skin casting time, for then the elaborate protection it has made for itself is all left sticking to the cast-off "jacket." The caterpillar quickly rectifies this, however, by repeating the process of covering itself with fresh fragments of the wormwood.

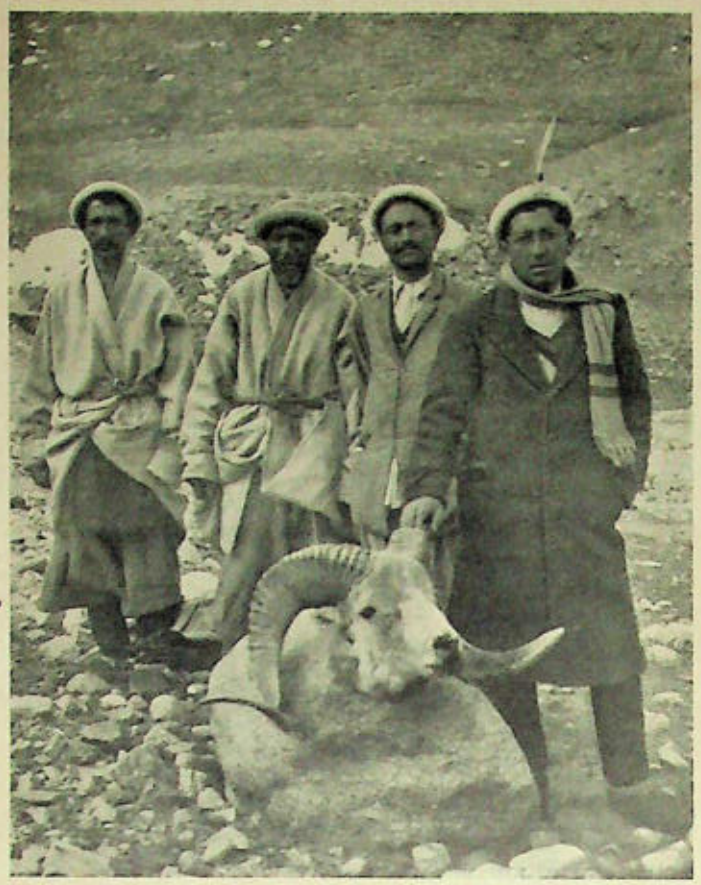
Some caterpillars live gregariously in nests of silken threads, forming a thick web, which acts as a great protection in bad weather and often serves as a winter home for species which hibernate. The caterpillars of two of our commonest butterflies, the peacock and the tortoiseshell, make webs for themselves in the form of a tent, surrounded by a platform of silk threads. The caterpillars use the "tent" to shelter in at night, and as a "dressing room" in which to change their skins, while the platform is used for sunbathing when the hungry little creatures are not gorging themselves on stinging nettle leaves.

DEFYING DETECTION BY DAY

The night-feeding larva of the lappet moth clings tightly to the stem of its food plant by day, and despite its size—four inches in length—is then not easy to see

A TENT FOR SHELTER AND A ROOF FOR SUNBATHING

The gregarious caterpillars of the lackey moth weave a web of silken thread in which they live, emerging on sunny days to bask outside



SPOTTING FOR IBEX AND (LEFT) AN OVIS POLI HEAD

The head of 48 inches was shot by the writer near the Killik Pass. Though not up to Pamir standards it was probably the largest in British territory at the time. The young man touching the head is a grandson of the Mir of Hunza

SPORT IN A HINDU-KUSH OUTPOST

Gilgit the Home of Polo

By W. R. F. TREVELYAN

CUT off for more than half the year by snow-bound passes, the small British community in the Gilgit Agency in the extreme north-west corner of our Indian Empire find much to compensate them in the unique opportunities of sport which this district offers. Here, enclosed by a maze of the highest mountains in the world—there are 20 peaks of over 20,000ft. within a radius of 60 miles of Gilgit—is the home of polo, played still in the form in which it originated in Persia many centuries ago. Here, in addition to the excellent big-game shooting, one meets what to many travelled sportsmen is the game-bird *par excellence*, the driven chukor. Here, also, two of the local streams have been stocked with brown trout from England with such success that fish of 4lb. and 5lb. are occasionally killed in the larger river.

The polo of Gilgit might well astonish Hurlingham and Meadowbrook, but they have these mountaineers and those at the other end of the Himalayas in Manipur to thank for perpetuating the game after it had disappeared completely elsewhere. It is the national game of the country in which all join, from the British and Kashmir officers and the local chieftains to the poorest owner of a pony. Even the children seem to spend the hours of daylight playing a dismounted form resembling hockey without rules.

The polo grounds of Gilgit are but walled enclosures resembling lanes, up to 200yds. in length and 25yds. to 50yds. wide. An important match is played until one side obtains nine goals, and may last up to two hours, but in Gilgit itself, where British officers organise and control the game, chukkers last half an hour. When a goal has been scored, a player of the scoring side takes the ball in his hand and, galloping with it to the centre of the ground, hits it whilst it is still in the air, often scoring another goal in this manner. This is called a *tambak*, and is as pretty to watch when well done as it is difficult to perform. The ball can be caught in the hand at any time in the game by any player, who then endeavours to ride with it or throw it through the goal-posts, his opponents baulking, and his own team assisting in what resembles a free fight. A match of importance is fast, furious and spectacular, and the skill of the better player is remarkable. The spectators roar their applause, pipes shriek discordantly, drums are beaten in tempestuous disunion, and the gallant little ponies seem as inspired as their riders.

FORDING A STREAM IN HUNZA, 30 MILES FROM THE CHINESE BORDER

The big game of Gilgit and its neighbourhood is unfortunately decreasing. Big ibex and markhor are, however, still available for those who care to work hard for them. In the winter of 1932–1933 a British officer of the Gilgit Corps of Scouts obtained three markhor heads of over 52in. and from the same small nullah. Near the Kilik Pass the Mir of Hunza preserves the only herd of *ovis poli* in British territory. Originally there were only females, which were visited each year by males from Chinese territory. Eventually, after two successive years in Hunza, through being cut off by early snowfalls, they decided to make it their permanent home.

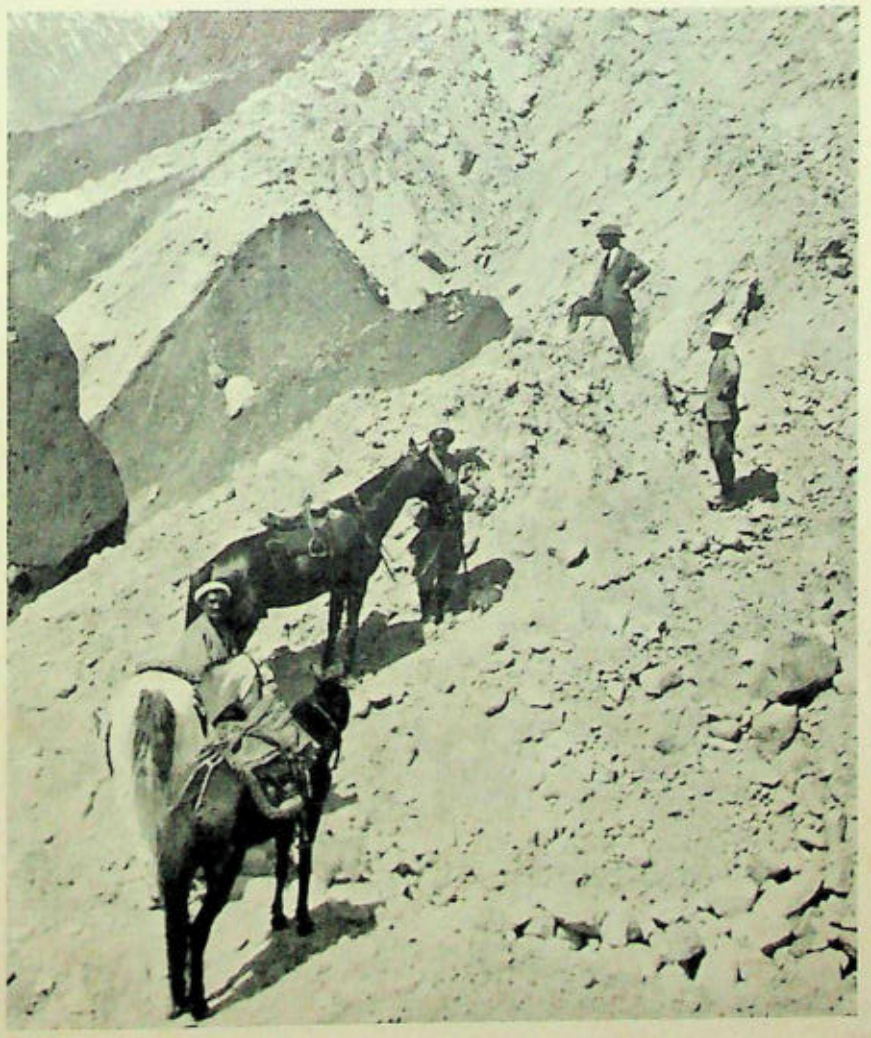
The chukor is certainly a most sporting bird, but the four chief reasons for contending that he is more difficult to hit than the British grouse or partridge are connected with the conditions under which he is shot. Chukor are driven downhill and, usually, along the lower slopes of the mountain where it adjoins the cultivation of an alluvial fan. The birds, therefore, cross the guns with an added impetus and provide that variety of shot which is only obtainable where a butt, sited, perhaps, on a slope rising to one's right and nearly perpendicularly above the other guns, follows a low one with the slope on the other side. Such butts, again, being often precariously sited, rarely provide much freedom of foothold or movement. Finally, beautiful bird as the chukor is, his colouring is provided as nature's camouflage to a background of grey rock, and in such a mountainous country this background is usual and one of clear sky an exception. A bag of 100 head is, therefore, not often attained in a day by five or six guns, whether skilful or otherwise.

The best shoot is perhaps found at Gor, in Chilas. Here, in four full days' shooting with, possibly, two half-days added, a good year will produce some 350 head. Other game in chukor drives are few, but there is one fascinating entry in the Gilgit Game Book under "various" in a shoot of some ten years ago. This is entered simply as "one wolf," with no added detail of any description.

MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF NORTH-WEST INDIA

ON THE ROAD TO GILGIT THROUGH THE GURAIS VALLEY AT BUDWAN, WHERE A SMALL STREAM HAS BEEN STOCKED WITH TROUT BY THE KASHMIR GAME PRESERVATION DEPARTMENT

A POLO GROUND UNDER A CROP OF LUCERNE. PLAY TAKES PLACE ON THE BARE EARTH



THE ROUTE TO CENTRAL ASIA: CROSSING THE BATURA GLACIER, REPUTED TO BE THE SIXTH LONGEST IN THE WORLD

A FINE SHOW OF GROUSE AT LORD STANLEY'S SHOOT ON HIS DERBYSHIRE MOOR NEAR BUXTON

IS THERE A GROUSE CYCLE?

Figures Which Cannot Be Made to Coincide

A GREAT deal is often said about the "grouse cycle." Whenever there is a good season or a bumper year on any particular moor we are told that it is "the cycle," with dark suggestions of lean years to come. Now the great difficulty in dealing with grouse is that one is apt to argue from the particular to the general. Broadly speaking, dry summers are likely to produce a good show of grouse, provided last year's heather was more or less adequate and that there was an adequate breeding stock. So most dry summers are good grouse years. But not everywhere. It is seldom that somewhere somehow the climate of these islands does not live up to its reputation, and though it may smile benignly on Caithness it will work its wicked way in Carnarvon. The result is that the enraged owner of a moor where plague pestilence and the strongyle worm have been busy cancels his order for the daily paper which is reporting a bumper season on the strength of reports received from other persons.

Now it may be said that beyond the broad fact of general good weather bringing generally good shooting there cannot be said to be any cycle for the country. 1915 was the *annus mirabilis* of grouse, yet in the thunder of the guns of Loos very little was heard of it, and quite rightly. How far is there a cycle in individual districts? Plenty for instance is often followed by dearth. The moors are not shot enough, and the result is that during the winter there is not enough provender to go round, and underfed grouse suffer from disease in consequence. So much has been written by experts on the subject of disease that one hesitates to say anything on the subject. Personally I think that it is inherent in grouse and as soon as a bad heather crop or bad weather lowers their vitality, out it will come. For the last two years we have had two good heather crops running, had we had two bad ones one might well have expected disease.

YOUNG SHOTS IN THE MAKING

The Earl of Home with his two sons George and Edward Douglas-Home on Douglas Moor

But besides good heather and a moor that is neither under nor overstocked, one must also have at least a reasonable winter, and a reasonable spring and early summer. Just as weather conditions are so often the deciding factor in war, so also are they the final factor in any question concerning game stocks. And this is just the factor that makes for difference between individual moors and individual districts. Are they high or low? Are they well-watered? (This year the drought has been an acute question.) In which direction do they face?

In this connection one may say that high moors, although they have more bumpers and sensational seasons, are naturally less consistent than low moors. If there is snow in the late spring naturally the high moors will suffer most, though this is not invariably the case. A few years ago there was a heavy snowfall in Northern Scotland. It was followed by a frost. On the low moors the snow had melted and the frost nipped the heather. On the high moors the heather was still protected by the snow. That is why when discussing bags on high moors one occasionally hears excuses being put forward for two or three years running—undershot, overshot, badly shot, and so on and so forth. On occasions this may mean that the moor only shows a bag with good weather conditions.

Not, of course, that bags must be taken as conclusive of a season's stock, especially on smaller moors. The really well-known moors are usually let to people who know their business and go about it well, or who invite guns who can advise them. On smaller moors, of course, a poor bag may be made through mismanagement or lack of interest.

I have been through any number of figures to try to trace "a cycle." I cannot. One can get occasionally a suggestion of good or bad for the whole country: more often in certain districts. But there is no seven year rule, no fixed recurrence of good or bad anywhere, though there seems to be about one really good season in ten years, and two others well above the average, while in the same time perhaps three fall definitely below the average. The truth of the matter is that there's a divinity that shapes our ends in this as in other matters.

Here are some figures for nine pre- and post-war years:

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918
A	6,526	8,440	9,760	4,376	6,282	11,992	—	—	—
B	5,731	7,463	9,633	620	3,241	5,620	7,108	4,833	2,063
C	5,177	6,945	7,098	156	—	4,862	4,540	1,471	2,042
D	2,902	3,215	3,268	4,025	2,306	2,692	1,887	1,356	1,345
E	8,623	12,005	8,471	2,523	228	2,062	1,854	2,718	3,754

A, B and C are very famous Yorkshire moors. D is a large moor in Inverness-shire, being on fairly low ground. E is a famous Forfarshire moor.

They mean very little after 1914, as the Scottish properties were not properly shot in the war. Of the rest it may be said that in no single case do their "bumpers" coincide, except in Yorkshire, where 1915 must have been very good, though 1915 owing to the war cannot be considered a typical year.

The table in the first and second columns gives some more interesting post-war figures.

Study these figures as you will. You can always twist figures to suit your arguments. The practice fills our gaols. But I cannot in honesty deduce any form of continuity generally applicable from them. Perhaps somebody cleverer or more experienced than I can do so? I wish I could say they showed what is and whence cometh the grouse cycle. It would make a better article. R. M.

RECORDS OF THIRTEEN POST-WAR YEARS.

A.		B.		C.		D.		E.		F.		G.		H.		I.		J.	
1921	12,230	1921	10,500	1921	4,842	1921	3,663	1921	818	1921	—	1921	—	1921	2,132	1921	1,048	1921	4,353
1922	5,766	1922	6,047	1922	8,104	1922	6,229	1922	999	1922	—	1922	—	1922	600	1922	1,526	1922	648
1923	4,178	1923	4,717	1923	1,184	1923	2,875	1923	1,516	1923	—	1923	—	1923	2,679	1923	3,355	1923	1,677
1924	9,453	1924	7,019	1924	1,134	1924	2,275	1924	1,374	1924	—	1924	—	1924	1,835	1924	416	1924	982
1925	4,046	1925	5,288	1925	1,100	1925	3,367	1925	506	1925	—	1925	—	1925	398	1925	111	1925	1,141
1926	7,496	1926	5,330	1926	3,005	1926	3,795	1926	962	1926	—	1926	3,487	1926	3,480	1926	2,075	1926	3,051
1927	10,236	1927	8,748	1927	3,466	1927	2,802	1927	1,078	1927	1,833	1927	1,565	1927	8,878	1927	6,672	1927	3,409
1928	514	1928	868	1928	2,224	1928	1,594	1928	1,050	1928	1,992	1928	337	1928	515	1928	1,640	1928	2,233
1929	877	1929	2,652	1929	2,200	1929	2,218	1929	207	1929	1,729	1929	1,666	1929	3,830	1929	3,626	1929	2,476
1930	6,200	1930	9,602	1930	2,955	1930	3,018	1930	132	1930	2,377	1930	3,000	1930	6,000	1930	5,814	1930	5,350
1931	16,373	1931	9,450	1931	3,016	1931	3,863	1931	—	1931	986	1931	4,016	1931	406	1931	87	1931	170
1932	1,885	1932	6,781	1932	2,200	1932	3,352	1932	—	1932	1,655	1932	Unlet	1932	—	1932	Not shot	1932	—
1933	7,045	1933	13,888	1933	2,002	1933	2,380	1933	—	1933	2,091	1933	1,728	1933	4,800	1933	—	1933	—

In every case the bags are individual birds—not brace. A. is a well-known Kincardineshire property. B is the moor marked D. in the other table. C. and D. are in Aberdeenshire. E. is in Argyllshire. F. is in Perthshire. G. is in Banffshire. H. I. and J. are the Yorkshire moor referred to as A. B. and C. in the other table.

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

Birds Plentiful and No Signs of Disease

STORMY weather is almost universally complained of in the grouse-shooting reports which we publish below, at any rate, so far as the opening day was concerned. Bags may be described as satisfactory, and with the exception of the Yorkshire moor, High Cotherstone, where a record bag of 292½ brace was obtained, there is nothing out of the ordinary to report, though it is pleasant to read "no sign of disease" in so many cases.

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

ALLARGUE.—On the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, 118½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Lieut.-Colonel Wilson-Farquharson and party. Weather unfavourable, 13th to 15th. Birds all healthy. Many small birds owing to late hatching.

BALFOUR.—On the 13th, 16 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. E. Goldsmith and Mr. G. Bennett. Half a day. Some rain; very stormy. Birds wild.

BALLOGIE.—On the 13th, 86½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Hughes, M.C., Commander Gordon, Captain J. Sherrard, Mr. Ean Cecil, Mr. D. G. Cochran, Mr. G. W. Warner, Mr. P. E. Warner and Colonel Nicol. Plenty of birds, all healthy and mainly well grown. Day spoilt by high N. wind. On the 15th, 159½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns.

CLUNY CASTLE, COREENNIE MOOR.—On the 13th, 8½ brace of grouse, 6 hares and 2 rabbits were killed by four guns: Major H. Stevenson, Captain Brown, Rev. W. Murdoch and Mr. Charles A. Linzee Gordon. Fair show of birds; no cheepers seen. A very bad day for driving.

CROMAR.—On the 17th, 13½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. D. M. Mason, M.P., and party. Birds fairly plentiful and strong on the wing.

KILDRUMMY.—On the 13th, 37½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Brig.-General C. Ogston, Colonel W. Duguid-McCombie and Colonel J. C. Simpson. On the 14th, 37 brace were killed by the same party with the addition of Colonel R. J. B. Yates and Dr. Seymour. Birds well grown and wild; a fair stock. Weather on 13th wet and windy.

TILLYFRONIE.—On the 13th, 51½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Major A. H. Bibby, D.S.O., Mrs. Bibby, and Captain and Mrs. R. de L. Stedman. Weather stormy. Good show of birds, strong on the wing and difficult to get at. *No signs of disease.*

Angus

DOWNIE PARK (GLENMAY BEAT).—On the 14th, 271 brace of grouse, and on the 15th, 145½ brace of grouse, were killed by eight guns: Sir Harold Wernher, the Earl of Wharncliffe, Sir Harry Hope, Captain O. Lyttelton, Major Harrison, Mr. J. Ramsdon, Major Garthwaite and Captain D. Miller. Weather mild and favourable; birds plentiful.

GLENPROSEN.—On the 13th, 203 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. George Kidston, Miss Eleanor Kidston, Major D. Williams, Colonel C. I. McG. Dunbar, Colonel H. V. S. Charrington, Colonel C. Miller and Mr. Claude Dunbar. Fine, but gale of wind blowing all day. An excellent show of birds; strong and well forward.

GLENQUIECH.—On the 13th, 34½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Colonel David Lyell, Colonel Thomson, Mr. Alex. Lyell, Mr. David Lyell, Mr. Andrew Lyell, Professor John Anderson, Mr. M. M. C. Henderson and Major-General Sinclair MacLagan. Guns walked up. Birds wild, but strong on the wing; good coveys. Half-gale wind from the north-west made shooting difficult; cloudy intervals, but no rain. Heather in very good order. On the 15th, 16 brace were killed by four guns.

ROTTAL.—On the 13th, 93 brace of grouse were killed by eleven guns: Mr. J. P. Grace and party. Wind very bad and stormy.

TULCHAN AND FORFAR.—On the 13th, 69½ brace of grouse and 18 hares were killed by six guns: Mr. Ronald Sharp's party. Shooting over dogs in two parties. Birds very wild. *No disease.* No cheepers.

UPPER AND LOWER GLENHEAD.—On the 13th, 153 brace of grouse and on the 14th, 218 brace were killed by seven guns: Major the Hon. A. Hamilton Russell, Colonel C. Howard, Captain A. Heywood Lonsdale, Mr. J. Eccles, Mr. P. Eccles, Sir A. J. Horne and Sir Gordon Ley. Birds plentiful and strong; some backward covies.

Argyllshire

ARDLAMONT MOORS.—Birds plentiful and strong, but wild owing to the early harvest. Mr. John H. Watson and party of four guns killed 36½ brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 2 hares in four hours' shooting. Birds healthy and *no sign of disease.*

BRENFIELD.—On the 13th, 19 brace of grouse, 2 hares and 1 snipe were killed by four guns: Lieutenant C. Bonham Carter, R.N., Mr. Dennis Madders, Captain Muller and Lieutenant H. Reid, R.N.

FINCHAIRN.—On the 13th, 9½ brace of grouse, 3 hares and 1 snipe were killed by two guns: Major G. C. Garrick and Mr. Philip Wade. Birds wild after recent heavy rains. Coveys well grown; no cheepers. *No disease.*

GLENCOE.—On the 13th, 25 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. Leslie Garton and party. Birds rather more plentiful than last year, and on the whole well grown.

INVERINAN.—On the 14th, 21 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. F. Wallis, family and guests.

ISLAY HOUSE.—On the 14th, Mr. John G. Morrison, of Islay, Admiral the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, Captain P. Heywood Lonsdale and Mr. James Leveson-Gower killed 61 brace of grouse.

SONACHAN.—On the 14th, 24½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. Ernest J. Jobling-Purser of Sonachan, Sir Sydney Sitwell, Mr. Terence Earp and Mr. George Marjoribanks. Birds plentiful, good condition. Weather fine.

Ayrshire

LANFINE.—On the 13th, 100 brace of grouse were killed by Captain Beasley, Colonel Donnelly and party. Fine but dull; strong N.W. wind sprung up, tending to make birds "break out" at several beats.

MOOR BROWN HILLS.—On the 13th, 51½ brace of grouse, 1 snipe and 13 hares were killed by seven guns: Mr. J. G. C. Wyllie, Mr. E. G. Bostock, Mr. J. A. Boley, Provost McCreith, Mr. A. F. M. Muton, Mr. W. Stephenson and Mr. W. R. Bone.

SOUTHANNAN.—On the 13th, 47 brace of grouse were killed by six guns. Birds strong. *No disease.*

Berwickshire

CRANSHAWS.—On the 13th, 103 brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 37 hares were killed by six guns: Mr. S. E. A. Landale's party—Col. H. Brown, Lieut.-Col. C. S. Stirling Cookson, Mr. W. E. Kitson, Mr. H. Cookson, Mr. A. C. Fraser. Birds are plentiful and strong, and no cheepers were seen.

Buteshire

BRODICK CASTLE.—On the 12th, 37½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns, shooting two at a time: The Duke of Montrose, the Duchess of Montrose, the Marquis of Graham and Lady Mary Boscawen. Shot over the Knockan Moor above the castle. Day fine but with strong northerly wind. Birds fairly plentiful. A good few young birds seen.

DUBHGHARADH LODGE, ISLE OF ARRAN.—On the 13th, 50½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Hon. Francis and Hon. Assheton Curzon on Dougarie Mid-Hill, and Majors Geoffrey Barnett and J. S. Oldham, on Kilpatrick Hill. Birds have nested and hatched well on this island, and there would seem to be a good show and *no sign of disease*, but owing to recent rough weather they are wild and already inclined to pack. Out of 50 brace, 30 brace were young.

Caithness

GLUTT.—On the 13th, 19½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns over dogs: The Right Hon. Sir Malcolm Robertson, Mr. Donald S. Robertson, Mr. Esmé Fergusson and Mr. Maurice Drummond. Only shot half the day. Weather conditions some of the worst ever remembered. Driving rain and very high wind. Birds very plentiful and strong, but, in the conditions, of course very wild. A few cheepers about.

SHURREREY.—On the 13th and 14th, 70 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Mr. Alan D. Pilkington and Colonel Auld. Very wet on the 13th; only shot a few hours. Birds plentiful, healthy and strong on the wing, but very wild owing to wet weather.

STIRKOKE.—On the 14th, 34 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: General Brind, Major R. T. Stanyforth, Mr. W. O. Horne and Mr. Hugh McCorquodale.

East Lothian

HALLS MOOR.—On the 13th, 35 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. Wm. Duncan and party. Birds plentiful and strong. Very few cheepers seen, but driving rather spoiled by strong cross wind.

THE "HOPES" MOOR, GIFFORD (LAMMERMUIRS).—On the 13th, 160 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Lord Whitburgh (lessee), Hon. William Borthwick, Mr. H. J. Gedge, Mr. A. Thomson Clay, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Walter Headley and Mr. Algernon Borthwick, Jun. Birds were very plentiful and strong on the wing, few cheepers being seen. The bag of 160 brace was a record for the first day.

Kincardineshire

GLENFARQUHAR AND DALLAVAIRD.—On the 13th, 78 brace of grouse, 2 golden plover and 5 blue hares were killed by three guns walking in line: Sir James Caird, Bt., Viscount Arbuthnott and Brig.-Gen. A. G. Pritchard. Very strong wind. Birds wild, very well grown. Coveys larger than usual. *No sign of disease.*

Kirkcudbrightshire

KIRKDALE.—On the 13th, 20½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns. Fine day, with a rather strong north-west wind. Birds strong but not wild.

Inverness-shire

ABERCHALDER.—On the 13th, 6 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. R. Ellice, Mr. C. Ellice and Mr. I. Davy. Birds scarce, and those seen were scattered. Only two coveys got into

COLONEL SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY LYLE WITH THEIR PARTY ON THE MOORS NEAR LOCH ORDIE, PERTHSHIRE

by shooters. The above was due to an eagle being in the vicinity and also two peregrine falcons. Weather fine. Wind N.E.

CATLODGE.—On the 13th, 27½ brace of grouse; and on the 15th, 19½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns, shooting over dogs: Admiral S. R. Miller, Mr. W. A. M. Miller and Paymaster-Captain G. A. Miller. Birds somewhat wild after wet weather. Good coveys on the low ground. Higher up birds backward and coveys small. *No disease.*

CLUNE.—On the 13th, 29 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Lieut.-Colonel Grahame, Major Hodkinson Smith and Captain Talbot Fletcher of Saltoun. Walking up, after a stormy, wet night.

DRYNOCH.—On the 13th and 16th, 19½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Colonel J. H. Collett, Mr. B. Bowers and Mr. R. H. Foster. Two short days. Coveys averaging seven birds. A few coveys of undersized birds.

GLENKIRK.—On the 13th, 94½ brace of grouse and 130 hares were killed by eight guns: Mr. C. R. Browne, Mr. G. Monro, Mr. J. Rochford, Mr. H. F. Chamen, Group Captain C. H. Blount, Mr. L. G. Crawley, Captain Wood of Gollanfield and Mr. Ovey.

GLEN WARRAGILL.—On the 13th, 12½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns, shooting over dogs for three-and-a-half hours in the afternoon: Mr. G. George and Lieut.-Colonel H. Macdonald, D.S.O. Birds quite well grown; no cheepers seen; coveys seen averaged eight birds.

INVERERNIE.—On the 13th, 22½ brace of grouse and on the 14th, 21½ brace were killed by four guns. Rain in the morning; fine afternoon. Birds wild. *No disease.*

INVERGARRY NORTH.—On the 13th, 26 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Sir Edward Stracey, Miss Stracey and Miss Katrina Cardwell. The day turned out fine and sunny. Most of the time with a fresh breeze from the N. and N.N.W. The grouse have done well on this march this season, broods numbering 8 to 12 birds. The young birds are forward and strong, and show little intention of sitting too close, and in most instances are quite as big as their parents.

KILLIN, NR. WHITEBRIDGE.—On August 13th, six-and-a-half brace of grouse were killed by two guns: J. H. Gibbon and son.

LEACHIN.—On the 13th, 90 brace of grouse and 8 hares were killed by six guns: Sir John P. Cargill, Bart., Dr. I. R. C. Greenlees, Mrs. Greenlees, Major R. Ross, Mr. Walter Ross and Mr. R. T. Neilson. A splendid show of well-grown healthy birds, good coveys, only one brood of cheepers seen. A wet day and night before and a strong wind all day made the birds very wild. On the 14th, 81 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns.

LEYS CASTLE.—On the 13th, 25½ brace of grouse and on the 14th, 42 brace were killed by five guns: Mr. Francis W. Walker, Mr. Donald Walker, Mr. Reginald Lugg, Mr. W. J. Mainwaring and Mr. J. C. Simpson. On the opening day it rained heavily until the afternoon. The rain made conditions disagreeable and the birds wild. Coveys good and strong and the birds in excellent condition.

PHONES.—On the 14th, 67½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. John Lakin, Mr. Gordon Houghton, Mr. David Sumners, Hon. M. R. Samuel, Hon. A. G. Samuel and Lord Bearsted. Birds scarce on higher slopes owing to snowstorm on May 15th and rather backward. *No disease.*

RALIA.—On the 14th, 63 brace of grouse, 12 hares and 2 snipe were killed by seven guns: Colonel McMullen, Colonel Walker, Major Birkin, Mr. P. Barrow, Mr. W. G. Hanson, Mr. H. D. Snook and Mr. W. McCrae.

TOMATIN.—On the 13th, 19½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns, walking: Mr. M. Melvill, Mr. J. H. Bulloch, Mr. W. N. Roper Caldbeck and Colonel R. A. Bulloch. On the 14th the same party killed 73½ brace of grouse. Short day. Birds generally wild and patchy. Several coveys half grown.

Morayshire

WESTER ELCHIES.—On the 15th, 38 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. S. Scrimgeour, Major E. J. Hudson, Mr. C. E. W. Charrington, Master R. N. Charrington and Master J. H. Scrimgeour. Birds plentiful and well-grown. Rainy morning and fine afternoon after a heavy shower at lunch-time. Birds wild after lunch.

Peeblesshire

SLIPPERFIELD.—On the 15th, 329 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir George Sutherland and party. And again on same ground on the 17th, 289½ brace, also seven guns. Grouse plentiful; a record bag for the moor. *No disease* whatever. Heather has bloomed well.

TRAQUAIR.—On the 13th, 134 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. Harry Mitchell and party.

Perthshire

ARDYORLICH.—On the 13th, 32 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Major B. M. Edwards and Mr. N. Norman-Butler. Birds strong; *no disease*; rather wild. On the 14th, 25 brace of grouse were killed by two guns.

ARGATY AND THE KING'S LUNDIES.—On the 13th, for half-day, 16 brace of grouse, 12 hares and 2 snipe were killed by six guns: Mr. D. C. Bowser of Argaty, Mr. W. McN. Snadden of the Coldoch, Mr. W. C. Dickson, of Glassingall, and Misses J. C., D. G., and P. H. Dickson. Fair weather, windy; *no sign of disease.* Birds wild.

ARRIVAIN AND TYNDRUM.—On the 16th, 17½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns, over dogs, by: Sir Henry Sharp and Mr. Hugh Molson, M.P. Birds plentiful but wild.

ASHINTULLY, KIRKMICHAEL.—On the 13th, 22 brace of grouse and 1 snipe; on the 15th, 27½ brace of grouse and 4 snipe; on the 17th, 14 brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 3 hares were killed by: Mr. J. P. Cuthbert and party. Birds in good condition but very wild.

BALNAKEILLY.—On the 13th, 23½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns, over dogs: Captain C. F. T. Nelsh, of Tannadice, and Mr. R. S. Strogan. Number of birds average, but fairly wild. *No disease.* A few small birds. Coveys generally good.

BOLFRACKS.—On the 13th, 66½ brace of grouse; and on the 14th, 46 brace of grouse, were killed by Mr. J. K. Hutchison and party. Birds wild owing to strong north wind. Coveys, seven to eight; on the whole not quite up to last year.

CAMBUSMORE.—On the 13th, 44 brace of grouse, 7 hares and 1 snipe were killed by three guns: Captain M. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. A. L. Gibson and Mr. J. E. B. Baillie Hamilton. Weather windy and birds wild.

CRIANLARICH.—On the 13th, 44 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Sir Robert Green-Price, Bart., Colonel G. H. D. Coates, Mr. Edward J. Lowes, Mr. Robin Lowes and Mr. Edward Lowes. Fine weather; birds strong and rather wild.

CULTOQUHEY.—On the 13th and 14th, 66½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. Maxtone Graham and party. Birds plentiful. Weather conditions on the 13th made them very wild. *No disease.*

DUNALASTAIR.—On the 13th, 145 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. F. de Sales La Terriere, Mr. J. de Sales La Terriere, Sir John Grey, Bart., the Hon. Charles Douglas, the Hon. Robert Trench, the Hon. Dudley Trench and Mr. G. Burns. Birds very wild; on the 16th, 74 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. Francis de Sales La Terriere, Mr. James de Sales La Terriere, Sir John Grey, Bart., the Hon. Charles Douglas, the Hon. Robert Trench, the Hon. Dudley Trench, Mr. Patrick Grey and Mr. G. Burns. On the 17th, six guns killed 79 brace of grouse.

DUNIRA MOORS.—On the 13th, 14th and 15th, 360 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns. Shooting with Mr. W. Gilchrist Macbeth, of Dunira—Commander G. F. Breese, Mr. H. C. Dickson, Mr. H. F. Ferguson, Mr. J. W. K. Finlay, Mr. J. F. Morrison, Captain W. Monlee, Mr. C. K. S. Wedderburn and Captain H. K. F. Wedderburn. BALLINDALLOCK BEAT.—On the 13th, 87½ brace of grouse. Several drives ruined by wind. Birds plentiful but sitting very close. GLEN BOLTICAN BEAT.—On the 14th, 160 brace of grouse Birds plentiful and wild. CARROGLEN.—On the 15th, 112½ brace of grouse. Birds plentiful; several large packs were seen. All birds healthy and well grown.

FONAB.—On the 13th, 29½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Major K. Tower, Lord Colville and Major Groube.

GLENALMOND.—On the 13th, 96½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Colonel Carnegy of Lour, Mr. Michael Henderson, Captain Morris, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Baring and Mr. Ian Henderson. Very fine day with high wind. Birds well grown and strong on wing.

GLENARTNEY.—On the 13th, 50 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. F. Shirley Cooper, Mr. Stuart R. Cooper, Mr. John E. Cooper and Mr. Henry A. Benson.

GLEN MARKIE.—On the 13th, 56½ brace of grouse, 25 hares and 1 snipe were killed by Major Harcourt Webb, Mrs. Harcourt Webb, Mr. W. Webb, Mr. M. Webb, Captain Marsland, Major Cecil Corbett, Lord Dorchester and Major R. Lamb, on the Lodge drive. Grouse plentiful. *No sign of disease.* On the 15th, the same party killed 102 brace of grouse on the Loch drive (without pick-up). Rain part of the day. Grouse plentiful. Very good proportion of young birds. A good season here.

INNERHADDEN, KINLOCH RANNOCH.—On the 13th, 31 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. H. Mackenzie-Inglis, Captain C. Shields and Dr. Robert A. Fleming of Innerhadden. Birds strong and wild, healthy and mostly well grown. Day windy. *No sign of disease.*

KILLIECHASSIE.—On the 14th, 25 brace of grouse were killed by one gun: Mr. R. L. Pilkington. Birds well forward.

KINLOCH, DUNKELD.—On the 13th, 105½ brace of grouse and 12 hares were killed by six guns: Sir George Hennessy, Bart., Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bart., M.P., Mr. Lionel Bulteel, Lord Hutchison of Montrose, Mr. T. M. Burrell and Viscount Devonport. Strong wind, which prevented birds coming over the guns. Judging from results it seems to indicate an ordinary season.

LOCHAN LODGE, AMULREE.—On the 13th, 51½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns, walking: Mr. G. F. Burrell, Mr. G. Knox Finlay, Captain Lumsden, M.C., and Mr. G. L. Millar. Birds plentiful, strong on the wing and wild. Conditions good; scent bad.

RANNOCH BARRACKS.—On the 13th, 49 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Captain R. W. Vereist, Captain Phillip Atkinson, Mr. Geoffrey Tritton, Captain George Todd and Captain Basil Allfrey. Good show of birds, but they were very wild owing to previous stormy weather. The day was good and the bag satisfactory.

RIECHIP (DUNKELD).—On the 15th, 102 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Captain P. P. Lewis, Mr. R. Bois, Mr. F. Shaw-Kennedy, Hon. C. Baring, Mr. E. B. Read, Major Cortes Perkins and Mr. G. S. Barrow. Birds strong and plentiful. *No disease.*

TULLIE BELTON.—On the 13th, 32½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Major and Mrs. C. de Lisle Bush, the Earl of Ducie, Captain J. Starling and Mr. J. Lowseley-Williams. Fine, very high wind. Walking in line. Grouse plentiful and well grown. *No sign of disease.*

TULLIEMET.—On the 15th, 40½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Major Buckley, Mr. A. MacDonald and Mr. H. Payne-Gallwey. Weather fine, strong wind. Birds very wild; good show of healthy, strong broods. Heather not yet in full bloom and not going to be too good, though fair; 13th and 14th warm and sunny, perfect for walking. Two guns got 41 brace.

URRARD.—On the 13th, 23 brace of grouse, 1 snipe and 3 golden plover, and on the 14th, 19 brace of grouse and 2 snipe, were killed by four guns: The Hon. J. Kemp, Major H. S. Hardy, Mr. H. Scrimgeour and Mr. D. Scrimgeour. The 13th was very windy and cold. Birds healthy and well grown, but mostly small coveys.

West Perthshire

ALTSKEITH (MID HILL BEAT).—On the 13th, 32½ brace of grouse and 4 hares were killed by Captain R. Joynson, Mr. E. W. Joynson, Major Lake and Mrs. Lake.

THE GLASSERT (DRUMLEAN BEAT).—On the 13th, 53½ brace of grouse and 2 hares were killed by Captain W. Joynson, Major G. W. Gore-Langton and Mr. A. Maitland, a record for the beat.

Ross-shire

KINLOCHEWE.—On the 13th, 25½ brace of grouse; on the 14th, 27 brace of grouse; on the 15th (very wet), 9½ brace of grouse; on the 16th, 23½ brace of grouse; on the 17th, 26 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. C. E. Hickman, Mr. Arthur Jones, Sir C. A. Mander and Mr. Edward Hickman. All over dogs. Birds well grown, few cheapers. *No disease.*

Stirlingshire

AUCHENTROIG.—On the 13th, 31½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns over dogs: Colonel Ewing Crawford, Captain Gwennad Moore, Mr. Martyr and Captain Crawford. Birds strong and very wild.

TOUCH.—On the 13th, 51 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Captain E. P. Buchanan, Major Gordon Macmillan, Captain J. A. Agnew Wallace and Captain J. S. Watson. Walking up. Birds plentiful, but wild. Weather very fine.

Sutherland

ACHANY, HOME BEAT.—On the 13th, 21 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. S. A. Courtauld and two other guns. A cloudy, windy day. Moor very wet. Birds in good condition.

BIGHOUSE.—On the 13th, 6 brace of grouse were killed by one gun, Colonel J. C. Hartley. Almost too stormy for shooting, a walk round outsides only. Coveys numerous and very strong. Conditions throughout for grouse have been excellent, and heather looks splendid.

ERIBOLL.—On the 13th, 18½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Commander J. H. R. Homfray, R.N., Lieut.-Com. R. B. Stewart, D.S.C., R.N., and Mr. J. L. F. Fergusson. Mist and rain. Good show of healthy birds, but a lot of cheepers seen. On the 14th, 30 brace of grouse were killed by two guns: Lieut.-Com. R. B. Stewart, D.S.C., R.N., and Lieut.-Com. E. J. Fergusson, R.N. On this beat grouse were more numerous than in previous years; well grown, healthy, and no cheepers seen.

LAIRG.—On the 13th, 62½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Lord Bayford, Colonel Borwick, Sir John Mellor, Mr. Bernard Cazenove and Sir Edgar Horne. Weather fine after heavy rain, some squalls. Birds plentiful, well grown, good size coveys, few cheepers. *No disease.*

LOCH NAVER.—On the 13th, 32 brace of grouse were killed by four guns, walking in line: Mr. Eric Rose, Mr. J. Whittingdale, Mr. B. van Cutsem and Mr. H. Rose. Fewer coveys than last year, on the average smaller. Many single birds.

OSPISDALE.—On the 13th, 22 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. W. W. Duncan, Dr. Ian Arthur, Mr. F. T. H. Newell and Mr. F. N. Sudlow. Birds not so plentiful as last year. High wind blowing and birds rather wild. Weather mostly fine with a few showers.

SKIBO CASTLE.—On the 13th, 57 brace of grouse and 11 hares were killed by Mrs. Andrew Carnegie's party. Cold, somewhat rainy weather. Birds wild. Shooting over dogs.

ENGLAND

Yorkshire

HIGH COTHERSTONE.—On the 14th, 292½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Sir Emmanuel Hoyle, Bt., General Hill, Major Steel, Major Lee, Mr. Charles Robertshaw, Mr. Charles Mitchell, Mr. E. Compton and Mr. J. E. A. Titley. This bag was a record for the moor, a magnificent show of birds. *No disease.*

HORTON AND COSH MOORS.—Crystal Palace Beat: On the 13th, 306 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. G. B. T. Metcalfe's party, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Captain G. A. Greig, Sir Christopher Magnay, Colonel Harmar, Mr. W. D. Roberts, Major W. Bennett and Mr. Allen Greenwell. Wind and mist interfered slightly with shooting in morning but conditions in afternoon were ideal. Birds very much packed and in good condition.

HORTON AND COSH (PENYGHENT BEAT).—On the 14th, 216 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. G. B. T. Metcalfe, Captain Hulton Croft, Captain G. A. Greig, Sir Christopher Magnay, Colonel Harmar, Mr. W. D. Roberts, Major Bennett, Mr. Allen Greenwell and Mr. W. M. Perfect. Weather perfect for shooting; birds very much packed and in excellent condition. COSH BEAT.—On the 15th, 160 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. G. B. T. Metcalfe, Mr. John Knox, Captain G. A. Greig, Sir Christopher Magnay, Colonel Harmar, Mr. W. D. Roberts, Major W. Bennett and Mr. Allen Greenwell. Windy in morning and rain in afternoon. Birds in splendid condition.

PEN HILL AND MELINCILY MOORS.—On the 13th, 120 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. T. Thornton Berry, Mr. A. A. Rushton, Major C. Leather, Colonel C. Chaytor, D.S.O., Colonel F. Sopper, Mr. O. Cooke-Yarborough and Major Douglas Collins. A wet morning and very bad wind for driving. Birds were wild and drove badly.

Several Reports are unavoidably held over

PROFESSIONALS TO ENCOURAGE

Lawn Tennis Coaching the Country Needs

By J. E. COLLETT

LAST week the first professional championship of Great Britain to be officially run by the L.T.A. was held at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. It was an auspicious inauguration, and the meeting was enjoyed thoroughly by all concerned. The attendance was small, but this was not surprising, because the spectator public has not been encouraged to believe that the harmless, necessary coach is anything out of the way as a competitive player. He used not to be, but there is now a new era.

Both the finalists, D. Maskell (All-England) and T. C. Jeffery (Melbury), are of good account, and the former, as an amateur, would be in the international ranking class. Maskell won easily, retaining the championship he had held under varying conditions for the preceding six years. Both players are of all-court capacity, but prefer to conduct proceedings from the baseline unless conditions call for a more intensive attack, which is, after all, the up-to-date method in the best amateur circles also. Maskell had more confidence and more forthrightness than Jeffery, who in addition had to combat the feeling of inferiority induced by previous losses. He evidently felt that Maskell had the beating of him.

The great improvement in the standard of play among British professionals of the coaching class was again emphasised in the doubles finals in which one had rather expected to see, as in the past, a definite inferiority to the amateur presentment of that department of the game. On the contrary, though Maskell and Jeffery were the manifest masters of the Queen's pair, F. Paulson and J. Pearce, the hitting all round was fluent and the positioning sensitive to each situation as it arose, if perhaps it was not always sufficiently anticipatory. Pearce was more uncertain than the others, and Maskell's volleying was less certain than his knowledge should have permitted.

The position of professionals at the moment invites comment. The present system of officially subsidised coaching, conducted in a decentralised system through the various county organisations, results in considerable waste of time and money on the coaching of persons over amenable age, including many veterans. The remedy would, perhaps, be centralisation and the employment by the L.T.A. of, say, 25 official coaches, for as many counties, with a guaranteed minimum earning.

On the available figures the probable loss to the L.T.A. would be within their power of expenditure. These "head" coaches would be permitted to employ assistants as their work increased in volume, and would make regular reports to the L.T.A., which would be examined and forwarded to the county secretaries. As things are now, it is reasonable to ask what is coaching of the official sort for?

Permanent coaches should be appointed t Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It is understood that at present coaching, if any, is largely accidental, and in what should be the game's mos important nurseries the young people rock thei own cradles. This may be a tradition, but that does not condone the practice.

The British professional is but slightly in the public eye, and this is our fault, not his. He is able and willing to entertain as well as to coach and he has as much right to the plums of gate money, either personally or collectively, as the various amateur organisations.

Our professionals have handed themselves over to the L.T.A., and so far they are pleased with the experience, but they should be given rope not held on the end of a leash of patronage. This professional championship of Great Britain may well develop, if fostered intelligently, into a sound financial proposition, but not unless it has a settled venue. The idea which has been mooted to remove it from Devonshire Park would be a mistake no professional entertainment manager would commit. For good or ill, the L.T.A. are deep in the entertainment business, and it will be foolish if any form of snobbishness should induce them to let the purely exhibitionary, and therefore, from the high standpoint, less reputable professional elemen corner this country from the gate-money side possibly employing our own professionals in the process.

Whatever professional championships may be held in this country they must be logically mere showman's bluff unless they are sponsored by the L.T.A.

WHY THIS CRAZE FOR BERMUDA RIG?

Off-Shore Cruising Efficiency of the Gaff

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

EVEN with this year's season not yet finished one cannot help noticing the incidence of rig and sail plan in some of the winners of the cruiser races. It may be, as a yachtsman has said, that the day will soon be with us when foreigners will come to our shores to marvel at that quaint old survival the gaff rig—but this rig seems to have had it very much its own way this summer so far.

It awakes an old controversy, but when one sees so many new yachts being built in this year of grace, and knows that so many more are being contemplated and designed for next year, one is more than justified in re-opening the subject.

What is this year's "fashion" in ordinary cruiser rig? I particularly stress "ordinary cruiser rig," for by it I mean the hardy, off-shore cruiser as opposed to the class-racer or even the light displacement ocean racer so eminently suited to trans-Atlantic waters. One sees the new breed at Burnham and on the Solent, very occasionally on the Clyde, and even more seldom in German waters, but each one of the newcomers bears a strong resemblance to the other it will be noticed—a tall narrow sail plan: cutter or sloop-rig, with the after-end of the main boom well inboard, with the forestay sloping at a sharp angle, and with the mainmast stepped well into the boat but perhaps further forward than in the older-fashioned gaff-rigged ships. One looks at Carmela's sail plan, for instance, and sees her high rig soaring above her hull, a hull and sheer clearly meant for sea work, for, attractive as it is when viewed at rest, it becomes doubly so under way.

What is this wave of Bermudanism? Is it just a swing of the scientific pendulum—to the extreme "left" after years of gaff-conservatism, or is it just subservience to fashion? That the high rig is increasing its devotees cannot be denied—and yet there are many cruising yachtsmen of experience who seem to persist in, even if they have not returned to, the gaff rig of earlier days. Furthermore, to correct those who aver that England is almost the museum of the gaff rig, one has but to point out that numbers of offshore American cruising yachtsmen have avoided the high sail plan and there are Alden's Malabars which must not be forgotten.

Clinging to my definition of an off-shore cruising yacht, a definition reinforced by MacMullen's dictum that safety in a blow is to be found off-shore, I cannot see wherein the advantage of the high rig lies, or, at least, where its scientific advantages outweigh its practical disadvantages sufficiently to justify its general use. Basically one can trace the evolution of Bermuda-rig popularity to the development of scientific investigation in aeronautics. There, as a prime fact, the discovery was made that for a given sail area increased height gave increased efficiency. To the many who had racked their brains over the problem of how to get rid of a troublesome gaff without sacrificing efficiency, all round this discovery seemed to show a definite lead. The obvious answer was to abandon the gaff and, substituting aeronautical theory for sea practice, replace a gaff mainsail with a Bermudan. That such a change must be productive of marked result was obvious: the mainsail contains the driving force; the Bermudan mainsail possessed a far longer leading edge than the gaff-sail, and wind-tunnel experiments had shown that the driving power of a sail to windward was developed on its leading edge.

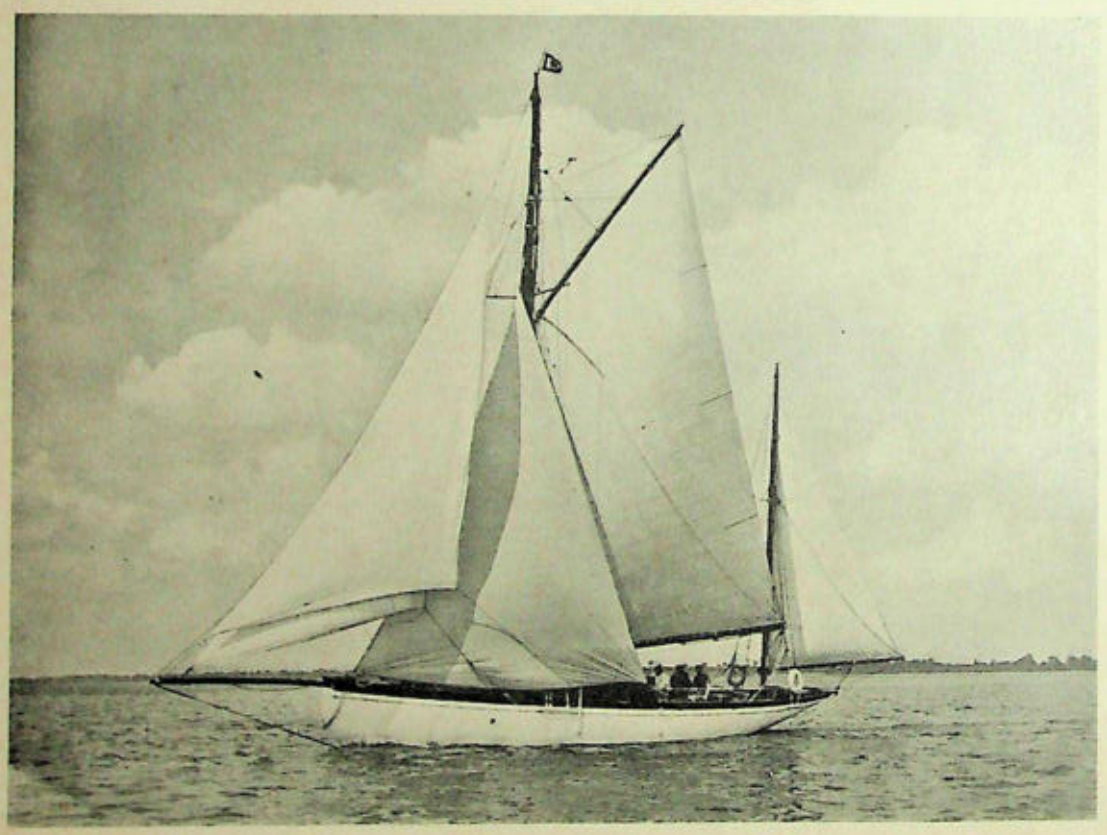
So far so good. The troubles of a swinging, sagging gaff had been eliminated and, in exchange, an increase of some 10 per cent., and even more, in driving power to windward had been attained. But a yacht is not always going to windward in open water—still adhering to the off-shore wholesome cruiser type. Even the coastal, port-to-port type of cruiser, need no longer base all his calculations of rig and sail area upon windward efficiency, for he has his auxiliary to help him along to windward, and wisely he often makes use of it!

Now those same wind-tunnel experiments which reveal the superiority of the high rig to windward also reveal a superiority of a properly planned gaff-rig on any point of sailing off the wind—from Burnham to Heligoland with a westerly breeze, for example. There is apparently more drive in a gaff mainsail on a commanding breeze, and no matter what the poet may have to say in favour of the music of a thrash to windward in a seaway, there are many who prefer a cruising passage off-shore to be *off* the wind! Again, turning to aerodynamic experiment: the natural arching of the Bermudan sail from headstick to foot, especially when fitted as a loose-footed sail, permits the development of greater power than a gaff-sail, but off the wind the gaff-sail sets better and has a greater suction factor.

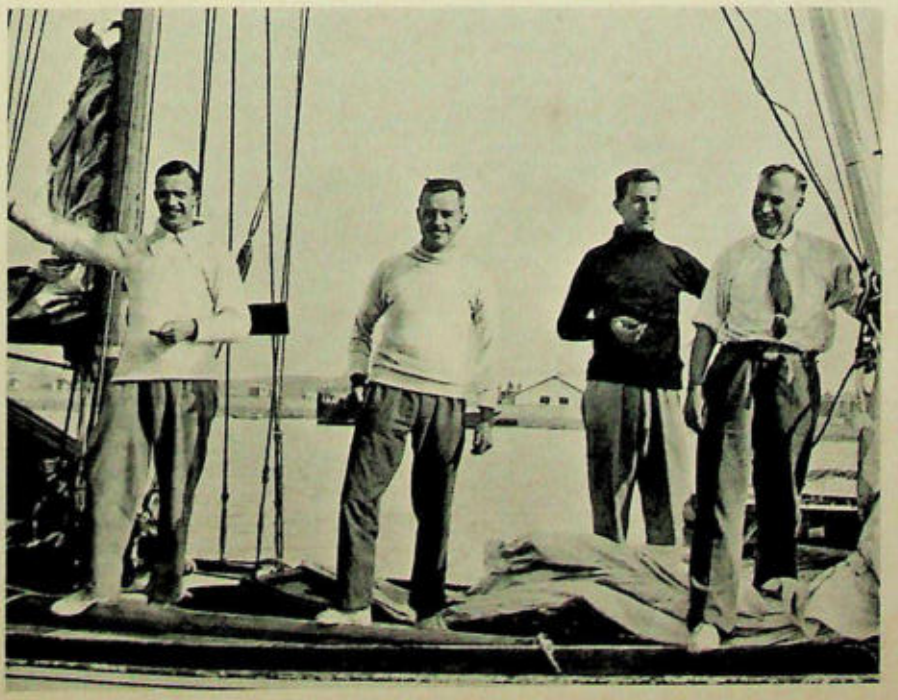
And so one can go on experimenting and weighing the results. In the end it will be found that the Bermudan sail's efficiency all round is, perhaps, 10 per cent. greater than the gaff-sail's. Add to this the fact that a Bermudan sail is supposed to be easier to hand—though not to handle—reef and furl, and one arrives, I think, at the limit of its advantages.

Now for our off-shore cruiser one must set against

THE WINNER OF A LITTLE SHIP CLUB RACE
Mr. F. W. Noal's Bermudan cutter Felicia, first in the recent race from Brightlingsea to Ostend



MR. C. G. WALTON'S AUXILIARY YAWL MERMAID, WINNER OF THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB'S RACE LAST YEAR AND SECOND PRIZE WINNER THIS YEAR



MR. F. W. NOAL, RIGHT, AND THE CHEERY CREW OF FELICIA

all this the fact that, aerodynamic experiment or no, with the gaff-rig one can set the same sail area for a smaller mast-height and that, off-shore security in a blow is largely dependent upon having the minimum of windage aloft. This cannot be attained with a swaying, unshortenable Bermudan mast aloft. Again, the tendency of a high rig has been to steepen the angle of the forestay and with it the head angle of the forestay sail, turning this into somewhat of a pressing sail instead of a powerful driving sail. Add to this the fact that at ordinary angles of heel, the gaff is alleged to promote stability whereas the stability scale would appear, if anything, to be slightly against the high rig.

There is the argument, of course, that the Bermudan sail plan's centre of gravity is lower, but with a moderately short and hollow gaff there is very little in this. It seems to me, in fact, that the properly designed gaff-rig, for pure off-shore cruising in comfort, ought not to be ousted, as appears to be happening to-day. For a cutter, a gaff mainsail with a peak angle of about 34 degrees, with a hollow gaff making a right angle with the sail's clew-throat diagonal, will not sag very much at the head—a smaller peak angle, would, however, although range could help to control the sag.

For a ketch or a yawl, if one is so keen to eliminate the gaff, why not try those "Nicholson topsails" which, if I remember rightly, made their appearance about 1924? These trysails were, I believe, entirely satisfactory.

So there it is, one may as well commit oneself to a credo: I regret this swing over, for off-shore cruising sail plans, to the high rig; I don't believe it is as efficient all-round as a well-designed gaff-rig, and I don't believe it is as sea prudent, but *tot homines, tot sententiae*.

FINDING ONE'S WAY ROUND THE COAST—III

Setting the Course

By J. B. KIRKPATRICK

THE navigational preliminaries for a coastwise passage are simple enough—in principle. All that you have to do is to rule a line on the chart from point of departure to destination and make sure that it leads well clear of all dangers: find the magnetic course by sliding the parallel rules from the line to the nearest compass rose, and consult your deviation table for the course to be steered. The scale of latitude at the side of the chart gives the distance, and when the log tells you that that distance has been run you should be at your destination.

So you would be, but for the vagaries of wind and tide. Leeway, the error caused by the wind deflecting the ship from her course, varies very much with the type of craft. A high-sided motor cruiser with very little grip of the water will make most leeway with a beam wind. With sailing craft it increases as the wind comes ahead, but while a Dutchman will drift sideways nearly as fast as she sails forward, a modern cruiser with fine lines and good draft will make very little leeway except when hard on the wind. That is in smooth water. With a heavy beam sea the whole surface seems to drift bodily and leeway increases.

The amount of leeway must be assessed for different craft and different conditions by intelligent guesswork. The angle which the wake or logline makes with the ship's head can be estimated by eye or even measured with a hand-compass. It may be half a point, a point, or even more in an unweatherly boat. If the wind is free enough the leeway can be corrected by steering that much to windward of the course. When that is impossible a second line should be drawn on the chart representing the "course made good," which will be the same amount to leeward of our first compass-course line.

You remember Davies in *The Riddle of the Sands*? "'Tides are queer things,' he said, as though in defence of some not very respectable acquaintances." They are, and the art of successful coastal navigation depends very much on learning their little ways and turning them to account. It is not their rise and fall which matter most, except when approaching shallow harbours or making a passage in waters like those of the Thames Estuary, where there are many short cuts available at the right time of tide. What counts is the tidal stream.

To the landsman the tide goes "in" or "out," but except in rivers this is a misleading description. As a general rule the tidal stream sets along the coast and parallel with it, running for approximately six hours in one direction and six in the other, though there are many exceptions.

In some places the direction varies hour by hour, rotating through every point of the compass in turn. In others the stream will flow seven hours or more in one direction, and correspondingly less in the other. There is usually an indraught into bays, while the stream runs strongest round headlands and slackest in the bights between. The direction of the stream often changes as much as two hours earlier close in shore than it does outside, and the change seldom coincides with high and low water by the shore. In channels like the Solent, which are open to the sea at both ends, the tidal streams are still more complicated.

Most Admiralty charts have not only arrows indicating the tidal streams but tables giving the hourly strength and direction at a number of selected points, but the easiest place in which to find this vital information is a proper tidal atlas, where it is given in graphic form in a series of twelve charts, one for each hour before or after high water at Dover.

Sometimes the speed given is the average rate, sometimes the maximum, and sometimes the rates for springs and neaps are given separately. The latter is usually about half the former. If the maximum rate is given it must be remembered that it only flows at this rate for the third and fourth hours out of the six. In the first and sixth

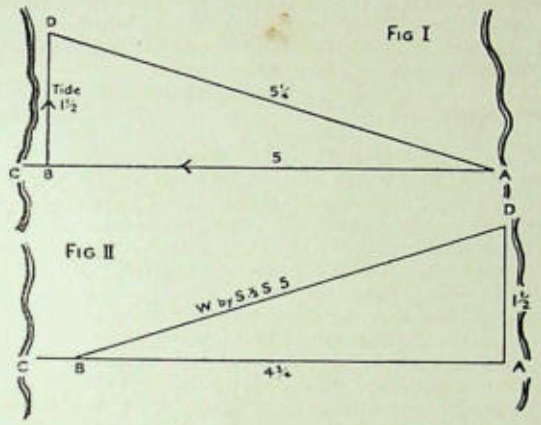


FIG I

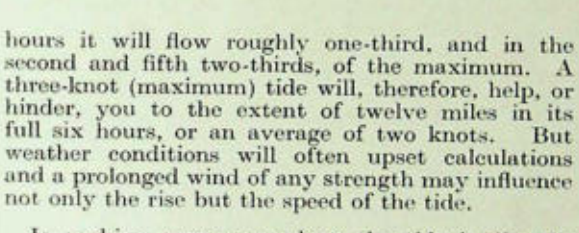


FIG II

hours it will flow roughly one-third, and in the second and fifth two-thirds, of the maximum. A three-knot (maximum) tide will, therefore, help, or hinder, you to the extent of twelve miles in its full six hours, or an average of two knots. But weather conditions will often upset calculations and a prolonged wind of any strength may influence not only the rise but the speed of the tide.

In making a passage where the tide is directly fair or foul, it is only necessary to estimate its total drift and add it to or substract it from the distance sailed through the water as shown by the log. Where the set of the tide is sideways it must be plotted on the chart to find the "course made good." In Fig. 1 a yacht steers due west from A to C, making five knots through the water. But there is a north-going tide running at one-and-a-half knots, so that at the end of an hour she will not be at B but at D, and though she will have sailed only five miles through the water she will have made nearly five-and-a-quarter over the ground.

In order to sail directly from A to C she must obviously steer to the south of the direct course to counteract the tide. Fig. 2 shows how to arrive at the amount of allowance that must be made. Draw AD equal to the drift of the tide in one hour and DB equal to the distance she can sail in that time, on the same scale. Then DB gives the course to steer. For each five miles sailed on a course W by S½S, the ship will make good about four-and-three-quarters on her proper course of west.

ENDEAVOUR'S RIVAL

THERE seems little doubt that Rainbow will defend the America's Cup against Endeavour, in view of her recent performances against Yankee; but last Wednesday the final trials were due to show which of the three contestants for the defence, Rainbow, Yankee, and Weetamoe, is the fastest. Considerable structural alterations were made to the two latter boats to meet all the new regulations, and the result was that in spite of Rainbow having been specially built for the race, they were formidable candidates for the defence of the cup. It is understood that Rainbow, by judicious ballasting, has shown her real form, and it would be a disappointment to many if that sporting yachtsman, Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, did not once again handle a defender on September 15th.

POPULAR DINGHY RACING

A Record Entry for the Prince of Wales's Cup

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

HELD at Falmouth on August 18th, under the flag of the Royal Cornish Yacht Club, the international 14-footer dinghy racing for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup broke previous records. There were nearly 50 entries and no fewer than 41 starters.

At the start of the race—10.30 a.m.—there was a very light south-easterly breeze which gave the boats a reach from the starting line off Trepesis Point to the St. Just Buoy, a beat to the St. Mawes Castle Buoy, and a run to the home mark. Four rounds were sailed—a distance of about 15.8 sea miles, and the breeze increased slightly during the second round, but became uncertain in strength, and variable, towards the end of the race.

Well sailed, and well served by the wind, Mr. N. K. Winter, in Lightning, having led over the greater part of the course, was an easy winner by exactly 11min. from Mrs. H. Richardson, in Magheralin, with Mr. D. H. Drew's Whisper, third. Mr. Stewart H. Morris, the holder of the cup, who has returned from America, where he was taking part in the team races against Canada and the United States, finished sixth. Among the other well-known dinghy men who competed were: Mr. Peter Scott in Eastlight—fresh from his outstanding successes in America, as was the winner, Mr. W. H. Godfrey, in Swift; Mr. Tom Thornycroft, in Gyrinus; and Mr. T. C. Ratsey, in Departure.

A point in connection with the international 14-footers which is well worth noting is that they have now arrived at such a high standard of design, construction and equipment, that it is by no means an easy task to improve on the existing boats. It may be of interest to recapitulate the rules which govern these popular little boats. They must not exceed 14ft. in overall length and their greatest breadth must not be less than 4ft. 8in. while the minimum depth of hull inside skin—taken amidships from the height of the top of the gunwale to the top of planking 6in. out from the centre line—is 1ft. 9in. They must be entirely "open"—that is to say, undecked—and the weight of hull must not be less than 225lb. when stripped of all gear, including sails, spars, rudder, bottom boards and centre board. They have a sail area of 125 sq. ft., as measured by the I.Y.R.U. rules, having a maximum height above the gunwale of 22ft. 6in. Heavy metal centre boards are fitted, and buoyancy tanks to provide the boats with a surplus buoyancy of not less than 112lb. when the boats are full of salt water.

An interesting feature of the Royal Ocean Racing Club's 1934 programme is the increasing number of deep sea long distance races. The latest addition is that from Plymouth to Belle-Isle, which started on August 18th. This was open to two classes—one for yachts of more than 35ft., but not exceeding 60ft., on designed load water line, and the other for yachts of not more than 35ft. nor less than 28ft. on l.w.l. The start was from a line formed with the Melampus Buoy in Plymouth Sound, and the course was to Le Palais, Belle-Isle; leaving Ushant the Arrmen Buoy, the Glenans and Belle-Isle to port—rounding the southern end of Belle-Isle and approaching Le Palais from the southward—a distance of 251 sea miles.

In the big class the starters were M. Adrien Verliac's 60-ton Bermudian schooner Hygie, designed and built in France in 1930; Mr. Ralph St. L. Peverley's 50-ton Alden-designed gaff-rigged schooner Lelanta—built in Holland in 1930; M. Marc Blancly's 33-ton ketch Wi-Ki, German designed and built in Kiel in 1921; Mr. A. B. Gibbon's 33-ton converted Bristol Channel pilot cutter, built in 1899; and Mr. G. E. W. Potter's 34-ton Bermudian cutter, British designed and built this year.

These vessels differ so greatly in type—although all were built for deep-sea work—that should the conditions be favourable to making a comparison of their relative merits—the results in the race may be instructive. By the Royal Ocean Racing Club's formula, Hygie has to allow Lelanta 10min. 53sec., Carmele 1hr. 8min. 36sec., Wi-Ki 3hr. 33min. 21sec., and Seabreeze 5hr. 54min. 45sec. over the course. In the smaller class, Mrs. A. M. and Mrs. J. T. Hunt's 22-ton cutter Spica, designed by H. W. de Voogt and built in Holland in 1915, was set to give Mr. E. Gore-Lloyd's 16-ton old-fashioned straight stemmed yawl Cooya, designed by Linton Hope and built in 1914, 5hr. 25min. 28sec.; Messrs. C. S. and G. N. Blundell's 14-ton cutter Little Windflower, also straight stemmed, and built in St. Feock in 1890, 5hr. 40min. 32sec.; and Miss U. M. Carver and Mr. E. J. Carver's 9-ton yawl Dozmare, built by Gray, of Falmouth, in 1898, 11hr. 33min. 36sec. Much, of course, depends on weather conditions but, in any case, the results in each race will prove to be of interest.

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.

DEPREDATIONS OF EGG-COLLECTORS

SIR,—The letter over the signature of H. Leyborne Popham which appeared in your issue of August 4th seems to call for an answer. I am not quite clear what your correspondent means when he charges me with inconsistency. I am fully aware of the other enemies of the disappearing species, but it is impossible to deal with them fully in the space of a single letter. No reasonable person who has studied the question can have any possible doubt that the chief danger to our rarer breeding species comes from a certain class of egg-collector. He may or may not be the exception, but the margin of safety in some cases is so small that one individual possessed of sufficient funds and perseverance is quite capable of exterminating more than one of our breeding species.

I have known a hundred or more keepers in my life, and may have been fortunate in my experience, but I cannot personally think of one who "shoots all rare birds at sight." In any case, the keeper is usually a more or less ignorant man acting in what he believes to be his master's interests, whereas the egg-collector who robs the nests of vanishing species is a self-styled scientist sinning against the light. I freely admit that the keeper has been mainly responsible for the disappearance of our larger raptores, though in the case of each of the two species which have recently become extinct as breeding birds it has been the egg-collector who has administered the *coup de grace*.

The specimen hunter undoubtedly does an infinity of harm and his activities must somehow be checked, but as for obvious reasons the damage is mainly limited to the winter months amongst the migrants and winter strays, it is impossible to compare the harm he does with the depredations of the egg-collector which take place in the breeding season.

Yours faithfully,

Hinstock Court, Market Drayton. A. C. L. D. LEES.

"FREAK" PHEASANT CHICKS

SIR,—I have had the opportunity of examining a very interesting example of congenitally defective structure in a pheasant chick sent to the *Field* by Mr. H. T. Chandler, head-keeper to Lord Henniker. At the age of three weeks the chick, which had not developed to the normal size, died of Paratyphoid, and I was able to dissect its body.

The abnormality consisted of a third wing, which projected from the mid-line of the back between the normal wings. This supernumerary wing consisted of skin supporting immature flight feathers, immature muscles, blood vessels and nerves, all of which were supported by three jointed though slender bones. The proximal bone formed a joint with the superior spine of the seventh cervical (or neck) vertebra and thus it was freely movable in all rotatory movements like a ball and socket joint. There was no other structural defect in the body.

When acknowledging the receipt of my report, Mr. Chandler gave particulars of another pheasant chick which he moved to covert at about six weeks of age. He describes this bird as having (1) "a small though correctly formed foot projecting from the normal right leg just above the joint" (presumably the stifle joint), and (2) "a second foot consisting of five toes, which projected just above the ankle of the right leg." This bird has not been observed since it was moved to covert.

Supernumerary digits (polydactylism) are of not infrequent occurrence in human beings, horses, dogs, farm animals and domesticated birds, in which the abnormality is usually found to be inherited. The exact form of the polydactylism may, and commonly does, vary among the members of a family, *e.g.*, fore-limbs in one child, hind-limbs in another child of the family. Thus Mr. Chandler's suspicion that these two abnormal chicks were derived from the same pheasant is not unreasonable.

Occasionally the *Field* receives other examples of structural defects of congenital origin in game. One striking specimen was a chick with a second head attached to its normally developed head and neck; another and more "finished" case was a pair of Siamese twins, *i.e.*, two almost perfectly formed pheasant chicks united to one another by the breast and thus sharing one another's blood.

There is still some uncertainty among experts as to the process whereby these varying degrees of structural defect arise, but there is little doubt that some, if not all, of them are hereditable, though to provide scientific proof of inheritance requires long and tedious breeding experiments. But the evidence of human family histories and of breeding experiments with domesticated animals and poultry suggests that the cause and process of these defects are similar in all species of living creatures.

I think it would be a good idea if other readers were to submit their observations of these congenital defects for publication in the *Field*, as the subject is of profound practical interest. Obviously it is desirable that no inherited defect should be perpetuated among game and that our knowledge of these phenomena should be developed. Probably it may be regarded as a fortunate dispensation that a considerable proportion of congenital structural defects are inconsistent with life; but there is an uncomfortably large residue of defects which are consistent with life and reproduction through the normal span of the species' existence.

Yours faithfully,

St. Albans. TOM HARE.

FLAT-WINGED SALMON FLIES

SIR,—A fisherman has written to me. He had seen a recent catalogue containing illustrations of flies with wings attached to the hooks by the same method as are the wings of my flies, and the claim was made in the letterpress that that method of winging was "new."

The *Field* was kind enough to publish descriptions of my flies on June 4th, 1932, on July 23rd, 1932—with illustrations—and a later series with identical winging was described on March 25th, 1933.

I should very much appreciate it if you would allow me space to state the facts as a question of the origin of this method of winging has arisen.

I believe that I originated it in 1925 or 1926. If another did so earlier, it was without my knowledge.

I would submit that it is misleading to describe as "new" (in 1934) a method of winging that has been before the public since 1932.

It is, however, perfectly accurate to describe it as "new" to the compiler of the catalogue in the sense that it appears therein for the first time.

I naturally do not complain that my methods of winging are thought worthy of use by the compiler of the catalogue.

Crebor House, Near Tavistock, Devon. Yours faithfully, L. KILROY.

[We can confirm our correspondent's account of the origin of these flies. They were shown to us some weeks before an account of them appeared in the paper, and up to that time we had not come across any salmon fly with the wings dressed in the manner described, and afterwards illustrated, in our columns.—ED.]

FLY FISHING IN RHODESIA

SIR,—I am told by many who have lived in Northern Rhodesia for a long time that they have not before heard of successful fly fishing in the rivers of this country, and I feel therefore, that the fact that this does offer excellent sport in places may be of interest.

While on tour recently on the Kalunguishi River I secured baskets of 23 and 9 on two successive evenings. I used a 10ft. light trout rod, and started with a medium strength 4-yds. cast, later changing to a stouter 2-yds. one. And probably because it was the largest fly I possessed, I had far the best sport on a winged mayfly. Next in favour was a Derby beetle, and two small fish were caught on a golden earwig. The fish caught are types of bream, called by the natives respectively chaka (chishila), mpende (chiwemba) and muwanse (chiwemba). The chaka offers best sport. It is a silver-bright trout-shaped fish, and full of bones. It rises to a dry fly very well, but I found that slow or careless striking was always ineffectual, and one had to be very quick with the wrist. The largest of this variety which I caught weighed 1¾lb., and I had to play it for eleven minutes on the fine cast.

The mpende is the common roundish bream which is delicious to eat. I caught only three of these, but they suck the fly down, and I lost many through striking too early. When hooked they make a wild rush of about 8yds., but the fight is then over. The muwansa will leap out of the water at a fly, and the natives talk of them as flying fish. They fight well, but I caught three small ones only, and the play was disappointing. Two years ago, at Namwala, on the Kafue River, I managed to land small mpende caught on a fly, but did not see any of the other two varieties I have mentioned.

The fish begin to rise well at about 4.30 p.m., and it is dark by 6.15. On the afternoon of the second day a large swarm of locusts passed over, which accounts for the smaller number caught on a fly on that day.

I fear you must have the fisherman's story. As it got dark on the second day I put on my monster white moth, and the first cast was taken. The line went out a very little, and then stuck, and I could feel no signs of life. I slacked the line and jerked, and immediately the whole line went downstream at a terrific pace and snapped. I lost half of the line. The natives swore I had foul-hooked a crocodile, but I should hate to think so! And after that I feel there is room for a great deal of research work into fly fishing in this country.

Yours faithfully,

Mporokoso, Northern Rhodesia. G. E. TREVOR BENSON.

GAMEKEEPERS AND THE LITTLE OWL

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a case recently tried before the Berkhamsted Bench in Hertfordshire on a summons brought under the Wild Birds Protection Act, 1880.

A gamekeeper, after missing a number of young pheasants from a field on a game farm, kept watch, and saw a little owl swoop down on the coop, pick up a bird and fly away. He then shot the little owl when the pheasant poult was actually in its mouth.

In spite of the fact that it was contended (*a*) that as the little owl was practically unknown at the time of the Wild Birds Protection Act, it was not intended to be protected by that Act, and (*b*) that the shooting was justified in defence of property, he was convicted by the bench and a nominal fine of 1s. imposed.

Many counties have excepted the little owl from the protection of the Act owing to the damage which it does not only to game but also to chickens, but other counties have failed to do this, and in their areas it is still an offence to shoot a little owl even when caught with a bird in its mouth.

May I ask those of your readers who are members of county councils and others to draw the attention of county councils to the necessity of removing the little owl from the protection of the Act.

Yours faithfully,

St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. 1. J. W. FITZWILLIAM, British Field Sports Society.

[We refer to this case on page 439.—ED.]

HEATH FIRES

SIR,—In view of the number of heath fires which have occurred during the present year, it may be of interest to consider how far spontaneous combustion may be responsible for some of the appalling outbreaks which have laid waste so much beautiful country. I have recently noticed how easy it is to start a fire, quite unintentionally, given favourable conditions. Although always very careful where I drop lighted cigarette ends, I nearly caused a conflagration in a wood belonging to me, by dropping a hot cigarette end on what appeared to be perfectly bare ground.

This wood is composed of Scots firs, many years old, and there is nothing growing underneath except some straggling hollies. The accumulation of pine needles, for many years, apparently form most of the soil, which when baked dry by the sun becomes like tinder, and a very small spark will set it alight.

Fortunately my chauffeur's wife, who lives in a cottage nearby, smelt the burning and was able to put out the fire with some buckets of water before any serious harm was done.

Yours faithfully,

Woodside, Crowborough, Sussex. R. S. K. EYRE.

GUNMAKING DYNASTICS

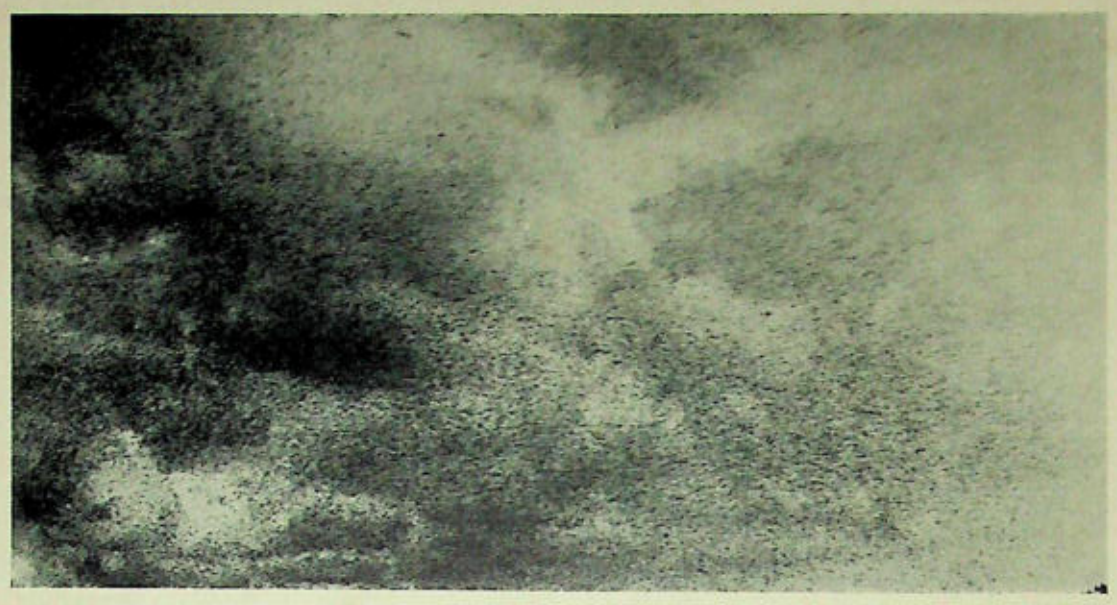
SIR,—Your interesting article under the above heading leads me to ask if the writer could tell anything of E. M. Reilly, of Oxford Street, London? In 1895 I was given a hammerless gun made by him, and for several years took it to him annually for overhaul, but one year I found his shop had disappeared (I think Appenrodts is now on the site).

The gun must be a good one as in 1900 I had ejectors fitted, and in 1931 it stood the test of nitro-proofing in spite of my using it continually up to 1914, when it "rested" till 1920, and then came into use again. It has a window on each side of the lock, so that one can see whether the strikers are cocked or not.

Only once in the past ten years have I seen a Reilly gun quoted in a second-hand list.

Yours faithfully,

Furzetor, Horrabridge, S. Devon. M. COLLIER.



A DARK OUTLOOK FOR RHODESIAN FARMERS
(See Letter "Locusts in Southern Rhodesia")

LOCUSTS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA

SIR,—While on a motor tour recently near Salisbury, we drove through a swarm of locusts, of which I enclose a picture. I thought, perhaps, this might be of interest to you in view of the fact that our driver, who was by no means a youngster, told us that it was the largest he had ever seen. I should, perhaps, explain that the photograph was taken just as we were getting to the end of the swarm.

Yours faithfully,
14, Montague Street, London, W. M. RAPHAEL.

THREE 40-POUNDERS IN A DAY

SIR,—On June 26th, on the Grand Cascapedia, in the Province of Quebec, I caught three salmon weighing 42lb., 40½lb., and 40lb. During fifteen days' fishing I caught 42 salmon and my son, Townsend Bradley Martin, caught 37 salmon, average weight of the 79 salmon, 27¾lb..

Yours truly,
465, East Fifty Seventh Street, New York. BRADLEY MARTIN.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY'S FISHING
(See Letter "Three Forty Pounders in a Day")

MISLEADING SNORES

SIR,—Perhaps the following incident may be of interest. My sister-in-law took a doctor's house in Sussex for the summer holidays. This adjoined the main road and was close to a small wood. On the night of their arrival, and before all the household were actually in bed, one of the girls staying in the house asked another to come out of her room and listen, as "she was quite sure she could hear snoring." Soon all the household collected, and thinking someone had chosen the garden for his rest that night, and as there was no man in the house to see to this, they decided to ring up the local constable. He said he had just got into bed, but would come and have a look round if they would give him time to dress.

The housekeeper opened the door to him, and his first words were: "I suppose it isn't the owl?" Rather abashed, they learnt that the doctor had been trying to get the white barn owl to make his habitat in the wood. He evidently had succeeded.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. F. H. DICKSON.

LEG THEORY BOWLING

SIR,—The recent affirmation by the Imperial Cricket Conference of the M.C.C.'s ruling with regard to what is termed "fast leg theory" does but little to settle what still remains a matter of much controversy.

It appears to be common ground that there is nothing objectionable in "leg theory" bowling provided that the pace is slow or medium. At what speed, then, does it commence to be "a direct attack by the bowler upon the batsman?" Until this point is—and one wonders how it can be—settled, the whole matter must remain in a state of uncertainty.

Many of the older generation of cricketers, among whom I humbly class myself, hold the view that so long as any ball is *bowled* no batsman worthy of the name should object to it; moreover, if he is to be classed among the "giants" of the game he should be quite capable of coping with it.

Incidentally, the M.C.C. must fail to realise how very widespread among English followers of cricket is the feeling that Jardine and Larwood have been "let down" very badly. How glad and ready we all were in the winter of 1933 to note and praise their respective performances, which so largely helped to give us four victories to our opponents' one in the last series of Test matches!

Then, when a storm of most unjustifiable abuse and obloquy, intensified by a hostile press, broke over the heads of those two fine cricketers and sportsmen, instead of something being said or done by those in authority to shelter and support them, they were left to withstand it as best they could.

9, Tirlemont Road, South Croydon. Yours faithfully, BASIL S. MATTHEWS.

DRUMMING WOODPECKERS

SIR,—The *Field* comes to me at third hand, thus I have only just read the issue of June 2nd, containing Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's article on "The Problem of the Drumming Woodpecker."

Whether the drumming is vocal or mechanical we may presume that it is the same with all species of woodpecker. The house on this ranch is built of logs, now covered with cedar shingles, and on the top of one of the brick chimneys we have a cowl, home-made out of tin. Not infrequently during the summer one of our commonest birds, the flicker or golden-winged woodpecker, will settle on the wall and amuse itself by drumming, and if this should happen in the early hours we do not always enjoy the bird's alarum. As a variant this woodpecker will perch on the chimney and perform on the tin cowl. The sound given out from the shingles is distinctly wooden, from the tin distinctly metallic. So I am of opinion that the drumming of the American flicker is mechanical.

Yours faithfully,
Gower Ranch, Eastend, Sask. LAURENCE B. POTTER.

FIDELITY AMONG ANTELOPES

SIR,—May I encroach upon your space to ask if any of your readers have ever observed the following in their experience with African big game?

I once had occasion to shoot a very old bull eland in the N.F. district in Kenya Colony late one evening. On returning to the kill the next morning I found an old female eland standing over the remains of what perhaps had been her lord and master, which she was very reluctant to leave.

I have similarly observed kudu; once finding two old cows mourning the loss of their bull. It would be interesting to hear the views of others more experienced.

Yours faithfully,
Peshawar. "SANDUK' YA MANENO."

[A correspondence arising out of a hind returning to the dead body of a stag appeared in the *Field* last autumn under the general title "Attitude Towards Death."—ED.]

MOORHENS TAKING DUCKS' EGGS

SIR,—I would like to ask if any of your readers have had experience of moorhens sucking eggs?

I had this summer a pochard and a tufted duck sitting a yard or two apart, and their nests were destroyed within a few days of each other. In both cases about half of the eggs were sucked.

I substituted some poisoned eggs and found a dead moorhen in the pochard's nest on the following day and a second moorhen stiff and rigid some distance away.

In view of the recent correspondence in your columns on pheasant eggs in partridges' nests it may be of interest to record that a partridge in the garden here hatched nine young partridges and one pheasant. There are now (apart from the old birds) two survivors, one young partridge and the pheasant. Surely rather interesting testimony of the comparative hardiness of young partridges and pheasants when reared under similar conditions?

Yours faithfully,
Shifnal, Shropshire. R. O. R. K.-S.

DISAPPEARANCE OF LAPWINGS

SIR,—May I suggest a possible solution of the disappearance of lapwings referred to in these columns some weeks past? In these days farmers have adopted the use of artificial fertilisers on their land, and it is quite possible, in fact it has been suggested, that this method of fertilisation has ousted the lapwings from their former haunts, and has caused them to resort to different localities.

Yours faithfully,
Harrow. COCK O' THE NORTH.

SWALLOW'S IMPROVISED NESTING PLACE

SIR,—Opportunities seldom occur for photographing swallows feeding their young, since the nests are usually situated along the rafters of barns, or in porches or other dark places. A pair of swallows had shown a predilection for a certain outhouse, and had nested there, although it had been difficult to find a suitable nesting place; a stick ending in a knob was therefore placed under the roof, and the birds very obligingly built their nest there on returning this year. When the young ones were fairly well grown the stick was moved into the light, but the parents did not mind at all and kept returning at intervals of just under two minutes with masses of insects. The chicks generally greeted them with far outstretched beaks, but once one of the old birds arrived to find them all asleep, and his expression of surprise was most comical. On no occasion did both parents come to the nest together while I was watching.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE S. CANSDALE.
School of Forestry, University of Oxford.

OBLIGING THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(See Letter "Swallows Improvised Nesting Place")

ONE-LEGGED BIRDS

SIR,—When visiting my home in Shropshire recently I noticed several wagtails feeding on the lawn in front of the house. One of them was hopping while the others ran after their food. On closer examination I discovered it had only one leg, with no apparent sign of the other. The bird seemed happy and was able to move about quite well, but on several occasions I saw it lose its balance and fall on to its side.

Surely this is rather unusual, as I have always been led to believe that if a bird or animal is deformed or badly injured others would kill it off.

Yours faithfully,

Middlesex. T. H. S.

[Many instances have been published in the *Field* of birds which have managed to pursue their usual activities minus one leg. One-legged blue tits, especially, seem to manage quite well, even hanging on to a coconut with no apparent difficulty.—ED.]

AN ABNORMAL ROE HEAD

SIR,—The head of a roebuck with abnormal horns has recently come into my possession.

It was killed on a neighbouring estate on March 1st this year. I enclose a drawing. The measurements are as follows: Length: left, 10in.; right 8⅞in. Round both coronets, 10½in.; tip to tip, 3¾in.; abnormal points, left 2½in., right 3½in.

Yours faithfully,

Dalskairth, Dumfries. V. R. BALFOUR-BROWNE.

HORNS WITH UNUSUAL POINTS
(See Letter "An Abnormal Roe Head")

"DISEASE" OF ZOSTERA

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Dugald Macintyre's remarks on *Zostera marina*, I rather doubt the suggestion of disease; the more likely cause, I feel convinced, is the spreading of petrol and other impurities, the growing up of the mudflats (as at Breydon) and the lessening of the tidal waters that, as the old Breydoners put it "is no sooner on the flats than its off again." Nearly 70 years ago one of these smelt-catchers put the tiller of his boat "for a race athort the garden," as the dense *Zostera* thereon was termed. It was a memorable "spin" that sped the boat through this dense vegetation, that curved the swathes of it, as through a barley field ashore.

For many years the mudflats have been "growing up," due greatly to the silt that crumbled on either sides of the Yare and the Waveney, and deposited in it by the eddies tide by tide. Since Norwich has become a real port, the licking away of the banks up river looks like sending silt to Breydon. In one night my punt-shed rollers have collected well on for half an inch of sediment. Within hail of my boat a fowler beckoned me to look at a gap cut by the scour of a drain, and four feet below the mud a wrecked boat lay exposed, as black as ebony. The *Zostera* helped in its own extermination by entangling thrown-in worn-out mattresses and other flotsam.

The *Zostera* was very luxuriant in the '60's, and until recent decades was very slowly accumulating mud. Homefolk who lived near the river flung all their rubbish overboard; at this time of the year old straw palliasses may be seen; three years or so ago I counted 39 herring swills—those figure-8 herring baskets. With varying tides flotsam drifted about until broken osiers and such like caught hold of the *Zostera*, and the thwarted silt collected around these objects.

Thirty years ago we had several acres of *Zostera*; and wildfowl from Trillon Lake and elsewhere came to feed upon it, usually at dark. To-day—I do not think I am far out—the little lows, or hollows show green, weak fronds, but few fowl come to devour this "wigeon-grass," except for a small reaping where ice-floes float and drift down stream.

When the growth of the *Zostera*, as well as the depths of the tides that encouraged its gathering was of some importance, it was cut, dried, and used for cheap palliasses. It was known as alva, wigeon-grass, duck-grass and other appropriate localisms. Some years since, when the *Zostera* was very thin, half a score of whooper swans came to the flats and tore the leaf-denuded stalks, like so much celery. Much lowly life has been killed by the oil and petrol that wood ships pump into the flood tide; and this, as the tides filter away on the ebb, leaves the said oil and other impurities to settle, and eventually injure or kill the *Zostera*, as well as the various bivalves, univalves, and small crustaceans.

The mischief can be traced all over Breydon, and it is interesting to watch the changes in the vegetation on its main channel. When in its flourishing state the *Zostera* covered miles of it; when it began to fail the yellow silky "raw-weed" smothered the flats, then the sea lettuce flourished until the whole "greenery" died, save the samphire (*Salicornia herbacea*), which pokes out its leafless stalks and looks like bunches of thin green candles, its habitat being the firm mud where it is rarely submerged by the tides. And truth to tell, since these alterations, the main channel which years ago was but 8ft. deep runs to-day to 18ft.

Yours faithfully,

Gt. Yarmouth. A. H. Patterson.

A WOODCOCK'S DIFFICULTIES

SIR,—The failure of a woodcock to remove its young from a wire netting enclosure may be of interest. The nest was situated among ferns and leaves some 20yds. inside a wood.

On Monday, June 18th, the eggs were chipped, and while the woodcock was off feeding, wire netting 2ft. high was fixed up in a circle of about 30yds. round the nest.

On the Tuesday morning she was on the nest, and at 7 p.m. on the Wednesday she had hatched and was sitting about 3yds. from the nest. The following day she was still inside the wire.

On Friday, June 22nd, the wire was removed and the young birds found dead inside. One had it's head through the mesh of the wire, the others were scattered about. Yours faithfully,

Longtown, Cumberland. W. P.

SEXES OF POCHARD

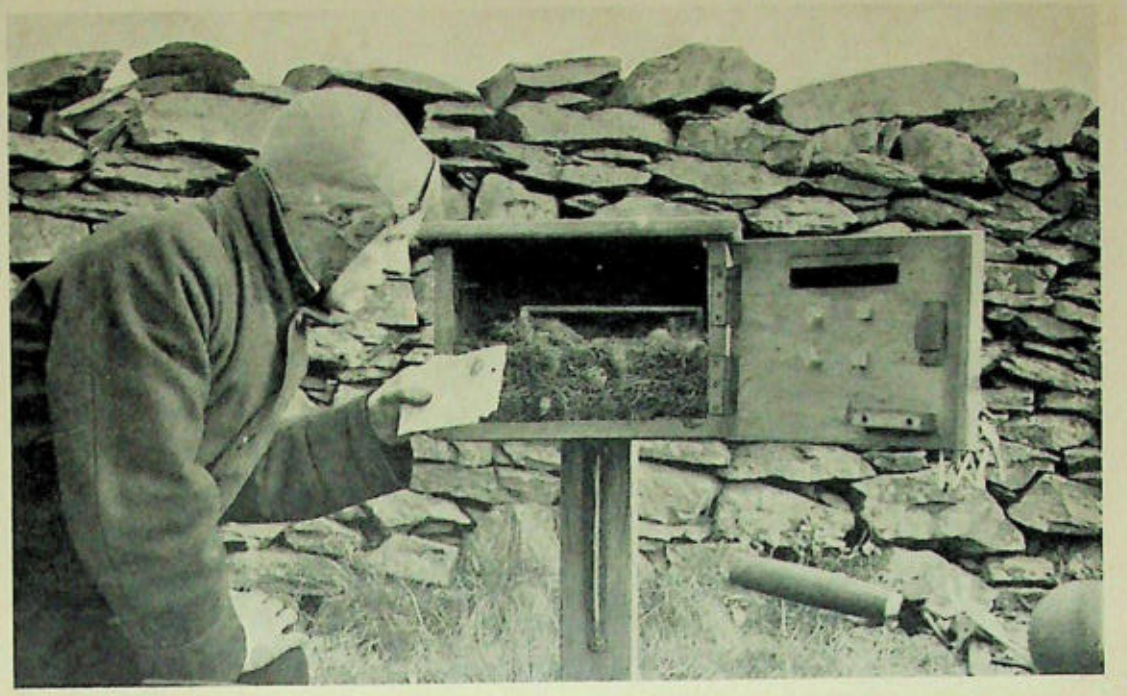
SIR,—The pochard has increased considerably as a winter resident in this district, and I have had a flock averaging about 100 birds under observation for some years.

Excepting flighting I do not make a practice of shooting this species, but have shot some 40 head during the last two seasons, two only proving to be females. The preponderance of males year by year seems extraordinary; they outnumber the females by an average of not less than twelve to one.

Is this unusual: What is the experience of other observers?

Yours faithfully,

41, Victoria Road, Deal. T. C. GREGORY.



A BLUE TIT'S FRIENDLY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE POSTMAN
(See Letter "Nest in a Letter Box")

NEST IN A LETTER BOX

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a blue tit's nest in a letter box at Hartbarrow, near Windermere, which I think may interest readers of the *Field*. The birds have successfully reared a brood. A board erected a little above the nest has kept the letters from falling on to the sitting bird.

Yours faithfully,

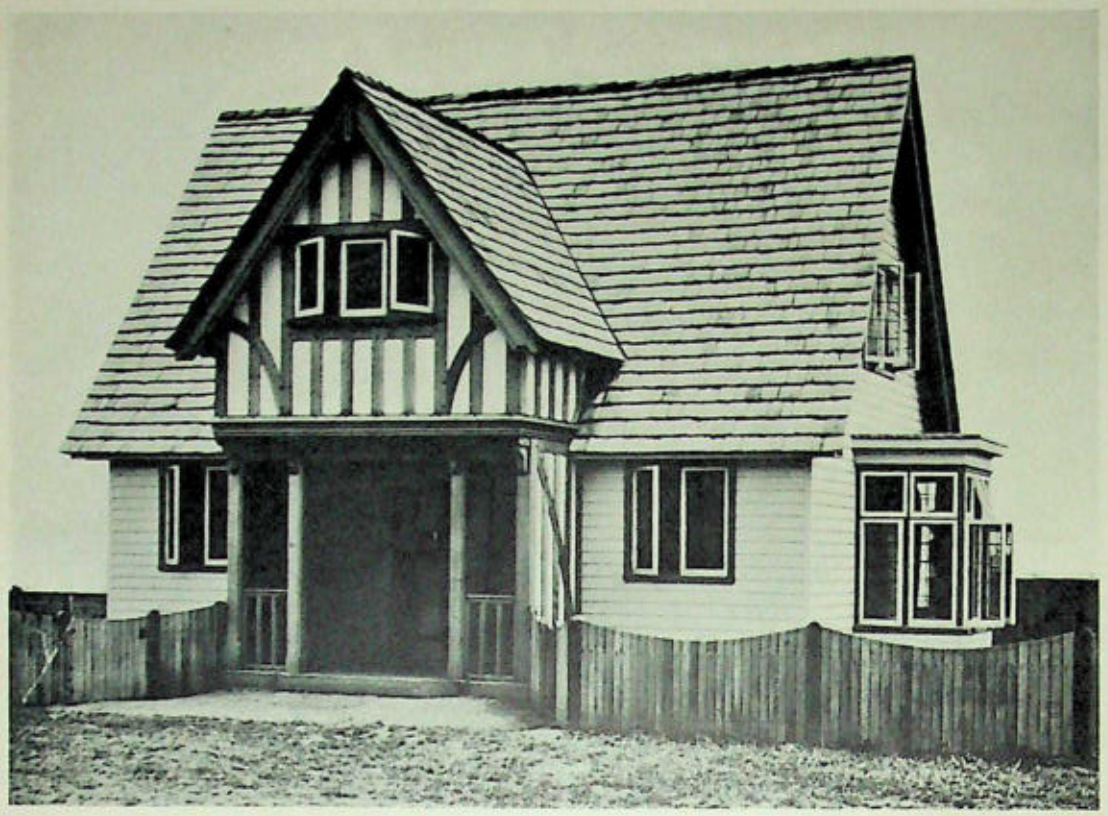
G. N. BEILBY.

Ghyll Head, Windermere.

Ask for.. **JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS**

IN THE AIRTIGHT CARTON specially devised to preserve all the nutty flavour and crackling crispness and bring them to you oven fresh.

W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd.



"FROM ROOF TO FENCING ONLY EMPIRE TIMBER HAS BEEN USED"
(See Letter "An Empire Timber House")

AN EMPIRE TIMBER HOUSE

SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing a photograph of the Empire Timber house, designed and built to display the utility and beauty of Empire woods for the construction of private residences in this country.

From roof to fencing Empire Timber only has been used, and the design has been based upon timber houses which for years have proved so popular in Canada. The roof is made of Western Red Cedar stakes. Many examples of similar roofing are to be found in perfect condition in Canada after exposure to the severest climatic conditions for over 60 years.

I feel that reference to this house would be of considerable interest to your readers.

If any further information is required it would be my pleasure to supply it immediately.

Yours faithfully,

8, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4. F. R. CHITSON.

OLD ETON PRINTS

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. H. G., Ipswich" (*Field* of August 4th, p. 293), may like to know that I possess the following twelve coloured prints by J. Ryman, High Street, Oxford: "Speeches in Upper School"; "Our Mess at my Dames"; "Before 11 o'clock School"; "The Long Walk, Windsor Park"; "A Scene in the Brocas—June 4th"; "The Road to Montem—'Salt'"; "Cricket Match"; "My Tutor's Sweepstakes"; "Football at the Wall"; "After 6, on the River at Eton"; "'Absence' in the Schoolyard"; and "The Supper at Surley—June 4th."

Yours faithfully,

Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfries. HUGH S. GLADSTONE.

THE DOVES OF ABBASSIA

SIR,—I was much amused to see in the *Field* of June 16th a photograph of a dove which had built a nest in the machinery of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute's bakery at Abbassia.

The doves of Abbassia seem to be of an unusually gregarious type, as I have received the enclosed photograph of a dove which has built its nest in one of my son's racing cups inside his bedroom quarters in the R.H.A. Barracks, Abbassia, Cairo.

The dove looks very alert and contented, and shares the room with my son very happily.

Yours faithfully,

Gunnery Lodge, Okehampton. H. NUGENT BLOCK.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Book on Dog Feeding.—From a paragraph in "Answers to Correspondents," in the *Field* of August 4th, it would appear that your correspondent, "C. B., Salop," is in need of a good book on dog feeding, obtainable at a reasonable figure. I would like to recommend *Commonsense and Secrets of Dog Feeding*, by R. E. Nicholas, published by Messrs. Toogood & Sons, Ltd., of Southampton. I have no hesitation in saying that this book is about the best treatise on the subject, and should be of help to anyone interested in the matter. I believe the price is 1/6.—M. OGDEN, Borrowdale and Derwentwater Kennels, Fellside, Keswick, Cumberland.

Oystercatcher's Unusual Nesting Place.—A pair of oystercatchers had a nest and laid eggs on the top of a stitch in a turnip field on this property, about half a mile from a small river. We are 32 miles from the sea. Is not this unusual?—Lieut.-Col. C. A. JAMES, Barrock Park, Carlisle.

THERE'S MANY A STICK 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP
(See Letter "The Doves of Abbassia")

D. T.?—The Northumberland Plate in 1861 was won by Joey Jones, the owner being Mr. D. T. Stewart of Newcastle. I wonder if any of your readers could say what the initials "D. T." stand for.—INQUISITIVE, Nagpur, C.P., India.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are most anxious to raise £6 to help pay for convalescence for a young woman who has been ill for some months with ulcerative colitis. She is only 32, and until she collapsed last October was governess to a little girl of twelve. The mother of this child has been very kind and intends to take this young woman away later in the summer to complete her convalescence. Just at present, however, it is imperative that she should continue her convalescence in a small home in Hampshire. The patient only has 6/- a week insurance money and her relatives are too poor to help, but friends have subscribed enough to cover her fees for two weeks. She urgently needs another £6. This will supplement the small amount we have already collected and ensure her staying in the country for another six weeks.

IN THE CITY

AN OLD FAVOURITE

IN May, 1933, a purchase was recommended of the 10/- shares of the Chicago-Gaika Development Company Limited, which were then selling around 12/-, despite the fact that their break-up value was evidently well above their market price. Since then the report for 1933 has been issued showing a break-up value on December 31st of 17/6 per share, and attention is again directed to the shares, which have recently fallen back to 15/3 as against levels of over 17/- at which they changed hands earlier this year.

The company, which carries on the usual business of a South African Finance concern, does not publish a list of its investments, but at the annual meeting last March the chairman stated that the funds were invested as to 50 per cent. in Rand Mining shares, 13 per cent. in other mining interests, 8 per cent. in industrials, 25 per cent. in Government and fixed interest bearing securities, and 4 per cent. in miscellaneous holdings. The issued capital is only £99,300, divided into 198,600 shares of 10/- each, there being no preference or debenture stock outstanding. At December 31st, 1933, the assets *taken at market values on that date, and not at the book figure*, included the following:

	Market value 31/12/33
Shares and Debentures in mining and other companies	£148,204
Foreign and Colonial Government stocks	10,530
£11,000 War Loan 3½ per cent., say	11,000
Cash and accrued dividends	5,005
	£174,739
Deduct	
Creditors and unclaimed dividends £642	
Dividends since paid 14,895	15,537
	£159,202

From these balance sheet figures it is only a matter of arithmetic to calculate that each 10/- share was represented by approximately 17/6 worth of cash and investments at December 31st, and even if the dividend paid in March, taking £14,895 be deducted and no allowance be made for dividends since received by the company from its investments, the break-up value of its shares would work out at 16/-. Since the names of the companies in which Chicago-Gaika is interested are not published, it is not possible to arrive at an accurate estimate of the present break-up value, but when it is realised that South African Gold Mining shares, as a class, are at present standing at prices about 15 to 20 per cent. above those at the close of last year, it is certain that the break-up value of Chicago-Gaika shares is well above 16/-. At a guess the writer would put the present break-up value at little less than £1, for it might be noted that a rise of £15,000 represents 1/6 per share, but is equivalent to an increase of only 10 per cent. on the funds invested in shares and debentures of mining and other companies.

The company has paid a dividend for each of the last nine year, during which period the amounts distributed have varied from 5 to 17½ per cent., and have averaged 12 per cent. on the issued capital—a record comparing favourably with other South African Finance companies.

The results for the last four years have been as follows:

	Dividend Income.	Profits on shares sold.	Capital per cent. Earned.	Paid.
1930 ..	£10,613 ..	£2,221 ..	8.0 ..	7.5
1931 ..	£10,669 ..	Dr. £171 ..	7.9 ..	5.0
1932 ..	£10,084 ..	5,823 ..	14.3 ..	10.0
1933 ..	£11,289 ..	£10,102 ..	20.5 ..	15.0

At 15/3 the shares yield 9¾ per cent., and the only explanation for the fact that they are now obtainable at such a level is that the company is small and its shares are not well known. It must be realised that there is not a very free market in the shares, but the small issued capital is not necessarily a disadvantage to those holding the shares for speculative purposes. Any of the large South African Finance companies wishing to dispose of one of its commitments would doubtless find it difficult to do so without depressing the market price of the share in question to a considerable extent, whereas Chicago-Gaika would not experience the same difficulty, for it would hold a much smaller number of shares. The 10/- shares of Chicago-Gaika appear to offer a high income return and scope for capital appreciation with less risk than that involved in the purchase of the shares of any one single gold-producing company.

PACTOLUS.

A BEAUTIFUL SCOTTISH HOLIDAY GOLFING CENTRE

Among the mountains at Gleneagles which figure in the L.M.S. Railway's Scottish Golf Week Scheme. The itinerary includes first-class travelling in a reserved sleeping berth to Turnberry on the Ayrshire coast, a change of scenery inland to Gleneagles, and as much golf as is desired at either resort. At Gleneagles there are three courses to choose from

SCOTLAND'S GOLFING SUPREMACY

International Competitions With a Holiday Atmosphere

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN 1932 the first international meeting between the four "home" countries, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales took place at Troon and Scotland won. Newcastle, County Down, was the venue in 1933, and Scotland triumphed again. Last week at Porthcawl, when all the fighting was over, the Scottish flag flew undisturbed at the top of the mast once more; their victory was not only justified but it was very decisive as well.

At the moment Scottish golfers are indisputedly supreme. Individually they are first-class performers, and collectively they are just as good. These international matches call for team-work, especially in the foursomes, and in this department of the game the players from over the Border cannot be beaten. Furthermore, they display an extraordinary keenness; they are as enthusiastic about their fellows' successes as about their own—in distinct contrast to some of those representing other countries.

When the four Unions decided to make a special fixture for the international championship, to divorce the matches from the individual events, everyone agreed that it was a wise move. Each year the event takes place in the month of August, for one reason because so many players can take their holiday at that time. Whilst it may be admitted that it would be difficult to find another place for this meeting in the already very much over-crowded fixture list, I fancy that August is not the best possible month in which to hold what should be regarded as a most important competition. Several English golfers regard these international meetings in the light of a holiday and do not take them very seriously. At Porthcawl one could not help feeling that it did not matter which country won—there seemed to be a relaxed atmosphere everywhere I went.

This season we have had a long succession of tournaments, and there can be no doubt that many of the golfers who did duty at Porthcawl were as stale as stale could be. This meeting provides excellent practice for the Walker Cup matches, and because of that several young players were given trials so that they could show their worth. Both Scotland and Wales fielded youthful teams, and several of these aspiring players enhanced their reputations.

The outstanding golfer was Jack McLean. Indeed he was the only one who inspired confidence. The general standard of play fell far below that expected, the putting was deplorable, althought it must be stated that the greens were very tricky. The Scottish champion defeated the champions of the other three countries easily, only S. Lunt, of England, offering any fight at all. It is no easy task to lead a team for the first time, and Lunt must have felt the burden heavy, and although he did not win a single match—not even in the foursomes—he was not beaten by overwhelming margins. Against McLean he was two down going to the fifteenth—by no means an enviable position—and on that green the fates were doubly unkind, for he was laid a complete and a difficult stymie. Most players would have played safely for a half, not so Lunt. Taking his niblick he really lifted the ball into the hole to reduce his deficit—as courageous a display as I have ever seen. But McLean was not to be shaken, winning the next and halving the long seventeenth, he secured his third notable "scalp."

In the big match of the meeting—England versus Scotland—the foursomes proved disastrous for the former country. Three of the five matches finished on the home green, and it was England's fault that one was lost whilst in another the "breaks were agin 'em." Scotland began the singles with a lead of three points and, with T. A. Bourn three up and four to play and Crawley dormie two, the issue appeared uncertain. But Bourn, for once, finished weakly and only halved his matchw hilst Crawley, usually the attacker, preferred to act the role of defender, and so he, too, halved instead of winning. Then the Scottish tail wagged victoriously and the championship was secure.

The order of the English team aroused some comment. This year's Walker Cup players occupied seventh and eighth positions—how reputations are respected! One well-known international, when he saw the list and his lowly position, remarked, "Well, I get lower and lower each year. I shall have to join the selection committee, I cannot get lower than that!" Nevertheless, those much-criticised individuals who, unfortunately for themselves, have to select representative teams, deserve this fact made public—the Walker Cup players even playing at the tail end of the side could not win.

The Irish team finished in second place—a higher position than ever before—beating both England for the first time, and Wales. J. C. Brown, the new Irish champion, who recently shocked the Portmarnock folk with his disregard for the famous links, was another who suffered from being stale and thus was unable to give of his best. His full swing got out of joint and his usually good touch on the greens disappeared, so that he was an easy victim to both Black of Wales and McLean. J. D. MacCormack, the worthy Irish doctor who refuses to grow old, played the part of captain admirably, not losing a single game.

Wales, as usual, won the wooden spoon; but their representatives need not feel disappointed for they put up a better showing than they did last year. The Welsh Union believe in youth and youth again. The time will come when they will justify themselves.

FIRST DAY

SCOTLAND v. WALES.—*Foursomes:* Scotland, 3; Wales, 1. One halved. *Singles:* Scotland, 5; Wales, 3. Two halved.
ENGLAND v. IRELAND.—*Foursomes:* England, 1; Ireland, 4. *Singles:* England, 1; Ireland, 7. Two halved.

SECOND DAY.

ENGLAND v. WALES.—*Foursomes:* England, 3; Wales, 2. *Singles:* England, 6; Wales, 2. Two halved.
SCOTLAND v. IRELAND.—*Foursomes:* Scotland, 4; Ireland, 1. *Singles:* Scotland, 6; Ireland, 3. One halved.

THIRD DAY.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND.—*Foursomes:* Scotland, 4; England, 1. *Singles:* Scotland, 5; England, 3. Two matches halved.
IRELAND v. WALES.—*Foursomes:* Ireland, 3; Wales, 1. One match halved. *Singles:* Ireland, 6; Wales, 3. One halved.

HENRY COTTON'S BELGIAN TITLE

ANOTHER championship has gone to the credit of a British golfer, and this year will be a memorable one indeed. Only recently Francis Ricardo won the Belgian amateur event, Mrs. Garon the Belgian ladies', H. L. Archibald, of Royal St. George's, the German amateur title, Padgham, the German open, and Henry Cotton last week won the Belgian open title over his club's course, Waterloo, Brussels, with a record aggregate of 279. Once again he began with a phenomenal round of 67, and after an indifferent third score of 73 he finished in a blaze of glory with a 68, to win by a margin of three strokes from Percy Alliss.

Despite his third round score of 73 Cotton played well up to his standard, and seemed to have benefited by his rest from competitive golf. It is understood that he will now take a further holiday until the autumn, when it is hoped that he will figure in the annual *News of the World* tournament, the recognised match-play event for professionals.

Percy Alliss led the field at Brussels with one round to go, but then he experienced difficulties and could only return a 75. Still, his return to form is very welcome. A. H. Padgham figured in an unfortunate incident, and was disqualified for arriving late. Apparently he was told by a friend that his starting time was 9.45 when it was 9.15, and the committee had no alternative but to refuse his further continuance. This was regrettable as he had done well on the first day, but rules are made to be obeyed.

FIELD TRIALS

On Arran Moors

ON the Arran moors, by permission of the Duke of Montrose, the Scottish Gun Dog Association held their sixth Pointer and Setter Trials on grouse. The judges were: Mr. W. L. McCandlish and Captain G. Blaine, with Dr. Henderson as referee. In the Brace Stake there were four entries, placed as follows:

1st, The Duke of Montrose's p. d. Isle of Arran Prile and p. d. Isle of Arran Nailor; 2nd, the Duke of Montrose's p. b. Isle of Arran Brill and p. d. Isle of Arran Bunker; 3rd, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. d. Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or and I. s. b. Seal D'Or. Reserve, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. b. F.T.Ch. Cloghan Belle and I. s. d. F.T.Ch. Baffle D'Or.

In the Puppy Stake the awards were: 1st, Miss A. M. Prior's E. s. b. Bonny of the Boreen; 2nd, the Duke of Montrose's p. d. Isle of Arran Flag; 3rd, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. b. Valette D'Or. Reserve, Lorna Countess Howe's E. s. d. North Dyke Gamble.

Certificates of merit went to Mrs. Holt's p. b. Menaifron Bee; Miss Prior's p. b. Bashful of the Boreen; and Mrs. Foot's I. s. b. Beorchan Bramble.

In the Open All-aged Stake the awards were as follows:

1st, The Duke of Montrose's p. d. Isle of Arran Brigadier; 2nd, Mrs. Nagle's Bluff D'Or; 3rd, Miss Prior's E. s. b. Bright of the Boreen. Reserve, Lorna Countess Howe's p. d. Banchory Flip.

Certificates were awarded to Miss Prior's p. d. Banknote of the Boreen; Mrs. Ogden's I. s. b. Borrowdale Rosina; Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Rock O'Moy; and the Duke of Montrose's p. d. Isle of Arran Fleet.

In the All-aged Stake restricted to Irish and Gordon setters, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. d. Bluff D'Or was first; 2nd, Miss E. C. Sharp's G. s. d. Dalnaglar Hector; 3rd, Mrs. Holt's I. s. d. Menaifron Keane O'Moy. Reserve, Mrs. Holt's I. s. b. Doone O'Moy.

New Books

SECRETARIES TO THE SOVEREIGN

Norwegian Fishing—A Master of Bons Mots

MR. PAUL EMDEN'S book is a little disappointing, and that is the most significant thing about it. Now that is said in no sense of disparagement of Mr. Emden or his book, which is interesting. But it is said to show how faithfully the private secretaries and confidential advisers of the sovereign have discharged their tasks. They have left no record. In death as in life they have effaced themselves. As the author says of Lord Knollys—close personal adviser to King Edward of more than 50 years standing, and of whom he cannot write more than a page: "Knollys knew everything, great and small, the smallest being often the most difficult, and he knew how to keep silent even beyond the grave. All documents, all correspondence of the King were left to him to be dealt with at his unfettered discretion, and the secrets have one and all been buried with him. Even after his death, Francis Knollys has no surprises in store for posterity." The Crown has been very well served by its private and personal advisers from the days when Melbourne was Prime Minister and secretary at the same time. That sentence might serve for them all.

The actual office is a modern one, and of great importance. Its holders are unknown to the general public. Their influence is immense. Men like Sir Maurice Hankey and Sir Clive Wigram represent to-day what the Prince Consort represented 80 years ago, though, of course, in a lesser degree. Cabinets rise and fall, ministers come and go, but they remain with the authority of accumulated experience.

But to-day the British Constitution has changed again, as it has changed so often before in adaption to circumstance. The Statute of Westminster has immeasurably increased the importance and the indirect power of the sovereign. One visualises a special department of an imperial nature growing at Buckingham Palace, and officers of the household to direct it drawn from all parts of the Empire to act as expert links between the King and his ministers overseas. The sovereign is King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, *and* of the British Dominions beyond the seas.

The most comprehensive essay in this book is the one on Baron Stockmar (thanks to Lytton Strachey), the best known of all the private secretaries and the most interesting in the William Le Quex sense. But surely it is an exaggeration to say that "the rise of the House of Coburg . . . is due to the work and merits of *one* man—Baron Stockmar." (The italics are mine.) Stockmar did not marry "Uncle Leopold" to Princess Charlotte, and he was by no means solely responsible for the marriage of the Duke of Kent, the two strokes which laid the foundation of the House of Coburg.

George Anson and General Orby are very fairly dealt with, and the accounts of their lives I liked as well as any. The picture of Sir Henry Ponsonby I thought lacked his own tremendous colour and personality. And of Sir Arthur Bigge—who became connected with the household as an unknown officer of artillery by the merest chance—it is too early to write fully.

Probably no future historian will be able to tell us more than Mr. Emden, and his comparatively meagre results will therefore remain an instructive footnote on "that most interesting part of any British institution" (to quote Mr. Guedalla in the preface) "the part that is never mentioned in history books."

R. M.

Behind the Throne. By Paul Emden. (Hodder and Stoughton; 15/–.)

WHERE TO FISH IN NORWAY

A Fisherman's Handy Guide

NORWAY, in most anglers' minds, is associated with salmon rivers—summer fishing in carefully preserved waters with the added attraction of a picturesque setting and a bracing northern climate; the English salmon fisherman's playground it has been called. Before the war that description was no bad one either, for probably the best of the rod-fishing rivers were owned or leased by Englishmen. Of the trout fishing, one heard little. To the man whose purse was attuned to the idea of salmon, trout were merely the small change he received for his outlay.

But, nowadays, when the trout streams of the British Isles are becoming more and more crowded, a visit to Norway in search of sport has increased attractions. It is no great matter either. With an improved service and larger boats the west coast of Norway is less than 24 hours away from Newcastle; Bergen is within reach of much excellent water, and even the humble fortnight can afford two or three days for getting to and from an attractive fishing ground.

Mr. H. A. Bryden has written a very useful little book on how the intervening days can be spent, be they many or few. The fishing for brown trout is mostly free though an occasional half-crown may be asked where the water holds unusually good fish. Conditions have changed considerably in Norway since the war; for the salmon fisherman the change has not been altogether advantageous perhaps; but for the trout fisher, and especially for those who have limited time at their disposal, it is all to the good. Electric light and telephone service are amenities everywhere to be found. The latter, especially, is of service to the angler as it enables hotel proprietors to arrange with local farmers to have boats ready for visitors at short notice. And steamer communication in the long fjords opens up a lot of fishing country.

This book has the merit of being readable. Its author knows the country, and gives many personal experiences of hotels and waters where trout fishing may be had for the asking. It is, for the most part, lakes where the best fish are to be had, the rivers being too turbulent for trout to attain any great size; but boats are usually obtainable, and with improved roads even distant fishing grounds are now accessible by car.

The B. & N. Liners offer to take cars free, where there are three passengers, should prove a great attraction to holiday anglers, and Mr. Bryden's book will put them on the road to good trout fishing when they disembark.

Trout Fishing in Norway. By H. A. Bryden. (B. & N. Line, Royal Mail, Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, from whom copies may be obtained.)

LORD ALLENBY'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

From "Anywhere for a News Story," a very interesting account of the adventures of such well-known journalists as R. D. Blumenfeld, H. A. Gwynne, W. T. Massey, Cecil Roberts and Bernard Grant, which is well worth reading. (The Bodley Head. 7/6)

THE STORY OF A WORLD-FAMED WIT

"As Sydney Smith once said"

FOR those many readers of the *Field* who passed through the Cavalry School before its transfer to Weedon, interest is added to Sydney Smith's life story, now told by Mr. Osbert Burdett, by his first and only curacy having been at Netheravon. There his wise, untiring work among the savage poor of a remote Wiltshire village won the admiration and friendship of the absentee squire, "Black Michael's" great-grandfather, Mr. Hicks Beach; and thus led indirectly to that life in London that still enables us to win smiles for our own witticisms by prefacing them with: "As Sydney Smith once said."

His grandfather, far from having "disappeared," as he told a snobbish pedigree-prober, "about the time of the Assizes," had made a comfortable fortune as a Whitney merchant in Eastcheap; yet, thanks to his father's eccentricities, he found himself at twenty an ex-Captain of Winchester, with nothing but the £100 a year he received as a Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Seeing no alternative, he was ordained in 1794, and after three years at Netheravon went as tutor with the squire's sons to Edinburgh, where he laid the foundations of his famous lectures; preached his "Sermons in Charlotte Chapel"; and, at 29, married Miss Catherine Pybus, a sister of "Pitt's Tory placeman." She had a small dowry. He flung his "all," six silver teaspoons, in her lap.

In 1828 came his appointment to a prebendal stall at Bristol and then presentation to the Somersetshire rectory of Combe Florey, the "Sacred Valley of Flowers," which he continued to hold after Lord Grey had procured him, in 1831, a canonry of St. Paul's.

Among Mr. Burdett's digressions, one of the most charming is on the pig which, with its "downlike line of back," he rightly says is "a beautiful animal, as every artist knows." He devotes a chapter to "Peter Plymley's Letters," and another to the lectures on moral philosophy that, given by the request of Sir Thomas Bernard at the Royal Institute, were Smith's introduction to London fame. His picture of Holland House under the redoubtable "Old Madagascar," Lady Holland, is delightful. A bigger selection of Sydney's *bon mots* would have been welcome.

A. H.

The Rev. Smith, Sydney. By Osbert Burdett (Chapman & Hall; 15/–)

PLAYING FOR ENGLAND

Stories of Big Cricket and Lawn Tennis

FEW English cricketers are more popular than Hendren, of Middlesex; few have had more varied experiences in the game or played it with livelier spirit. And the fact that this season he has returned to the English team after his international career had seemed finished lends particular interest to a book in which he tells about his many ups and downs in the game. As a boy he played in a match with W. G. Grace, heard with joy his squeaky voice applauding a big hit, and dreamed of hitting the ball through a Pavilion window at Lord's. In his "old age" he has developed the philosophy born of long years in the game and makes many shrewd comments on present day conditions and methods.

After reading Hendren's book, I picked up a book in which F. Perry tells the story of his meteoric rise in the lawn tennis world. Perry made his way through the ranks of club players and acknowledges that he owes much to the advice of Mr. A. R. Summers that he should spend a winter at practice in taking the ball earlier to speed up his game. The story of his progress and of the big matches in which he has played, culminating in the winning of the Singles Championship at Wimbledon this year, reflects vividly how great a strain on the players is the keen competition and tense public interest that now accompany big matches.

Perry believes that sooner or later opposition to tournaments open to amateurs and professionals alike will be broken down for the reason that "the lawn tennis governing bodies of the world have unwittingly created a class of young men who, if they are to keep 'in the swim,' must play the game for months every year; sometimes, indeed, all the year round, to the neglect of business opportunities. . . . Only one thing, I maintain, can prevent the trend towards professionalism, and that does not seem likely to happen. I mean an agreement among nations to limit their calls on the players."

Women athletes will be grateful to Miss A. M. A. Williams for putting into book form the results of her studies and experience over many years in the development of athletics for girls. She gives advice on all phases of the subject, from exercises useful in training to the organisation of a sports meeting, and she deals separately with the style and technique of running—sprinting, relay races, hurdling, etc.—and jumping. Well-chosen action pictures help to illustrate the advice given.

F. I. W.

Big Cricket. By Patsy Hendren. (Hodder and Stoughton; 2/–.)

Perry Wins! By Fred Perry. (Hutchinson & Co.; 1/6.)

Improve Your Athletics. (By A. M. A. Williams; 3/6.)

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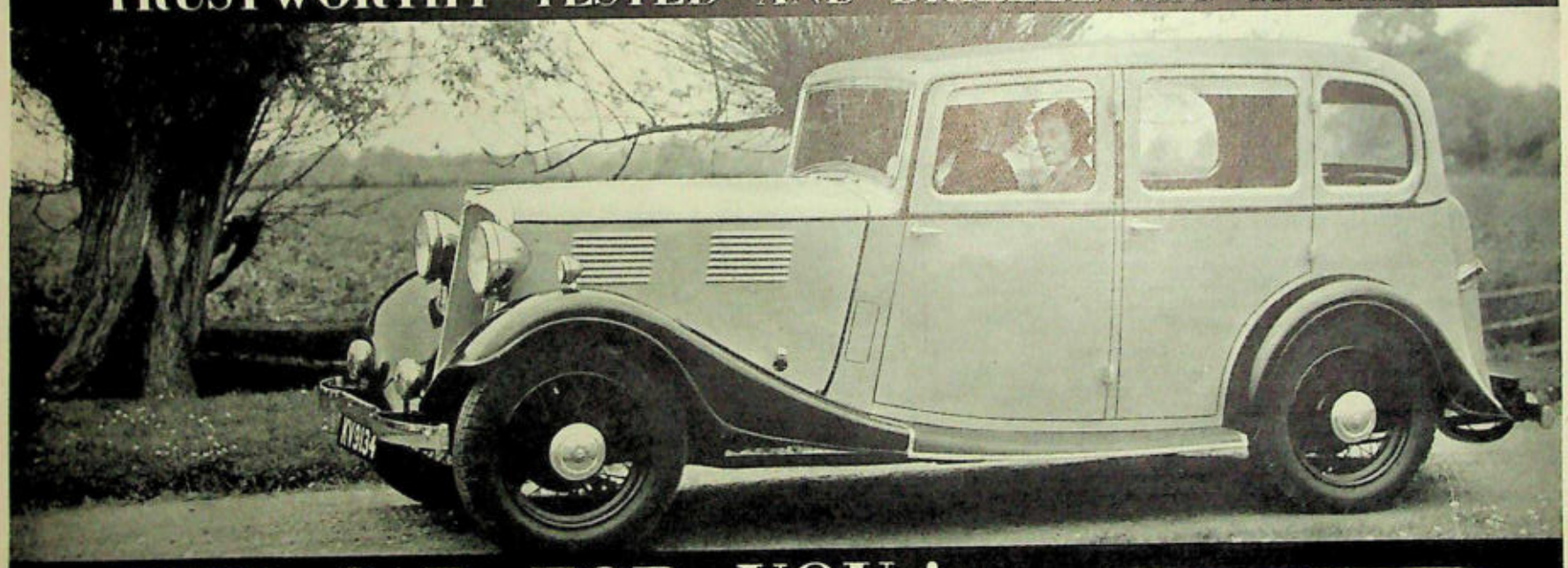

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A WELL-FILLED LATE AUGUST BORDER

The uncovered edging stones alone spoil the late summer border shown above. A bright display of colour is afforded by common garden flowers such as petunias, antirrhinums, pentstemons, marigolds, coreopsis, montbretias and nepeta, backed by phlox, helichrysum, dahlias, chrysanthemums and michaelmas daisies

The Country House

MINIATURE WINTER GARDENS

A Novel Suggestion For Bulbs in Bowls

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS year I am going to try on a larger scale an experiment that proved very successful last year, namely, the making of miniature gardens with early flowering bulbs. In common with most folk, I delight in planting bowls of hyacinths, tulips and so forth, for they bring the colour and fragrance of spring into the house in mid-winter. Instead, however, of having bowls each filled with bulbs of one kind, I thought it would be interesting to fill a very large shallow bowl with various small-flowered bulbs—cynthella hyacinths, blue and white crocuses, muscari, etc.—and in between to put either moss or small clumps of early flowering primroses, lifted from the garden as they came into bloom. The result was a very gay little garden, and as the first bulbs to flower faded, they were removed and moss or small sprays of forsythias, and so forth, put in. A small garden of this sort makes a charming table decoration.

Cynthella hyacinths are very graceful, and personally I like best the yellow-flowered variety. Bleu Celeste is one of the best crocuses to grow in a bowl. Chionodoxas and muscari are also very effective. Millas are dainty and look particularly well with vivid green moss near them, both the white type, which is shaded blue, and the powder blue with a purple stripe. Snowdrops are far from easy, but with care it is sometimes possible to manage *Galanthus byzantinus*.

Bulbs growing amongst pebbles are always attractive, but it is difficult with pebbles to give the right amount of water. At first the bulbs need only moisture. Consequently, in making a miniature garden of this kind it is best to rely on fibre and charcoal, being sure to give an ample supply of the latter. I put a layer of charcoal at the bottom of the big flat bowl. When coming into bloom it is quite easy to remove a good deal of the fibre from the top and substitute pebbles or grey stones with moss. As with all bulbous subjects, the first object is to encourage good root action, and in the case of a bowl filled with different bulbs it is more satisfactory to start them in a dark cellar. Putting bulbs into an airless cupboard to start them into growth is bound to be disastrous.

The peat fibre should be moist, but not so wet that any surplus water comes out on tipping the bowl. The bulbs should be at least an inch below the surface. When the bulbs begin to show growth, which will probably be in eight weeks (hyacinths probably in six weeks), the bowls should be brought gradually into more light and then placed on window sills, where they get the morning sun. Giving them rain-water from the very first may be a little more trouble, but it is well worth it. Naturally, this water must not be ice-cold, as icy water gives any growing plant a severe shock. The water should have stood in the same temperature as the bulbs for some hours. Giving little driblets of water is a very bad method. When the bulbs need it, they should be given a good watering and then left till they need water again. No excess of moisture should be left in the bowls—*i.e.*, fifteen minutes after the bowls have been filled they should be gently lifted and tilted and any excess of water poured off. On the other hand, the fibre must never get really dry, or the flower buds will almost certainly go blind.

The more sunlight the bulbs are given the better the results. It is well worth carrying them each afternoon into a room where they get the late sunlight as well. The difference between bulbs that have had all the sunlight obtainable and those that have had only morning sun is very marked. Draughts spell, if not death, at any rate very sickly plants. Nor can they be kept in rooms where there is gas heat.

Yellow crocuses cannot be grown in bowls, but they can be grown for indoor decoration in pans with drainage. To my thinking, big earthenware pans of golden crocuses in flower are delightful, for on the bleakest and darkest days they seem to fill a room with sunlight. They do best in rather deep pans, *i.e.*, about 6in. deep. There must be good drainage over the holes and the bulbs put very closely together in a compost of good fibrous loam with plenty of sharp sand in it. August is the best time to plant and the pans should be sunk in ashes, the rims of the pans being about 2in. below the surface of the ashes. Naturally, the ashes should be well weathered, for fresh ashes are poisonous to all plant life. By mid-January or early February the bulbs should be showing bud, and then the pans can be lifted and put into a cold frame for a fortnight. The yellow hybrid crocuses will not tolerate the slightest amount of forcing, and the most that can be done is to give them the protection of a cold frame. The frame, however, must not not be kept close.

ROMAN HYACINTHS, WHICH ARE PREFERABLE TO THE BIG COARSE HYACINTHS FOR GROWING INDOORS

The big, coarse hyacinths will apparently always have their admirers, but I think bowls of the early Roman hyacinths, and the multiflorus hyacinths, are far preferable. The multiflorus hyacinths, as the name indicates, produce several flower stems from each bulb and, unlike the large single-flowered hyacinths, the spikes are dainty and graceful. The blush pink and yellow seem to me the most effective.

ON A ROAD MARKED "IMPRACTICABLE FOR MOTORS": A VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX DOING HARD WORK CHEERFULLY A MILE OR SO FROM LAKE VYRNWY IN NORTH WALES

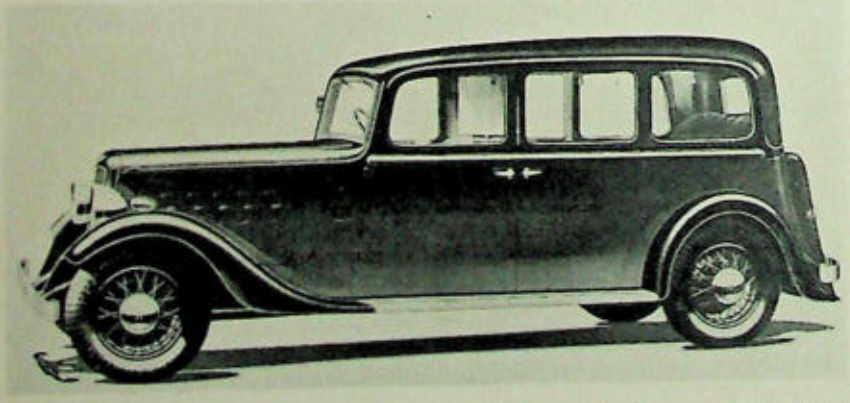
AUSTIN CARS FOR 1935

Noteworthy Improvements in the New Models

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

AUSTIN cars have risen to their present enviable position as one of the most popular makes on the market because of the policy, consistently pursued by this firm, of building cars the reliability of which is beyond question. And they have always made a point of selling their products to the public at a reasonably low figure. Despite this initial cheapness, second-hand Austins fetch astonishingly high prices—I should say that their depreciation after a year or two of use is far less than in the case of any other make of car, sure proof of their popularity.

The Austin programme for 1935 has just been announced, and it is interesting to note that from now onwards all models will be fitted with a synchromesh second speed gear, in addition to the third and top, an innovation that will, I am sure, be appreciated by the motoring public. New types of coachwork are now available on four models, and there are many other improvements of considerable importance.

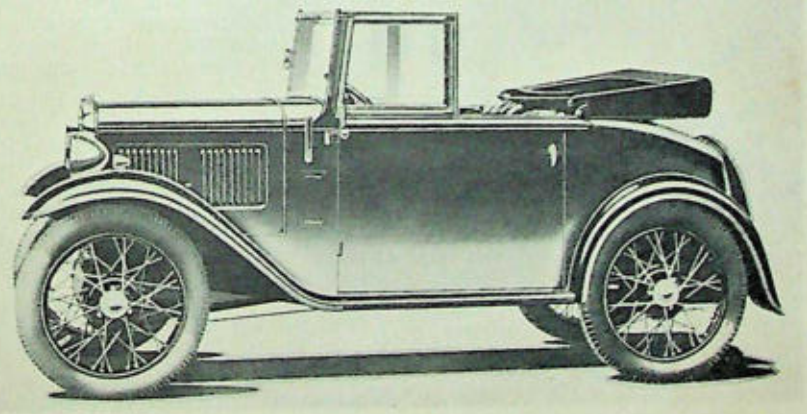


For instance, the Austin Seven, which has now been on the market for more than twelve years, will be obtainable with two new types of coachwork, a Cabriolet and a De Luxe Saloon. The principal improvements consist of the new type of headlamps, flush fitting automatic return direction indicators, automatic ignition advance, illuminated instrument panels, foot operated dip switch, and a radiator of new design.

The two new types of coachwork which will be available on the 7 h.p. chassis constitute a great advance, the doors being wider and the floor devoid of foot wells. The rear seats will be far easier to reach, and efficient ventilation will be assured by large, separately adjustable louvres fitted in the scuttle. On these two models bumpers will be included and larger tyres fitted.

One of the new models, known as the "Ruby Saloon" is priced at £120 with sliding roof, or £112 with the fixed head. The other, the "Pearl Cabriolet," will be sold for £128 complete. It is interesting to note that the open two-seater model will be sold at exactly £100, making a reduction from last year of £5.

In addition to the 7 h.p. car, the Austin Company are again placing on the market the Twenty, the Sixteen, and the Eighteen models, the Twelve Four, the Light Twelve Six and the Light Twelve Four, and the Ten Four. Each of these can be purchased with different types of coachwork, and altogether this company is listing no fewer than 40 different models. Apart from this, it is interesting to note that the 16 h.p. chassis will be obtainable either with an engine having an R.A.C. rating of 15.9 h.p. or with one of 17.9 h.p.; and the Light Twelve Six with an engine of 13.9 h.p. or 15.9 h.p. Prices range from £710 to £100, which must cover the major portion of the car-buying public.



FROM £710 TO £100
The new Austin Twenty Mayfair Limousine (left) and the Seven Opal Two-seater—the £100 car

A most popular car, not only at home but overseas, is the Austin Ten Four. Over 50,000 have been delivered to the public up to date, and when I visited South Africa early this year I was greatly impressed by the number of these cars in use. They were most highly spoken of and were in great demand.

For 1935 this model will be fitted with a new type of radiator, the exception being the Sports Tourer. There is a new saloon body styled "The Lichfield," the refinements of which include a sliding roof, flush fitting direction indicators and single bar bumpers. All the new models are being fitted with concealed spare wheel and luggage platform. Another novelty incorporated on the Ten Four models is a compensated voltage control, and dual windscreen wipers, magnetic speedometer, new headlamps and a thermos cooling control will form part of the standard equipment. The price remains the same as last year for the open tourer, namely £152, but the cost of the Lichfield Fixed Head Saloon is £158 or £172 10s. for the sliding roof model.

Another popular car is the Austin Light Twelve Four 11.9 h.p., in which similar improvements have been incorporated in the new models, the prices remaining as heretofore. The Twelve Four, which for 1935 has a slightly larger engine (the R.A.C. rating being 12.8 h.p.), has also been brought right up to date. The cost

of the new Berkeley Fixed Head Saloon will be £275 as against the former £265.

The Light Twelve Six model will still be obtainable either with an engine having a rating of 13.9 h.p. or of 15.9 h.p. at no additional cost, and the prices remain the same as they were last season.

There is a slight increase in the price of the famous Sixteen, but it has been so much improved that I do not expect anyone will grumble about this. The Austin Twenty, with its new limousine body, is a most imposing vehicle, and will prove an ideal car for those who require plenty of head and leg room.

To sum up, the Austin Company are to be congratulated on their programme for the coming season, for with the general all-round improvements, which include enhanced grace of exterior finish with greater interior comfort, all the models should prove more popular with the public than ever.

NEW B.S.A. CARS

Alternative Chassis Lengths on 10 h.p. models

CONCENTRATION is the policy of the B.S.A. Company as regards its 10 h.p. cars, three types only being listed for 1935.

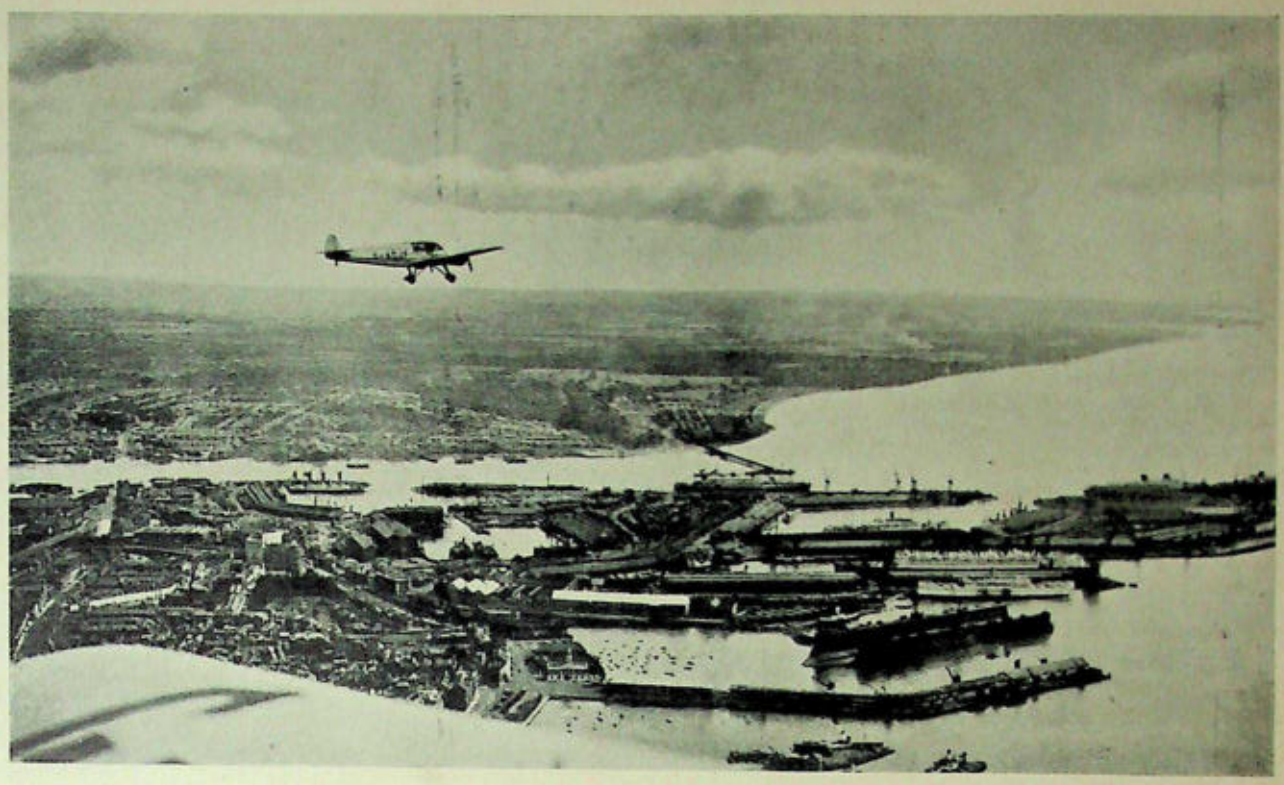
One of them is an entirely new model with a longer wheelbase, 8ft. 3in., allowing more leg room in the rear compartment. The body is a six-light coach-built saloon with vertically hinged ventilating panes for the front windows, concealed traffic indicators and dual windscreen wipers. There is an arm-rest to the centre of the rear seat and all cabinet work and fittings are in de luxe style. The price of this car, which is known as model 105, is £245.

The other two models, which have the shorter chassis, are also six-light saloons, one (model 102) having an all-steel body and costing £210, and the other (model 103) having a coach-built body and costing £220. In each case the engine is the same, a four-cylinder side-valve rated at 9.8 h.p. and taxed at £10 this year and £7 10s. next year. Daimler fluid flywheel transmission, Triplex glass all round, and 12-volt lighting and starting are standard features.

The chassis frame is of cruciform construction, with its side members specially braced by diagonal cross-members giving exceptional strength and rigidity. All four brakes are operated by either the pedal or the hand lever, the latter being so situated that access to the driver's seat is equally simple from either side.

THE NEW AUSTIN TEN-FOUR

Except for the sports tourer, the entire range of Austin Ten-Four models now embodies the new radiator design shown here



"AIR MAIL SERVICES WILL OPERATE ONLY BETWEEN THOSE TOWNS WHICH ARE ALREADY SERVED BY AIRWAYS"

An air liner employed on the service between London and Plymouth passing over Southampton Docks

SENDING LETTERS BY AIR

The Significance of the New Air Mail Services Within the British Isles

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

NO recent piece of aviation news has been more welcome, or has carried greater significance, than the announcement by the Postmaster-General that internal air-mail services on a fairly extensive scale are to be inaugurated in the very near future. This development is a fine tribute to the pioneer work done by the various private, unsubsidized, concerns that have been demonstrating the possibilities of internal air services during the past two years and particularly within the last six months; and on this account it is to be hoped that the contracts will be distributed as widely as possible. But whatever form the final scheme may take, it does represent a very big advance in the air-mail policy of the Post Office.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the new services is that letters up to two ounces in weight—that is to say, up to the ordinary three-halfpenny limit—will be carried without surcharge, the sender being asked to indicate, by means of the familiar blue air-mail label, that the letter is intended to go by air. This is, doubtless, an experimental measure to discover how large the support for faster internal air mails may be.

It is to be hoped that, when the services have proved themselves, all first-class internal mails will be automatically consigned by air—as, indeed, they should be, since it has previously been the practice of the Post Office to dispatch mails by the fastest route available. Whilst this proposal is an innovation as far as this country is concerned, it has proved to be an entirely practical proposition in several other countries which now dispatch all their first-class mails by air.

As at present intended, the internal air-mail services will operate only between those towns which are already served by airways. These include the routes between London and Birmingham, Manchester, Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool, Cardiff, Plymouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. No subsidy or other incentive is, for the moment at any rate, to be given for the inauguration of air-mail services between other points. Nevertheless, this is an encouraging start, and there can be little doubt that the business community will make good use of a facility that enables a letter posted in Glasgow, say, in the morning to be delivered in London the same afternoon.

Undoubtedly, the Post Office has been encouraged to make this departure as the result of the experimental air-mail service that has been operated during this summer by Highland Airways, Ltd., between Inverness and the Orkneys. This particular service has brought one of the most remote and isolated parts of the British Isles into easy communication with the mainland, and its success was fairly certain to lead to expansion elsewhere.

At the back of this new development, there are signs that the Post Office is at last taking a more alert attitude in regard to the whole questions of air mails—a subject to which it has not, in the past, devoted so much attention as might have been wished. Almost simultaneously with the announcement of the internal services, the Postmaster-General stated that he was appointing Group Captain W. H. Primrose, D.S.O., as special adviser for air-mail matters—a well-qualified official whose sole duty will be to keep the Post Office aware of all developments in civil aviation, with particular reference to the improvement of mail facilities; Sir Kingsley Wood has also said that it is his intention to form a special air panel of the Advisory Council that he set up some time ago for the purpose of devising ways and means of modernising postal services generally.

No one can dispute the value of these internal air services; but it is to be hoped that this new policy will not be confined to speeding up mails within the boundaries of the British Isles. As with passenger transport, so with mails; the longer the journey, the greater the benefit aviation can confer. It is clear that the greatest boon air mails can bring to the British Empire is the improvement of communications with the more remote parts.

How much the existing overseas air mails are appreciated is to be judged by the remarkable growth recorded year by year. It has been announced by the Post Office, for example, that the amount of air mail carried for the year ended June, 1933, exceeds by 43 per cent. that carried in the preceding twelvemonth period; and the provisional returns for the present year show an even more striking advance on that satisfactory figure.

Yet it has to be admitted that our overseas air mails are no more than a skeleton, and that their development is still in the embryonic stage. The surcharges are still too high, and the minimum weight at present in force virtually penalizes those who consign mail matter by air.

There is a proven case—often presented by the London Chamber of Commerce and other bodies to the Post Office authorities—for the reduction by half of the minimum weight, with a general lowering of the surcharge; and there can be little doubt that, if this course were taken, increased traffic would more than compensate for lowered receipts per letter.

There are many problems that the Postmaster-General's air advisers might consider in their plans for increasing air-mail traffic. One of them has been raised afresh by his own action in regard to the internal services—namely, is a surcharge really necessary on air-mails at all? A good argument could be presented in favour of consigning all first-class mail by air wherever a suitable service exists; and it might well be that if the overseas airways had such mail contracts, air line operators might find it possible to work on a self-supporting basis.

Whether this is practicable or not under existing conditions, and without the introduction of special services for air mails alone, is a subject that is coming up for immediate consideration by a special Cabinet Committee.

AT THE EASTERN END OF JAVA

An Operatic Performance by the Balinese

BALI, at the eastern end of Java, lies a few degrees south of the equator and is the most colourful and enchanting island I have ever seen.

In size it is smaller than Sicily and, like that island, a large part of it is occupied by a volcano, quiescent it is true, but awe inspiring, high, and crowned with clouds of floating vapour when I saw it. The rest of the island is brilliant, glorious vegetation. The jungle was cleared ages ago, but coconut palms, bamboos, plantains and palmyras have been planted so numerously and widely as to produce a new man-nurtured jungle of vivid colour, very romantic to the western eye.

The hill-sides down to the sea are terraced with little rice fields in every stage of growth and are a green and golden wonder, for rice is growing there the whole year round and terraced rice fields stretch as far as the eye can see, making a picture that once seen will never be forgotten.

And in this setting is a lovely and entrancing "civilisation." The Indians came to Bali when William conquered England. The Dutch only took real possession a few years back, so the Indian culture has been left for the Balinese to develop and adapt to their own liking, with no interference from without.

The photographs which accompany this article show the Sultan's Water Palace and scenes from a dance in a square before the Temple at Den Paser—the native capital of the island.

The Water Palace is delightfully situated in a palm-lined lake. You come to it from above and the hill-side is terraced to the lake with formal walks and trees. And beyond the lake and palace are wild mountains, or palms and paddy fields and the sea, according to where you turn your eyes. It is a wonderful sight.

The dancing in the Temple Square is in the nature of an opera performed to the accompaniment of an orchestra consisting of many keyed gong-like instruments; we have no notation for the music, nor have they. It is handed on from teacher to teacher and is beautiful and haunting—and so is the choral and solo dancing and the graceful supple twining movements of the body and the limbs in the dance.

These native operas may continue without ceasing for hours, and at the end there is no applause—just silence and a kind of lostness. Your senses continue reverberating to the rhythm of sound and motion long after their production is over.

What a background for a dramatic performance! Could there be better staging for an opera than the hanging root tendrils of the huge banyan tree and the little naked children in the audience grouped so well. The artistes dressed in a compound near by, and were pleased to pose for a photograph.

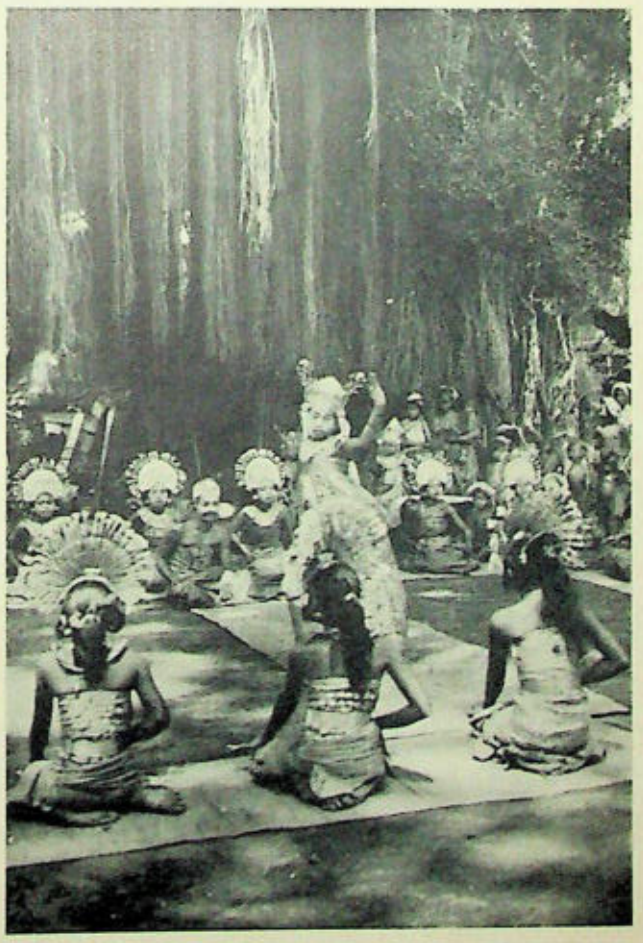
As for the bazaar scenes, the riot of colour is impossible to describe. My photograph has caught a little of its brightness, but how I wish it were a painting instead.

O. B. R.

Two of the "Stars"

New Year Cruises.—In our announcement last week of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co's. tour round South America, it should have been made clear that the "Reina del Pacifico" will sail from Liverpool on January 16th, 1935, calling at Plymouth on January 17th.

A BAZAAR SCENE AT DEN PASER AND (RIGHT) THE SULTAN'S WATER PALACE



BALINESE OPERA—FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN

Artistes in the robing room (a neighbouring compound) and the entrance of the hero during the performance

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE GEORGE AT STAMFORD

AMONG the historic inns of England the George, at Stamford, stands out pre-eminent. Placed beside the Great North Road, so long the most direct highway between London and Edinburgh, it is one of the few hostelries which still retain their gracefully curved and bracketed "gallows" sign, completely spanning the road. It is a great and stately house worthy of its history and traditions. So dignified, indeed, is its appearance that it has been said that it is to all inns what the Athenæum is to all clubs. This is hardly hyperbole, for the George is both venerable and historic.

Of its origin little appears to be ascertained, but its age makes it clear that it owes its name to England's patron saint. We know that three centuries ago it was already standing where it stands today, since Charles I there spent the night of Saturday, August 23rd, 1645, when marching with his army from Newark to Huntingdon. To what extent the house has been rebuilt since then is not apparent. Certainly it was refronted some time after the middle of the eighteenth century, and we can hardly doubt that the comparatively rapid extension of road traffic and the coming of the fast coaches later on compelled extensions. It is, however, probable enough that much of the old interior was left, masked, as usual, by the new work. The solid and sedate Georgian front is matched by an interior of equally solid comfort, touched by a dignity almost stately. The big dining room, panelled with oak from floor to ceiling, is still vividly remindful of coaching days, its northern door being labelled "Edinburgh" and its southern door "London."

The eighteenth century would inevitably have been the great era of the George because of its position on the busiest and most famous of English roads, even if history had not come to its aid. It was not always picturesque or agreeable history. Thus, amid the national restlessness following the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, the George fell upon tragedy. The town was full of precautionary troops, some of whom suspected Bolton, the tapster, of being a Jacobite. To prove his loyalty he was compelled to drink, on his hands and knees, to the new regime. While he was doing so, a dragoon, inflamed probably more by liquor than by patriotic zeal, ran him through the heart with his sword. The result was a furious riot, the windows were smashed, and the justly infuriated mob threatened to wreck the building unless the murderer was given up to them, but he was fortunate enough to escape by a back way.

Thirty years later the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland stayed at the George on his way home after Culloden, and in 1768 the King of Denmark "lay" there. In our recent article upon the Lamb at Wallingford it was shown how two daughters of the house made brilliant marriages. In 1765 a similar piece of luck befell Margaret, eldest daughter of Bryan Hodgson, the landlord. She married the Rev. Beilby Porteous, Vicar of Ruckinge and Withersham, in Kent, who was destined, eleven years later, to become Bishop of Chester, and in 1787 to be translated to London. The Porteous Library, chiefly folios and quartos of out-of-date theology, still fills an entire room facing the lawn at Fulham Palace.

In the coaching days there must often have been much hurry and scurry in these great coaching inns, where arrivals and departures were hourly. It is not surprising that a visitor to the George in 1776 should have grumbled at its "distracting bustle, which exceeded anything I ever saw or heard." But the meridian of road travel, when rapid stages and mails followed each other in quick succession, came half a century later, and by that time organisation had taken the place of noise and confusion. That was the period when so many famous persons, travelling the Great North Road, helped the fame of the George by breaking their journey within its hospitable chambers. It was Sir Walter Scott's favourite stopping-place, and one of its bedchambers is still dedicated to his memory.

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THE FIELD

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THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE WHO CAME OF AGE YESTERDAY SEPTEMBER 7TH

As the owner of one of Scotland's finest sporting estates he succeeded his father, that great all-round sportsman the eighth Duke, in September, 1932. The photograph of the Duke is taken on the celebrated Floors Upper Water on the Tweed. Floors Castle is the well-known residence of the Dukes of Roxburghe, and the estate is one of the few that can boast first-class grouse and partridge shooting, salmon fishing and foxhunting. An account of Floors appeared in the *Field* series of "Families Famous in Sport" in November of last year

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FROM HAWKER TO GAME FARMS

IT is one of the curiosities of literature that Colonel Peter Hawker, greatest of writers on the sport of shooting, in his records never mentions the possibility of rearing pheasants under hens. His chief concern as regards sport with the gun at Longparish was, of course, the shooting of partridges; but he made it a practice whenever he could to go out on the first day of October to see whether he could not outmanœuvre and bring to bag some "magnificent old cock pheasant," which had been marked down by one of his "myrmidons" or "banditti." And if pheasants should be scarcer than usual he always made a note of it. "The pheasants here are annihilated, consequently I made no attempt for October shooting," he writes in 1822; and on October 1st, 1847, again, "Only two pheasants on all my estate, both cocks, and both came home to the larder, after as hard a chase with a village rabble as ever old Smith had with his crack fox-hounds. We had five hours of it before the two birds came to hand." It makes strange reading. Why did it never occur to him to breed a few birds for himself?

One possible answer is that there was no market in pheasant eggs, or at all events, not in his part of the country. Pheasants certainly were reared by hand elsewhere in large numbers, long before Hawker wrote his book or began his diaries. Pye, the Poet Laureate, wrote as far back as 1790 a poem entitled *Amusement*, in which he derided the decadence of the sport of shooting, particularly in regard to

"The winged tribe, by care domestic bred,
Watch'd with attention, with attention fed."
So that clouds of birds arise before the "dazzled eyes" of the sportsman,
"And each redoubled shot with certain aim
Covers the ensanguin'd field with home-bred game."

Somewhere in England, then, if not in the neighbourhood of Hawker's home at Longparish, pheasants were hand-reared in large numbers. Probably the methods of the rearing-field in spring and summer, certainly those of the *battue* which followed in the autumn, were borrowed from the Continent. The first description of the Continental *battue* is given by James Edward, second Earl of Malmesbury, in his *Shooting Journals*, under the date October 17th, 1799, and it may be that landowners in certain parts of England, hearing of the large bags of pheasants obtained in such *battues* as that which Lord Malmesbury witnessed in Hungary, determined to organise something on similar lines on their own estates. Lawrence Rawstorne, the author of *Gamonia*, a book on forestry and pheasant-preserving, published in 1837, describes the preparations for a day's shooting on the Continental system, and refers to "the present system of *battues*." With the introduction of the breech-loading gun in the 'fifties, the practice of pheasant shooting became developed on a larger scale, and it was this development, doubtless, which led gradually to the establishment of game farms, which began simply as businesses conducted to supply a demand. Estates on which there were no wild pheasants, or not enough of them, needed eggs to put under hens, and the eggs were in due course forthcoming.

And so we come to the conditions of to-day, when not only eggs in spring, but poults in autumn, can be supplied by game farms, the best of them firms of long standing and high repute, who can be trusted to supply their customers with livestock of the best quality. Of recent years this market has been considerably strengthened by periodical inspections undertaken by the *Field*, certificates being awarded only to those farms which are genuine businesses, and on which birds are reared and penned in healthy and sanitary surroundings. Game farmers have undoubtedly conferred great benefits on followers of the sport of shooting. They meet to-day with the success which they deserve.

AN EMPIRE'S GOOD WILL

ONCE more the Royal Family claims the gratitude of the British people, at home and overseas. The Duke of Gloucester, following in the steps of his father and his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, has set out on a journey of high Imperial purpose, this time to represent the King at the centenary celebrations of the State of Victoria. Nothing has done more or can do more to cement the bonds of brotherhood throughout the Empire than visits of this kind, and the Duke of Gloucester will take with him the good wishes of this country not only to Adelaide but to every part of Australia through which he may travel.

Good will among men of British birth mingles to-day with congratulations, which the people of the Empire extend in full measure to the young couple whose engagement has now been formally announced, Prince George and Princess Marina of Greece. A Princess in a castle by a lake, and a Prince from a distant country—what more could be asked for romance? London's streets will provide a royal welcome.

PERRY'S DOUBLES PLAY

The Eastern grass court championships in America were noteworthy for the success of Miss K. Stammers and Miss F. James, and the further failure of F. J. Perry and F. H. D. Wilde, who were again beaten by G. Mako and R. Budge. Miss Stammers's form has been disappointing this summer, and her apparent improvement is welcome in view of the need for strengthening our material for the Wightman Cup team. Her combination with Miss James in doubles—a heartwhole hitter with a mistress of finesse—may be useful. A disturbing suggestion has been made, by no less an authority on the spot than Mr. A. Wallis Myers, that Perry did not bother to combine with Wilde. This is not the correct form of a champion, much less of a distinguished amateur officially representing his country. The excuse advanced that he was considering reservation of strength for the national singles championship immediately following seems pointless in the circumstances, even if it should include his retention of the American title. Wilde was entitled to his full chance.

FARMING SUBSIDIES

Last Saturday the Government subsidy on fat cattle started. Farmers do not like subsidies. The cash is welcome enough, but the principle is unsound. A State subsidy carries the taint of charity which it is undignified for any great industry to have to accept. Moreover the method is dangerously unstable. A subsidy is open to public criticism and misrepresentation, and can be abolished by a stroke of the pen on a change of government. There are better ways of affording agriculture a reasonable measure of protection like other industries. Tariffs and quotas have been tried as experiments, and the latest proposal is for levies on imports, the proceeds of which can be used as deficiency payments to the home producer. If this is to be the settled policy, the sooner it is established the better.

MISPLACED GENEROSITY

Everyone likes to see a hit for six in cricket, and this season quite a number have been made in county matches. But not enough have come from Warwickshire batsmen to satisfy one county supporter, who has offered a money bonus to Warwickshire players who can hit sixes. But this is not the way to brighten cricket. For one thing sixes cannot be hit to order, and cricketers in general have shown that they are not attracted by such a form of pot-hunting for themselves. Well meaning as such an offer may be, it is wrong in principle. If it were taken seriously it might perhaps produce a few more sixes, but it might easily disrupt the team spirit which is the essence of the game. We hope we shall hear no more of it. A spontaneous gift to a cricketer is another thing, though this has often proved embarrassing. There is, for instance, the lamb which an Australian admirer is reported to have sent to Larwood! We wonder what he will do with it.

INSECTS BY POST

When a Bishop writes to the *Times* about caterpillars, the public naturally takes notice. The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich has recently drawn attention to a regulation of the Post Office which forbids the sending of live creatures by post, except bees and leeches, unless with the permission of the Postmaster-General. He received a few days ago a packet which once had contained a caterpillar, but which arrived with merely a stain, and he would appear to object to the obligation imposed upon his correspondent of first obtaining the Postmaster-General's permission before posting the caterpillar which arrived as merely a stain. But surely the Bishop's story is in itself a complete justification of Post Office methods and procedure. The Bishop may object to receiving by post merely a stain, but what about the public whose letters were in the same mailbag with the squashed caterpillar? Suppose that a piece of wedding-cake, for instance, travelled cheek by jowl with a caterpillar of *Acherontia atropos* packed merely in an envelope. The recipient of the wedding-cake might well ask for more stringent supervision on the part of the G.P.O.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a notice in the parlour of a Yorkshire inn: "Members of cycling and hiking parties are requested to assist us in keeping our premises tidy by carrying their papers, tins and other refuse outside on to the moors or fields."

ON THE TOPS

From Rothiemurchus Forest in the Cairngorm Mountains comes news of a record bag of ptarmigan. On August 31st Dr. T. Grainger's party of seven guns shot 55 brace of ptarmigan and 7½ brace of grouse. Records of ptarmigan seem to be scarce. On August 25th, 1866, the Hon. Geoffrey Hill killed 122 ptarmigan to his own gun at Achnashellac, and next to this stands the round total of 120 bagged in a day's driving at Gaick.

WHISTLING RAILWAY ENGINES

Now that the Minister of Transport has successfully launched his experiment in ordaining zones of silence for motor vehicles, might he not turn his attention to the railways? Might he not forbid engine-drivers to sound their whistles? They make a distracting noise, especially for travellers seated near the front of the train, and they cannot add to the amenities of houses situated near railway stations. And, anyhow, what are the whistles for? Why should an engine whistle at all? To make people get out of the way? But who is in the way, except platelayers in the charge of a foreman whose business it is to see that they get out of the way of oncoming trains? Have we not here, in these perpetually and needlessly whistling engines, merely a survival of the days when if a cow got on the line "it would be bad for the coo," and when a man had to go in front of a traction engine on the road with a red flag?

NEW TOTALISATOR RULES

At one time it seemed as if the Totalisator would hardly justify its somewhat costly existence, but now its affairs are becoming more prosperous, mainly owing to the excellent system of daily "doubles" upon big races. These have proved their worth and will continue to do so, for the daily double method has become so popular that the Totalisator Board are putting a new scheme into operation. When the first acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire become known those who wish to do so will be able to obtain their double at any racecourse. Should a horse be scratched at any time backers may have their ticket altered on all racecourses and another horse substituted. Whenever the first leg of the double is landed, the second fancy may be altered at any time. No doubt this innovation will be popular, and thereby assist to swell the Totalisator funds, so providing a certain amount of money for the encouragement of horse-breeding—the main purpose for which the Board was established in this country.

A THREAT TO SURREY

One of the most beautiful parts of Surrey lying between the hills of Hascombe and Hambledon and the downs above the sea, is threatened with spoliation. An enormous brick factory, with chimneys 135ft. high, belching fumes and soot into clean country air, is to be the precursor—if it is not prevented—of an industrialisation which will change this part of England into a semblance of the Black Country.

Cannot the authorities before whom the plans for this factory are laid look forward into the future? Here is the quiet beauty of country lanes and woods, of primroses and violets, to be sacrificed to the clutches of commercialism. Such beauty cannot be purchased or replaced. Cannot the Surrey County Council exert their powers of forbidding such planning? Cannot some of us think a hundred years ahead?

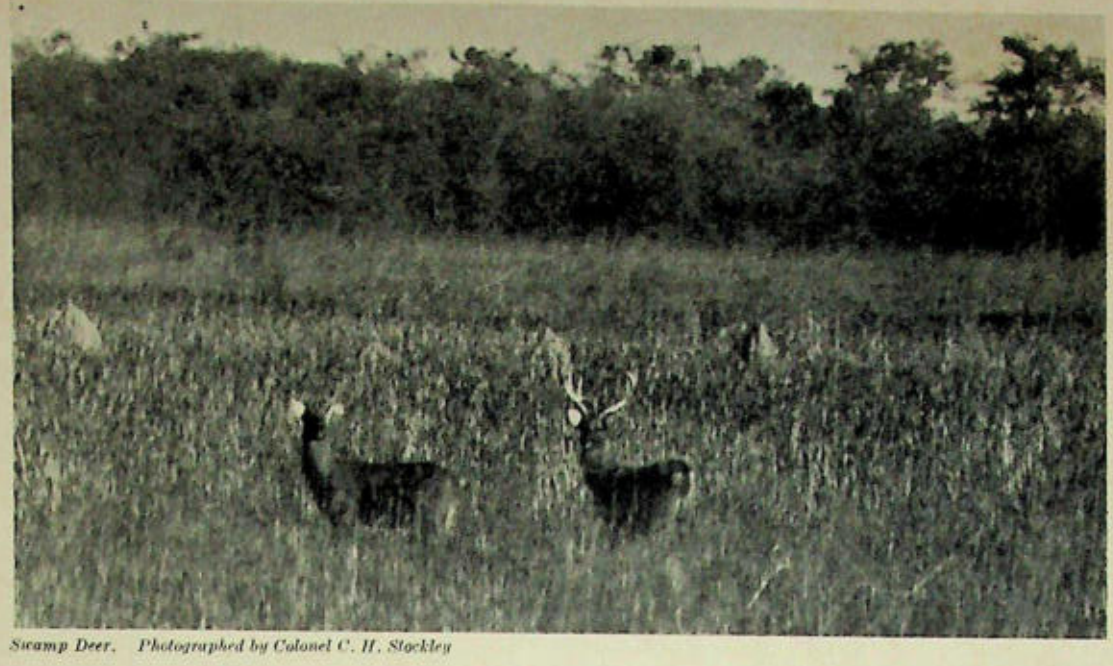
CUB-HUNTING MORNINGS

In that most delightful poem, *The Old Squire*, Wilfred Scawen Blunt has told us that he liked "the hunting of the hare better than that of the fox." But many of those who go cub-hunting to-day feel the same pleasure as he felt in the sights of early morning:—

"I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspicious morn;
I like the flap of the woodpigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red."



Swamp Deer. Photographed by Colonel C. H. Stockley

HIGHLANDS OR HIMALAYAS?

Big Game Shooting versus Scottish Stalking

A YEAR ago one of the most distinguished living big game shots, and one of the *real* shikaris of this generation, wrote in the *Field* under this title. Now it is the common habit of those who have shot big game abroad to decry Scottish deer stalking, and he himself admitted that he preferred the Himalayas. But his views were moderate. He was not of those many who say it is artificial to shoot in Scotland, that the work is done by the stalker, that the quarry is easy of access and easier of destruction. Equally there is a type of deer stalker who feels that if the ordinary big game shot is let loose on the hill he slaughters most of the deer within, or indeed without, the march regardless of age or sex, and puts a bullet at any range into everything else. Now neither of these view-points is quite fair.

In the first place, what constitutes big game shooting? General Pigot in his admirable book *Twenty-five Years of Big Game Hunting* makes a distinction between the big game shooter (who goes out in an aeroplane to shoot what the professional hunter shows him) and the big game hunter who does all his spade work himself. That is true enough.

Further, the sport may be divided under two obvious heads: Shooting dangerous and non-dangerous game. And shooting the non-dangerous game may be very roughly classified into "stalking" and "still-hunting," which represent the respective methods under which about 80 per cent. of the non-dangerous game is killed. It is obviously unfair to compare stalking in Scotland with shooting dangerous game. It is all the difference between, shall we say, war and mere manœuvres, between polo and pigsticking. Naturally, for those who have adequate nerves the excitements of shooting an elephant are greater than those of shooting a stag. But it is not to be imagined that the shooting of "dangerous" game necessarily implies danger.

We have now narrowed our field down to the shooting of non-dangerous game. Now to compare still hunting with stalking is unfair because one is comparing two methods of shooting fundamentally different. As well say lacrosse is an inferior form of hockey. Incidentally many of the great stags shot overseas are shot in forests—proper, not Highland variety—either by decoy calling or still hunting—the barasingh, the Central Asian wapiti, the Carpathian stag. But the true comparisons lie in stalking in open country abroad and stalking in the Highlands.

Firstly, to thoroughly enjoy stalking, one's joy must be unconfined. Although, say, a Ladakh ammon block is not so much bigger than the largest forests in Scotland, one has not the ever present feeling of the march, the knowledge of that bit of sheep ground below. There all oversea stalking that I know of scores. The world is one's parish. Secondly, the country is generally more difficult, though not always, and the winds at least as hard. In Central Asia, for instance, they are a good deal harder.

Thirdly, is the quarry more sagacious? Now those who have stalked in the Himalayas or in Northern America usually dismiss red deer with a gesture of contempt. Now I admit that the hardest stalking abroad is far harder than the hardest stalking at home, both as regards quarry and terrain. Your big-horn, your ovis ammon, above all, probably, your markhor. But after all they represent the muckle harts, as it were, of Indian stalking. But what of the lesser Himalayan heads? Can it honestly be said that stalk for stalk they were more difficult than red deer? I have not found it my experience.

Divest one's mind of prejudice, let there be no need to impress the stay-at-homes by Schiehallion with the glories of Nanga Parbat, and one must admit that many of one's stalks after bhurrel, or Punjaub oorial, or blackbuck, or chinkara on the plains were rather easy. One admits that there are many easy stalks in the Highlands. Yet there are always as many hard ones, and there are many fine beasts that are sought through the whole season and live to throw another head. The opinion that I voice is a purely personal one, but I have not found Scottish stalking as easy as many people make out. To take long shots, to shoot the trash, yes, that is easy; but to find your muckle hart and kill it under really sporting conditions, setting a hundred yards as the range one aspires to fire at—that is another question.

A further point held out against Scottish stalking is that it largely takes place in the rut, when the beasts, being fully occupied with their own affairs, are much easier to approach; and that this is not the case in the best Himalayan stalking, which goes on all the year round. Yet does it? In Ladakh there is, to all intents and purposes, a four-months' season; in Baltistan there is a five-months' season; while for markhor there is really only a two-months' season, markhor shooting in the second leave generally being a needle-in-a-haystack business. Now I will go so far as to say that if you cross the Zogi La early enough, when the heads are kept really low by snow, shooting a markhor is far easier (though still hard), and shooting a good ibex definitely easy.

No; it is not here, I think, that stalking abroad has the greater charm. I, personally, believe that stalking abroad is on the whole more difficult, but not so much more difficult. The opinion is based on a personal experience of no immoderate length, and is of no particular value. Far be it from me to be pontifical on such issues! No—the charm of the overseas stalking lies in the camp life, the lack of restraint, the sense of freedom. One must, even in Caithness, return home to dine in a lodge which probably has a billiard table, and where two days' growth of beard is not in the mode. But take yourself to Hanlé, or the Kootenays, or Lake Rukwa, and you are back with primitive man. Almost one begins to paint oneself with woad! If the Highlands of Scotland were still a land of virgin forest waiting for you to stalk really wild red deer (for the laird has only condescended to stalk, broadly speaking, in the last 150 years), as St. John pursued his muckle hart for three days, then I think the ammon rams might well skip upon their high hills.

There, for me, is the lure. It is not so for all. For this reason or that there are many who prefer more mannered methods. Let them not, like Walter Scott, embarking on Ivanhoe, be put off by any traveller who has cast his shoe across Edom. Let them enjoy the red deer as he is at his best—a worthy quarry.

R. M.

HIGH BIRDS OUT OF LOW COVERTS

The Importance of Undergrowth and Intelligent Flushing

By COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG

TO show high birds to his guests is undoubtedly the ambition of every owner of a pheasant covert. In these days they cannot be too high, although one occasionally hears the opinion expressed that the craze for height has grown to such an extreme that absurdity has been reached. On some estates many of the birds are definitely out of shot, and even the lower ones are considerably beyond the capabilities of the ordinary shot. Such stands, however, are very rare, and depend entirely for their super-excellence on the very favourable and hilly terrain from which the birds are flushed.

A SPORTING OVERHEAD SHOT

Of far greater interest to the ordinary shooting man is the problem of showing reasonably high, sporting and difficult shots out of a low-lying covert situated in flat country. This is by no means an insurmountable difficulty as is clearly proved on a few properties where much careful consideration and thought have been given to the question, and where well-known principles have been adapted to the varying conditions at each stand.

There are three essentials which must be considered, the first of which, though known to nearly everybody, is frequently ignored, namely, that birds must never be driven over the guns out of the covert in which they live. They must be "blanked" or gently shepherded out of their home covert into another one, and then driven back over the guns placed between the two. This is, of course, a platitude, and yet, although it is well known that pheasants driven out of their own covert generally fly back, break to one side or, at the best, fly forward in a most hesitant and reluctant manner, this method, being the easiest, is frequently adopted by an unimaginative keeper.

It is preferable to shepherd the birds on their feet into the adjacent covert from which it is intended to flush them than to make them fly there; but this is often difficult if the ground between the two is bare of cover. The necessary covert, however, is easily and quickly grown if the intervening space is planted with coxsfoot grass and broom which, planted in the spring, will have grown to a height of over 2ft. by the autumn of the second year.

If there is no small covert adjacent to the home covert into which to shepherd the birds and flush them from, a field of roots will answer the purpose just as well, for all of us must be able to recall at one time or another many high sporting shots at pheasants so driven, even in the flattest of country. If neither a small copse or a suitable root field exists and the birds, consequently, have to be flushed from the wood which has always been their home, they must be blanked into a flushing point in an extremity of the wood as far as possible from the feeding rides, and then driven back over the guns placed in a ride or in small open spaces which have been cleared of high trees.

It is more often than not the practice to flush pheasants and drive them down-wind over the guns, as by doing so it is considered they are certain to fly forward. This is, however, a misconception, for unless it is blowing really hard flushed birds will, whatever is the direction of the wind, point for their old home, the direction of which is the only factor in determining their flight. Birds do not, as is commonly supposed, prefer to fly down-wind, but at an angle of about 40 degrees to it. This has been clearly proved by observation during migration when birds always choose if they can for their long flights a wind which is "on the bow." Pheasants will also "rocket" much quicker and fly higher against a wind than with it, which fact should not be lost sight of in low and level coverts.

The second essential for producing high pheasants is the construction in every covert of a well-designed flushing point. The provision of these is very rarely seen, most keepers imagining that they have done their job well if pheasants flush all over the wood, or, at best, if they are driven into and flushed out of a certain portion of the wood which has thick undergrowth. A flushing point is that portion of a wood into which *all* the pheasants have been shepherded—on their feet, if possible—and from which you propose to flush them and send them over the guns. If these areas are properly constructed, pheasants can practically be made to do anything the keeper wishes. They can be flushed in exactly the right numbers, at the right intervals, and in the right direction. A sweeping assertion, I know, but I have seen it done frequently by the comparatively few who thoroughly understand this art.

The area of the flushing point naturally varies with the number of birds it is proposed to collect in it, but a rough guide to its size is that one-and-a-half acres is ample for 1,000 birds.

The whole area of the flushing point should be surrounded with a thin fence of two or three rows of snowberry bushes. Standard trees must be thinned out drastically so that the ones left standing are at least 10yds. apart. The undergrowth should be cleared out and the space replanted with rhododendrons, red dogwood, *Cotoneaster Sinondisii*, privet and *Lonicera nitida* in clumps about 3yds square, with a space of 3yds. between each of them.

A prejudice has grown up in recent years to the presence of rhododendrons in pheasant coverts, owing to the fact that they hold the rain excessively and consequently drip a great deal. They, however, form excellent cover for the birds to squat under, and as pheasants are only present in a flushing point for about a quarter of an hour, this objection must be ruled out. Cotoneaster is a semi-evergreen shrub whose leaves do not fall until February. It grows to a height of about 4ft., makes excellent cover, and pheasants love its berries. *Lonicera nitida* is the most valuable of all shrubs for a flushing point. It is a creeping honeysuckle, is very cheap to buy, grows very quickly indeed, and is the only plant I know that will grow underneath beech trees. Ample cover will have formed in three years to make a perfect flushing point if the area is planted with this shrub.

An artificial flushing point can be constructed in a very short space of time by making clumps out of heaps of cut wood and dead branches covered over with bracken and similar undergrowth. Where the standard trees are larch, the lower twigs and branches should be cut half through and then bent down to the ground so as to form a cone whose apex is about 4ft. high, up into which the grass soon grows and quickly forms an ideal squatting place for birds. Excellent cover can be made from yew trees if they are cut through at an angle of 45 degrees about 3ft. from the base, and then carefully pulled over until they are lying on the ground. The tree will not die, and the branches will actually take root and make fresh growth if the ends are buried in the ground, thereby forming the most perfect cover for squatting birds. Any trees that are sufficiently supple to withstand this treatment will serve the same purpose.

Artificial clumps should not be made so thick or solid that birds cannot escape from them easily, for it is essential that birds should be expelled from

them as silently as possible so as not to disturb and alarm their neighbours in adjacent clumps.

The line of beaters should be stopped 30yds. from the flushing point, and only the headkeeper and a few chosen assistants should be entrusted with the task of evacuating the clumps, which should be done by prodding them. No talking should be allowed. When each clump has been dealt with, the line of beaters should advance and beat out any birds that have escaped detection.

Wire netting is very valuable for guiding the pheasants into the flushing point. It should be run at an angle from the two inner corners of the area out to the sides of the covert.

The flushing point should be placed about 50yds. from the end of the wood nearest the guns. The fringing trees at the end should be as thick and dense as possible, so that the birds cannot go through them, but must rise over them.

The third essential for high birds is a line of "silent flushing stops" and a line of "flaggers." The former are placed in the fringing trees quite close to the end of the flushing point. They serve the double purpose of preventing birds running out of the flushing area, and, secondly, of making the birds "rocket" the moment they leave it. These stops should not be allowed to have a stick in their hands and should remain absolutely quiet and stationary from the moment they are placed in position at the commencement of the drive. The line of "flaggers" should be placed about 50yds. outside the covert and 50 yds. or more in front of the guns. Their function is to flag the birds up higher into the air, and they are well worth their pay, for it is most noticeable how birds will start to rocket as soon as they catch sight of them. There need be no fear of them turning the birds back if the pheasants are being driven towards their old home.

Very sporting curling shots can be presented to the guns if the birds are not driven out of the flushing point straight towards their own home. If they are driven out at an angle to it, on rising into the air from a strange cover they will find themselves heading in the wrong direction and will consequently turn and make a fresh point for their home and so curl over the guns below them, if these latter have been carefully and intelligently placed. Wind plays an important part in attaining curl, the ideal being when it is blowing at an angle of about 45 degrees with a line joining the flushing point and the home covert.

Birds can be made to curl out of the lowest covers and this factor will more than make up for any lack of great height, for they are generally much more difficult to hit than the highest of straight flying rocketers.

BEFORE MOVING OFF TO THE NEXT BEAT
Guns in a ride waiting; some high birds have to be picked up

HIGH BIRDS AT HACKWOOD PARK
A drive in progress at the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston's Hampshire shoot

A FINE STAG SHOT BY THE HON. MRS. WINGFIELD
This stag weighed 19st. 7lb. and was killed at Glen Dye in September, 1932

DEER STALKING FOR WOMEN

First Difficulties Soon Overcome

By LADY APSLEY

OF late years, rather to the horror of some of the older generation, deer stalking has become a woman's sport. And why not ?

Gone are the days of muzzle loaders, black powder, deer drives, and big whisky flasks. Nowadays, stalking in Scotland requires but a certain amount of patience, reasonable skill, perfectly sound heart and lungs and a stout pair of shoes—all useful, truly feminine and not outrageously expensive qualities ! Many women are as well known on the hill as their menfolk ; probably Mrs. Robert Fleming, who has stalked regularly for many years in her husband's beautiful forest, has more fine heads to her credit than any other lady in Scotland. The Duchess of Sutherland, and her mother-in-law — Lady Millicent Hawes — one of the earliest lady stalkers, the Countess of Ancaster, the Hon. Mrs. Frank Curzon, the Hon. Mrs. Pease, Lady Warrender, the Countess of Brecknock, the Hon. Mrs. Portman, and Lady Sophie Scott, have made names for themselves on the hill—the last-named especially, being so keen that she stays on in North Harris to shoot hinds at the end of the season. There are many other women of all ages, who with the greatest delight snatch a day or two stalking whenever it comes their way, and many whose keenness and experience have shown the way to the younger generation, making it possible for them also to learn the rudiments of the sport.

There is no doubt that grouse driving seems to attract the majority of the present generation of "shooting men." Forests are not nearly so sought after as grouse moors, and for the most part it seems to be the older men and the women who nowadays do the stalking. Of course there are many exceptions ; generalisations are seldom accurate, and indeed, few women have the opportunity to join in grouse driving regularly, whereas stalking, whether by a day's invitation or "on your own place" comes much more easily and inexpensively. And it is a fine sport ; the more you know about it the better you like it.

At first, there is always the difficulty about "taking the shot." Those who from over-confidence and those suffering from inferiority complex equally score their misses, or, worse still, wound without killing. This stage should not last long, and though, of course, even the best rifle shots have their off days the average woman quickly learns to use the modern deer-stalking rifle with precision at 120 to 160 yards—even without such unnecessary assistance as telescopic sights. The best way to learn is to practise at a target, both the ordinary bull's eye and the imitation stag variety, limiting oneself to as few shots at a time as possible.

Nothing is easier really than to let off a rifle at a target at 160 yards with the comfortable assurance that if you don't get an "inner" with the first bullet, you will certainly do so the second. The question is, can you do it out on the hill ? Can you walk ten miles, crawl 200 yards, then with one elbow in a bog and the other balanced on a sharp rock, with bits of heather bobbing about in front of your sights, a spider selecting the barrel of your rifle upon which to spin a web—just as you are drawing a bead on your beast—at the same moment the stalker breathes into your ear, "If ye dinna take him the noo, ye'll no get a better chance . . . there's a wee staggy suspicious like."

The best way to start stalking is to get taken along by a friend or relation. You will soon see how you shape—whether you can walk well enough, and how the thing is done. If you are a poor walker or prove to make noises—such as slipping about on stones, knocking your stick on a rock just where there may be a hind within hearing, slipping over heather, spraining your ankle, bobbing up your head at the wrong moment, or crawling with your "behind" in the air—you will find yourself left along with the pony boy when the excitements begin ! On the other hand, you may find it all supremely easy—stalking is like that sometimes. Any woman new to the hills who intends to stalk seriously, should have at least one pair of really stout shoes made to fit her by a good London firm who know what sort of article is required. The things sold at most ready-made shops as "ladies' golf shoes" are not nearly strong enough for serious stalking ; you can't walk all day on the hills without the right shoes. Next, the feet inside them need hardening. There is nothing better than a rub with methylated spirit twice a day, and a powder of zinc and starch is useful inside the stockings. One's feet soon get hard if set about the right way, but many a novice has returned in agony from the hill with blistered heels, strained ankles, and shoes dissolved into brown paper pulp !

You ought to be fit yourself ; legs and back are sure to ache the first time or two in the season. You need not be very particular about clothes—except not to wear anything white or orange, or indeed any large surface of one whole colour. Light-weight homespun tweeds, in bluey greens, brownish greys and fawny checks seem best, with jersey shirts to tone. Some wear knickerbocker suits, but one can get on alright with a short skirt, pleated, but not so full as to flap about, with the coat loose enough across the back and in the arm-holes to be able to lift the rifle to one's shoulder.

All stalking ground is different—the west of Scotland has a lot of grass and is wetter walking—the east is more stony, and so on. The variety being half the pleasure.

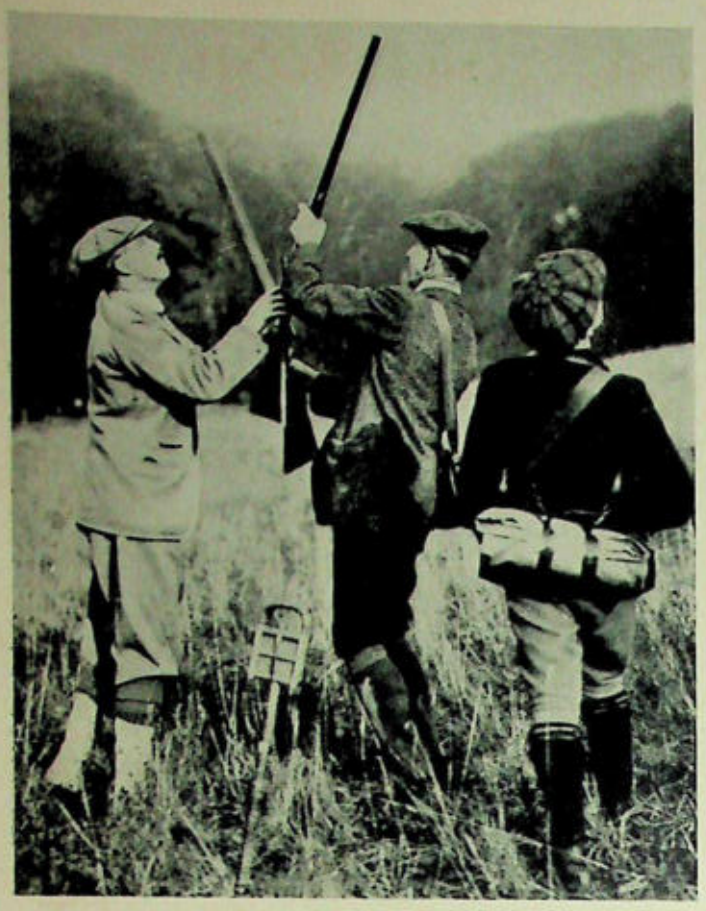
To start with, one probably has odd days—"a walk round the march," perhaps, or "just a look at the hill." Be ready for whatever the gods offer—everything will be interesting if you can make friends with the stalker. It has become the fashion to decry stalking because "a fellow can't do it himself." (In the same sense everyone out hunting might grumble because they can't hunt hounds !) A stalker must know his own ground, vagaries of wind, local conditions, etc. Perhaps a day will come when you get to know your ground so well and have so much experience that you can do the last bit yourself and select the best beast unerringly. Meantime, you will gain no end of interest if you can get on good terms with your stalker ; and he is sure to more than meet you half way.

There are other attractions besides killing a heavy beast. I have lain motionless for an hour watching a caterpillar on the boot of the stalker in front of me, waiting for hinds to feed on out of our way. I have spent a whole day lying on peat hags waiting for a "royal" to step in over the march. A fox curled up asleep on a ledge 200ft. below you, ptarmigan (the white mountain grouse found at a height of over 3,000ft.), a pair of ravens, a wheeling buzzard, two stags fighting—there is plenty to see while you avoid making a noise slipping on greasy stones or tripping over the heather.

I well remember my first stag grassed after two disappointments. We chanced on some beasts lying down in the heather on our way home. Nothing for it but to lie down where we were till they chose to get up so that we could see if one was "good enough." It was snowing hard and we were soon aware of the bog we were lying in ! For 20 minutes I lay, sucking my trigger fingers to keep them at least warm . . . but I walked nine miles home on air, a fresh snick cut on my stalking stick—my first stag !

Home in the gloaming, down hill all the way, lungs full of sparkling air, well tired, too late for tea, so perhaps a glass of hot milk dashed with Highland whisky, a glorious hot bath in soft peaty water, then all the story over again at dinner—and so, sleepily to bed, the end of a glorious day.

MRS. ROBERT FLEMING, WHO IS AN EXCELLENT RIFLE SHOT
The three stags in the picture were shot at the head of Glencoe in Argyllshire



A QUICK CHANGE-OVER
Lord Ashburton at a pre-war shoot. Note the boy watching the birds

"One Crowded Hour"

TWO HUNDRED BRACE OF PARTRIDGES TO TWO GUNS

A Great Drive at Stratton

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

TO describe the best day's partridge driving I ever had is not an easy thing to do. To write about the day which I enjoyed the most would have been simpler. It is highly possible that one may have shot extra badly on the day which was, numerically, the best one you had ever had, and if that had been so one cannot help looking back upon it with a certain amount of pain and regret, and a feeling that it could not conscientiously be regarded as the best day.

However, I think I can definitely say that the best shoot in which I ever participated took place in October, 1911, at Stratton, in Hampshire, a place which belonged to my uncle, Lord Northbrook, now sold, like so many others of its kind, to a company. The chief reason which made this day such an exceptional one was not the fact that we shot 617 brace of partridges, but rather the circumstances under which the majority of them were killed.

The Stratton property marched with the famous Grange shoot, which belonged to Lord Ashburton, now, alas, also sold. It had one outstanding feature as far as partridge driving was concerned, and that was what was known as the Station Road, a couple of miles long, and bordered by an avenue of immense trees. On that particular year there was an extra good green crop and plenty of it on the land on both sides of the avenue. In addition to this it was a perfect shooting day, with a gentle breeze and no sun. Among the eight guns were Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Ancaster, Wilfred Ashley, now Lord Mount Temple, the late Lord Northbrook, the Hon. Roddy Brownlow, a brother of Lord Lurgan, and Colonel Harry Crichton.

Comparisons are notably odious, so it will be sufficient to say that there were only two really first-class shots on the side, and they were Lord Ancaster and Wilfred Ashley. I once asked the head keeper at Warter Priory, where perhaps the greatest pheasant shoots of all time took place, whom he considered to be the best shot who ever took part in them.

"Well," he said, "I haven't seen Lord de Grey shoot, but I've seen most of the best shots in England, and I should back Lord Ancaster to kill more game than anyone else." On being pressed for his reasons he said: "Because he is the freest shooter of them all, he don't miss much, and he can stand a long day better than some of the other gentlemen."

Personally, I have seen most of the outstanding shots, with the exception of Lord Walsingham, in action, and I think, with all due deference to Mr. Eddie Stonor, that he should have included Lord Ancaster in his list of the ten best shots, which was recently published in the *Evening Standard*.

As to this particular beat, nothing in the history of partridge driving could surpass the glorious sight of covey after covey of partridges, with full steam up, passing in an apparently unending stream over those majestic tree tops. Those guns who joined issue with them immediately they topped the trees could be considered universal benefactors as, more often than not, their prompt action caused the coveys to split and come hurtling down the line. There were that day, alas, a paucity of such artists.

I do not think I am exaggerating in the least when I say that a team of eight sound guns, without any cracks or any passengers, would have killed 700 brace that day, and that a team such as represented the Grange in November, 1897, consisting as it did of Lords Walsingham, Newport, Pembroke, Lathom, Ashburton and Prince Victor Duleep Singh, would have been pretty near the Grange total of 730 brace in spite of the fact that they were only six guns as compared with the eight at Stratton. I only mention this to stress what a grand show of birds there was that day. The average per gun worked out at about 150 partridges. Lord Ancaster himself killed 230, and Wilfred Ashley round about the 200 mark I think, those two accounting for rather more than a third of the total bag. One of the guns, assisted by the dogs, killed 25 birds altogether.

Lord Ancaster had returned from Eichorn, Baron Hirsch's place, in Czecho-Slovakia, the week before the shoot, and having killed over 100 brace of partridges there one day, to his own gun, mentioned the fact to his host on departure, and added that he had never done such a thing before and was not likely to do it again. That he should have accomplished that rare feat at the first shoot he took part in on his return to England is certainly remarkable. It is, of course, entirely a matter of guesswork, but had those six Grange guns been shooting that day, I reckon it like this, Walsingham, Ashburton and Victor Duleep Singh 250 birds each, Newport 230, Pembroke 200 and Lathom 180. Total 1,360 partridges or 680 brace. In actual fact some guns would naturally have got more shooting than others, but the total result would have been the same, and granted that everyone had equal chances I reckon the above to be a fairly accurate estimate.

There is no doubt that good guns make an enormous difference to the bag, especially in partridge driving. To quote an example, I took part in a partridge shoot just after the war at Culford, in Suffolk. At the end of the third drive I had picked up 47 birds. The gun on my right, an ex-monarch, since deceased, had killed one bird, and the gun, a doctor, on my left, no birds. I had shot perhaps better than I had ever shot in my life, but had, say, Frank Ashburton been in my place, he would undoubtedly have killed 60 birds. Therefore the ex-monarch and the doctor, who had had quite as many opportunities as myself, would have owed the bag, *vide* Ashburton, 119 birds between them in three drives.

Think that out. It means roughly at the end of the day (nine drives) Ashburton 180 birds, ex-monarch 3, and the doctor 0. As a matter of fact the latter killed four. The total bag was 325 brace to eight guns. At the above rate eight Ashburton would have killed 1,440 partridges instead of 650. Of course it would not work out to such figures even with the eight best shots in England, but the difference, in any case, is obviously enormous.

Perhaps the most remarkable bit of shooting that ever was seen goes to credit of Lord de Grey at Eichorn. On some days the guns stood in a big circle, and the surrounding country was beaten in by a still bigger circle of beaters, who gradually closed upon the centre, and on others, the guns walked in line against the wind, if possible.

On one of these latter days Lord de Grey had lagged a little behind, having stopped to tie up his boot lace. It must be explained that the beaters walked on the flanks, strung out in echelon, and not between the guns, so that the birds which had, if possible, been driven away from home would usually turn and fly back over the line of apparently least resistance, which was in this case the guns. The leading beaters on the flank, who were halfway up a hill, flushed six partridges which turned and flew back, down wind and rather strung out, straight at de Grey.

On hearing the shout of "Tai hout," which is equivalent to our "Over," and is derived from the French "tirez hôut," de Grey picked up his gun, sprang to his feet and killed the two leading birds some distance in front of him. He then seized his second gun and killed two more as they passed over his head and, snatching his first gun, which had been reloaded by the faithful Moss, duly despatched the remaining two which were by then a long way off, going away, and of course terribly difficult shots. All six birds were "right up" and flying down wind like the devil, and all six were killed stone dead.

There are many tales of wonderful lefts and rights, and disputes as to what can or cannot be done by a first-rate shot, but this instance of coming into action without any forewarning will take a lot of beating. No one who saw it can ever forget it.

Previous articles in this series have included contributions by the Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. George Lambton, H. W. Austin, Harry Vardon, Lord Tennyson, Colonel T. P. Melville, T. A. Brocklebank, Sir Philip Hunloke, Lord Dorchester, T. Hampson, F. S. Smythe, L. Mitchell-Henry and Major H. C. Maydon.

THE EARL OF ANCASTER AT CRIEFF, PERTHSHIRE
He contributed 230 partridges to the Stratton bag

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

Good Bags and Healthy Birds

FROM almost all quarters the grouse shooting reports which we publish below tell of good sport. Birds are plentiful, though in one or two cases there are complaints of the damage done by heavy snow storms in May. On the whole it may be said that sport is well above the average.

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

LITTLEWOOD.—On August 23rd, 83½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Sir Alan McLean, M.P., Lord Leverhulme, Mr. Falconer Wallace, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Hawke, Mr. Colin McLean, Dr. D. MacManus, and Mr. E. S. Hervey. Adverse wind and rain.

MORVEN MOOR (NEAR GLENKINDIE).—On August 29th, 163½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. G. H. Fairhurst, Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder, Captain Eric Stocks, Mr. A. E. Matthias, Colonel G. H. Kirkwood, Mr. J. Paton, Captain Keith Caldwell, and Mr. J. Keiller Greig. Weather conditions good; showery.

BREADALBANE MOORS.—Shooting over Glen Ogle Beat on August 27th, 53 brace of grouse and other game were killed by Lord Camrose and party.

CASTLE MENZIES MOOR.—On August 20th, 105; 22nd, 112; 23rd, 116; 25th, 136 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Ramsay, Major W. H. S. Alston, Captain F. Bonham Carter, Lieut-Colonel S. H. Charrington, Mr. Guy Ferrand, Lord Gough, Marchese L. Niccolini, and Sir Herbert Wilberforce. Total for first eight days' driving, 1,038½ brace.

DUNALASTAIR.—During the last week 180 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. F. de Sales La Terriere, Mr. J. de Sales La Terriere, Sir John Grey, Bart., the Hon. Chas. Douglas, the Hon. Robert Trench, the Hon. Dudley Trench and Mr. Patrick Grey. Birds very wild.

GARROWS.—On August 29th, 133 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. K. O. Hunter, Mrs. K. O. Hunter, Mr. P. Stormouth Darling, General H. W. M. Watson, Mr. A. Moon, Major J. Hirsch, Captain V. Blundell, and Mr. W. H. Cox. Best stock of grouse for sixteen years.

GARTH.—On August 13th, 77; 14th, 67; 15th, 44; 17th, 47; 18th, 78 brace of grouse were killed by three guns. On August 20th, 85 brace of grouse were killed by six guns. On August 22nd, 266 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns. On August 24th, 65 brace of grouse were killed by five guns. On August 25th, 41 brace of grouse were killed by four guns. On August 27th, 67 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns. Major Mirrielees, Mr. D. C. Mirrielees, Mr. John Blandy, Lieut. R. Moodie, R.N., Major Ledingham, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel G. O. Berwick, D.S.O. A very fair number of birds, somewhat wild.

INNERHADDEN.—On the 15th, 27½ brace of grouse; on the 17th, 33 brace of grouse; on the 20th, 44 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Dr. Robert A. Fleming of Innerhadden and party.

INNERWICK.—From the 13th to the 18th, 162½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. Percy Mann and Party. This bag was obtained on four-and-a-half days shooting by one party, each day shooting over dogs. Birds inclined to be wild and forward. Not many backward broods were seen. Apparently *no sign of disease*.

MILTON AND BORLAND-DUNAY SHOOTINGS.—August 14th, 24½ brace of grouse; August 20th, 11½ brace of grouse. The above were killed by four guns, walking in line. Colonel C. W. G. Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., Mr. Kenneth R. Pelly, M.C., Mr. Thomas Cubitt and Mr. Michael Walker. Birds in good condition, but very wild. *No disease*. Few cheepers.

MORENISH, ON BREADALBANE ESTATE.—On August 25th, 35 brace of grouse and one blackgame were killed by six guns: Mr. Aubrey Price's party.

PITCARMICK.—On August 13th, Sir Michael Nairn and party killed 164½ brace of grouse; August 18th, 138½ brace, walking. August 22nd, 220 brace, and on August 25th, 400 brace, driving. Single guns.

Ross-shire

GLENSHIEL FOREST.—Sir Maurice Cassidy killed 7 stags in two days' stalking, weights 15st. to 17st. 7lb.; best head an 11-pointer.

Stirlingshire

BUCHANAN CASTLE MOORS.—On August 22nd, 71½ brace of grouse, 2 blackgame, 1 hare, 1 snipe, 2 various were killed by eight guns: His Grace the Duke of Montrose, Sir Frederick Graham, Gen. Sir Archibald Cameron, Hon. F. G. Morgan, the Marquis of Graham, Mr. R. L. Scott, Gen. Willyns, Sir James Wilson and Gen. Vernon. On August 23rd, 81½ brace of grouse, 1 hare, 1 various; August 24th, 89 brace of grouse, 2 blackgame, 7 hares.

CAIRNOCH LODGE.—On August 24th and 25th, Mr. Alex. McGrigon's party of six guns, driving, shot on Cairnoch and Polmaise Moors 86 brace of grouse and 84½ brace respectively. These bags constituted a record for these moors.

Sutherlandshire

ACHANY.—Mr. S. A. Courtauld, with party of three guns, walking over dogs, have killed in eight days' shooting, up to and including August 25th, 202 brace of grouse.

BENARMINE.—For the week ending August 18th, 129½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns shooting five days: Mr. G. G. Francis and party. August 13th, 17½ brace of grouse, 1 duck, 1 snipe, 8 hares, 3 rabbits; August 14th, 24½ brace of grouse, 7 hares, 1 rabbit; August 16th, 25 brace of grouse, 5 hares, 3 rabbits; August 17th, 31 brace of grouse, 1 plover (golden); August 18th, 31½ brace of grouse, 33 hares, 1 plover (golden). On the whole birds not as well grown as last year. *No disease*.

KINLOCH FOREST.—On the 16th, 47 brace of grouse were killed by four guns shooting over dogs: Captain N. Whatkin, Captain H. Matthews, Mr. G. H. Beloe and Mr. C. Pitman. On the 17th, 55½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns, as above without Captain N. Whatkin. Grouse shooting, over dogs, on the 20th. Guns: Captain H. Matthews, Mr. G. H. Beloe, and Mr. C. E. Pitman. Bag, 51 brace of grouse. On the 22nd, same party; bag, 45 brace of grouse. Grouse shooting over dogs on August 24th, Captain H. Matthews, Mr. G. H. Beloe, Mr. P. G. W. Clarke and Mr. C. E. Pitman killed 33½ brace of grouse. Heavy storms and high wind. August 25th, guns as above, but without Mr. P. G. W. Clarke, killed 42 brace of grouse. Weather fine and calm.

OSPISDALE. On the 15th, 16½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. W. W. Duncan, Dr. Ian Arthur, Mr. F. T. H. Newell and Mr. F. N. Sudlow. Birds more plentiful, but very wild. Weather not good. Very high wind.

ROVIE.—From August 13th to 25th, 242 brace of grouse were killed by two guns over dogs: Major W. Priestley and friend. Birds strong and healthy.

SYRE KINBRACE.—Mr. W. H. Midwood and four other guns shooting over dogs, had 504 brace of grouse in five days.

TRESSADY.—On August 13th, 136½ brace of grouse; 14th, 113 brace; 15th, 115 brace; 16th, 100 brace; 17th, 31 brace; 18th, 42 brace; 20th, 106½ brace; 21st, 48½ brace; 22nd, 67 brace; 23rd, 49½ brace; 24th, 24½ brace; 28th, 69½ brace; 29th, 62½ brace; total, 964½ brace in thirteen days' shooting over dogs. Weather stormy, rain plentiful, birds strong, wild and healthy.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN FORFARSHIRE

In our picture of Major W. H. Webb's shooting party are seen Captain E. K. Marsland, Lord Dorchester, Major Cecil Corbett, Mrs. Marsland, Miss Wykeham and Mrs. Webb

Inverness-shire

CHAPEL PARK.—On August 28th, 56½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Major H. P. Rushton, Mr. W. Williams Wynn, Mr. R. Knight, Mr. T. Davenport, and Mr. A. Macdonell. Very wet and windy day.

GLENMORE.—On August 14th, 18½ brace of grouse; August 16th, 32 brace; August 18th, 25 brace; August 22nd, 31½ brace; August 24th, 34½ brace; August 25th, 10 brace ptarmigan. Guns: Mr. J. Edgar Dennis, Major I. Dennis and Major E. Williams. Birds wild on high ground, many late coveys seen. Low ground, good coveys well-grown young birds.

GLENTROMIE.—From August 21st to the 24th, 247 brace of grouse were killed by six guns, four days driving: Mr. J. Roberts, Mr. W. W. Ffennell, Sir George Thursby, Major H. Birkbeck, Mr. J. Gault and Mr. A. H. Hoare. The heavy May snowstorm did considerable damage. Birds are backward, many do not flush. *There is no disease*.

KINVEACHY FOREST.—On August 23rd, 24th, 27th, and 28th, 230 brace of grouse, 32 hares and four snipe were killed by seven guns, best day 99 brace: Sir S. Maryon-Wilson, Bart. of Eastborne, Earl of Altamont, M.C., Colonel Stanley Barry, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., Admiral Sir Rudolph Bentinck, K.C.B., K.C., C.M.G., Commander Hon. H. Legge, D.S.O., Admiral Phipps-Hornby, C.M.G., and Sir Hugh Ripley, Bart. *No signs of disease*; but the snowstorms in May played great havoc with the nests and late hatchings, which accounts for the very large proportion of old birds, 137 br. old to 93 br. young, of whom a big stock had been left over from last season.

QUOICH.—On August 25th, 42½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns shooting over dogs: Sir John T. Cargill, Bart, Colonel George Philippi, Captain Webster, and Mr. David G. Lyell. Fair show, strong, well-grown birds; strong wind, birds wild. This makes 550 brace killed over dogs by Sir John's parties this season.

Isle of Arran

DUBHGHARADH LODGE.—On August 22nd, at Shedog Hill, Hon. Francis Curzon, Mr. Ralph Curzon and Mr. S. N. de Yarburgh Bateson killed 32½ brace of grouse, 3 blackgame, 3 rabbits; 23 brace were young birds, which is the best showing of the season. Major G. A. Barnett and Hon. Assheton Curzon had only 7½ brace of grouse on Altgolach, of which 4 brace were old birds. On August 23rd, these same two guns killed 12½ brace of grouse on Kilpatrick Common, 6½ brace young. Mr. R. Curzon and Mr. S. Bateson had 17½ brace of grouse (8½ old) on Loch Tanna Beat. On August 24th, walking in line, Hon. F. Curzon, Major G. Barnett and Hon. A. Curzon and Mr. R. Curzon shot 14½ brace of grouse, 6 blackgame, 5 snipe, 6 hares on Darnennish and Tormore Moss. On August 25th, Hon. F. and Hon. A. Curzon and Major Barnett had 30 brace brace of grouse (18 brace young), 4 blackgame, 1 snipe, 5 hares, 3 rabbits, on Torbeg Hill. On August 24th, Hon. Mrs. Curzon killed 2 stags, 10 points and 11 points, 14st. 8lb. and 14st. 6lb. On August 25th, Mr. Ralph Curzon killed a nice Imperial, weighing 16st. 6lb.

Nairnshire

COULMONY.—On August 18th, 133½; 20th, 75; 23rd, 115½; 25th, 60 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crossman, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. M. Phillips, Mr. E. J. Mann, Mr. A. F. Towgood, Mr. V. Ridley, and Mr. V. S. Daniell. Birds very strong and plentiful except on the high ground, where the snowstorms in May caused a lot of birds to leave their nests; but on the whole, it is a good season.

Perthshire

AUCHENLEISH.—August 13th, 27½ brace of grouse, 1 duck, 2 hares; August 16th, 28 brace of grouse, 2 hares; August 25th, 14 brace of grouse, 2 snipe, 1 blackgame.

ENGLAND

Yorkshire

TROUGH OF BOWLAND.—On August 14th, shooting on Brumand, eight guns killed 343 brace of grouse; 15th, Sykes, the same party killed 285¼ brace; 16th, Whitendale, 187½ brace (bad wind across the moor); 17th, Hareden, 519½ brace; 21st, Sykes, 167 brace; 22nd, Brumand, 174 brace; 23rd, Hareden, 324 brace; 24th, Whitendale, 321 brace.

WEMMERGILL AND HOLWICK.—On August 20th, shooting Allotments, six guns killed 208½ brace of grouse, and on 21st the same party killed 412 brace, which, with the pick up, 13½, made a total of 634 brace for the two days. Sir Ian Walker, Mr. O. V. Watney, Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, M.P., Mr. E. T. Baring, Captain C. G. Reid Walker and Mr. Cobbold. On August 22nd, shooting Lune Head and Close House, the same party killed 477½ brace. On August 23rd, shooting North Side, the same party, with the addition of the Hon. Alastair Watson, killed 1,216 brace. On August 25th, shooting Close House, four guns killed 600 brace: Sir Ian Walker, Captain C. G. Reid Walker, Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, M.P. and Mr. L. A. Clowes.

WALES

Carnarvonshire

GLAN CONWAY.—On August 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th, 477 brace of grouse were killed by Lord Penrhyn and a party of six guns, the best day being 156½ brace, a record for over 20 years. Weather fine and birds plentiful and in good condition.

LOOKING ALONG THE LINE OF BUTTS

A scene at Mr. G. H. Fairhurst's shoot on Morven Moor, Aberdeenshire

W. A. Rouch

A ST. LEGER LONG SHOT

Achtenan (Achtoi — Nantenam) fancied as an each-way St. Leger proposition

CAN WINDSOR LAD BE BEATEN IN THE ST. LEGER?

Why the Derby Winner Should Outclass His Rivals

"OF course he will win the Leger—no doubt about that!" This is an example of the remarks heard on all sides as the crowd swarmed round Windsor Lad on his way from the course to the unsaddling enclosure on the Knavesmire last week. There had been warm cheering when the colt won his race in brilliant style, and one was glad to observe that the enthusiastic throng had the good sense to reserve any further demonstration in the paddock until he had reached the place appointed for the winner. Then there was an outburst of hand-clapping.

It was a reception accorded only to a performer who has accomplished something extraordinarily good. No doubt Gold Bridge would have received a similar ovation earlier in the meeting had it been realised at the time that Lord Beatty's great sprinter had easily smashed record for this five-furlong track. It is possible that the applause given to Windsor Lad conveyed more than the crowd's appreciation of the fine style in which he had gained his victory. Perhaps it also marked a sense of the courage shown by Mr. M. H. Benson in giving £50,000 for the Derby winner.

However well off a man may be, it certainly does require some pluck to produce that vast amount in cash for what is certainly not a gilt-edged security. Mr. Benson has been bold enough to assume that Windsor Lad will justify his purchase price not only by his achievements during the remainder of his racing career, but by his work at the stud. And the racing world hopes that he will not be disappointed.

FIT AND WELL FOR THE LAST OF THE CLASSICS

Windsor Lad (Blandford—Resplendent), which is confidently expected to carry his new owner's colours first past the post in the Doncaster St. Leger

Having won his first race in his new owner's colours, Windsor Lad now has a bigger obstacle to surmount. The St. Leger has to be won. Naturally he became an odds-on chance after his triumph at York—but plenty of odds-on chances have been upset in the long history of the Doncaster classic race. This much has to be said: on public form the son of Blandford and Resplendent is reasonably certain to prevail on the Town Moor. On paper he is even more of a good thing for the race than Hyperion was a year ago, because he has never been sick or sorry all through his active life, whereas Hyperion was troubled with a misplaced stifle joint little more than a month before he ran so brilliantly at Doncaster.

If there is any danger to the Lamborn colt, from which of his rivals will it come? The unfortunate elimination of Colombo and the disappointing display given by Achtenan at Hurst Park, left Umidwar as a clear second favourite for the St. Leger. This colt's high reputation is largely built on the faith which Mr. Frank Butters has always placed in him. And it must be admitted that there are few better judges of what a classic colt should be than the trainer in question, who only two years ago saddled four of the first five in the St. Leger.

The fact remains that Unidwar will have to improve vastly on his public performances this season if he is to gain classic distinction. In the Derby he was a complete failure, and though he finished half a length in front of Windsor Lad in the Eclipse Stakes, he had 10lb. the better of the weights. Further, the Derby winner was desperately unlucky to have been vanquished that day. Everything depends on the progress made in the interval by Umidwar. Those who have seen him at work lately are prepared to find him a much better colt on the day of the big event than he has ever been before.

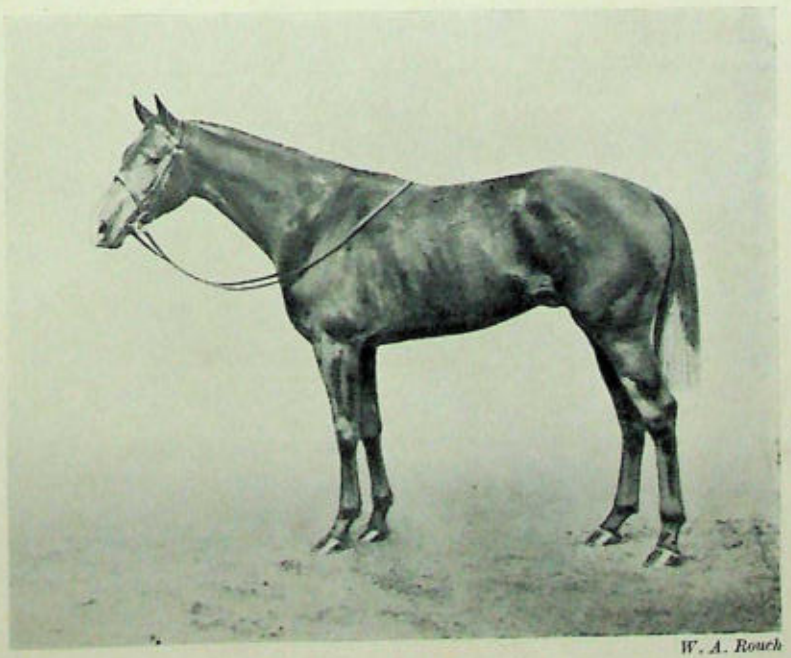
That may well be so; but is it not probable as well that Windsor Lad has improved? To judge by what we saw of him on the Knavesmire, Mr. Benson's colt has made more than normal advancement since the Derby, and no doubt Marcus Marsh had this in mind when he was courageous enough to advise his patrons to run the colt on the Kanvesmire. A trainer less sure of himself and of his horse would have said, "No, it is too risky to run him on firm going a fortnight before the St. Leger." Marsh, however, held the view that the race would be of value to the colt.

The St. Leger outlook would be less one-sided had Alcazar been eligible to compete for it. "He was such a puny yearling that we did not enter him," says Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort. It is of no use to grieve about that now, and in any case this colt has done marvellously well in other spheres of racing. His success in the Ebor was a weight-carrying performance unexcelled in the annals of that most popular handicap, and the son of Achtoi resembles Windsor Lad in that he has fine speed as well as rare staying powers.

Tiberius having failed to come up to expectations when making his reappearance at Redcar recently, it would appear that Adept will be the best from Manton in the St. Leger. There will not be a grander looking colt in the field, but is he not still too backward to do himself full justice in this company? In the early summer one had the impression that he would not be seen at his best until next season, but he has been coming on rapidly during the past month or two, and his candidature for classic honours must now be taken seriously. Our own view is that the son of Gainsborough and Pennycomequick (her first foal) will need more time, but apparently he has been well backed for the race.

Lo Zingaro is something of an enigma. He appears to have two ways of running. Primero is an improved colt, as he showed at Stockton, and we shall not be at all surprised to see him run with great credit on the Town Moor. Perhaps the last two furlongs will suit him better than Patriot King, who shared the honours with him in the Irish Derby. We hesitate to condemn Achtenan for his reverse at Hurst Park, and expect him to show to much greater advantage over the longer course next week. Apart from the colts we have mentioned, nothing in the entry appears worthy of special attention.

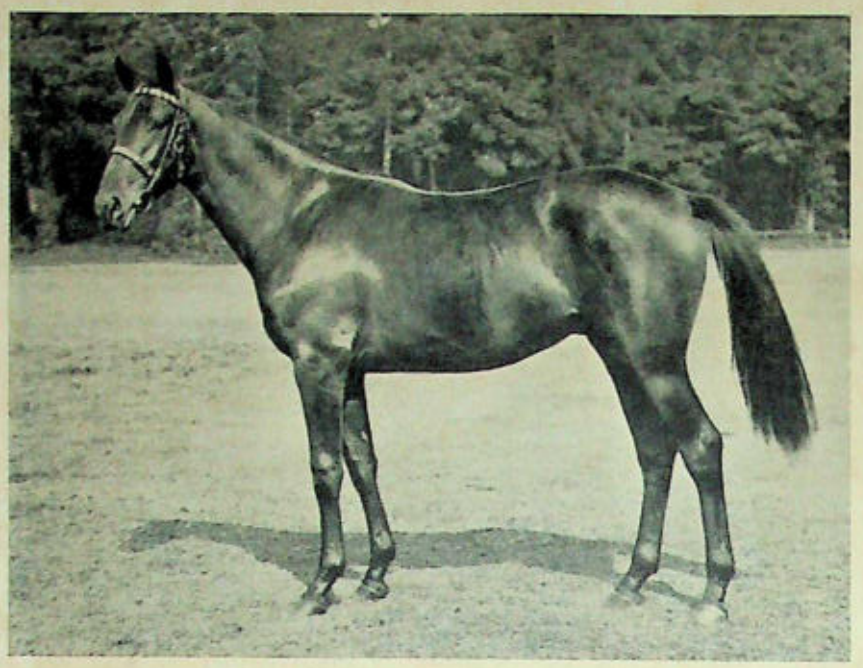
We have great confidence in the ability of Windsor Lad to repeat the achievements of Hyperion, Trigo, Coronach and many others in the pre-war era by supplementing his Epsom success at Doncaster. Primero we commend to the consideration of those who desire to support a colt for win and place at reasonably long odds.

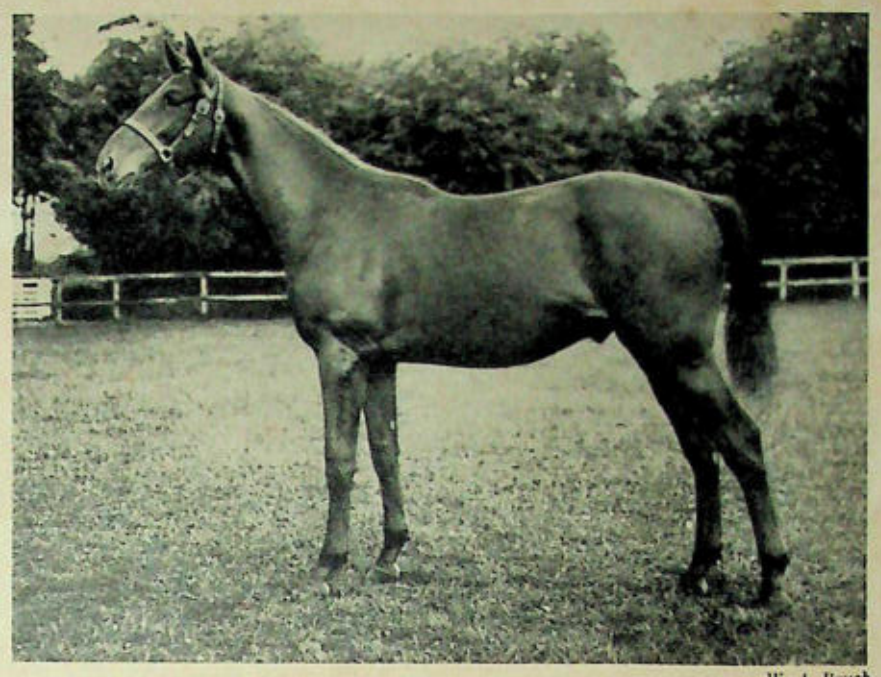


W. A. Rouch

A TRUE SON OF HIS LINE

Satyr (Tetratema—Nigella), which is honoured with the big weight—for a three-year-old—of 8st. 10lb. in the Portland Handicap at Doncaster





W. A. Rouch

COLTS WHICH WILL ATTRACT DONCASTER BUYERS

The brown colt by Bold Archer from Nightfall, bred at Worksop Manor, and (right), the chesnut son of Salmon Trout and Schottische, whose birthplace was the Sezincote Stud

BLOODSTOCK FOR DONCASTER

Well-Bred Yearlings from North and South

FOR many years winners have been bred at Theakston Hall; in fact, I believe Mr. A. McIntyre, who owns the stud, is the fourth generation to carry on the thoroughbred tradition. He has faithfully observed it, too, and now has Thyestes, whose stock are most promising, and Hill Cat as occupants of the stallion boxes there. The first named seems certain of success as a sire, for the bay colt by him from Redesdale is a beautifully made sort with good legs and feet, a well-ribbed-up middle-piece, and is an attractive mover. In addition he is a half-brother to Redeswood, whose deeds require no embellishment from me.

The bay colt by Plantago from Egeria is one which will require a little time, and more to my liking was the sprightly Schiavoni—Purple Robe colt. But both these are eclipsed by the very choice bay filly by Thyestes from Hark Forrard, which, if conformation and temperament count at all, should certainly follow in the winning footsteps of Tramaway and Mr. Bertram, to which she is half-sister. And thereafter what is her breeding value?

The ruined towers of Warwick the Kingmakers' Castle then loomed into view, and beside the historic hill, where much of England's history was made, lies the Manor House Stud. Here is a blood-like filly by Gallini from Bold Lily, which is a rare mover, and a most impressive colt by Forerunner from Astrachan. The other filly by Gallini from Sawdust strides out in the right way and takes the eye as a winner early in her career. I may say that these three yearlings are ready forthwith to go into training.

Thence to the Spigot Lodge Stud—a perilous journey, indeed, by motor over the moor!—to find a handsome colt by Dark Legend from Mellifer, which has already been christened Dangerous. This colt strides out with great power and decision, and possesses a good back and loins. Of the Bold Archer—Procis colt one may say that he has a lovely forehead and the best of limbs, a remark which might fittingly be applied to the chesnut colt by Stingo out of White Maize, a mare which carries a stout line of the best blood.

From Gaston Grange, Major Greville Williams is sending an attractive brown filly by Horus (sire in this, his first season, of several winners) out of Perella (a half-sister to Warden of the Marches, and Dick Turpin. This filly is of medium size, has plenty of quality and substance, and stands on the best of limbs. She moves well and looks like coming early to hand.

Then there is a bay or brown filly by Flamingo out of Alimony, by Son-in-Law. This is a charming, short-legged, thick filly. She stands rather less than 15 hands at present, being a late (May) foal, but she is a perfect mover and full of character. She is just the sort to win two-year-old races, as her dam was a really good winner, and her first three foals are all winners.

Probably the pick of the stud is the very nice rich bay filly by Winalot out of Grasmere, by Chaucer. Grasmere has a wonderful record at the stud, being the dam of eight winners of over £10,000 in stakes, including Winandermere (one of the best two-year-old fillies this year), St. Oswald, Bassenthwaite, etc. This yearling is a well-grown filly, showing great class. She has the very best of shoulders and sound thighs, and is also an excellent mover with a charming temperament.

All these yearlings are like old horses to handle, and look hard and healthy enough to go straight into training. Most of them will be sold without reserve, and as the small stud of six mares has produced thirteen winners of 31 races at home and abroad during 1933 and 1934, there is no reason why some of these yearlings should not help to maintain the racing standard which their brothers and sisters have set them. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

WITH IRISH BREEDERS

A Survey of the Leading Studs

THIS year Irish bloodstock should fetch record prices at the Doncaster Sales. Next week over 40 lots from about 60 stud farms in the Irish Free State will be sent up to the sales. The proceedings will open with the disposal of a number of lots from the Kildangan Stud (Co. Kildare). On that day also six lots, the property of Major Holliday, of the Cleaboy Stud, Westmeath, will be put. So will those of Senator Parkinson, and a number of other Irish breeders.

Mr. S. J. Parr has three nice Tolgus colts listed for Tuesday, while his brother, Major Victor Parr, is selling an own sister to Nitsichin.

Other important lots listed for Tuesday belong to Mr. Frank Tuthill. One of these is a bay colt by Winalot from Part Worn. Possibly this colt, whom his owner has named Hard to Part, will fetch a couple of thousand guineas. Mr. Tuthill refused a big price for him as a foal last back-end, and a yearling colt out of Part Worn fetched 4,200gs. in 1933.

Wednesday's list includes three lots, the property of Captain Bernard Daly—two fillies and a colt. The last named is by Knight of the Garter out of Miss Brian. This youngster is nicely engaged, and should do well. One of the fillies is by Solario from Dolores, and the other is by Upsalquitch out of Miss Brian Boree. Both are looking well and will attract attention in the sale ring.

Then a number of lots, the property of Viscount Adare, from the famous Fort Union Stud, will come under the hammer. So will those of Mr. J. C. O'Sullivan, an outstanding figure in the world of sport during the early years of this century. It will be remembered that this breeder, who now lives in absolute retirement in a Dublin hotel, won the Cambridgeshire.

Captain Moore, and the Ballykisteen Stud Limerick, will be among the Irish breeders represented in Thursday's proceedings. On that day also young Mr. Kennedy, of the Straffan Station Stud (Kildare), will offer four lots. One of these is a lovely colt by Beresford out of Silver Whip.

Mr. Peter Fitzgerald is another vendor on Thursday, while Captain and Lady Moyra Fitzgerald have four lots to be sold on Thursday afternoon. Among these is a Blandford filly out of Paritat, a German bred mare. There is also a Trigo colt listed from these owners, but there is no doubt that the Blandford stock will account for all the big money at Doncaster this year. But it will be on Friday that all the sensational bidding of the week will take place.

On that day three lovely Blandford colts and a filly from the Cloghran Stud, where the now famous sire formerly held court, will be put up. One of these Blandfords is out of Reverentia, the dam of His Reverence. That sounds good enough for anything, and those four Blandford yearlings from Cloghran are bound to make a packet of money—possibly 5,000gs. a piece.

There is still another Blandford in the field on Friday that will fetch even a higher figure than them. That is a Blandford colt, the property of that world-famous authority on bloodstock—Mr. J. J. Maher. This colt is out of Waffles, the grand old matron who is the dam of Manna and Sandwich, among others of her distinguished offspring. Mr. Maher is only sending up four, and among these is a lovely grey colt by Fairway out of Silver Mist.

M. S. H.

A CHAMPION CUP FOR HACKS

Competition at the Wokingham Show

AT the request of owners and exhibitors in hack classes the National Horse Association has agreed to offer at the Wokingham show on October 3rd, to be held at Finchampstead (four miles south of Wokingham), a challenge cup for the best trained hack of the 1934 show season.

Entries will be restricted to hacks that have won a first prize in a hack class value £10 or over during 1934, and in awarding the cup 50 per cent. will be awarded for conformation and character and 50 per cent. for performance. The competitors will be asked through the microphone to carry out at least six of the following movements.

1, Dismount. 2, Mount. 3, Uncollected walk. 4, Collected walk. 5, Passage at either walk or collected trot. 6, Back a given number of paces. 7, Go through hunting gate. 8, Collected canter from uncollected canter. 9, Circle at trot or canter in a three-yard circle. 10, Collected canter in straight line, changing leg at specified number of paces. 11, Canter from halt leading on specified leg. 12, To stand unattended at the mounting block. It is hoped that all the prize winning hacks of the year will compete for this champion challenge cup. Entries must be made to Major G. D. Edwards, at the Old Rectory, Finchampstead, Berks.

On His Majesty's Service

SEPTEMBER TRAVELLERS

Puzzling Features of Early Bird Migration

By FRANCES PITT

EARLY autumn, when countless travellers leave us for abroad, and others arrive from the north to sojourn awhile in our fields and coppices, is an interesting period for those who watch the movements of migratory birds.

Although these are the "rush hours," autumn bird migration is a protracted matter, for the various species differ widely in the dates when they are first assailed by the urge to be up and off. Some adult cuckoos are away so early as the beginning of July, while visitors from the north, such as ducks, geese and woodcock, continue to come in up to and even after Christmas.

Most of the old cuckoos leave us towards the end of July. They have nothing to detain them, for family encumbrances have been made over to other species, so they waste no time in getting off. They are soon followed by the swifts, which are also early migrants. As a rule, there are not many left after August 5th, though they stayed later this season, and I saw a goodly number flying around until August 15th, but not one after that date.

Stanley Crook

A YOUNG CUCKOO

Most of the old cuckoos leave us before the end of July, but this year's birds, left to the care of foster parents, may still be seen about the countryside in September

It is interesting, even if futile, to speculate as to what decides a migrant to leave home. It cannot be a question of food, because the swifts depart while the swallows, house martins and sand martins are yet able to find abundance of flies. Long after the swifts have flown the swallow tribe wheel around the houses and gather in twittering throngs on telephone lines and aerials. And so many of them will continue to do until the September days begin to shorten and even into October, until at last that inherited force we glibly term instinct sends them likewise off to the south, drifting on and on, even so far as Natal and Cape Province, as has been proved by the recovery of marked birds.

Despite the past summer having been exceptionally dry, with the result that the autumn is an early one, migration does not seem to have been hastened. Rather is it the reverse, especially with regard to the house martins, which yet linger in numbers, but maybe the delaying factor is to be found in their nests. A pleasant sunny summer with a plentiful supply of insects has enabled them to indulge in extra broods, some of which are barely on the wing even yet.

Tragedy always hovers nigh these late-hatched families. The urge to go presses more insistently upon the old birds each day, while parental instinct likewise commands them to care for their nestlings. Torn between these desires they usually tarry to see the young ones out of the nest and then depart, leaving the late-comers to fend for themselves, which they are rarely able to do.

Considering that the greater part of the bird population of the northern hemisphere flows south in the autumn, it is surprising how little of this movement is witnessed by the average country dweller. On the coast big movements are sometimes not only apparent but conspicuous. It is rarely so inland, where the bird population ebbs and changes almost imperceptibly. Overnight the swallows gather in a twittering throng to sit on the roof and preen their feathers in the light of the setting sun—in the morning they are gone! That is all we see or know of their departure.

On September 26th last year, a calm, still, foggy morning, I was waiting outside a small wood. Visibility was so poor one could not see fifteen paces, but overhead the mist was not so thick. During the hour or more that I kept watch parties of swallows kept passing over, five, six, ten, three and four, and again a bigger party. They were flying at a height of perhaps 30ft., having to rise to clear trees, and were all steering a straight course due south. They were flying through the mist, not above it, but did not appear hampered by poor visibility. They all journeyed past with steady, purposeful, undeviating flight, and did not seem to depend on sight to guide them.

Rooks on that same morning, coming forth from their rookery to their feeding grounds, were much worried by the fog. They flew around cawing, seeming unable to find their way, and at last settled in the trees and waited until the mists lifted.

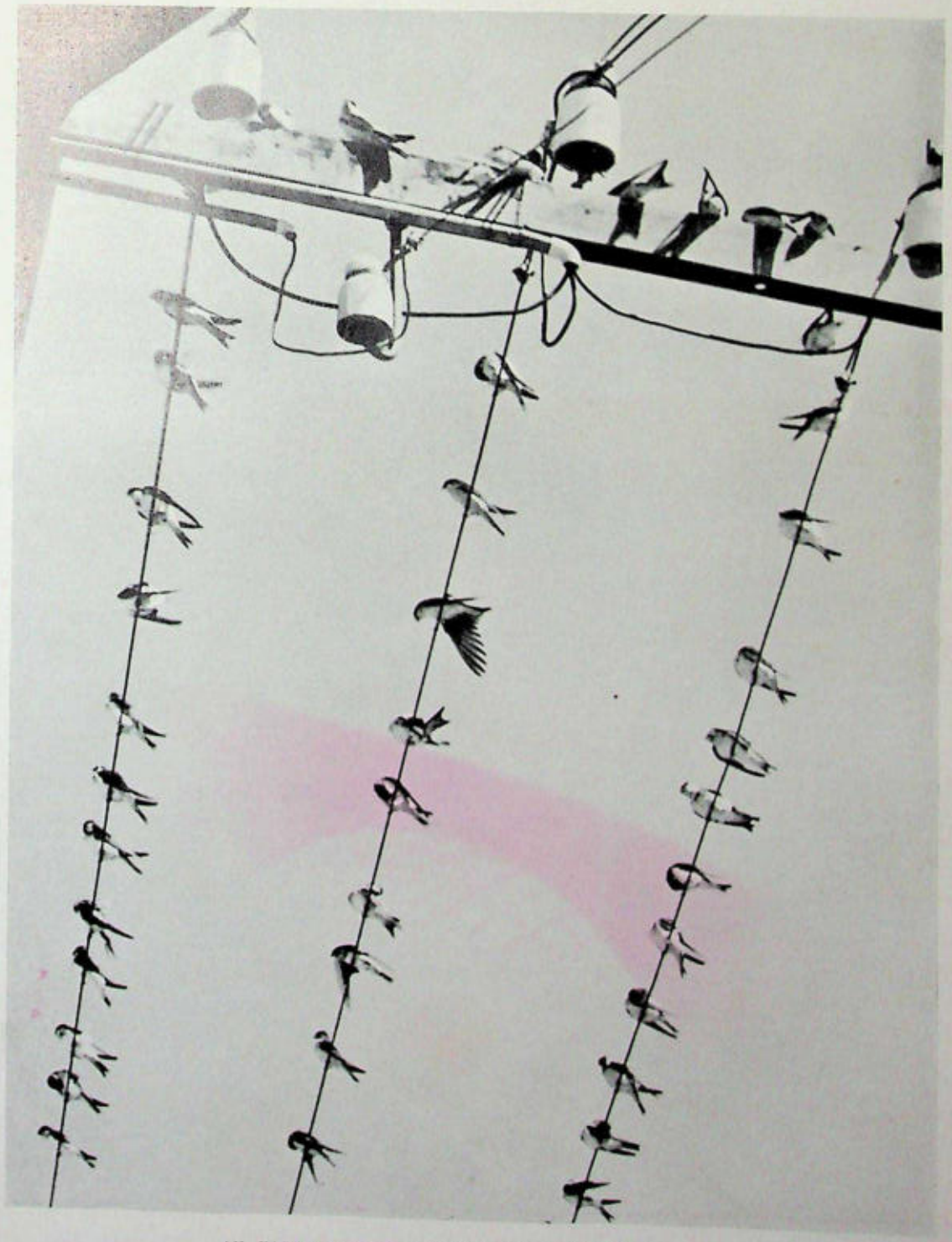
That eyesight has little to do with the manner in which the migrant bird finds its way is further shown by the amount of bird-travelling that goes on under cover of darkness; indeed, the great night movements witnessed from lighthouses suggest that night is more favourable than day for overseas traffic.

But the great flow of birds goes on to some extent the 24 hours through. From August to the end of October there is a steady stream of emigrants from northern countries southwards, temporarily checked and held up by bad weather and adverse winds, and reaching its greatest heights during fine spells and under anti-cyclonic conditions.

Most considerable autumn movements seem to start in good weather and with a favourable wind, but now and again the travellers get caught by storms, swept from their course and lost in great numbers.

Inexorable Nature is never more drastic than in the case of the migrant bird which of necessity must pay the full penalty for any deviation from her rules for overseas travellers. The miracle, it seems to me, is not that so many survive, but that any do, and not only make the outward journey successfully but the return one in the spring.

When one thinks of such tiny and seemingly fragile mites as willow warblers crossing the English Channel, making their way down the French coast and reaching the Mediterranean region, the marvel is enhanced; as it is again when one remembers that the landrail, a bird of weak and wavering flight, is also a great traveller. It would seem that strong wings do not necessarily distinguish the bird that wanders far.



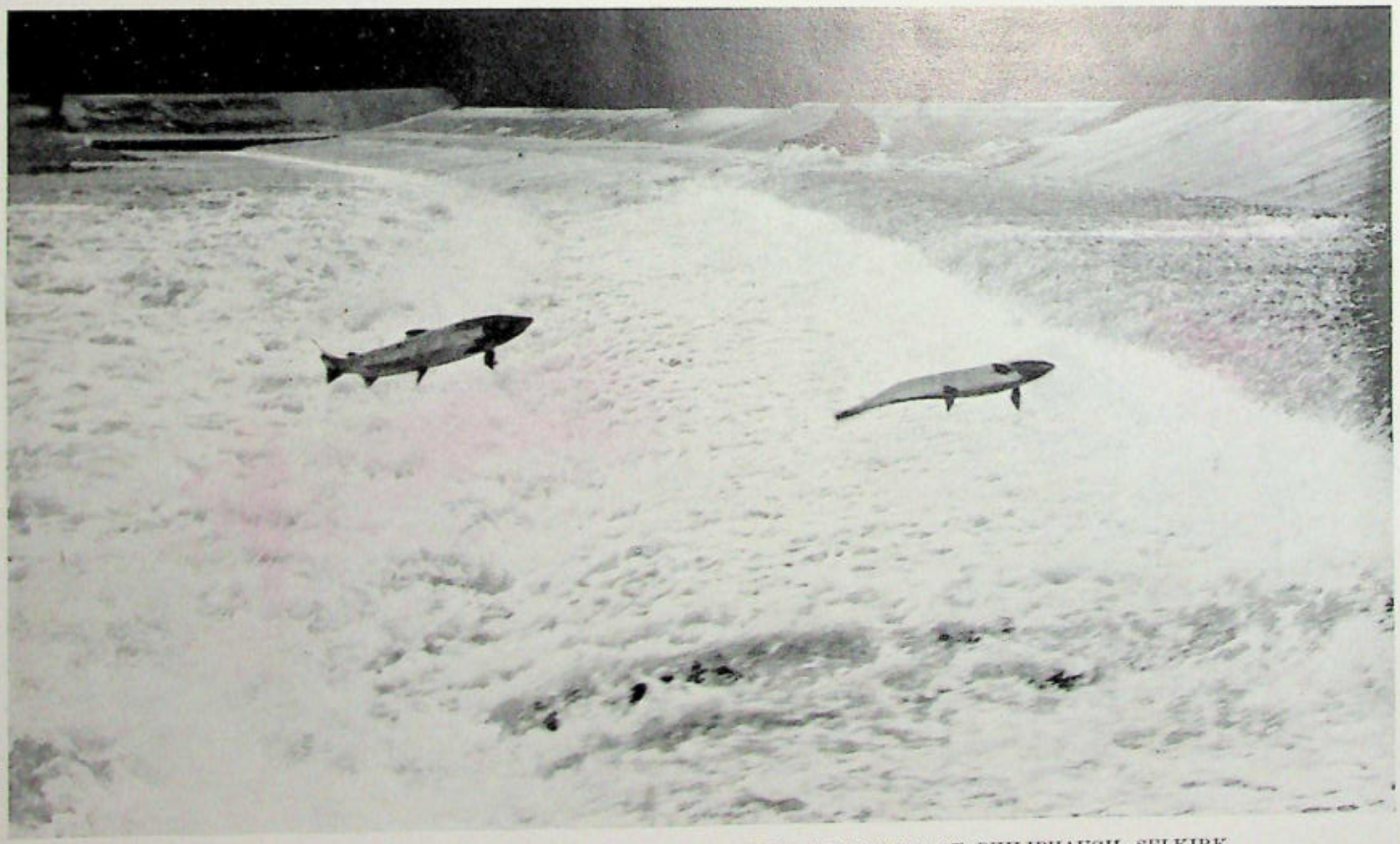
AN EARLY AUTUMN ASSEMBLAGE OF HOUSE MARTINS

"The swallow tribe . . . gather in twittering throngs on telegraph wires and aerials"

TROUT ON THE ITHON AND SALMON ON THE ETTRICK

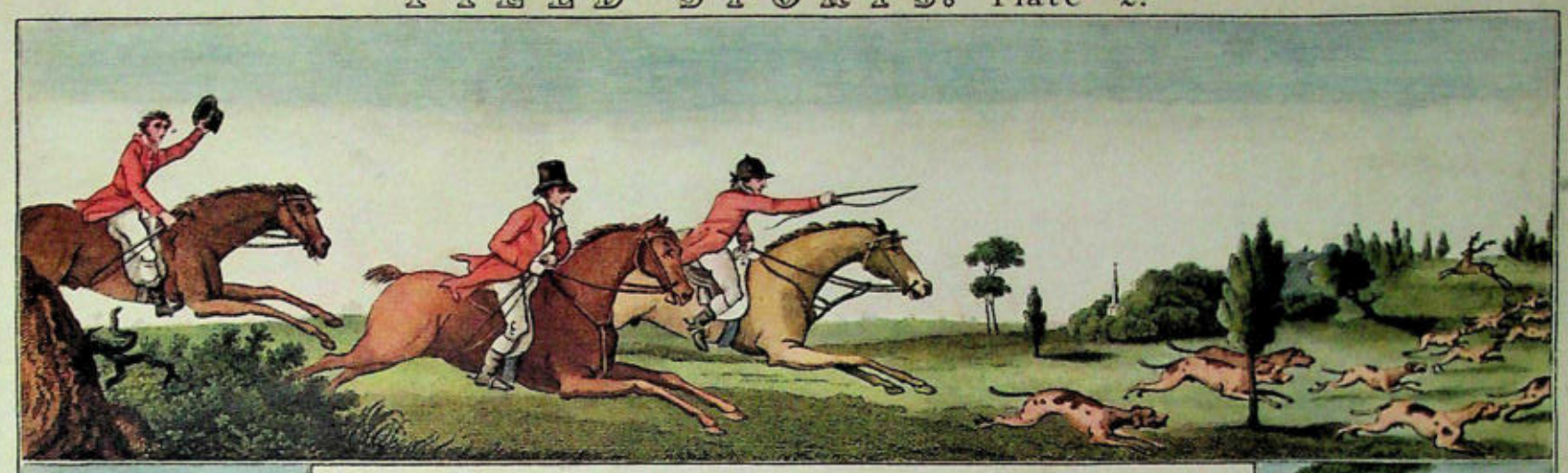
Niall Rankin

A BEAT OF THE ITHON, A TRIBUTARY OF THE WYE, NEAR LLANDRINDOD WELLS. GOOD TROUT FISHING HAS BEEN REPORTED FROM THIS RIVER WHILE SALMON HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTING ON THE WYE

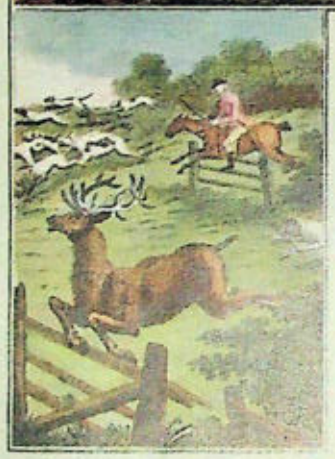


THE AUTUMN RUN ON THE ETTRICK. SALMON LEAPING THE FALLS AT PHILIPHAUGH, SELKIRK

FIELD SPORTS. Plate 2.



THE STAG-HUNT.



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A PRE-WAR BOAR SHOOT IN IMPERIAL GERMANY

"Royalty Always Kills the Biggest Tusker"

By LORD DORCHESTER

ANYTHING out of the ordinary to the individual concerned is an occasion to him; wherefore I so classify my one and only experience of a pre-war boar drive, and since this was conducted in the grand manner it certainly might claim to rank as a great occasion. Without specifying the exact locality, it is sufficient to say that the scene of operations was one of the vast beats of a gigantic estate within the confines of which there were to be found at that time representatives of nearly all the greater and lesser fauna of Cis-Russian Europe, not excepting the Aurochs. I fear that now this is all changed. For four long years opposing armies writhed and fought across the great preserve, drove their roads into its remotest depths, and dug their trenches within its most sacred sanctuaries. Much of the land, too, has changed not only ownership, but nationality, the game has been harried almost to extinction, and the glory of those great forests has departed.

Ten guns in all, we occupied a line of stands covering a front of perhaps three-quarters of a mile, which line extended from the crest of a ridge down to a brook at the foot of the slope. The first beat took in the whole of the ridge, the beaters starting two miles away and driving the face towards us. The ground was very *accidenté*—that most descriptive French expression—thickly and variously wooded, ancient fir and beeches alternating with groves of oak and chestnut, dense tangles of underwood, clumps of holly, masses of brambles, tall heather and dead bracken. The coverts seemed innocent of any fairway save game-tracks, or where some gale had mown a swathe of windfalls through a clump of pines.

This "sau-parc" was a wonderful natural harbour for pig, but terribly difficult to beat, hence the need for a *Finde-meute*, or finding-pack.

A musical blast from a horn signals that all the butts are occupied, and faint and sweet an answering call tells us that the drive has commenced.

Immediately below my stand the ground fell away into a little bramble-filled hollow, to rise again to some low cliffs about 50yds. distant, and a well-defined track below the rocks was pointed out to me as a favourite run-way. Behind me lay a long slope, sparsely covered with tall fir trees which reared their stems out of masses of dead bracken and moss-covered rocks. Snap shooting this, if ever there was, except for the 30yds. or so of run-way.

Shouts, bugle calls, the baying of hounds, come to us from far away, and make me almost breathless with excitement not unmixed with trepidation. Entirely unfamiliar with this class of sport, I wonder what will happen, and how, and whether, if any pig do come, they will be difficult to hit.

My rifle, I knew, shot a bit high, and to make matters worse the Baron in the next butt had the reputation for always killing his pigs right and left. I smothered my fears, however, and gazing to my front presently discerned a number of black objects descending the hill—two, three, four—seven in all—and pig without a doubt. They were a long way away and kept appearing and disappearing behind trees, rocks or bushes, and travelling quite fast, too, except for brief halts to look and listen. After one such halt the leader appeared to give the danger-ahead signal, so back they all scuttled in the direction of the beaters. I did not know whether to feel relieved or disappointed. Some minutes elapsed without incident, when I again spotted my seven making a bee-line for the rocky run-way.

We had been told not to worry about sex but to spare small pigs, and my keeper attendant, who grew very excited, kept murmuring that all seven were warrantable. The biggest was an obvious boar—even I could see that; while next in size was the sow who was leading the party.

Now the boar of my choice, if the length of his bristles did not deceive me, stood at least 36in. at the shoulder, black as ink he was for the most part, except where long tawny whiskers adorned and curled back from his cheekbones, and I particularly noticed a long white scar on one flank of which scar more anon. A grand beast, and too good to be shot down by a ci-devant pig-sticker.

This chivalrous thought occurred to me only later, while at the moment of their coming my chief anxiety concerned the getting of that *dant-wallah* (Indian for tusker). Slowly they approached and haltingly, stopping to look and to listen, testing the wind and scanning their front for possible danger, then onwards once more at a jerky trot, the old sow in the lead, the rest in a bunch, with the boar shouldering his companions into the undergrowth. At the edge of a piece of clearing they halted for a final survey, and then, for no reason that I could see, panic seemed to overtake them, and the old sow was into her stride like a greyhound from the slips. Away she tore past the rocks, closely followed by three pigs in a bunch, and a few yards behind, my boar galloping between two lesser swine.

So quick was the rush that I lost my head completely and fired my first barrel at the sow, missing her clean and killing the second pig stone dead. A beautiful shot if it had been intended! The rear party acknowledged the shot and death of their companion by swerving violently down into the declivity directly towards me. Though momentarily lost to sight, I could hear them crashing their way through the underbrush, and almost before I realised it, they had burst into sight, the boar to the left and not 20yds. distant, the other pigs to the right.

Again I made a mess of things. Remember, I was young and very inexperienced. I aimed at the boar anyhow and anywhere, and jerked off the trigger, hitting him, it is true, but too far back, and much too high. He half fell to the shot, but recovering in an instant was away down the slope behind me and going as fast as ever, but on three legs.

By the time I had finished gaping at him and had reloaded he was unshootable, if not out of shot, and I watched him bobbing away down the hillside to disappear into a densely matted mass of heather, and pine saplings.

"Werdens aber kriegen, die Finde-Meute kommt schon" ("We'll get him all right when the pack comes up") from the keeper consoled me somewhat, and anyway, there was one dead pig to my score.

The dogs were laid on in due course at the end of the drive—I called them hounds out of courtesy—at once picked up the line, and carrying it into the thick stuff were lost to view, but we could hear them yapping away down the hillside towards the river. Presently there was a change of note, showing that the boar was fresh found and still downwards roared the chase. Some hounds strayed from the beat came tearing along to swell the chorus, and down we all went, leaping and running, forcing our way through brambles and thickets, tripping over hidden rocks, sweating and striving to join the pandemonium raging below.

There he stood, the great boar, backed against a huge rock in a shallow pool, while round him splashed and bounded some half-dozen frenzied hounds. Two foresters with drawn hunting swords were creeping up each side of the rock, while two others armed with boar spears alternately holloaed on the dogs and made feint attacks to distract the boar's attention. It was then that I saw a wonderful display of canine gallantry, and I am proud to say the hero was an English fox-terrier. One of the foresters snatched him up and tossed him on to the rock behind the boar: "Hu Su!" he shouted, and again, "Hu Su!" (the German for "Have at him!") and straight on to the pig's back leapt that 20lb. of courage—straight and true for the right ear, which he grabbed, and to which he clung while the boar flung up his head and swung him this way and that in his raging efforts to dislodge or cut his tormentor. Blinded by fury, and whirling round, he gave an opening, and now a dog swings from each ear and weighs down that grisly head. One of the foresters, copying the terrier, leaped from the rock and got astride the boar's back, a flash of steel, and down he crumpled to join the dead hound in the pool.

It was my boar all right, left hip broken and white scar on flank, but when at the end of the day the bag was laid out he headed the row attributed to a royal rifle. I made a half-hearted protest to the head jäger, only to be told: "Königliche Hohheit hat immer den grössten Keiler geschossen" ("Royalty always kills the biggest tusker.")

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE IMPERIAL HUNTERS

After the President of Poland's shoot in the Bialowieza Forest. The President is the central figure in the fur hat

PURCHASING A GUN-DOG

Some Ideas and What To Pay For Them

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

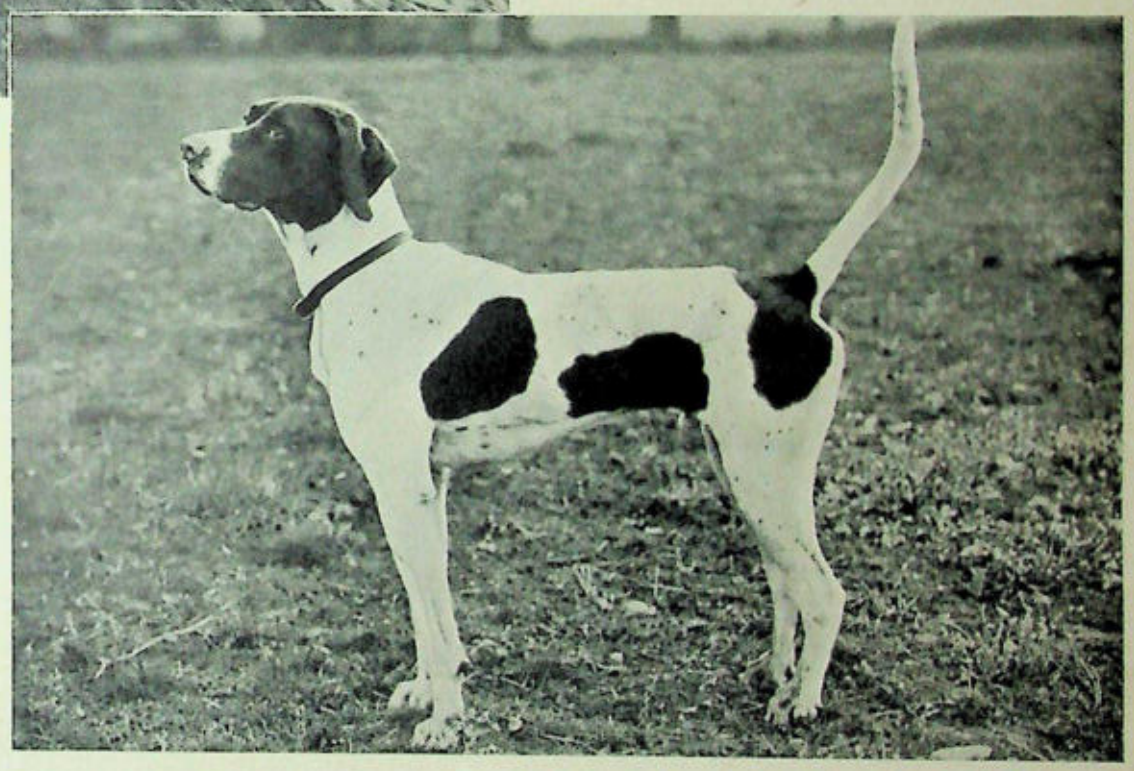
FOR the person who has a gundog to sell, at a full price, now is the moment, or never at all. What, you may ask, is the price, full or otherwise, of a gundog? To that I will reply by another question: What do you mean by a "gundog"? Do you mean a Labrador or a field spaniel; a triple show bench champion, or one likely to become a show bench champion in the near future? This dog especially if it can be claimed for him that besides beauty he possesses utility, that he has done reasonably well in field trials, has a market value for the man who owns a kennel and who looks to most the stone-steadiness of the goods, then the excellence in delivery possessed by the paragon to be acquired and, lastly, that paragon's ability to find game. These qualities, I notice, too, are in the above order, the qualities best appreciated in the actual fashionable field. And, indeed, it would be useless to run any but a rock steady dog at a field trial. It would be unthinkable to take aught but such a dog to a shooting party at which its owner intended to shoot. Therefore, let the seeker who wants *not* a show dog, but a dog to accompany him to shooting parties, a dog, perhaps, to be

breed champions, looks to show and to sell potential champions, who looks, in fact, for a dog who pays dividends. I fancy for the last mercenary reason such a dog as this, especially if he is the fashionable Labrador, would be worth £150—even £250. But when you say "a gundog," do you mean a setter or a pointer? Of course you do not. Anyhow, no one *buys* setters or pointers nowadays, unless one wants a lovely red Irish lady to sit and languish at one on the drawing-room sofa or in the Rolls. Setters and pointers are *hired*, along with their handlers and, after a fortnight or so in Caithness, they are returned to whatever limbo is theirs for the 50 remaining weeks of the year:

"So we wag at the kennel's high railing,
And, wistful, we wait on the flags,
The teams who were once so unfailing—
The very essential of bags
Or ever a driven bird sped fast,
Or ever two guns were a craze;
For only the heather is steadfast
And pays us our merciful days;

Wherein, come each August, we shall up
And, again at the ancient command,
Stretch out, in our hurricane gallop,
To quarter, to back and to stand;
And you, whom we serve? Why, you then'll
See *style* that your fathers held dear,
And the dogs who come out of your kennel
For less than a fortnight a year,
A year,
For ten little days in a year."

I have answered one question, then—a gundog to-day is a retriever, a flatcoat, a curly, a Labrador, or the spaniel after his kind. And if he is to be a show—i.e., a stud—gundog, he must be paid for. Your show bench spaniel, then, will cost you much, your Labrador more, your flatcoat or curly, despite the red and blue blazon above his bench, not *quite* so much, but quite enough. If however, the dog you desire is not for show but for shooting only? Well, now, here you open the door of argument and of further inquiry. Firstly, what do you mean by "shooting"? A big day at Markoverton or at Six Mile Bottom? Or a little rough day at Rotwell, and a running pheasant in 50 acres of roots delaying it? I noticc that the average advertiser, who advertises the ownership of gundogs, stresses



"So we wag at the kennel's high railing, and, wistful, we wait on the flags"

entered, optimistically, for trials, insist upon a *steady* dog. He ought to get such a one as I have described for anything between £20 and £40. If the buyer is a mediocre fellow, who is unfortunate enough to buy a dog that is at once steady and a brilliant game-finder, it is ten to one that he will have made, from his personal point of view, a bad bargain. No brilliant game finder is, at heart, steady. He has too much *needle* in his kosmos, too much *champagne* in his make-up. Mediocre handling will have him running in, chasing even, in a month. A man who wants to *shoot* on high occasions must either have a mediocre and naturally steady dog, or he must see his dog handled by another. Such a man is probably happier without a personal dog. Delivery to hand comes next only to steadiness. It would not so much matter did a dog lay his burden at your boots if it were not that modern fashion demands that wounded game be delivered *alive*. In the old days a man who had a shooting dog to sell would assure you that "Prince" or "Carlo" "bit and killed" his game. I do not want to see game retrieved in tatters. There are method and moderation in all things. And I have no objection to a dog, usually a spaniel, often an ageing retriever bitch, who by a discreet and merciful nip brings back a pinioned cock pheasant quite dead, and a legged hare dead for a ducat. I hate a personal killing by hand. Delivery differs from steadiness inasmuch as if you buy it you continue to possess it. So also you do when you buy good temper and immunity from car-sickness or eczema. Thus I come to the least-prized of the virtues, game-finding. All gundogs can, in a fashion, find game—especially grouse who do not "run" and who possess the "ravishing perfume" of the "literary bloomer." Game-finding is included in the price paid for steadiness and delivery. If you want a dog to find game, if shooting to you is a matter of small days among friends, of knocking about with a gun, or even of picking up on big days without a gun, you will probably get the gundog you want for £5 to £10. Last season I watched, again and again, a dog that did the impossible. By courtesy she was a small Labrador bitch. She had bat ears and a curly tail. She wore a slip and wanted one. She delivered as one who scatters largesse. She was worth about £3 10s. to anyone who knows what a gundog is and what his duties are. This little bitch could take the cold line of a running pheasant for half a mile and come back with it. But what shooting man wants that sort of sole ability in a gundog?

So let us retnrn to serious business, which is the purchasing of a reasonable dog, a young dog, against the forthcoming season, at a reasonable price which, as we have seen, is round about £20. There are plenty of such dogs in the advertisement columns, and most of them may be had on trial. If you are a person of sensibility do *not* have a dog on trial. It may not, after all, be the dog you want. But, you say, in that case, the dog can be sent back to its owner? Why, here is just the thing that cannot be. When once a would-be-friendly, deprecating creature, a creature desperately anxious to act up to specification, to please you, to become your own, when once such a blandishing, blarneying animal enters your doors he is of your household for keeps, however much you may disapprove of him. It were better for you to travel to the remotest end of England to see the dog tried out at home and, even so it is ten to one that he will travel back with you on some fool pretext or other. Indeed, if once you get the length of asking the price of a dog, even if the reply is entirely outside the orbit of your overdraft, that dog is yours.

I have told you what you *ought* to pay for a dog. I have told you what the gundog's market value amounts to. But, of course, if the dog is the dog you fancy, and moreover the dog who fancies you, you will forget my words. Wisely you will forget. And all this season and for the next eight or, I hope, ten seasons, each time that a perspiring fellow gun with a slip attachment says to you "How extraordinarily steady your old 'Sweep' is to falling game. 'pon my soul he might be *stuffed*. *My* poor old 'Bob' can't do anything except find runners"; *there* is the interest on your investment at a thousand per cent.

A MUCH ALTERED YANKEE

To meet the new conditions of the America's Cup Race her load water line forward was lengthened by eleven inches, and seven tons of lead were taken from her keel to compensate for the weight of internal fittings

UNLUCKY YANKEE

Rainbow Defender of the America's Cup After Close Trials

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

NOW that the trials for the selection of the defender for the America's Cup are over, it may be of interest to yachtsmen in this country to follow up the course of events which led to the ultimate choice of the New York Yacht Club's Syndicate yacht Rainbow. Up till the middle of July a number of informal tuning-up races, and nearly a week of official trials, had been sailed between Rainbow, Yankee and Weetamoe, with the result that Yankee had beaten both Rainbow and Weetamoe three times. Against this she had lost to Rainbow once.

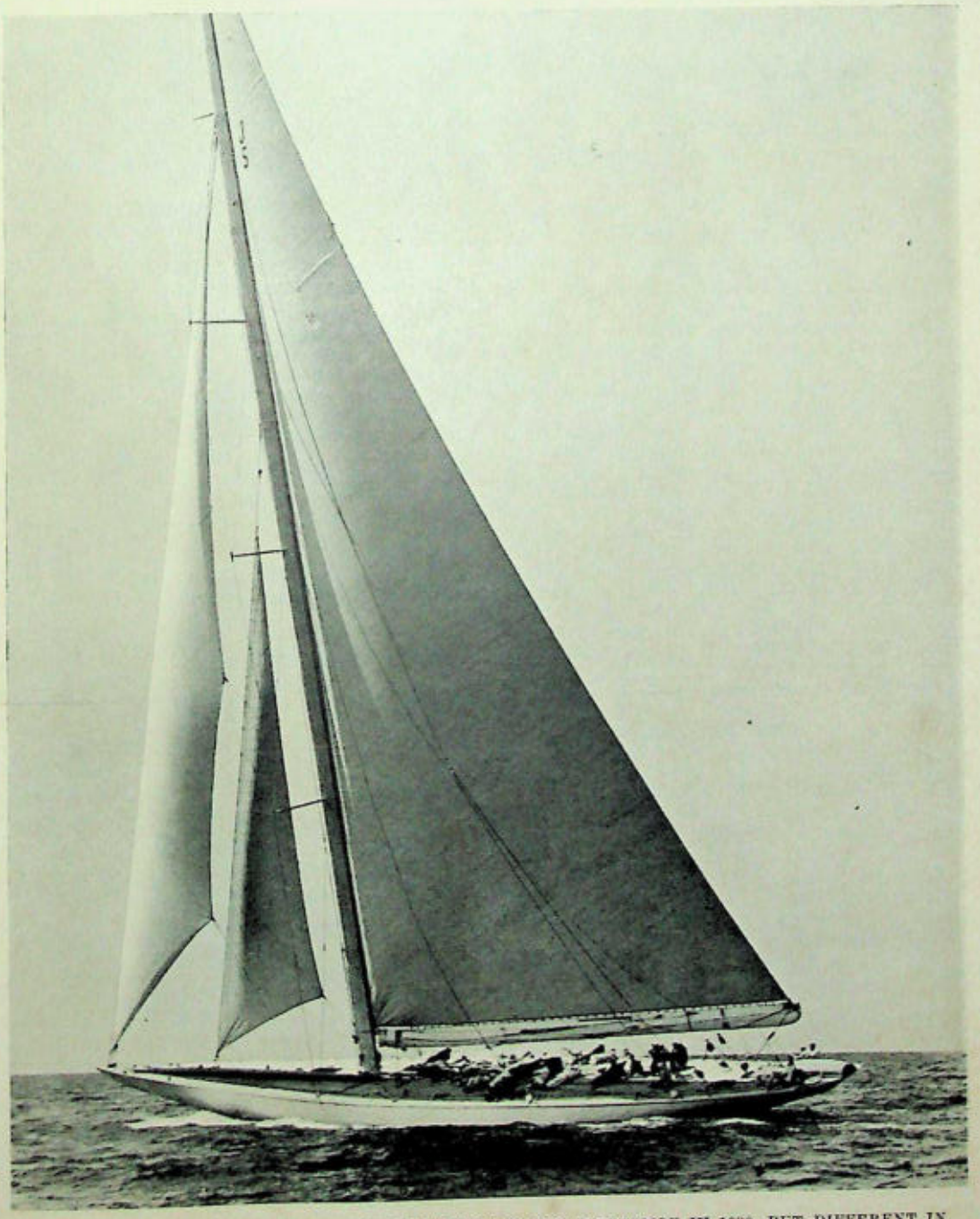
After further tuning-up and adjustments the three yachts met again in the final selection trials. Weetamoe was quickly eliminated, as she proved to be definitely inferior to the others in all-round performance. Rainbow and Yankee, however, were so well matched that even in the face of the fact that the New York Yacht Club Syndicate's boat won three races out of the four which the pair sailed, the Selection Committee must have had a difficult task in making their final choice. There was so little in it during the first three races, two of which were won by Rainbow, that it would have been more satisfactory had Yankee won the fourth, so that a further trial would have been necessary.

In the fourth race, after leading Rainbow at the start and drawing away from her, Yankee split her Genoa jib and was overhauled and passed by Rainbow before she could set another sail. She gained on her rival after setting her double clewed jib, but had further trouble with this, and finally, after setting a normal triangular sail, was led at the windward mark by the small margin of only 1min. 35sec. On the run under spinnakers she overhauled the leader and was only 1sec. astern of her across the finishing line. Although Yankee lost the race and, with it, her final chance of being selected as the cup defender, the honours of the day were certainly hers.

The alterations which had been carried out on Yankee last winter have undoubtedly improved her performance in light and moderate weather, while it is probable that she is just as fast, or even faster, in heavy weather than she was in 1930. The changes made in the form of Yankee's bow raise a somewhat interesting question. Mr. Frank C. Paine, her designer, was not satisfied with the way she behaved in light airs, especially when there was a long rolling swell, and he, therefore, sharpened her forward sections, making them of the V instead of the U type. At the same time he lengthened her load water-line forward by 11in. This would mean that, to avoid loss of sail area by the Universal Rule, 4.6 tons would have had to be added to Yankee's displacement, it being assumed that the published figure of 148 tons has been correctly stated.

Seven tons of loose lead in her hollow keel was taken out last winter to compensate for the weight of internal fittings which are now required by the new rules, and 300lb. was added to the mast to bring it up to the specified weight of 5,500lb. Allowing for a very slight increase in displacement due to the lengthening of the bow, this would still leave her about 4 tons on the light side for her length, and would also mean a loss of sail area which would have been an effective bar to her success. Curiously enough, Mr. Paine has stated that "under the revised method of determining quarter-beam and sail area measurement, Yankee was found to be entitled to 407 sq. ft. additional canvas." That this should be so, in face of the fact that she has been lengthened 11in. on the load water line, without a corresponding increase in displacement, is certainly somewhat strange. It would seem possible that the measurement question may have played some part in the Selection Committee's decision, which, by many people in America, has probably been regarded as too hurried.

In Rainbow there are one or two points that are well worth noting. In dimensions she is a compromise between Enterprise and Weetamoe in 1930, but her shape is totally different from either one of the older yachts. To quote her designer: "It is a product of tank development, not of mathematics, nor of the designing board. Her displacement is crowded forward and her bow (that is to say, her overhang forward) considerably longer than her stern, is neither V-shaped like Enterprise, nor U-shaped like Weetamoe. It is that of an inverted bell, with rounded entrance and widely flaring sides above the water line. This, in the heeled towing tests, gave both an increase in stability under motion and less resistance than either of the old-type bows."



RAINBOW A COMPROMISE BETWEEN ENTERPRISE AND WEETAMOE IN 1930, BUT DIFFERENT IN SHAPE FROM EITHER

It will be noticed that she is carrying the double clewed jib which was first adopted on Endeavour

WOULD YOU LIKE TO FACE THIS WITH A ·22 RIFLE?
A photograph of a wild Indian elephant taken at close range by Mr. R. N. Burton

POSSIBILITIES OF THE ·22 RIFLE

For Rooks and Rabbits, or for Elephants

By EDGAR N. BARCLAY

NO other bore of rifle has been adapted to such varying forms of shooting as the ·22, by which I mean that, though almost any small bore rifle might, with suitable cartridges, be used for widely diverse requirements, there is no other bore of rifle regularly made and in general use which lends itself to such an infinite variety of purposes.

Of the later generations of rifle users, probably the great majority started their education with a miniature ·22, and no better weapon can be found to serve as an introduction to the art and practice of rifle shooting. The absence of recoil, the very slight noise, and the cheapness of the short ·22 calibre rim-fire cartridge make it ideal for saloon purposes or short range practice out of doors. With the long cartridge the ·22 is an excellent weapon for rooks and rabbits, but remember the bullet is very light and regard the rabbit as consisting of its head only. Where conditions are suitable, shooting ferreted rabbits with the rifle is splendid practice. It is infinitely preferable to shooting at stationary marks, and it will benefit your shooting to a tremendous extent. Such firms as Messrs. W. W. Greener and the B.S.A., who have for years specialised in the manufacture of miniature rifles, make well-balanced sporting models which are a pleasure to handle. This form of shooting is quite an art in itself and may be extended to pigeons, wildfowl and other game. Quite recently Mr. H. S. Gladstone recorded in the *Field* that Mr. T. R. Ker has shot grouse, partridges, wigeon, tufted ducks and woodpigeons on the wing with a ·22 Winchester automatic. For collecting and filling the pot on safari the miniature rifle is decidedly better than a shotgun, as it is less noisy and the ammunition is much lighter to carry. Furthermore, when the main business on hand concerns the rifle, it is much better to get all the practice you can with one and leave the shotgun at home.

For years the ·22 was only made as a low velocity rifle, but with the advent of the Savage High Power it became a big game as well as a small game weapon. Though but a toy in appearance the Savage is anything but a toy in reality, as the tiny bullet develops a muzzle velocity of 2,800 ft. secs. Messrs. John Rigby & Co. were quick to appreciate the Savage cartridge, and accordingly they proceeded to build both magazine and double rifles to take it. Other English makers have done the same, and such weapons are habitually used with success by several deer stalkers in Scotland. They make, too, ideal weapons for ladies, but unless you happen to be a really good shot it is not advisable to use one or you will lose wounded beasts that with a heavier bullet you might eventually get. To show what they are capable of in the hands of a really first-class shot, perhaps I may be allowed to recount an incident that I have already recorded in *Big Game Shooting Records*. Mr. W. D. M. Bell, during his career as a professional elephant hunter, once killed 23 buffaloes in succession "partly to see how effective the tiny 80-grain bullet was, but chiefly because meat was required." For those unacquainted with his career I would add that Bell's fame in Africa usually entailed a huge camp following and the hungry mouths often numbered hundreds.

The late Jim Sutherland once bet the K.A.R. Mess that he could kill with one shot any elephant they liked with a ·22 H.V. rifle, and within eleven hours of the bet being made he bagged a fine bull with a single shot in the brain.

In the hands of a first-class shot, therefore, a H.V. ·22 is sufficiently powerful for any game on earth, but judged by the highest standards there are precious few who are entitled to that designation. Unless you have the ability to place a bullet in a vital spot with practically every shot fired, and unless you can do this like lightning, and from any angle or position, and under any conditions of light or climatic conditions leave the ·22 severely alone. A few men can do these things, but the vast majority cannot and never will. It is only the result of great natural ability highly developed by long experience.

If there is any moral to be drawn from these few observations, it is, I suppose, that ability to hold straight and to know where to aim counts for more than the size of your rifle. In other words, one ·22 bullet in the right place is worth half-a-dozen ·600's in the wrong, but should your life ever depend on a single shot, a badly placed ·600 might save you, but a badly placed ·22 certainly won't.

A CHARTER FOR THE GUN-MAKING TRADE?

Eliminating the Inexperienced

A QUESTION that often arises in a sportsman's mind is this: Who are qualified gunmakers who can be entrusted to deal not only with overhauling guns, but the repairing of guns, particularly in the case of a breakdown during the shooting season, in view of the fact that there are 100 limbs in a best side-lock gun? A reference to the advertisement columns of the *Field* or other sporting papers will always give a list of high-class firms.

Unfortunately there is no examination to pass before any firm or person can put up a sign as gunmaker. I cannot help but think that this is a great pity, as an inexperienced firm could soon make the very best gun either dangerous to use, or totally unreliable.

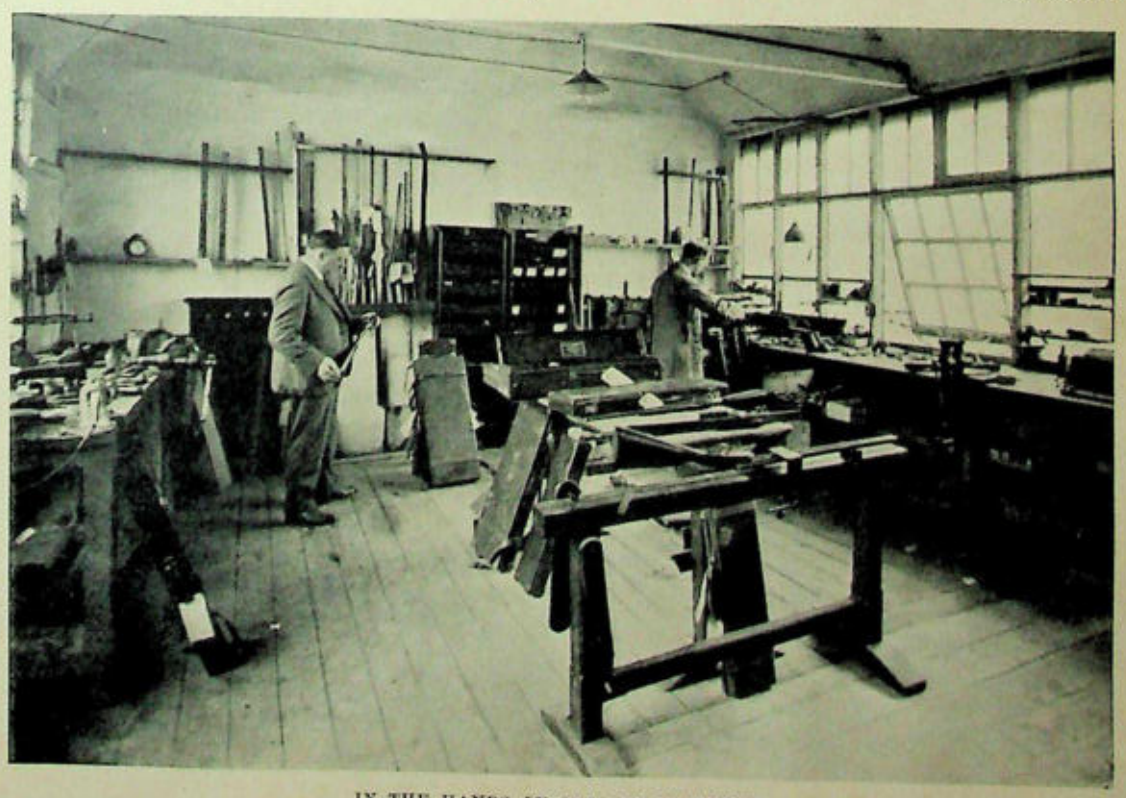
No gun bearing an English name can be sold before it has been proved by either the London or Birmingham Proof Houses, and it would be an advantage to the trade, and a guarantee to every sportsman if every person had to pass some examination before being recognised as a gunmaker.

One limb of a gun is so dependent upon another that without repairs are done by expert workmen, a gun can very easily be ruined. I have seen a gun sent in to have the pull-off adjusted, which is done by altering the angle of the nose of the sear. First too much was taken off, with the result the pull-off became too light, next there was too much taken off the reverse angle, and the pull-off became too heavy. Each operation made the sear nose shorter, with the result that it upset the ejector mechanism.

Again, a barrel goes in to have a nasty bruise repaired, probably the result of contact with a stone wall; without this is done with the greatest possible care the gun can very soon become dangerous to use. Personally, I would much prefer to shoot with a new gun made by a good gunmaker, and not proved, rather than use a proved gun that had had a bruise repaired by incompetent hands.

If somebody, either the Trade Association, or one or both of the proof houses could get a charter for the trade, so that no one could call himself a gunmaker except by examination, I feel every recognised gunmaker would welcome it, and certainly it would be a guarantee to sportsmen that their guns were being properly treated.

GUNSMITH.



IN THE HANDS OF SKILLED WORKMEN
Guns under repair in Rosson's workshops at Norwich

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WILD DUCKLINGS FOR SALE, good birds and good flying strain. Also 200 Pheasant Poults. — THE LANCASHIRE PHEASANTRIES, Nateby, near Preston.

WE CAN NOW SUPPLY 1934 hatched hand-reared pinioned pairs of Teal, Garganey, Shoveler, Gadwall, Pintail, Wigeon, Pochard, Tufted, Red-crested Pochard, Scaup, Lesser Scaup, Rosybill, Carolina, Chestnut-breasted, Blue-winged, Cinnamon and Brazilian Teal, Canvas Backs, American Red Heads, American Wigeon, South African, Ruddy and Common Shellduck: etc., etc.—Price List and Illustrated Booklet from Messrs. MCLEAN & WORMALD, Dereham, Norfolk (Holders of *Field* Certificate).

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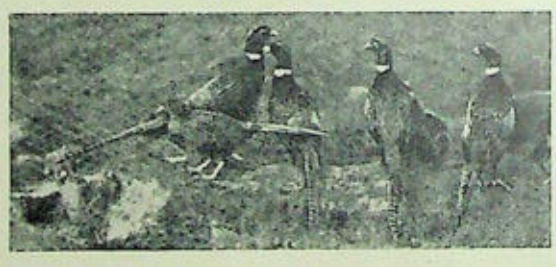

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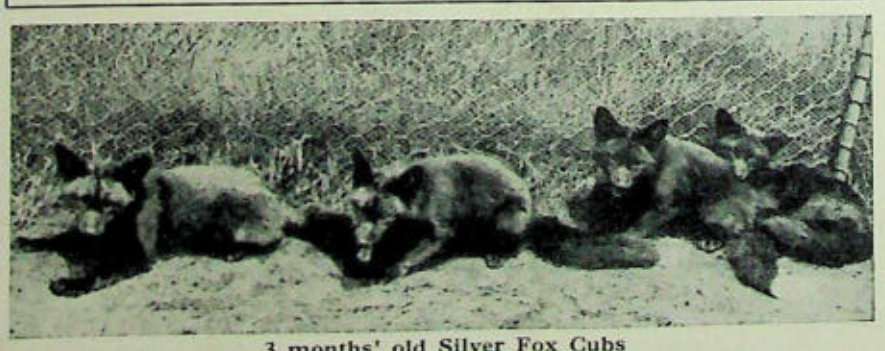

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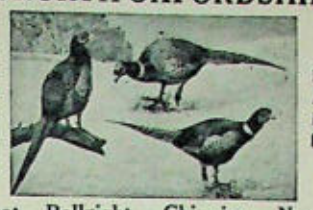

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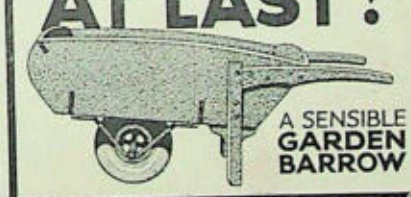

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CAROLINAS, hand-reared, pinioned 20/- each. Apply Dr. HUME, 5, Harley Street-London.

ROCK FISHERS ON THE DEVON COAST
"The use of suitable float tackle adds immensely to the pleasure of fishing from the shore"

ROCK FISHING

A fine-tackle sport for early Autumn

By FLEUR DE LYS

ALTHOUGH the salt water tackle of the rock fisher cannot be refined to the same degree as the gear of his brother angler in fresh water, yet it may be of sufficient lightness and fineness to make the playing of a pound mackerel or two-pound bass an incident of thrills. The use of suitable float tackle adds so immensely to the pleasure of sea fishing from the shore, that a float should always be used when conditions make it possible. The preliminary movements of the cork bringing the angler on the alert, when he gently takes in any loose line, and then the glorious dive of the float into the depths, the tightening on the fish and the hooped rod, make rock fishing an entrancing sport. The glorious summer days, and the beauties of our incomparable coast, add the finishing touches to the sum of the fisherman's content.

The spherical slider float with a metal tube down the centre, and a bead set in each end, is so much more efficient than all other patterns that no sea angler should be content to use any other kind. The tube must project ¼in. or so below the cork and have a hole cut in the side, so as to allow of getting hold of the silk line after it has been threaded through the upper bead, and so pushing the end through the lower bead. This double bead float practically abolishes friction, and the line works through the beads with the utmost freedom. Elongated beads must be chosen, as spherical ones move about in their setting, and get out of line with the axis of the tube. A thin copper tube will be found satisfactory for holding the beads.

As regards lines, 50yds. of plaited undressed silk line, 12lb. or 15lb. breaking strain, spliced on to a flax backing, will be found suitable. It is essential to keep float and lead light, so the reel should be of a type which will cast 1½oz. to a considerable distance. A Malloch or Illingworth pattern makes casting light weights very easy, but the reel must be of material which will stand salt water.

A split cane in two pieces, 9ft. to 9½ft. in length, weight 12oz. to 15oz., makes a very pleasant rod for rock fishing. The gut or gut substitute trace should have a lower breaking strain than the silk line, so that the gut, and not the line, will break in case of a bad foul, and the float be saved. Gut is more expensive than gut substitute, but resists fraying better.

The great bait for rock fishing is the live prawn. Prawns can be kept well and active in a prawn basket carrier, which should be hung by a long cord either in the sea, or in a rock pool, while the angler is fishing.

The approved float trace consists of about 5ft. of gut or gut substitute, with a hook at one end, and a pear-shaped lead furnished with a swivel at the other. In casting against the wind, the bait is rather liable to hitch over the trace. This can be prevented either by winding a little lead wire round the gut a couple of feet from the hook, or by using a good large prawn, which has sufficient weight in itself to minimise the chance of a foul when it is cast upwind. With the wind across or behind there is no difficulty.

The holes through the beads are of such small diameter that the merest fragment of rubber serves as a stop. A tiny stop runs through the porcelain rings without the slightest suspicion of a check.

When mackerel come close inshore they can be caught readily with float tackle, using a small mackerel "last" as bait. The last should be kept in constant movement. Bass take a live prawn well, and the best depth, speaking generally, is 6ft. For pollack one should go deeper, swimming the prawn about one-third of the depth of the water from the bottom. Bass take best about an hour or so before high water, when an onshore breeze causes the breaking waves to stir up the sand and seaweed, thus exposing the crustacea on which the fish feed. The best conditions for pollack are when the tide is high late in the evening. If there are only a few about, they will be found to take just on the top of the tide; if, however, there are large shoals inshore, as often happens in spring, they may continue to take well for a couple of hours or more.

The king ragworm seems to be just as good a bait for pollack as live prawn. The short-shanked model perfect is a first-rate sea hook, whether for prawn or worm, but as it is difficult to get out, when say far down a big wrasse's throat, a disgorger should be carried. When fishing for bass with the prawn only 6ft. or thereabouts from the surface, one is comparatively safe from wrasse, but if there happens to be a weed-covered rock pinnacle in the swim over which the bait drifts, there is always a chance of a wrasse of a couple of pounds or so annexing the prawn, when it passes within its ken. Prompt tactics are necessary with these fish, which make a desperate plunge for the nearest crannie as soon as they are hooked, but if kept away from their fastness soon give up the struggle and come in quietly. Pollack also make for weed, but fight well even when kept in the open.

As these two fish are very common around our coasts, the rock angler should be ever on the alert and ready to act promptly directly his float disappears. When a bass takes his prawn, the fisherman should not be in too great a hurry, but pause for a couple of seconds after the float has gone under, in order to give the fish time to get the bait well inside its mouth. Experience alone will allow of one's diagnosing the kind of fish that has pulled the cork under.

In a great many harbours and estuaries grey mullet are common. For these fish the rod and tackle should be very much the same as for roach, though of course not so fine. The hook should be small and the links next it 3x or 4x gut. I have caught mullet on peeled unboiled shrimp and ragworm, while rotten fish gut and various pastes are also effective. When mullet are seen nosing about the piles of a pier, the float, a small quill, should be set so that the bait swims at their level. Large mullet are very wary, but the smaller ones up to 1lb. or so are not so hard to get the better of. Last autumn numbers were taken at Kingswear and Dartmouth, very often on hooks and tackle which looked most unsuitable. The bait was ragworm. Ground baiting greatly helps this fishing.

The bottom round piers and jetties is often clean and free from weeds. In such cases the paternoster or leger are good forms of gear, while the fish taken will be pouting, whiting, and flat-fish. There is, of course, no reason why the fine plaited silk line, and light trace should not be used for ground as well as float fishing. With as light a lead as will hold the bottom, bites can be felt readily, while most of the fish will not be too heavy to lift out. Pier fishing is always best late in the evening, when the better-sized whiting come inshore. Rag and lugworms are both excellent baits.

Conger of moderate size are quite common round piers, and give excellent sport on a rod. I have found that two ply rustless steel wire, the finest made, with a breaking strain of 12lb. or 15lb., is amply strong enough for conger up to 10lb. The immense hooks in vogue are quite unnecessary; a short shank model perfect, the size used for live prawn, will hook and hold conger well. The bait should be a strip of mackerel, pilchard, or herring, as fresh as possible. The steel wire hook link need not be more than 12in. or 15in. long, and is attached to the gut substitute trace by a swivel, with two extra swivels, one in the middle and the other on the lead at top of the trace. Conger usually come on the feed at dusk. As they have to be gaffed, it is no use fishing for them from places where you cannot get to the water. The rock fisher should provide himself with a long-handled landing net; without a net it is very risky trying to get a good bass, pollack, or wrasse out of the water, especially when there is a bit of a lop on.

The "Field" Certificate. EST. 1888

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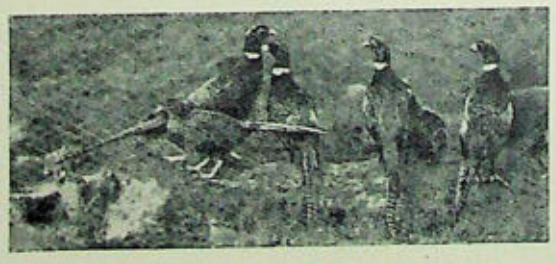

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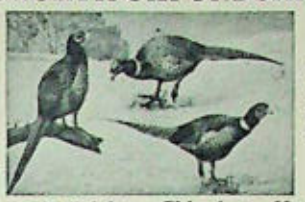

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CAROLINAS, hand-reared, pinioned 20/, each. Apply Dr. HUME, 5, Harley Street-London.

BIG GAME PRESERVATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Can the Caribou Hold its Own?

By J. GORDON MUIR

THE year 1855 saw the establishment of responsible government in Newfoundland, yet no thought was given to the utilization of game life either for food, for trade, or for sport; although at that time vast numbers of each species still remained secure in their hinterland fastnesses. It was customary to condone the hacking down of Caribou from canoes for the sport of letting carcasses float downstream to rot; the taking of fur animals, young and old, alike, whether in breeding season or out; the sweeping of headlands of nesting eggs in order to collect a fresh crop for market the following day. Such facts explain the disappearance of many species, particularly of feathered ones, that almost within living memory were quite prolific.

The introduction of Game laws came late in the last century, but their administration since has been half tolerant, catering only to the protests of the few who counselled against such destruction and promiscuous waste. Whatever the temporary effect of promulgating open and close seasons, it was discovered that such restrictions did not restrict, for there was no enforcement. So the slaughter went on, and to-day so-called Game laws are more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

But such infractions of the laws that go only to the poaching of an occasional animal, bird or salmon are not occasions for alarm. It is the widespread employment of the most dangerous implements and practices of destruction that has brought the Island's game supply to the very verge of extinction. The use of poisoned fox bait, the snaring of caribou to bait trap lines, the dynamiting of salmon pools, the netting of rivers, the persistent cleaning up one after another of entire families of fox, beaver, otter, etc., even by stealing the young; the failure to remove wire snares which take untold numbers of birds and animals, particularly in the breeding season; the secret trading between the habitual poacher and the fur buyer and the smuggling of illegal furs out of the country.

With a meagre grant of £3,000 the Game Authority (controlled by Government appointees) made an elaborate pretence of wardening the country—80 unsuited, inefficient men being engaged on rivers for the three months' salmon run, and five full-time men being utilised for the protection of the game, fur and bird life of an island nearly as large as England. 1934 saw the suspension of Newfoundland's elective system of government, but the Island's finances are deplorable. True, the mal-administration of the past will be eliminated, but where can money be found to build up an organized trained force of protectors that will educate the people to conserve and wisely utilise every species of wild life, instead of unnecessarily destroying it?

Much has been written by Dugmore, Pritchard, Millais and others about the caribou of the country. All agree it is a distinct species, insular in its existence and differing in many points from all others of the reindeer family. The caribou has been adopted as the emblem of Newfoundland. Yet to-day it is, in its natural home, an almost despised, hunted creature, worthy only of becoming fox bait, or of sport akin only to butchery. Thirty years ago, despite the centuries of white-man's abuse, it was conservatively estimated that the stands approximated in number a quarter of a million. Then it was that Game laws restricted their killing to a brief fortnight in summer and a two months' season in October and November. Each bag was limited to three heads. The sale of venison, however, went on, and each year thousands of carcasses were auctioned wholesale on the curb in St. John's.

It was not until 1924 that the warnings so wisely given many decades before were heard. Then in fear that at last irreparable damage had been done a permanent close season was decided upon.

But the necessity for protection and law enforcement was not considered. In fact, the staff of twelve full-time wardens was reduced to five. The dependance upon an otherwise efficient police force was negatived by a policy that local constables should not leave their settlement to do the work of wardens.

Prior to the Corner Brook Power and Paper Development of 1923 the caribou travelled a fairly definitely fixed route of migration. Practically the entire herd summered in the Great Northern Peninsula above the neck of land formed by the

CARIBOU CROSSING ROUND LAKE

indrafts of White Bay and Bay of Islands. They moved there in the early spring, bore their young and idled away the warm season about the mountain sides. Each October the great trek to the shelter of the southern woodlands began with groups forming into herds and such herds amalgamating into a continuous stream of animals that often took days to pass a given point. As they reached farther south the herds broke up and spread out fan-fashion to proceed to their warmer haunts. Of course, in those days, as now, there were smaller isolated herds in such places as the Avalon Peninsula and along the headwaters of the Gander. But since Corner Brook was founded and the Deer Lake—Howley country industrialized, the famous Fall and Spring migrations ceased. Now the caribou have adopted new homes, which they occupy permanently. There are five or six such areas, but unfortunately, the movement of the herds is restricted, for they are hemmed in by logging operations and by the recent Buchans mining project. Previously, the usual peculiar variations in their routine occasionally made it hard to find the herds, but now their new habitats are generally known. The stands are, therefore, easily accessible, and in winter approachable from many directions, giving the animals little or no opportunity of escape from the regular attacks of the meat hunter, the trapper and the casual traveller.

The Amulree Commission's report stresses the potentiality of a fur industry in Newfoundland, and it is an accepted fact that instead of our present exports of £40,000 in fur from Newfoundland and Labrador, the island alone could, under proper regulation, produce several million dollars worth annually. The matter has been brought to the new Government's attention, but for the fiscal year 1934–35 financial conditions permit only increasing the allocation for Game and fur protection to £3,600. Nevertheless, it is the Government's intention to permit 35 sportsmen to kill one stag each under licence this Fall. Here again, when such a large area is unwardened, it is feared that the great number who cannot afford a £2 licence will make their own necessitous state a reason for killing even greater numbers than in the past. Others will argue that the rich man should not be given opportunities that the poor man cannot afford, and for that reason kill what they can.

Moose are not indigenous to Newfoundland. They succeeded very well in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec; and in 1885 a futile attempt was made to start them here. In 1904, however, the Government of Sir Robert Bond liberated five New Brunswick moose, and there is no doubt that they adapted themselves to the Island's conditions. On the west and in certain sections of the north coasts they have been reported as numerous. But they have not put in an appearance in the more southerly and easterly regions. For some twenty years these animals were hardly disturbed by man. One was reported killed in self-defence, and several took bodily issue with the approach of trains. But they seem to have acquired little fear of man, and instances of their visiting lumber-camps and travelling with horses and cattle are recorded. For the past three years, however, although no open season is yet declared, they have been subjected to extensive slaughter. In fact, their killing has become a commercial venture, and it is not uncommon to hear of moose meat being marketed fresh, frozen, salted and tinned. The moose generally bears two calves, and for this reason it is possible it will some day outplace the caribou. There are some who argue that the moose are driving the caribou from their feeding grounds, but this is hardly likely, as the former is a woods animal and the caribou depends upon the open marshes and the mountain sides. It is unlikely that moose would interfere with doe caribou when they enter the forests to have their young, and this is possibly the only opportunity of their meeting.

This Fall, under Government licence it will be possible to hunt moose, but only 40 bulls are permitted to be killed. As in the case of caribou there is no authentic information as to the number existing, and no machinery whereby they could be calculated. It therefore seems unsound to open the season without having first set up a protective force to supervise the exercise of the privileges granted.

Newfoundland has a black bear that seems to be native to the country. It is smaller than some species of the mainland and larger than others. It is, however, the same harmless, fun-loving variety, and the bane of travellers who leave their camps and supplies unprotected. Its habits of raiding fishing shacks have called down upon its head quantities of justified ire. They cannot be called plentiful, never having been accorded a close season even for the breeding period. They are killed for their skins when encountered, but are hunted by the trappers mainly for their fat. At the same time their meat is excellent eating, and the excursionist in country will earn the rewards of a hard chase. The time has come when it is possible that bears could be killed out, and they should be protected to some extent if only during the season of reproduction.

The story of the beaver in Newfoundland is a sad one. The island is one-fifth water and there was a time when every lake, pond, gully, river and stream had its colony of these industrious and valuable animals. After the construction of the cross-country railway it cost several thousand pounds annually to keep the line from being flooded by their building operations. So many were killed out from then on that a close season was decided upon until 1920. Since the opening, which lasted two years, beaver have been the chief object of the amateur as well as the professional poacher, and the most liberal estimates grant only a thousand pairs survive to-day—and these mostly on Avalon. The beaver is worth the price of a cow, and the waters of Newfoundland are capable of sustaining several hundred thousand of them.

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.

CULTIVATION AND THE DROUGHT

SIR,—The long continued drought of 1934, following that of 1933, has brought into prominence some aspects of cultivation to which it may be worth while calling attention while they are yet visible.

One of these is the importance of adequate depth of working having regard to the character of the subsoil. I saw a striking instance of this on two adjoining fields of similar land in Shropshire recently, both carrying sugar beet. One field was deeply ploughed and subsoiled this spring by tractors. The adjoining field was worked in the ordinary way and to a less depth by horses.

On the deeply worked field the beet tops were much stronger and all standing up well, and the roots gave promise of an excellent crop. On the adjoining field which was worked less deeply the plants were smaller in size and the leaves all flagging. It was obvious that the deeper working had enabled the roots to penetrate in search of moisture, which they had found, and which had been denied to the plants growing in the shallow-worked ground.

Another point which had been very strongly brought out on the hard baked hayfields encountered this year is the possible value of pneumatic wheel equipment in reducing wear and tear on farm machinery.

It is of the greatest importance that all mowing machines should be kept in fit condition for their work by a thorough overhaul, which, for obvious reasons, should be done as soon as possible after the season is over in readiness for next year. Even the best-maintained machines have been subjected to exceptional shock as the result of two years' work under abnormally hard ground conditions, which have also caused excessive penetration of grit to the bearings.

The possibility of avoiding many breakdowns by utilising pneumatic tyred wheels is one which is also well worth while investigating further.

Yours faithfully,

Tilton Road, Birmingham. 9. D. N. MCHARDY.

TENANT FARMERS AND RABBITS

SIR,—Referring to an article in the *Field* of September 1st, under the above heading, the Hon. James Best is perfectly right when he says that in some cases the occupier of a farm imagines he has the exclusive right to the rabbits on the land he rents.

Some years ago the farm tenants, on land where I was the shooting tenant, objected to my killing rabbits out of the hedge rows, and one man even went to the length of claiming a rabbit I had shot, saying that it was his.

On another occasion I was partridge shooting with a friend who owned the land, and one of the guns shot at a rabbit in a root field and broke its hind legs, but it managed to crawl to ground in a small earth in the hedge row adjoining. The keeper's cottage was close at hand, and my host, not wishing to leave the rabbit in that wounded condition, sent for a ferret and had it dug out.

The farm tenant made a grievance of this, saying that the proprietor had no right to ferret his banks.

The proprietor, who had recently inherited the estate, then gave his keepers orders to ferret the tenant's banks once every year to establish his rights to do so, which I think was a very sensible way of dealing with the situation.

Yours faithfully,

Hants. J.

"THE CLEVERNESS OF CATERPILLARS"

SIR,—With reference to my article under the above heading, something should, I think, be said about the wonderful instinct which impels butterflies and moths to choose the best places to lay their eggs, so that their progeny have every chance of remaining unobserved during the weeks of incubation. Moths such as the common gold and brown-tail have an almost maternal instinct for they cover the batches of eggs they lay with fluff from their own bodies.

But in my estimation the "wisest" insect of all is the silver washed fritillary butterfly, and her secret—where she laid her eggs—was only quite recently discovered. It was known that this butterfly laid its eggs in the summertime, and that in the spring the tiny caterpillars could be found feeding on young violet leaves, but nobody could find out where they spent the winter. They could never be found in the autumn in curled up leaves like other hibernating fritillary larvæ, and so my father decided to watch the habits of the females when they laid their eggs in some woods near our Butterfly Farm. He noticed that their favourite habit was to bask in the sunshine on the trunks of old oak trees; and then one day he realised that they were not spending all their days "sunbathing," but were busy tucking their eggs into the crevices of the bark.

It does not need much imagination to visualise what an excellent place this is for the eggs to be deposited, as they hatch in a few days, and the caterpillars after eating their egg shells go straight into hibernation. The first warm sunny day the following spring these tiny mites crawl out of their winter quarters. A puff of wind is all that is necessary to blow them off the tree-trunk, and what does it matter if they do not fall near a violet plant, after spending the whole winter fasting, they can surely exist for a few more days until they eventually find some food.

Yours faithfully,

The Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent. L. HUGH NEWMAN.

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

SIR,—The following may be of interest in connection with recent correspondence on this subject.

In June, 1928, I was in my schooner off Pt. de Sud, the southern extremity of the Cargodos Carajos Islands, 250 miles north of Mauritius. It was noon, and I was taking the sun to correct the latitude of the Point. At the moment of highest altitude I lowered my sextant, gave the order, "Strike eight bells," and glanced at my cabin clock. It was precisely 12 o'clock, having been set correctly at time of longitude sights at 9.0 a.m.

At this moment a flight of frigate birds, flying low, passed directly overhead and, being interested, I watched them closely, for three reasons, first, because these birds usually fly high, second, because they seldom congregate in flight, and third, because their rate of flight seemed nothing short of tremendous. They passed low enough for me to hear them whistling through the air. There were about 24 birds in the flight apart from the leader, rearguard, and flank scouts. In a few minutes I had forgotten the occurrence, being by then engaged in intricate navigation.

Three hours later I dropped anchor at Raphael Island, headquarters, and went on shore. In the evening when taking a sundowner with the manager, an ex-seaman, I mentioned the peculiar incident of the frigate birds, and he then told me that he had seen and particularly remarked the same flight, and he described the formation, precisely as related above, and which so far I had not alluded to. There was nothing in this to excite any great interest until he happened to mention casually that the birds passed low over his head as he was in the act of striking eight bells on a steel bar, and giving orders to a man to climb the high coco-palm to see if there was any sign of the ship, daily expected for the past three weeks.

I was now intensely interested, as there remained only to get the difference in time between the two clocks to arrive at what I had concluded was the tremendous speed of the birds. I sent to the ship for my cabin clock and the difference proved to be precisely seven minutes. I kept the clocks together for 24 hours and then corrected for the slight time-lag, a matter of less than a quarter of a minute.

The speed of the flight was now established. The ship at noon had been 25¼ (sea) miles from the house at Raphael, and as the birds had covered this distance in exactly seven minutes their speed had been at the rate of 214½ (sea) miles per hour, equal to 244 land miles. Incidentally, the manager remarked that he had seen single birds flying at a very much greater speed than that of the flight, but that was not evidence.

While writing of frigate birds I may perhaps be pardoned if I relate another incident concerning them. Some two years later I was engaged triangulating on one of the small coral islets in the same group. It was on a brilliant tropical day, and there was not a cloud in the sky, neither was there a bird to be seen anywhere.

I sat with my back against a small shrub, some 40ft. from the water's edge, working out the angles. My attention was distracted by the slight heaving of a small patch of sand midway between where I sat and the lap on the beach, and in a few moments there erupted some 30 or 40 newly hatched turtles, each 2in. to 3in. in size, a common enough sight, but one very pleasing to a nature lover. The little reptiles shook themselves clear of sand, blinked their eyes for the first time in the brilliant sunlight and made straight for the water, but, although they had no more than 20ft. to go very few of them won to safety.

Frigate birds shot down from all angles, shrieking and striking and with their feathers whistling in the air, and this when only a minute before not a single bird was to be seen in the sky. I took a hand in the proceedings of course, though pathetically ineffectually, and managed to kill three of the birds with my stick, but this interfered with the slaughter not at all. I was attacked by several of the birds, and the beak of one penetrated my strong naval helmet, and jammed it down over my eyes and, incidentally, scattered lice all over me.

The whole affair lasted probably about 30 or 40 seconds, and again in a minute's time there was not a bird in sight, although on this occasion, I may mention, they flew towards the sun.

Yours faithfully,

Isle of Rodrigues, Southern Indian Ocean. CAPPY RICKS.

CANNIBAL TROUT

SIR,—I agree with your correspondent "C. Trout" that probably all trout are cannibals and not necessarily only the big ones. This is obvious to anyone who has trolled a 2½in. spoon on one of the big Scottish lochs, for the ¾-pounders that persist in taking it are a nuisance when one is hoping for bigger game.

Nor is it necessary that the cannibal is in poor condition. It is only the aged and unsuccessful cannibal that is black, thin, lank and looks all head and jaw. I have in the last two seasons by trolling a 4in. trout on Loch Garry and the Garry river taken trout of 15¼lb., 13½lb., 12lb. and 10¼lb.

All these trout were in fine condition and gave great sport. The biggest was a magnificent fish, length 34in., girth 18in., spread of tail 11in., and is being set up by Mr. Macpherson, of Inverness, for the Norfolk and Norwich Museum. It gave a great fight, took out 186yds. of line, and was 40 minutes before coming to the gaff.

As has been proved by actual experiment, with liberal feeding trout rapidly increase in size and to great weights. From the salmon fisher's point of view, these great trout are well out of the river, as they must take an enormous toll of the salmon parr, for the middle stretch of the river is a series of small lochs or very big pools in the still waters of which the parr have little chance.

Yours faithfully,

St. Andrew's Hospital, Thorpe, Norwich. A. W. B. LIVESAY (Surgeon Captain R.N.).

"THE BIRDS' HARVEST"

SIR,—I would like to draw attention to the fact that the lovely goldfinch photographs which accompanied my recent article under the above title were taken by J. H. Symonds before the war, when plates were much slower than they are now. He did some wonderful work, and it was indeed a loss that he should have been killed in the war.

Several people have told me that they had seen some fine pictures of mine in the *Field*, and I should like to take this opportunity of placing the credit where credit is due.

Yours faithfully,

Bridgnorth. FRANCES PITT.

METHODS OF FALCONRY

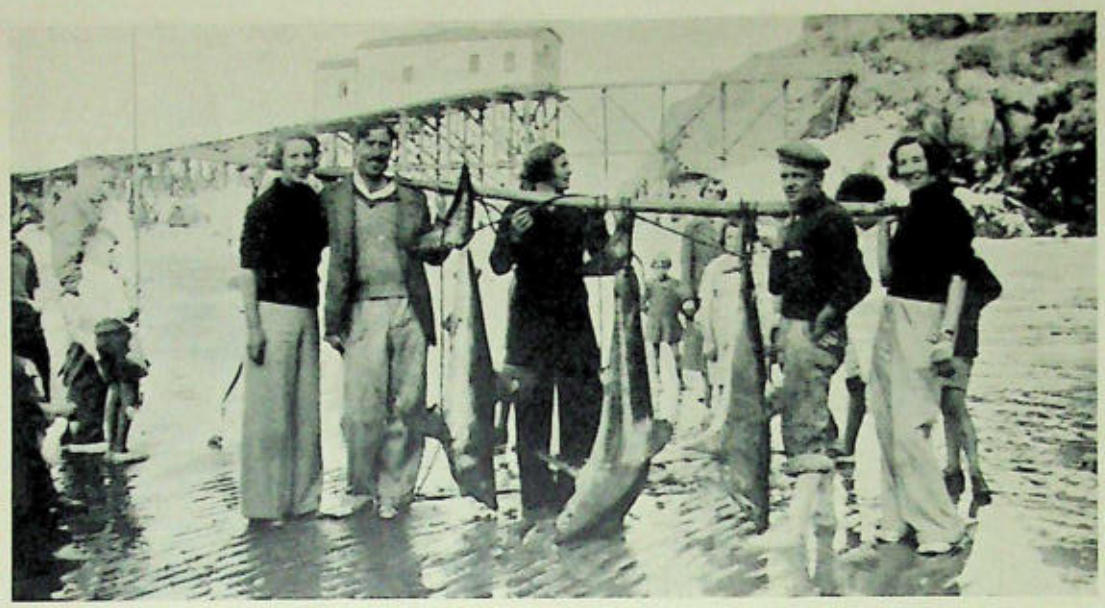
SIR,—Although it is not my habit to give the lie to the various absurd and ridiculous notions about falconry which appear from time to time in the popular press, I feel that a statement in your paper apparently backed by a person of Mr. Leyborne Popham's standing requires a reply.

I have missed the correspondence in your paper to which he refers and which he apparently is prepared to accept as authoritative, but I can state from my own knowledge that the ludicrous device to which he thus gives currency has no place whatever in modern falconers' practice, and there is no record of its use during the 150 years over which period the annals of modern falconry exist. I need hardly add that this is scarcely surprising, since it is difficult to conceive of a more fantastic or barbarous method of procuring a hawk, or of a more certain way of making the procuring of hawks impossible in the future.

Yours faithfully,

Heath Cottage, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks. HUGH D. KNIGHT (Hon. Secretary, British Falconers' Club).

[Mr. Leyborne Popham merely quoted a correspondent in our issue of June 30th, who said "I have been told that the method adopted (of obtaining goshawks) is to find the nest, kill all but the biggest youngster, and tie him by a thong to the nest so that the old birds may feed him as long as possible. Is this so?"—ED.]



AN UNEXPECTED CATCH OF PORBEAGLE SHARK
(See Letter "Sharks Caught Off Tenby")

SHARKS CAUGHT OFF TENBY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken of three sharks caught in the bay of Tenby, S. Wales, recently. The largest measured 5ft. 10 in., and weighed 91lbs. The others were 50 and 60 lbs. They were caught with conger line and hooks and mackerel as bait. We began bottom fishing for tope, then seeing a shark on the surface we brought the bait up to 5ft. The shark swam round and over the bait, eventually taking it, underside uppermost.

These fish have never been seen at Tenby before, but the fishermen told us that they are a type of shark and several boats have had all their mackerel gear taken by them. Could you kindly tell me what type they are, what is the maximum size recorded, and whether they are often caught round England?

Wonham, Yours faithfully,
Lansdown, Bath. (Mrs.) R. KING-SMITH.

[Mr. J. R. Norman of the Natural History Museum has kindly reported as follows on these fish.—"The shark in question appears to be a Porbeagle *Lamna cornubica*. This species is not uncommon round our shores especially during the summer and autumn months and is found mainly on the West Coast. Specimens of 10ft. in length have often been recorded and the maximum size attained by the species is about 12ft."—ED.]

PERIODICAL EJECTION OF GRIT BY GROUSE

SIR,—I herewith enclose a package containing 125 (or thereabouts) pieces of grit which were ejected at one time by a grouse. Grouse get rid of used grit in "packets," and those 125 grains were contained in one "pellet" found among a heap of droppings. It was an old idea that grouse partake and get rid of a corresponding quantity of grit daily, but on the contrary, they evacuate it in large quantities at long intervals of time. Yours faithfully,

12, Murray Road, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Invergordon.

[The "pellet" consisted of the remains of digested heather and worn and rounded grains of white quartz, no longer sharp enough to grind food in the gizzard, and therefore of no more use to the grouse.—ED.]

DEARER FEEDING STUFFS

SIR,—Many readers of the *Field* will be heavily hit by the tax on oats of £3 per ton. It is a great injustice to farmers and everyone in England to put a tariff on imported feeding stuffs for stock. Why is the Danish nation prosperous? Because they encourage imports of all stock feeding stuffs from all parts of the world. What enabled the British farmer to fight through the cruel 'nineties?—cheap imported feeding stuffs. The greatest asset of the British farmer is stock—stock every time, and keeping 100 per cent. more stock on his farm by using imported feeding stuffs. If he has 50 head of cattle he has just the same rent to pay as if he had 100.

In 1914 England was fertile owing to the great quantity of feeding stuffs imported for so long, and there is no fertilizer equal to farmyard manure enriched with foreign feeding stuffs. Basic slag is good for a change, but many artificials impoverish land. It is highly essential that the soil of England be kept rich. Yours faithfully,

Cark Mills, GEORGE DICKINSON
Cark-in-Cartmel. (Ex-Chairman, Furness and District Farmers' Association).

THE BELL-RINGER'S ART

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of June 16th asks if any other bell-ringer undertakes the ringing of three bells at once.

I write to say that the three bells of St. Mary's, Martlesham, Suffolk, are rung in the manner illustrated, except that the ringer sits on the vestry table to perform this duty.

Yours faithfully,
The Vicarage, W. M. LUMMIS.
Kesgrave, Ipswich.

THREE LIONS WITH ONE SHOT

SIR,—On the morning of July 5th, at dawn, I went to visit a "kill" I had put out close to my camp near Mihama, Shinyanga District, in the hope of getting a lion.

Mr. Guy Horngacher, of Rolle, Vaud, Switzerland and Hassini Mohamed, African Assistant in the Department of Tsetse Research, were with me and are witnesses of what occurred. I saw what appeared to be a lioness and two cubs on the kill. I fired at the lioness, my rifle being a Rigby .350 Magnum.

I heard the shot strike, and the lioness sprang away and went about 40yds., where she stood again, and I finished her off. Immediately after the first shot two more cubs appeared from behind the lioness and ran off very fast into some long grass. Meanwhile the other two cubs had run away and have not been seen since. Later on, the two cubs were picked up in the long grass, dead, each having one bullet wound.

Therefore the first bullet, after mortally wounding the lioness (but not striking a bone), must have mortally wounded both the cubs standing behind her. I should like to know of any other cases of shooting three or more lions with one bullet.

Yours faithfully,
Shinyanga, VICTOR A. C. FINDLAY.
Tanganyika Territory.

MIGRATION OF SWIFTS

SIR,—On the afternoon of August 12th four swifts flew into our house, and several more into that of a neighbour. The windows by which they entered were about 50ft. from the ground. Another swift was found in a large puddle in a very exhausted and weak condition.

Since about August 5th large numbers of swifts have been flying round this village (which is by the sea) and over a large lake. The weather has been varied, and there has been a lot of wind. The 12th was cold for the time of year, with a strong south-westerly wind, and the swifts came into the house at the end of a heavy rain and thunder storm.

Is this unusual, and what is the explanation?

Thorpeness, Yours faithfully,
Near Aldeburgh, K. D. WARREN.
Suffolk.

FLYING SQUIRREL IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of a Himalayan flying squirrel I brought from India two years ago. I bought it from a native who said he had found it under a tree; if so it had probably fallen from a nest, as these are always in the very tops of the trees and almost impossible to get at. The natives get up to seven rupees for squirrel skins in the bazaar. It could only have been a few days old, as it could not feed itself, and for the first fortnight I had to feed it with milk through a fountain pen filler. It was perfectly tame and would follow me about everywhere. Age has made it much more nervous, and though it does not mind being handled it is afraid of big spaces and other animals, and does not like going far from its cage.

PREPARING FOR A FLYING LEAP?
(See Letter "Flying Squirrel in Captivity")

It has a red brown coat of soft fur, turning to orange under the body, a very long flat tail with a black tip, an attractively marked face with shadings of brown and grey, a round pink nose and two very long yellow teeth top and bottom. Being a nocturnal animal it has prominent, expressionless eyes rather like those of a lemur. Attached to both fore and hind legs is a phalange of loose fur-covered skin, which, when the legs are stretched out, acts something like the wings of a gliding machine, so that, by launching itself off a high branch it is enabled to glide or soar quite a distance to another branch or tree. It feeds on bread and milk, fruit and nuts, and takes a lot of exercise in its large cage. Yours faithfully,

Broomdown, L. WEST.
Nr. Newbury.

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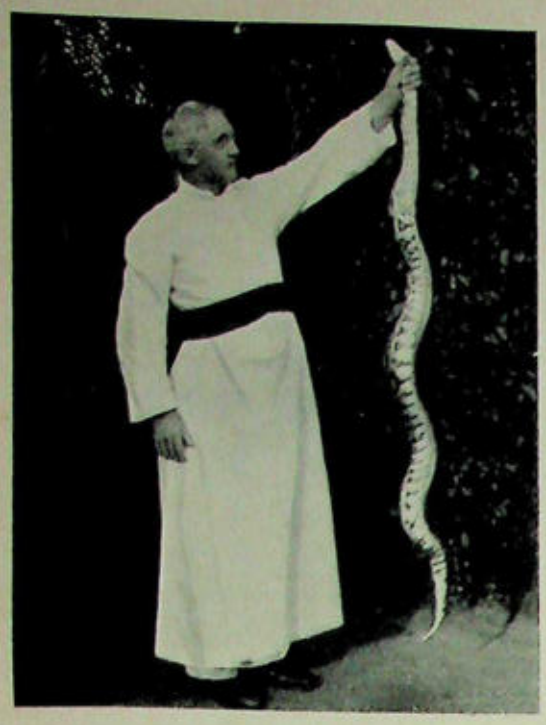
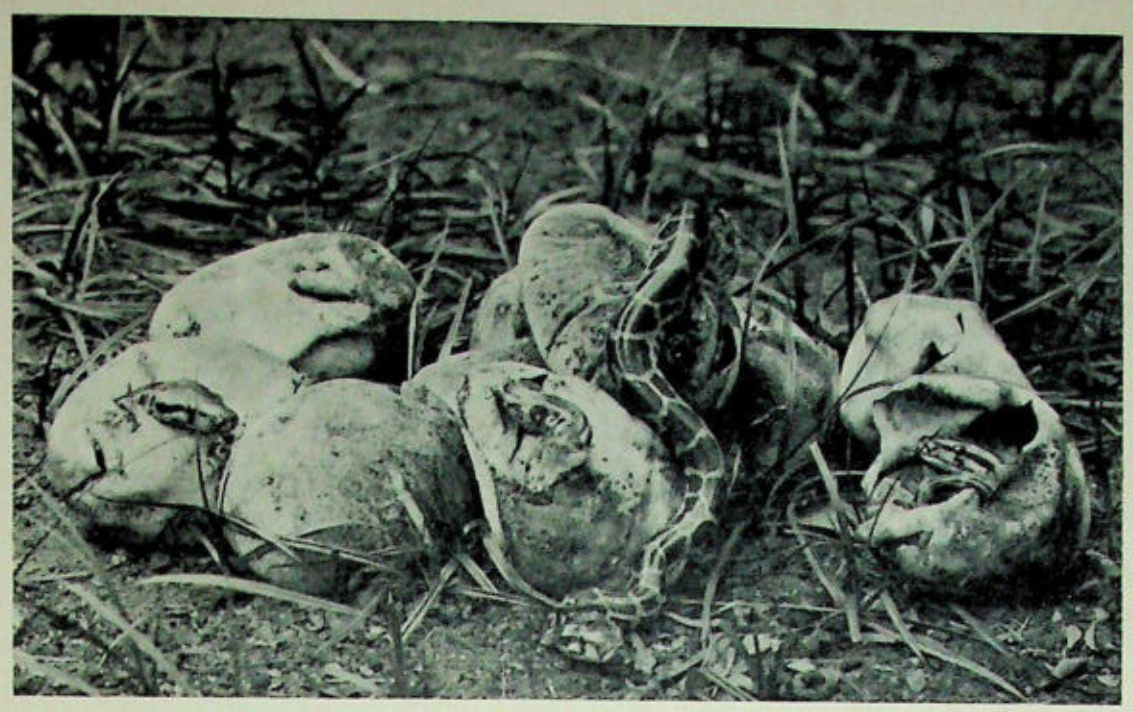




THE BIGGEST OF THE 1933 BROOD OF PYTHONS PHOTOGRAPHED EXACTLY TWELVE MONTHS AFTER BIRTH AND (RIGHT) THE 1934 HATCH COMING OUT OF THEIR EGGS
(*See Letter "Age and Growth of Pythons"*)

AGE AND GROWTH OF PYTHONS

SIR,—In the *Field* of January 18th Dr. Burgess Barnett gives interesting details about an African python. Among other things, he mentions that one of these snakes at the age of five years measured a few inches less than 8ft. In this connection some data on the Indian python will perhaps be of interest.

A captive python of mine laid eggs on April 29th, 1934, and coiled herself around them. She remained in that position, night and day as far as we could ascertain, incubating them till the night of June 23rd. On the morning of the 24th she had withdrawn from the eggs into a corner of her cage. There were twenty-one eggs. Ten baby pythons had slit open their shells and thrust their heads outside them. They emerged in the course of the next three days. Eleven eggs were addled. The average length of these baby pythons was 22in., and their average weight 3oz.

These 1934 pythons were smaller than another lot which hatched out for me in 1933. The mother laid 20 eggs on May 30th. All 20 hatched out between July 20th, the day on which the mother withdrew from them, and the evening of the 23rd. The average length of these was 24in., and the average weight 4oz.

"A ROUGH SKETCH OF THE COVEY"
(*See Letter "How do Partridges Roost?"*)

I kept six of them, and have been rearing them for the past twelve months. They were fed for about a month (forcibly) on tiny fish; then they took mice, sparrows, rats, guinea-pigs, bandicoots, rabbits, crows, kites—anything, in fact, that walked or flew and was not too bulky for swallowing. Providentially a plague broke out among the rabbits of our natural science department, and for two months, October and November, the pythons had a never-failing supply of young rabbits. They are as tame as cats, and most delightful pets; they like to be fondled, and enjoy, above all things, to lie on my shoulders or round my arms and neck, exploring with their forked tongues my ears and eyes and head. On July 22nd, 1934, exactly one year after birth, the biggest of the six, which was the most voracious feeder from the beginning, weighed 12lb., was 7ft. 3in. long and 9½in. in girth. So he will beat the African by nearly four years. Another young python I reared was 31in. long and 8oz. in weight when I received it on October 15th, 1928. It must have been then about four months old. On October 15th, 1929, it weighed 9lb. 3oz., and was over 7ft. long. On October 15th, 1930, it weighed 20lb., and was about 10ft. long. (A big python is not easy to stretch out to its full length.) In the next six months it grew to 26lb., then fell off to 24lb. at the end of September, 1931; my supply of rabbits had run short. At the end of the fourth year, *i.e.*, October 15th, 1932, it weighed 29lb. 4oz., and a month later 30lb. In the first twelve months it sloughed ten times; in the second, eight times; and in the third, seven times.

Sloughing is supposed to be connected with growth, the snake becoming too big for its skin. Yet one of my big pythons, a 13-footer, has eaten nothing for six months, and has sloughed twice in that interval, and has lost about 1lb. in weight per month.

Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) C. LEIGH, S.J.,
Curator,
St. Joseph's College Museum.

Trichinopoly,
India.

HOW DO PARTRIDGES ROOST?

SIR,—I have just had my attention drawn to Mr. A. M. Barling's letter in the *Field*, August 4th, in which he describes a covey of partridges "jugging," stating: "Their heads were all together in the centre making a small circle of reddish brown." Some few years ago I had especially good opportunities of studying the habits of partridges which frequented a rough field adjoining my garden in Essex in which a certain covey invariably retired to roost for the night. I waited for an opportunity to sketch this covey "jugging"; at last they settled down close to my hide one cold evening about sunset on December 2nd, 1919, at 4 p.m. Being a clear evening I had a good view of the birds, and with the aid of a telescope I was able to make a rough sketch of the covey composed of eight birds, they were huddled up close together with their heads *outwards*, which formation I have always found to be the rule, and not as Mr. Barling describes, "Their heads all together in the centre." I do not doubt Mr. Barling's assertion, as it is possible a covey might roost in such a manner under certain circumstances. But the normal "jugging" position taken by a covey, is as far as my experience goes, always with their *heads outward*. In such formation the birds are enabled to detect approaching danger from any direction, and thus are usually able to escape their enemies. They also keep each other warm.

Yours faithfully,
F. W. FROHAWK.

Sutton, Surrey.

WHAT ARE "DARK SALMON"?

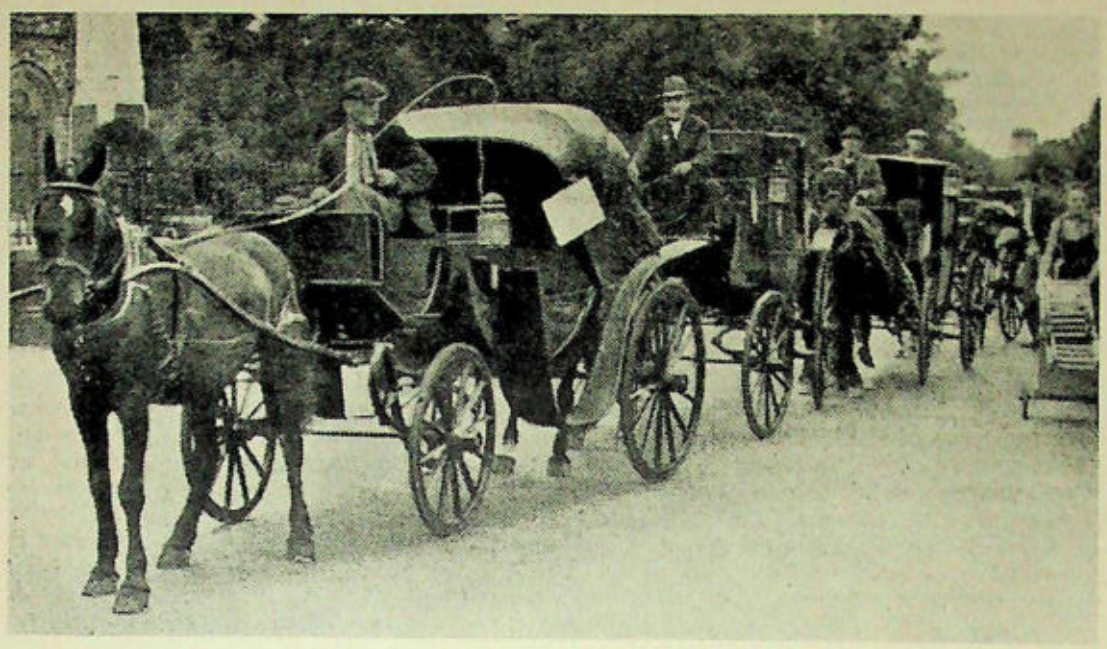
SIR,—I am enclosing a cutting from the July number of the *Sportsman*, published in Boston, Massachusetts. It appears to me that these so-called dark salmon are nothing but kelts and should have all the protection necessary to enable them to return safely to the sea. Some years ago the well-known authority, Mr. W. L. Calderwood, deplored the over-netting of the Miramichi, and it would seem that the taking of these fish is only another instance of the lack of protection granted Canadian salmon.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID WAGSTAFF.

Tuxedo Park,
New York.

[The cutting enclosed by our correspondent reads: "But do not confuse the dark salmon on this page with the usual dark 'spent' fish. Not generally known, even to experienced salmon fishermen, are these dark salmon, which, in only certain rivers, wintered in fresh water and a month ago, lean and hungry, swam away down-stream to the sea. Ferocity, strength, and their will to battle make them a sportsman's fish."

The illustration shows four lanky fish, apparently part of a catch of 318 "salmon or grilse" made by four rods in a tributary of the Miramichi in seven days' fishing during the month of May. We should think that these were undoubtedly well-mended kelts which had spawned late and wintered in the river.—ED.]



WHEN TRAVEL WAS SILENT AND HOOTERS UNKNOWN
(See Letter "An Open-Air Museum")

AN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM

SIR,—As I believe that many of the readers of your paper would be glad to hear of the Opening of the first Folk Park, or Open Air Museum in this country, I am writing to give you a few details.

The Abbey Folk Park, Park Road, New Barnet, was opened on June 28th, and since then has been visited by many thousands of people from all parts of the country, who were particularly interested in our efforts to preserve in the Folk Park examples of the country life and its amenities which in many cases are now passing away.

I would particularly draw your attention to the photograph showing the arrival of a number of old horse vehicles which have been presented to the Folk Park, for we are endeavouring to preserve a representative collection of the delightful old horse vehicles which in the Victorian era formed part of the establishment of every country house.

I feel sure that the readers of your paper will be greatly interested in our efforts to preserve for future generations examples of these vehicles, and I am writing to ask whether you could assist us in this work by asking your readers to help us in presenting small objects connected with the horse, with sporting life, or with agriculture.

The whole countryside is changing rapidly, even where it is escaping urbanisation, for the petrol motor in its many forms is changing the whole method of agriculture, and before long objects which were once characteristic of country life will have vanished on to the scrap heap. Before this has happened we are anxious to obtain examples for the Folk Park. I may add that although we have a fair collection of vehicles, we have not as yet received a four-in-hand coach. Among the smaller objects I would specifically refer to the old brass charms which may still occasionally be seen on cart horses.

Yours faithfully,
Park Road, Father J. S. M. WARD.
New Barnet, Herts.

BEDTIME STORY

The desire to sleep is perfectly normal providing it keeps in time with the clock. But how alarming, at three in the afternoon, to find the head nodding ominously during some momentous business conference. And how equally disturbing to lie in bed at night listening to the grandfather clock in the hall chiming the merciless hours.

For such an unnatural state of affairs, Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is the natural remedy. A teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, first thing in the morning, keeps you fresh and alert all day, and at night brings deep and dreamless sleep.

"DISDAINS LEATHERS AND STIRRUPS"
(See Letter "The Natural Seat")

THE NATURAL SEAT

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a Muscat Arab mounted upon an Arab stallion, the property of His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar. It is of interest, I think, as depicting a very good example of the "natural seat." The Arab in question uses an ordinary English hunting saddle, but disdains leathers and stirrups. Thus equipped he appears to be wellnigh unseatable, and is capable of sitting over a jump and even hitting a polo ball. It is interesting to compare this photograph with, say, the illustrations in Captain Piero Santini's *Riding Reflections*, but I should hesitate to deduce any further lesson than the obvious one that the riding seat largely depends upon the object the rider has in view.

Yours faithfully,
The High Court, G. K. KNIGHT-BRUCE.
Zanzibar.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, ask for help to give a woman six weeks in the country away from London and her drab surroundings. For years she did piece work in a factory, but now she is so neurasthenic that she cannot stand the work, and she exists on her insurance allowance. The doctors are sure that a change will improve her wonderfully, as her illness is but temporary. She too, hopes that she will be able to work again, for she hates her present life. £5 15s. is needed.

IN THE CITY

A SOUND ORDINARY SHARE

REFERENCE has been made on various occasions during the past several months to indications of improving earnings for the Brewery trade. These indications are now being substantiated by the accounts recently issued, such as those of Watney Combe Reid for the year ended June 30th, 1934, which showed earnings of over 28 per cent. on the deferred ordinary, as against 22.4 per cent. for the previous year. Concerns allied with the brewery companies doubtless are also experiencing improved trade and the shares of United Glass Bottle Manufacturers appear attractive.

This concern, formed in 1913 to acquire and amalgamate several companies in the same trade, makes containers and boxes, has a subsidiary making Kork-N-Seal caps, and has recently begun manufacturing tumblers and other table ware under the trade name, "Sherdley Ware," but its principal business is that of making glass bottles. At the close of last year there was outstanding £530,000 in 6 per cent. Debenture Stock (interest on which is to be reduced to 4½ per cent. as from January 1st, 1936, the first optional redemption date, under an arrangement made early this year) £600,000 in 7½ per cent cumulative preference shares, £76,000 in 7½ per cent. cumulative convertible preferred ordinary and £441,655 in £1 ordinary shares. Last March the company offered ordinary shareholders the right of subscribing at 28/- for one new share in respect of every five held, and this, together with the conversion of most of the preferred ordinary shares, resulted in the ordinary capital being increased to a present total of about £607,000. The company has a good earnings record, as is indicated by the following figures:

Year to Dec. 31st.	Earned for Dividends.	Pref. Dividends and Amount Times Covered		Ord. Shares Earned. (per cent.)	Paid.
1929	£128,924	£35,986	3.6	26.0	7.5
1930	106,051	34,862	3	20.2	7.5
1931	102,990	33,737	3.1	20.3	7.5
1932	97,170	33,737	2.9	18.4	7.5
1933	102,864	33,737	3.1	19.1	7.5

A certain number of preference shares, dividends on which are payable on the fifteenth of January and July, are on offer at 31/9 to yield £4 14s.

The £1 ordinary shares are now selling at about 31/6 to yield £4 2s. on the basis of dividend payments at the rate of 7½ per cent. At the meeting last March the chairman stated that the Board anticipated being able to maintain the same rate of dividend on the increased capital, and in the light of subsequent events this now appears to be a modest expectation for earnings last year were equivalent to twice dividend requirements at this rate on the enlarged capital, without allowing for any additional revenue on the funds raised. It seems reasonable to expect that in due course shareholders will receive either further rights to subscribe capital on bonus terms or a larger dividend, for the company must be experiencing a greater demand for its products, and the ordinary shares may be regarded as an attractive long term equity investment.

UNWARRANTED PRICE DECLINES

Two weeks ago attention was drawn to the fact that the 10/- shares of Chicago Gaika Development Company, which had sold about 17/- earlier in the year, had fallen back to 15/3. The only explanation seemed to be that the shares had been overlooked, since the company is not well known and its name hardly describes the business which it carries on of a South African Finance company. It is usually only a short time before a market situation such as this is rectified and the shares have already risen again to about 17/-.

It seems worth while, therefore, to draw the attention of readers to similar declines which have taken place in the 5/- shares of Northern Rhodesia Company and the 3/- shares of Rhodesia Copper and General Exploration, both of which concerns carry on the ordinary business of Finance and Holding companies. It was pointed out last June that the Northern Rhodesia shares had a break-up value of 5/-, whereas they can now be bought at 3/6, at which price they should afford a good yield, since dividend payments will in all probability be resumed in respect of the current year, as was forecast by the chairman in his speech at the annual meeting held at the end of May. Supposing a dividend of 5 per cent. were to be declared the shares would yield a little over 7 per cent. at 3/6.

On March 31st, 1934, the 3/- shares of Rhodesia Copper and General Exploration had a break-up value of 3/4, whereas the shares can now be bought at 2/6 or a trifle less, to yield 6 per cent. on last year's dividend of 5 per cent.

The shares of both these companies which changed hands at considerably higher prices earlier in the year, again appear decidedly attractive at present levels.

PACTOLUS.

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Charles Barker

New Books

ADVENTURES IN TWO CONTINENTS

An Excursion Into the Middle Ages—Hustling Through the States

READY TO SEARCH FOR ARMS AT GEBZE IN ASIA MINOR
From "Sword and Spear." (Selwyn & Blount)

ALTHOUGH *Sword and Spear*, the title of Captain Mellor's book, may suggest reminiscences of the Great War its action starts with the Armistice, when he left France for India and joined his Pathans of the 2nd/128th Pioneers, to take part in the war after the war in Turkey. Few of us realise how complicated were the issues of 1920 in Asia Minor, Greece and Southern Russia, when many politicians at home were uncertain which sides to back and hedged their bets at awkward moments, leaving mystical armies, with impressive names and more impressive staffs, to carry out duties which, in the end, devolved upon the usual two men and a boy.

But while Greeks had to be disarmed, Kemalists kept at bay, and bandits captured, Captain Mellor's sense of humour provided him with enjoyment. It was a good time for collectors. One R.A.S.C. officer took two G.S. limbers for the job, and in one guardroom the author discovered a pile of old swords, daggers, pistols and guns. "Where did you get these from?" he asked. "Oh, there was a fire at the Scutari Museum last week, and we helped to put it out," was the reply. He managed to stagger away with three swords and two pistols from the spoil.

When Sir Charles Harington took over the command at Constantinople the regimental officer came into his own. The local staff were ordered to consider his needs and rebuked for their selfish use of the official cars. The result was embarrassing. Mellor on one occasion was stopped by no less than three staff cars whose occupants almost implored him to have a lift. Sir Charles was popular and Lady Harington, the present Master of the Calpé, no less so; it was rumoured she could even persuade High Commissioners to forget their troubles and play "hunt the slipper."

There were many visits to Constantinople and a graphic description of the town is given as it appeared at this time. Probably the military museum still contains the life-size very inaccurate representation of a Lifeguardsman labelled "Gordon Highlander," and the curious person in blue, a cross between a policeman and a sailor, bearing the honoured name of the Grenadier Guards.

Among other pleasures there was the Anatolian Hunt, which an Arab Royalty, attired by Bond Street, attended on one occasion. On being courteously greeted by Colonel Kelly, of the 3rd Hussars, with "It's very good of you to come!" he modestly replied: "Yes, isn't it?"

A deed of valour in earth stopping once earned Mellor the mask. He put it in his pocket and took it to a military court in Constantinople for which the hunt had delayed him. The result may be described in his own words: "By the time I arrived at the Court nearly every dog in the city was following me, and the President appeared equally amazed by my tardiness and the odour arising from my pocket. I became a little overcome myself, and was glad to deliver the mask into the hands of a taxidermist." It came back "a cross between a leopard and a hyena," and after a time, the odours becoming worse, had to be destroyed. Wali Dad, orderly, was firm about this, remarking: "You are giving me a bad name; all the Pathans say your room is dirty," and, as a Parthian shot, "Walakila, ab pagal hain" (perhaps you are mad).

Captain Mellor returned to a different India from that he had left—an India of sullenness and studied insult. The Geddes axe having fallen, he left it to join the British South African Mounted Police, where he paraded with recruits to saddle remounts, feeling like an early Christian martyr about to be thrown to the lions. Later, as Assistant-Inspector of Askaris, he had the misfortune in a sham fight to surprise the "enemy" before they had deployed by doubling his men into action over a mile-and-a-half. Expecting congratulation, he was told that he had spoilt the battle as "such speed would have been impossible in war."

It is of Nigeria and the Land of the Emirs, where he served as Assistant-Commissioner of Police, that some of Captain Mellor's best stories are told, and to recount many of them would spoil the reading of a good book. Here he tells of the lady missionary wearing a mackintosh in hottest Africa to conceal her over-heated appearance; of the young missionary hurriedly sent home because he tried to show the locals how to improve the flight of their arrows by the addition of feathers.

The dangers of Mahdism are instanced by the almost successful surprise attack by eight fanatics, led by an "Outrider of the Prophet," on the French post of Tassewa. On that occasion the usual assertion that a spell had been put on the enemy's guns was realised when some old cartridges the defenders were using misfired.

Constant watch has to be maintained for religious outbursts which may spread into a massacre of "Unbelievers." A fanatic speared Mr. Thurley, District Officer for Kuta, whose life was only saved by the prompt action of his orderly *dogerai*. For this action Mr. Thurley modestly recommended a reward of £5. The powers that be, however, reduced the sum, assessing the life of a District Officer at £3.

Some difficulties of the Hausa language are instanced by the story of the lady who, hearing her husband, called "Mai Gida" (master of the house) by the servant, remarked: "As Tom is the 'Mai Gida' I suppose I am the 'Baen Gida.'" It was rather unfortunate that the meaning of "Baen Gida" in English should happen to be "the lavatory." The book provides excellent entertainment, and is written in a straight-forward, easy style.

Sword and Spear. By Captain F. H. Mellor. (Selwyn & Blount; 15/-).

UNKNOWN TIBET

A Young Explorer's Valuable Work

MR. RONALD KAULBACK has won his spurs as an explorer at the early age of twenty-four. As a member of Captain Kingdon Ward's expedition his survey work in the Lohit Valley, to Rima in south eastern Tibet, and during the return journey to Burma via Fort Hertz, has had great value in amplifying the exceedingly accurate survey carried out by Pandit Kishen Singh in 1878.

Any account, therefore, of travel in such a little-known part of the globe is bound to be of interest, not only to the student of the natural sciences, but to the lay mind as well. And this particularly seeing that the majority of Tibetan exploration has been confined to the Northern plain. The widely differing conditions of terrain and climate prevailing in the region north and east of the confluence of the Dihang and Lohit rivers with the Brahmaputra are foreign to the popular conception of the Dalai Lama's domains.

The author has an easy style which commends itself by its absence of technicalities and by his praiseworthy avoidance of the temptation, to which most travellers are prone, to interlard the text with liberal excerpts from the local vernacular.

It is a refreshingly simple and unvarnished tale, and reflects with great honesty the three chief mental preoccupations of the average traveller in the waste places of the earth: food, weather and the efficiency, or reverse, of one's retainers.

The author's description of Tashi Tandrup, Admirable Crichton, helping to break camp is decidedly apt: "He was in a wild delirium of excitement; dashing madly here and there; his pigtail flapping and his mind a seething blank; picking up boxes, putting them down again, muttering vaguely to himself and generally having a glorious time."

Not to speak of the Governor of Shigatang on the same occasion who came out to say good-bye, "dressed in gorgeous raiment and wearing a blue Homburg with the price ticket still sewn on the front."

Mr. Kaulback is a bold man, and must have a way with him—so far as snakes are concerned. Few men would care so literally to nourish a viper in their bosom. Nor are there many who have been bitten by a Russell's viper and survived; while to continue to handle poisonous reptiles with ungloved hands after such a mishap strikes one as the last word in cold-blooded courage.

To those interested in big-game and their habits the description of Tinai and its takin hunters will appeal. We can share the author's enthusiasm for Tibet. A journey there is an excursion into the Middle Ages.

We can also share his aversion to being stalled in the strides of civilisation. But we are not cast in the heroic mould that would shovel coal for two hours' daily in the stokehold of the homeward-bound liner coming through the Red Sea.

It is a decidedly lively and interesting tale, well illustrated by photographs, some of which are excellent.

E. R.

Tibetan Trek. By Ronald Kaulback (Hodder and Stoughton; 12/6.)

IN PRAISE OF AMERICA

Mr. Mais on a Lightning Tour

A MODERN COLUMBUS is a collection in book form of the thirteen weekly broadcast talks given by Mr. S. P. B. Mais during his visit to America. Mr. Mais needs no introduction to the British Public as he has many excellent books to his credit and also recently leapt into fame in the broadcasting world as a result of his talks entitled *The Unknown Island*, in which he described an extensive tour he made round Great Britain. This series was apparently so popular that he was sent out by the B.B.C. on a similar mission to the United States to give weekly broadcasts which were relayed throughout Great Britain and America. He landed in New York on September 29th, 1933, and re-embarked at the same port on January, 4th, 1934, during which period of thirteen weeks he made a clockwise circular tour of the country and travelled some 8,000 miles through no less than eighteen different states. A tremendous effort which must rival many of the lightning tours for which the Americans themselves are so famous in England and on the continent.

Each chapter contains a mass of information about, and many impressions of, the particular part of the country it deals with. It was certainly a great feat to collect so much matter in such a short space of time. The information he gives is distinctly interesting, but I have some difficulty in believing that the impressions he gained were accurate. The fullsome flattery of America and everything American is laid on too thick and with an outsize in spoons, for he leads one to believe that everything in that land is superior to anything we are accustomed to in our own country. According to him Americans are utterly without fear, are the most modest of men, they never swear, there is no drunkenness, they drive motor cars with much greater skill than we do, and they are the least snobbish race in the world, to mention but a few of his observations.

He even prefers their speech and considers it more pleasant to listen to than that of his own countrymen. He prefers "she don't answer" to "no reply," "thanks a lot" to "thanks very much," "a swell joint" to "a pleasant place," "gotten" to "got" and "on the up and up" to "getting better." Education is on a far higher plane, the schools are much better, everybody works much harder, they are the kindest people on earth and the churches are crowded to overflowing with reverent worshippers. One wonders then, if all these superlative qualities really exist, why America has got into the somewhat unenviable position she now holds.

The book also contains too many exaggerations for my taste for the author meets alligators a

thousand years old, an animal "that looks more like a battleship than a bull," he states that it is easier for a woman to get into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot than into the debutantes Junior League, although the latter has a membership of 20,000. He saw huge pine trees passing over a saw bench at the same speed as our tube trains travel, he *tastes* fruits made of wax, celluloid, cotton fibre and glass, and everything in New York is so large that he mistook the Berengaria of 56,000 tons for a tug! I doubt very much that *A Modern Columbus* gives the English a genuine portrayal of America and the Americans. I can well believe it must be extremely difficult to refrain from eulogising if the broadcasts are made from the country which the speaker is describing and through which he is travelling at the time. One wonders, therefore, whether on some occasions he did not have his tongue in his cheek while facing the microphone, which may have been the cause of complaints of bad reception made by some listeners. Yes, I think sometimes he was "pulling our legs."

D. L.

A Modern Columbus. By S. P. B. Mais. (Rich and Cowan; 7 6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Rugby Football Annual, 1934–5 (Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 2/–), is always a welcome and interesting herald of the new football season. Freely illustrated, this book is full of useful detailed records and should be in the possession of all Rugby enthusiasts.

H. F. & G. Witherby have published at the very reasonable price of 6/– *Bird Life in the Isle of Man*, by Colonel H. W. Madoc, Chief Constable of the Island, a book we can thoroughly recommend which displays real knowledge combined with enthusiasm for the subject.

Mr. Fred Taylor's *Tunny Fishing for Beginners* (Seeley Service; 5/–), should prove a useful book for those who wish to join the ranks of Big Game Anglers. It lacks nothing in interest or information, and many of the photographic illustrations are extremely good.

Anything on the subject of Bowls written by Mr. J. T. Burrows must command the attention of all who play this game. His *Crown and Flat Green Bowls* (Ward & Foxlow—1/–) describes and tells how to play the crown green and flat green game. The book is full of tips for both the novice and the old hands.

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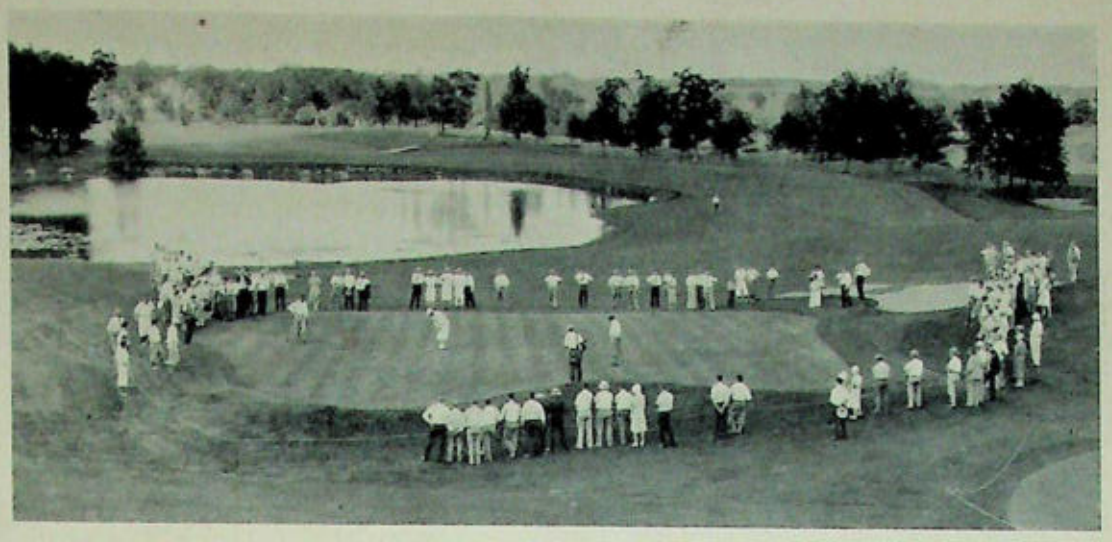


AN AMERICAN GREEN WHICH REPAYS A GOOD APPROACH SHOT

PUTTING A PREMIUM ON PUTTING

Golf Greens Which Handicap Driving and Approach Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

THERE is a great deal of truth in the old saying that "a good putter is more than a match for anyone." Certainly the majority of games are won and lost on the greens, where it is surprising how few first-class players are really proficient. It almost seems that the better golfer you are the more strokes you waste near the hole. "Rabbits" always long to be able to hit the ball out of sight, whilst "tigers" pray that some day they will master their putters.

Putting is such a final business. When you miss a putt you lose a stroke that cannot be picked up for some time. On the other hand, if you mis-hit a drive or slice an iron shot, you know that you may escape punishment and you are consoled with the fact that there are other strokes to follow. Once on the greens the outlook changes. The margin for error is very small, and it is so easy for the ball to slip past the hole 3ft. or 4ft.—far enough for you to miss the return.

From the regular golfer's point of view, it is interesting to watch holiday-makers playing on the putting greens that abound at every resort. Those who, perhaps, have never handled a golf club before seem to experience no difficulty in sinking long putts over rough ground, yet golfers playing over the wonderfully kept greens of their private courses sometimes cannot hole out from a range of 2ft. Surely this is a case of where ignorance is bliss, and an indication that in golf a person can know too much.

Putting is largely mental and a matter of confidence. Tommy Armour, who recently won the Canadian Open Championship in fine style, has said that "many fine players are poor putters simply because they cannot control their nerves. On the other hand, there are many nervous golfers who can putt well." Without doubt he is right. The green is the most testing place of all.

In each round of golf the player is allowed two putts on each green, 36 putts altogether. Thus a bad round of 72 would consist of 36 putts, and the rest made up of all the other strokes. Some say that putting to-day plays too great a part in the game, but I cannot see how the allowance could be reduced in absolute fairness to every type of player, although it has been suggested that short putts should only count as half-strokes. But golf cannot be conducted in fractions!

Last year, Gene Sarazen's proposal to use a larger hole did not find favour. In his opinion the "tiger" does not receive sufficient reward for an accurate approach shot. For example, a good player may place his second within 6yds. of the flag, whilst his opponent's ball may finish 14yds. away from the hole. The latter takes two putts, but the scratch man misses his 6-yarder, for one cannot expect to hole out from that distance. Thus a half result and the "tiger's" accuracy goes unrewarded.

If the hole were larger—say 8in. in diameter—the golfer who places his approach shots with accuracy would have a better chance of benefiting. Those who would like to see a larger hole in force maintain that the number of missed putts would be decreased. I am not so certain of that, and I do not believe a larger hole would solve the problem.

The rules state that "the hole shall be 4¼in. in diameter, and at least 4in. deep." To-day we expect to hole out from 4ft., and we even miss at this short range. If the size of the hole were increased, so the holeable distance would lengthen. We should expect to hold regularly from 3yds. if the hole were 8in. in diameter, and we should miss many even then.

Whilst I think the present size hole is absolutely fair for all, it has stood the test of time. I do consider that the present-day greens are too large, and I know many that could accommodate a regulation tennis court. When you are playing to a large green you are apt to become careless, to adopt the attitude that "anywhere on it will do." In my opinion, greens should be considerably smaller. This would save clubs a great deal of expense as regards upkeep, and at the same time force all golfers to concentrate on accuracy.

Surely putting was never meant to be carried out on a green measuring 30yds. by 20yds.? If greens were smaller, those players who placed their shots on them would have a reasonable chance of getting down in one putt, whilst those who played inaccurate seconds or thirds would have difficulty in recovering.

Again, far too many modern greens are like scenic railways with sharp ridges and short humps, which tend to make putting freakish. Naturally, no one would wish for perfectly flat greens, but there is a happy medium. For open competitions several green-keepers or secretaries place the holes on the tops of ridges or very close to one side. This practice quite rightly causes a great deal of adverse criticism. When the golfer reaches the green he should have a reasonable chance of success, but when he has to contend with huge bumps and hollows, the element of luck plays too great a part. The ground surrounding the hole should be as level as possible with modest undulations on the outskirts.

Because of the prolonged drought this summer, putting has been more than usually difficult. The majority of the greens have been "browns," and the balls have shown little desire to stop rolling. In a recent competition I watched one well-known golfer take five putts from 5ft., he went forwards and backwards until I am sure he became dizzy. This is not an isolated case by any means, for when there is a drought golfers have to make the best of the bad conditions if they wish to play.

Those who miss their short putts might take comfort in the knowledge that even famous "stars" have been so careless as to actually miss hitting the ball on the green, but if the greens were smaller we would have less chance of taking three strokes on them.

CRICKET'S FINALE

Some Interesting Facts About the Closing Season

AN UNLUCKY BATSMAN

Hammond (Glos.), who headed the County averages with 126, yet could only average 20·25 in five Test matches

NOW that the cricket season at Lord's and the County Championship is over, we may congratulate Lancashire on being champions, with a permissible note of southern regret that they, and not Sussex, finished on top. Lancashire did not, of course, suffer to anything like the same extent as their rivals, Yorkshire, through the loss of players due to Test match claims. Their disability from such causes was nearly negligible, and in the case of Sussex, entirely so. It was a great pity, from an anticipatory point of view, that Surrey did not succeed in heading Lancashire in their match at the Oval. Had such a result occurred it would have added enormously to the interest and excitement over the last Sussex match of the season against Yorkshire at Hove, as in that case a win by the former would have made them Champion County with 56.2 points to Lancashire's 56.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this year's County Championship was the advance of Warwickshire, who have not for a very long time occupied such a prominent position as third county. Some of those six counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, Kent, Surrey and Middlesex, who have, through a series of successes in years gone by, earned the title of "the big six," and rightly so, can no longer claim such a designation. Surrey and Middlesex have to-day no claims to inclusion, and Nottinghamshire but few. The four best counties, judged from a standard of the last two or three years, are probably Yorkshire, Lancashire, Sussex and Kent, in that order, closely followed by six equally matched ones in Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Nottinghamshire, Essex and Warwickshire. The remaining eight can be counted amongst the "also ran."

Nothing in this year's cricket has been so striking as the in-and-out performance of our leading batsman, W. R. Hammond. For Gloucestershire he has the truly astonishing average of 126 for 20 innings, 4 not outs, and 2,020 runs. Even without any "not outs" to assist him, he would have averaged 101. Yet he could only average 20.25 in five Test matches against the Australians, and also failed lamentably in the Gentlemen v. Players' match at Lord's. No man who created a world's record, as he did, by scoring 905 runs for eight completed innings in the 1928–29 Tests in Australia, with an average of 113, or who played so brilliantly in Jardine's recent tour, could surely never be in the least degree nervous of Australian bowling, more especially in a year in which he was, to all appearances, at the very top of his form. It is certainly inexplicable.

By the time these notes appear in print, our Australian friends will be finishing their eminently successful tour (for besides the winning of extraneous matches, the success of a tour is dependent on the result of the Test matches, whatever anyone may say), and will be looking forward to a little well-earned repose on board the ship which will carry them home. They have proved themselves, to my mind, to be a thoroughly sound team of players, probably the best side that has visited these shores since 1921, when Gregory and Macdonald burst upon us like a couple of thunderbolts. It is no exaggeration to say that the presence of Bradman, on any side, is an asset of such batting value that it goes a long way towards making that side a formidable one, and also permissible to add that the accuracy of O'Reilly and Grimmett was a tremendous factor on the bowling side. In the long run *length* is essential to success.

Without wishing to discuss the grave cricket issues raised by the "bodyline" bowling controversy, it may be of interest to state the facts of the Nottingham incident, which has been such a mystery to most people. In the first innings Voce, it will be remembered, took eight Australian wickets for 66 runs, bowling *à la* Larwood. Although the Australians had been given no definite promise from the M.C.C. that such bowling would not be employed against them, they were mildly surprised when they found themselves subjected to it, but that was all. No formal complaint was, or would have been, made on the subject. What they took exception to were the two overs bowled by Voce at 5.30 on the Monday evening, when they went in to bat for the second time. The light was poor, but Woodfull decided that no appeal against it should be made, at all events on reaching the wickets, partly owing to a desire on his part not to further annoy a rather hostile crowd. At 5.40 rain descended and settled the question for him.

But during those ten minutes of play, Voce bowled two overs, or twelve balls, eleven of which passed either over, or on a level with, the batsmen's heads. That, together with the fact that the wicket-keeper stood unusually wide of the wicket, on the leg side, was regarded, rightly or wrongly, by the Australians, as an indication that they were being deliberately bowled at. Messrs. Woodfull (the captain), Bushby (the manager) and, I think, Bull (the treasurer) made a formal protest to the committee of the Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club that evening, and stated that if Voce continued to bowl in that manner on the resumption of play the following day—Tuesday—Woodfull *might* take his men off the field, and that there would be no fixture arranged with Nottingham County on the next Australian visit. The Nottinghamshire committee thereupon decided to instruct Voce to take no further part in the match. That is what happened. C. P. F.

COUNTY CHANGES

A Closer Championship Race

IT is time to take stock of county cricket. The Championship competition ended peacefully enough and rain brought a dismal end to the last few matches; but the season has really been one of the most interesting of recent years, chiefly because there has been less disparity than usual in the form of the leading counties. This is very marked in comparison with last year's Championship table. Yorkshire then ran clear away with 70 per cent. of points; Sussex had 64.79 per cent., Kent 56.22, Essex 53.33 and Lancashire 50. This year there is a difference of less than 8 per cent. between the six leading counties; Lancashire 57.11, Sussex 54, Derbyshire 53.09, Warwickshire 52.77, and Kent and Yorkshire 50 each.

Last year the three leading counties won, 19, 18 and 15 matches respectively. This year the numbers are 13, 12 and 12. In short, there is a decrease in victories at the top of the list and a general increase lower down. The claims on county players for the Test matches have no doubt accounted to some extent for this levelling process, but in any case the result has been to add to rather than detract from the interest of the competition. We have had a number of very fine finishes to matches, a number of surprise results, and many ups and downs of form.

Lancashire are the Champions—deserving Champions, but scarcely undisputed Champions. In the virtually deciding match against Sussex, rain gave them a fortunate advantage at a time when Sussex had every right to consider that they were holding their own. But Lancashire at least took their chances when they came. It is further interesting to note that the Lancashire second team heads the Minor Counties table and will next week be playing the Surrey second team for the Minor Counties Championship, which Lancashire last won in 1907. The way in which Derbyshire and Warwickshire have risen together is something of a curiosity. They have gone up from sixth and seventh places last year to third and fourth, their difference in percentage is almost exactly the same as last year, and, again like last year, Derbyshire have won two more matches than Warwickshire. I have more than once in these notes referred to the good qualities of the Derbyshire team—their solid batting and their varied bowling, with young Copson, the fast bowler, a player distinctly worth watching. Warwickshire's success, in spite of the frequent absence of R. E. S. Wyatt, has been not a little due to the slow bowling of Paine, who has taken 150 wickets and seems really about to make the name that has been predicted for him for several years.

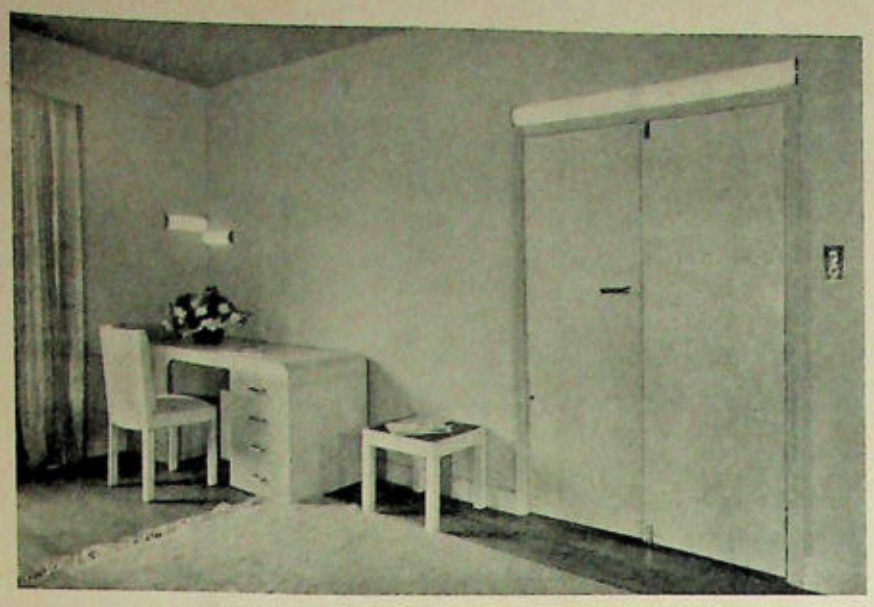
Gloucestershire have risen from tenth to seventh place and have altogether been as entertaining a team as any. For one thing Hammond, who could do little right in the Test matches, has seldom failed his county and thus leads the county averages with a total of 2,020 for 20 innings (four not out), giving him an average of 126. Barnett has also scored over 2,000 runs, and B. H. Lyon, Sinfield, Dacre and B. O. Allen have all scored over a thousand runs. The cricket of Essex has been a little disappointing after their fine form last season, and they have as a consequence dropped from fourth to eighth place; but it is pleasant to hear that their decision to play their matches on various grounds throughout the county, as Kent do, has been very successful.

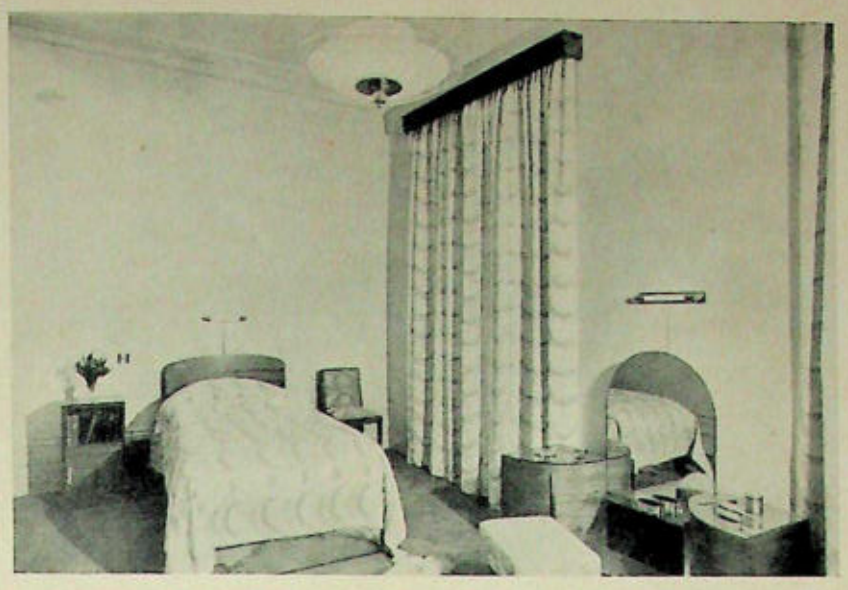
Notts, Middlesex and Surrey again figure in the lower half of the table. Some years ago a scheme was put forward for splitting the Championship into two leagues, with promotion and relegation as in the football leagues, but the proposal came to nought, because it was pointed out that the relegation of such counties as Notts, Middlesex or Surrey to the second division would prove anything but satisfactory or attractive to spectators. It is at least one of the advantages of the present system that counties who fall into the lower half of the table do not lose their status and continue to meet their old rivals. The present system of scoring points—15 for a win outright, 5 for first innings lead in an unfinished match, with 3 for the opponents—has now been in use for two seasons and has, I think, proved the most satisfactory of the many systems tried. This year, as last year, the team with the most victories has won the Championship and the positions of the other counties are in accordance with the number of victories gained, with one exception, Warwickshire, with ten wins, coming above Kent, Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, who have each won twelve matches.

It cannot be said that the season has shown us much new talent or vast improvement among younger players. One big exception is Smith, the Wiltshire professional, who was qualified for Middlesex this year; his fast bowling and big hitting suggest that a new personality has arisen at a time when personalities are becoming more and more scarce. At the moment of writing Smith has taken over 160 wickets. It is pleasant to see J. C. Clay, of Glamorgan, taking a hundred wickets for the first time—a triumph for spin bowling. Almost from season to season the trend of bowling changes. This season the fashion has been to get back to speed, and four of the first seven bowlers in the averages at the moment are fast bowlers—or at least bowlers who in these days are called fast. But how many may be considered real fast bowlers? I regard Larwood, in his old form, as the only great fast bowler of recent years, though G. O. Allen might have become one if he had been able to play more regularly. F. I. W.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL PLACINGS

	P.	W.	L.	1st inns. W.	1st inns. L.	No Rst.	Pts. Pos.	Pts. Obtd.	Percentage.
Lancashire	30	13	3	10	4	0	450	257	57.11
Sussex	30	12	2	7	8	1	450	243	54.00
Derbyshire	28	12	6	6	3	1	420	223	53.09
Warwickshire	24	10	4	4	4	2	360	190	52.77
Kent	30	12	7	6	5	0	450	225	50.00
Yorkshire	30	12	7	5	4	2	450	225	50.00
Gloucestershire	30	12	10	2	4	2	450	210	46.66
Essex	28	9	4	5	9	1	420	191	45.47
Nottinghamshire	28	8	7	7	6	0	420	173	41.19
Middlesex	28	8	9	7	2	2	420	169	40.23
Surrey	26	6	8	9	3	0	390	144	36.92
Leicestershire	24	6	9	3	6	0	360	123	34.16
Glamorgan	24	3	8	5	5	3	360	97	26.94
Hampshire	28	3	11	8	5	1	420	104	24.76
Somerset	24	3	10	0	11	0	360	78	21.66
Worcestershire	28	3	12	3	9	1	420	91	21.66
Northamptonshire	24	2	17	3	2	0	360	51	14.16





LEFT: A CORNER OF A LIVING-ROOM DESIGNED BY J. DUNCAN MILLER, SHOWING A METHOD OF LIGHTING FREE FROM ALL GLARE. RIGHT: THE MODERN BEDROOM, SHOWING UP-TO-DATE LIGHTING TREATMENT

The Country House

REVOLUTIONISING ELECTRIC LIGHTING

The Modern Tendency in Illumination

THE theory of light is being completely revolutionised. For years we have stumbled along on the old candle pattern. We have measured light by candlepower. Fixtures have been designed by old traditions. When electricity came in with all its new power and significance it was ignominiously settled on the walls and in the chandelier, and on the reading table in vehicles designed for the modest candle.

We could not read easily by candle. It was inadequate and so were its forms. But we copied them conscientiously. It took an enormous number of candles to light a room. So the fixtures were large, intricate and stalagmited.

Candlelight is dangerous and sets things on fire. No candle fixture could be put near curtains, behind things or under things. Candles had to be isolated—that is one reason why the chandelier was hung from the ceiling., When the electric light bulb appeared the old elaborate fixture remained. It was hung in the same place. The candle had no glare. The new bulb had. We welcomed its power with shouts ; then we hid it beneath ruffled silks.

The modernist destroys all this. He forgets the candle. He takes electricity as a material which can be manœuvred like raw silk. He mixes it. He works with it. He gets material which will reflect and diffuse and multiply its efficiency. He hides the light so that there is no glare. He puts it where it will be most useful—not necessarily in the middle of the ceiling. He realises that the general lighting needed for walking about a room is one thing ; the light needed to read by is another, and the light in which people may carry on a pleasant conversation still another. He calculates lighting intensity and areas with mathematical certainty.

At the touch of a button you can have light not only when you want it but precisely where you want it, in pints, quarts or gallons ! But it seems, in buying light, few people had been brave enough to ask the basic question, *will it provide adequate light ?* The question usually put is, will this go with my Queen Anne furniture ?

Some experts have discovered that light is a substance which can be bought by the yard, in colours, in intensities, bottled up and made to do unbelievable things organised and controlled and used in exciting and exquisite ways. They will undoubtedly revolutionise all our lighting systems. You may comment that light is not like eggs, to be bought at the market. Strangely enough, it is. Shopping for light reveals a number of things. That there are new fixtures that shed light both upward and downward. That "indirect" light is the fashion because it causes less glare. The indirect principle is now carried out in reading and urn lamps as well as wall brackets and chandeliers.

A room with indirect lighting, exclusively, has its censors. Indirect lighting makes no shadows. Mankind likes variety and contrast, so a combination effect is sometimes preferred.

Light is both indirect and reflected, so that it gains in intensity and so that its areas can be definitely determined. The new long, tubular bulb makes possible a new type of fixture for over the bed and dressing tables, and bathroom lighting. Certain new materials in combination with light are more useful and more beautiful than others.

Architectural lighting is something to conjure with. In cove or cornice lighting bulbs of whatever strength desired are hidden in coves or troughs below the cornice of a room. Sometimes reflectors are used, or on occasion the plaster of the cornice and walls are sufficiently clear and luminous to diffuse the light from the bulbs concealed there so that a gentle illumination is cast over the entire room. What is more, the direction of the light thus shed is controlled. A soft light can be thrown down the walls, or up on the ceiling.

Spot lighting is no longer confined to the theatre. Objects can be faintly or heavily illuminated by merely pressing a button for the one preferred. The sources of this lighting can be concealed as well as obvious.

The great interest in light is no longer directed towards dressed-up globes. Attention has swung from the fixture to the effect. Lighting fixtures are not considered solely as objets d'art or atrocities but as media of expression. The point is, you are buying light, in colour, in shades, in quantities, and in "light" fashions. In the matter of bulbs—they can be shopped for like anything else. They can be bought in watts from three to fifty thousand. Now tubular lights can be bought. The newest one is 34in. and is 100 watts. The average bulb used in the new urn lighting is from 200 to 300 watts. Nearly all bulbs are frosted because this gives better light.

One famous lighting expert uses light as an artist uses pigments. He paints with light in a way that seems like sheer magic. There are no stray beams in his lighting calculations. Much of his lighting arrives through secret sources. He directs illumination to a canvas not in the usual way—but so carefully that even the true colours and full intention of the artist are brought out. Light is thrown on a statue knowingly to make it beautiful—not just to have it seen. The fine leather bindings of books are made rich and precious by carefully directed light—not just illuminated so that the titles can be read.

Rarely can the spotlight which makes this possible be found ; it can never be seen. It tucks itself into a cornice or a moulding so that there is no trace of it to the uninitiated eye. By these methods a bridge table can be lighted so that there is perfect illumination with no glare and no hint of the light streams. Vitrines are lighted so that the objects in them cast no shadows.

G. BERNARD HUGHES.

A FINE EFFECT FROM CONCEALED LIGHTING IN A WELL-DESIGNED BEDROOM

THE NEW COOKING

Using Stored Heat

THE sportsman may be a good judge of game, but the jury sits round his dinner table! The reputation of a hostess depends not upon what goes into the kitchen, but upon what comes out of it. The kitchen, therefore, is the most important room in the house—and there is, rightly enough, a growing interest in the kitchen at the present time. Kitchen design has been improved out of all knowledge. Florid wallpapers, sombre cavernous cupboards and dust-collecting shelves have given way to bright walls, clean tiles and enamelled, glass-doored cabinets. Modern cooking appliances, too, contribute towards cleanliness and labour-saving. But the most wonderful advance of science provides a new cooking method that possesses all the up-to-date advantages with the certainty of better cooking and amazingly low cost of upkeep.

LUSTRE PENDANT LIGHTING ON A STAIRCASE AT SHERFIELD MANOR, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs Drake and Gorham, who installed the electric lighting system)

Heat storage cookery has been adopted in thousands of homes with instant and conspicuous success. It is a method as unlike many cooking ranges in common use as a modern ejector gun is unlike a flint-lock fowling piece. The new cooking is based on the principle of heat accumulation as opposed to direct heat. The latter method depends upon the exposure of food directly or indirectly to flame. Crude cooking in early days, by some form of spit before the fire, was amplified by the introduction of ovens. The next step in the history of cooking in Europe was provided by the iron coal burning range, that is the direct ancestor of most cooking appliances of the present day which work on the same principle of direct heat.

Heat storage also had its counterparts in ancient times, and science has searched further for the secret of good cooking than the kitchens of the last century in Europe. Primitive peoples made fires in holes scooped in the earth—then removed their fires, inserted the food, and covered it with moss or leaves until cooked. Explorers have commented on the superior flavour of food cooked in this way by tribes they have visited. This is a form of cooking by conserved heat, of which the old brick bee-hive oven is another example. Many housewives discovered during the Great War the economy and ease of cooking by means of the haybox, which is an elementary form of heat storage.

The latest heat storage cooker completes the history of cooking, and provides the modern kitchen with its most up-to-date equipment. These cookers are devised first of all to extract from their fuel the very utmost amount of heat without wastage, and then to store that heat for use in cooking. They are heavily insulated to ensure that heat does not escape without being used. They provide efficient hot plate accommodation, and have ovens maintained at different cooking temperatures.

Food is never in contact with "flame" at any point in these new cookers. All the heat is indirect, and is led in measured amounts to the heated parts. There are no fumes whatever, and the ovens are ventilated.

Pure, healthy cooking is always ensured. In cooking meat, game, etc., it is vitally important that the food should be "sealed" by equable heat in the oven, free from any products of combustion or undue dryness. This conserves the essential juices and flavours of the food, and explains the enthusiasm of chefs and cooks for heat storage cookery. It is said that no one who has not tasted roast beef cooked in one of these cookers knows what it is like.

Another secret of really good cooking, in addition to a pure cooking atmosphere, is regulated heat. A good example is contained in the Esse Cooker, which provides constant temperatures which can be automatically controlled by a thermostat. Every woman will appreciate at once the value of ovens that can always be relied upon to give exactly the same steady heat for every cooking requirement. There is no waiting for an oven to get hot, and no uncertainty about correct temperature.

Equipment for the perfect cooking of every dish, however, is not the only benefit given by the new cooking. Heat storage provides astounding economy in fuel—a quarter's normal expenditure will cover a year with a heat storage cooker! The fuel generally used is anthracite, which is smokeless, slow burning and has very little ash. And heat storage cookers remain alight continuously—no fires to light in the mornings. They are always ready for instant use, and require practically no attention. There is no dust or dirt in the kitchen, and these cookers are astonishingly easy to operate and to keep clean. Their efficient design and clean enamel finishes make them very attractive in any home. They entirely obviate the dirt and inconvenience of the old black-leaded range.

Heat storage is a very practical contribution to the science and art of cooking. In these days when as many human ills are traceable to wrongly prepared food a new method of cooking that provides the utmost purity is bound to create interest.

REGINALD G. CARTER.

Italian National Parks.—We have received from the Italian State Tourist Department copies of two brochures recently published dealing with the two National Parks of Abruzzo and the Gran Paradiso. Both of these give valuable information to tourists and are fully illustrated. Copies will be posted by the Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W. 1, gratis to *Field* readers, on application.

HOUSE LIGHTING COSTS

Private Plant Economy

THAT competition makes for increased efficiency has proved true in the electrical industry. Despite what amounts to a State subsidy for the grid system the makers of the private plant have more than kept ahead of the competition.

The application of the Diesel principle to the small type of engine has produced a prime mover which, whilst competing with the petrol or paraffin engine in first cost, has made it possible to generate electricity on quite small private installations at a cost of one penny per unit, a figure with which few supply companies in rural districts are able to compete.

Recent improvements which have been made in the so-called automatic generating plants have effected a substantial saving in the first cost of a generating set for any given output, and it is frequently found that it is cheaper to put down a modern generating set than to connect to the public mains, with the added advantages of reliability, lower cost of current and, a very important fact, the money spent on the private plant is an investment, as the plant remains the purchaser's property, whereas the mains, although paid for by the consumer, remain the property of the supply company and cannot be removed or sold when the house is vacated.

THE ROOM ILLUSTRATED BELOW SHOWS THE SUBDUED EFFECT OF LIGHTING BY ELECTRIC HAND LAMPS—A MELLOW ILLUMINATION FOR FIRESIDE READING

Humphrey and Vera Joel

All the advantages offered by a public supply can be obtained with a private plant, as extra generating units can be added as the demand grows. Thus a plant put down primarily for lighting can be extended to provide current for cooking, water heating, domestic labour-saving appliances, water supply and farm machinery; whilst, owing to the automatic features of the plant, the cost of labour to keep it in working order is negligible.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of the wiring of buildings for light and power. Efforts are being made by the registration of electrical contractors and the issue of regulations to protect the public against the consequences of faulty and inefficient work, but up to the present registration is not compulsory, with the result that a considerable amount of highly dangerous work is being done by irresponsible contractors who cater for the class of customer who is influenced only by price and has no knowledge of the risks he is taking.

The danger of electric shock, though non-existant where a low voltage direct current is obtained from a private plant, is very real when the supply is taken from the public mains at 230 volts alternating current. Few users seem to appreciate that such a shock can easily prove fatal.

Such a danger, however, does not exist in a properly planned installation carried out by a responsible firm of electrical engineers bound by their registration to take the necessary precautions to render the installation absolutely safe under all conditions.

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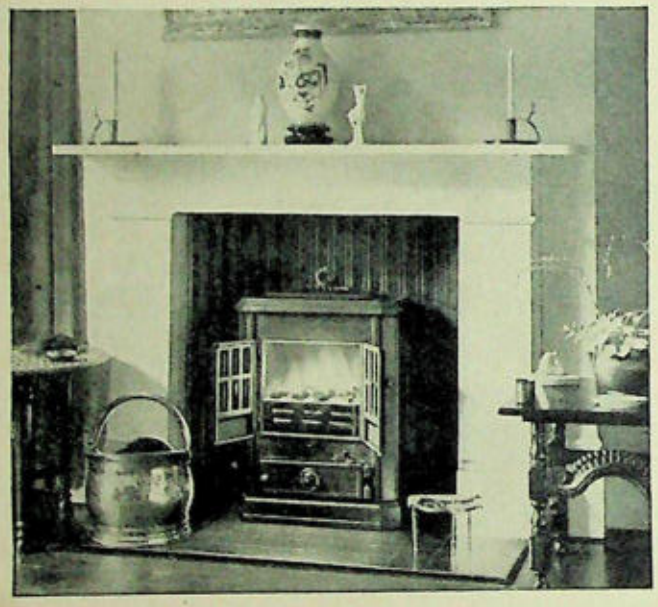

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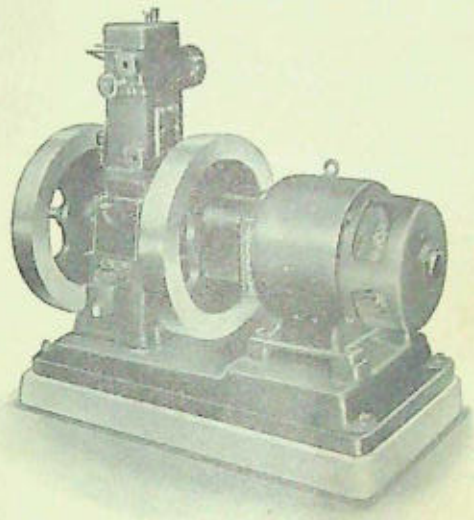

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AROMATIC HERBS

Welcome Fragrance for the Autumn Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AROMATIC herbs afford most people more pleasure in late summer and early autumn than in spring. Partly because these scents are at their best now, and partly because their bracing fragrance is naturally more appreciated at this time of year than in spring and early summer, when the sweetest scented flowers are in bloom.

The most curiously scented of the aromatic herbs is surely rue (*Ruta graveolens*). The scent of its leaves is indeed unique and bears no resemblance to the scent of any other leaves. It seems strange that this humble shrub is not more commonly grown, for the blue-green of its evergreen foliage is attractive at all seasons and the variegated kind is one of the most decorative small shrubs in spring. Rue likes a light soil and if lime is lacking the plants soon assume a lanky appearance. It should be pruned fairly hard in April to keep a bushy appearance. Full sun is essential. Rue is very easily increased by cuttings taken at this season and struck in the open in very sandy soil.

Rue, is occasionally, though very rarely, found growing wild and these plants are probably garden escapes. The scent of wild rue is intensely strong. Few herbs were formerly credited with so many virtues, for rue was used to clear the eyesight, as a preventive against plague, (for this purpose sprigs of rue were formerly included in the judge's bouquets at assizes) to ward off witches' spells, and yet supposed to be used by witches in their decoctions, to sprinkle holy water (hence Shakespeare's name —Herb of Grace), and it was one of the ingredients in the celebrated Vinegar of the Four Thieves. Rue is one of the few herbs mentioned by Milton. Adam's sight, according to Milton, was purged by the angel with "Euphrasy and Rue."

Santolina chamæcyparissus (lavender cotton) and the less fragrant vividly coloured *S. viridis* are both commonly grown. The former has been a garden plant in these islands for centuries and formerly was valued for its medicinal properties. *S. viridis* was only introduced in the eighteenth century. It is almost an arsenic green and well worth growing as an edging, but it is not very hardy. The most charming of the southernwoods, *Artemisia abrotanum*, once such a favourite in cottage gardens, has several pretty popular names —lad's love, old man, and Appleringie. I think the last mentioned name must refer to the suggestion of the scent of the rind of a sweet apple, which is so noticeable in the fragrance of southernwood An old French name for this plant was *garde robe* for it was commonly used to keep moths out of clothes. It is seldom grown nowadays, yet few plants have leaves with such a sweet yet aromatic fragrance.

If southernwood is left unpruned it grows lanky and the lower branches become bare. It needs severe pruning in spring, cutting every branch down to within one inch of its base. This herb needs full sun and does best on a dry soil. I think it associates delightfully with bergamot, particularly the scarlet bergamot, for the soft green foliage of southernwood makes a perfect foil for the tier upon tier of the scarlet flowers of bergamot and the plants grow about the same height. Further, the southernwood affords the bergamot some shade at the roots. Bergamot does well in full sun on cool, moist soils, but on dry, warm soils this herb needs at least part shade.

Bergamot is certainly the most delightful herb introduced from America. It is immortalised in *Daddy Darwin's Dovecote*.

Hyssop is rarely grown nowadays and though it makes an admirable low clipped hedge, I prefer seeing it growing in its natural untidy fashion. The type has blue flowers, but there are red and white-flowered varieties. In flower it has a pleasant old-fashioned appearance.

Balm (*Melissa officinalis*) was formerly a favourite for the delicious lemon scent of its foliage. It grows like a weed in almost any soil and though the flowers are inconspicuous the soft green of the foliage always looks delightfully cool. Balm water is one of the most delicious herbal drinks, for it has a slight lemon taste. Formerly beehives were rubbed with this herb and its botanical name indicates that it is a bee flower.

Two of the least commonly grown herbs are lovage and Sweet Cicely. Why they are not grown in every garden is a mystery to me, for, apart from their pretty names, they are handsome plants and delightfully scented. Both attain quite four feet. The leaves of lovage are large and somewhat polished, with a scent suggestive of parsley and some sweet fruit. We use lovage leaves finely cut up in salads, and those who eat them for the first time usually comment on the curiously attractive taste. Sweet Cicely, which has huge fern-like leaves, has a sweet, delicate taste.

Rosemary is one of the few herbs in full beauty in early summer. In mild parts of these islands seeds are produced and it is well worth saving them for sweet bags. The seeds are larger than lavender "pips" and very aromatic. The sages are usually grown only in the kitchen garden, yet the purple-leaved sage is a decorative plant in flower. I wonder why this variety flowers so much more freely than the type? There are varieties with thin small leaves, one with blue flowers and the other with pink flowers. They look delightful associated with purple sage.

As for the marjorams they are, I think, amongst the most pleasingly scented of all the aromatic scents, especially our only native species. Sweet marjoram has to be treated as an annual in this country, and it is curious that it is now seldom grown in kitchen gardens for it is excellent for flavouring. Wild marjoram is rather bitter. Then there are the charming marjorams which can be grown only in mild parts—*Origanum dictamnus* (the "Dittany of Crete" once such a favourite amongst cottagers as a window-plant), *O. hybridum* and *O. pulchellum*, and the exquisitely scented *O. microphyllum*, which is probably Skelton's "marjoram gentle" in his poem to "Maistress Margary Wentworth."

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, September 22nd. 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.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do *not* send negatives.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

AT THE START OF THE R.A.C. TOURIST TROPHY RACE LAST SATURDAY, ON THE ARDS CIRCUIT, BELFAST
The cars in foreground are the Lagondas driven by J. S. Hindmarsh and John Cobb, and the Ford driven by W. Sullivan

MOTOR CARS AND ROAD SAFETY

A Factor Overlooked by the Minister of Transport

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

MUCH has been appearing in the columns of the daily press of late about Road Safety. We have been given statistics by the Ministry of Transport telling us how many accidents have taken place during a given period, and how these accidents have occurred, and which section of road users have been the greatest sufferers.

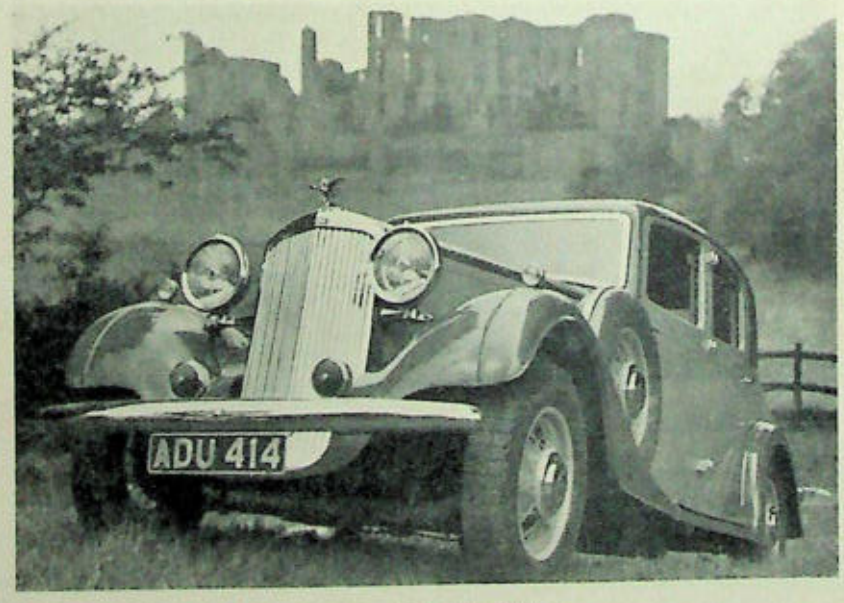
All this propaganda has been of great assistance since it impresses on the mind of the general public the necessity of displaying the utmost caution when using the highway in any capacity. I am, however, surprised that, with so much attention focused on road safety, one aspect of the problem should have been neglected. I allude to the safety, or otherwise, of vehicles using the road.

There are many cars on the road which, owing to their condition, are a source of considerable danger, not only to their occupants, but to all other users of the road. It is a common occurrence to see cars driven at high speeds with one or more of the wheels running considerably out of the true. Sometimes this wheel-wobble may be due to the car having been involved in a collision and the damage not having been rectified; sometimes because the wheel is loose on the hub, but more often it is caused through worn wheel bearings or bent axle shafts; or the wheel itself may be badly out of alignment.

Cars will be seen also with tyres so worn that the white canvas can plainly be seen. It is an all too common sight, also, to see a car well down on one side, which means that the road springs have been damaged; probably one or more leaves are broken, which will be placing such a load on the others that a total breakage may occur at any moment. Sometimes I have seen cars snaking along the road, which means, in all probability, that the chassis frame or one of the axles is out of line.

In my opinion any motorist found driving a car which is suffering from some serious defect should be severely dealt with. It is useless to wait until an accident has occurred before taking action.

Particular attention should be paid to lorries: there are far too many still operating on our roads to-day that have seen war service and must be wearing out, with brakes entirely unsuitable to present-day conditions. And many of these vehicles are hopelessly overladen. The mobile police should be well able to cope with this situation, and if they do not possess sufficient mechanical knowledge to distinguish between a serviceable vehicle and one that has outlived its usefulness, they should receive extra training.



TRYING OUT A 1935 CAR
One of the latest Humber Snipe Sports Saloons being tested on hilly ground in front of Kenilworth Castle

Another side to this problem is, I believe, now receiving the attention of the Minister of Transport—I allude to new cars. At present there is nothing to stop a manufacturer from producing a car which may possibly be a potential danger in the hands of any driver other than an expert. The car may be equipped with a very powerful engine, and be fitted into a very light chassis, and in consequence be lacking in stability. Or a car may be placed on the market with brakes totally inadequate to its weight or speed. I have often handled cars which, when driven at maximum speed, give a performance that would be of a highly dangerous nature in the hands of an inexpert driver. I am firmly of the opinion that many bad accidents in the past may be laid to this cause.

A certain section of the public demands speedy vehicles of which the first cost and running expenses must be low, and unless legislation is brought in to deal with matters of this kind, I am afraid that there will be no real solution of the problem.

The Ministry of Transport might well follow the example of the Board of Trade, whose supervision of shipping is very thorough. Every shipowner has to comply with B.O.T. regulations, and I should imagine it must be a very rare occurrence for any British ship to leave port in an unseaworthy condition. Why cannot a similar organisation be brought into being to deal with motor cars?

Many new cars are placed on the market which, although possessing pleasing body lines, are dangerous owing to the lack of vision caused through their low roofs and windscreens. I remember driving a car where visibility was cut down to such a bare minimum that going up hills constituted a positive danger, both to myself and to everything else on the road.

There are many cars on the road to-day with the near-side mudguards fitted with an upright bar at the end of which is a ball. The object of this is to enable the driver to gauge the extreme width of his car, since owing to his low seating position and to the height of his bonnet, he is unable to see his near-side mudguard.

To the inexperienced driver low vision presents considerable difficulty, and must be the reason for so much of the curb shyness we hear about to-day. Unless some device of the nature just described has been fitted to his car the novice has no means of gauging his exact position on the road, and although, after a while, his judgment will be sufficient, at first he will certainly need some guide to the width of his car.

Then, again, I would recommend

that all controls be fitted in a uniform position, by which I mean the accelerator should be either situated once and for all between the brake and clutch pedals or placed on the extreme left of the former. Take a number of our leading cars of to-day, and you will find that in some cases this pedal is in one position and sometimes in the other. I can sympathise with the nervous driver who, having learnt to drive on one make of car, acquires another with these controls reversed, and is completely bewildered. A certain number of accidents have been traced to this cause in the past, and it seems quite likely that many others have occurred.

TOURIST TROPHY THRILLS

The New Bentley Wins Its Spurs

BREATHLESS with excitement, a crowd estimated at 250,000 watched the desperate closing stages of the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race at Belfast last Saturday. A duel between two of the finest English drivers, on two of the finest English sports cars, held them enthralled for a full hour. The Hon. Brian Lewis's red 4½-litre Lagonda and E. R. Hall's green 3½-litre Bentley raced "all out," at times literally wheel to wheel, round the tortuous, difficult Ards road-circuit—13⅝ miles of hills and corners.

Hall should have won. His car ran magnificently from start to finish, and at the end of the race the Bentley engine was as clean and free from oil stains as if it had just left the Rolls-Royce works at Derby. But the Huddersfield owner-driver relied too much on an amateur pit-staff, and lost more than 60 precious seconds through slow wheel-changing. He only lost the race by the narrow margin of 17sec.!

For five hours Hall had been the leader of the race, except for a period when C. J. P. Dodson (the eventual winner) passed into first place during the first of the Bentley's 2½min. pit-stops. Then, as he passed the pits, Hall was suddenly overtaken by Brian Lewis, who had caught up on him during his second pit-stop. The big Lagonda seemed, in the closing stages of the race, to have a higher all-out speed than the Bentley, but there is little doubt that the latter was faster accelerating away from the corners. Twice Hall recovered the lead, only to lose it again on a "fast" part of the course.

Hall had changed tyres twice during the race, but Lewis had only made one change. So just when the Lagonda seemed the probable winner of the race, its driver was ordered into the pits for a new set of tyres, as the white "breaker strip" (the danger signal) was already showing in his second set.

This left Hall to deal with Dodson, driving an M.G. Magnette. The small-car driver, who had handled his car with consummate skill, aided by faultless pit-work, put on speed. He snatched every advantage he could, even taking to the footpath occasionally to overtake slower cars. Although Hall again and again broke the large-car class-record for the course, and made up nearly 30sec. on the last lap, he rounded the last bend before the grand stand just in time to see Dodson, a quarter-of-a-mile ahead, being given the winner's flag.

Austin Cars for 1935. Sir Malcolm Campbell, in his article under this title in the *Field* of August 25th, states: "There is a slight increase in the price of the famous Sixteen." We are informed that no increase has actually been made, all prices remaining the same with the exception of the Sevens, which have been reduced. The reference to prices ranging "from £710 to £100" is also a little misleading, since the price of the car illustrated (the Mayfair Limousine) is £650. £710 is the price of the largest Austin Twenty Ambulance.

HALF-A-MILLION MILES BY AIRSHIP

The Graf Zeppelin's Unique Record and Its Lesson

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

WHEN the Graf Zeppelin completed her third round trip of the season between Germany and South America on July 3rd, she had brought her total number of flying miles up to 500,000. This is a record unique in air history; indeed, the whole story of the Graf Zeppelin is something to which there is no parallel.

The regularity and reliability of this famous airship, which is now out of date in many details, have become so commonplace that her movements are no longer prominently recorded in the public press. For this reason her magnificent achievements are often overlooked, particularly in this country where interest in the airship programme ended, to all intents and purposes, with the disaster that befell the R101.

Nevertheless, for something like six years the Graf Zeppelin has proved conclusively the immense possibilities of airship travel. She has been operating for three seasons on a regular service between Germany and South America, has crossed the North Atlantic several times, and has made a round-the-world trip. In the course of the half-million miles she has now completed, she has met with no serious mishap whatsoever, and has flown through every conceivable type of weather. In view of her extraordinary success under all manner of conditions, there should be none prepared to contest the practicability of the airship for long distance air travel.

When comparing the record of this ship with our own airship experience, it is sometimes asserted that the Graf Zeppelin has been specially favoured with good fortune, but the regular service she has maintained rules out any reasonable doubt of her absolute efficiency. It has to be admitted, of course, that Dr. Eckener, and his officers and crew, have a wealth of airship experience not possessed by any others; this only proves, however, that the success of airship operation depends upon continued practical knowledge and upon a constant study under actual working conditions.

It is for this reason that Britain's policy of inactivity as regards airship development is to be very sincerely regretted, for it would be almost impossible to get an airship crew together in this country to-day. The personnel was available here not so many years ago; but it has very shortsightedly been allowed to disperse and with one exception possesses no up-to-date experience.

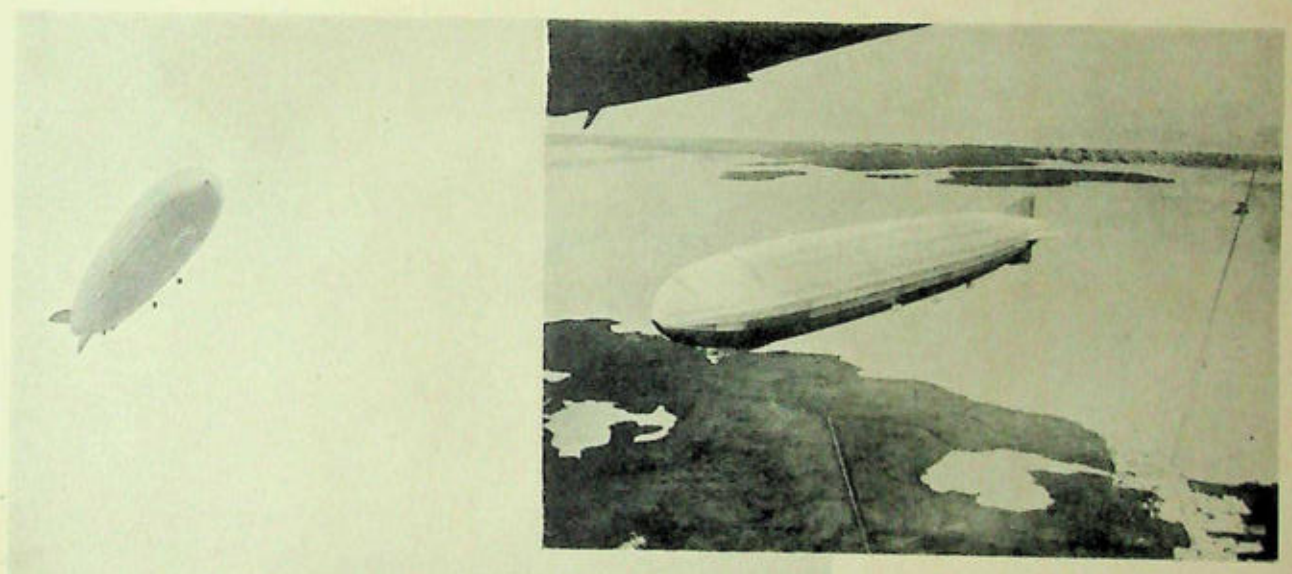
It is an interesting coincidence that the Graf Zeppelin's completion of half-a-million miles in the air should be announced at a time when various statements have appeared concerning the establishment of a Trans-Atlantic air service. These reports originated from American sources, and referred of course to other than lighter-than-air operation; but there is little, if any, reason to suppose that a heavier-than-air Trans-Atlantic service is much more practicable from a commercial standpoint to-day than it was five years ago. The fact is that the only means of obtaining a direct Trans-Atlantic air service under existing conditions is provided by the airship.

This has been stressed several times in these articles; it is so important that it cannot be referred to too often. Not only is the airship ideally suited to Trans-Oceanic flights, but it provides a degree of comfort and convenience for passengers which the aeroplane cannot yet offer. Although the most luxurious air liners of to-day are very similar to Pullman cars, the airship can, in addition, provide all the essential amenities of the ocean-going steamer. On the Zeppelin L.Z. 129, now nearing completion, passengers will even be allowed to smoke.

All the evidence points to the need for a thorough and penetrating investigation of the part the airship could play in promoting inter-imperial communications. In the past few years great progress has been made in extending airways to South Africa and to Singapore; in the very near future, the eastern airway will be extended to Australia. But so far as air links are concerned, Canada remains isolated from the rest of the British Empire because of the problem presented by the Atlantic. That problem can be solved effectively by the establishment of an airship service.

Both the German and the American Zeppelin companies have amassed a wealth of data that would enable any progressive air operator to conduct airship services that would provide both reliability, speed, and safety. Germany knows the value of the airship; the United States are progressing and Russia is showing an increasing interest in lighter-than-air craft as a means of bridging vast distances within the frontiers of the U.S.S.R.

None of these countries have the same interest in long-distance overseas communications as the British Empire; and in view of the magnificent record of the Graf Zeppelin, it is high time that this country revived with enthusiasm the one means of air travel that is capable to-day of competing with luxury liners on the long sea routes of the world.



"THE GRAF ZEPPELIN HAS PROVED . . . THE IMMENSE POSSIBILITIES OF AIRSHIP TRAVEL"

Passing over St. Paul's during her visit to London in 1930, and (inset) crossing the Hudson River on departure from the United States

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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YACHTSMEN SMUGGLERS

NOW that this year's cruising season has practically drawn to a close, one gathers that there has been infinitely less petty smuggling in yachts than has obtained during the past, or at least less that has been discovered. There should be none at all. Smuggling of even the mildest description in a yacht is a particularly mean and petty form of vice, and one which is calculated to do grievous harm to a vast number of reputable and law-abiding cruiser owners. To the young there is a temptation when "arriving" from foreign to withhold a bottle or two of Bisquit Dubouché from His Majesty's officers of Customs and Excise, but fortunately there are only a very few yachtsmen who succumb to it. It is like travelling first with a third-class ticket. Perhaps even this simile is inadequate, as many misguided people consider smuggling fair game.

What the yacht-smuggler appears to forget is that as a yacht-owner he is a much privileged person as far as the activities of H.M. Customs are concerned, and that to take advantage of such privilege is only to encourage the Customs authorities to impose the same rigours of examination upon a yacht as they impose upon other classes of vessels. Admittedly the privileges are by no means so extensive as they used to be, but for that the honest majority have to thank the detected smugglers. It may even seem that they exist only in name, but if anyone has ever seen the Customs at work on the detailed rummage of a ship, to which exemptions are not accorded, he will agree that much indeed is conceded to the yacht-owner and that it is very much in the interests of the yachting community as a whole to see that nothing is done which may injure their status. This continued smuggling from yachts will do harm, for not only will the miscreants themselves suffer, but the whole community as well. How long the patience of the head Customs authorities will endure one cannot say, but it is significant in itself to notice that these days Customs officers seem to appear to be much more careful in their questionings than heretofore. Can it be that this is but a hint that unless matters improve the valuable privileges at present enjoyed will be withdrawn?

It matters nothing to H.M. Customs whether this happens: they do not stand to benefit or to lose. On the other hand the cruising yachtsman stands to lose very much, and it is absolutely "up to" him and his energy to see that such a misfortune does not come to pass. The remedy lies in the hands of the flag officers and committees of management of prominent clubs. There is no reason why a smuggler convicted should be tolerated for a moment longer as member of any reputable yacht club, as a conviction for a corresponding petty meanness ashore would entail his prompt removal from the register of any reputable shore club. It would go very far towards the solution of the smuggling problem if the same penalty prevailed throughout yachting circles, and if all clubs agreed to bar anyone convicted of smuggling. Convicted "criminals" could have their pleasure vessels, but no club and no burgee. Action of this kind would have a salutary effect in checking smuggling in yachts and be appreciated by the Customs authorities. They would see that they had the full support of all yachtsmen in their unenviable task and there would be no inclination to restrict the privileges accorded to them.

BOAT DRILL

"NONSENSE" and "Quite unnecessary" are remarks sometimes heard when boat drill takes place on a cruising liner and "old hands" with a superior complex consider it beneath their dignity to parade at their stations with lifebelts. The recent disaster to the Morro Castle renders it unnecessary to emphasise the need for rigorous measures to make passengers comply with regulations in practice drill. British cruising ships are usually so well guarded that it is difficult to imagine a fire getting hold of one except for some very extraordinary circumstances. Recent lessons of fire at sea, incendiary or accidental, have been taken to heart. Cabin passages are patrolled at night, stewards have to keep their cabins under constant inspection, and, on a well-disciplined ship, festivities on board have a time limit when lights are turned out. In port the cabin portholes are closed so that nothing of an inflammable nature can find its way into the ship, and gangways are supervised by keen-eyed officials to see who comes on and goes off. The passengers themselves are the main danger in throwing lighted matches and cigarettes to windward, and a captain who can keep his passengers under discipline as well as his crew is to be commended, even if at the expense of social qualities.

RUMOUR AND THE AMERICA'S CUP

The great day of trial for the America's Cup is with us—and it behoves us to review the situation calmly. "Inside information" on both sides pours into the ears of a ready and waiting public—accustomed to weigh up "stable news" and act upon it. Long odds are being laid—first upon the Challenger and then on the Defender. Rumour, too, spreads fast—and nearly always lies—for we hear of differences in detail between the ships widely canvassed by "the man who knows." People hear of Genoa and quadrilateral jibs and parachute spinnakers and Park Avenue booms, of undisclosed secrets in the shape of gadgets which range from a complete meteorological station down to a patent split pin: doors are taken off one yacht, the other has a mysterious sail-room—and so it all goes on.

If it is not exactly "much ado about nothing" it is very nearly so. What, after all, must be the naked truth? Two racing yachts have been built, each to precisely the same ruling and scantling tables; each has been designed by a master of the art of designing; each has been built by master craftsmen. The published dimensions of the two ships reveal little significant difference: the rules for the present races have levelled up what hitherto has perhaps been rather an uneven struggle.

THE DECIDING FACTOR

Let us then face the fact that two yachts will race to-day under terms which should mathematically result in dead-heating: two "best" ships racing under level conditions. What then can separate them at the finishing line?—only their handling by their owner-helmsmen and the working of the ships by their crews. In Mr. Sopwith a first-class helmsman handles the Challenger: in Rainbow a similar first-class helmsman is in charge. There is left, therefore, only the actual working of the ship, the crew's share in the task of victory—one which has proved the stumbling block of a Challenger before this. Rainbow has a "crowd" of sturdy Norsemen, a professional fore-deck crew, highly skilled and trained to team work like the perfect gun's crew: Endeavour has a crew which is mostly made up of practical amateur yachtsmen—men just as skilled, just as quick and just as keen as the Norsemen. These amateurs have sailed their own craft under similar racing conditions, their whole training has been to think for themselves, to know what to do and to do it, but they have not been as long on the present job as have their rivals. When all is said and done there is perhaps much in the argument that this series of America's Cup races will be decided by the crews of the two yachts. It will be naked competition between an amateur fore-deck crew and a professional fore-deck crew; competition in the time each crew requires to shift canvas or jump to its work. That, in all probability, will be the deciding factor, and it is one which every amateur yachtsman in the country will watch with the deepest interest.

PETERSEN'S PROMISE

While Gains is a prime favourite with the British boxing public it is good to see Jack Petersen as British Empire Heavy-weight Champion as well as British Champion. Petersen's victory has put him on the path to a promising heavy-weight career, for in Gains he had an adversary who had experience and ringcraft besides being able to deliver a good punch. Our champion seems likely to justify Dempsey's interest in him.

LOCUSTS

Sir John Chancellor, on Tuesday, took the chair at the Third International Locust Conference, for the sessions of which London has been chosen as the meeting-place. The conference is appropriately summoned and named. Locusts have become and are recognised to-day to be a subject for international action. Italy, France and England are equally concerned in the examination of their natural history and the means of controlling the destruction which they have caused to crops since the days of the Plagues of Egypt. It seems now to be established that there are three separate species—the Desert, the Tropical Migratory and the Red, which to-day are the plagues of Africa, and the first step necessary is to discover their homes and breeding-grounds. With the help of native evidence this should surely not long remain a difficulty. If we can discover the place and the story of the reproduction of these creatures in the countless swarms which threaten agriculture in Africa, science will quickly find the proper means of extermination.

HORSES AND SUNSTROKE

Horses are heir to many ills, and many hundreds of books have been written as to their prevention and cure, but so far as records go there seems to be no record of horses suffering from sunstroke. Yet a case was reported recently of a brood mare which comes under this heading. The mare was grazing in a paddock when suddenly she was seen to fall, but got up within a few moments and then wandered about in a haphazard manner. The veterinary diagnosis was sunstroke, and it seems to be correct, but it would be interesting to know if there have been similar cases in other countries, for there certainly seems to be no corresponding example in England.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account in a popular illustrated daily paper of an eagle seen in Wales: "His attention was attracted by a shrieking noise, and when he looked over a wall into a field he saw an eagle with a plover between its fangs. It flew away with its prey."

SCHOOLBOY RUGBY PLAYERS

Rugby football is a game for youth, but the introduction of schoolboys into first-class Rugby surely calls for very great discretion. Last Saturday Northampton included in their team against Headingley a seventeen-years-old schoolboy at scrum-half back. He did well, but was injured in the course of the game so that he had to be taken to hospital. No doubt this was due to bad luck as much as anything, but the fact is that the very strenuous character of modern Rugby must put a most severe strain on the physique of so young a player. At that age the body is not matured sufficiently to exchange buffettings with men several years older and more than one young player has suffered harm from the experience. Two years ago Wales played in her international team a player who was still at school, W. Wooller, and it is perhaps no mere coincidence that his play last season was nothing like as good as in the previous winter. The South Africans tackle the matter of young players much more sensibly, with a system of grading which ensures that they develop steadily along with players of similar age. It would be far better for clubs to retard the progress of young players for a season or two rather than bring them into first-class Rugby too soon.

A LESSON IN GOLF

Carrying his fifty-seven years lightly the Hon. Michael Scott last week won yet another championship. At Burnham, Somerset, he recorded his fourth victory in the West of England amateur championship—an event which usually attracts quite a representative entry. In the final he defeated the redoubtable Cyril Tolley by the very adequate margin of 4 and 3, and by so doing overcame not only the handicap of age but also that of lack of length. For long enough Tolley's name has been synonymous with terrific hitting, and many are the notable achievements this famous golfer has achieved with his driver. Perhaps, because he is nineteen years older, Michael Scott paid not the slightest heed to Tolley's gigantic drives but contrived successfully—as he always does—to find the middle of the fairway with his shots with wonderful regularity. Tolley's length availed him not for the simple reason that he was seldom on the proper line. On any good course mere length is not everything, accuracy is what counts. Thus by the same scheme that enabled him to triumph at Hoylake in 1933, so Scott repeated his victory last week. He is the "Peter Pan" of modern golf, a shrewd tactician, and an example to all young players.

OFF TO MELBOURNE

To-day the victor at Burnham sets out for Australia as Captain of a British team of four golfers who should give a good account of themselves "Down Under" and who will be present at the Melbourne centenary celebrations. If we may judge by his recent performances Michael Scott will return to Australia as good a player as when he left it. As far back as 1904 he was Open Champion of Australia. He won that title again in 1907 and captured the amateur "crown" in 1905, 1907, 1909 and 1910.

The visiting team are under the management of Henry Cullen, and with them is Britain's leading amateur, Jack McLean, who has given up a promised American trip to make this journey. What is America's loss is Australia's gain, for his golf should act as a stimulant to all the young players in the latter country. T. A. Bourn and L. G. Garnett complete a representative team of amateurs. It is only a pity that representatives of professional golf could not have gone as well.

AUTUMN SERENADE

Anthologies cannot hold all that their compilers wish, and possibly some question of copyright may have excluded Lord de Tabley from *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Else what writer, as a poet and a naturalist, has a stronger claim to be included among makers of English verse? To take, for example, only two stanzas of his *Autumn Serenade*:

"When plovers tremble up to cloud,
And starling legions whirl apace;
And redwing nations restless loud
Are over every fallow's face;
And barren branches like a shroud
Blacken the sunway's interspace.

"The winds, all summer idly dead,
Give prelude to their winter tune.
Grey hoarfrost hears them, from his bed
Lays out white hands, and wakens soon.
He laughs as soughing elm-trees shed
Old homes of breeding rooks in June."

Full Cry in the Olden Days. From the painting by W. Webb

HUNTING'S HEAVY BUDGET

Organisation which is Needed to Reduce Expense

By WILLIAM FAWCETT

ONE cannot compare the age of 1834 with that of 1934, for the latter epoch has marked a completely new era in the life of the nation, but it should be noted by those who foretell the doom of foxhunting that just 100 years ago the great "Nimrod" prophesied that the end had come with the introduction of the railway. And in our own time similar statements have been made regarding the presence of the motor car in the hunting field, though those who decry its presence are apt to forget that the motor car can be the best covert hack in the world, and that the horse box and hound van allow both hunters and hounds to get back to stable and kennel in a more reasonable time than they did before its introduction. The motor car has in fact done much to assist the cause of foxhunting by allowing many to see hounds who previously had no opportunity to do so.

Hunts in the future may be affected by the needs of local housing and road services, but as those needs are mainly local and not national it will mean that there will have to be an amalgamation of hunting interests in various districts. Probably in years to come many packs round the metropolis and some of the large manufacturing towns will have to be turned into drag hunts for various reasons. Hunting a drag may be very good fun, but one cannot quite call it a sport, in the sense that foxhunting is, for hounds do not try for a wild animal in its own natural habitat.

Artificial as drag hunting may be, it is certainly cheaper than foxhunting proper. There are fewer horses to keep, less hounds in kennel, moderate compensation, and above all no poultry claims.

If hunting is ever to die it is the question of finance that will kill it. Here and there may still be found one or two of the great houses whose revenues are perhaps independent of agricultural rents, who still maintain the family pack in the manner and style of their forefathers, but the present generation will see an end of this custom owing to death duties and crushing taxation. Hunting is becoming a pursuit of the wealthy. It has always been a democratic sport, but as no pack can exist without a substantial income in these days the sportsman of moderate means may find hunting out of the question, especially as the lowest subscription to a first-class pack for the season is generally within the region of £25 per day, or so per horse. In the shires of course it is a great deal more; for example the Fernie's subscription rate is £45 for one day a week, £75 for two, and £125 for man, wife and family. Then caps range from £1 10s. to £3 with many packs, so if the sportsman of moderate means hires a hunter for a day's hunting at £2 2s. to £3 3s. per day his expenses will be somewhere in the region of £5 or £6, a fairly heavy outlay for a day that may be blank or scentless!

The reason for all this is that the expenses of hunting a country at the present time are enormous. I believe it costs—and this a moderate computation—somewhere in the region of £35 to clothe a hunt servant before he even gets on to a horse, while the amounts paid out for damage done and for poultry losses constitute heavy items indeed. Two annual reports of hunts near London lie before me, one in the North, the other in the South. They provide food for thought. The pack which hunts south of the Thames last season spent no less than £696 5s. 9d. on poultry claims alone, while the northern pack paid £723 5s. 11d., figures which give one the impression that there must have been many dozens of prize poultry killed by rapacious foxes and that the good old "half crown" hen has passed into abeyance!

And damage? Here the figures once more are surprising. Here one hunt spent over £400 in taking down and replacing wire, making fences good, and repairing bridges and hunt gates. The last named is a very necessary portion of hunt expenditure but there is more damage done at the present day than probably ever before, when the farming world is suffering severely from the effects of the depression. A season or so back I had a personal experience of this. Having been late for the meet I found that hounds had found at their first draw and gone away directly. In a somewhat fruitless endeavour to catch them up I passed through the country which had been ridden over, and in some ways—with broken hedges, gates left open, and poles pulled out—it resembled a battlefield.

No wonder the damage bill is a heavy one! It could be considerably reduced if riders took more care, and also if two or three people were appointed as a sub-committee to ride behind the field every day and note the damage done, shut the gates, turn back stock and agree to a sum with the farmers over whose land the hunt has been over as to the amount of harm committed. The hunt might even purchase their own stock of poles and wattles and hurdles and send men the next morning to repair the gaps and holes made on the previous day, instead of waiting for the farmer to claim compensation from the secretary.

These things could be done with a little management, and it might be a tentative suggestion to take a voluntary "cap" from the motorists who follow the progress of the hunt. These are ever-increasing, and few would refuse to contribute a nominal sum—say 5/- or so—towards the day's sport. A little tact would assist greatly in swelling the hunt's finances, for many a good sportsman or woman hunts from a motor car or on foot, and should be potential subscribers however small. It is certain that many hunts which attract motorists will have to appoint a field master of motor cars, as the Fernie's did last season, a system which worked well.

As regards the question of poultry claims, these could surely be reduced if the ladies of the hunt were to form a committee of their own and investigate the claims thoroughly. I say this because the poultry on a farm are usually in nine cases out of ten the perquisite of the farmer's wife, and no one can talk to women like women.

It is quite certain that hunts cannot go on paying out these large sums for the payment of various claims, and yet I think that hunting is such an integral part of English country life that only a little local enthusiasm is needed to overcome these heavy financial liabilities in democratic days when foxhunting derives so much strength from farm and cottage.

A BATTLE OF SAILS AND SCIENCE

Our Fifteenth Challenge for the America's Cup

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

TO-DAY Endeavour meets Rainbow for the fifteenth contest for the America's Cup, and it is 83 years since the cup was won by the schooner America, when taking part in a race round the Isle of Wight for a cup given by the Royal Yacht Squadron. In 1857 the cup was presented to the New York Yacht Club, as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign nations, but the first challenge for the America's Cup was not received by the Americans until November, 1869, and during the ensuing 62 years fourteen challenging yachts have been defeated—Cambria, Livonia, Countess of Dufferin, Atalanta, Genesta, Galatea, Thistle, Valkyrie II, Valkyrie III, Shamrock, Shamrock II, Shamrock III, Shamrock IV and Shamrock V.

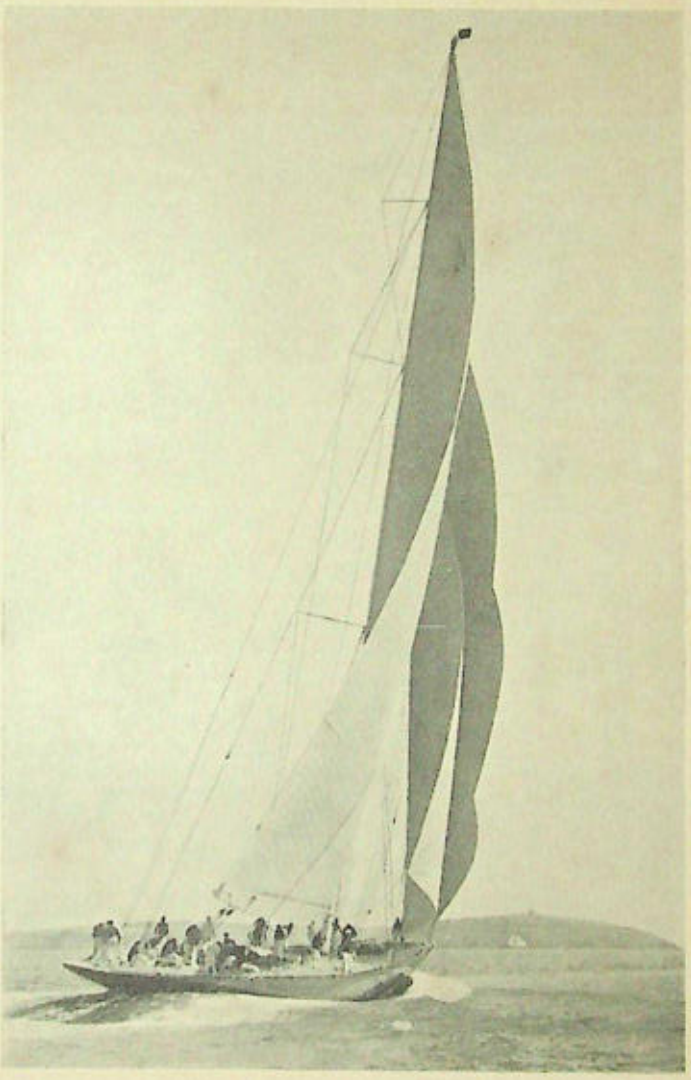
The present challenge by the Royal Yacht Squadron, with Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's Nicholson-designed Endeavour, is probably the most popular one with American yachtsmen which has ever been received. Mr. Sopwith's personality is one which makes a special appeal to American sportsmen. His keen interest in yacht racing, and his appreciation of its finer points, naturally tend to bring him into close touch with the men against whom he is about to renew the old contest, while his frank and generous disposition cannot fail to win friends among the wide circle of yachtsmen with whom he will come in contact.

Since his arrival in America he has been given every possible assistance in the refitting of Endeavour, so that no time has been lost in carrying out the necessary work prior to her final tuning up. Endeavour has been given the great privilege, accorded to no former challenger, of being hauled up in the famous Herreshoff yard—an act of courtesy which all British yachtsmen will fully appreciate.

During the time she has been in American waters Endeavour has been given the great advantage, accorded to no previous challenger, of having racing craft of her own size to sail against. The capabilities of Vanitie and Weetamoe on all points of sailing are so well known that their help during the challenger's tuning-up process must have been of the greatest service to Mr. Sopwith. In these informal trials Endeavour appears to have acquitted herself well, especially in windward work, but too much stress should never be placed on the results obtained under the conditions which are bound to prevail. The "trial horses" are probably sailing in their best-known trim all the time, while, on the vessel which is being prepared for the big event many experiments may be in course of being tried out.

Everywhere one goes one hears the question asked, "What are Endeavour's chances of winning the cup?" As often as not the query comes from, and is made to, someone who is not even remotely connected with yachting affairs. The answers given are often full of assurance, but in many cases are obviously based upon imagination or upon prejudice.

One particular view that I have heard stated is to the effect that the challenger will not be allowed to win! There can be no greater mistake than this. American yachtsmen are scrupulously fair in their management of international contests, as anyone who has taken the trouble to follow the course of events in Valkyrie and Shamrock challenge races, or the matches for the British-American cups can testify. Those actually taking part in the contests, naturally and quite rightly, take full advantage of the rules—both of measurement and sailing—as they are laid down by the International Authorities, and if they fail to do so they are apt to lose legitimate advantages, and have no one to blame save themselves.

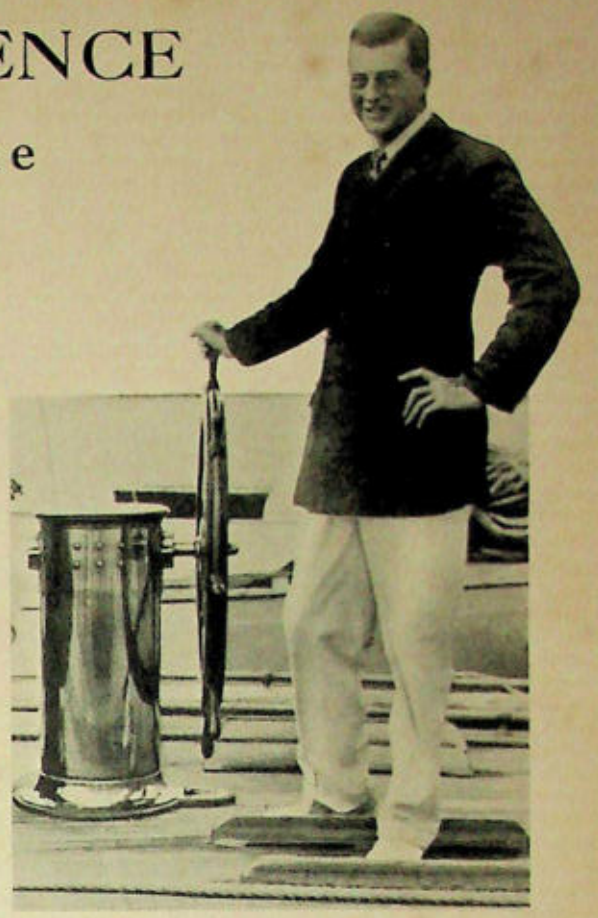


OUR HOPE FOR THE CUP

Endeavour in beautiful trim. The set and sheet leads of her "quadrilateral" jib is of particular interest

MR. W. STARLING BURGESS

The designer of Rainbow, who can always be counted upon to provide novel features in his boats



MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT AT THE WHEEL OF ENTERPRISE. THIS HAS BEEN FITTED TO RAINBOW

In 1930 it will be remembered that a boom of a very unusual type was fitted to the cup defender, Enterprise, and that there was a question of its being within the rules to use it. After careful investigation it was shown that there was nothing in its shape or construction which was contrary either to the spirit or the letter of the regulations governing the cup matches, and no objection could be raised against its use. The same ruling would, naturally, have been given in regard to the use of winches below decks had any protest been made against them. In 1930 they were absolutely within the rules, just as they are—now that the rules have been changed—illegal to-day.

Too much weight should not be placed on the criticisms which have been made on the method of fitting the winch which controls Rainbow's Genoa jib. The New York Yacht Club may safely be trusted to see that the regulations relating to winches and also to cabin accommodation are carried out in the spirit and the letter.

When Starling Burgess designed Rainbow he had to conform to certain alterations to the rules which had been adopted since the last cup races. Briefly, the changes are: (1) The method of taking the yacht's length for rating purposes, which now tends to produce less lean ends; (2) the fixing of a minimum weight, height of centre of gravity, and diameter of mast; (3) The requirement for complete cabins, living quarters, and equipment—it being stipulated that the internal fittings of both challenger and defender must have the equivalent weight of 14,000lb.—any deficit in actually weighed parts to be made up by lead fixed well above the cabin deck.

It was obvious from this that a bigger vessel than Enterprise was called for, as a yacht of only 80ft. on the load water line could not be expected either to carry, effectively, the increased weight in the mast, or to sacrifice enough weight from her lead keel to make up for the required cabin accommodation. In deciding the size of hull of Rainbow, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Vanderbilt followed the same line of argument as they did in the case of Enterprise. They went in for a relatively small vessel and settled on an 82ft. load water line—or 2ft. more than that of Enterprise. That is to say, they agreed to make the new yacht about 9½ tons heavier to meet the requirements of, say, the 6¼ tons extra weight required for cabin accommodation, and possibly also for some slight increase in weight of hull.

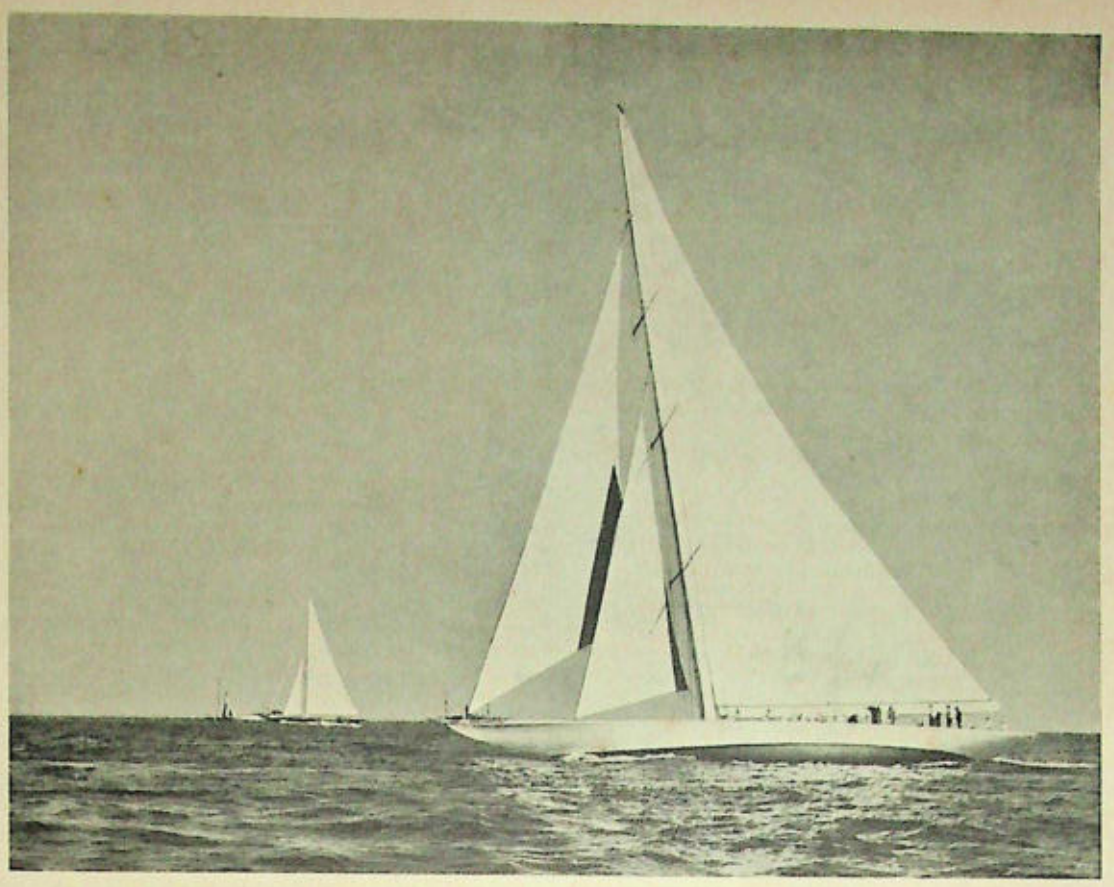
The new vessel was therefore given an over-all length of 126.3ft., or about 5ft. 4in. more than Enterprise; an 82ft. water line; an extreme breadth of 20.9ft. (or about 1ft. 2in. less than the last defender); and a draught of 15ft., or about an extra 6in. As I have already stated, the actual hull design was a product of experimental tank development, and in this connection it is interesting to note that models with the old type of bows, when towed vertically, could not be improved upon, but that the model with the bows developed by tank experiment showed greatly reduced resistance when heeled. An important feature of Rainbows' rig is the great care that has been taken to obtain a leading edge to the headsails which is as nearly as possible a straight line. To this end a duralumin mast of streamline section, having great strength as a strut, has been fitted. It is a curious fact that while Endeavour has been fitted with a "Burgess"

boom, Mr. Vanderbilt has adopted a flexible boom of the type introduced by Charles Nicholson.

Weetamoe's alterations this season consisted mainly of a modification to her rig, and the lowering of her lead keel at the fore end to provide the necessary stability required by the more effective two headsails which were fitted in place of the more conventional staysail, jib and jib topsail. Her mast, too, is a duplicate of that fitted to Rainbow. The alteration to her keel gave the yacht an unpleasing under-water profile which, I think, must have had something to do with her marked want of success in her trials against Yankee and Rainbow.

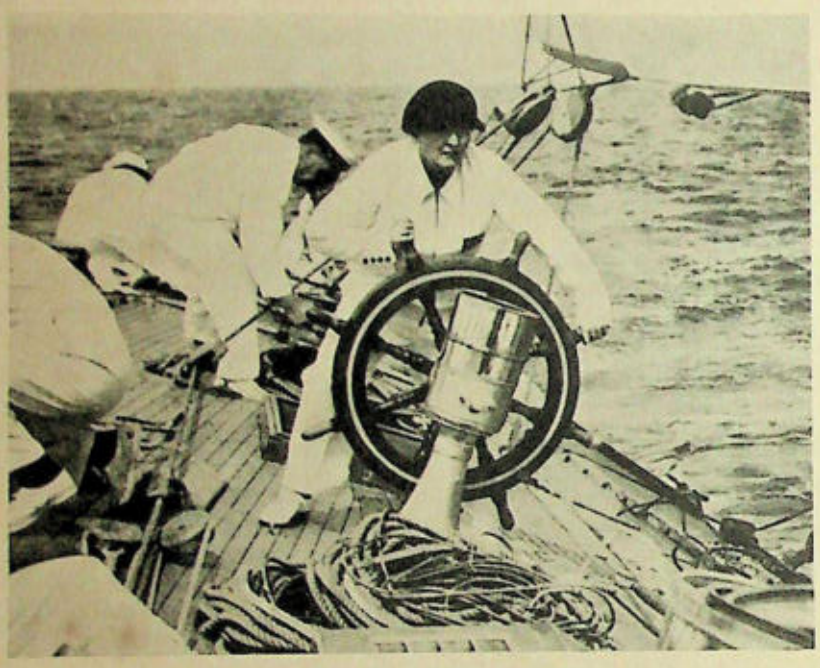
Yankee was also given the two-headsail rig and so brought into line with the other two American yachts and the challenger, and, in conjunction with the fining of her forward sections, her alterations brought her practically to an equality with the New York Yacht Club's Syndicate vessel. So nearly so, in fact, that in the opinion of many yachtsmen she should have been given further trials.

Endeavour is slightly larger than Rainbow, being nearly 130ft. in length over all, with a water-line length of 83ft.; a beam of 22ft.; and a draught of 15ft. Her displacement is 143 tons, and her sail area is practically the same as that of the defender about 7,550 sq. ft. Her "afterguard" consists of her owner, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, Mrs. Sopwith, Mr. Charles Nicholson and Mr. Gerald Penny. The amateur members of her crew are: Mr. James Bacon (Rear-Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club), Messrs. C. Boardman, N. Warrington Smyth, J. F. R. Mitchell, L. G. Martin, R. de Quincey, D. Drew, E. Moltzer, Colin Ratsey, M. Bellville, Beecher-Moore, R. C. Droop, Allan Bacon, Frank J. Murdoch and Dr. Norman Richards—all members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club.



RAINBOW CLOSE-HAULED AND HEELING TO STARBOARD

Tank experiments on her model showed much less resistance to the water when heeling than that given by the old type of bows



THE FIRST LADY TO SAIL IN AN AMERICA'S CUP RACE

Mrs. Sopwith, Endeavour's timekeeper, taking a turn at the wheel

It is no easy matter to make any accurate prediction as to Endeavour's chances, but she may prove to be relatively at her best in from moderate to strong breezes. Her trials since she has been in American waters appear to have been distinctly promising.

FLAG ETIQUETTE

Ensigns and Burgees Flown Anywhere

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

ONE of the points of interest which never fails to attract one's attention on a return from a cruise "foreign" is the treatment which some yachtsmen mete out to their vessel's suit of colours in our own home waters. Ensigns and burgees bob up and down in conformity with an owner's whims, they remain flying during the dark hours in harbour, and even under way there seems a piteous lack of uniformity in the position from which the national colours are flown.

All this is so particularly noticeable in comparison with the punctilious regard which foreign yachtsmen have for their national flag etiquette and procedure. There was a time when the excuse for flag procedure blunders was that there was no official ruling or standard manual on the subject. Nowadays, such an excuse cannot hold water: the Squadron has issued a pamphlet to its members, other prominent clubs have also drawn their members' attention to the matter, and there is a definite text-book "reviewed and accepted as correct" by the Admiralty, which is the last word on the subject.

Turning first to the Ensign problem. Here one has a national flag—"proper national colours"—and as such it *should* be treated with some ceremony. To leave it flying after sundown on some stations, and particularly on certain colonial stations, is a heinous crime. In harbour there is little confusion as to where it has to be flown—but at sea, chaos!

It has been laid down quite clearly by authorities that its proper position, in a power vessel, is at a taffrail ensign staff, and when under sail at the peak of the after fore-and-aft sail (or, with a Bermudan sail two-thirds of the way up the leach). There is nothing complicated in this, and yet how many yawls and ketches—yawls particularly—does one see with their ensign at the mizzenmast head. There can be no excuse for this. It may be a more convenient position, but at the same time it is the wrong one. Contentious critics of flag procedure argue that in the Macpherson collection of prints there are definite examples of yawls and ketches wearing their ensigns at the mizzenmast head. Possibly there were such examples in the first part of the nineteenth century just as there are to-day—but we happen to live in the first half of the twentieth century, when another position has been decreed, and until that decree is revoked any argument is superfluous.

One used to be told that the Thames Estuary was a haunt of flag-procedure breakers. Perhaps in one or two anchorages it still is, but the Solent area is now as bad, and one has to go to the Clyde to find that almost general observance of correct flag procedure, which should be a yachtman's pride.

Surely it is an easy matter to toe the line now that the line has been clearly and officially drawn and give the respect they deserve to the ensign as a national flag and the burgee as a club distinguishing emblem. As I write there are, standing across the Solent towards Southampton Water, five yachts in sight, all with "ensign trouble." One, a cutter under sail, has the ensign at a taffrail staff; another Bermudan cutter has it at the masthead (presumably in quest of Customs clearance); a motor cruiser is wearing it at the port main-yardarm; and two yawls have theirs at the mizzenmast head.

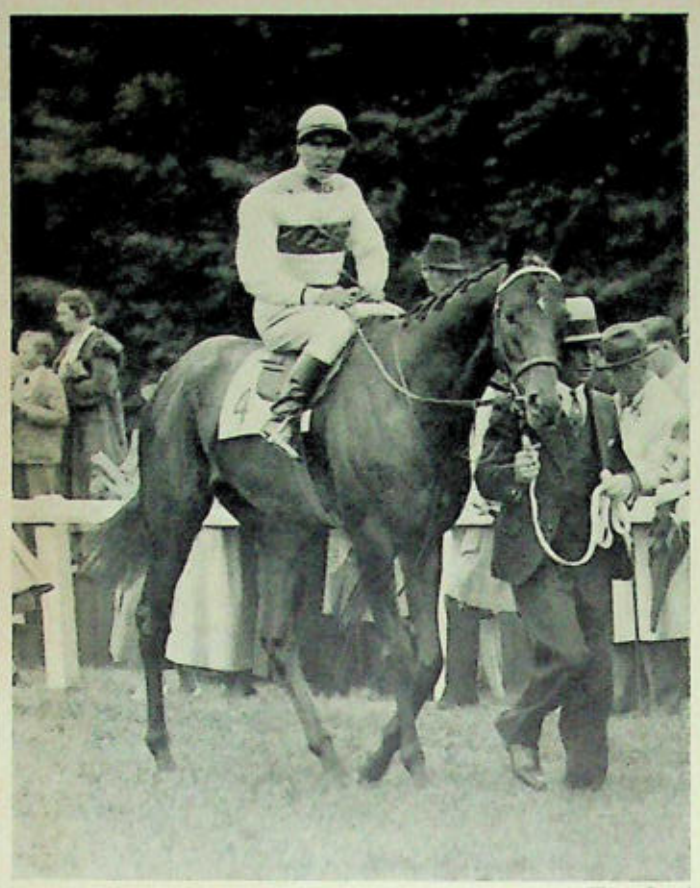
Clubs could do much to help matters if they would, and without mincing words, draw the attention of their members to the regulations.

BENDING SAILS ON RAINBOW'S STREAMLINED MAST

This after view shows the oval shape of the Duralumin mast and the substantial track-way

A PROBLEM FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB

Should Produce Races Be Encouraged?



W. A. Rouch

TO RACE IN AMERICA

Admiral Drake (Craig an Eran—Plucky Liège), which will compete in the Santa Anita Handicap at Los Angeles in February. S. Donoghue will ride the winner of the French Grand Prix

IT is understood that the Jockey Club and other racing executives have under consideration the advisability of discontinuing the produce races which have been a feature of their programmes in the past. The criticism has been advanced that these races are no longer in accordance with modern racing requirements. Invariably they close a long time before the date of running, and there is always the danger that they will peter out into most uninteresting affairs. In most cases the fields are diminutive, and it sometimes happens that one horse will completely dominate the situation.

In this way one of these produce stakes may become a thorough fiasco so far as the public is concerned, and it is not to be wondered at that the wisdom of going on with them is being questioned. The cry is for progress in present-day racing affairs, and it has been suggested that the events to which we refer are not only out of date but are liable to become a serious blot on the programmes which include them. Undoubtedly this point of view has the sympathy of a large number of racegoers, but the question, like all others in which racing reforms are the issue, has two sides to it.

The continuance of the produce races is supported by the majority of the leading breeders, who it is perfectly certain would view their disappearance with a good deal of regret. "You will find," a leading trainer remarked a few days ago, "that these stakes are won by the men who put most money into racing, and it would be a material matter for them if they were to be deprived of the chance of winning produce stakes with horses of their own breeding." And so it is clear that racecourse executives have the public to consider on the one hand and the breeders on the other. It is not an easy problem for them to solve.

Already the Prince of Wales's Stakes has disappeared from the programme of the Goodwood meeting, and it is stated that a change in the conditions of the Ham Stakes and the Gratwicke Stakes is now contemplated.

The nursery season is in full swing, and Doncaster week has brought its usual crop of important two-year-olds handicaps. Compilers of weights are not to be envied their task in the opening month of these races, in which their most careful work is frequently discounted by the pronounced improvement of two-year-olds which had previously shown no form in public. Already this season several nurseries have been won by youngsters that has not been in the first five or six in any other race, and, what is more, they have been well supported.

Among the most impressive winners of the opening week of the nursery campaign was Berebos, who showed that the handicapper had by no means over-estimated her merits when carrying 9st. to an easy victory at Derby. Conspicuous for her white face and one long white stocking behind, this chesnut has been well endowed with speed by Beresford and is so well bred on the maternal side that she will be a valuable mare when her racing activities are over. In the meantime she is doing good service in a lean year for Beckhampton two-year-olds.

Incidentally, this stable will be fortunate in again having first claim on the services of G. Richards next year. The leading jockey might have secured a bigger retaining fee elsewhere. It is known, for example, that the Aga Khan offered him £7,000, plus 10 per cent. of the value of stakes won by him in his colours, and the fact that Richards has decided to remain at Beckhampton may be taken as a pleasant sign that all in racing is not mercenary.

In other directions there is to be a certain amount of shuffling round among the jockeys. T. Weston will no longer hold his usual retainer from the Stanley House stable, though so capable a rider is not likely to want for plenty of patronage when serving as a free-lance, especially at the handy weight at which he rides. Coming soon after the announcement of the approaching termination of his contract with Lord Derby it was particularly pleasant for Weston to ride three winners off the reel on the opening day of the Manchester meeting. A coincidence is that two of those winners hailed from the Worksop Manor Stud, which can claim an excellent percentage of winners each season.

Racla, whose son by Diomedes won the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate, is a Clarissimus mare, and this example of her produce is of great credit to her. The other Worksop Manor winner was Polette, for whose success in the Palatine Nursery we had been prepared by reason of the prominent show she made in the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot. This Salmon-Trout filly is out of the Pommern mare Polite, whose other winners have included Nash Light.

Nobody will be sorry to see the huge entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire trimmed down as a result of the two forfeit stages which each race is allotted. In both cases the issue is complicated by the presence of a number of French horses whose merits are difficult of assessment, and the chances are that our neighbours across the Channel will produce a formidable competitor for each race. At present they are wondering whether it will be possible to prevent the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, one of the most coveted stakes of the French racing year, from passing to an English trained horse.

Felicitation, who received the compliment of being set to carry no less than 9st. 12lb. in the Cesarewitch, has the Longchamp race as his chief objective this autumn, and he seems reasonably certain of winning it if he runs up to his remarkable Ascot form.

W. A. Rouch

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP WINNER FOR FRANCE

Felicitation (Colorado—Felicity) which is to compete in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, one of the most coveted stakes of the French racing year

AT THE HOMESTALL STUD

Cameronian as a Sire

FOR many years the Homestall Stud, which lies in a wooded valley of lovely Sussex, has been noted as one of the nurseries of the thoroughbred race. For several years Abbot's Trace occupied the stallion box there, and upon this good horse the late Lord Dewar pinned his faith of breeding a classic winner. That honour, by his sudden death, was denied him, but it fell to his nephew, Mr. J. A. Dewar, to lead in a Derby winner in Cameronian. And now the son of Pharos and Una Cameron (by Gainsborough) fulfils stallion duties at this well-equipped stud.

Winner of over £31,287 in stakes, Cameronian was a good and genuine horse in training, and now has lost that rather feminine appearance he presented on the racecourse. He has grown, too, fully an inch I should say, and now stands 16 hands, with a well-ribbed up body piece and good shoulders. He has any amount of length from hip to hock, allied to a strong second thigh which in itself betokens galloping. A game and sensible head proves him courageous, and it may be added that Cameronian is of a quiet and tractable disposition—no small recommendation in itself about any stallion. I regard the Derby winner of 1931 as one of the most promising sires of the present day.

Also standing at Homestall is The Recorder, a bright chesnut son of Captain Cuttle and Lady Juror, made on massive lines and standing quite 16.3 hands. In many respects he reminds me of his sire, but he is longer in the back, and not quite so strong over the loins.

Time did not permit to view all the mares and foals, but I saw such distinguished matrons as Lady Juror, Jurisdiction, Hasty Love, and Tiffin's dam Dawn Wind, and their foals are all full of promise. My impression was that some may prove to be classic winners in the "white and tartan" jacket. W. F.

A YORKSHIRE OUTSIDER WINS AT MANCHESTER

Leonard (Golden Myth—Nilghai) which won the Prince Edward Handicap for Capt. C. F. Elsey, the Malton trainer

A YOUNG KITTIWAKE SAFELY ON THE WING

CONGESTED NESTING ON THE CLIFFS

How the Young Kittiwake Learns to Fly

By R. M. LOCKLEY

OF all our British gulls, the kittiwake is the least known. It rarely flies inland. Unless you know the coast where its breeding grounds are, or travel by sea, you may never see this oceanic bird. To voyagers the sight of a flock of kittiwakes, ceaselessly, effortlessly, silently following the ship day after day, often many hundreds of miles from the nearest land, compels wonder and admiration. It is a quiet, inoffensive bird, picking a living from the surface fry of the sea.

It will follow a ship for hundreds of miles. By this method it probably crosses the Atlantic regularly. Since the kittiwake nests on both sides of the Atlantic, it was for long considered impossible to prove such a crossing. Observers were not to know that the birds which followed the ship one day had not been replaced by others in the night. Now, thanks to the extensive use of leg rings, it is a proven fact since kittiwakes ringed as nestlings in the British Isles have been recovered in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Even at its breeding-grounds the kittiwake is scarcely better known. By what means, for instance, do the nests remain so firmly fixed upon the slippery, often sloping, ledges on which they are built? How long is the incubation period? Do both sexes incubate? Why does the kittiwake breed later than any other gull?

I can only write of what I have seen. When the kittiwake is building it treads small pieces of grass and seaweed down upon the chosen projection of rock, working with bill, feet and breast, and turning around in a half-circle, tail outwards. Most of the nests are so placed upon the spurs of overhanging cliff that this is the only latitude permissible—there is no room for tail and wing-tips against the rock. Nevertheless, the hand of man, with like materials, could not fashion a safer cup than that which the kittiwake, by easy stages, raises to prevent the eggs from rolling into the sea below.

In spite of the acute limitation of "standing room" the mated pair yet manage to rest together at the nest. Very intimate and charming they look, too, white breast pressed to white breast, green bill to green bill! Again and again the happy birds will break out into their beautiful breeding cry, their bodies vibrating, their bills wide open to display the deep orange-coloured mouth.

"Kitti-wa-ake! Kitti-wa-ake!"

Often one of the pair will drop off the ledge as if it could no longer resist the desire to spread its wings in sheer good spirits. But after flying to and fro beneath the ledge it will swiftly return to unite with its mate in another duet.

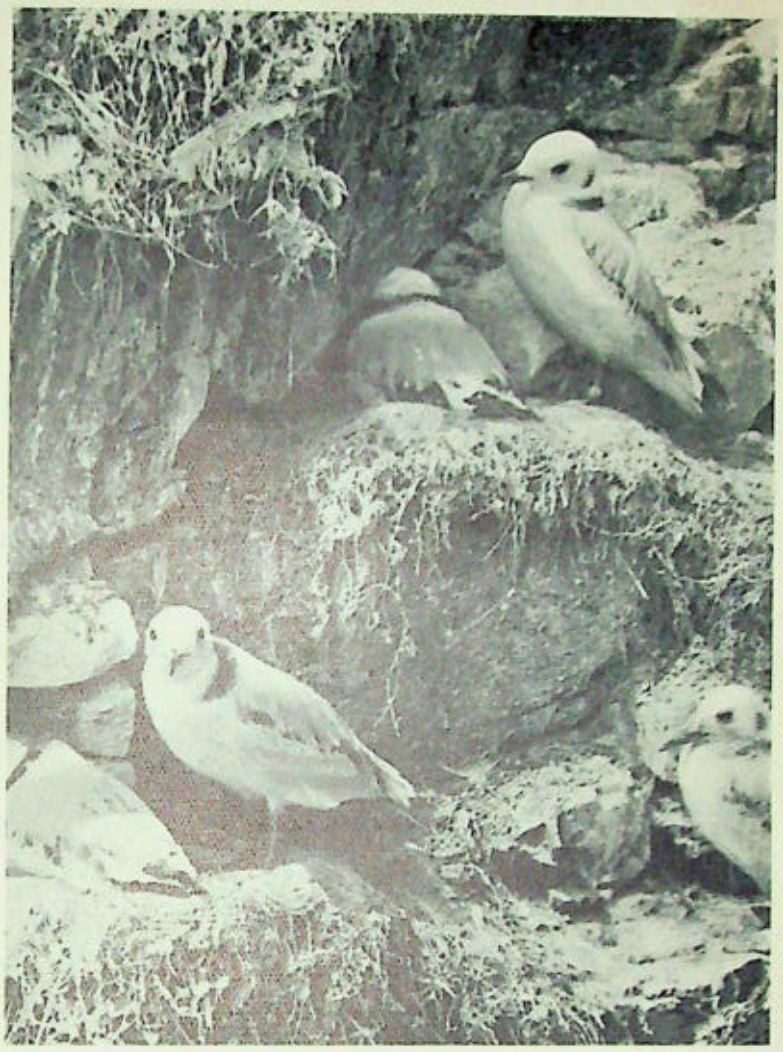
We have seen that two is a crowd at the nest. What happens when the young ones grow up? There are three, perhaps two, of them. The downy stage was not so difficult. The parents could stand over them and feed or proudly brood them. But now it has become a case of tails out, chests in, and no room to turn at all.

In order to feed them the adults must now (at most nests) cling to the side of the cliff and reach out over the backs of the hungry youngsters, who twist and stretch their heads backwards to receive the morsel from the parental throat.

Just before fledging time overcrowding is at its worst. The babies are as big as their parents. This is the stage when one of the three is in danger of being pushed overboard. I have found them drowned (or dead upon the rocks below), probably the youngest and weakest has been unable to retain its position at the last.

Here is a nice point. How does the young kittiwake first leave the nest?

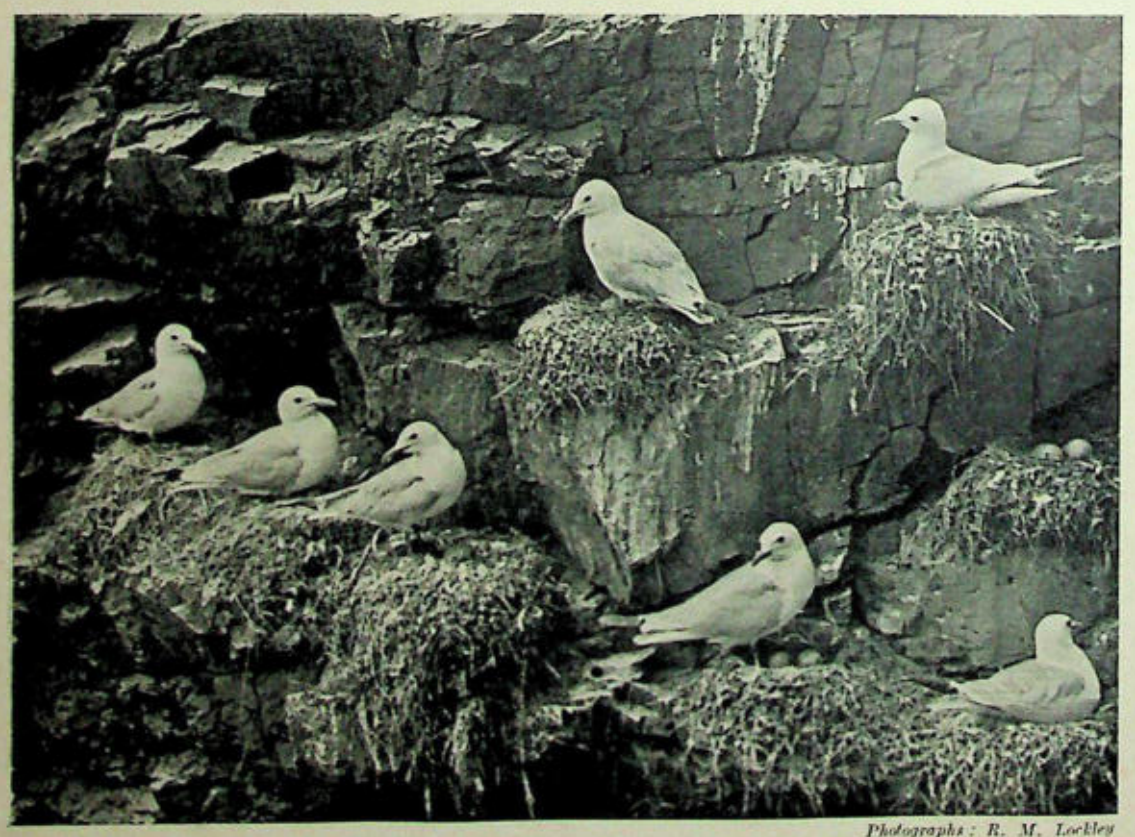
Other gulls leave the nest before they are weaned and exercise their legs by walking about and mingling with other chicks from neighbouring nests. They cannot fly until they are fully grown. In the presence of man they camouflage themselves



by "freezing" against rocks and vegetation, their mottled juvenile plumage harmonising perfectly with their environment. Obviously the young kittiwake cannot do this. A camouflage plumage is of no use to it. Its juvenile coat is, therefore, a striking blend of black and white, the wings darker than in the adult, the feet and bill black, while the other characteristics which distinguish it from its parents are the black collar at the back of its neck, the single black beauty spot beneath each ear and the handsome black tip to its forked tail.

By watching them day after day in August I found the answer. As soon as they had grown their wing-feathers, they began to exercise their wings, lifting them over the backs of their brothers and gently flapping them, often for many seconds at a time. One after another the pair or trio takes its turn at what soon becomes a daily, hourly rite. At last the eldest (they are hatched unevenly, incubation having commenced with the laying of the first egg) takes off by slipping out backwards and flapping off sideways, to the great relief of the others, who close up the gap at once. But, terrified by the experience, the adventurer scrambles awkwardly back on top of them, forcing himself into his place again. He has only sailed a few feet into the air, but that is enough! He nearly missed getting back to the others!

The watchful parents fly around with excited cries, as if to encourage the bold spirit, but nothing is going to induce him to try again—not yet! Not yet, but the next day his courage has returned. He tries again, slips off sideways, makes a small circle back to the nest, and finds it a wonderful experience, which does not really do him bodily harm after all. Confidence is coming. On the third day he is past the stages of circles. He makes figures-of-eight, bowlines and sheep's-shanks. His brothers follow him. The cliffs echo to the excited cries of the proud parents and their piebald young.



Photographs: R. M. Lockley

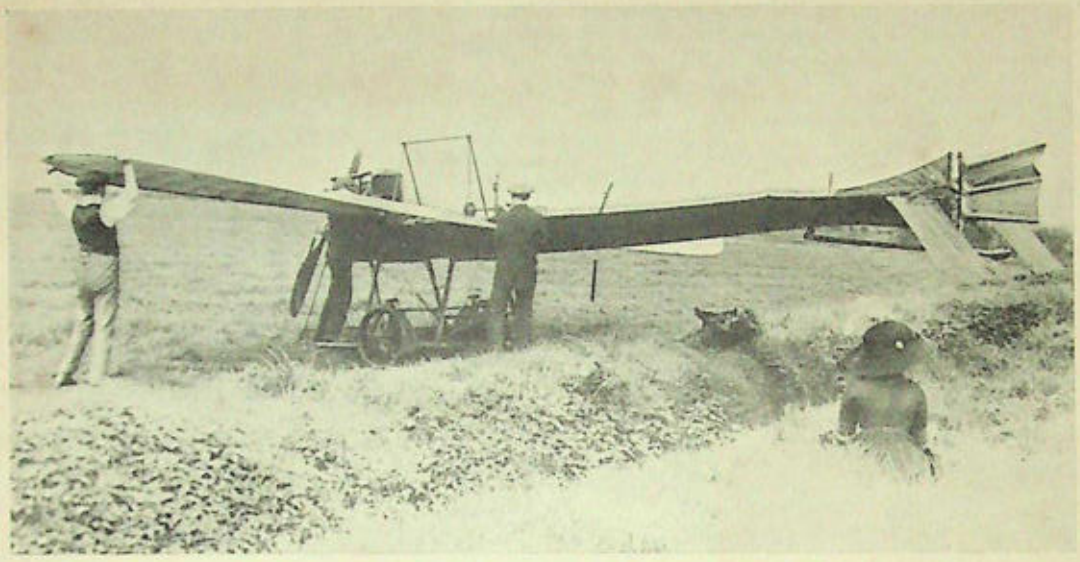
KITTIWAKES INCUBATING AND (ABOVE) YOUNG BIRDS FULL GROWN AND READY TO LEAVE THE NEST

"One Crowded Hour"

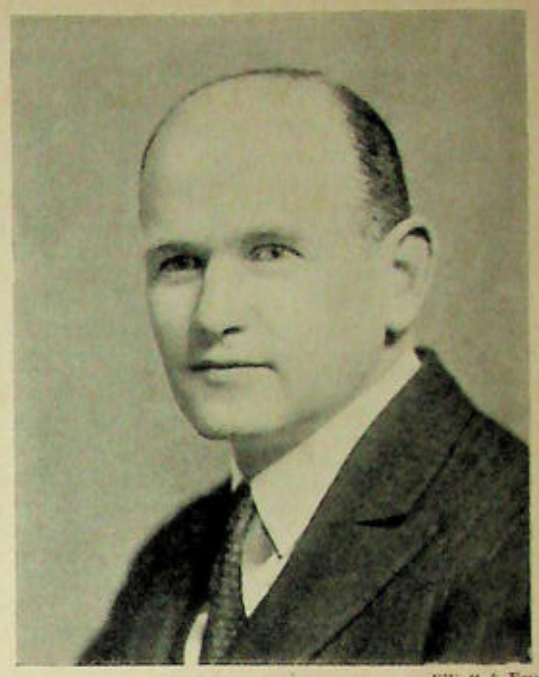
LEARNING TO FLY IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS

The Best Flight I Ever Made

By E. C. GORDON ENGLAND



OVERHAULING "HENRIETTA" BEFORE HER EPIC FLIGHT IN 1909
During his adventure Mr. Gordon England "achieved the immense height of 35ft." in his practically home-made aeroplane



Elliott & Fry

MR. E. C. GORDON ENGLAND
When only 17½ years old Mr. Gordon England bought an aeroplane for £25 and, having thoroughly overhauled it, taught himself to fly

IN common with most of those who read this article, I have been stirred from time to time by reading of feats of exploration, but I had never been able to enjoy the thrill through actual experience until I decided to teach myself to fly, and thus explore an unknown region. Just as, I believe, the explorer gets great stimulus from his initial preparations—buying his kit, arranging his transhipment, and so on—so did I, in trying to secure the aircraft upon which to carry out my ambitious proposal. It must be remembered that in 1909 there was practically no knowledge of aviation, very few aircraft, and as far as I was concerned practically no money.

However, I secured an aeroplane known as the Hanriot, which was regarded by all and sundry as unreliable, as its engine was known to have a rooted objection to running satisfactorily for much more than ten minutes at a stretch! This machine, which I housed at Brooklands, I purchased for the vast sum of £25 complete! The raising of that £25 is, in itself, another story.

I was then only 17½ years old, and to assist me I engaged a staff even younger—I believe I am correct in saying 15 years old. The "staff" was an exceedingly keen and enthusiastic lad who had been knocking around Brooklands for some time. He and I set to work to put Henrietta, as she became affectionately known to all at Brooklands, into good flying trim. We had no experience at all to call on, except that which I had already acquired by about nine months practical contact with aircraft under the direction of that great pioneer, the late Jose Weiss and the help and advice of one or two other experimenters and pioneers who were established at Brooklands.

After several days of energetic effort in overhauling Henrietta the zero hour arrived. The machine was ready, the engine tested and appeared to be behaving quite satisfactorily, so we "tucked the machine up for the night" and arranged to be on the ground not later than 3 o'clock next morning to commence our operations, providing the weather was satisfactory. I was on the aerodrome promptly at 3 o'clock, the "staff" equally prompt. A beautiful spring morning, clear and dead calm, the latter being most important. In a few minutes we had the machine out of the shed, the engine running, and I took my seat in the slender body.

Now, Henrietta had a curious form of control. Unlike the modern aircraft, which has what is known as a joystick, Henrietta had two which divided the functions commonly covered to-day by the one. It was rather like trying to do the trick of rubbing one hand up and down your chest while at the same time patting your head with the other. It also occupied both hands most of the time. On the left hand of these two joysticks was an ordinary rubber bulb such as is fitted to the scent sprays in any barber's shop. Its purpose was to raise pressure in the petrol tank. In addition to this there was the usual throttle control and spark advance for the engine, while the familiar rudder bar occupied one's feet.

I had been going over and over the whole procedure which I intended to adopt to teach myself to fly for the last two days. Being almost penniless, I realised that if I crashed Henrietta my desire to become a pioneer aviator would be ruined probably for a very considerable time. I made up my mind that above everything else caution should be the watchword for every action, and that, however many people might come to the aerodrome and laugh at my apparently timorous progress, I would go at a pace based upon the assurance that I had mastered the particular function I was practising.

My plan had been to learn first to taxi slowly with just enough "way" on to move the machine and control it by the use of the rudder, and to continue to run about the ground sufficiently long practising this until I felt I had mastered the operation. So "we" started, and I literally trickled across the ground at probably not more than ten miles an hour for the first few runs up and down Brooklands.

Every now and then I stopped to consult my "staff," who was standing critically at one end of the aerodrome, as to his ideas of the progress I was making. The "staff" was critical but kindly, so little by little the throttle was opened a little wider and a little wider on successive runs. Gradually our speed was mounting and by now I was not only learning to steer the aeroplane across the ground in a stright line, but also to control its fore and aft trim by the use of the elevator. Faster and faster we went, mastering rudder control and elevator control better and better. After about half an hour's continuous effort along these lines, I had increased speed and was travelling across the ground at something approximating flying speed, but I had cautiously throttled down every time I felt the machine was tending to leave the ground.

Then came the great moment! This was comparable in my experience to the ecstasy that the explorer must experience when, after a period of great toil, he bursts through almost impenetrable forest and finds stretched out before him a new land of promise. Full of excitement I started off on my next run, with a clear determination that for the first time in my life I would fly, and so be able to number myself among the very small and select band of pioneers who at that time could make this claim. Can you imagine anything more thrilling to a boy than to realise that he was actually making history, as I believe facts will show that I was the first man to teach himself to fly in less than three hours on one day, and was easily the youngest Englishman flying at that time?

Off we went, throttle gradually pushed wider and wider, the machine gathering speed, and then came the breathless moment. The elevator was slightly depressed, down went the tail, slowly, and we were flying. Immediately I throttled back the engine, at the same time operating my elevator control, because I had determined that as soon as I was off the ground I would make my first landing, as I realised fully that landing was far more important than getting off.

The landing was perfect, and then for the next half hour I flew up and down Brooklands in a series of straight hops, gradually taking off sooner and going higher and higher each time, checking my ability to land without shock. Then came the two final thrills. I determined to take the longest flight I could in a straight line, and get as high as possible in that length before coming down to land, and I achieved the immense height of 35ft., which in those days was no mean performance.

This flight successfully accomplished, I decided to make my first circuit of the aerodrome. Remember that I had an unreliable engine and that if my engine failed while I was over unsatisfactory parts of Brooklands, a crash on landing was inevitable. However, the "staff" was consulted, and we agreed that the attempt was a reasonable risk. With great assurance the throttle was opened wide from the start; we rushed across the ground, rapidly gained speed, hopped into the air, and started to climb as high as possible before essaying my first turn.

Owing to the character of the Brooklands aerodrome in those days, a complete circuit had to be made before landing was possible. Up we went, up, up, to about 45ft. or 50ft. Good old Henrietta! Then came the great thrill. Gingerly, over went the rudder and the machine started to bank as it went into the turn. It all felt beautifully safe and the machine trimmed admirably, so I swept round in a wide circle. The engine never faltered, and I felt a great affection for dear old Henrietta; she seemed so easy to fly!

As I came round, completing the turn, I was sorely tempted to make a second circuit, but caution prevailed and down we came and landed. I know the "staff" was thrilled, the unheard-of had been accomplished. For the first time someone had taught himself to fly in just under the hour and, of course, the "staff" played an important part in the accomplishment.

I shall never forget the thrill, which remains as vivid to-day as the moment at which it occurred, when, on reaching height and turning, I realised that now I was able to travel with freedom in any direction in which my fancy took me.

In concluding I should like to finish my story by saying that I proceeded with my training uninterrupted until 6 o'clock that morning, by which time I was doing not only circuits, but figures of eight, and there was a pardonable flush of pride throughout my being when at about 6 o'clock the other habitués of Brooklands appeared on the scene to start their day's work and I received their amazed congratulations, that I, who, well-known to them, had no previous flying experience at all, had succeeded in teaching myself to fly between dawn and breakfast without a hitch or damage of any kind!

HAND-REARED GROUSE

First-Hand Experiences of a Working Gamekeeper

I HAVE reared grouse by hand since 1928 with success. I use Captain Freeman's collapsible coops, and fix them so that they will not open when fixing the sod in the bottom for the nest. They are about 2ft. 3in. wide and about 2ft. long, and the side comes out of them. I make the nest in one end of the coop, placing the hen on with the right hand and holding my left hand on the eggs until the hen settles on my hand; then I draw my hand from underneath her.

I use small hens, and cross Leghorns I find are best; bantams are useless, as they are too small to dry the young on wet days. I get my hens on to the nests about April 25th on dummy eggs, and well cleaned with insect powder, which can be obtained from any game-food dealer, so that the hen can sit content.

Grouse eggs are tender. If the hen draws a foot to scratch, or turns round to peck herself, trouble is sure to come. I receive my eggs in the first week in May. They are lifted on other moors and have over 50 miles to travel. The eggs have to be gathered that morning and at the appointed place by a certain time, and brought on by motor, and I receive them about three o'clock in the afternoon. They are then put under the hens. I have had them chip four days after, and they hatch out 95 per cent. Grouse eggs hatch well and eight or nine chicks are plenty to give to a hen, as they grow very fast. Hatched out here from May 18th to May 24th, their lifetime is short—to the Twelfth of August—about three months. They have to grow fast to get ready.

When hatching out they must have plenty of time under the hen—36 hours at least, and a few more hours are better, till the chicks are running over the hen on the nest. The chicks have pea-green legs and feet with a white nail which resembles a caterpillar. That is what starts the hens worrying the chicks; they go for the feet. I have had hens that worry chick every year. Three days is long enough for the chicks to stay in the guard. They are very wide rangers, and the broods feed out and back again all together. I start feeding on eggs for a few days, and then add seeds till I get them on to seeds. Armitage Bros., Ltd., Spratts Patent, Ltd., and Gilbertson & Page can supply the seeds required. I have reared grouse on these seeds—No. 2 preferred. No cereals are wanted, as they can add the seeds to take the place of cereals. As to grit young grouse are very fond of river-washed sand or Gilbertson & Page's finest quartz grit, which is like sand. Coarse grit is useless; the finer it is the better. It should be added to the feed, and a sod should be turned up and some grit sprinkled over it at every coop.

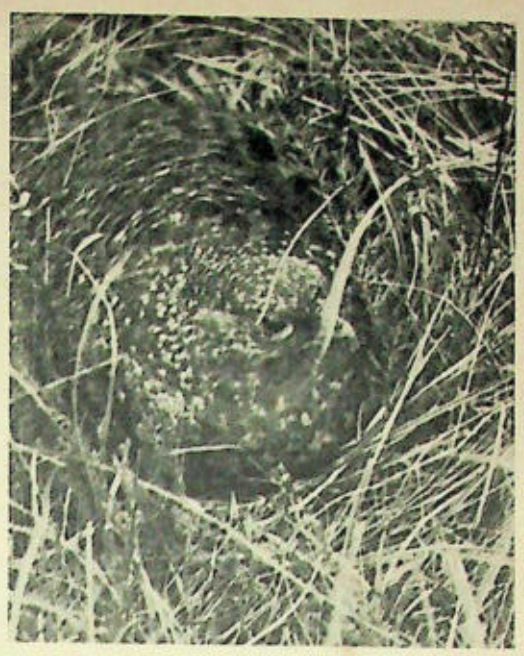
Maize should not be used to feed the hens until the chickens are three weeks old, as they are very fond of maize corn, and the more very fine cracked maize there is amongst the seeds the better, as they pick every bit out. You should first feed on the hungry side, and they will then clean everything up; if not, they will just eat the cracked maize out. I have had chicks die of eating maize uncracked; they could not digest it under three weeks old.

The chicks feather very soon; their back and wings are covered in a fortnight; they get their head feathers in three weeks; and at a month old they are showing their natural black tail, they are at their natural calls, and are starting to throw their chicks' feathers into their natural colour. They are then out of danger and can fly anywhere. If they are penned in the top wire should be off within a month. For this I prefer sheep netting. I tried 2-in. netting, and they could not get through it at a fortnight old, and it had to be lifted at the bottom in places. With sheep netting old birds can come through it. I have had year-old birds come every year to the pen to feed, and to try to mother the chickens, but they won't have anything to do with them. Two-inch wire netting is sudden death when they strike it, and even sheep netting knocks them sideways.

There is nothing so tame as hand-reared grouse; they will always come to you, and will lie flat on the ground, working their heads sideways. They will sleep round the coops as long as there is a hen left, and will always come to feed. I gave up feeding in the second week in December last year. They are very dirty birds in their habits; they let fall all their droppings where they eat and drink. They require plenty of fresh water, and it should be placed in a position where they cannot foul it. I have home-made fountains that they cannot stand on, and I put the water in clear glass bottles so that I can see it is clean.

Grouse chicks are liable to many forms of disease. I have had gapes, staphylococcus and roup. I prefer aged heather to rear on, as it carries more insects and gives more shelter from the harsh winds that occur in May. The grouse bore into old heather and always face the storm. Old heather makes no difference to young birds, as they walk on the top of it—that is how visitors get their photographs of them. I reared on young heather this year, and with the harsh winds and exposed to the dry weather I got the roup amongst them, with swollen heads and blindness. When the rain came they got over it.

Never again will I try on young heather.

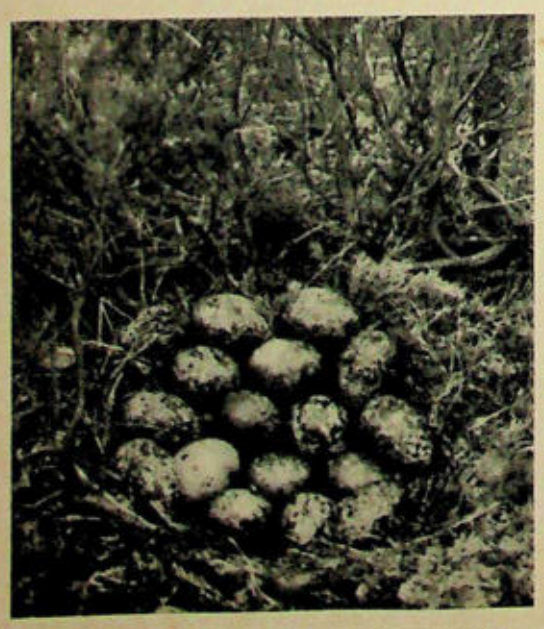


NATURE'S HATCH: THE HEN BIRD ON HER NEST, WELL CAMOUFLAGED FROM ABOVE

I am more than surprised that some of our game-food manufacturers do not take a moor and collect their first eggs and rear grouse. They are off your hands altogether in six weeks, with no expense in feeding. They could pen their hand-reared birds up for laying, and could sell eggs at a good price to change blood. Let us try to do something to get the game going. I am willing to answer any question I can about it.

TRY-ON.

THE END OF THE STORY: LOADING UP THE PANNIER PONY AFTER A DRIVE ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR



AN EXCEPTIONAL CLUTCH OF GROUSE EGGS ON AN ARGYLLSHIRE MOOR

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

RULES.—1. *The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, September 22nd. 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.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do *not* send negatives.

THE AUTHOR WITH HIS TWENTY-SEVEN POUND SALMON

The names of the party from left to right: Mr. Arthur Seen, Mackintosh, Mr. Brian Mountain, Ross, Sir Edward Mountain, Mr. A. R. Mountain, and Mr. Donald Ryan

A BIG SALMON FROM THE BEAULY

Eighty Minutes of Thrills

Some of the best descriptions of adventures in fishing never find their way into print. The following account of a fight with a salmon in the Beauly was not intended for publication, but is contained in a private letter. Anglers will recognise the vividness of an account written, as it were, on the banks of the river.

MONDAY was my last day's fishing. I had my choice of beat, and went down to Groame with my gillie, Ross. I had not been fishing three minutes before a fish came short at me; however, I continued to fish very carefully off the bank and it was not long before I had a gentle tug.

I struck very quickly, and then tried to feel the weight of the fish I had on. However, I did not experience much difficulty as after a somewhat slow dash of not more than 20yds. I was able to control him on a very short line close to the bank. Ross went to fetch the net, and got down to the bank to net it, urging me to bring the fish in as quickly as possible. I told Ross to get down and I would try to bring the fish over him, and got him nicely towards the bank; then I realised that the fish was much bigger than I had anticipated, probably 7lb. or 8lb., and when I tried to put some pressure on to get him up I realised that it was a decent sized fish.

This started the ball rolling, as off he went up-stream, not very fast but extremely purposeful. He then turned, came down again, and started to take a much longer line. I knew then that I had a very obstinate customer to deal with, and although neither Ross nor I had seen the fish I felt sure, by his strength which seemed to be increasing every minute, that I must be careful. I had then been playing him about 20 minutes; suddenly his tactics altered, and he went like a mad thing up- and down-stream.

I went over a little plank bridge no fewer than five times, up and down a dip bank eight times, my reel screeching, winding in as hard as I could. Half an hour of this without a stop. Meanwhile, I was dressed in all my clothes, sweater, coat and mackintosh, the sun came out and it was extremely hot. My arms and body ached, I was pouring with perspiration. However, the fish then started to quieten down, and I was able to get him in towards the bank into quieter water, and Ross came down to attempt netting again.

Still neither of us had seen the fish, although he had now been on 50 minutes. Gradually I worked him in towards the bank and hoped at last I was going to land him. I had still not seen him, and was getting a bit nervous for my gut, especially as during the last minute or two I could feel that familiar burr on the line which told me he was trying to wear the hook. I brought him almost into the bank, still deep down, so that we were quite unable to see him; suddenly he went off, worse than ever this time. Down-stream he went, my line throwing a feather of water with the speed he went, right into the heavy water; there was nothing for it, I had to go too. Down I went over the Groame, over the fence, down over Rock Shore, past Lower Groame, until I got to the commencement of Downey, and there I had to call a halt. The big trees on the bank prevented me getting further, and my only hope was to go into the stream and wade down as far as I could, irrespective of holes.

At this moment the fish commenced a series of rushes to the opposite bank. Meanwhile I sent Ross through the water down to the tail of the still water, and then after an hour and 20 minutes I got the first sight of my quarry as he humped the water, looking for all the world as large as a porpoise, with his dorsal fin fully extended. Still no further in than the brink, I was able to recover some line until Ross got below him. Putting on all the pressure I could, down he went again, this time into Ross's net, as I had worked him almost exactly above my gillie, and as he turned the latter did an extremely clever piece of netting.

I was very thrilled as he was a fine fellow, 43in. long and 27lb. when weighed two hours later. An old cock fish, all wire and muscle, no belly on him at all. In perfect condition he ought to have been much heavier; but still, he is the biggest salmon taken this year at Beauly, and it was a most enjoyable wind-up to a very happy week's fishing.

I was amazed at the strength of a large fellow like this, which I had not previously experienced. I put my whole weight as well as my rod against him at times, and was quite powerless to control him in any way until the last five minutes. I hooked him on a Silver Grey, and it was well home.

B. M.

TUNNY FISHING

Mid-Season Activities

By HAROLD HARDY

UP to the time of writing this article 30 tunny have been killed and landed at Scarborough, including one of 812lb. by Colonel E. T. Peel, which is the second largest fish known to have been caught in the North Sea.

August and the first week in September have been characterised by unsettled weather, and anglers have only been able to fish during the more settled and finer sea conditions.

There is little doubt that, given the same good weather conditions of last season many more tunny would have been accounted for.

Since my last article in the *Field* of August 25th, Colonel E. T. Peel has brought in eight tunny, seven of which fell to his own rod and one to that of his brother, Colonel W. E. Peel (a fish of 653lb.). The weights and dates of capture of Colonel E. T. Peel's fish were: one fish not weighed but estimated about 600lb., on August 24th; three fish on August 27th, 641lb., 812lb. and 571lb.; three fish on August 31st, 678lb., 646lb. and 577lb. The 812lb. tunny was hooked close to his yacht St. George, and went under her, the angler and his boatman having to push the dinghy along the side of the yacht to get clear. By this time almost all of the line was off his reel, but he managed to get under tow, and eventually killed the fish.

Mr. Donald Wilcock Holgate, fishing with his two brothers from the motor boat Prospecto, killed a tunny of 764lb. on August 24th, eighteen miles from shore. He had previously lost three others. On August 25th, Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, jun., came in with a fish of 677lb., also hooked eighteen miles out. This gives them a total bag of four fish for the season.

Mr. T. D. Shepherd, of Norwood, fishing from the yacht Joanna, and Mr. W. W. Dowding, of London, fishing from the motor boat Mizpah, also landed two fish on August 24th, weighing 743lb. and 745lb. respectively. On August 26th, Mr. F. Sigrist, fishing from his yacht Viva II (previously Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's yacht Vita), came in with a fish of 700lb. On August 31st, Dr. H. F. Marris killed a fish of 702lb. from the motor boat Albatross, and Mr. H E. Weatherley, of London, who was fishing with Dr. Marris, caught one of 488lb. on September 5th.

Lady Broughton and Colonel S. Ashton chartered the steam drifter Silver Line and killed eight tunny in a week's fishing. Their weights and dates of capture were: September 3rd, Lady Broughton, 633lb. and 599lb.; and on September 5th, 738lb. and 688lb. Colonel Ashton, September 3rd, 454lb. and 470lb.; and September 5th, 570lb. and 624lb. When playing the 688lb. fish, which was hooked near a Dutch herring drifter, Lady Broughton's line got caught up in the propeller of the Dutch ship. Her boatman held the line, cut it, and knotted it to her reel line. They then found it would not go through the end pulley of the rod. They again had to cut it, pass it through the rod rings and knot it near the reel, when it was eventually brought to the gaff by Lady Broughton without further assistance.

On September 6th, Master John Holdsworth, of Skipton, fishing with his father from the motor boat Prospecto, hooked four fish and lost three of them, killing the fourth. He had a fight of 50 minutes with this tunny which was hooked in the gullet. This impaired its fighting power, otherwise, as he is only a boy, it would probably have been beyond his strength to subdue. It is of interest to note that no help was given him.

There are several anglers at Scarborough at the moment, either out at sea or preparing to fish. These include Major S. Winfield Smith and Mr. R. F. Gaze on the yacht Strathspey; Lord Lovatt, Lord Dalrymple and Mr. R. C. R. M. Clarke on the motor boat Albatross; Capt. A. L. C. Fuller on the yacht Joanna; Mr. Fred Taylor on the coble Geoffrey; Messrs. Kempston and party on the motor boat Prospecto; Mr. Hattersley Smith and his brother who have chartered the Albatross.

WITH ROD AND GUN AND HOUNDS

A NORTH SEA BAG

Lady Broughton, an enthusiastic big-game angler, with two large tunny she caught off Scarborough

A MOORSIDE FAMILY GROUP

Mr. and Mrs. Stormont Darling, a well-known Scottish host and hostess, out from Lednathie, Forfarshire, with their children Robin and Angela

EARLY-MORNING CUB-HUNTING WITH THE OLD BERKELEY. THE MASTER, MR. S. G. R. BARRATT, TAKING HOUNDS OVER A BRIDGE TO DRAW THE OSIER BEDS

WIDESPREAD PARTRIDGE MORTALITY

Blackhead Disease on the Increase

By DR. TOM HARE

LAST month's heavy rains have been blamed as the cause of serious mortality among partridges, and letters have been received from all parts of Great Britain during the past six or eight weeks, complaining of severe losses. Most of the owners of estates have observed brooding birds in a very depressed state of health, sitting tight on their clutch and even permitting handling.

Again, both cocks and hens have been picked up dead on, or near, the nest, and less frequently partridges have been found either very weak or dead during the cutting of the crops. Commonly, keepers have reported small coveys on their estates and many have said that this is the worst year in the whole of their experience.

The disease which has been the cause of this severe and widespread mortality is known as Blackhead, or in more technical language, *Entero-hepatitis*. The disease is due to an infection of the bowels and liver by a germ which produces very profound changes in the internal organs.

On opening a bird which has just died, the covering of the bowels is found adhering to the wall of the body cavity; the wall of the blind-bowel (the caeca) is thickened and usually of a greyish colour, dotted with small points of hæmorrhage.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN GLEN FARQUHAR

Our picture shows Master Edward Scudimore leading a pony with Miss Helen Pearson in the saddle. Viscountess Arbuthnot, Mrs. R. Pearson and Capt. Forsyth, guests of Sir James Caird, are seen following

The inner wall of this portion of the bowel is thrown up into folds and is covered by a greenish to brown-coloured layer of dead tissue, and here and there irregular patches of ulceration are found. As a rule, the contents of the lower bowel are of a pasty consistency and vary in colour from a yellow ochre to sepia. Usually, but by no means invariably, the liver contains two or more rounded areas of white-coloured dead tissue. These areas resemble dried-up abscesses and usually each is about the size of a threepenny piece. In some cases these so-called necrotic areas are smaller in size and more numerous; while in the more acute type of case it may be necessary to examine the sections of the liver under a high-powered lens or microscope in order to detect these lesions.

Another change which is commonly observed is the loss of flesh, particularly over the breast, and in some birds which have been affected for two or three weeks, the feather-free parts of the head and lining membranes of the mouth cavity have a dark bluish-red colour.

The profound changes described above usually take some two or three weeks for their development; thus one of the important facts to recognise about Blackhead is that it is a chronic disease. The fact of it being a chronic disease makes the treatment and control of Blackhead infection a very difficult problem. In the first place, we should recognise that the causative germ is being excreted in the droppings of the affected bird; consequently the ground about the nests, or feeding sites, becomes heavily contaminated. Thus the food, and even the drinking water, is readily infected, and by this means the germs are taken up into the food canal of healthy in-contact partridges.

It becomes apparent that one or two initially infected birds may very easily spread the disease over a very wide area. This rapid spread is also facilitated by another important fact, namely, that the disease usually arises in half-grown or adult birds, which travel over wider areas than do the chicks.

It has been ascertained that the disease may be present in three-weeks-old chicks, and in the present state of our knowledge the probability of Blackhead arising in breeding pens cannot be excluded. We have obtained evidence on a few estates, pointing to the introduction of approximately six-weeks-old birds as the original source of the infection.

Blackhead is a very common infection of turkey poults, among which it is frequently the cause of high mortality. Adult turkeys may, and frequently do, carry and excrete the germ in their droppings, though showing little or no external evidence of ill-health. Fowls also are frequently attacked, and thus the presence of poultry on an estate affected by Blackhead, should induce the estate owner to have his fowls and turkeys examined by an expert.

Pheasants, blackgame, grouse and other gallinaceous birds are also subject to the disease; on several occasions we have found the typical Blackhead infection in peacocks and guinea-fowl.

Encouraging results have followed the treatment of turkeys and fowls with several preparations of arsenic, which are given intravenously by means of a hypodermic syringe. Some research is now being conducted on the use of drugs which are less dangerous, less expensive and more easily applied than the arsenical preparations. But whatever the results of these researches may be, their application to the prevention or treatment of Blackhead in wild game is restricted. For instance, it will be necessary to introduce the drugs into partridges which are reared by hand, before they are laid down on the estate. It is certainly not a practical proposition for the wild bred stock.

Despite these limitations, useful measures for preventing the spread of the disease among wild partridges can be adopted. Since the germ which is being deposited in the droppings may continue to live in the ground for a long time, it is obvious that we should aim at trying to prevent close congregation of infected stock. Thus, we advise the early breaking up of coveys and a rigorous reduction in the number of birds. By hard shooting the affected and weakly birds will be quickly eliminated, and at the same time only the minimum of strong birds will be left for the following breeding season. Autumn ploughing of the land is also an advantage, since, wherever this is practicable the land is cleared by the frosts of winter.

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

Good Sport Continues

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

DELNADAMPH MOOR.—On September 5th and 6th, Mr. G. H. Fairhurst's party, including Captain S. Mallet, Captain Keith Caldwell, Colonel C. H. Kirkwood, Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, Baron de Montclos, Mr. H. E. Moon, and Miss Mallet, shot 257 brace of grouse.

KNOCKESPOCK.—On August 23rd, 79 brace of grouse, and on the 25th 83½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. F. P Whitbread, Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Mr. H. C. Pilkington, Mr. H. De Zoete, The Hon. W. D. Gibbs, and Mr. G. Watson. Adverse winds and heavy rain made the afternoon unfavourable.

Angus

GLENISLA AND GLENCALLY.—From August 13th to 23rd, eight days' shooting over dogs, two to four guns, killed 378½ brace of grouse: Captain Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Captain Basil Poe, R.N., Mr. J. H. C. Gibb and Mr. J. Paton Gibb. Eight guns driving on August 27th and 29th, killed 67 and 110 brace. Half gale on the 27th. Birds strong and healthy, *no disease*.

Argyllshire

INVERINAN.—On August 31st, 24 brace of grouse, 2 brace black cock, were killed by four guns: Mr. F. Wallis and party.

Caithness

STRATHMORE.—August 13th to 31st 460 brace of grouse were killed by three guns, shooting over dogs; best day 65 brace.: Mr. E. E. Turner, Mr. R. D. Unwin and Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin. From August 13th to 31st the weather has been the wildest and wetest for a number of years, and during first two weeks only about three full days' shooting were put in. In July it promised to be a bumper season, birds being even more numerous than last year, not a bad bird to be seen, and practically no cheepers. There will be a large stock left of exceptionally strong, healthy birds.

Inverness-shire

CHAPEL PARK.—On September 3rd, 62 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Colonel W. H. Wiggin, Hon. Charles Lyttleton, Mr. W. Williams Wynn, Captain J. W. D. Evans, Mr. A. Macdonell, Mr. R. A. Knight and Major H. P. Rushton. Driving. Very wet and windy day.

Isle of Arran

BURBIGHARADH LODGE.—The weather broke this week, so that not much shooting over dogs could be enjoyed. On Craw only 8½ brace of grouse (4 brace of old birds) were killed by Hon. F. N. Curzon and Major Geoffrey Barnett on August 30th, and there is no doubt that there are not many birds on the northern beats, though they are in greater numbers in the south of the island. It is distinctly a disappointing season in Arran. Keepers put it down to excessive drought, rightly or wrongly. Hon. F. Curzon shot two "clean" stags on August 29th, 8 and 10 points.

Kirkcudbrightshire

HIGH MOORS.—On August 17th, 20 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. G. Heneage, Mr. M. Heneage and Mr. D. Hood. Birds scarce; weather fine; heather good.

Morayshire

LOCHINDORB.—On August 20th, 136½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns. on the 24th, 213 brace, seven guns; on the 25th, 124 brace, six guns; on the 27th, 71 brace, six guns; on the 29th, 182 brace, seven guns; on the 31st, 170 brace, six guns. Shooting was abandoned early on August 27th owing to the gale. No loaders are being used this season. Total bag up to end of August, 1,276½ brace. *A few birds showing signs of disease have been shot.*

Perthshire

BOLFRACKS.—J. K. Hutchison and party obtained the following bags in four days, driving: first day, 189¼ brace of grouse, 1 snipe (seven guns); second day, 380½ brace, 2 snipe, 2 golden plover (eight guns); third day, 154 brace, 3 snipe, 6 duck (six guns); fourth day, 275½ brace, 2 snipe (seven guns). Weather was fine on all days; wind rather strong for the first two. The second day is a record bag for this moor.

DUNALASTAIR MOOR.—On September 3rd, Mrs. de Sales La Terrier's party killed 96 brace of grouse driving, and on 6th, 56 brace.

EARADOUR AND TARVIE.—Mr. A. E. Bury, with D. Berry Captain P. E. Tickler, Colonel Harry Mackenzie, Watson Bourne and Dr. M. Horne, killed 304½ brace of grouse, walking in line, August 13th, 14th, 16th and 17th; 485½ brace were killed driving during the second and third week, making a total of 790 brace to September 1st. Birds plentiful and strong. *No sign of disease.*

GLENQUAICH LODGE.—The Hon. Eric Butler Henderson and party killed on August 21st, 82 brace of grouse (half-day); 23rd, 190 brace of grouse; 30th, 174 brace of grouse; September 1st, 204 brace of grouse; 4th, 105 brace of grouse, 6th, 95 brace of grouse.

MORVEN MOOR.—The following bags were obtained by Mrs. Russell's party during August. Total, 1,089 brace, including on the 14th, 221½ brace; on the 17th, 223 brace; on the 21st, 147 brace; on the 24th, 228 brace; on the 31st, 192 brace; driving seven guns each day. On the 28th the shooting had to be abandoned owing to rain and mist.

Sutherlandshire

CAMBUSMORE.—On August 13th, 65 brace of grouse were killed by Mrs. Wignall, Captain Wignall and Captain Grosvenor. On August 14th, 84 brace were killed by Captain Wignall and Mr. A. Macaulay. On August 15th, 39½ brace were killed by Mrs. Wignall, Lieut.-Col. B. Robinson and Captain Grosvenor (short day). On August 17th, 61 brace were killed by Captain Wignall and Captain Grosvenor. Good show of well-grown birds. Weather stormy. *No signs of disease.*

HOUSE OF TONGUE.—Mr. Graham Partridge and party killed on August 13th, 9 brace of grouse (short day, very bad weather); 14th, 32 brace of grouse; 20th, 16 brace of grouse; 22nd, 28½ brace of grouse; 25th, 25½ brace of grouse; 28th, 10 brace of grouse 31st, 18 brace of grouse; September 3rd, 20½ brace of grouse; 6th, 25 brace of grouse. Grouse plentiful, but some backward broods. Unsettled, windy weather; birds wild.

LOCH NAVER.—Up to September 4th, 369½ brace of grouse, 20 hares, 20 snipe, 3 woodcock, 5 blackcock were killed by Mr. Eric Rose and party (four guns), walking in line. Birds healthy and plentiful.

ENGLAND

Yorkshire

GISBOROUGH.—Lord Gisborough and party, including Colonel J. G. Lowther, Sir Paul Latham and Major F. Shuttleworth Field, shot 84 brace of grouse the first day and 121½ brace the second day, making a total of 205½ brace. This is the biggest bag obtained in two consecutive days during the last five years in spite of a strong wind rising to a gale on the first day.

HUNTING THE MIGHTY BOAR

Reports From Indian Tent Clubs

We have received the following reports from Indian Tent Clubs for the past season

MEERUT

THE Meerut Tent Club has had a fair season. The increase in the bag which was expected last year did not eventuate, and the bag this year was the same as 1933, 70 boar. In addition one hyena and two panthers, were killed. No panther had been speared with the Meerut Tent Club since one in 1929, and these two were killed at successive meets at Sherpur and Datiana. The best day was at Sirzapur, when seven pig were killed.

The Kadir Cup was held over the usual country near Sherpur. There was a very large entry of 134, and 119 horses actually competed. There was a good show of pig on the first day and 25 heats were decided, but they were scarce on the second day, owing partly to a large patch of good hunting grass being burnt by cattlemen just previous to the meeting. It was feared for some time that second nominations would have to be cancelled, but this was luckily avoided and all the heats were decided.

All those at Meerut will very much miss Lieutenant W. A. Ferguson-Davie, R.A., who was killed while pig-sticking with the Delhi Tent Club. He was very popular and one of the leading pigstickers of the Meerut Tent Club.

The shikaris remain the same: Babu as head, assisted by Badla and Bahal. Najib Ullah Khan runs the "Q" side, but Rahim-Uddin has left and the feeding is now done by the Khansamah of the R.A. Mess. The number of spears attending meets this year was less than last year; they averaged eight per meet. The Royal Dragoons produced the majority, and most of the rest came from the Gunners.

The prospects for next year are promising, as a good number of small pig were seen during the beats and many boar were lost owing to the country being very thick after last season's heavy monsoon. Preservation is a great problem. There is an annual increase in land being broken up for cultivation; wandering cattlemen burn large areas to provide young grass for their cattle; and guns and wandering Kaiyars take their toll. The very large increase of the sugar cane crop is a problem. It brings a few more pig into the country, but large strips are being fenced off with wire for the crop, and the cultivators are very much keener on the destruction of pig by any means than formerly.

The bag, by places, is as follows: Tigri Island, 7; Hussainpur Khadar and Bijnor, 11 and 1 hyena; Asilpur, 1; Badhwa, 6; Ahar and Dehri-Bataura, 7; Basantpur and Datiana, 15 and 1 panther; Sirzapor, 8; Sherpur, 9 and 1 panther; Shambli, 1; Kadir Cup, 5. Total, 70.

THE MEERUT TENT CLUB STAFF
Captain P. H. J. Tuck, Hon. Secretary (second from left), with the three shikaris

TWO MEERUT GROUPS—VICTORS AND VANQUISHED
The upper picture is of a Christmas party at Dhabarsi. The lower picture is of Babu, the head shikari, with five of seven boar killed at Sirzapor, May 10th, 1934

MUTTRA

A FURTHER heavy monsoon, coming on a fully recovered country, brought jungles to a state of denseness such as none of the staff is able to remember. Further heavy rain in March followed, with the result that in several jungles the grass was even thicker in June than in April. The roots appear to be so deep that the hot weather had little or no effect in drying them up. On account of the greenness burning was often impossible except in a high wind or during a dust storm, when all control would have been lost.

The most noticeable feature of the season has been the increase in size of the boar found and killed. The average of 30in. is the highest for some years. The number of pig has undoubtedly increased, but there are still nothing like the numbers that were present in the big years before the drought.

The bag for the season was 96; somewhat of a disappointment considering the increase in stock. The unparalleled difficulty of hunting in many of the best jungles and a shortage of spears and horses during the latter half of the season, however, are sufficient to account for this.

The light grasses of Panigaon and Koela jheels have grown up again, and these jungles were the only ones in which hunting could be called easy. They accountep for over a third of the total bag. Many of the famous jungles never became really huntable—in a two-day meet in Bijoli and Samauli only two boar were killed out of seventeen hunted, the latter averaging about 30in. Jasingpur was full of pig, but the thorns are so thick this year that on most occasions the only blood produced was from the torn and bleeding faces of the spears!

Prospects depend as usual on the monsoon. With a light monsoon there should be an excellent season next year, but if it be normal, or heavy, it is difficult to see how a bag of over a hundred will be obtained, despite the increase in number of pig.

CAWNPORE

THE bag for the season was 40—an increase of one over last year. This figure, for an average of 5.2 spears per meet, and the fact that the size of boar killed works out at 29½in., does not indicate truly the quality of sport enjoyed. Two new covers and, as ever, Basdannah, gave the best sport, but the jungle this year in parts was difficult, and as a result many a boar found his way back to the bosom of his bristly household. At only four of the 41 meets held were no boar seen.

Of incidents during the year, the following were rather unusual. One boar was hunted for 40 minutes before he was killed, and another, an hour later, was hunted over the same country for 30 minutes before *he* was killed. A horse had a vein severed behind the eye by a spear which was kicked out of a dead pig by another horse. The blood was staunched and the horse, 20 minutes later, was none the worse. A very large boar was killed while swimming a nullah. Once, when actually under water (being pressed down by a spear) he cut a horse in the stifle. Another boar was met with on four different occasions. He still lives, but the last was a very close call. At one meet two boar were killed in a heavy shower of rain.

Casualties among horses were fortunately few. Three were cut by pig, but none severely—two were hunting again three weeks later and the third is now sound. There were the usual goodly number of falls, but luckily no one suffered serious damage. Our prospects for the coming season are as good as ever.

GOGRA

THIRTY-EIGHT pig have been killed in the Gogra Tent Club country this year. Of these five were killed on the River Gumti, near Lucknow, and the remainder on the River Gogra, which is nowhere nearer than 40 miles to Lucknow. This is an improvement of fourteen on last year's bag. Hunting started in January and finished on July 5th. There have been several

very good days, the best being at Sardaha on April 22nd, when five pig were killed.

No new country has been hunted on the Gogra this year, the only area visited for the first time being on the River Gumti, twelve miles out of Lucknow This was a successful venture as three pig were killed; one of these, after being speared, tried to cross the river and was eventually killed swimming. This area had previously been hunted from Lucknow by the now defunct Gumti Tent Club some twelve years ago, and should be useful for "bye-days" in the future. On the Gogra, Sardaha again proved to be our best area for producing pig.

By invitation of the Fyzabad Tent Club several spears visited their Christmas Meet, when two pig were killed. Four spears went to Fyzabad again at the end of June, but unfortunately hunting was made impossible by heavy rain.

Once again the Tent Club has been very fortunate in the support they have received from the Rajah of Ramnagar, who has lent us two excellent elephants for nearly every meet. Prospects are good and there is no real reason why more pig should not be killed next year than in 1933 and 1934. Since the Gogra Tent Club has been in existence (four years) the bags have been: 1931, 67; 1932, 74; 1933, 24; 1934, 38.

AGRA

THE season 1933–34 has been a great improvement on the two previous seasons. The jungles have grown up well after the monsoon last year, and, on the whole, pig were more numerous in most of them. Again, owing to members going on leave and to the hills on duty, etc., the attendance of hunting members at meets has been small, and getting smaller and smaller as the season went on, until in the best part of the season, when the jungles were getting thinner and we had more chance of killing pig, we could only muster three and sometimes two spears. However, though our total bag of seven pig for the season (which is an improvement on last year) is not very large, it does not represent correctly the amount of sport that we had throughout the season.

The season opened in December, 1933, with a meet at Pali Jungle, which was in very good condition though a little wet and sticky in places, and we had a very good opening day's sport indeed, though no pig were killed. After this, all our jungles, Tanora, Bisarna, Sikandra, Nera, Kailash, Hans Mahel, Jodhpur Jhal and Kitham, were hunted regularly throughout the season, all producing very good days' sport indeed. Many pig were lost through lack of horse flesh, and inexperience amongst the spears.

At Easter we managed to run a five-days' camp at Baenpur Ghari, hunting Sikandra, Hans Mahel, Nera and Kailash jungles, but though we had many excellent runs during this period, we only totalled one pig at the end of the camp. The jungles were, however, thick and hunting difficult at the time, and our horses were getting very weary indeed by the fifth day. We had during the season one particularly good meet at Hans Mahel; here are three jungles formed in the shape of a triangle each jungle being about 200–250yds. apart, the whole being bounded on one side by the river Jumnah and on the other by a line of nullahs.

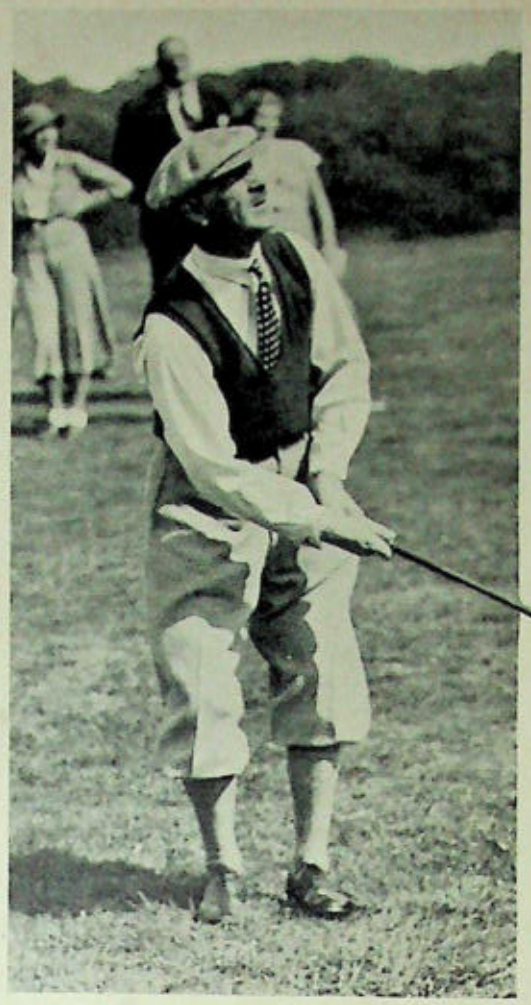
A good pig was found and hunted from one jungle to the next almost continuously, only waiting till the line pushed him out of each cover in turn, until, just over six hours later, he was eventually killed, after a magnificent fight. He was a grand boar, and one well worth hunting. For some reason or other he scorned both the nullahs and the river, and preferred to stay in these jungles, and we found great difficulty in breaking him, as the distance between each cover was so short and the jungles were too thick to follow him in, and towards the end both horses and spears were getting very weary. The jungles are still in very good condition, and the prospects for next year are extremely good and we should have an excellent season.

BAREILLY

THE season was a disappointing one, not from lack of pig so much as from scarcity of spears in the last three months, when most of the pig were killed. If sufficient spears had been forthcoming in these months there is little doubt that the bag would have been two-figured and might even have been doubled. On April 1st, Mr. K. R. Brazier-Creagh R.A. took over the secretaryship from Mr. J. Stubbs, I.C.S., who went home on leave.

The season opened on December 23rd and the last of the sixteen meets was held at Shahi on May 27th. Up to March only one boar had been killed. One was killed in March, two in April and three in May, making a total bag of seven. The best day of the season was April 30th, at Kadir Chowk, when, with three spears out, two boar were accounted for.

Kadir Chowk and Shahi proved to be the best coverts. Both were hunted four times and three pig were killed in each. Panwaria was disappointing this season, but should be better next year. The poaching which was going on this year has been stopped. Haru Nagla, as usual, harboured a large number of boar but none were killed. Thick grass round the baghs this year made hunting even more difficult than previously. Prospects for next season are good provided that adequate support for the Tent Club is forthcoming, and it is to be hoped that 1935 will see the end of the disastrous run of gradually decreasing bags since 1927.



A VETERAN IN THE VAN

Abe Mitchell playing in the £1040 qualifying round at Oxhey where he did well after complaining of rheumatism

PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT OXHEY

Surprising Lapses of Prominent Players

By E. R. TIPPLE

IT has been said that London attracts the majority of the country's leading golfers. Certainly the talent for the Southern section qualifying rounds for the *News of the World* professional match-play tournament was of a high standard. Almost all the well-known players took part, the only notable absentee being the open champion, Henry Cotton. After his glorious achievement at Sandwich and his easy victory in the Belgian event he is enjoying a holiday far from golf, and who can say he has not earned it?

At Oxhey last week nearly 140 professionals and assistants played two rounds of stroke play to determine the 23 who would be eligible to attend at Walton Heath next week for the final stages of the most important match-play event open to paid golfers. Their appearance in this preliminary outing was interesting if for no other reason than that they had been enjoying a rest from competitive golf in some cases much needed since July. This year the number of qualifiers was reduced, although the entry remained similar to other seasons.

On the first day many famous golfers were struggling to get round the course in bogey, and some failed to do that; while S. L. King, the young assistant at the beautiful Knole Park course in Kent, was playing in a manner reminiscent of Bobby Jones. His 68 broke the long-standing official record for the course. This season King has accomplished several notable achievements, and has earned the reputation of being the best of the young school of professionals. He apparently likes qualifying rounds, for it will be remembered that he led the field at Roehampton in the first event of the year. It would be difficult to imagine a more confident and cool player. Nothing seems to worry him; he follows Hagen's dictum by "forgetting a bad shot and attempting to follow it with a superlative effort," although towards the end of the second round at Oxhey he allowed a few strokes to slip away at a time when his partner, Ernest Whitcombe, was doing likewise.

E. R. Whitcombe and King gave the gallery an interesting exhibition. The former reached the turn in a phenomenal score of 32, and seemed sure to break the new record. With only five holes to play, however, the "machine" broke down and two sevens were recorded on the card—"just like I do myself!" the fourteen handicap amateurs remarked—and his chance was gone. Charles Whitcombe, with a 72 and a 69, tied for the leading place with Mitchell and King, and seems to have found his old form. The other Whitcombe brother—R. A.—already has his place booked for Walton Heath, having led the field in his particular district.

At least one veteran—Abe Mitchell—refuses to lie down and be forgotten. There are some who cannot play well when they are feeling absolutely fit. These players shine when they are indisposed. Mitchell complained, as he has done before, of rheumatism, and went round in 71, following a 70. In future I am afraid he will receive scant sympathy from his opponent if he even mentions the word rheumatism, for it augurs good play.

Mitchell's partner was Padgham, and this brilliant young golfer provided the greatest surprise of the meeting by failing to gain a place among the first 23. Padgham has had a successful season, but he is ending it as he began the year with a display totally unworthy of a player of his standing. He failed to qualify at Roehampton mainly on account of indifferent putting. At Oxhey his putting, perhaps the one weak part of his game, again failed, and as he was erratic off the tees and through the fairways as well it is surprising that his total was not higher than 150. On the first day he took 22 strokes for four holes, the par score of which totals fifteen. I understand that he has only recently returned from a holiday, and consequently has played rarely before the Oxhey event. Padgham will be missed at Walton Heath.

A. Dailey, who received much praise last year, was another entrant who failed to pass the eliminating test, though he possesses great possibilities. Everyone had hoped to see James Braid appear on his home course in the rôle of competitor, but it was not to be, for he could not stand the low-scoring pace.

Whilst Ray, "Sandy" Herd, H. C. Jolly, L. Holland and G. Gadd all finished with the majority, a few golfers, whose names are just beginning to be known, returned notable scores, showing that the country has a wealth of more or less undiscovered talent. Over a course measuring 6,539yds. as difficult as Oxhey undoubtedly is, with a scratch score of 75, it was noteworthy that only those with a total of 147 were safe, the five tieing at 148 having to replay for the last place. Now for Walton Heath, where the question will be, can Percy Alliss repeat his last year's victory? Perhaps Mitchell, King or R. A. Whitcombe will have something to say on the matter.

ARTISANS AT GOLF

Handicaps that Spoil Calculations

THIS summer there have been the usual open meetings in all parts of the country, and in almost every case the winner has returned an absurdly low net score. The hard ground and easy conditions no doubt have helped, but I am inclined to think that there are far too many golfers innocently playing off wrong handicaps.

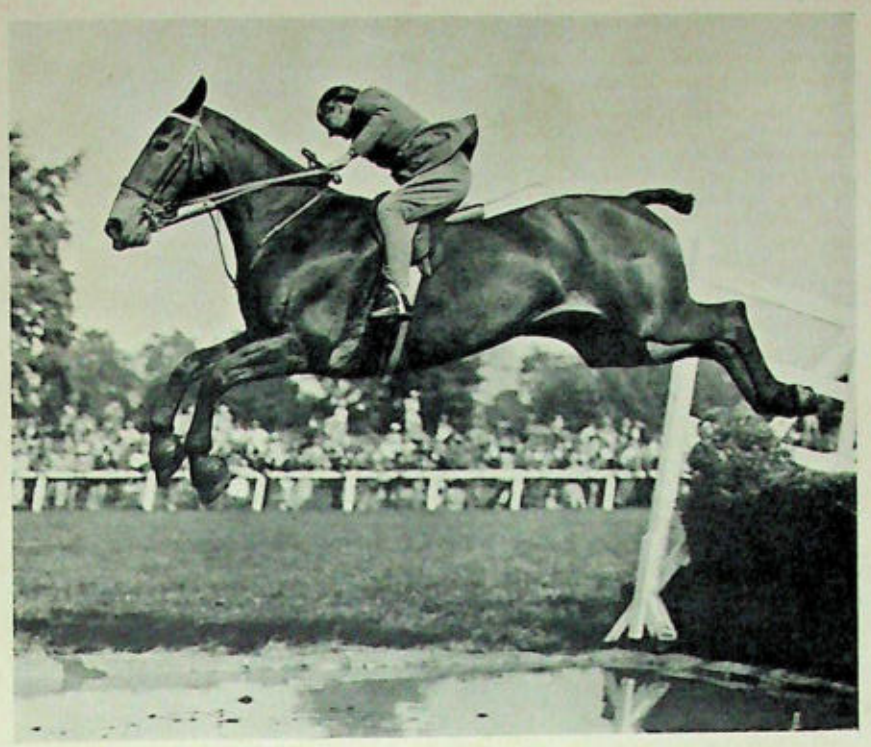
It is an extremely difficult matter to handicap a large group of golfers, and the present system is indeed complex. The authorities are criticised severely about it from time to time, but I cannot believe that the present rather chaotic state is entirely their fault. I fancy they are not given enough details, and that they do not keep in constant touch with the chief offenders. To do so would be a tremendous task. At every open competition there comes along at least one player with an official handicap of, say, 14, and who proceeds to demonstrate to the discomfort of the others that he is in reality a 10 or even a 7 golfer. At one such meeting a scratch golfer returned a 67, only to find himself fourth in the list. He was none too satisfied, yet it can be said that he was playing below his mark that day. When all is considered, open meetings should not be regarded too seriously but just as occasions for an enjoyable outing.

Last week at Stoke Poges the annual meeting of the artisans was held, and those men who are forced to play golf at odd times showed that their handicaps were generous too. One player returned a total of 150 for 36 holes, then deducted 20 and so aroused a good deal of comment about his 10 handicap. A. Poulton, a gardener, carried off the senior event with a net total of 137 for the two rounds off the eight mark; whilst the scratch award went to a joiner, T. Shutt, who comes from that famous district beloved by J. H. Taylor, Westward Ho! He defeated H. W. Smith, of Jersey, in the replay after they had tied with the commendable scores of 147 each.

E. R. T.

LADIES IN THE SHOW RING

Judges and Competitors at Bath



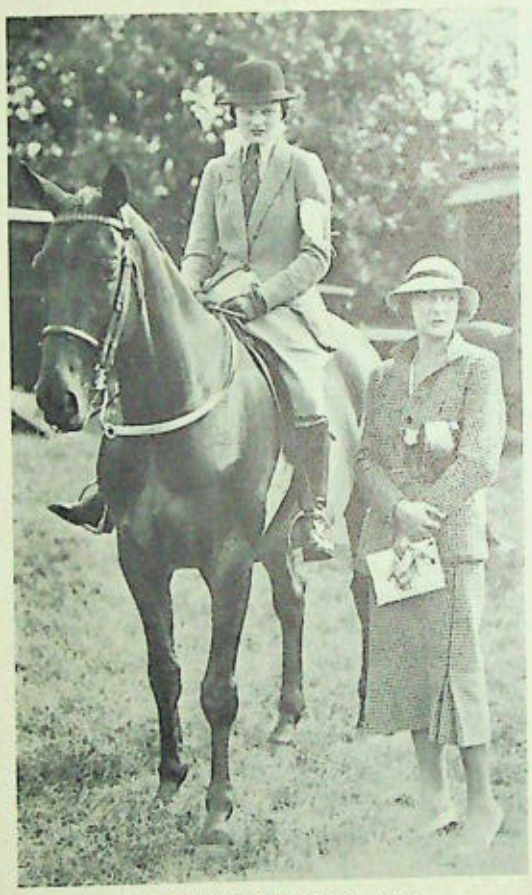
JUDGING AND JUMPING AT BATH

Mrs. Oliver Gilbey and Miss Monica Dunne, who judged the ladies' riding class (left), and Lady Wright taking the water on Toby, winner of the Spa Hotel Cup

BATH HORSE SHOW is a striking example of the benefit derived from making a slow, tedious two-day fixture in a one-day event which is attractive and full of interest. A fine day, a splendid entry of most of the best horses in the country, and a crowded attendance made this late show one of the best of the season. Most of the hunter classes were well supported, and in the local radius class Lady Diana Sheldon scored a notable success with her bay gelding, Ballyragget.

The ladies' hunter class, always an attraction, saw Mrs. Stanley Barratt's well-known Middleton II at the head of the line, but there was little to choose between this brown and Ballyragget, which gave a very good display. Middleton came out again to win the middle-weight class, and showed just a trifle more balance and pace than Goldmint, although Mrs. Vaughan's chesnut is a likeable sort full of quality and well-ribbed up. The best of the light-weights was a quality sort belonging to the Hon. Anne Lewis. He had a little more scope and quality than Mr. Oliver Dixon's Drinred, placed second.

Mrs. Vaughan's Heeland is undoubtedly one of the best of the present-day show hunters. He has



RADIANT AND HIS RIDER

Miss Jackie Hance riding Sir. A. Weigall's famous hack, which at Bath terminated his successful show ring career by winning the Roper-Wright Challenge Cup

both hunter trials and points-to-points to his credit, apart from his show ring successes, and he came out in very fine trim to win the heavy-weight class. Messrs. W. L. Smith, Ltd., obtained the second place with Mount William, a six-year-old brown. A nice type this, but with hardly the middle-piece or make up of the champion chesnut. Third in this class was Grand Slam, which won the championship at Dublin last month. This brown, who now belongs to Mr. Oliver Dixon, is a grand mover, but he still seems a little high off the ground.

The two hack classes were full of interest. Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Weigall's Radiant finished his brilliant career by securing first prize in each, and subsequently winning the Roper-Wright Challenge Cup, a trophy which just eluded him last year. The bay son of Regent has had many successes in the past five years, most of them when ridden by Miss Jackie Hance, and it was fitting that she should be on him in this, his final public triumph. In the open class his nearest rival was the Olympia winner Romance, a six-year-old bay mare with nice manners and plenty of quality. Captain Hance's well-known Ecstasy was third and Quaker Girl reserve. This last named grey was shown to good advantage by his owner, Mrs. E. Grahame Johnstone in the side-saddle class, and was promoted to second place over Romance, reserve on this occasion going to Captain Hance for Operette. In the championship, however, the runner-up was Romance. The Spa Hotel Cup for open jumping was secured by Lady Wright's Toby, and the high jump was won by Mascot, belonging to Mr. T. Glencross.

One of the most popular features was the contest for the *Horse and Hound* Cup for the best child rider. Out of an entry of 68 there were only a few absentees. The six finalists gave the judges a very difficult task. The cup was eventually won by little Miss Flavia Misa, who gave a delightful display when mounted on a strange pony, a condition of the test which is both novel and exceedingly useful in determining the ability of children really to manage their mounts. Miss Norah Walker, also a popular horsewoman in juvenile classes, was given the reserve award; while the cup for the youngest competitor who qualified for the final, was secured by Master Peter Revell-Smith.

CESTRIAN.

W. A. Rouch

WITH THE CHILDREN

Miss Flavia Misa, who won the cup for the children's equitation test from over sixty entrants. In this test children rode each other's mounts

W. A. Rouch

FROM HUNTING FIELD TO SHOW RING

The Hon. Anne Lewis, Master of the Monmouthshire, with her prize-winning hunter Ballymonis at the Bath Horse Show

New Books

LIFE IN THE FOREIGN LEGION TO-DAY

Soldiers of France from Forty-five Nations

EX-PETTY OFFICER HUNTER served on H.M.S. King George V. and Centurion during the war. He afterwards worked as a lumberjack in Canada, became unemployed and joined the Foreign Legion. The life he says is "a damn sight easier than being a lumberjack in Canada. The food at Sidi-bel-Abbès is better than in the British Army and as good as in the best ships in the Navy. . . . when I was new I had to hold my own a bit. . . . If you obey orders you get on fine and no one bothers you. All that rot about savage punishments is just bunk."

This quotation from *In Morocco with the Legion* may be taken to sum up Mr. Ward Price's defence of France's Foreign Legion against charges of brutality, though conditions have greatly changed for the better of late years. It is a strange gathering the Legion. In its ranks in 1933 it was computed there were 35 per cent. French, Belgians and Swiss, 25 per cent. Germans and Hungarians, 12 per cent. Poles, Czechs and Slovaks, 10 per cent. Italians, Spaniards and Mediterranean races, and 18 per cent. for the rest of the world, but in all 45 different nations were represented. The last named figure had reached as much as 58 until the French economised in repatriation to the remoter parts of the world. There are few English, for the monotony of a legionary's life is often deadly and our national character is too insular to adapt itself to the conditions. Games are little practised, and a battalion commander when once asked what are the amusements of the men, replied, "Drinking, cigarettes and women." And drink comes first, possibly because legionaries have many sorrows to drown.

Composed for the greater part of men of low social status (in contrast to the romantic versions) the Legion nevertheless contains many members of excellent education and accomplishments and can furnish surprises, as must have been the case when the inspecting general inquiring of a Russian Legionary what he had been before he joined, received the reply, "A General, General."

These men own no nationality, they serve under the French flag, but their allegiance is given to the Legion. They fight for it, they die for it. They have been the spearhead of the French Army in its overseas campaigns and, under that great French soldier Lyautey, the great factor in the subjugation of Morocco. Here they have had to fight the "Dissidents," as the Legion calls them, not so much in the desert, as the popular cinema studios would have it, as in the Atlas Mountains, where the scientific devices of modern warfare are greatly at a disadvantage and it becomes a question of rifle and bayonet against a ruthless and blood-thirsty foe.

There is no mercy for the fallen legionary. He is foully and cruelly mutilated by Berber women before death. His stomach is cut out and stones put in it or a fire of twigs lighted in his inside; lips, nose and everything removable is slashed off the body. The French, nevertheless, endeavour to succour those who fall into their hands. "What would you do if it was I who was hurt?" asked a doctor tending a wounded tribesman. "Cut your throat," was the prompt and frank reply.

They are of tough stuff these Berbers. The Legion's sentries, with rifles chained to them, on the outpost forts are never safe. Mr. Ward Price recounts an experience at one post where the sentries had been found mysteriously murdered. A tribesman was seen on the parapet one night. Searchlights and Verey lights failed to reveal him until one man, looking upwards, saw a Berber motionless, flattened against a chimney which rose against the parapet of the fort on the *inside*. He fired. "The Berber made a mighty leap outwards and downwards. He cleared a ditch 10ft. wide outside the wall, with a drop of 12ft. from where he stood, then ran for the wire entanglement, which was more than 50yds. further on. He had almost reached it when he fell dead." All this he had done with a bullet through his stomach.

Legionaries on outpost duty cannot relax their vigilance for a moment and strategy and cunning mark the Berber in warfare. The story is told of a convoy near the end of its journey, and close to a strong Spahi outpost, which was attacked in force near a defile when the officer commanding the escort stopped to water horses. As the Spahis were on the hillside above and the Berbers had no wish for a rear attack by them rushing to the rescue, they told off a detachment to engage the post by a surprise assault. A simultaneous attack was made on the convoy and in ten minutes 40 of its members had been killed and many thousands of rounds of ammunition had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Many are the deeds of valour told of the men it requires some of the finest officers in the world to lead. The calibre of these officers may be judged by an incident which occurred in the Riff campaign, when some recruits were to be led into action. The colonel, noticing their hesitation, called out the 20 officers of the battalion, sent a couple to each flank with light machine guns to cover the advance, issued out hand grenades to the rest and led a successful assault on the enemy with this little party. In full view of his men the colonel waved his képi from what a few minutes before had been the enemy's position. With an excited cheer the young Legionaries rose and were soon falling on the flank of the Riff front line trenches.

The pride of all who belong to the Legion is proverbial. An officer charged with manslaughter after a motoring accident in France was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. He was ordered to have his fingerprints taken. To do so would disgrace his regiment, he declared.

"There is unfortunately no alternative," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, there is an alternative," was the rejoinder—and, walking to the almost red-hot stove, he placed his fingers and thumbs on it, scorching and shrivelling the skin into terrible blisters.

ARCTIC TERN RISING ALARMED

(From "Sea Terns or Sea Swallows"; Country Life)

If there is romance woven into the Legionary's life, there is poignant tragedy in the individual histories, many of which Mr. Ward Price details, and when the terrible *cafard* comes or the past memories become too much to bear there are suicides. With such a mixed crew of tough characters there are deserters, but in trouble the Legion is welded together as one and will permit none of its members to suffer at the hands of outsiders. The discipline is strange to British ideas. "Drill as understood in the British Army does not exist," says a British ex-corporal. Company drill would be regarded as a sign of national insanity. To slope, order, or present arms, and to turn left and right is all that a Legionary need know of square work. The rest of his training consists of instruction in attack, defence and outpost duties.

Mr. Ward Price has produced a book on the Legion that will rank as a standard work, and his accounts of personal experiences with it in the attack on Mount Baddou are of exceptional interest.

R. N. R.

In Morocco with the Legion. By G. Ward Price. With 32 illustrations from photographs. (Jarrolds; price 18/–.)

"SEA SWALLOWS"

A Bird Book that is Different

BIRD-BOOKS are legion; a fact of which natural history writers seem well aware, for almost every addition to the ornithological bookshelf is prefaced by an "apology" for adding to an already overladen bibliography.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marples, in presenting the results of many years' close observation in British terneries, have no need to offer excuses, even though the terns, or "sea-swallows" are already the most written-about, the most photographed, of British birds. For *Sea Terns or Sea Swallows* comes very near to perfection as a monograph of a group of species. From the time that the terns arrive at their breeding haunts in spring until their departure in the autumn the authors have watched them in the open and from hiding tent and hut. The wealth of knowledge thus acquired has been sifted, segregated and finally woven into as fascinating a story of bird-life as one has had the pleasure of reading for a very long time.

The book is also of considerable scientific importance, for many of the records set down—in particular the chapters on migration, courtship and vocabulary—break entirely new ground.

Of great interest, also, is the chapter devoted to "Tracks," in which the authors show, by means of diagram and description, how the tracks made by the terns in the sand record, in a greater or lesser degree, some of the habits of the bird. Provided the impressions are well defined their size also helps one to judge which species of tern has made them.

Some of the authors' examples of track solving have all the fascination of high-grade sleuth work. Having already described a form of courtship demonstration which they call the "parade," in which the female stands—shall we say coyly—while her would-be spouse walks round her, the authors show, for example, how from one set of tracks (illustrated) the following story could be evolved.

"The female had alighted first, and there she stood. The male alighted also—we know this by the deep feet impressions without any precedent ones. He then walked around the lady at a distance of about twelve inches against the clock, during which he either leaned a little outwards or trailed one wing only, as seen by the single wing mark, until he decided to fly. Was she indifferent to him while he did this? Not entirely, for the prints tell us that while he encircled her she turned, facing him as he passed."

The photographs taken by the authors, of which over a hundred are reproduced in this volume, are outstanding, even in these days of beautiful nature photographs, and these are supplemented by drawings and maps.

In brief, Mr. and Mrs. Marples have produced a singularly attractive and valuable addition to the naturalist's bookshelf, and one which will appeal not only to the expert, but to all who love the wild places on our coasts when the sea swallows breed.

Sea Terns or Sea Swallows. By George and Anne Marples. (Country Life; 15/–.)

Mr. J. Maxtee's *Popular Dog Keeping* (Bazaar, Exchange & Mart, Ltd., price 2/–) is a small encyclopædia for the dog owner. It describes the various breeds, tells how to house them, how to feed, rear, exercise and groom them, and how to deal with their complaints. A very practical little handbook.

Every naturalist residing in Cambridgeshire, as well as those temporarily engaged in the pursuit of knowledge therein, should possess a copy of *The Birds of Cambridgeshire*, a useful little book by David Lack, obtainable from the Cambridge Bird Club, 5A, Market Hill, Cambridge, for 7/6.

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.

SO-CALLED TEST MATCHES

SIR,—I cannot resist writing you a line to express my appreciation of your excellent and dignified pronouncement on the Tests fiasco in your leading article of August 25th. In the light of this article it is distinctly amusing to read the letter on the same subject by your correspondent, Mr. Neville Cardus, published in your issue of September 1st—Mr. Cardus certainly excels in the art of vituperation against what he terms "the cheap Press." The so-called "cheap Press" appears to embody the opinion of the entire English Press, including the *Field*.

Now let us examine the whole case dispassionately. In their telegram of June 14th, 1933, to the Australian Board of Control, the M.C.C. upheld the Jardine-Larwood form of attack. They considered it quite legitimate and fair in Australia, therefore it must be legitimate and fair in England.

Now it is quite permissible, even for a Mussolini, to change one's policy; and had the M.C.C., in consultation with county captains, come to the conclusion that this particular form of cricket was detrimental to the best interests of the game, I have very little doubt that the counties would have agreed—at best an unsatisfactory solution of the question, but anyhow better than the "non-solution" policy of "sitting on the fence," always a hopeless line of (in) action.

What is the result? Numberless cricket lovers like myself have no desire to watch Test matches between Australia and England unless our best and most representative eleven takes the field, and in no single match of the 1934 series did the English eleven come up to this standard.

It was reported in the papers that Sir Stanley Jackson stressed the point of only choosing *fit* men for the final Test at the Oval. Why, then, may I ask, did Wyatt play and, no doubt in consequence of his injured hand, miss several priceless catches? Yours faithfully,

The Mount, Winchelsea, Sussex. ERNEST GOLDSCHMIDT (Lieut.-Colonel).

DEPREDATIONS OF EGG COLLECTORS

SIR,—There is another way of dealing with this scandal which has not been tried. If a watch were put upon a few notorious egg-collectors during the nesting season convictions would easily be obtained. Some justices impose the full fine of £1 per egg, and costs, and confiscate the stolen eggs. This process could be continued *ad nauseam* to the collectors; they would in time weary of evil doing, and their furtive pilferings would be exposed. Time and money so spent would not be wasted. Though such methods are disagreeable, they are, unfortunately, necessary for the detection of law-breakers. Collectors who deliberately flout the law cannot complain if police methods are used against them. Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

SIR,—One point in the recent correspondence on this subject completely puzzles me, and I shall be much obliged if you will kindly explain it.

Among the birds to the taking of whose eggs exception is taken by your correspondents is the hobby. There are hundreds of keepers in the South of England who shoot these beautiful little hawks whenever they get the chance, yet not a word of reprobation against this practice ever appears in the *Field*, nor do your correspondents write to protest against it. Yet the killing of a pair of birds does infinitely more damage than the taking of a clutch, or even several clutches, of eggs. If game preservers are right in allowing this to go on, and keepers are justified in killing these birds, why do you object to the taking of the eggs?

Exactly the same argument applies to the persecution of the merlin in Devonshire by keepers, of which I have recently seen details.

It would interest many of your readers to hear the reasons for this inconsistency on the part of the organ of game preservation and field sports generally. Yours faithfully,

Whitekirk, Southbourne. F. C. R. JOURDAIN.

[We have not had occasion to protest against the killing of hobbies by gamekeepers, for the simple reason that no instance of hobbies being killed in this way has been brought to our notice. Mr. Jourdain presumably has information which is not in our possession. Will he furnish us, either in confidence or for publication in the *Field*, with the names and addresses of the hundreds of gamekeepers who shoot hobbies whenever they get the chance?—ED.]

"THE CLEVERNESS OF CATERPILLARS"

SIR,—Having read Mr. Newman's article under the above heading it occurs to me that the following remarks about the methods adopted for the protection of the chrysalis may be of interest.

Once they have pupated many species need no protective devices, as they spend this period of their lives under the earth. They run a certain amount of risk, however, of being discovered by birds raking about in the undergrowth and loose loam during the winter. Those species which spin cocoons have to be more careful in the selection of a resting place. The emperor moth, for instance, feeds on heather and spins its cocoon amongst the flowers of this plant, fixing it to the stalks. When the petals drop in the autumn they more or less cover the hairy outer case of the cocoon and with the added protection of the thick evergreen growth it is hidden from the inquisitive searcher. Yours faithfully,

Tonbridge. L. G. B.

LOCUSTS, ARSENIC AND STORKS

SIR,—A few years ago two species of stork—the white stork (*Ciconia alba*) and the white-bellied stork (*Ciconia abdimii*)—visited Southern Africa in their millions, remaining in the country from October until March. Now they are rare birds, and I only saw one small flock of the white-bellied stork and three single birds of the white stork this season. Where have the great flocks, that until recently visited us yearly, gone? They have been poisoned. Arsenic has been sprayed in millions of gallons on the land, killing every living thing within the area of spraying: guinea-fowl, francolin, seed-eating, insect-eating, bird or animal, everything must die—and in the end we kill a negligible number of locusts or army worm.

Now let us suppose that 5,000,000 storks visit—or did visit—Southern Africa yearly (an absurd calculation, I think, which should be nearer 10,000,000) and that each bird eats 30 locusts a day (probably underestimated), that would amount to the death of 150,000,000 locusts per diem, whereas our killing by arsenic would be a mere fraction of this toll. It would appear that we are deliberately protecting the locust by killing off its worst enemies. People have asked me how I know the storks are being poisoned—have I found many dead birds? The answer is No; birds have no public burial place, no cemetery or funeral. How many thousands of sparrows, swallows and little birds must die in England daily? Yet who has ever found one of them that had not apparently died by misadventure? True, during the army worm campaign of arsenical poisoning of a few years back, I saw some 60 white-bellied storks lying dead under the thorn trees in which flocks roosted, but, of course, that proved nothing without post-mortem.

How may the slaughter of our great and small game, which is ruthlessly, unnecessarily and uselessly perpetrated because of the tsetse fly menace, and the wanton destruction of our bird and wild life because of the locust menace, be stayed or prevented? Both are planned and prosecuted under the cloak of science! Yours faithfully,

P.O. Box 806, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia. A. ESSEX CAPELL, Col. (President, Wild Life Protection Society, Southern Rhodesia).

INDIAN FORESTS

SIR,—I have just seen Colonel Stockley's letter in your issue of June 9th, under the heading of "Indian Forests," which is indeed sad reading, but exactly what might have been expected. To hand over an existing department to the tender mercies of another—in which the senior officers are already hard worked—is to court disaster, and to give the underlings a chance for which they have yearned.

After all, the Forest Department looks after the game in the United Provinces, the Central Provinces and in parts of the Punjab, and in spite of a certain amount of poaching that will inevitably go on, there is not the wholesale slaughter which Colonel Stockley reports from the game reserves of Kashmir, and that at the hands of the very people responsible for its protection.

The reason is obvious. In other parts of India where the Forest Department is responsible for the game, and has been so for years, a regular tradition has grown up even among the subordinates who have considered the game as much a part of their duties as are the trees. That, together with the eagle eyes of their superiors, combined with the possible reports of licensed sportsmen, has gone far to keep them interested in the preservation of game, and the keeping down of poachers.

In Kashmir the Forest Department never had anything to do with game until recently, and the subordinates of that department do not see eye to eye with their plains brethren in other provinces, and have not the interests of game at heart, but possibly a resentment on the grounds that this new baby has been foisted on them without any compensation except to shoot.

As long as the Government alone is responsible for the keepering of a reserve, be it a national park, a protected forest, a sanctuary or anything else you like to call it, the chance of any success is remote, for the simple reason that it will be impossible to allot sufficient funds for adequate supervision. On the other hand Government, plus the people, can do a very great deal and more cheaply.

An awakening of the people in the first place, and thereafter a system of rewards for information leading to conviction. These rewards must be on a scale which will make it worth the informer's while, and something more than he can get from the poacher for keeping quiet. Thereafter a deterrent sentence to follow, and I venture to think the keepering of a national park is not so far beyond the pale of possibility.

To carry out such a programme an association, well represented by sportsmen, is essential. It can raise the funds for propaganda and otherwise work hand in glove with Government. On the other hand, the Government finds the funds for rewards from the revenue which will accrue from licence fees, and fines could also be credited to "the preservation of fauna." One of the first things to be done is to educate the magistrates who deal with such cases. Every now and again the Government brings to the notice of all magistrates the inadequate fines imposed in certain cases.

There are so many things to fight in this country, the actual catching of the poacher being the least of them, and the only definite and lasting way out of it all is to make a real endeavour to educate public opinion. A long job and a difficult one, I admit, but the only one that will pay in the long run if we are to save our game, of that I am convinced. Yours faithfully,

Dharmsala Cantt., Punjab. C. H. DONALD.

LIBERATION OF CAMBERWELL BEAUTY BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Owing to the interest taken in the research work now being carried out by the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies in connection with insect migration, I think it well, in the general interests of entomology, to point out that again this year a number of those very beautiful insects, Camberwell Beauty butterflies, have been liberated by a London firm in various districts around London.

Any records of the appearance of these butterflies during this season in this country will, therefore, be valueless as regards their origin, for in all probability any that may be seen or captured would be imported and turned-down specimens, and not voluntary migrants. I have recently received a record of one captured at Godalming, Surrey, on July 30th last. As this butterfly has a powerful flight its range might easily extend all over England from the locality of its liberation.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

MILK AND DISEASE

SIR,—Mr. Richardson in his letter in your issue of August 18th evidently has not fully understood the purport of my letter in your columns on the subject of "Milk and Disease." He attributes to me the statement "that it is at the farms where the uncleanliness of milk begins." I never made such a statement.

My point is that in the present state of the dairy farming industry, which includes both the production and the distribution of milk, the only practical way to ensure that milk is free from disease producing organisms before it is consumed is by sterilisation.

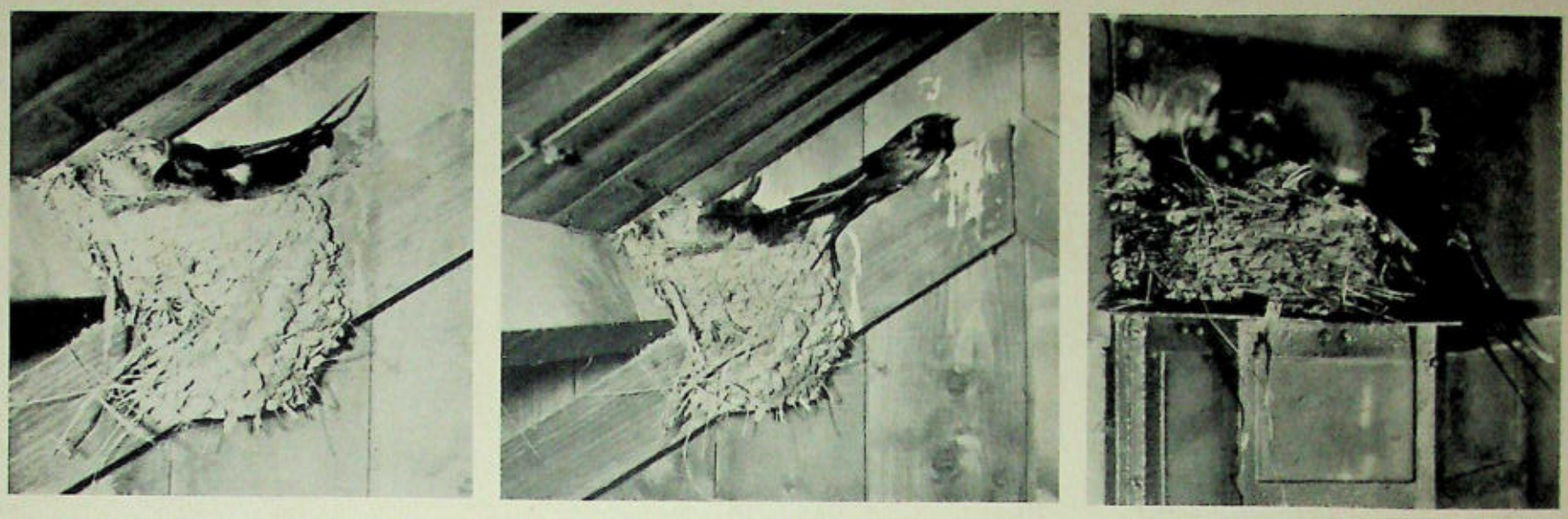
The reason why Glasgow is supplied with "good, pure and clean milk" is that at least 85 per cent. of it is pasteurised.

I fear that the method of distribution used in China, supplying the milk so to speak "on hoof," is not practicable in our large cities.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY B. FLEMING.

University of Glasgow.



FLASHLIGHT STUDIES OF A NESTING SWALLOW. THE SECOND PICTURE SHOWS THE MALE ROOSTING ALONGSIDE, AND ON THE RIGHT IS MR. BRATBY'S PICTURE TAKEN WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR
(See Letter "Photographing Swallows")

PHOTOGRAPHING SWALLOWS' NESTS

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. G. S. Cansdale's letter in the *Field* of August 25th, and in his photograph of the swallow feeding young. I appreciate his difficulty in obtaining the photograph for, as he observes, these birds seldom nest where the light is sufficiently strong for an instantaneous exposure to be adequate, and the swallow's movements are too quick to allow for even a brief time-exposure.

Mr. Cansdale says, "On no occasion did both birds come to the nest together while I was watching." I have spent a good deal of time this year watching swallows, and this has not been my experience. I have used flash-powder several times in an endeavour to photograph a swallow sitting and find that the bird remains undisturbed on the nest after the flash; probably it is dazzled by the light. A few weeks ago I exposed a plate on a sitting swallow in a hen-house and was changing the slide, meaning to take a second photograph with a different stop on the lens, when the bird (as I thought) moved out of the nest and came to rest on the ledge beside it. I quickly exposed the plate and was then surprised to find that the hen was still on the nest and that it was the male swallow which had entered unobserved and had settled down to roost beside his mate. I have seen both birds arrive at the nest simultaneously to feed the young, but they did not actually perch on the nest together, but fed the young rapidly one after the other. Yours faithfully,

Fayrer Holme, Windermere. C. M. CLARK.

SIR,—The letter published in your issue of August 25th, on photographing a swallow's nest, is of particular interest to me, as I had considerable difficulty in obtaining the enclosed photograph. The nest was situated on top of an electric-light shade in a poorly lighted porch, and I erected a scaffolding for the camera, the lens of which was only about 18in. from the nest. The birds soon became accustomed to this, but most of my photographs were very under-exposed, so in order to overcome this difficulty I flashed the light of the sun on to the nest by means of a large dressing table mirror. This idea, I hope, may be of some use to other readers.

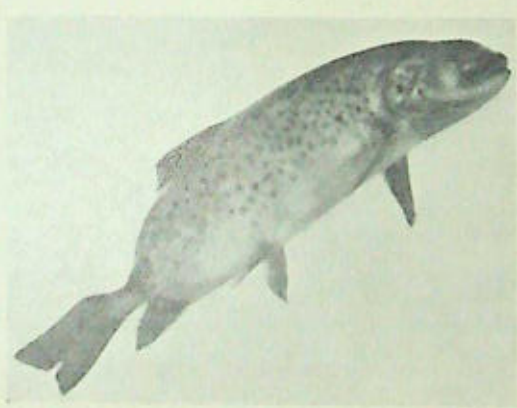
I think it is worth mentioning that three old birds fed the young, and that the photograph was taken late in September. Yours faithfully,

Wyngate Road, Hale, Cheshire. JOHN BRATBY.

He said to me—have you no respect for old age . . ?

I said to him—certainly sir, I drink Johnnie Walker . . !

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . .



PROBABLY THE RESULT OF DAMAGED OVA
(See Letter "A Deformed Trout")

A DEFORMED TROUT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a trout caught on Loch Allan, in Morayshire, which may interest your readers.

It will be noticed that the top part of the tail is curiously contracted. Is it possible that a cast may have become tightly wound at some time and have gradually worn off?

Logie House, Dunphail, Morayshire. Yours faithfully, M. N. LAING.

[We should doubt whether a gut cast could have caused the injury. It would probably have become rotten from the natural slime on the fish and broken away before causing such, apparently, serious trouble. Some injury to egg or alevin seems more likely.—ED.]

FARMING IN HEREFORDSHIRE

SIR,—I have been spending two weeks wandering through Herefordshire. What a good county it is; such a variety of "eggs in the basket," and all high class. Hay and clover crops were never heavier and well harvested. Wheat, oats, barley and beans, all bumper crops. Apples, such as Worcesters, Bramley's, Annie Elizabeth and Cox's Orange, a great crop, and, of course cider fruit abundant. Hops are generally good—in the Teme Valley very good, but quite a bit of damage done to some exposed yards by recent gales.

The Hereford cattle are a picture to look upon. Their clean white faces and heavy coats, like a girl's "permanent wave," in grass such as I have not seen in any other county. Shire horses are a fine up-standing type; slow, perhaps, but weight-shifters, and I must say a good word for the waggoner, who is a quiet, gentle horseman. I spoke to a horse dealer, and he said he would rather have Herefordshire broken and worked horses than any other county.

Sheep are mainly cross-bred with a few flocks of pure-bred Shropshires and some flocks of pure Clun Forests. The latter is a lovely type of animal; it is an old breed, very much favoured just now, I hear. I only saw about six well-managed and well-marketed herds of pigs, and these were very good.

I would say there is no better farmer in the world than the best Herefordian; but there are others, as there are in every county, no doubt. I have enjoyed true hospitality everywhere, and I love their cider. Yours faithfully.

Leominster. AN OLD TIMER.

METEOR FRAGMENTS AT MORADABAD

SIR,—A fragment has been found in the Moradabad district of the exceptionally large and bright meteor which was recently seen at Delhi and the neighbouring districts of the United Provinces, and which was said to have eventually fallen at Hapur near Meerut.

When this meteor was seen over Moradabad fragments appeared to be falling off. The one shown in the accompanying photograph is apparently one of these.

It is undoubtedly of metallic composition and weighs nearly 23lb., and though it looks very like iron it is much heavier and in places has a definitely silvery sheen.

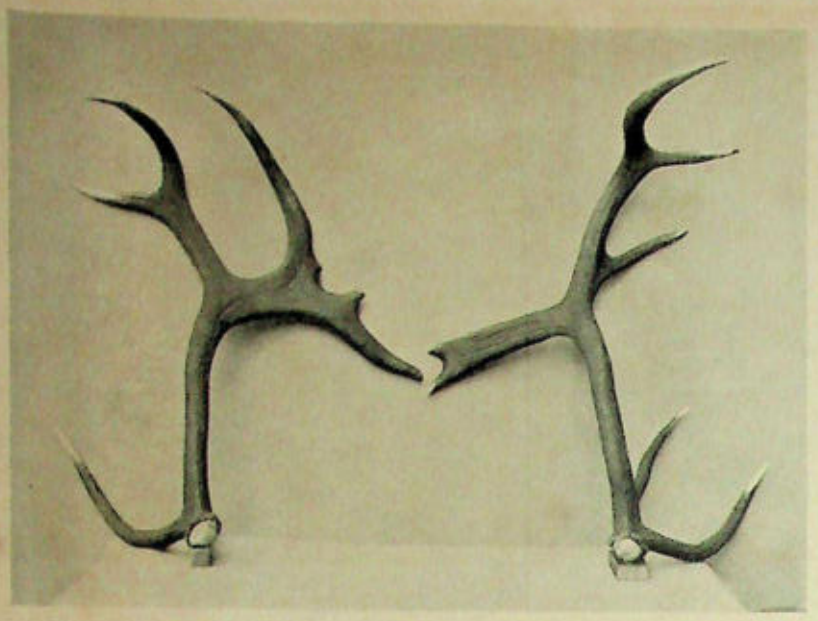
It resembles a piece of 1½in. thick plate-iron that has been badly battered by shrapnel.

The golf ball in the photograph conveys some idea of the size, while its irregular shape and pitted surface are also clearly seen.

Yours faithfully,

Moradabad. R. B. CONNELL.

A METEOR FRAGMENT COMPARED TO A GOLF BALL
(See Letter "Meteor Fragments at Moradabad")



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF ANTLER DEFORMITY FROM EXMOOR
(See Letter "A Freak Exmoor Stag")

A FREAK EXMOOR STAG

SIR,—Great interest has been aroused in hunting circles on Exmoor by the discovery during the past few weeks at Culbone of a pair of stag's antlers the like of which has never been seen here before. The most experienced staghunters say they can remember no antlers so extraordinary, their curious formation and strange characteristics making them unique. A most interesting point about them is that they were shed by a stag proved to have been growing freak antlers during several seasons, and the finding of two former pairs for two years running, shows that from the first year concerned the curious formations have grown bigger and added certain features.

The antlers of this deer, which were picked up in 1931, show definite traces—although smaller of course—of the same malformations which this year—1934—can be seen so strongly developed. The stag has been known for a long time, and has frequented the woods of Culbone and Glenthorne, staying down by the cliffs in winter and coming up to the higher ground in the spring; so the men of Culbone say, for they have been watching him from season to season. Several of them have had fairly close views of him from time to time, and a big sight he made with his strange and unwieldy head.

A keen look-out was made this spring for the antlers of this stag, and the reward came to two local observers. Harold Thorn, of Silcombe, picking up the near horn at the end of March near the head of Titchen Combe, and Jack Sage, of Broom Street Cottage, finding the off horn on August 10th at the top of Langwells, not far from the spot where the other was found.

Although an intensive search was made for the 1933 pair, they have never been found, which is a great pity, as it breaks a most interesting sequence. The pair shed in 1932 were picked up that spring, and they show characteristics which are no doubt the forerunners of those appearing on the 1934 pair. Those dropped in 1931 have been preserved, and show most interesting comparisons.

The accompanying photographs show better than any words what the 1934 horns look like. The following measurements in inches may interest students of venery.

Near Antler.—Beam midway between brow and backward growth or "point," 4¼in. length, 37¼in.; brow, 15in.; longer point a'top, 12in.; length of back "point" to end of longer tip, 10½in. This formation is flattish, similar to one's wrist, and has at the centre a circumference of 5½in. Off Antler.—Beam midway between brow and malformation, 4½in.; length to tip of the longer natural point a'top, 33½in.; brow, 17in.; length of upward growing point at back, 16in. The stem of the back growth is wrist shape also, and midway along is 6¾in. round.

A feature of this off horn is the pronounced groove or vein on the inner side, which curves away from the beam into the big malformation, to end at the base of the upward growing point. On the near horn, also on the inner side, a channel almost as pronounced curves away from the beam and runs along the back growth almost to the end.

An extraordinary thing about the thick downward growing "point" on the off horn is the almost perfect smoothness for nearly its whole length. The roughness and system of narrow channels normally found are entirely absent. Other queer phenomena associated with this "point" are its dark colour—almost black—and the fact that the blunt end, as well as the little point growing farther back on the upper side, are as dark as the other parts. This is in contrast to the two tips of the malformation on the near horn, which are light coloured and weathered as normal points are. Fred Goss, one of the best-known authorities on the wild deer, has been given an opportunity to inspect them, and says he has never seen the like.

Yours faithfully,
Minehead. ALFRED VOWLES.

IN THE ACT OF DRYING ITS WINGS
(See Letter "Butterflies by Air Mail")

BUTTERFLIES BY AIR MAIL

SIR,—It may interest your readers to hear of an experiment we have successfully carried out this summer on our Butterfly Farm. For the first time, to my knowledge, we have managed to breed out a number of South African butterflies, from chrysalides sent by air mail from the Cape.

We cannot hope to continue the race in Britain, as they are of the species known as *Papilio demodocus*, which in the larval stage are a pest to orange growers in the country of their origin. The female lays her eggs on the newly planted saplings, and the caterpillars feed upon the tender green leaves. When a number of eggs are laid on a small tree, the colony of feeding caterpillars sometimes strips it bare of leaves. This naturally curtails the growth of the new shoots, and often results in the death of the tree before it has had a chance to get properly established. On small estates the caterpillars could easily be collected, for they grow to quite a large size and are conspicuously coloured. They are, however, distasteful to birds, as shown by their warning colouration, and are thus immune from attacks by one of the chief enemies of lepidoptera.

If the farmer wishes to keep this beautiful butterfly from becoming a "pest" he should give up some time in the spring to collecting and destroying as many of the larvæ as he can find, because this species has several broods in succession during the hot season, and therefore multiplies at an amazing rate.

The enclosed photograph shows one of these butterflies in the act of drying its wings. It is larger than our British swallow-tail (*Papilio machaon*), and as one escaped from a cage in our breeding grounds I can testify that it has a more powerful flight and certainly looks more graceful on the wing than its slightly less gaudy relative from the Norfolk Broads.

Yours faithfully,
The Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent. L. HUGH NEWMAN.

RINGED PARTRIDGES

SIR,—Last year, and this year, a considerable number of partridges, mostly hand-reared or Hungarian birds, have been ringed in various parts of Great Britain. The rings used are of aluminium. In 1933 some of them were marked, "Return to Witherby, London," and a number preceded by the letters PAR. The later ones used in 1933 and 1934 are marked "Middleton, Museum, Oxford," and a number. If any of your readers should shoot a bird with one of these rings I should be very grateful if they would let me know the number, date killed and exact locality, and return the ring to me if possible.

University Museum, Oxford. Yours faithfully, A. D. MIDDLETON.

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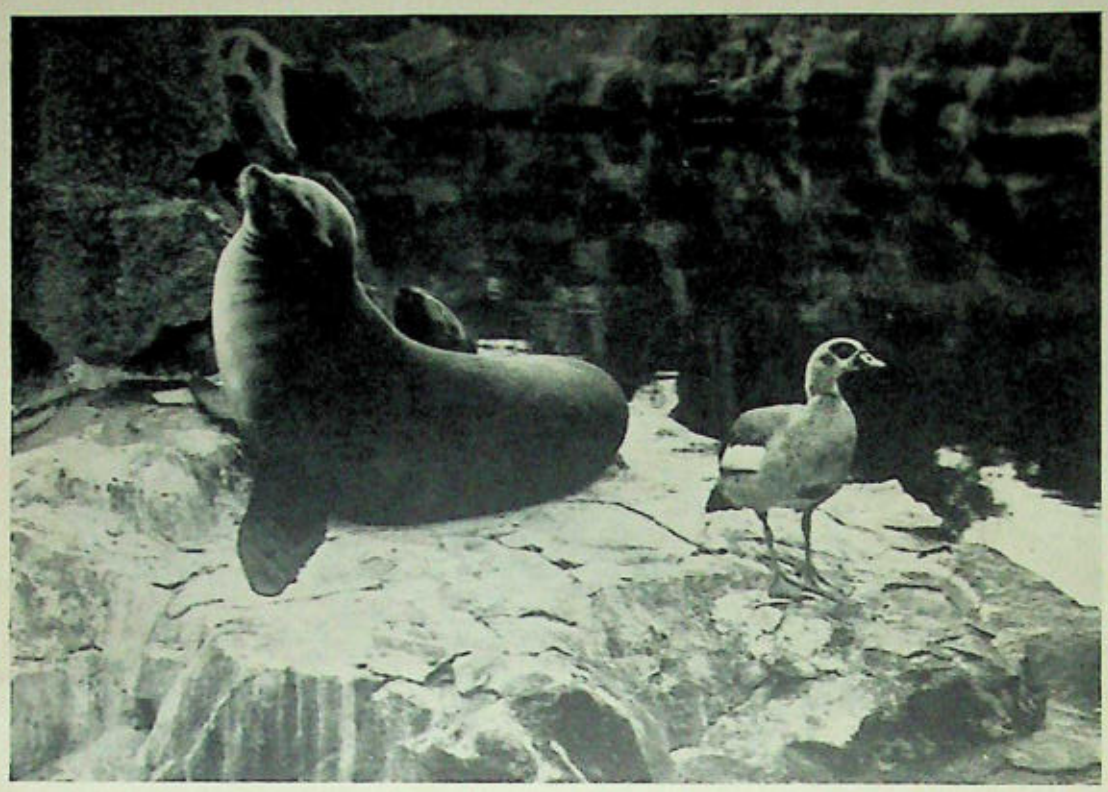

A GUARDIAN OF THE BLIND
(See Letter "Goose and Seal")

GOOSE AND SEAL

SIR,—Friendships between animals of totally different genera are interesting and one constantly hears of kittens being brought up by dogs, and ducklings being mothered by hens, etc., but I doubt whether there was ever a stranger case of friendship between two totally different kinds of creatures than the one I now send you.

Not only on account of the dissimilarity between the two, but the more so on account of the difference in size, the protector in this case being an Egyptian goose and the protected a young seal. The facts of the case are as follows: The mother seal, which is in the Edinburgh Zoo, has been blind for some time, and when her cub was born this goose, for some extraordinary reason best known to itself, took over the duty of guarding the cub on behalf of the blind mother, and all day long, as can be seen from the photograph, the goose stands on the lock by the side of the blind mother and the cub, and if any other beast or intruder dares to come anywhere near the cub the goose at once flies at them, flapping her wings and hissing, and that effectually keeps them at bay. The cub's head can be seen behind the mother's back in the photograph.

It would be interesting to know if any other instance of the kind has ever been heard of.

Yours faithfully,
14, Burnham Court, W. 2. F. D. S. FAYRER (Lieut.-Colonel I.M.S., retired).

A FATAL MEAL

SIR,—Recently my shikaris, who look after the jungles and game, while walking through the forest, came across this python. They found him gasping and rolling from one side to another. So in a fright they stoned him and eventually

EATEN BUT AVENGED
(See Letter "A Fatal Meal")

finished him with sticks. But, on a close examination they saw the head of an Indian gazelle sticking out at the place marked with a cross in the photograph: the antlers had pierced through the flesh and skin, which was the cause of the python's death. Sometimes too much temptation results in death.

Camp Dhrangadra, India. H.H. OF JHALAWAR (Rajputana).

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are very anxious to help two elderly sisters. These old ladies are left alone in the world with 15/- to live on. Their home is a tiny house in a London suburb, and of their 15/- weekly, 10/- of it is earned through letting a room, and the rest is obtained through an institution. Their situation is really desperate, for it is quite obvious that on this small income, they cannot get enough to eat, and donations are needed to give them a small allowance weekly.

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IN THE CITY

VALUE FOR MONEY—I.

IT is an undoubted fact that those whose task it is to invest money at the present time must incur one of two completely different types of risk. One the money-rate risk inseparable from first-class fixed yielding securities bought at current price levels, and the other the ordinary industrial risk inseparable from ordinary shares and the more speculative fixed yielding stocks and shares which provide a yield sufficiently high to be divorced from price movements sympathetic to those of the Gilt-edged market. As an example of the former type of risk it might be pointed out that Consols 2½ per cent. which are now valued a fraction above £80 changed hands at £49½ only three years ago, and examples of the latter type of risk are too numerous to call for specification. The days when investors could procure a livable rate of income from stocks with a fixed date of redemption in the relatively near future are definitely gone for the time being, and the fact must be faced that a pronounced risk of one kind or another has to be incurred nowadays if money is to be invested at all. It is impossible to overstress this fact or to mention it too often—unpleasant though it may be.

However the fact that a risk must be incurred does not necessarily imply that capital invested now need be unremunerative from the income point of view, or that it is sure to depreciate in value, but never was it more important "to look before you leap," and to refrain from buying securities of any description merely because they happen to be in public favour at the time of purchase.

The view was expressed in this column a few weeks ago that the stocks or shares of companies that have been wounded but not permanently crippled by some misfortune that is unlikely to recur, sometimes provided the bargain hunter with attractive opportunities for long term investment, and under current conditions such stocks or shares perhaps offer as good value for money as any other type of security.

WARING & GILLOW

The various stocks and shares of Waring & Gillow (1932), Ltd., may provide a useful example of the type of security that the writer has in mind.

The business really dates back to 1695, in whi year the famous firm of Gillows was established. In 1897 Gillows amalgamated with S. J. Waring and Sons, and Waring & Gillow became a public company in 1912. It was not until the difficult years immediately following the War had been successfully negotiated that the company became what could be described as prosperous, but 1930/31 was the first year since it became public (no records are available of its fortunes as a private concern)that its interest charges had not been regularly earned and paid in full on their due dates. For the year ended January 31st, 1925, a dividend of 10 per cent. together with a capital bonus of 100 per cent. was distributed to ordinary shareholders, and in the following period the 10 per cent. divided was maintained on the increased capital. This rate of distribution was continued until in respect of 1928/29 record profits were earned and a dividend of 15 per cent. was paid out of earnings representing more than 25 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

In the following year troubles of a financial character developed, and it is not proposed to discuss here the sequence of events that culminated in the resignation of the board of directors, the liquidation of the old company, and the formation in the following year of Waring & Gillow (1932), Ltd., to take over the business. Suffice it to say that there seems no reason whatsoever to anticipate the recurrence of troubles of a similar nature in the future.

There can be no question as to the ability of the new board of directors. Mr. Ivan C. Sanderson, the new chairman, is also a director of Wallpaper Manufacturers, Ltd., a company which is not unknown to regular readers of these notes, and Mr. J. H. Brackenbridge, the new managing director, is also a director of Scottish Dyes, Ltd. which is now incorporated with Imperial Chemical Industries. The board also includes a well-known chartered accountant and a member of the West End Board of the Phoenix Assurance Company.

The activities of the new board of directors since they took office, the prospects of the new company, and the attractions of its various securities will be discussed next week. Meanwhile it is hoped that readers will put aside these notes so that the two columns may be read as consecutive.

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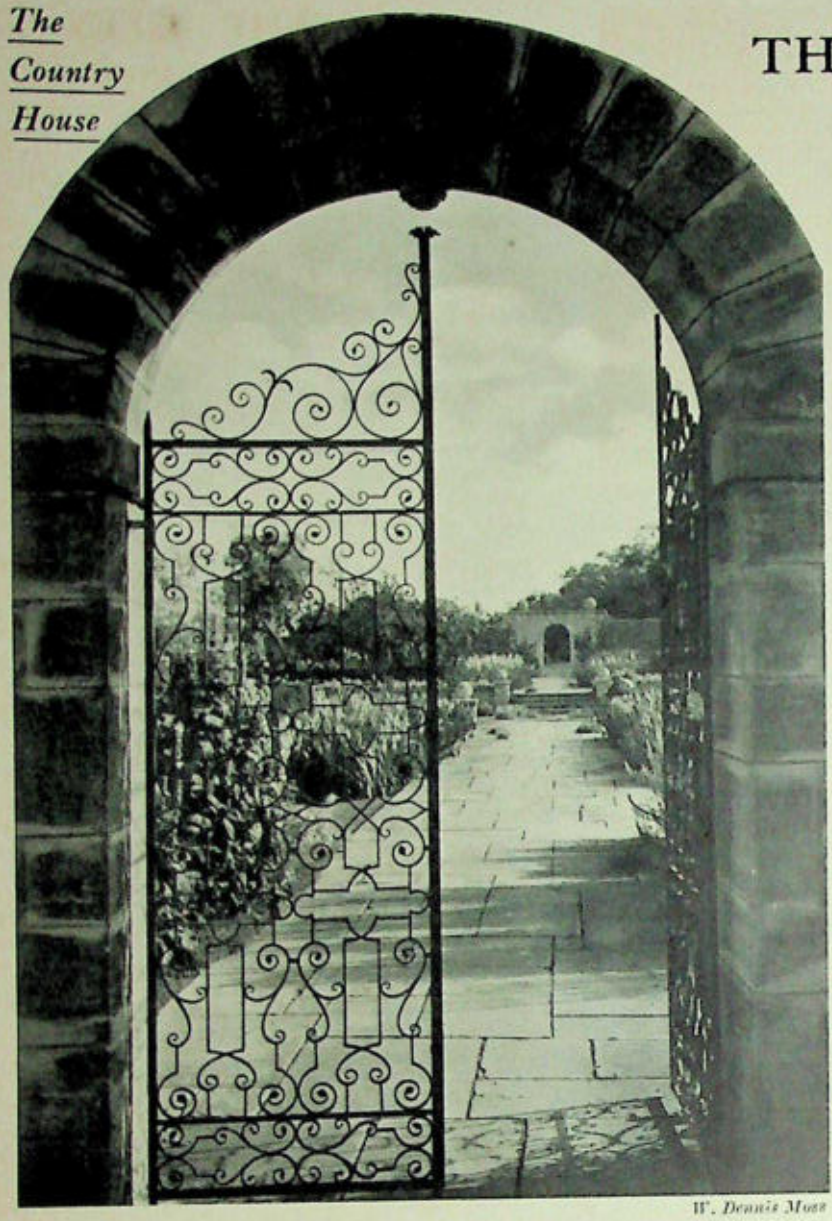


W. Dennis Moss

A DELIGHTFUL GATEWAY VISTA
A formal garden walk at Lyegrove, Badminton

THE MODERN FLOWERY MEAD

Planning a Garden For Spring

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

I OFTEN wonder why we do not copy the flowery meads of olden times for spring planting. Everyone nowadays plants daffodils and crocuses in grass, but why only these subjects? Why not make a flowery mead gay with not only crocuses and daffodils, but cottage tulips, pheasant's eye narcissus, dog's tooth violets, stray clumps of primroses, and so forth? And in autumn with colchicums.

The "garden" of a house that is being built near Reigate consists, at present, of ground that was a field, and to date all that has been done is to make a path leading to the door. When I pass it, I cannot help planning what I should do with that ground. The grass would remain as it is, and I should put in a few half standard and bush fruit trees—lovely both in flower and in fruit—each tree with a 3-ft clearing round it. Then I should plant the grass with all the bulbs that do well in grass—trumpet daffodils, pheasant's eye narcissi, crocus hybrids, cottage tulips, the easy fritillaries, spring snowflakes, Allium neapolitanum, and so forth.

The spring snowflakes, *Leucojum vernum*, would make little show for a year or so, but it is worth waiting for them, for their fragrant flowers, like large snowflakes tipped with green, look beautiful in grass. The variety *L. vernum carpathicum* has white flowers tipped yellow, usually two on a stem, and flowers several weeks later than the type. They do best in light soil. The summer snowflake *L. æstivum*, does well in any soil, preferably rich and cool, produces its flowers in clusters and increases rapidly.

Instead of the coarse, massive hyacinths I should have the dainty cynthella hyacinths. I should also put in primroses, not only our native yellow primrose, but the charming, aptly-named Helio and some of the Julie hybrids. Wanda does splendidly in grass. In the furthest parts I would have just a few clumps of crown imperials. The tendency is to overcrowd such a plot, and in planting one should always have in mind the type of flowery mead depicted in tapestries and old pictures, wherein the flowers are the jewels that adorn the grass and are not too thickly planted. A single plant of the common columbine, for instance, looks lovely in grass, but a group looks out of place. Such a plot would require the minimum of labour, for the grass would only need to be mown in June. The tulips would be in flower till the end of May, and till it was mown I should also have the pleasure of the moon daisies and lowlier subjects.

On each side of the path I would make a bed 4ft. wide and put in plants which, if not strictly evergreen, would be green for the greater part of the winter—Madonna lilies, for instance. Then it would not look too dull even in mid-winter. I should concentrate on a few subjects, and not have the ordinary type of mixed borders. Kirsten Poulsen roses, which produce their cherry-red blossoms in irrepressible profusion from June to November, Madonna lilies, delphiniums, and plenty of blue-flowered campanulas (preferably Telham Beauty) would, I think, be the chief features. Instead of different delphiniums, I should have them all first-rate, real blue delphiniums—Lady Janet, for instance—a finer blue delphinium than even Mrs. P. Nelke or Blue Gown.

For the edging I should have a thick border of aubrietias in mixed colours, the variegated arabis and behind them mauve violas. Aubrietias, arabis and violas would make a green edging in winter. Vacant spaces might be filled differently every year with branching larkspurs and love-in-a-mist, marigolds, and gladioli wherever there was room for them. What will presumably be the way leading from the road to the garage is about 50yds. away, and I should put up a screen of evergreen roses.

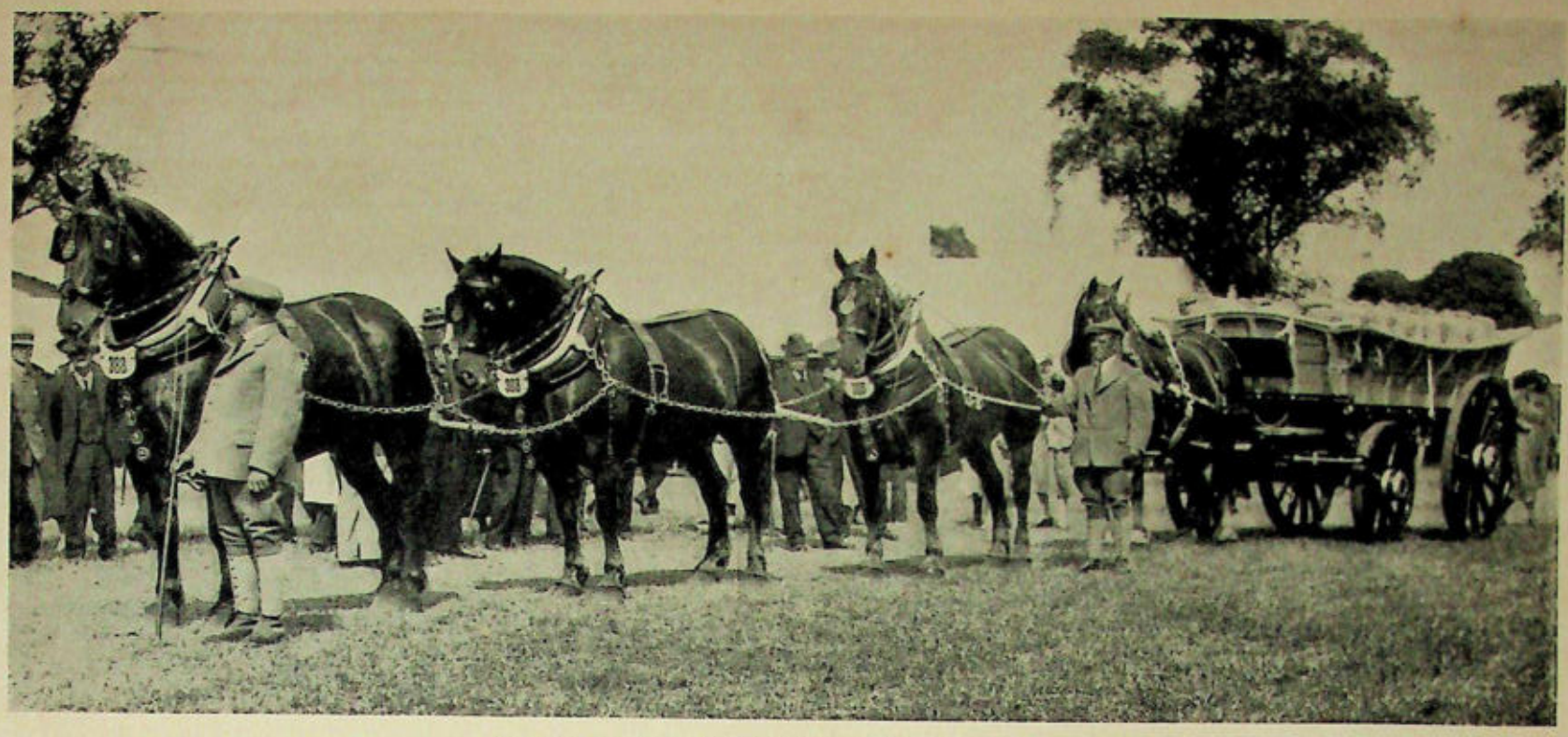
A BED OF MIXED FRITILLARIES

In autumn my flowery mead could again be lovely with colchicums. Why they are not more commonly planted in grass it is difficult to understand. *C. byzantinum* and the varieties of *C. speciosum*, commonly known as Ruby Queen are very effective.

Even in the smallest garden there is usually a piece of rough grass in which a diminutive flowery mead could be made. The vast majority of small suburban gardens are narrow strips and usually laid out in more or less the same way—a bed along the fence or hedge (where the soil is poorest), a path running the length of the garden, a grass plot and a vegetable plot, screened off by a hedge of sorts. I should feel inclined to make the path along the fence and put over it a pergola of roses, honeysuckles, jasmines and vines, such as *Vitis Coignetiæ* (for autumn colour). Then against this good background make a border, and have no "lawn," for these bits of grass involve far more labour than they are worth, but instead either a sunk garden or a plot with rectangular beds and paved paths. Then at the further end, I should have rough grass with four half-standard apple trees, and make the grass a flowery mead.

W. Dennis Moss

WHERE THE GRASS FORMS A FLOWERY MEAD: DAFFODILS AND PRIMROSES AT FAIRFORD PARK GLOUCESTERSHIRE



SUFFOLK PUNCHES SHOW THEIR QUALITY IN HARNESS
Mr. Stuart Paul's team which won at the Royal Show

AN ESSEX FARMER'S OPINIONS

Problems of Efficient Management and Labour Organisation

COLONEL GUY BLEWITT, of Boxted Hall Farms, Colchester, has given us some interesting and useful points of view in a small book entitled *Observations of An Owner-occupier* (Clark & Co., High Street, Chelmsford, price 2s.). The problems of efficient management in large-scale farming are tackled clearly and in a way that will make other farmers who read this book think whether they are working on the right lines. It is rarely that a farmer sits down to put his ideas on paper.

Faulty management may account for the failure of an agricultural enterprise. A farm may boast of the best land and buildings, the finest men and stock in the world, but they are all of no avail if the invisible hand of good management is not controlling and co-ordinating the whole. Can this question of good management in agriculture be put into a concrete form and can it be dealt with advantageously in theory, or does every successful farmer apply his own individual method which bears no relation whatsoever to that of another ?

The primary question would appear to be—with how many units can one man deal satisfactorily ? Colonel Blewitt points out that in military organisation the economic number has been found to be between three and five—not less than three or more than five units, so that we find the sections in a platoon, the platoons in a company, the companies in a battalion, and so on up to the corps in an army never less than three or more than five, and when the German armies numbered more than five, we find the appearance of groups of armies under different commanders directly responsible to the supreme command.

Just in the same way there must be an economic number of units in agricultural organisation, a man cannot adequately supervise an unlimited number of departments on one farm, or if the property is a large one, an unlimited number of farms on a property.

The original size of a holding or the size to which an agricultural enterprise is allowed to grow depends not only upon the amount of capital available but equally upon the suitability of the farmer to the type of management his holding or enterprise will demand of him.

A man may be a heaven-born stockman with a great love of the individual animal but a poor organiser. Though he may make a great success of a small farm, where he himself does much of the stockman's work, he would be useless on a big farm where his duty would be to organise and see that others did the work. In the same way, it is quite possible to have a big and varied agricultural business managed well by a man who is quite incapable of useful manual labour.

Effective organisation by departments and the deputing of responsibility on to several shoulders, all answering to the farmer in control, requires good men. It is Colonel Blewitt's opinion, which will be endorsed by other large farmers, that the more responsibility a good man is given the more satisfied he will feel with himself, but if he takes responsibilities, he must be paid for his successes. The more he earns for his successes the better for the farm in general.

In such measure as it can be applied readily the bonus on output plan is a practicable means of giving the responsible men on the farm a close interest in their work. A bonus on the gallonage of milk produced or on the bacterial counts of milk samples, on the number of pigs weaned, or the number of eggs sold, can lead to greater keenness and greater efficiency

There is a strong case to be made out also for regular holidays for farm workers, and particularly for those in the cowsheds and on other exacting work for seven days every week. On a large farm a rota of weekly half-days off duty with a whole day's holiday every month, can be arranged, but on the smaller farm, where only two or three men are employed, holidays are more difficult to arrange. The farmer is willing enough for his men to have time off, and the usual practice is to give them a day off when they want it. It is hard to keep to any regular rule. On the Boxted Hall farms there is in the cowsheds a calendar showing exactly when each man is due for his weekly half-day and monthly whole day off duty. In addition, to this, it is arranged that he shall have a week's holiday in the summer. That this is an extravagance which the farm cannot afford is a fallacy. A cowman's wage is reckoned by adding so many hours overtime to the recognised hours. His half-day a week and whole-day a month are deducted from this overtime.

Certain days in the year are recognised as holidays, but the cows have to be milked. The week's holiday in the summer makes up for these and gives the man a few extra days on full pay, which proves to him that the skill and punctuality demanded of him is recognised.

The accounts of Boxted Hall farms for the year ending March 25th, 1932, show that the sum of £2,334 3s. 1d. was paid in wages to an average weekly roll of 25 men, including a proportion of old age pensioners and boys. This works out at an average of 35s. 10d. a week. Such as have cottages have them free or pay rent at the rate of 3s. or 2s. a week according to the cottage occupied. They have a load of manure each for their gardens and as much firewood as they like to cut and cart in their spare time. Milk for their families and corn for their poultry can be had at wholesale prices.

Most farmers will agree with Colonel Blewitt when he says that there is nothing on a farm more difficult to procure than a good foreman. Labour is so comparatively expensive nowadays, that no farmer can afford to waste the time of any of his men, and this means that the organisation of work and the issue of orders for work must be the best possible. If the man who gives these orders is a leader, they will be carried out without opposition, and supervision will become a pleasure rather than a drudgery. Some foremen or bailiffs appear to think they lose caste and authority by taking their coats off and working with their men. In fact there is nothing that makes the men respect their leader more than the knowledge that he is not above taking a hand, especially if, when he does so, he proves himself their superior. R. F.

IMPORTS OF DAIRY PRODUCE

Effects on the Home Producer's Markets

SOME interesting points bearing on the country's supplies of dairy products, eggs and bacon are brought out in a survey made by the Imperial Economic Committee (*Dairy Produce Supplies in* 1933 ; H.M. Stationery Office ; 1s. 6d.). During the year the United Kingdom was again the world's largest importer of dairy produce, poultry and pig products. Butter imports by value were greater than those of any other food commodity and bacon followed wheat as the third largest item. Empire supplies have been increasing at the expense of foreign supplies, which are subject to tariffs or quota restrictions.

Dairy farmers will be interested to know that during 1933 there were no imports of fresh milk from foreign countries. Small quantities were received from the Channel Islands, but the main imports were from the Irish Free State into Northern Ireland. Foreign supplies of cream were slightly reduced by 4 per cent., Denmark being the principal source of supply.

There was a further increase in imports of butter into the United Kingdom which took over 80 per cent. of world exports in 1933. Consumption per head of the population was no less than 23½lb. in 1933. Butter has been cheap, and more has been bought, partly at the expense of margarine, which has largely disappeared from the common dietary. Cheap butter should be an advantage to our national health, and it is a compensation to the consumer for having to pay rather more for fresh milk. Denmark still held the lead as the chief source of butter supplies, but New Zealand now runs her very close, both claiming over 28 per cent. of the total imports. Between 1929 and 1933 New Zealand finest salted butter declined in price by 53 per cent. and Danish by 43 per cent., which suggests that the Dominion has yet something to learn in the butter trade. Apparently more butter was made in creameries in this country last winter consequent

on the low price fixed by the Milk Marketing Board for manufacturing milk.

Supplies of imported cheese have shown surprisingly little variation during recent years. New Zealand is sending more and Canada less. Australia is not yet an important competitor, and smaller foreign supplies from the Netherlands, Italy and Switzerland were imported in 1933. Farmers will have noted a clause in the new agreement between the Milk Board and the creamery proprietors allowing for revision of the price to be paid for cheese milk from April onwards. The standing arrangement is that the monthly price shall be determined by the average price of the finest white New Zealand and the finest white Canadian cheese, with a deduction of 1¾d. per lb. to cover costs of manufacture. The creamery proprietors claim that a straight average under this agreement operates unfairly to them in the early summer, when actually there is very little Canadian cheese on the market, and the limited supplies of matured Canadian cheese make high prices and raise the average price unduly. This survey shows that the price margin of Canadian cheese over New Zealand was more marked in 1933 than in 1932. In May finest white Canadian made 70s. per cwt., whereas finest white New Zealand realised 47s. per cwt. It is on this score that the creamery proprietors will ask for an adjustment of the cheese milk price when next April comes.

It is satisfactory to see that the total imports of condensed milk in 1933 were 11 per cent. smaller than in 1932, while Empire supplies obtained a slightly increased share of the trade. Home-manufactured supplies were also greater, due to the operation of the milk marketing scheme and the larger make of butter with condensed skim milk as a residue. Holland and Denmark send most of the imports of condensed milk, and New Zealand concentrates on milk powder.

The world trade in eggs has contracted markedly during the past two years, and the imports into the United Kingdom are no exception. The total quantity received in 1933 was 8 per cent. less than in the previous year, and 29 per cent. less than in 1931. The past few years have witnessed a considerable extension of egg production in the United Kingdom, as farmers know. It is estimated that the total egg production in Great Britain and Northern Ireland in 1933, excluding eggs used for hatching, amounted to approximately 40½ million great hundreds as compared with 38 million great hundreds in 1932. Home production amounted to 69 per cent. of the total quantity of eggs consumed last year. This is a creditable performance on the part of home producers. They could do more and expand further if market conditions were more favourable. The Government has not yet received sufficient room in the home market for home supplies. A standstill agreement on imports such as we have had since March is better than nothing, but now that the position is being reviewed the home producer deserves more consideration.

Denmark has easily retained her position as the chief source of supply of imported eggs, claiming 34 per cent. of the trade. The Irish Free State comes second, and Australia now follows. Australia's shipments, which are, of course, chilled eggs, have greatly increased. They arrive during our winter, when home supplies are not too plentiful and none are sent in our spring, when the market is oversupplied. Australia's supplies can be regarded as a balancing factor in the market. Denmark has also endeavoured to maintain more level deliveries by retaining a larges proportion of her spring output in cold store to unload in England during the autumn. During November last Denmark sent 160,400 cwt. of fresh eggs and 242,000 cwt. of preserved eggs. Holland in that month sent only 700 cwt. of fresh eggs and 5,500 cwt. preserved eggs. In the 1933-34 season exports of preserved eggs from Denmark to the United Kingdom comprised 44 per cent. of her total supplies, and from Holland over 74 per cent. It is not surprising, then, to find that the spread between market prices and imported and home-produced eggs increased in 1933. Danish and Dutch eggs have lost some of their reputation and good name in competition with really fresh eggs from poultry farms in this country.

By far the bulk of the imports of liquid eggs comes from China, and this trade has declined substantially. Imports of albumen from China have, however, increased.

A final word about bacon which is included as dairy supplies in this survey. During 1933 the total imports from foreign countries were reduced by 24 per cent. Danish bacon accounting for 61 per cent. of the total. Canada took full advantage of the Ottawa Agreement to ship more bacon. For the year as a whole the average price of best Danish bacon was 26 per cent. higher than for the previous year. Denmark sent 28 per cent. less bacon and received an average price 26 per cent. higher. The best English bacon increased in price by 5 per cent. The quota alone seems, by this reckoning, to be an expensive and not very effective means of helping the home producer.

IN THE SEASON OF ARMY MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

Tanks make their way through a dairy herd which take little notice of the apparitions on their pasture

FARMING NOTES

Milk in Schools

STARTING on October 1st the Milk Marketing Board plans to ensure that a supply of milk is available at a cheap price to schools in all parts of the country. The children will pay only a halfpenny for a third-pint bottle. To make this possible the Government, the Milk Board and the milk distributors are co-operating. The Government has provided a grant from the Treasury, the Milk Board is to be content with 7½d. per gallon, and the distributors are being asked to take no more than 6d. per gallon for their services in supplying the schools.

Accredited Milk Producers

A good deal of criticism has been levelled at the Milk Marketing Board for its insistence on the need for establishing a roll of accredited producers without delay. It is to be hoped that the Board will proceed without taking too much notice of the captious critics who on the one hand say that the proposal does not go far enough, and on the other that it is vain to expect the dairy farmer to take more pains about the cleanliness of his milk until he has a better price.

This is only a first step towards a purer milk supply and the eradication of disease from our dairy herds and also towards a greater consumption of fresh milk with consequently better returns for the producer. These are the essential considerations.

Cheaper Fertilisers

It is a welcome announcement from Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., that the prices fixed for their fertilisers are to be reduced from last year's figures. All the concentrated complete fertilisers are quoted lower in price, nitro-chalk remains at the same rate and sulphate of ammonia ranges from £6 16s. to £7 5s. per ton for delivery in 6-ton lots between now and next June.

Fertilisers are not a big item in the outgoings of most farms, but a decrease in price will probably lead to more generous use and consequently better returns for the farmer.

A Herdsman's Present

In the foreword to the catalogue of Miss Esmé Bulkeley's herd of Guernseys, which was dispersed by Messrs. John Thornton, Hobson & Co., Ltd., this week, a note appears to the effect that five old cows and two heifers have been presented to her foreman, William Roskilly, who has been in charge of the cattle since the herd was founded. This is an apt recognition of services rendered.

The Cattle Subsidy

No trouble has arisen in administering the subsidy in fat cattle presented at approved markets. Farmers, auctioneers and butchers seem to be co-operating amicably to ensure that the arrangements for inspection and certification run smoothly. It has been suggested that many farmers were holding back their cattle from the markets until the subsidy became operative on September 1st, but so far the markets have not been overcrowded, and the prices bid have tended to improve rather than decline. The subsidy at the rate of 5s. per live cwt. on approved cattle is, of course, paid by the Cattle Commission irrespective of the price realised in the auction ring.

According to Plan

Sir Daniel Hall's paper at the British Association meeting restated the aspirations of the economic planners who see in British agriculture a great field for their schemes. Farmers are not so ready to believe that salvation lies in the meticulous regulation of their industry, and interference with the business of the individual. But it is common ground that the market position must be taken in hand more firmly in order to give proper scope for the sale of home produce.

There will be general support also for the plea for continuity of purpose in agricultural policy. Sir Daniel Hall suggested that an advisory body should be established behind the administration to clarify the aims of national policy and guide the course of development. It is time that we made up our minds how far the subsidy policy in relation to sugar beet and wheat should be carried, and how far policy should be directed to encouraging the production of the more valuable fresh products, such as milk, eggs, meat and vegetables, which are needed in ample supply by the urban population.

BROADLEAZE.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A TRIUMPH GLORIA 10 H.P. CAR IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS
This photograph was taken at L'Etacq, in Jersey, with the remains of a Martello tower in the background. The heaps of seaweed are collected locally for fertilising the fields

A FORECAST OF THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW

Modified Streamlining But No Radical Changes in Design

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

EVEN at this late date, less than a month from the opening of the great annual exhibition of motor cars at Olympia, it is exceedingly difficult to predict the trend of design likely to be followed by motor manufacturers in general for 1935. Following the usual policy of secrecy characteristic of the motor trade at this pre-show period, very few of the leading firms have taken us into their confidence. For the most part they are closely and jealously guarding their secrets until the appointed hour.

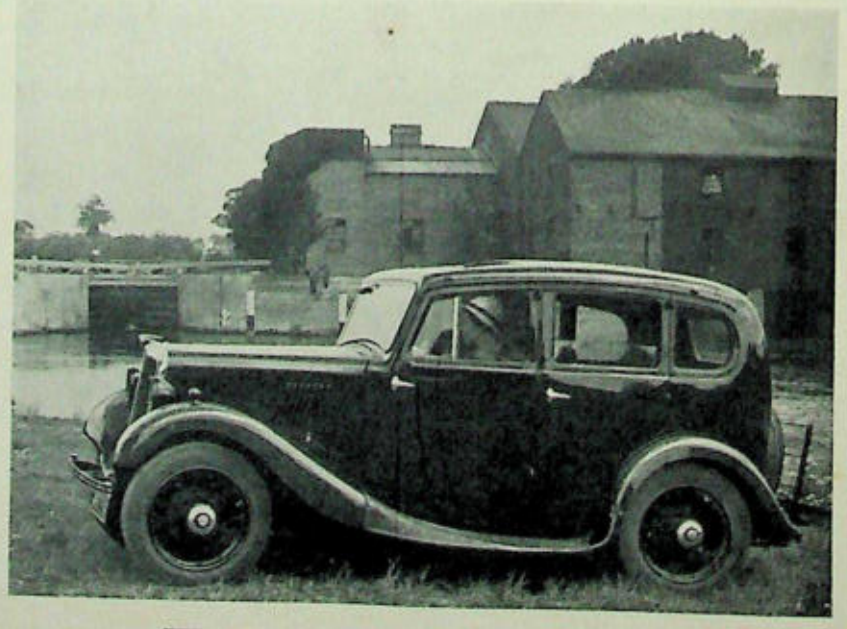
It appears to be the general impression that no sensational developments will be seen at the show. All the same, I would venture the opinion that when all the programmes have been announced, all Olympia's secrets imparted to an anxiously waiting public, we shall find that although the keynote of progress for 1935 will lie in general improvement in detail, both as regards chassis and coachwork, we shall see also a tendency towards what I will call modified streamlining.

Not that I expect to see many examples of the wind-resisting or "airflow" type of coachwork on view. One or two firms are sure to follow the lead set by Chrysler early this year, but that there will be any general trend towards that extreme type of streamlining I do not believe. It has undoubted merits, but the motoring public will require time to get used to its somewhat revolutionary appearance.

At one time I thought that this year might go down to motoring history as marking the first real step towards the provision of independent wheel suspension, but I am afraid Olympia will show little evidence of this. For many years the subject has received a great deal of attention from advanced designers, and a good deal of progress has been made. To apply the system of independent springing to the front wheels at least would be a great step forward in automobile design, but at the moment makers seem to think that more research work must be undertaken before they can commit themselves wholesale to so radical a change.

In this I think they are right. However good the ideal may be, it is useless to try to reach it through designs which must be largely experimental in character. The day has long gone by when the motor manufacturer could rely upon having his testing done by the purchaser of his car. Independent suspension will become general practice, but not for a year or two.

On the other hand I should like to believe that the Motor Show will foreshadow a more general application of the four-wheel jacking system. Here there is no need for research or experiment. Several excellent systems are now well past the development stage, and the types are so diverse that one or other could well be incorporated in the design of any car, from the cheapest to the most expensive. Even if it entailed a relative increase in the selling price of the car, I am certain the public would cheerfully pay the difference. The design of the modern car is such that it is next to impossible to get a jack under the rear wheel on an uneven road when it is dark and raining, which appears to be the usual combination of circumstances when this necessity arises.



THE NEW MORRIS EIGHT FOUR-DOOR SALOON

In brief, I think the cars of 1935 will have a more generous equipment, such, for example, as tandem screen-wipers and automatically returned direction indicators built into the pillars. Bumper bars also will tend to become more and more a standard part of the car's equipment instead of being an "extra." It is in such details that progress will chiefly show itself at Olympia.

Prices remain substantially as they were. In one or two cases these have been raised slightly, but to balance matters others have been reduced a little. Either way the changes are so small as to be negligible, while in any case the purchaser may be assured that he is getting better value for his money. Very few new models will be introduced.

In some quarters it was expected that the coming reduction in the horse-power tax would have had some influence on manufacturing policy, but I cannot see on what grounds such an expectation could be based, since it is very problematical indeed whether the reduction will stimulate a demand for larger cars for use at home, while its effect on overseas markets still remains obscure.

The developments already announced are detail improvements in existing models rather than revolutionary changes in basic design. Indeed, I think it would be foolish to expect such changes in the cars of any established concern, but what we have a right to look for is just those improvements which are observable in the models which the Austin company have announced for the coming year. New coachwork of more distinctive character for their most popular cars; a new radiator design more in keeping with present-day ideas of car "lines"; synchro-mesh gear applied to the three higher speeds instead of only to third and fourth as formerly; with greater attention to general appearance and detail really summarise the changes.

The most remarkable feature of the Austin programme is the reduction of the popular "Seven" to the level £100.

Who would have dreamed a few years ago that the time would come when one could buy a real motor car with reasonable passenger accommodation and the performance of, let us say, a 15 h.p. car of 20 years ago, at so moderate a cost.

Morris's new range of cars will comprise eight main types and no fewer than 30 different models, irrespective of colour schemes and detail equipment. The main types are as follow: the Eights, the Ten Fours, the Ten Sixes, the Twelve Fours, the Fifteen Sixes, the Oxford Sixteens and Twenties, the Isis Eighteens, and the Twenty-Fives.

The first of these types, the Eight, is a newcomer to the programme, and replaces the famous Morris Minor. Its side valve four-cylinder engine has dimensions of 57 by 90 mm. and a cubic capacity of 918 c.c., as against the 847 c.c. of the Minor. This provides a much increased power output, although the tax is the same—£8 this year, £6 next year.

A three-speed gear-box with synchromesh top and second gears is employed. Suspension is by semi-elliptic springs front and rear with hydraulic shock absorbers all round. The brakes are of the Lockheed hydraulic pattern and the Magna type wire wheels are shod with 4.50—17in. Dunlop cord tyres. The track is 3ft. 9in. and the wheelbase 7ft. 6in.

The bodywork is particularly comfortable and capacious—in fact big-car safety and comfort are amongst the claims made for this new model. The equipment includes pile carpets, a gear-box draught excluder, an S.U. electric pressure petrol pump and a dash reading electric petrol gauge. The windscreen wiper is electrically operated, and, of course, the five-lamp set has a dimming control. An unusual refinement to find in a small car is the full-sized 4½in. diameter "big-car" dynamo.

Speeds up to 60 m.p.h. are attainable with a full complement of passengers, and at normal touring speeds the petrol consumption exceeds 45 miles per gallon.

The new Armstrong-Siddeley cars for 1935 show consistent improvement. In the 12 h.p. range two very attractive sports models are offered. The sports coupé gives that impression of elegance, with a hint of streamline, which captures the feminine imagination. The simple gear-change, the dainty appointments and ease of handling make this car ideal for a lady's use. Those who desire a touring body on a chassis of moderate power, yet high performance, will find what they want in the smart-looking sports model, which is sure to enhance the already wide popularity of the Twelve. The coachbuilt saloon and the standard tourer are retained in the list, as these meet the requirements of the general family car in either form.

As a medium-powered car the Fifteen has firmly established itself in the favour of those who desire a quality car suitable for reliable service either as a town carriage or as a vehicle for the most comfortable kind of touring. The coachbuilt saloon possesses dignified lines and equipment, and the sports saloon represents the most distinctive and modern body of its class.

Where greater power is required the Twenty supplies that want, whether it be for the purpose of the more imposing bodywork of landaulette or limousine or if a high average speed is necessary, without having to resort to excessive speeding.

What I have written about two or three firms applies almost equally to those other concerns which have announced their intentions for 1935. A general all-round improvement in detail; better coachwork lines, with special attention paid to passenger comfort; the extension of the synchro-mesh system to the second speed; more and better equipment. This really sums up Olympia's tale of progress.

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IS OUR COMMERCIAL AIR FLEET OUT OF DATE?

British Airways' Policy and the Future

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

FROM time to time, somewhat sweeping criticisms of Britain's commercial aircraft are made, the usual allegation being that, compared with the civil machines of other countries, British types are out of date, heavy and slow. The matter was, indeed, raised in Parliament just before the recess, and evoked a fairly long reply on the part of the Under-Secretary of State for Air.

The gist of that reply was that the subsidy arrangements with Imperial Airways provided that the company should keep well abreast of current developments (although no definition of such was laid down), and that if all factors were taken into consideration, British commercial machines compared favourably with other countries. He also pointed out that greater attention was now being paid to speed, and accelerations in all the Empire services might be expected at an early date. He admitted, however, that the speed of the quickest air liner that would be put into service on the Singapore—Australia route was still lower than that of the fastest machine employed by the K.L.M. Air Line to the Dutch East Indies.

Probably one of the reasons why criticisms of this kind are so frequent, lies in the fact that there is no universally agreed criterion for judging whether a commercial aircraft is, or is not, up to date. That much is implicit in Sir Philip Sassoon's reply; he was careful to stress that all relevant factors—safety, reliability, comfort and economy, as well as speed—must be considered. Many, however, feel that the primary attribute of air services should be speed, and that it is practicable and business-like to sacrifice something of the other factors in order that journey times may be reduced to the minimum.

This is unquestionably the view that has been taken by other nations; and the Under-Secretary of State's statement explains why the British lines have consistently placed comfort, safety and reliability first. On a speed basis, British airways certainly make a relatively poor showing; and the British machines now in use—with the possible exception of the new D.H. Diana class—are decidedly slower than the latest types introduced by the Dutch, French, German and U.S.A. concerns. At the same time, the British airways do undoubtedly stand unchallenged on the vitally important point of safety; their reliability bears comparison with any, and our large four-engined air liners and flying boats have set new standards of comfort in air travel.

There is undoubtedly room for argument that the British policy of putting safety and comfort first is the best; and it may be that a psychological factor enters into this. The British genius has no tendency for taking unnecessary risks, and it has, therefore, been of the utmost importance to convince the British travelling public of the absolute safety of aircraft under all suitable operating conditions.

But that phase is past. What might be termed the first educational aim of subsidised air operation has been virtually fulfilled, and it is evident that no time must be lost in driving home the advantage of speed. It is clear that now the British lines have convinced the public of the safety of air travel, they will tend more and more to choose those routes and services which provide the highest speed.

In order to derive the fullest advantage from the wonderful reputation they have established, the British airways must certainly, within the next year, give their whole-hearted attention to the necessity for greater speed; and it is good to have official assurance that accelerations are on the way.

In certain other countries more generous subsidies have encouraged the development of commercial aircraft with higher performance, and in such cases more emphasis has perhaps been laid on this aspect of air transport than on the more immediate need for operation on a strictly economical basis. The policy laid down for the development of Imperial Airways has, on the other hand, been one continuously directed to the necessity for reaching the self-supporting stage as soon as possible. As a result they may be said to be nearer the possibility of economical operation than similar organisations.

Apart from Sir Philip Sassoon's statement there are growing signs which show that the necessity for greater speed is being more appreciated by the operators, and designers are not likely to lag behind once the demand for greater performance is made. Certain commercial aircraft recently produced in this country show an improvement in this respect with little sacrifice of the comfort and convenience of accommodation which has been so marked on British machines.

The designers of our commercial aircraft will, however, have to pay greater attention in the future to factors previously stressed if our aircraft industry is to play the important part it should take, not only in the design and manufacture of commercial aircraft for British needs, but with a view to the development of a growing export trade of a product in which every country to-day is taking a keen interest.

The Ford V8.—In his article entitled "The Most Remarkable Car of the Century," which appeared in the *Field* of August 11th, Sir Malcolm Campbell stated that the Ford Company are able to issue a special insurance policy with the V8 Ford, the premium of which is only £12 per annum. We have been asked to point out that it is not the Ford Company who issue the policy, the insurance being effected by the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company Limited, and the premium which until recently was £12 10s. has been increased to £15 per annum owing to the heavy claims they have had to meet.

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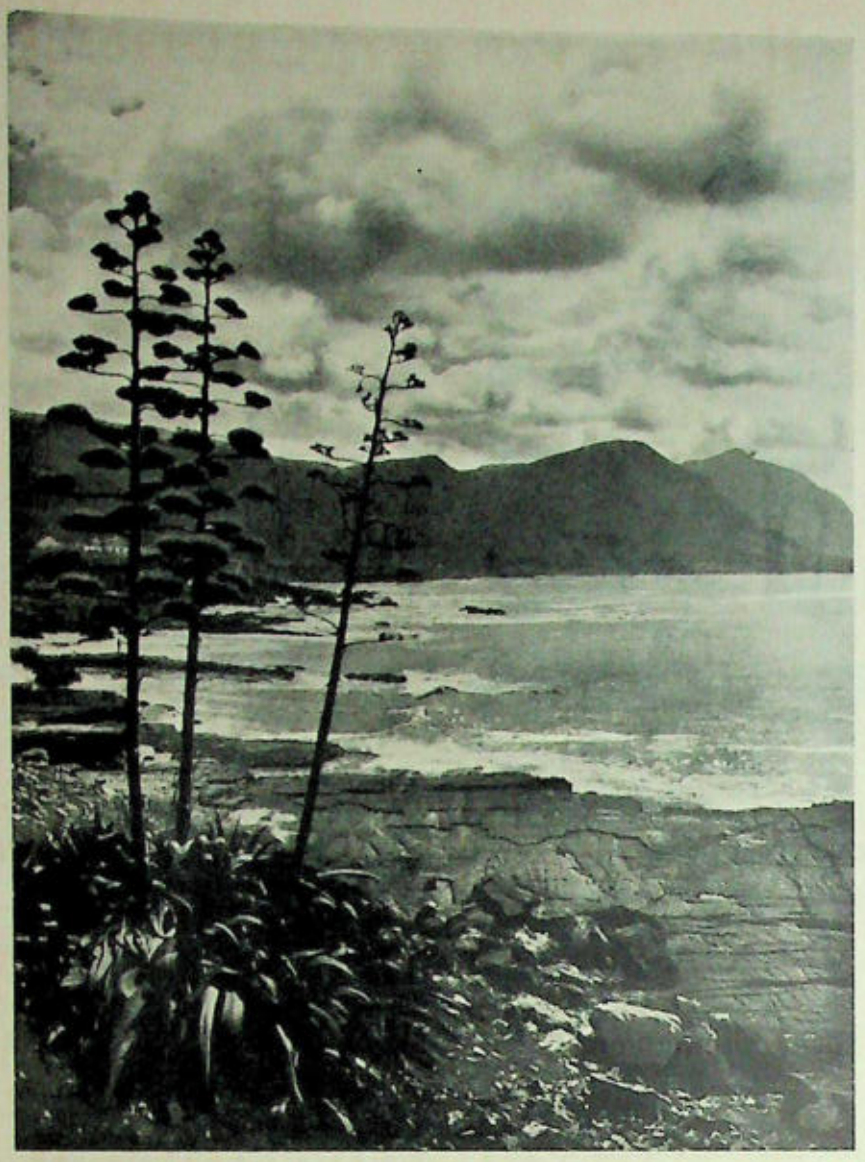

THE COAST NEAR HERMANUS

SEA FISHING AT THE CAPE

A First Experience at Hermanus

MOST of my fellow-passengers were either returning South Africans or holiday-makers who had done the trip before. Perhaps it was a mistake, but one day at table I admitted this was my first visit to South Africa, and that I had no friend there and no definite plans. From that time I was the recipient of much friendly and earnest advice. I became a source of interest to people I had not even noticed before. The number of "absolutely the best parts" of South Africa and Rhodesia is astounding. One man, a complete stranger, swam up to me in the bathing pool, with his mouth full of salt water and sound advice. As I said good-bye at Capetown almost everyone would add: "Now mind, get right up to Twyfelspoort," or "Go on to Umzumli at once."

Need for rest and relaxation had brought me out to South Africa, and the doctor upon whom I called soon after my arrival in Capetown asked if I cared for sea-fishing. I explained that the one characteristic I shared with Lord Nelson was a tendency to acute discomfort in an open boat. He replied that fishing at the Cape was done off the shore, but there were also a dozen different streams with excellent trout within 50 miles of Cape Town. But he recommended sea fishing, especially as it was new to me.

The upshot was that next morning, after breakfast, I left by train for Hermanus. At first the line went westerly over the Cape Flats, which were ablaze with arum lilies and other exquisite flowers. Tired of the dead level the train suddenly went to the other extreme and, turning to the south-west, zig-zagged for sixteen miles over a gradient of 1 in 40. Having thus crossed the Hottentot's River Mountains the train descended till it reached a place called Bot River, which is green and pretty for all that. Here we change to a railway charabanc in which the last twenty miles is accomplished.

Hermanus is a village set along the edge of a wide bay. The blue sea washes the base of a line of low cliffs from which masses of grey rock have fallen and form little promontories, bays, lagoons and islands. Along the top of the cliff is a long straggling line of white houses. Behind these is a great amphitheatre of mountains.

After lunch at an hotel, of which there are several, I set out to enquire about the fishing. The people I talked to, of both sexes, all ages, and various colours, were as ready as my late fellow-passengers with advice. All agreed in recommending me to see Mr. X at the tackle shop—he seemed to be a kind of nautical Selous.

Mr. X's shop was like the big fish room at the South Kensington Museum. I impressed on Mr. X that I had no desire to catch anything that was measured in cwts, and he supplied me with suitable tackle and much essential information. One uses a bamboo pole, all in one piece, about 12ft. long. It looks much like the whip handles used locally for teams of oxen. A simple 6-in. reel, about 250yds. of 9- or 12-cord line, a wire trace and 6/0 to 8/0 hooks. Of course the strength of tackle and size of hooks depends upon the kind of fish that are in the bay. Sometimes a float is used, but more often a lead sinker.

Until I realised the rocky nature of the bottom I was surprised at the number of 4oz. or 5oz. sinkers which were considered necessary. They are frequently lost. One day the coast of Hermanus will be worked as a lead mine. For a gaff one lashes a 9d. hook to a long stick. The whole equipment is cheap. But these are all details compared with the "gillie."

Hermanus gillies are versatile and skilful. I suspect they have a strong trade's union. To the beginner and to the fisher whose experience is only of other waters their assistance is essential. The gillie buys one's bait, carries one's gear, selects the rock from which one fishes, rigs the right tackle for the water conditions, baits one's hook and casts it into the deep. He then hands over the rod and sits behind to trim his toe nails with the bait knife. He is a mixture of game-keeper, golf caddie, batman and boatswain's mate. Residents at Hermanus, and some regular frequenters, may possibly learn to do without him.

After some practice in a vacant field with a hookless line I learned to do my own casting.

My gillie considered that my first morning was unsuccessful, though in fact I caught a fish and, in my opinion, a large one. But it was a skate, which is locally classed as vermin and no fish. For all the sport it gave it might have been the stone I at first thought it was.

That afternoon a strong wind sprang up and my gillie became excited. "Sou'-Easter," he said. "Yellow water, maybe, Kabeljaauw. You wait." He was right. Two days later the wind went down and the limpid blue sea of my first efforts became brownish and opaque.

Hermanus early grouped itself on various rocks and fished earnestly. My gillie had "bagged" me a good stance, where from time to time the spray from the still considerable waves wetted our faces. In that glorious sun, clothed only in tennis shirt, khaki slacks and rope-soled shoes this was delightful. My gillie baited with some mackerel and made the first cast, much nearer the shore than previously. I soon felt a sharp tug and my reel shrieked with excitement as the line rushed out to sea. I checked it all I dared, and then, suddenly, the line went slack and my heart sank.

"Wind in. Wind in," shouted the gillie at my side. "He's coming back. Don't give him any slack." Feverishly I did as directed, and once again the strong bamboo top bent toward the fighting fish. "Keep in to the left, sir. There's rocks on the right," were my next instructions. I was now a centre of interest, for with a radius of 80yds. or so other anglers were pulling in their lines to give me a fair field. So keen was I to see that fish landed that once or twice I almost handed the rod to my experienced gillie, but I think I should have killed him had he touched it. So, in time, the Kabeljaauw grew weak and came, beaten, to the side of the rock. A white sea bass of 29lb.! With a skilful jab my gillie gaffed it—and I relaxed.

F. M. C.

Photographs: South African Railways

A 45 LB. STEENBRAS, CAUGHT AT HERMANUS

WEIGHTY DISCUSSIONS IN THE KASBAH, OR NATIVE QUARTER OF TANGIER
Note the breadseller

"IF YOU WOULD SET FOOT IN AFRICA . . ."

"It Is But Four Days' Cruise from Liverpool or Southampton to Tangier"

IF you would set foot in Africa, then it is but four days' cruise by liner from Liverpool or Southampton to Tangier. Here one may enjoy African sunshine tempered by an ocean climate and capture in a moment the atmosphere of the old Moorish civilisation.

Tangier with its white buildings and red roofs makes an attractive picture from the sea; nor is it, like so many places, disappointing on shore. A steep, narrow street, overhung by the upper stories of latticed windowed houses, leads from the quay to the Bab-el-Suk, the Gate of the Market Place. On our way we pass the "Little Market," where Moors, Jews and Riffis, with an occasional Sudanese, or "Coast" negro, jostle each other, or squat and haggle around their wares. There are fruits and vegetables of many kinds, beans, tomatoes, onions, pomegranates, figs, olives and almonds. Also there is kohl, antimony dust, for painting around the eyes, and henna, for staining the hands and feet.

The Moors are fair, some even pink; the Jews swarthy, but the Riffis are almost white, paler, in fact, than Europeans. All the Muslim women are veiled in white and very enticing their sparkling, heavily lashed eyes appear. The old men look benign, with their wrinkled bearded faces, but one is apt to be misled by this expression when trying to strike a bargain.

Through the Bab-el-Suk is the "Big Market," where in the old days slaves were sold, some even being English men and women in the times of the Salli Rovers. Now it is a general market, being thronged on Fridays, the Muslim Holy Day. One part is the Marriage Market; here priestly scribes bind the Mohammedan marriage, settling the dower between the parties. Here also can be seen Sudanese snake charmers and fire eaters; but their display is poor compared with their Indian prototypes.

In the Kasbar, the Moorish name for "castle," but now used to denote the native quarter, running down from the old castle of the Sultan to the shore, are many picturesque Moorish arches, the streets being cobbled and stepped, as in Clovelly. Here are the Courts of Justice, the prison, the ex-Sultan's palace and the native Treasury. At the street corners are wells and one sees women drawing water, as in the Bible, and donkeys carrying it away in large firkins balanced upon their backs in panniers.

Down by the quay are native "cupboards" or shops, where craftsmen sitting on their hunkers weave huge straw hats, for most Moors protect the head when working in the fields with extra covering, as well as fez and turban. Others are engaged in leather work, cutting, tooling and stamping or in moulding clay on a potter's wheel, magically producing pots and sherds. Here also is a covered caravanserai, where donkeys, horses and camels of country folk and Riffis are tethered on market day.

Halfway up the hillside from the shore is the El Minza Hotel. A beautiful place, built in the Moorish style with arched cloisters. A terrace overlooks the bay and hanging gardens with flowering sub-tropical shrubs, such as bourgainvillea, jacaranda and plumbago, fall in steps towards the harbour.

Tangier is under international control, and is well laid out and planned. There is a modern part, where are the consulates of the various Powers; the commercial quarter and in the hills behind are the villas of the different European communities, with their tennis courts, polo ground and golf course. Many of these houses are palatial and command beautiful views.

Higher in the hills, up a winding road, clothed with prickly pear, figs and pine trees, is the Summer Palace of the Sultan of Morocco. The top of the hill is mainly rock; a few stunted bushes find a footing, and here and there a little heather, possibly imported by some loving Scot.

From here towards all points of the compass one can see; to the west, the Atlantic Ocean; to the north, the coast of Spain; to the east, Gibraltar and the Mediterranean beyond the "Pillars of Hercules"; and to the south, range upon range of hills, the Atlas Mountains, craggy and bare, where the French have at last put an end to the warlike activities of the Berber tribes. RICHARD OAKLEY.

IN THE LITTLE MARKET, TANGIER

TRAVEL NOTES

Launch of the New Cunarder

IN connection with the launching of the "534" by Their Majesties on September 26th, at Clydebank, the L.M.S. are running special trains from all parts of Scotland to Glasgow. The special trains will be timed for passengers to reach Glasgow and then proceed to Renfrew and Inchinnan in time for the launch, the return fare from Glasgow being first class 10d., and third class 6d. Tickets for the Grand Stand and the Enclosure, from which the launch can be seen, are obtainable from the Sportsman's Emporium, 103, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, at the following prices: Grand Stand, 15/ and 10/6; Enclosure, 2/6.

* * *

Mr. Malcolm Irving, the Dunlop General Manager in South Africa, has arrived in England in connection with the new Dunlop factory which is in course of erection at Durban for the manufacture of tyres and other products.

The new factory at Durban is the first of its kind to be built in South Africa. It will be equipped with the most up-to-date machinery and in all respects will be operated on lines shown by experience in other Dunlop factories to be the most efficient. It is expected that the factory will be in operation before the end of the year.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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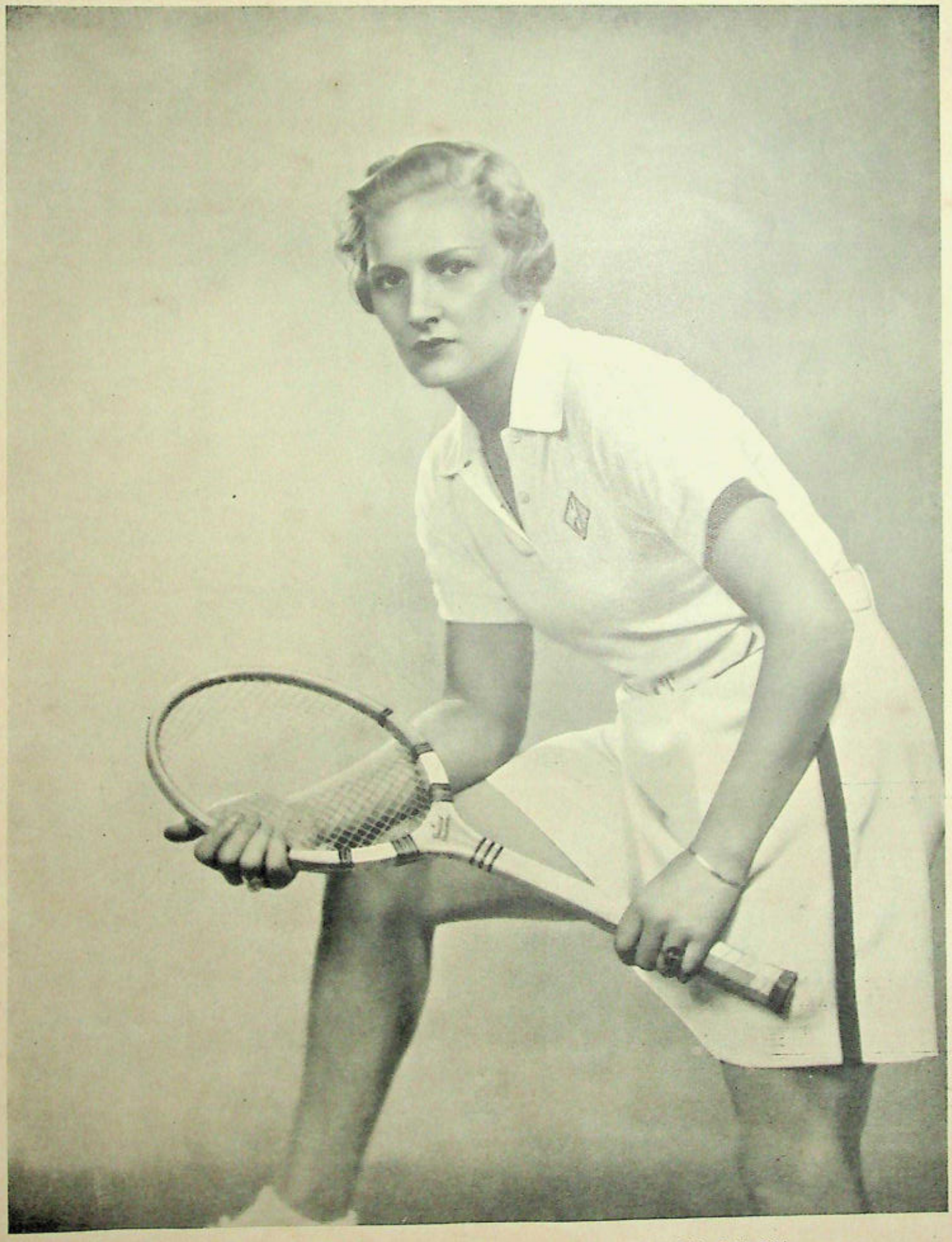

A LAWN TENNIS PORTRAIT AT THE LONDON SALON

Miss Helen Jacobs portrayed by Dorothy Wilding. From the International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, now being held at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours at 5A, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1. This year the Exhibition completes its quarter of a century and maintains its high standard of pictorial work. There is, however, a tendency towards a kind of "modernism" in an effort to secure photographic effects from the play of light and shadow on common objects and by the repetition of such articles as pots and pans

AUTOMATIC
THERMOSTAT
CONTROL

Another
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of the

ROVER

CVS—100

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Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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CRICKET FACTORS

IT is difficult to imagine how cricketers twenty years hence will view the past season, which has shown us so many inconsistences of form. Possibly by then new theories will have altered the game just as it has changed in the last twenty years. But it will at least strike players of the future as curious that there should have been such a sudden revival of interest and faith in fast bowling, that so few of the players at the top of the averages played in the Test matches, that at a time when English batting was supposed to be particularly strong it proved completely unreliable in the Test matches (with one exception), and that the English bowling in these matches should have been so lacking in variety. One other factor which will not appear in the records is the large number of catches that have been missed in first-class cricket generally.

In Test and county matches alike the lesson has been driven home forcibly this season, that fielding wins and loses matches. It is perhaps more important now than it ever was, for defence of the wicket has been brought to such a calculated skill that bowlers must perforce make more use of artifices other than bowling to hit the stumps. When a few years ago the width and height of the stumps were increased, it was thought that the bowler would be enabled the more frequently to hit the target. But the change made little difference; the batsmen found small difficulty in covering the larger wicket. And the whole question is now being raised afresh by renewed agitation for a revision of the leg-before-wicket law.

As it is the bowler depends increasingly on the ability of his fieldsmen to hold catches, and it is perhaps because more have been given this season that more have been dropped. But the fact remains that catching has been shown to be a definite weakness in English cricket. It is easy to advocate practice as a remedy, but that involves the larger question whether county teams get enough time for practising all the arts of the game as they should. The county programme is too full to permit of it.

In no other game is the burden of match play so continuous as in cricket. The counties allow for few breaks in the succession of matches, and journeys from ground to ground add to the demands upon the players, who have precious little time for practice when they are playing and travelling six days in the week. It is sometimes said that match play is the very best form of practice, but this is only half true. It is the best form of gaining experience; but, especially in these days of keen competition for places in the county teams, players are loath to try new methods or to remedy faults during match play. Here is at least a feasible explanation of the lack of initiative often noted in English cricket and the failure of many young players to fulfil their promise—and the effects must, of course, be felt when it comes to choosing Test teams. The counties' viewpoint commands our sympathy to some extent. The season is short, cricket is costly to run, and hay must be made while the sun shines. In other words, their position is that they cannot afford to leave many gaps in the season's fixtures. But if fewer matches led to better play it is conceivable that the coffers would even benefit from greater public interest and support—and England might begin to look again with confidence instead of doubts on home Test matches against Australia.

UNFAIR CRITICS

ALTHOUGH by the time these lines appear in print the fate of the America's Cup may be decided, and Endeavour will have shown her paces under varying conditions and the stuff of which her helmsman and crew are made, it is necessary to take to task remarks which were made when the first test of speed resulted in "no contest." It was then utterly impossible to form any just opinion of Endeavour's capabilities—and even to attempt to do so was distinctly prejudicial to average ideas of fair play.

Nevertheless, just that one "no contest" produced a spate of comment. Moreover, not content even to wait for the first race, criticism was rampant before ever a sail was hoisted. Were this latter only taking the form of personal views on the chances of one boat or the other not much harm could come of it. In some quarters, however, the interpretation placed upon various paragraphs of the rules under which the yachts have been designed and built, and under which they race, has been commented upon with, it would seem, a suggestion that the American interpretation is different from our own. Talk of this sort is always bad for morale and it suggested that a loophole to explain away a failure was being manufactured before there had been a failure to justify it.

CREATING ILL FEELING

Worse still, the trend of some of this comment suggested that our American cousins had rather stolen a march on us, and only served to disturb the natural amity with which Americans and Englishmen face a sporting trial of strength and skill. To suggest that the Americans have stolen a march on us is, after all, as much a reflection upon our own design as anything else—for both vessels had been accepted as complying with the rules laid down for the race and, judging by their public utterances, both owners were equally satisfied.

After the series of races—well and good: let criticism and comment have full rein then by all means, whether that criticism is the voice of the expert or, what one of the most famous of our admirals on a somewhat parallel occasion once termed, "uninstructed opinion." Then there is ample evidence to go upon, and no harm can come of straightforward comment. Till then, however, it would have been wiser and more in the spirit of the game to have imitated the wise monkeys, to "See no evil, Hear no evil, and Speak no evil," of either boat.

DROUGHT AND THE HORSE

Two dry summers with but little rain in the winters have not been beneficial to either hunting or steeple chasing. At the present time several National Hunt meetings have had to be abandoned owing to the hard state of the ground, while recently, at one, a dozen horses were broken down.

This is a serious state of affairs, as the National Hunt season is short enough in normal years, and the procedure of abandoning meetings means a resultant loss to owners, trainers, jockeys and officials—in fact, all those who go to make up the great racing army.

As to hunting, many packs have been held up by the drought, while others find the hard state of the going prejudicial to hounds' feet and horses' legs. Scent has been practically non-existent, too, so the business of teaching the cubs the lie of their natal country and the education of the young entry have been considerably curtailed.

THE LITTLE OWL

As our readers will remember, a gamekeeper in Hertfordshire was recently prosecuted and fined a nominal sum for shooting a little owl in the act of carrying off a pheasant chick from his employer's rearing field. We commented upon this at the time, pointing out that the little owl could not have been in the minds of those who framed the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880, which protects British owls, since the little owl was at that time only a casual visitor, and was not generally resident until the 'nineties, after it had been introduced by the late Lord Lilford and others. We also mentioned the fact that in many County Council schedules the little owl was specifically excluded from protection. These two reasons, we urged, justified the gamekeeper in shooting the owl.

PROTECTED OR NOT?

This point has been taken up by Mr. Bertram Lloyd, the hon. secretary to the National Society for Abolition of Cruel Sports. In the *Berkhamsted Gazette* of September 8th, commenting on the criticisms of the *Field*, he writes:

"A second misleading statement is that the little owl is 'specifically excluded from protection in many counties.' In actual fact it appears to have been 'black-listed' in only four counties!"

We have referred to our collection—possibly incomplete—of existing County Council schedules, and find that the little owl is specifically excluded from protection in the following counties: Bedford, Cornwall, Devon, Borough of Eastbourne, Essex, Gloucester, Huntingdon, Borough of Ipswich, Kent, Lancaster, Leicester, Norfolk, Radnor, Somerset, East Suffolk, and East Sussex. Further, there are many other schedules which specifically protect the barn owl, brown owl, long-eared owl and short-eared owl, but which do not mention the little owl, thus by inference excluding it from protection. We leave the question whether or not the *Field's* statement was "misleading" to the judgment of our readers.

A NEW RECORD FOR TUNNY?

Scarborough's success as a tunny fishing centre seems to have roused anglers in Nova Scotia to exploit more thoroughly their own fishing grounds, which for so many years held the record for the largest fish caught on rod and line—this was Mr. Zane Grey's tunny of 758lb. caught in 1924. This year there seems to have been something of a "season" on the south shore of Nova Scotia and a recent report claims a new world's record for a Chicago angler with a tunny of 956lb. which, if confirmed, beats Mr. Mitchell Henry's North-Sea fish (the present record) by very nearly 100lb. English tunny anglers will now have to look to their laurels.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known Services magazine:

"The wall at one end of the room was completely occupied by the skin of a 16-ft. tiger, a trophy of which Marleigh was particularly proud."

RACING IN RUSSIA

In the early days of the Russian Revolution the horse had a very poor time. Many thoroughbreds vanished in as tragic a manner as their owners, and among them King Edward's Derby winner Minoru. Now it seems that the Soviet authorities are alive to the importance of horse-breeding, for lately there was run the Great All-Union Prize, worth £6,800, and generally known as the Soviet Derby. This event was appropriately won by Evolution, who is said to have covered the distance of 2,400 metres (approximately one-and-a-half miles) in the remarkably good time of 2min. 34sec., which is exactly the same as Hyperion and Windsor Lad took over the Epsom course in the Derby. What is noteworthy is that all racehorses in the Soviet Union are the property of the State, and run in the name of the Government studs. In this country private ownership and friendly rivalry has been the mainspring of the Turf and has made the British thoroughbred supreme. If similar enthusiasm and rivalry can be inspired under State control it will be something new in the annals of Government institutions. And bearing in mind the precepts of the Soviet one may ask why stakes are awarded, and who in the end receives them, and what they do with them.

RUGBY DIPLOMACY

"The policy of the Rugby Union is that there shall be no increase in the number of its international matches, but the Union will not refuse to consider applications by its affiliated clubs for permission to play matches against clubs of foreign countries if it is satisfied that Rugby Union football is conducted and played in such foreign countries in strict accordance with the true spirit and principles of the game." So runs a statement issued by the Rugby Union. But what exactly does it mean? So far as we know, there is no question of an "increase" in the number of international matches. Are we to infer that the Rugby Union has now decided on a policy that definitely precludes the resumption of matches with France at any time? The Union declined to renew them this season because it was not satisfied that French Rugby was being played in accordance with the true spirit and principles of the game, and for the same reason the Union has declined to sanction matches between French and English clubs. Does the Union now suggest that club matches might be played again and not international matches, or is the note intended to apply to countries other than France? Diplomatic suggestion of this kind is apt to be not only bewildering but misleading, and a plain statement of the Union's intentions would be preferable.

SEPTEMBER BUTTERFLIES

In mid-September problems of butterflies multiply. Why is it that in this month we get from time to time an invasion of Painted Ladies? This year there seem to be few, but many gardeners will remember years such as 1907, when multitudes flocked to every herbaceous border in the South of England. And, why, again, should the occurrence of the Clouded Yellow, *Colias edusa*, be so irregular? And why should the white variety, *Colias helice*, be comparatively common on the Continent, but rare in England? And, once more, what is the law that guides the life cycle of the Red Admiral? There is an autumn hatch of these glorious insects which delights us in September and October. But they do not survive the winter. What is the purpose of their birth?

CRICKET'S END

Bowler, batsman, fieldsmen—each in his separate activity—knows the sadness of the last afternoon of the season, with the low sunlight on the turf and the shadows creeping towards the pitch. Could cricket have ended in more glorious weather than in the Festival weeks this year? George Francis Wilson has written of those last hours of the game in his *Cricket Poems*:

"With yellow spaces that were green before,
Stained in the grassy garment April wore;
Fainter and fainter grows the clasp of Day,
The arms of Night enfold us more and more.

Comes the long-dreaded hour ayont command
When fateful Silence overlays the land;
Bodeful the Bowler starts upon his way,
The last ball of the season in his hand.

Linger no more, the ultimate bolt is sped,
And dealing death is numbered with the dead;
Imperial Summer bows her golden head—
The Wickets are laid low, the Bails are shed."

PROTECTING THE LANDOWNER

A Code of Conduct for Estate Agents

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

MOST owners of property, in their own interests, take care that their agents shall be properly qualified to deal with the business entrusted to them. It is, however, unfortunately true that the State at present allows any person to call himself an "estate agent" or "auctioneer" on payment of the requisite annual fee. This has led in the past, and still leads, to most undesirable consequences.

A move towards definitely amending this situation has now been taken. Towards the end of 1932, on the invitation of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, a conference assembled having as its object the achievement of a reform that would prove of benefit alike to instructing owners and to the estate profession. This was the drawing up of a Code of Conduct that should (1) be binding upon the Members of all the bodies assenting to it, and (2) serve also as a general guide and example to "unattached" practitioners.

The institutions taking part in the conference were: The Chartered Surveyors, The Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, The Land Agents' Society, The Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents. The total membership of these bodies is not far short of 20,000, and is thus representative of, probably, not less than three-fourths of the firms engaged, throughout Great Britain, in surveying, auctioneering, valuing, and estate and land agency.

Each institution has now, in general meeting, adopted by large majorities the resultant Code presented for their approval. This is brief and to the point. The gist of the Code is as follows:—

1. Relationship with other professions and occupations.
   (*a*) No member shall directly or indirectly allow or agree to allow any person, other than a member of his own profession, to participate in his remuneration.
   (*b*) No member shall engage in work recognised as being properly that of a solicitor.
2. Members' Responsibilities.
   (*a*) In order that members shall accept full personal liability for advice given to clients, they will not be permitted to convert their firms into limited liability companies unless special circumstances, approved by the Council, exist.
   (*b*) Members who are principals will be held responsible to the Council for the acts of their partners and staffs so far as they relate to matters coming within the scope of their practice.
3. Sales and Lettings.
   (*a*) No member shall either directly or indirectly, in writing or verbally, seek instructions for business which he knows, or with ordinary care could have ascertained, is in the hands of another agent.
   A member who seeks instructions to deal with a property on which another agent's board or notice is exhibited will be deemed to have disregarded knowingly this injunction.
   Canvassing by personal call or by telephone by a member or one of his staff is prohibited.
   (*b*) No member shall offer any financial inducement to secure instructions, nor shall a member charge, for effecting a sale, purchase, letting, or taking, an amount of commission which in the opinion of the Council would be unfair to other members.
4. Surveys, Valuations and work other than Sales and Lettings.
   (*a*) No member shall in any circumstances solicit instructions in any manner whatsoever. This injunction does not apply in the case of a client for whom a member regularly acts.
   (*b*) No member shall offer to accept instructions on the basis that no charge will be made unless a successful result is attained, nor shall a member undertake work for charges which in the opinion of the Council would be unfair to other members.
5. Advertisements.
   Members shall ensure that advertisements and other public announcements are not such as would bring the Society into disrepute.
6. Generally.
   No member shall conduct himself in such a manner as to prejudice his professional status or the reputation of the Society.

Those responsible for drawing up the above Code fully realise that time must elapse before its operation can become general. Nor can the professional institutions of this country do more, at present, with their own occasional "black sheep," than inflict expulsion. As, however, a distinguished Lord of Appeal, Lord Atkin, remarked recently, in speaking of the Code and its effects, the first step is to inculcate respect within a profession, and, without, for such profession. Till this is done, it is premature to confer statutory rights and duties. Hence, for the next few years at any rate, a main task for those to whom the leadership of the landed profession has been entrusted is to ensure that the Code is increasingly followed by individuals, and not "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

To this end, owners may render very valuable assistance, and, indeed, without it the four institutions must have a very hard row to hoe. Encourage the tout and he flourishes like the green bay tree. Ignore him, and he may begin to mend his ways.

Not long since there was brought to notice the case of an agent who, the day after a well-known peer's death was announced, wrote a crocodile letter of sympathy to his heir, and finished by offering his valuable services in connection with the consequent valuation for probate. In another instance, an estate agent wrote to firms of undertakers offering to share commission with them if similar business resulted from their introduction.

It may be pointed out that the casual employment of a multiplicity of agents, with the instructing owner treating the commission as a bone which all may fight for, if they please, between them, rarely makes for efficient service, for the simple reason that each agent knows that the odds are heavily against his securing any adequate remuneration.

The principal advantages to an owner in placing his business with a member of one of the above four recognised institutions are, firstly, that he is reasonably sure of efficient service, and, secondly that, if need be, the institutions themselves will see the provisions of the Code are "truly and indifferently administered." This surely is better than dealing with an agent whose qualifications are but self-conferred, and for whose *bona fides* the institutions cannot be concerned.

By courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

THIS IS THE "MONSTER" AS PHOTOGRAPHED IN MOTION BY MR. R. K. WILSON, M.B., ON APRIL 19TH, 1934
The distance from the camera was between 150yds. and 200yds. and the creature appeared to have a neck about 5ft. long with a small head

SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF LOCH NESS

The Results of a Summer's Search for the "Monster"

By SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN, BART.

THE success of the search which I caused to be organised this summer in an attempt to determine the facts about the creature now admittedly an inhabitant of Loch Ness has brought me a deluge of requests for further information. The *Field*, with its large circle of informed readers, seems a peculiarly fitting place to describe the project, and I have been glad to accept the Editor's invitation to give as full an account as I can.

There was nothing premeditated about the search. I had taken Beaufort Castle which is only a few miles from the loch, because I wanted some salmon fishing for myself and my friends during my summer holiday. I have always been interested in natural history and all outdoor things and therefore have followed, in a more or less casual way, the reports during the past year or so about the creature commonly known in the Press as the Loch Ness Monster. I had also read the recently published book on the subject by Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould and other literature by different authors, and was much struck by the mass of solid evidence which he and other students had accumulated.

During a motor trip around the loch on the first Sunday of my stay in Scotland it occurred to my mind that it was a curious thing that while these rumours about a strange creature in the loch have been current for many months, no search organised on adequate lines and with proper equipment has ever been undertaken. The loch is well adapted to an organised survey, being about 22 miles long and not more than two-and-a-half miles wide at any point. It seemed to me that if 20 men equipped with cameras and field glasses were to be stationed around the loch at strategic points for a month or so it ought to be possible definitely to establish whether there is anything there or not.

After consideration, I came to the conclusion that it would be interesting to organise such a search. I knew there were many sceptics, but I did not propose to be deterred by that. I may say that I believe many of them have now been converted.

I had no difficulty in finding 20 men of the sort I wanted, natives of the district, familiar with all parts of the loch, used to outdoor life, and with family responsibilities which assured that they would attend strictly to business. As overseer I engaged a former Army officer, who visited every watcher by motor cycle at least twice daily.

I also secured the co-operation of Kodak, Ltd., because I foresaw that questions might be raised about tampered or forged pictures. The Kodak people, who supplied the cameras, undertook to have any films submitted to them developed by their chief chemist, so that no question could be raised in that direction. The cameras were collected at Inverness every night and re-issued in the morning. Where any film had been used, it was taken out of the camera by my own representative and forwarded to London for developing.

I fully realised the difficulty of taking photographs of a marine creature which as a rule appears only for a few seconds and then either disappears or moves off rapidly, but the results were more successful and interesting than I originally hoped. There is the further fact that the loch is notorious for bad visibility, being largely hemmed in by high and very rough country, and with frequent mists and rain obscuring vision.

SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN, BART.
(Chairman of the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co.)

During the first fortnight of the search, however, visibility was very good, and various watchers secured a total of 21 photographs. Of these, five were good enough to warrant enlarging for use in publications. The watchers saw the creature at other times but had no opportunity to get a photo, while in other cases actual snapshots were made, but on development proved to have been focused into the sun.

During the second fortnight the visibility was very poor and no photos were secured. I therefore continued the search for an additional week, and since then have kept my supervisor, Captain James Fraser, of Inverness, with one assistant, stationed at a point on the loch where past experience shows the creature to have been most frequently seen. These two men are equipped with cameras with telescopic lenses, and I have been hoping that they would secure a still better picture than any yet taken, but an added difficulty is that the days are now becoming short in the north of Scotland and the weather has continued bad.

These two men are sleeping in tents and are watching the loch from daybreak till nightfall. My 20 watchers were only able to be at their posts from about nine in the morning until six in the evening, and it happened during the first fortnight that on several occasions the creature was seen by other people either before or after those hours.

My object from the inception was, not to attempt to capture the creature, but first to prove, to my own satisfaction, whether there was anything there and, secondly, if possible, to find out what it was.

It has been generally admitted that the photographs my men obtained definitely prove that there is something in the loch, but at the present time I can express no opinion as to the exact nature of the creature. I am of opinion that it probably went up the River Ness when in spate, after salmon: having got into the loch it would have difficulty in finding its way out again, as the entrance to the river is narrow. In all probability, even if it could find the outlet again, it would have to wait until the river was in spate before it could get down.

After I started the search I had numerous conversations with residents in the district, whose integrity and trustworthiness are, in my judgment, beyond doubt, who told me that they had seen the creature, but had not said anything about it for fear of ridicule.

The deep interest which thousands of people feel in the solution of this mystery became immediately obvious with the publication of the first photos and an accompanying description of the search. The Press cable services of the United States, Canada, the Continent and Australia all carried extensive accounts, and requests for the photographs came from newspapers and other publications all over the world.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MYSTERIOUS INHABITANT OF LOCH NESS AT COMPARATIVE REST, WHICH BEARS OUT THE REPORTS THAT IT HAS EITHER TWO OR THREE HUMPS

Press comment has been remarkably fair, and has been directed more at criticism of those scientists and others who maintain dogmatically that there is nothing in the loch than at any attempts to ridicule the search. I especially like the editorial comment of the *Observer*, which is typical of a great deal that has appeared. After describing the search, the *Observer* says, "The photographs are naturally imperfect, owing to conditions of light and distance, but they may serve to give zoologists a clue to its affinities. If not, then the area of their science is wider than they had realised."

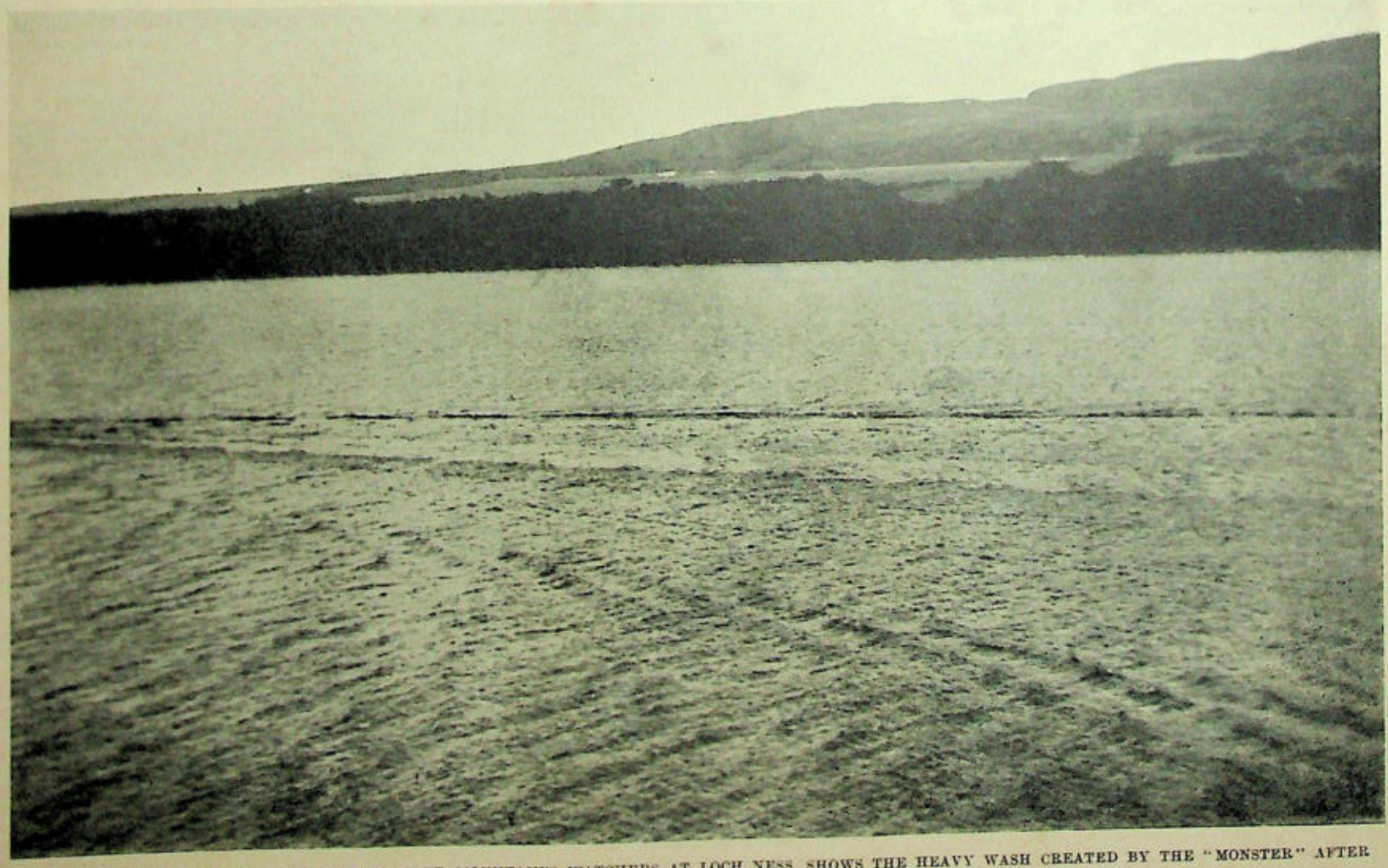
As may readily be imagined, I have received plenty of suggestions, from scientists and from others, as to the probable character of the creature. Speculation on the matter with the data at present in hand is more or less futile, but I think it would be true to say that the best opinion now believes the creature to be a grey seal. This grows to a much larger size than the seals often seen around the coasts of the British Isles, and in a body of water as comparatively calm as Loch Ness would be capable of making a disturbance which would lead people to believe it much larger than it probably is in actuality.

There is no doubt that grey seals can live indefinitely in fresh water and that they live on a diet of fish. It is also undisputed that seals can travel considerable distances on land. There does not seem to be anything inherently impossible in the theory that the creature is a grey seal. There are large quantities of fish in Loch Ness and the problem of a food supply, either fish or vegetable, would not bother this curious inhabitant, be it seal or something else.

A number of students of the problem believe that the creature is identical with those occasionally seen in the Norwegian fjords. There is nothing radically different in these reports and those that have emanated from Loch Ness. I could quote from a vast correspondence which has grown out of the search, but will limit myself to a paragraph from one of the leading British zoologists, who says, "I think we are all agreed that some unusual visitor is in Loch Ness. The only sea animal at all likely to get into the loch, and certainly the only one that could live there for a long time on a diet of salmon, is some large seal such as the grey seal."

As against this theory several of my men who are well acquainted with the seal family have definitely stated that the creature they have seen is not a seal, and it must be pointed out that pictures taken by other visitors to the loch seem to show characteristics which no known species of seals display.

Since writing the above, one of my watchers, Captain Fraser, has obtained several feet of film of the creature on the telephoto ciné camera. It will be of great interest to examine this as soon as developed and it may prove a definite solution of the mystery.



THIS PICTURE, TAKEN BY ONE OF SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN'S WATCHERS AT LOCH NESS, SHOWS THE HEAVY WASH CREATED BY THE "MONSTER" AFTER IT HAD PASSED WITH AMAZING SPEED ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

"One Crowded Hour"

A SECOND SHOT AT THE "PRESIDENT"

How We Stalked the Fourteen-Pointer

By W. G. M. DOBIE

As he gralloched the stag—"A twelve-pointer, they call a Royal," said Angus, "and thirteen points I have heard them call an Imperial. But what will they be calling *this*?"

"A miracle," I suggested.

Later, however, during our ten-mile walk home, I remembered Colonel John Buchan's suggestion, and we renamed the stag "President Wilson."

It was the last day of my fortnight's stalking in late September and early October of last year, such a fortnight of good weather and good sport as I may never again experience. The first week was spent as a guest on a forest in the west: the second, on a friend's forest in Inverness-shire. Fourteen stags thus far, including a Royal and two eleven-pointers: and never a wet day or a shower, even on the west coast where rain is the rule rather than the exception.

But this last day of my holiday broke dull and threatening, and the wind blew from north-east—a circumstance which drove us to the least promising end of the forest and awoke gloomy forebodings in the heart of Angus. We might kill "a small beast," but the chances were rather against it: it was "a bad wind" and "a bad light for the glass." In short, it appeared that fate grudged to make the whole fortnight a complete and unqualified success.

The fascination of October stalking, however, lies in the fact that big stags are then wandering afar, and in a district surrounded by famous forests one may any day find a stag which has never before been seen by the stalker. During the middle fortnight of September, when stalking, on other counts, is perhaps at its best, the artificial limits of the sport are too often brought home to one by the stalker's easy recognition of stag after stag. He tells you the number of points that each beast carried last season: he saw it in velvet a few months ago: it belongs to the ground, and is an old friend. You think longingly of the days when Charles St. John stalked the "muckle hart" over an area which to-day would comprise half a dozen forests. In October, though you may not, oblivious of marches, wander thirty miles in search of a giant stag, the giant stag, oblivious of marches, may in his wanderings come to you, and any day you may find his track in the peat—a track "like that of a good-sized heifer."

One circumstance was in our favour. For weeks the wind had blown steadily from the west or the south-west, and had favoured stalking on what is generally considered the best part of the forest, so that the ground which was to be the scene of our last day's operations had remained quiet and undisturbed. But a north-east wind is the devil on any part of this forest, and even at this corner of the ground one seldom gets a stalk without real anxiety on that account.

We held our course up a burn which had cut a deep channel and which at places disappeared into tunnels it had worn in the peat. The wind was on our left shoulder, but rather from behind, so we stopped from time to time and spied carefully the slopes, rough and much broken by peat-hags, which stretched upwards from the burn.

"A GREAT STRETCH OF BROKEN GROUND LYING BETWEEN THE BURN AND A STEEP ROCKY SLOPE"

The light was horribly bad; but at last we found hinds, and hinds at that time of year almost invariably imply the presence of a stag. Him, however, we could not see, but he might be lying in any one of a score of peat-hags so we followed the burn until almost abreast of the hinds, and began a careful stalk.

Then we found the stag. He was lying down, against a bank of peat, the shades of brown blending wonderfully in the bad light: and though we examined him long and anxiously, first through a Zeiss binocular and then with the telescope, we could not make out much detail. He appeared, however, to be a heavy stag, with a fairly wide head, and a "cup" on one side at least: so we concluded that he was probably not less than an eleven-pointer. But to approach within reasonable range was a problem. The hind nearest to the burn might get our wind at any moment. There was a chance, however, that when this should happen the stag would, on rising, stand broadside for a second or two and give a chance.

On we crawled, and suddenly the hind got our wind, not merely a suspicion of it, but a full mouthful which told her of the near presence of man, and sent her galloping uphill. The stag was on his feet in an instant, giving only a slanting shot at the shoulder. I aimed at his neck, which meant "kill or miss." Crack went the rifle, and away galloped the whole herd. As the stag crossed our sky-line we got a glimpse of his great head bristling with points, a Royal, surely. Angus spoke in Gaelic, I in English, but we expressed a single thought.

Lunch, eaten by the burn-side, was a lugubrious meal. According to Angus, our chances of seeing the big stag again that day were remote. He had not got our wind, nor had he seen us: but that badly scared hind would in all probability take the whole herd of them for miles, possibly off our ground. Lunch finished, we dolefully made our way up the burn to our march, from time to time spying the rough slopes which stretched upwards to our left. But the report of my rifle must have moved any beasts which had been there.

From the march we worked directly up-wind, over a great stretch of broken ground lying between the burn and a steep, rocky slope. Suddenly Angus halted, sank slowly to his knees, and furiously tugged open his telescope-cover. A quick spy satisfied him. "They" had settled again, not more than a mile from where the first shot had been fired. He could not see the stag, but he recognised the same lot of hinds. (How he could do so with such certainty remains a mystery to me, to whom one hind differeth not from another in glory.)

There followed the usual lowly and hasty retreat until we dropped into a deep and very wet peat-hag which promised to lead us within easy shot. At length, when we left its shelter and, by a serpent-like crawl, reached the hillock from which, Angus had decided, a shot might be taken, we found that the stag was lying in a hollow, not more than eighty yards off. We had some difficulty at first in picking him up, as only part of one horn was showing. Several hinds, however, were restless, and we decided to wait in the hope that he would get up before long.

As we waited there we saw a pack of thirty or forty grouse pursued by an eagle. The grouse were, naturally enough, flying at top speed, but the eagle, on the other hand, appeared to cruise along on half-throttle, as it were. I got the impression that he was playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse, and that at any moment he could stoop and seize a bird. But they swept out of sight before he struck.

Still the stag had not moved, and his hinds began to settle, one of them facing us. I was in a comfortable position for the shot, but a drizzle was sweeping over the flats, the light was becoming worse, and I felt that a long wait in soaking clothes would not improve our chances of success. So, after a whispered consultation, Angus showed a glimpse of white handkerchief to the hind. She stood up, then ran a few yards towards the stag. He slowly rose, and the next moment met the most swift and painless death—a bullet in the neck.

We expected a Royal. Angus counted the points—"eleven, twelve, thirteen, *fourteen*," he shouted. We rubbed our eyes and had a re-count. But fourteen there were, and, although the tops were rather short, the horns were heavy, dark and "pebbled" and the points absolutely symmetrical.

Ten long miles stretched between us and the lodge: ten miles of rough ground "coorse wa-alkin" as Angus called it. Ten miles in wet clothes, with darkness falling, and in the teeth of a cold wind and drizzle. If the second shot had missed its mark, what utter misery that walk would have been! But such is the power of mind over matter, that Angus and I enjoyed every step of it.

ANGLING SUPERSTITIONS

Can Luck in Fishing Be Explained Away?

By T. C. BRIDGES

ARGUE till you are black in the face, you will never upset the firm-rooted belief that the catching of fish is the gift of Lady Luck and not of Master Skill. Even the experienced angler who knows how science tells in the matter of filling the creel, is well aware that luck has something to do with it. Otherwise, how account for the fact that he may fish a pool carefully, casting cunningly just where the fish should be, using the right fly, a delicately tapered cast, keeping all the time carefully out of sight, yet having no success? Then comes along the tyro, flops his lure in at haphazard and promptly hooks the two-pound trout or the twenty-pound salmon.

It is then hardly wonderful that fishermen, as a race, have almost as many superstitions as card players or followers of the Turf. In the course of a long lifetime of fishing I have come across many odd instances of such superstitions, some of which may be worth recording. One of the most widespread is the intense dislike shown by many anglers for turning back to fetch something forgotten. To such an extent is this carried that I have known a man refuse to go back a distance of barely a quarter of a mile to fetch his landing net, and that despite the fact that he was almost certain to need it before the day was done. He did need it. He hooked a real "good 'un" and yelled for help and, as it happened, I was near enough to hear his shouts and arrived in time to net a nice peal of nearly 3lb. which, otherwise, he could never have landed.

"Lucky for you I was near," I remarked as I looked at his cast, which had frayed nearly through in the course of the struggle. "You ought to have gone back for your net."

"If I had I should never have hooked that fish," was his answer. In face of such blind belief it was no use my saying anything more.

Just as certain cricketers believe in lucky caps so there are anglers who cling to certain possessions in which they place complete faith as luck bringers. An old moorman who had fished the Dartmoor streams for more than half a century, would never go out without a certain creel which had formerly belonged to his father. It was the most peculiar piece of fishing furniture that I ever set eyes on—a wooden box covered with hide of some kind. It was very heavy and clumsy, and must have been still more so when full of trout—as it often was. Another queer thing about the old man was that he never used any bait except a fly and never any other fly except a March Brown. That went right through the season, from March to September. He fished very quickly, rarely making more than one or two casts in a pool. He never carried a net, yet lost few fish, and he rarely came home without a good catch.

Another acquaintance had an intense belief in the virtue of an old brass reel. That reel was older than he and had the most incongruous appearance, affixed to a very modern split-cane rod. Yet I am sure he would not have exchanged it for the finest and most modern reel that money could buy. In point of fact he could have treated himself to any reel he liked, for all the rest of his tackle was of the best and latest.

An elderly lawyer who came to Devonshire each summer for the fishing had peculiar faith in a queer old pocket knife, without which he never went out. It was possibly one of the first "sportsmen's" knives ever made and had a variety of blades (mostly broken or worn to mere stumps by honing) as well as various tools such as tweezers and probes. It was his mascot, and without doubt there are many other anglers who carry similar luck bringers. The oddest one I ever saw belonged to an American who used to fish for tarpon on the Florida coast. He called it his lucky bone. It was quite a small thing, only about an inch long, beautifully white, and was made, he told me, from a bone in the head of a cod. It was a present from an old cod fisherman in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

One of the most peculiar superstitions in my experience was that of a man who hated to catch an uneven number of fish. I have known him stay out till dark on a perfectly dreadful evening, in torrents of rain and a gale of wind, trying to catch the one extra trout which would give him a dozen instead of eleven. His idea was that an uneven number brought him ill luck on the following day. This same man had another belief which must have deprived him of a good deal of sport. If he met one magpie he simply gave up and went home. Two were all right, but one was a sign of such ill omen that it was no use attempting to struggle against it. He told me that, on the first and only occasion when he neglected this warning, he slipped on a rock and fell into the river, broke his rod and was very nearly drowned.

Many fishermen have similar beliefs. To see a cuckoo before breakfast on a fishing day is supposed to be the worst of ill luck; while, in Scotland, some anglers have the queer idea that sight of a colt standing with its back to you will spoil the whole day's fishing. Sea fishermen have numbers of similar superstitions. Among animals which bring ill fortune in their trail are horses, cats and pigs. Some Scottish fishermen consider it unlucky to meet a tailor or dressmaker before embarking, while others think that the sight of a red-headed woman is a sign of ill fortune. Still, it must be admitted that in sea fishing, especially net fishing, luck plays a greater part than in fresh-water angling.

I went one day with a friend down a Welsh stream which he had fished for years but which was strange to me. He was showing me the pools. We came to a longish stretch of deep water, dark and smooth-surfaced.

A FAMOUS SEA-TROUT POOL ON THE TOWY

"The experienced angler may fish a pool carefully, casting cunningly just where the fish should be"

"That bit's no good," he told me. "It's no use fishing there." I said nothing at the time but, later that day, fishing back up the stream, stopped opposite this smooth stretch and saw a slight swirl under the far bank. [illegible] a fly across and, after a couple of casts, rose and hooked a nice trout which was duly netted. A little higher up I got a second, and I was playing a third at the top of the stretch when my friend overtook me. He was amazed.

"I've never had a fish out of that bit," he told me.

"But when did you last try?" I asked.

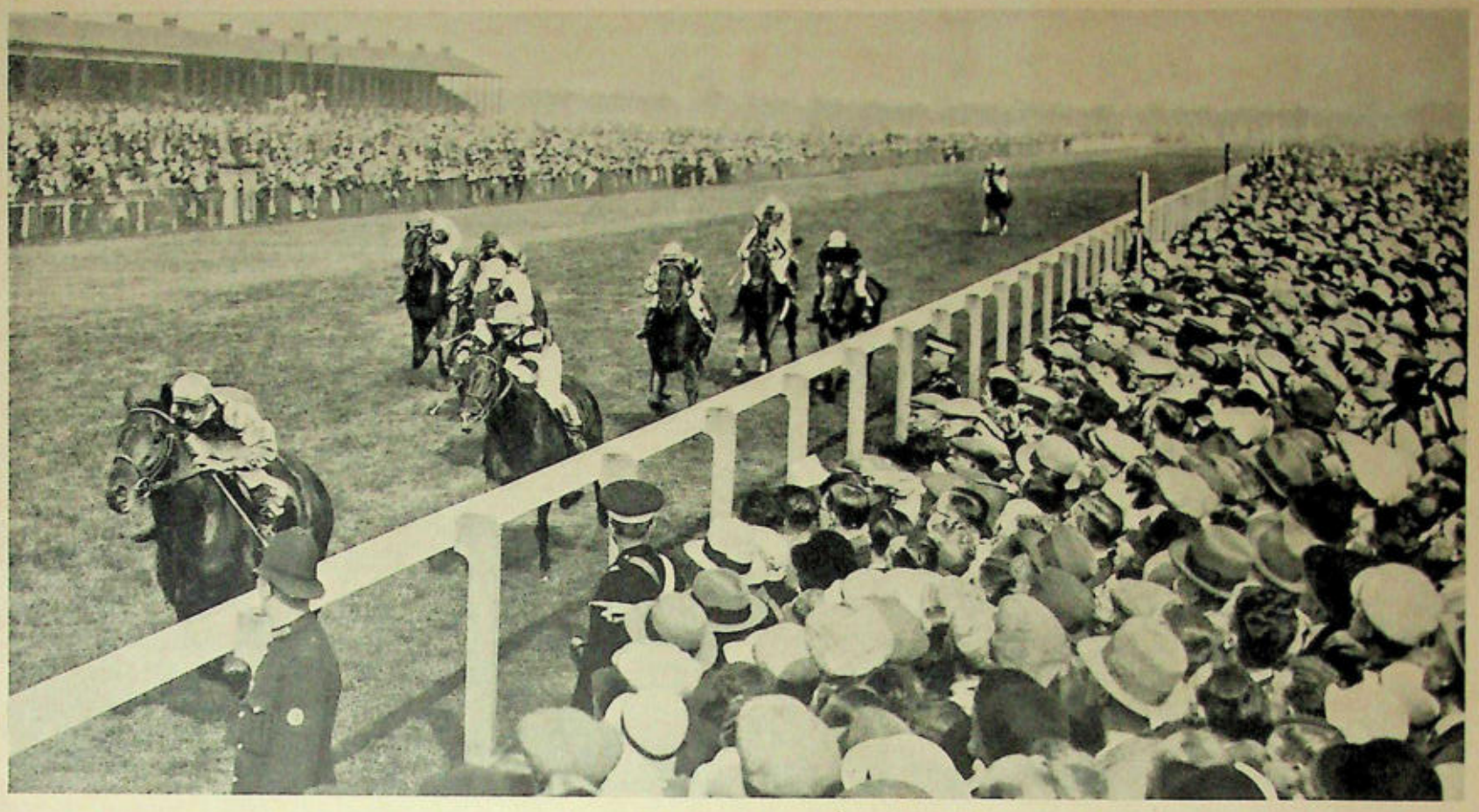
"I fished it again and again my first year," he said. "I never had a rise."

"And after that you gave it up as a bad job?"

"That's true," he agreed.

But have we not all done that same sort of thing? I know I have. One gets it firmly fixed in one's head that certain pools or stretches of water are fishless or unlucky, and after that one leaves them severely alone. In most cases it is just superstition. On the other hand, we all have our favourite pools, and in these it seems marvellous how seldom one fails to get fish. Seems, I say, but actually it is not so curious, for the mere fact that one is fishing with confidence goes a long way towards success. Some pools or stickles appeal to one, others do not. It is often hard to give any reason.

It is the same with flies. On the first day I ever fished a Highland loch I tried a small Scarlet Butcher and did better than any of the rest of the party. To this day the Butcher is my pet fly for any loch, and I generally do well with it. Just a superstition, my friends say. Possibly they are right.



WHEN CHEERS RANG OUT ON THE TOWN MOOR
Windsor Lad (Blandford—Resplendent) winning the St. Leger in 3min. 1⅘sec. from Tiberius and Lo Zingaro

A RECORD ST. LEGER

Windsor Lad Proves to be a Bargain

IN the years to come the St. Leger of 1934 will be spoken and written of as an outstanding race. And for more reasons than one. Firstly, because the successful colt was one of the hottest favourites of recent years; secondly, because when Windsor Lad ran home a game and gallant winner, he set up a new record by scoring in the Derby, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and the St. Leger. And the time for the race, 3min. 1⅘sec., equalled the record set up by Coronach in 1926, so that this has been a race of records.

There were those who questioned the wisdom of Mr. Martin Benson's purchase of the Derby winner for £50,000, but as it has turned out he concluded an excellent bargain, especially as the possibility of a St. Leger victory was realised in great style.

As things have turned out, Mr. Benson has acquired a very genuine horse, though by no means a good-looking one, and it is further to be taken into account that, with his stud prospects in view, the actual value of the colt has been much enhanced by his latest performance. Windsor Lad seems, moreover, so far as one can judge, to be thoroughly sound, and although it is looking some way ahead yet, there is every reasonable probability that when he eventually becomes a stallion it will be with the added prestige of being returned a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup.

The last winner of the St. Leger to annex this coveted trophy was Solario, and Windsor Lad may well follow his example. With stakes won and a full list of mares, Windsor Lad will prove a most profitable investment to his owner. One must, after all, put money down before enjoying the fruits of one's enterprise.

It cannot be said that Windsor Lad won very comfortably; Smirke had to give him a tap to stave off the challenge of Tiberius. The latter saw to it that there was no idling by the way, and kept coming along, as did the Beckhampton colt, Lo Zingaro, which met with some slight interference about a quarter of a mile from home, and which, as his trainer said, "was a stone better than when he ran in the Derby." There is no doubt that Lo Zingaro is a very much improved colt, and possibly one of the best of Solario's sons to be seen out yet.

Umidwar and Patriot King ran well, but I did not care for the look of Achtenan, a rather "coachy" colt, with a high, stilting action which, in itself, does not carry any great weight of appeal. Autumn, too, is on the leg, and what was Pride of the Chilterns doing in such distinguished company? And why was this colt backed down from 200 to 1 to 50 to 1? Someone must have possessed the faith which we are told will move mountains.

As to Windsor Lad's breeding, and I gather that several well-known breeders have already booked nominations to him, he is by the all-conquering sire Blandford. Windsor Lad was bred by Mr. D. Sullivan, and is out of Resplendent, a By George! mare, who won the Irish One Thousand Guineas and the Irish Oaks, and separated Saucy Sue and Gay Bird in the Epsom Oaks of 1925.

Resplendent was out of Sunbright, a daughter of Bridge of Earn, who came from Carbine's daughter Sunshot, who was from Stream of Gold, by St. Angelo.

The colt cost H.H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla 1,300gs. as a yearling at the Doncaster Sales, which, at the time, was considered to be a fair price for the Derby and St. Leger winner of 1934. Yet another example of the lottery of bloodstock breeding.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

THE HIGHEST PRICED YEARLING AT THE DONCASTER SALES
The brown filly by Fairway from Oswyn, bred at the Swynford Paddocks Stud, and purchased for 9,100 guineas by Mr. H. Rich on behalf of the Hon. Dorothy Paget

HARD GOING ON THE TOWN MOOR

Lord Lonsdale and the Doncaster Cup Conditions

APART from the St. Leger the Doncaster meeting yielded its usual wealth of fine racing, though the fact that the ground was undesirably hard was an unfortunate drawback. The executive cannot be blamed for the condition of the going. All that was possible to bring the turf to its best had been done, but a summer's drought, following the shortage of moisture for a long time previously, cannot be effectively combated, and in the exceptional circumstances we have to be thankful that things were no worse.

AT THE GLASGOW PADDOCKS

Lord Derby talking to his son, Lord Stanley. The "black and white cap" was carried to victory by Bunker in the Tattersall Sale Stakes

We were at least spared the fiasco in the Doncaster Cup which had occurred twelve months before. Instead of resolving itself into a match this race produced three runners, and the pace, though by no means lively, was at any rate not so funereal as was the case when Colorado Kid beat Nitsichin. This time the trophy fell to an American owner, Mr. William Woodward, whose Alcazar repeated the triumph he had gained in the Ebor. The career of the winner has not been dissimilar from that of Colorado Kid, who also won some important handicaps before crowning his efforts in this historic cup race.

Constant agitations for a radical alteration of the conditions of the Doncaster Cup have been made, but, as Lord Lonsdale pointed out in a speech at a dinner given by the Race Committee last week, the race suffers not so much from its conditions as from the repeated spells of dry weather, which more than anything else tends to diminish the size of the fields. Anyway, we had quite an interesting tussle this time, and we think the odds laid on Alcazar might have been upset had he not enjoyed some advantage in the matter of condition over Duplicate, who is being trained for the Cesarewitch.

It was clear that Duplicate was travelling the stronger of the two right at the end, and his display was generally reckoned as speaking well for his prospects of winning the big long-distance handicap at Newmarket, even under the stiff weight he will have to carry there. Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort had been hopeful of winning with Foxcroft as well as with Alcazar, but the weight just beat the filly after one of the most delightful finishes one could hope to see.

The stirring set-to between Poker, Foxcroft and Short Run in the Park Hill Stakes must have been envied by the handicappers, especially when the Prince of Wales Nursery a little later was won by a filly who had been unplaced in each of her three preceding races, but was now at once installed a hot favourite. The explanation is that Onset, outpaced in her five-furlong efforts in the first half of the season, had shown herself at home to be possessed of fine stamina, and as Bunker, with whom she had been favourably galloped, had won over a seven-furlong course earlier in the meeting, the daughter of Bosworth was saddled with every confidence that she would prove herself a good thing at the weights in the first of the season's mile nurseries. It was rather hard luck for the young owners and trainer of the fully exposed and penalised Bendex to run up against this well-handicapped filly.

Hairan's downfall had furnished the biggest surprise of the week. While it was perfectly evident that he was unable to extend himself on the firm going, it must be confessed that the reputation of the son of Fairway and Harpsicord is severely shaken, and it is now probable that Bahram and not Hairan will be the Aga Khan's best in the Middle Park Stakes. Kingsem, who won the Champagne Stakes so convincingly, will next be seen in the Prendergast Stakes, and will reappear next season in the Two Thousand Guineas. That he is not in the Derby seems at present to be a matter for regret.

REMARKABLE BLOODSTOCK SALES

The "Field" Prophecy Realised

ONE of the shrewdest men in the bloodstock market declared after the remarkable sale of yearlings at Doncaster that the peak has been regained so far as the value of young thoroughbreds is concerned. The opinion was expressed by this well-balanced expert—he was Mr. John Crawford, of the British Bloodstock Agency—that we may never see a better sale of yearlings. But even the experts are frequently wide of the mark in these matters. They were, for example, when Solario fetched a fabulous price. For our part we are not inclined to agree that the high-water mark has been reached again at Doncaster.

All this, however, is in the womb of the future, and what we have to do at the moment is to congratulate the bloodstock breeders of this country on the rapidity with which the market has righted itself. A brief glance at the figures will show how quickly the change has been effected. As recently as 1931

IN THE WEIGHING ENCLOSURE

Mr. M. H. Benson being congratulated after Windsor Lad had won the St. Leger

the Doncaster total was 143,778gs., the lowest, excluding the years of the war, since 1911. A year later there was a small improvement, and a more pronounced advance was made twelve months ago, when a feeling of much satisfaction prevailed when the Doncaster figures went up to 188,738gs.

This aggregate was left completely in the shade last week, when a catalogue which ran into 409 lots (not all of which changed hands) produced a total of 298,730gs. This is better than any aggregate before the war and justifies our recent prediction that prices would reach a record at Doncaster.

No doubt plenty of good bargains were made last week similar to that which Sir Charles Hyde made a year ago when giving 750gs. for Kingsem, with whom he has won the Champagne Stakes and other notable races, and to that which Marcus Marsh made two years since when securing Windsor Lad on behalf of the Maharaja of Rajpipla for 1,300gs. Interest at these sales naturally centres in those yearlings which provoke the keenest bidding, though experience has taught us again and again that the top-priced ones do not invariably make the best racehorses.

It would be absurd to suppose that disappointments are not in store for some of the purchasers of high-priced lots, but let us hope that a reasonable proportion of the expensive yearlings will prove to be worth the money given for them. A curious fact is that the tallest figure of the week was made at a time when buyers are commonly supposed not to be so keen. There has always been a disposition to envy those breeders whose lots appear in the second half of the catalogue, but the fact that a yearling was now sold for 9,100gs. on the very first morning of the sales disposes for good and all of the myth that values are necessarily discounted by an early position in the catalogue.

The yearling in question was a brown filly by Fairway out of Oswyn, by Neil Gow, she being half-sister to the Ascot and Goodwood winner Sans Peine. So good a judge as Mr. Alec Taylor was after her, but without success, as he failed to stay beyond 9,000gs., and the filly went to Mr. Herbert Rich on behalf of Miss Dorothy Paget, who made a number of other notable purchases during the week.

No fewer than fourteen yearlings were sold during the week for 4,000gs. or more. The second highest price was 7,100gs., paid by Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort on behalf of a patron for Lady James Douglas's brown colt by Gainsborough out of Tilly, the dam of Jesmond Dene. The bidding for this colt was singularly rapid.

The best sold of the Sledmere batch was the Gainsborough-Abbot's Glen colt, which went to Sir Victor Sassoon for 6,300gs. It was quite like old times to see the Sledmere Stud making an average of 2,307gs. for fourteen yearlings. Mr. J. J. Maher made the highest average of the week, but only four colts of his breeding came into the ring, these making a total of 15,600gs. The sales closed with the happy assurance that all is well with racing and bloodstock breeding.

ON THEIR WAY TO LOOK OVER YEARLINGS

Mr. Fred Darling, with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewar, at Doncaster, where bloodstock prices ruled high

B. A. HARVEY, ESQ., MASTER OF THE BUFFORD
From the painting by Lapoite

A GREAT EXHIBITION OF SPORT IN ART

Mr. H. Arthurton's Loan to the Tate Gallery Collection

By DAVID FINCHAM

IT should be a matter of some satisfaction to all those who have so persistently urged the claims of English sporting pictures that a permanent home has been found for them in the Tate Gallery. For years the arguments for adequate representation of sporting artists of the English school have been unanswerable, but the problem of "cutting the cackle and coming to the 'osses" appeared to be a pious hope little likely of realisation.

The desirability of forming such a collection was fully appreciated and discussed, but there were considerable practical difficulties as far as the Tate Gallery was concerned. The principal obstacle was the scarcity of pictures in the permanent collection which by any stretch of imagination could be called "sporting"; and without a nucleus it is extremely difficult to inaugurate the representation of any school.

Another problem was the provision of a gallery which could be devoted to sporting pictures, for each year sees considerable accessions to the collection without any corresponding expansion of hanging space. A start, however, was made and one or two pictures were acquired, notably "A White Horse" by Stubbs.

A little later Wootton's magnificent "Members of the Beaufort Hunt" was purchased for the Tate by the trustees of the National Gallery. That was the position in the early part of this year.

The formation of the Sporting Room was largely accidental. Two galleries had been stripped for redecoration, and it was found possible to limit the more important pre-Raphaelite pictures to Gallery IV. and to make the much smaller Gallery V. into a room for sporting pictures. All the sporting pictures were assembled, but it must be confessed that they looked a little thin. There was the large Wootton already mentioned, three Stubbs (one on loan); "Mr. Jacob Morland of Capplethwaite," by Romney; "A Man with a Dog," by Francis Wheatley; "The Rat Catcher," by Thomas Woodward; a sketch of an old horse, by Gainsborough. Depressing gaps were filled with one or two conversation and theatrical pieces, together with some others whose connection with sport was of the flimsiest character. It was felt, however, that the Tate Gallery had done what lay in its power; and the English sporting school was to be properly represented within a short time, the director and trustees had to rely on private generosity.

Mr. H. Arthurton stepped into the breach and offered the gallery a free choice of whatever was of interest in his collection. About 45 pictures were selected, and the present combined exhibition of loan and permanent sporting pictures was opened. As a whole the exhibition is memorable not only for the presence of certain outstanding pictures, but for the very wide range of sporting interest. The period covered stretches from the close of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries, and among the "subjects" are racing, hunting, coaching, driving, hawking, otter hunting (with spears), shooting, angling, and—be it whispered low—fish poaching!

In many ways, perhaps, the most interesting of all the sporting pictures is Wootton's "Members of the Beaufort Hunt." George Henry, third Earl of Litchfield (1718-1772) and his uncle, the Hon. Robert Lee, who succeeded him, are both in Beaufort Hunt coats. Horace Walpole visited Ditchley in 1760, and this was probably the picture to which he refers in his letter to George Montagu: "The Litchfield Hunt (*sic*) in *true blue* frocks with ermine capes"—"true blue" being no doubt a sly dig at the well-known Jacobite leanings of the Beaufort Hunt. This picture was painted the year before the '45, and it is a matter of some interest that the third earl was fourth in descent from Charles I., while his wife Diana Frankland was fourth in descent from the Lord Protector.

In the same room, Gallery V., are to be found "Colonel Pocklington and his sisters feeding a horse," by Stubbs, lent by Mrs. C. S. Carstairs; and "Jacob Morland of Capplethwaite (*circa* 1763)," by Romney. Among pictures from the Arthurton Loan are a magnificent J. F. Herring, "John Kent, Trainer to the Duke of Richmond, on Newmarket Heath"; "G. Wildman," by Ben Marshall; "Shooting," by the elder Alken; and an outstanding J. F. Ferneley, "H. Massey Stanley, Esq. driving a cabriolet in Hyde Park."

The rest of the Arthurton Collection has been assembled in Gallery XXIX. close to Sir Jeremiah Colman's collection of cricketing pictures. Here can be seen a number of pictures by that little-known sporting master, J. L. Agasse. In some quarters it is held that foreign artists who come to this country fully equipped should be excluded from the English school. This view has little to recommend it, as art is not a matter of nationality, and such a course would exclude Zoffany and de Loutherberg. Jean Laurent Agasse was a Swiss painter of amazing versatility, who worked in England for the greater part of his life. His great picture "Lord Rivers's Stud Farm at Strathfieldsaye" occupies the centre of the long wall; this and several smaller paintings of Lord Rivers's horses are of a quality to compel admiration and respect. It is unlikely that so many paintings by Agasse will be shown together for some time, and the opportunity is not to be missed by anyone who has the slightest interest in horses.

Another painting of exceptional historic interest is Wootton's portrait of Tregonwell Frampton (1641-1727), the father of the Turf, who trained the Royal horses at Newmarket from 1695 onwards. His reckless gambling culminated in the famous match with Sir William Strickland, which is said to have originated the act which vetoed the recovery of betting debts by law.

Stubbs is represented by two good small pictures, "Bob—a Stallion" and "A Hackney and Boy with sieve"; while "Lady with Greyhound and Spaniel" two portraits of fighting cocks; "Tom Oldacre on 'Brush'"; and "John Dilly, owner and trainer," all emphasise the sound qualities of Ben Marshall as an observer and painter. Among other artists are examples of the work of both Wolstenholmes, Bristow, Dalby of York, F. C. Turner, Chalon, Francis Sartorius, Philip Reinagle, and Cooper Henderson.

There are many gaps, and perhaps some of the pictures are not the finest possible examples; but, as a whole, this exhibition is a memorable occasion. The space for, and the nucleus of a sporting collection have been achieved, and when Mr. Arthurton's patience is at an end it is to be hoped that others with equal generosity will ensure that English sporting painters can enjoy the reputation to which they are entitled.

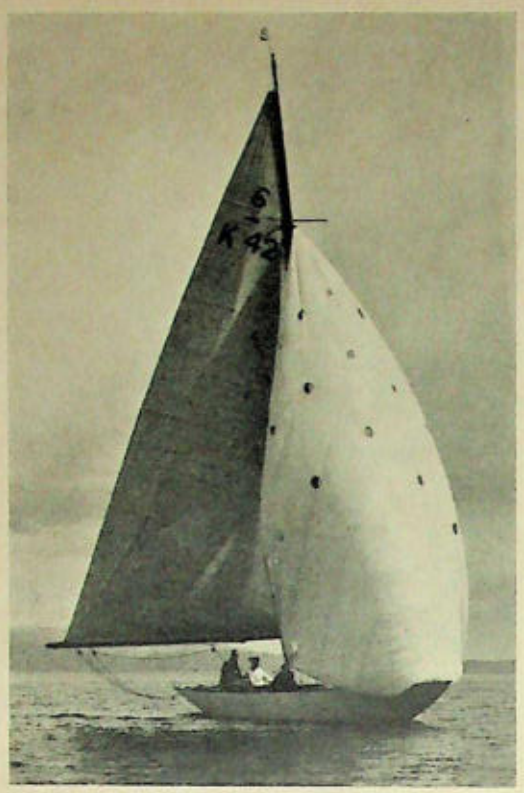
G. WILDMAN, ESQ., WITH DOGS AND GUNS
A Ben Marshall from Mr. Arthurton's collection, made familiar to the London public by District Railway advertisements

EQUESTRIAN WORKS BY STUBBS AND AGASSE AND A "SHOOTING" FERNELEY

COLONEL POCKLINGTON AND HIS SISTERS
From the painting by George Stubbs

MISS CAZENOVE ON A GREY HORSE
From the painting by J. L. Agasse in Mr. Arthurton's collection

SPORTSMAN WITH DOGS AND GUN
From the painting by J. F. Ferneley in Mr. Arthurton's collection



MR. R. M. TEACHER'S SIX-METRE MELITA

One of our new British-American Cup boats under spinnaker with holes to counteract the back eddy of wind current on the lee side

THE RACE AFTER THE AMERICA'S CUP

A Six-Metre Defeat to Wipe Out

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

THE good wishes of all yachtsmen are with the Scottish team who are now in America, and who will shortly be making an attempt to regain the British American Cup, which is now held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club. It will be remembered that, when the American team of "Sixes" visited British waters in 1932, they completely outsailed our boats on all points of sailing and inflicted on them the biggest—by far the biggest—beating that either country had received since the commencement of the series of international team contests. There can be no doubt that the winning team—both as to boats and personnel—was definitely superior to the home team, but it is equally certain that, mainly owing to extraordinarily bad management prior to the races, our team was placed at a grave disadvantage—so grave, in fact, that even if our boats had been equal to those of the visitors they would not have had the remotest chance of winning.

This year there has been a complete change in the arrangements, and the four yachts which are representing this country all hail from the Clyde. They have been racing hard since the beginning of the season, and there has been every chance of selecting the best possible team. In addition to this, the crews are mainly composed of some of the best and most experienced Clyde amateurs whose knowledge of each other's capabilities and methods and of the special qualities of each of the boats should be invaluable in team racing. Two of the boats composing the British team are designed by William Fife and two by Alfred Mylne. The Fife boats are Melita, owned by Mr. R. M. Teacher, and Saskia II., owned by Mr. A. S. L. Young, and the Mylne boats, Mr. J. H. Maurice Clark's Vorsa and Mr. William Russell's Kyla. Melita, built to the new rule this year, has been the most successful of the class during the season's racing, and she has proved herself to be a really remarkably fast boat in from light to moderate breezes.

Vorsa, the only one of the four built to the old rule, and one of the British team of 1932, is a good boat in a breeze, and is probably sailing in better form than in the Solent two years ago. Kyla and Saskia II.—both new craft built this year to the revised version of the measurement rule—have done well during the season's racing, but their records in points are not quite as good as that of the older boat. Mr. Teacher will handle his own boat, as also will Mr. Young and Mr. Russell, but, unfortunately, Mr. Maurice Clark has been unable owing, I understand, to ill health, to accompany the team. He will, however, have an able substitute in Mr. J. Hume, who is a very capable helmsman, but his personality is one which cannot be replaced, and no one will be more disappointed than his many friends among American yachtsmen at his not being one of their visitors.

Two ladies, Miss Barbara Young and Miss Russell—both of whom have been "crewing" in their fathers' yachts during the past season—form part of the very smart amateur crews, and Mr. Alfred Mylne, who is one of the party, should be invaluable in the event of technical advice being required. The American team will, I understand, consist of Bob Kat and Lucie, of the successful 1932 team, and two new boats built this year to the revised measurement rule. Bob Kat, designed by Olin Stephens, was the hard weather crack of the last American team, and Lucie—Clinton Crane designed, and owned by Mr. Briggs Cunningham—was at her best in lighter weather. Judging by the boats alone, and taking a line through Vorsa, Bob Kat and Lucie, on their form of two years ago, it would seem that the odds are in favour of the American team, but the superior organisation as compared with that of 1932 and the skill and experience of the Scottish crews should tend to equalise the chances during the series of races for the Cup. Whatever may be the result of these races, it is certain that the sporting spirit in which they are always sailed will maintain the good feeling and sense of comradeship which has been associated with them in the past.

HOLES IN SAILS

Wind-Tunnel Experimenters Wanted

THERE was once a deep-sea Sindbad story of the Genoa skipper of an elderly barque who was a man of ideas—but before his time. He is said to have caused his sailmakers to make a series of holes near the roached foot of his upper topsails. Whether or not he was an early dabbler in the aerodynamics of sails is not known. Probably he was not, for the same deep-sea story recounts that the holes were of different sizes, and, on the principle of the pan-pipes, could be induced to play tunes by bracing up the yards in a breeze.

Holes in sails and in racing yacht sails are very much in the public eye just now. There is hardly a picture of Endeavour running down-wind but does not display to great advantage her system of spinnaker "ventilation holes," as they have been called on at least one memorable occasion. The idea is, however, by no means new; nor is it, as has also been said, one of Endeavour's "gadgets." One has but to turn to the spine picture on the jacket of *Cruising and Ocean Racing* to see there an excellent photograph of the cruiser Dolly Varden running under a square-sail with similar "ventilation holes." Going back even farther than this the writer remembers having seen a good many years ago a fisherman out in the Western Isles with somewhat similar holes near the "head" of a lug.

It is perhaps in aerodynamics that more progress has been made at sea than in anything else for a century. Ideas which ancient mariners knew by instinct to be sound have now been proved correct scientifically: improvements undreamed of in the cut of sails and in the development of sail plans have now been shown to be practical politics. And it is under this last heading that the disputed sail-holes come. They have been experimented with abroad in wind-tunnel testing, and it has there been proved that a down-wind sail cut with holes in the right place sets just as well and stands just as well as a sail cut without them—so an owner need not be deterred from having a perforated sail, provided that these perforations are rightly placed.

Perforated sails, primarily perforated spinnakers, have now been tried out in a number of racing craft—but with varying expressions of opinion on their value. One owner may claim that a perforated spinnaker drags him along faster than the plain sail, another avers that there is no noticeable difference, and so on. Obviously if the idea is sound it should have a similar result in every case—not only should it in no wise impair a sail's set, but it should improve the ship's speed.

It would seem, therefore, that the crux of the problem lies in the placing of the holes themselves. From research into aeroplane theory it has been made known to yachtsmen that the suction created on the lee side of a sail has a very great deal to do with the driving force exerted on the ship. If, therefore, one realises the considerable suction which must be set up on the lee side of a well-cut topmast head spinnaker, one can appreciate the value of such a sail. Professor Ahlborg's experiments have, however, suggested that when a spinnaker is set and drawing well down-wind, not only is there the expected positive pressure on its windward surface and a negative pressure or suction on its leeward surface, but there is also created, some distance in advance of the sail, a very powerful back eddy which turns inward towards the lee side of the sail again and, reaching the sail, breaks up the invaluable suction at certain definite points.

It is at these points, it would seem, that holes through the sail must be beneficial. Through them would stream a counterflow of wind which, deflected along the flow of the sail, must produce an intercepting wall—preserving the suction area from destruction by the return eddy current. Precisely where these points of impact of return currents lie must inevitably depend mathematically upon the shape and size of a sail, and upon the way in which it is set.

Curry suggests that with a gaff-topsail set down-wind, the holes should be spaced along the foot: with the normal type of cruising yacht's square-sail, presumably the return eddy currents strike the leeside in the lower third of the sail and at about a quarter of the sail's breadth from each leach: with a spinnaker there must be considerable eddying on the lee side along the foot, and then almost centrally up the middle of the sail, where the upward tendency of an air current will concentrate its effect. Until, however, we have the interest here in England, which yachtsmen in other countries are taking in these problems, we shall not have the answer to these modern problems. We need a wind-tunnel at yachtsmen's disposal, and when we have that we shall not lack amateurs with sufficient knowledge and interest to plough the furrow of research.

WORLD VOYAGERS

Round the Globe in Small Boats

LAST week there slipped unostentatiously into Cowes Roads the good ship Vandora, a 54-ton cruiser which has just completed a voyage of circumnavigation of some 34,000 miles lasting about two years. Here we have a ship comparable in size and crew—there were seven amateurs on board—to the early Elizabethan navigators in their "barks" and their "pinks" and "pinnasses."

To those who declaim that the spirit of our sea venturing days is long since dead—there in Cowes Roads lies the answer. To go a world voyage in such a ship is not all beer and skittles; one has to take the good weather with the bad, the amusing side of life with the drear and the frightening. Those early voyages, the details of which are laid bare in Purchas and Hakluyt, revealed all too clearly that the sea may be a good and fond mistress but it is a grim and stern master. Yet, again and again small yachts—smaller than Vandora—have set off in quest of the sun and have followed it in its course from shore to shore, through seas and oceans. Slocum first started the train of thought that it was really possible; Slocum with his solid old Spray, his alarm clock for a chronometer and his shadow-pilot in time of trouble. Voss ventured out on the great sea tracks after him—but still it was all something of a wonderful novelty.

Then, after the war, came the urge for wider horizons and an overflowing measure of excitement in a crazy world—a number of yachtsmen set out in the wake of the early seamen. Mulhauser went round the sea world in Amaryllis, Stock in his "Dream Ship," O'Brien in Saoirse, Gerbault in Firecrest. Other yachtsmen, perhaps without the leisure for the round voyage, made other notable passages—Jolie Brise to New York and the "Bermuthes," Tai-mo-Shan from Hong Kong home, and so on. It indeed, seems that since the war the *pukka* cruising man, tired at long last of the flesh pots of the Crouch and the Hamble and the Clyde, has found out that the small, well-found ship can to-day brave the Seven Seas just as well as the small ships of Portuguese Henry and our own Elizabeth could. Taking their fate in their hands they have set out—to return full-fledged members of the great sea brotherhood. And for every yachtsman who is able to gratify this wish to circumnagivate this tortured world of ours there are hundreds who long to do so—and who, given the opportunity, would.

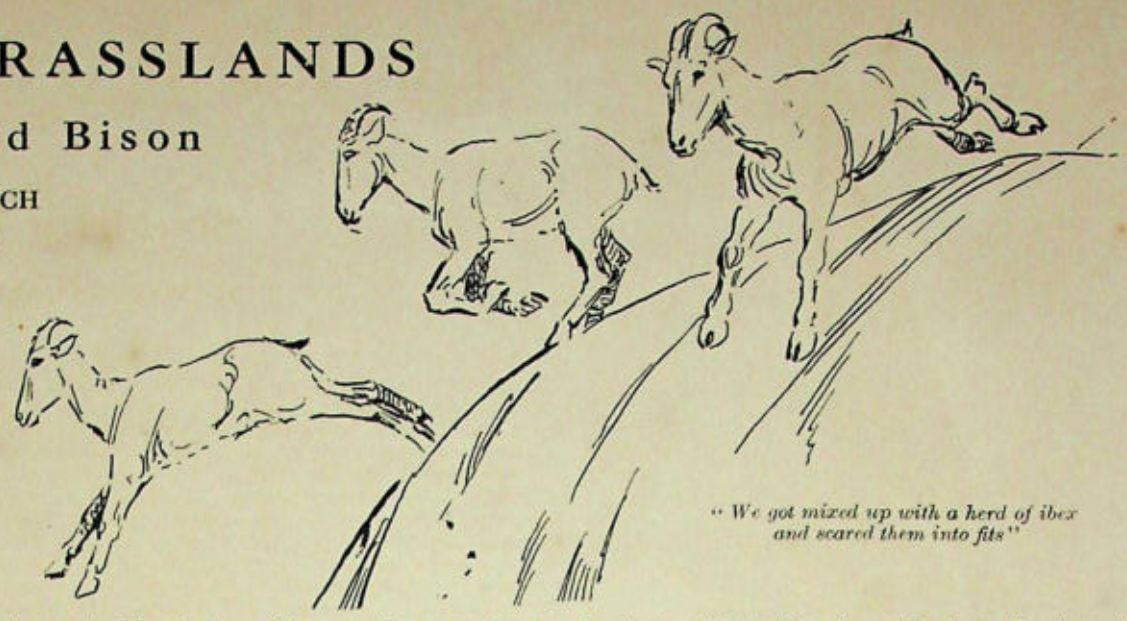
J. I.

GAME ON THE GRASSLANDS

Nilgiri Tahr and Bison

By MAURICE TULLOCH

(Illustrated by the Author)



"We got mixed up with a herd of ibex and scared them into fits"

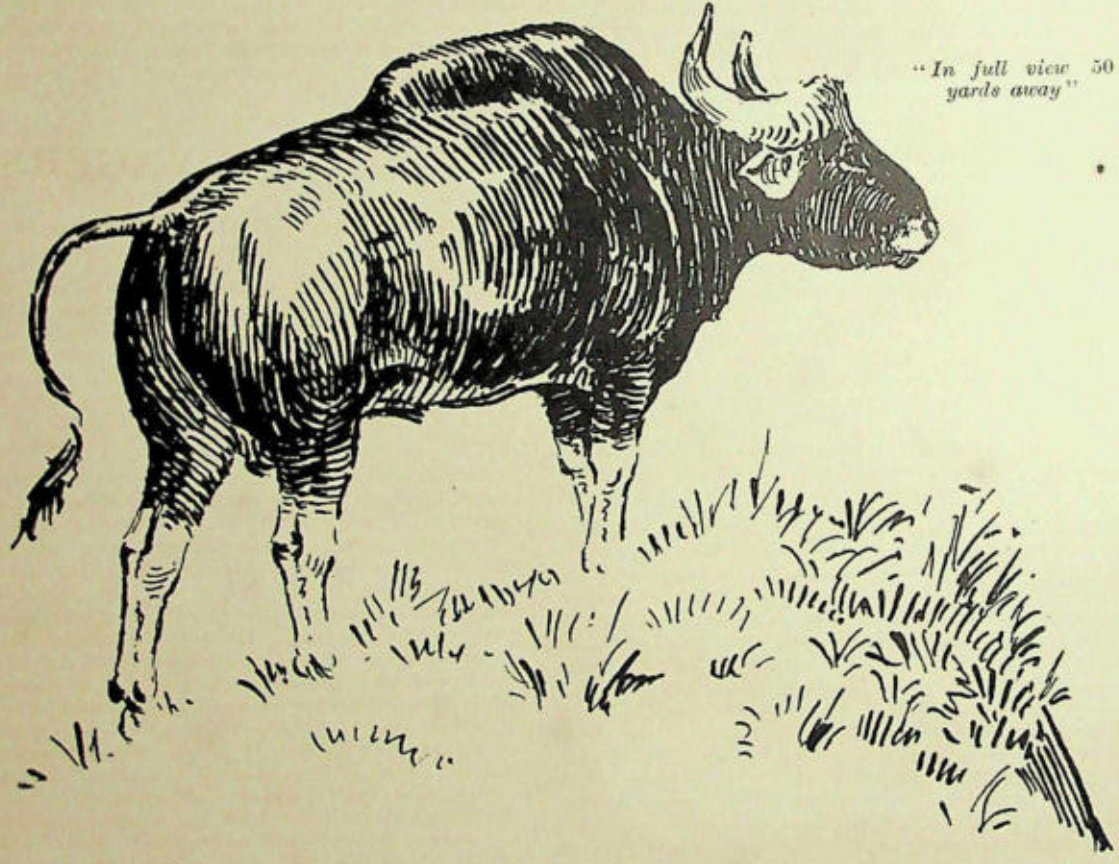
A COUNTRY as amazing as it is unexpected, it lies between six and eight thousand feet above sea level: rolling grassland with deep evergreen woods in the hollows, great hills, deep valleys and tremendous cliffs; crystal clear streams tumbling from rock pool to rock pool; air like wine; bright sunlight and cool nights; all this within twelve degrees of the equator in a little-known corner of Southern India.

Many trails cross the grass, but for mile upon mile you will not find one that has not been made by elephant, bison, sambhur or ibex, with never a human footprint or spoor of domestic cattle upon them.

I wanted a bison and a saddleback (Nilgiri tahr), for I had never bagged either; my good friend S. said he could lead me to them. When he is not hunting or observing game S. manages a big tea estate among the hills; not old in years, he is old in his knowledge of the beasts of the jungle and the grass, and is a mighty hunter before the Lord.

We had five days in which to do it. Camp was situated right on our shooting ground at a height of a little over seven thousand feet. Our shikaris were members of a jungle tribe, the Moudivans; these smallish, quiet, self-possessed people are not aboriginals but quite fairly high-caste Hindus. Kundasami, the head man, was an expert who, in spotting game, was not inferior to any shikari I had known in the hills of the North.

We saw ibex (as they are locally called, though



"In full view 50 yards away"

Nilgiri tahr is their proper title) on the first day during our march into camp, and bison that same evening, but at a distance. Next morning we came suddenly on a herd of bison with a fine young bull in charge; we saw each other simultaneously at about a hundred paces, but they had not got our wind and moved off quietly so that we had a grand view of them. They looked fine with the early morning sunlight on their sleek coats. Later in the morning, way up on a hillside, we got mixed up with a herd of ibex and scared them into fits; they were bolting all over the place and whistling their alarm cry, and we, sitting quiet, were trying to make out if there was a saddleback with them. Suddenly Kundasami stiffened and muttered the Tamil word for bison. There, a mile away and a thousand feet below in a green meadow, were two big black glistening shapes. Even at that range our glasses showed they were big bulls.

Getting into a depression on the hillside, down we went slipping and scrambling, for the need to hustle was great; the sun was high, and it was time that all good bison should have retired into the shade of impenetrable sholas. Once on the way down we got another view of the bulls, and S. and Kundasami, who know a good head when they see one, assured me that we were up against something very special with one of them.

The wind was right, but time and the ground were against us, and knowing that here was a chance of a lifetime to be seized or lost it was not easy to control one's excitement. At the base of the hill was bare grass without a rock or a bush upon it, but the ground was undulating, and the bulls were out of sight. We approached by making use of "dead" ground; the suspense was great, for we did not know, moment by moment, whether our game would not graze towards us, when we should be in full view, or whether we would find they had vanished into the cover which lay beyond them. When only one last grassy rise intervened we cautiously raised our heads, and, to our joy, perceived two great shiny backs, like those of a pair of whales, showing above it.

Thenceforward we crawled on hands and knees and finally on our tummies; S., desperately anxious that I should not lay out the smaller bull, raised his head to see how they were placed, then he whispered that they had seen us and I had better do something about it, so, slewing round into a sitting position I found them in full view 50 yards away; they were regarding us earnestly and switching their tails about. The bullet took the big fellow in the shoulder and anchored him; while I jerked out the empty case for another shot, S. fired and brought him to the ground. Number two (who was a fine specimen, but smaller) wheeled round and galloped off—rather to our relief, for if he had turned nasty we should have had to shoot him, and this we did not wish to do. Taking no chances we fired a few more shots into the bull on the ground and walked up to find the bison of my dreams, but I knew in that moment that, except in self-defence, he was the first and last bison I would shoot, for I would never willingly destroy such magnificence again. He was an old bull, but in great condition—the spread of his horns, measured between pegs, was 39½in.

Of the saddlebacks I had had a running shot and failed to take it, whereat S. and Kundasami regarded me coldly and in silence for, as moving shots go, it would have been an easy one. The truth was that in all the country in which I have shot game, a wounded animal is probably an animal lost and doomed to die slowly, and so one had got into the habit of firing only when a kill was reasonably probable. On the grass country, with ibex, it is different; it is open, and they seldom take to the sholas; one rarely loses a wounded saddleback.

And so the day of our departure came. On the homeward way we found and watched a small herd of ibex sprawling on some rocks taking their midday siesta, and then passed on. There had been a bottle of beer with us when we started home, and we had cherished it until the moment when we should leave the grass, to be drunk then by way of consolation. We had actually so consoled ourselves and were a couple of hundred yards from where the path led into the jungle on the way to civilization, when Kundasami gave one last glance into a valley which lay on our left, and which we had already examined pretty thoroughly. We saw him crouch and then back away from the sky line. He had seen a saddleback, a grey buck sitting on a grey rock, among a litter of grey rocks, five hundred yards away and several hundred feet below—a very pretty piece of spotting. A last chance in very truth!

We examined the ground minutely and decided on our route. This was a steep gulley leading to a spot about two hundred yards from our buck, and from this point I knew it would be necessary to fire, for there was no cover beyond it. The going was awful, and we arrived breathless and very excited; then crawled to a point whence we could see, and found the saddleback off his rock and feeding. He only had to move a few yards to be out of sight, but I gave myself a full minute in which to get control of my breathing, aimed low, as one must do when shooting steeply downwards and then gave it him. We found afterwards that it had been a fatal shot, but his struggles took him down the hillside until he disappeared over what seemed to be a cliff, what time we opened rapid fire to stop him. S. got him once, far back, before he went out of sight, and then we followed down over as nasty a bit of country as one could wish for, and feeling all the time that his horns must surely have been smashed to pieces. We picked him up dead and intact about fifty feet below the point at which he had disappeared—a good average buck with 14in. horns and a fairly well-developed saddle.

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG FUTURE

Miss N. Jupp the New Golf Discovery

By E. R. TIPPLE

ONLY a few weeks ago Miss Pam Barton came into prominence by reaching the final of the British Ladies' Championship, and then shortly afterwards going on to win the French title at the age of seventeen. By this latter achievement she broke the record set up by Miss May Hezlet—now Mrs. Ross—in 1899. Miss Barton, in her turn, has now been eclipsed by Miss Nancy Jupp, who last week became the youngest champion the game has ever known.

Making her first appearance in an open competition, this youthful Scottish golfer proceeded to give a display of skill that would have done credit to any player three times her age. Her performance was quite phenomenal and almost without parallel. Certainly these junior championships—both the boys' and the girls'—are held for the benefit of youngsters under the age of eighteen, but in the past those who have emerged successful have appeared to be almost mature. No one ever dreamed that a child aged thirteen could follow in the footsteps of former champions, but at Stoke Poges the seemingly impossible was realised.

Whilst it is always dangerous to label anyone a "prodigy," Miss Jupp deserves the title. Within the space of a few days she has become a person known all over Britain, and she has no light burden to carry on her confident shoulders. Already she has been compared with Bobby Jones, John Ball, Miss Enid Wilson and even old Tom Morris. So far she has bettered their early efforts; it remains to be seen whether she will emulate them later on. She has an excellent chance of so doing provided that she does not pay too great attention to the publicity she has brought upon herself. Publicity is the penalty of fame and often spoils many a prodigy.

Miss Jupp proved once again that great physical strength is not a necessary attribute for a champion golfer. In meeting and defeating girls almost twice her size, girls five years her senior, she astounded the spectators by her extraordinary command of the various strokes. She reached greens over 400yds. away with ease in two strokes. She gave the "hitters" a lesson, for it is doubtful whether anyone swings a golf club more easily than she does. Her swing is simplicity itself, and that is the best test of all.

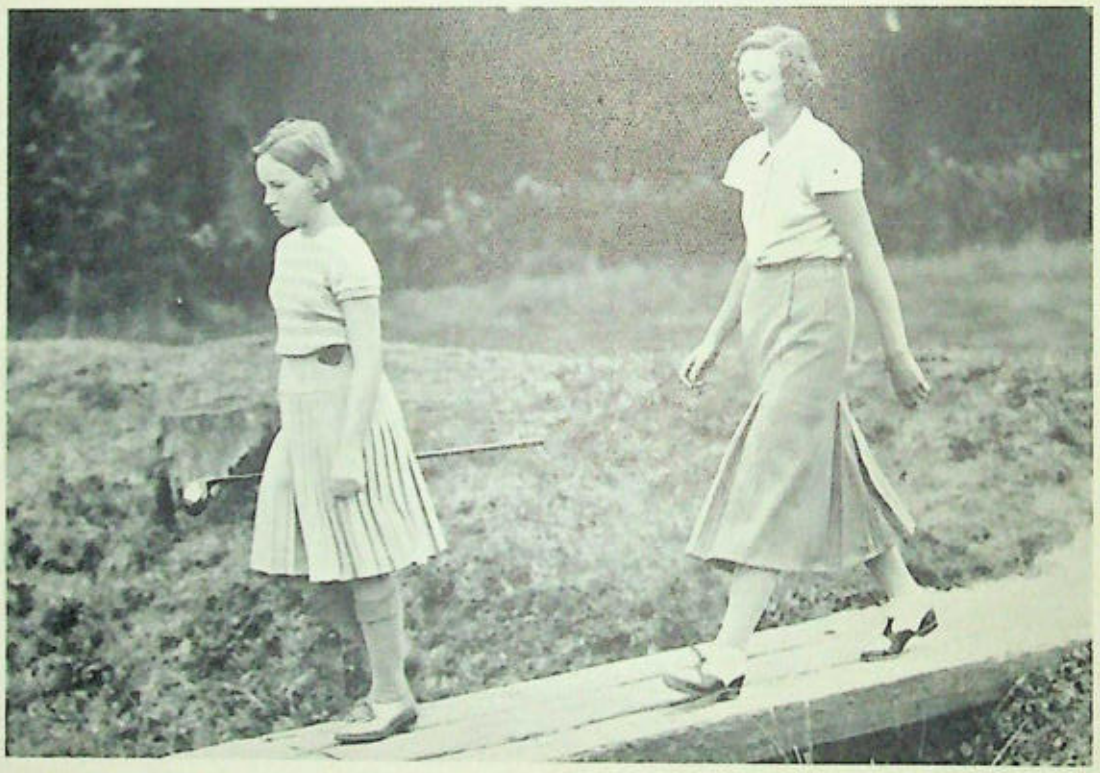
The new girl champion is perhaps fortunate in the locality she lives in; Longniddry is one of the world's famous golfing "nurseries." That part of Scotland, indeed, is crowded with fine courses and links—Gullane, Muirfield, North Berwick, names that are synonymous with the game. Many times I have seen, when walking through this part of the country, children of all sizes and ages carrying clubs and hitting a ball about on some spare ground or over the public courses. There, golf is not an old man's game but a national one for all, no matter their position in life.

I understand Miss Jupp began to play golf at the age of six, so it is hardly any wonder that she has acquired a natural swing unhampered by modern variations. If she is wise she will turn a deaf ear to those wishing to give her a short cut to an even higher standard of play. She cannot do better than let her game develop gradually and naturally as she herself grows older.

Through the Girls' Championship a very promising recruit has been found. But if she had lived in England would she have achieved what she has done already? I think not. In England we have not overcome old-fashioned prejudices and children are not encouraged to play golf. I wonder how many more promising young players there are around Longniddry and Gullane awaiting their chance of success? There must be a great number, some of whom we may know soon.

Miss Joan Montford, the runner-up, Miss P. Low and Miss Mulcaster are three young girls who are very promising. The former has participated in several open tournaments, and although she will not be eligible for another Girls' Championship, she should pass on to senior golf, helped by the experience gained, and in a season or so challenge the best.

To Miss Mulcaster went the honour of defeating the only formidable entrant from overseas, Miss Betty Frost, of South Africa. The latter started favourite because of her performances in her own country. Despite her youth she is the holder of one title and has been twice a semi-finalist in the South African Championship. After beginning well at Stoke Poges, however, she became erratic and failed unexpectedly. Incidentally Miss Mulcaster is lucky enough to be at a school where the playing of golf is encouraged. One day perhaps golf will be included in the curriculum of all colleges.



A CONTRAST AT STOKE POGES

The new Girl Champion with Miss Low of Aberdovey, one of the tallest competitors. Note the determination of the thirteen-year-old player

STYLE AND GRACE

Miss Jupp at the finish of a brassie shot

ANOTHER DOUBLE

Lawson Little's American Title

FOLLOWING Bobby Jones's example, Lawson Little added the American Amateur title to the British "crown" last week, and so can be ranked the leading amateur golfer of the world to-day. As at Prestwick so at Brookline, Mass., Little dominated the final, crushing his opponent, D. Goldman, an "unknown" golfer, by 8 and 7. Although only in the early twenties, this Californian golfer has been playing in championships for at least six years. He first came into prominence in 1929, when he defeated J. Goodman, last year's American open champion. After seeing Little play in this country, no British golfer will be surprised at his latest success.

His task was made easier by the early downfall of many of the famous players. Francis Ouimet fell in the very first round, Goodman was beaten in the second by Bobby Jacobsen, a sixteen-year-old player from New Jersey. This player seems destined to make a name for himself.

T. A. Torrance, the only British entrant, did extremely well to reach the fifth round. He was defeated by a well-known New York golfer, E. H. Driggs, mainly because he experienced trouble on the greens.

This year the championship conditions were different from those employed previously. Instead of holding qualifying rounds prior to the match play stages over the course chosen for the championship, eliminating rounds were held in various parts of the continent. Thus players were saved making long journeys for nothing. Many travel 3,000 miles for a few days' golf!

TWO NEW CHAMPIONS

Irish and Welsh Amateur Titles

AS autumn approaches so the number of golf competitions increase. Two outstanding events were decided last week, one at Portmarnock and the other at Prestatyn. There had to be a new Irish open amateur champion, as Jack McLean, the winner for the last two years, could not compete owing to his Australian tour, and for the fourth successive time a Scottish player won the title. This year Hector Thomson, a former winner of the boys' event, won in convincing style. He defeated the Walker Cup player, H. G. Bentley, in the final, at one period being no less than seven up. Bentley did not give a display worthy of himself; indeed, after his poor showing this year it was something of a surprise that he reached the final. Against L. G. Crawley he gave a glimpse of his real self, winning at the seventeenth after a titanic struggle. The holder of the native title, J. C. Brown, was unfortunate enough to injure a knee, and this more than anything else caused his early defeat. That the best player of the week won was certain, for Thomson throughout played magnificently. Once again a product of the junior competition has made good in senior golf.

Over his home course, Prestatyn, North Wales, S. B. Roberts demonstrated his versatility by winning the Welsh title. One of the Principality's young golfers, Roberts, who is a hockey international as well, should now stay in the front rank for some years. He has a compact style and is an exceedingly good putter. In the final he defeated G. S. Woon, who strangely enough is an Englishman domiciled in Cardiff, qualifying for the championship by residence. H. R. Howell, eight times Welsh champion, was defeated in the fourth round.

A VIEW OF LAKE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH

PARTRIDGES AT THEIR BEST

Problems of Driving on Salisbury Plain

THE partridge shooting at Lake, which lies between Salisbury and Amesbury, sets problems in rearing and driving partridges much more resembling those presented to the manager of a Scotch grouse shoot than those which worry the headkeeper of the average partridge shoot in the agricultural parts of England.

Difficulties commence in the nesting season, when the birds have to find sites on Salisbury Plain, where hedges are almost unknown and there are but few trees, and the grassland, being grazed by sheep and cattle for the greater part of the year, makes the provision of artificial nesting places in the spring a most important factor.

There are many tumuli scattered over the area, and these are favourite nesting sites; the ground, being disturbed by rabbits, grows weeds and thus provides more cover. The bare downland is improved by pegging down cut branches in the early spring. The grass grows up through them later and affords adequate cover for nesting.

One would think that the juniper bushes which abound in some parts would afford good nesting ground, but no herbage grows under them and, as the partridge likes some form of grassy shelter for her nest, they do not suit her purpose. This from the keeper's point of view is a pity, as the bushes form a good screen from the wandering rooks, which are a constant source of annoyance, and great egg stealers, especially in a dry spring, when the grass is late in starting growth. However, this same lack of good nesting ground has a compensation in that most forms of vermin, stoats, weasels, rats and mice have to practise their activities much more publicly than they prefer, and consequently are much more easily caught than in more enclosed countries.

The Euston system is practised with all the nests in what are considered dangerous places; and if, for one reason or another, the chipped eggs cannot be replaced in the nest, the chicks continue with the hen foster-mother until they can exist independently. A certain number of birds are confined on the French system, in pens, and their eggs hatched under hens, after which the birds are released and sometimes bring up a small second brood. Losses amongst the hand-reared birds are normally very slight, partly, perhaps, because Salisbury Plain is covered with ant-heaps, and ant eggs are an essential form of diet for the young partridge if fed sparingly once a day. If they are used more often the result is most unsatisfactory, and leads to digestive trouble.

As the season advances, the coops are moved to the centre of the different beats in pairs. These are deliberately placed at very wide intervals to prevent, if possible, the broods joining up and forming packs. The young birds haunt the neighbourhood of the coops for some weeks, but eventually spread out and join up with wild ones.

Bearing in mind the comparative scarcity of corn land in the area, the obvious problem is how to induce partridges to remain in comfort on the various tracts of acres of grassland which are without this essential food supply.

This is overcome by continual but not extravagant feeding with small corn and seeds from the thresher all the year round, but the feeding places must be the same and the times of feeding must be regular. The birds then recognise the neighbourhood as their own home.

The provision of water is also important. A great many headkeepers consider that it is unnecessary to provide water for partridges, but there is direct evidence over a period of years that the birds use the artificial water troughs laid down for them. The farms luckily have water laid on throughout, and it is very convenient to have the small, shallow cement drinking pans which are in use placed near the trough, where they can easily be refilled and kept clean.

The acreage of the shoot is about 4,600 acres, divided into three beats, called The Countess, Woodford, and Springbottom, each under the charge of a keeper. There is a considerable tract of land entirely under grass, eggs from which are used to reinforce the centre of the shoot. The headkeeper, M. Whelan, came to Colonel Bailey in 1924, the annual bag being then about 300 brace. Since then there has been a very large improvement and the bags remain constant now at about the same level.

1926 ..	1,508 partridges.	1930 ..	2,531 partridges.
1927 ..	1,421 ,,	1931 ..	1,909 ,,
1928 ..	1,946 ,,	1932 ..	2,540 ,,
1929 ..	2,705 ,,	1933 ..	2,670 ,,

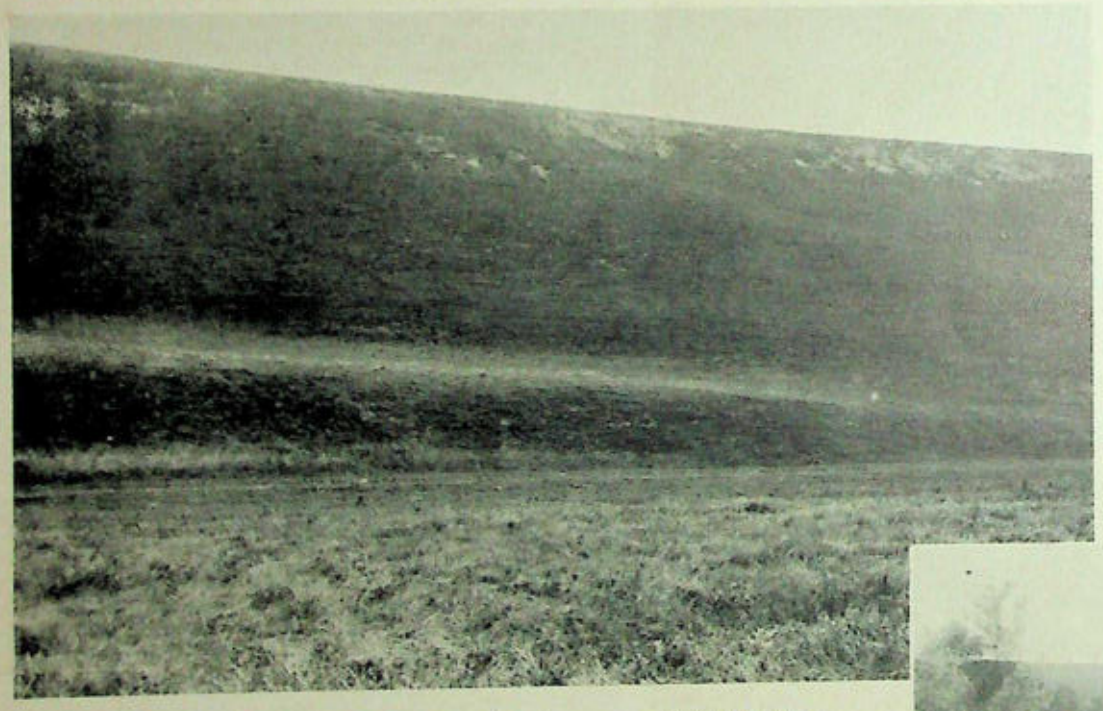
In some of the drives the line of beaters is over a mile long and the depth of the drive two miles. The headkeeper rides a pony in the centre of the line and signals entirely with a flag and whistle. The beaters are absolutely silent and the underkeepers also guide their men by whistle. The work of the flankers, who are always the same men and are permanently employed, is as important as in grouse driving, for in several of the drives the beaters are in two parties, one moving at right angles to the line of guns and the other parallel with it. These lines meet and combine to push the game over the butts.

As I said before, partridge driving on Salisbury Plain is very reminiscent of grouse driving; the guns stand in the deep hollows formed by the natural folds in the downs, some of the banks being 200ft. high and very steep. Birds driven over them present very difficult shots, as they are generally travelling very fast and are often on the curve, trying to get back to their ground after their long flights from it. This is particularly the case in those drives known as Rox Hill and Scotland Bank, which are a test to the most accomplished guns.

Two very killing drives are known as Starveall and the Starveall return, where the birds tend to fly along the line of guns and the visibility is better. At the latter, one gun shot 62 partridges to his own gun during a stand in 1929, and last year a very distinguished guest killed 49.

The nests this year hatched out most successfully, but owing to the drought in the early part of the hatching season, the earlier coveys have dwindled in numbers and there are far too many small coveys to be seen. However, as far as can be seen at present, before all the corn is cut, the partridges give promise of a normal year, although far greater things had been hoped for. M. F. W.

Marking Cards.—Managers of shoots will be glad to know that the British Field Sports Society now issue a series of marking cards, 1 to 9 in number, which can be placed in cleft sticks to mark the stands for shooting driven partridges and pheasants beaten out of covert. Prices are, per set of 1 to 9, 3d. each post free. Twelve sets 2/6 post free, fifty sets 10/- post free, from the Secretary, St. Stephen's House, S.W. 1. On and after October 1st, the Society's address will be 3, St. James's Square, S.W. 1.



SCOTLAND BANK
"A test to the most accomplished guns"

THE BANK AT GIPSIES' CORNER
Where birds come both fast and high

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

Partridges at Imbros

THE shooting grounds in the Mediterranean are so numerous and the coastline so immense that it is impossible in these short notes to enumerate them all and describe in detail their exact position. All that will be essayed, therefore, will be to divide the whole into about fifteen areas describing the sport that is obtainable in each and mentioning the best localities within only rough geographical limits. The best places to investigate can always be found locally on arrival, as there is generally no lack of generous help to be obtained from the residents and the local guides are all well known. Wildfowl will probably figure most prominently in the game book; mallard, teal and snipe certainly heading the list. These birds are found all over the Mediterranean at the right time of the year according to the laws of migration, on most of the marshes that are marked on the larger scale charts of the neighbourhood.

The island of Imbros supplies quite the best red leg partridge shooting in the Mediterranean. It is essential, however, to call on the Governor first before landing to shoot, so that he may be able to warn the Custom officers and gendarmerie, who are otherwise somewhat prone to interfere with visitors landing with guns. The best ground is the cultivated area at the south-west corner of the island and all along the south coast. The partridges come down to the valleys to feed, but otherwise live in the hills and on the cliffs, to which they will return if persistently disturbed. It is therefore advisable, if it is intended to walk them up, for the guns to start with their backs toward the cliffs and to make the ground good in the opposite direction, for then most sporting shots are obtained as the birds curl back over the guns towards their home in the hills. If about a dozen beaters can be procured, very sporting driven shots can be had by placing the guns between the cultivated area and the hills. The best time to shoot is in the early morning and after about 3.30 in the afternoon. It is no use continuing in the heat of the middle of the day as the birds rest in the rocks and thick cover of the hills and are then difficult to find.

As in England, the red leg is a great runner, and will frequently get up well out of shot, especially if there is any talking, and as it is generally difficult to keep a lot of native beaters quiet, driving is by far the best method if the bag is to be filled. They generally prefer to fly downwind and downhill, and for this reason take the higher ground first and work downwind so as to keep the birds ahead of you. Birds that are flushed will always take shelter in the thickest cover they can find, so it is advisable to throw a stone into any that is passed, for this is the easiest way to dislodge them. The birds will be found to go about in coveys, but rarely rise together, and are much more likely to get up singly. For this reason many experienced shots do not shoot at the first bird, which may well have taken them by surprise, but wait for the better chance, which is almost certain to be offered a moment later.

There are plenty of rock pigeons to be found in the cliffs on the coast, and fair woodcock shooting is also obtainable at the end of November.

SHOOTING OVER THE CORTACHY MOORS
Mr. Fred Bedford, the tenant of Cortachy Castle, taking a bird from his retriever

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

Birds Still Plentiful

SCOTLAND

Argyllshire

CARSKIEY.—From August 13th to date, 100 brace of grouse were killed by Major G. H. T. Parsons, Mr. T. Parsons, Mr. L. Parsons and friends. Birds strong, very wild, with a rather large proportion of old birds. Lightly shot; best day 21 brace.

Berwickshire

CRANSHAWS.—On September 8th, 83½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns; Mr. S. E. A. Landale's party—Lieut.-Col. C. S. Stirling-Cookson, Major W. Montagu Douglas Scott, Mr. A. C. Fraser, Mr. Moffat Thompson and Mr. H. J. Younger. South-west wind of gale force.

Caithness

BERRIEDALE.—The Duke of Portland has informed us by telegram that at ten o'clock in the morning of Sept. 17 Armstrong, his head stalker, and ghillies saw an osprey, believed to be a male, within twenty yards. This bird is now seldom seen in Caithness.

BRAAL CASTLE.—On September 10th to the 14th, 102 brace of grouse, 19 partridges, 12 snipe, and 5 duck were killed by two guns: Sir Robert Black, Bart. and Captain Denis de Vitré. Over dogs and walking up. This makes 462 brace since August 13th. Birds plentiful, but wild.

Midlothian

RAESHAW (OVERSHIELS SECTION).—On September 8th, 137½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Lord Whitburgh, Lord Cavan, Lord Rosebery, Sir Courtauld Thomson, Major W. H. Callander, Colonel De Pree and Mr. Walter Hazell. A very strong south-west wind made shooting difficult, but there was a heavy stock of birds on the ground and the bag was very good in the circumstances.

Perthshire

BEN LAWERS.—Between August 13th and September 8th the following bag was obtained by Colonel F. Ainslie Williams and party (Lieut. J. E. Burstall, R.N., Mr. A. Stuart Hunter, Mr. G. B. Ainslie Williams and Mr. E. J. Ainslie Williams, average number of guns shooting, four each day, walking in line: 197 grouse, 21 blackgame, 13 ptarmigan, 23 snipe, 10 hares, 3 partridge and 30 rabbits. This is the best result obtained on Ben Lawers for many years. The weather generally was unfavourable, and the birds were mostly strong and very wild. A few cheepers. *No disease.* Best day: August 23rd, calm weather, 16½ brace of grouse, finishing at 3.30 p.m., youngest member of party using a 28-bore most of the time.

Sutherlandshire

ROVIE.—On September 11th and 13th, 572 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns, driving: Major Priestley and party. Fine weather. Birds plentiful, but starting to pack.

ENGLAND

Cumberland

BEWCASTLE FELLS.—Mr. Charles Webb and party shot over these fells, single guns, on August 22nd, 23rd and 24th, the bag being 135 brace of grouse, 3 brace blackgame, 2 brace snipe and 1 various. The guns were Sir Fergus Graham, Bart., M.P., Mr. A. Jones, Capt. A. Jones, Major Rycroft, D.S.O., Colonel Newton Taylor, Capt. Schwab (one day) and Colonel Irving (two days). Good show of birds, well developed. Heavy cross-wind first day; second day very wet, in consequence only four drives. On September 4th 5th and 6th, first day five guns: Brig.-Gen. Pringle, Mr. Farquiar Laing, Dr. H. E. Hickey and Mr. Bert Thatcher, late huntsman to the Zetland, Lord Handley, Major Pratchet and Dr. Nelson (one day). The bag was 125 brace of grouse, 2 brace blackgame and 1½ brace snipe. Birds strong, very wild, but healthy.

LORD AND LADY FORRES'S SHOOTING PARTY AT GLENOGILL
Included in the group are Sir Ronald MacLean, Captain Wright, Captain Brice, Mr. Locker, Colonel Elliot Carnegie, the Hon. Jean and John Williamson, Miss Maldocks, Miss Owen and Mr. V. Greig

AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

SURF RIDERS, WAIKIKI

A fine action picture by M. A. Robinson, among the best photographs of the year at the R. P. S. show, 35, Russell Square, London, W.C.1, one of the cheapest of London's exhibitions as there is no admission fee

HEN HARRIER IN FLIGHT—THE MALE LOOKS AT HIS YOUNG

A photograph by Mr. Ralph Chislett of one of our rarest birds-of-prey. The hen harrier is now chiefly limited, as a breeding species, to the Orkneys and the Outer Hebrides. The Naturalist section is always one of the great features at Russell Square

New Books

THE NATION'S WAR LEADER

Behind the Scenes on the Turf—From Bird Scarer to Super-Car Builder

"THIS hurts me as much as it hurts you," is Mr. Lloyd George's attitude to those he castigates in his third volume of War Memoirs, but he undertakes the task in order that lessons may be learnt from the past to show how the country may best be organised either in War or in Peace. His critics have not spared him, and in turn he shows little mercy for anyone whom he considers guilty of ineptitude.

This volume of memoirs is the most interesting inasmuch as it takes up the story when, as Premier, he was called upon to being the courage of his convictions to the prosecution of the war. His worst enemies (and with the policy that half-measures are useless he made many) cannot say that he failed to acquit himself well.

His task was unenviable. He had to face the non-co-operation of the Asquith Party, he had to conciliate Labour and to weigh in the balance members of the Conservative Party whose names to the general public were synonymous with strength and sagacity. He took on the Premiership at a critical period of the war, when the whole resources of the nation had to be organised for food supplies, for the formation of a land army, for augmenting the Forces, for turning out ships, guns and munitions, and this at a time when the submarine menace was at its height and when in one month the loss of British tonnage alone reached 398,773 tons, the total for 1917 being 3,660,054 tons.

This peril was by far the greatest test for Mr. Lloyd George's leadership. His advisors practically told him that it would be impossible to go on with the war. At the same time they had small counsel to offer him, and yet resolutely opposed the convoy system which eventually coped with the situation.

Criticisms of the Admiralty, the allegation of a "sorry exhibition of nervous impotence on the part of the Lord High Admirals of the biggest Navy in the world, by Admirals who were not ashamed to own they could not get near enough to the coast of Flanders to bombard its submarine refuges without imperilling their warships," leave the impression of a case but half stated. Attacks on the higher command in France take little account of the responsibilities weighing on the Commander-in-Chief. Expressions applied to Earl Haig such as "it took him a long time to extricate his mental topboots from the Somme mud" are in the worst taste. Procrastination and bickering on Haig's part are advanced as one reason for the lack of surprise in Nivelle's offensive, and another is that plans for the proposed attack were captured in the front line by the Germans, one set of orders being found on a French non-commissioned officer.

In spite of the absence of surprise the attack was persisted in, and this leads to the remark that "These great offensives, once they had fired the imagination of a Commander, ceased to be plans for the winning of a victory. They became a passion which could not be resisted." Mr. Lloyd George, when he condemns the absence of surprise, and the self-advertising preparations for batterings on the Western front which achieved little but slaughter, perhaps risks the accusation of being wise after the event. His scheme for an Allied break through on the Italian front might have been crowned with success, and he concludes that when the fate of Europe hung in the balance national and personal jealousies were allowed to affect the general welfare of the Allies. He strove hard to secure unanimity and eventually succeeded in his great task.

In the chapter on food supplies Mr. Lloyd George cannot resist the temptation of an attack on game preservers. We read that "The war had almost stopped the usual autumnal massacre of the pheasantry, and the result was that the ravages of the surplus birds were devastating." Tenants were empowered to kill pheasants where the landowners had failed to keep them down. "The war, which upset so many ancient landmarks, was here making inroads upon those sacred feudal relics, the English Game Laws."

In the agricultural policy the "Junkers," as they are termed, we are told, resisted compulsion to break up estates kept for ornamental purposes, but Mr. Walter Long is quoted as saying that the Board of Agriculture sought to compel men to "cultivate their land in a manner entirely contrary to what they believe is in the best interests of food production."

The volume ends with a description of the pitiful state of Russia and a great tribute to the work of Lord Northcliffe as head of the British War Mission to the United States in the discharge of which duty he wrote that he had "never worked so hard before." R. N. R.

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Volume Three. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; price 21s.)

THE NEW CONDUCTOR—OPENING OF THE 1917 OVERTURE

(From the drawing in "Punch" of December 20th, 1916, reproduced in Mr. Lloyd George's Third Volume of War Memoirs)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF RACING

RACING memories are always entertaining; the unending study of man and horse on the racecourse provides the Turf chronicler with a well-nigh inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes of the scenes and stirring doings which have gone to make Turf history.

In *Memoirs of a Racing Journalist*, Mr. Sidney Galtrey, who succeeded that very fine judge of all racing matters—he was one of the few racing writers to make money out of betting—the late Charles Greenwood as "Hotspur" of a well-known daily newspaper. And ably has he performed the task of one of the leading racing writers of the day. I very much question if anyone else has been quite so much behind the scenes in the racing world, and what makes his admirably arranged book all the more interesting is the fact that he has been privileged to make extracts from the trial books at Manton, Beckhampton and Stockbridge, and Whatcombe. In a series of brilliant pen pictures, Mr. Galtrey takes us round the famous racing stables, criticises the method of training, and tells us in his own brisk, caustic style the peculiarities and personalities of famous trainers, owners and jockeys.

Here is a character sketch of Mr. Fred Darling in the author's own words. "Popularity never bothers him, anyone less desirous of wanting it and the embarrassments it sometimes inflicts in racing I never knew. He just goes his own way, looking neither to left nor right, a little ruthless maybe, working hard and thinking desperately to get the best horse by breeding or purchase, and then to get the best out of it."

Regarding the present-day Turf, Mr. Galtrey is a fair and just critic, and what he says about the entry of women into the racing world is of great interest to all those who love the thoroughbred horse. "Who can doubt," says the author, "that the vogue of women in racing has developed enormously. They abound as owners. I sometimes think there are many more women in a members' enclosure than there are men. They do their own betting and do not necessarily borrow their ideas. If they suddenly stopped racing the Tote might as well go out of business. If they stopped betting with starting price bookmakers away from racecourses the practitioners would suffer great shrinkage in their business. Some would like to be trainers, some jockeys, if they could. They cannot, which is the only reason why they are not."

This last sentence provides much food for thought, inasmuch as it seems that the time will assuredly come when women will demand a much greater share in Turf Government than they have at present. I do not know if they will clamour for admission to Jockey Club membership, but I should think it likely in the future. And women, from the day that Eve got the apple to when women got the vote, generally get what they want in the long run. As to the racing journalist, the author is of the opinion that times are better now than ever before. He tells an amusing story of a daring spirit who first brought a typewriter into the Press room at a race meeting, and he also notes the vast change which has taken place between the relations of the Jockey Club and the racing pressmen.

This is quite one of the best books published on racing for many a long day. Lord Derby says in his introduction, "Needless to say, with the pen of a clever writer we can expect from Mr. Galtrey a most interesting book." And we have been supplied with one. W. F.

Memoirs of a Racing Journalist. By Sidney Galtrey. With a foreword by the Earl of Derby, K.G. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 12/6 net.)

A PIONEER OF MOTORING

IT must have been difficult indeed for Sir Max Pemberton to gather together the material for his biography of Sir Henry Royce, for the great engineer was of a most retiring disposition. Nevertheless, the life story of the creator of what has come to be known as "the best car in the world" is full of interest.

Frederick Henry Royce's first job was scaring birds for sixpence a week. By the time he was ten he was selling newspapers at Clapham Junction and Bishopsgate for W. H. Smith & Co. Later he became a telegraph boy, and by the time he was fourteen he was an apprentice at the Great Northern Railway's Locomotive Works in Peterborough.

Electricity, the "coming force" of the day, attracted the boy's interest, and somehow or other he got back to London and worked in pioneer electric light companies. Finding lodgings in Kentish Town, he studied at night and attended evening classes at Finsbury and lectures at the Polytechnic. The next thing we learn is that at nineteen years of age he found himself in charge of the electric street lighting in the great city of Liverpool. Presently Royce formed a company of his own to manufacture dynamos and electrical goods in 1884. He discovered the value of the three-wire system, now used by electric light companies all over the world.

It was not until 1903 that Henry Royce bought his first motor car, and so far as one can gather he did not think much of it; but he was tremendously interested in the possibilities of the automobile, and in due course, in association with the Hon. C. S. Rolls, he designed and built cars of his own, which from the outset were more reliable than any other car produced up to that time, more silent and better made.

The first Rolls-Royce built in 1904 had a two-cylinder engine. In 1905 the four-cylinder car was built and on this Mr. Percy Northey took second place in the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man. On this occasion the R.A.C. committee were using a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce as one of the club's official cars. In 1906 Mr. Rolls won the T.T. Race on a four-cylinder Rolls-Royce, making the extraordinary average speed of nearly 40 m.p.h., while doing 25 miles to the gallon of petrol. In 1907 the 40–50 h.p. Rolls-Royce was submitted to a special test of the R.A.C. It could do from 3½ to 53 m.p.h. on top gear and would climb on this gear the test hill in Richmond Park, which has a gradient at one point of 1 in 7.8, and carrying four passengers. In second gear the car would do 42 m.p.h. on the level and carried four passengers up Netherall Gardens, Hampstead. A run from Hatfield to Glasgow was made with a fuel consumption of 20.8 miles to the gallon. From then on the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce became the symbol of perfection in the automobile world.

Sir Henry Royce's other great achievement was, of course, the designing of the engine which won for Britain the Schneider Trophy in 1929 and 1931.

Nor should we forget that the Vickers Vimy aeroplane in which Captain Sir John Alcock and Lieut. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown made the first Transatlantic flight was equipped with Rolls-Royce engines. H. E. S.

The Life of Sir Henry Royce. By Sir Max Pemberton. (Selwyn and Blount; 18/–.)

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.

TREATMENT OF HIMALAYAN PORTERS

SIR,—With reference to the article entitled "Nanga Parbat the Unconquerable," which appeared in your issue of July 28th, over the signature C. F. Meade.

I was one of the British officers who accompanied the German Expedition to Nanga Parbat this year, and as such, I wish to protest against the very false impression conveyed in the above article. Particularly do I object to sentences in the last paragraphs of the article which read, "An aim, too, should be to inspire the porters with a spirit of daring, based on understanding, rather than make any attempt to enforce blind and automatic obedience. . . ."

"It is not enough for the European members of a party to display the utmost skill and heroism if they cannot convince their Indian followers that the leaders possess a reasonable degree of prudence. The security of the porters accompanying future expeditions is indeed an urgent question. . . ."

From these remarks, many readers may be lead to infer that the European members of our expedition did not inspire confidence in their porters but merely "ordered" them up the mountain. That this was not the case can, I think, be very easily proved by two instances of very great heroism performed by porters, entirely voluntarily.

The first: When Herr Drexel was lying on the point of death in Camp 2, many climbs of the utmost daring and of extreme length were carried out voluntarily by porters in an attempt to carry oxygen to the dying man. In the second instance, during the great blizzard which caused so much damage, one porter volunteered to stay with Herr Merkl, in an ice cave in the hope that he might be able to keep his leader alive until help arrived. He must have been fully aware that there was practically no chance of this, and that had he left Merkl and continued down the mountain, he would have had a far better chance of saving his own life.

These two instances are not, I think all will agree, the actions of men who have been "forced up" the mountain and in whose minds no confidence in their leaders has been inspired.

Would it not be better to await the publication of the official account of the expedition before publishing such articles as the one of which I complain. It is, in many details, untrue, and causes a great deal of misunderstanding, besides being annoying to the many friends of the late Herr Merkl and all members of his expedition.

I shall be glad if you will give this letter the same prominence in your paper as was given to the article by C. F. Meade. Yours faithfully,

R. A. K. SANGSTER
Kohat. (Capt.), 3rd Bn. 12F.F. Regt. (Sikhs).

Captain Sangster's letter has been sent to Mr. Meade for his comments, which are as follows:—

SIR,—In reply to Captain Sangster I must point out that my article on Nanga Parbat necessarily commented on other expeditions besides that of 1934, in which he took part. At the time of writing his party were still on the mountain, and only the most general comments were possible. I hope that he will believe that I had no pretensions to criticise individuals in any way, and certainly not the transport officers of 1934. My claim is that the methods of recruiting Indian porters for Himalayan exploration should be modified in the interests of the men, and that British transport officers from India, unless they are inconceivably accomplished and experienced mountaineers, often have an impossible task.

As to the first passage that Captain Sangster quotes as objectionable, it refers to the expedition of 1932 in which he took no part. The porters in his expedition (1934) were veterans from the eastern Himalaya, and it would have been absurd for me to suppose that there could be any need to inspirit the celebrated "tigers," or "to order them up the mountain." I regret that I did not make this clearer.

The details of the expedition of 1932 are from the book written by a member of the party; they are unquestionably official. It is also incontestable that the expedition of 1932 had to depend for porters on unwilling villagers mobilised for admittedly dangerous work by fear of punishment and the inducement of extravagant pay. Captain Sangster need only read the book to grasp this fact.

As to the second passage quoted by Captain Sangster, this also refers to the expedition of 1932, but he deprives the paragraph of its meaning by omitting its opening sentence in which the fact is plainly stated.

Yet it is true to say of this year's expedition also, no less than of its predecessor, that it raises serious questions for the British authorities. In addition to its tragic European death-roll it sustained heavy losses among the eastern Himalayan porters, men who have long ago established relations of mutual esteem with mountaineers, German as well as English, and whose gallantry has earned them many casualties in the past as well as on Nanga Parbat. Indeed the keenness and willingness of the "tigers" entitles them to the forbearance of their employers, and in any case whatever kind of labour is supplied, local or imported, the fact remains that since British officials do the recruiting, it is they who are to some extent responsible.

Now the leadership of the party this year was not necessarily at fault because the rate of casualties was so high, for Nanga Parbat is a formidable mountain. Nevertheless, British responsibility is particularly heavy now that a new spirit of mountaineering, German in its origin, has begun to influence mountaineers in Europe. This new inspiration consists in an indomitable devotion to ideals, and an utter disregard for any consequence that may ensue from the ruthless pursuit of them. It is an infatuation that has already caused numerous catastrophes and is certain to cause many more.

It might seem a sufficient precaution to attach British officials from India to all Himalayan expeditions in order to protect the Indian porters. Unfortunately, however, an English official in India acting as transport officer to an expedition led by European mountaineering "aces," however anxious he may be for the safety of the porters, is necessarily less experienced than the leaders of the party, and is consequently at a disadvantage in discussing snow conditions, or intervening effectually if he thinks that the porters are being exposed to unreasonable risks.

The transport officer's ability to protect the porters being so limited, it behoves the British authorities to do what they can. Effective insurance schemes have been devised for the men who, while free to take service with any employer, must understand that the government cannot be responsible for their safety during employment. Bullying by village headmen can be stopped, and as there is no need to canvas recruits, the authorities will act as an impartial employment agency, that engages the men and makes clear to them that they may leave an employer who has forfeited their confidence. There is no reason to grudge coolies this liberty, for it is a fact that a man who will only work willingly under easy conditions or under compulsion is so useless to his employers that he may just as well desert.

It is to be hoped that before the end of this year some such measures as I have indicated will be taken on behalf of a class that has surely earned a right to be protected.

I hope that no criticism of mine has given annoyance to the late Herr Merkl's friends, and I should be very sorry if it did, but, as the passages that Captain Sangster complains of deal with matters of fact on which the lives of Himalayan porters depend, the comments could not be omitted.

Perhaps Captain Sangster will specify in what respects he considers my article "in many details untrue." Yours faithfully,

C. F. MEADE.
Pen-y-lan, Meifod, Montgomeryshire.

SEXES OF POCHARD

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Gregory's note on this subject in your issue of August 25th, in which he states that the males outnumber the females by not less than twelve to one.

In writing on the inequality of the sexes among diving ducks in the *Field* as long ago as January 5th, 1907, I pointed this out, giving exactly the same figures as your correspondent. In later years, speaking of Orkney in winter, I found that the difference was very much greater, being nearer 100 to 1. One large pack of over 500 on Loch Stenness, Orkney, contained only two females, and other packs contained about the same percentage of females, all the others being adult drakes. For many years I have seen pochard in some numbers all the summer on one of the large docks at Barrow-in-Furness, N. Lancashire, the drakes outnumbering the ducks by at least twelve to one. Probably it is greater than this, for many of the latter may be drakes in eclipse plumage.

In the same article I pointed out that the same thing happened with the velvet scoter in Orkney in winter, drakes outnumbered ducks by 20 or even 30 to one. I have shot several females of the latter species, but found it almost impossible to shoot and gather a female pochard although I have cut roads through the packs on many occasions and once dropped the only two ducks out of one large lot but failed to gather them.

Yours faithfully,
Lancaster. H. W. ROBINSON.

SO-CALLED TEST MATCHES

SIR,—Hear, hear! every time to your article of September 1st on Test Match ethics, and above all to your last question. Mr. Cardus seems unable to understand why thousands of county cricketers were sick of the Test Matches. They were sick of them from the day they knew that the M.C.C. were not going to play their (far and away) best captain and best bowlers, and were going to try to beat the Australians with a second eleven.

Mr. Cardus again blames our fast bowlers for bowling long hops on the leg side. Until now one always thought that a Test match batsman knew how to deal with balls short of a length, but apparently there is a new sort of ball, a short one that gets up: if you get four off it it's a long hop, if you miss it and it hits you, its dangerous and should be barred. If Test-match batsmen of to-day cannot distinguish between the two, and deal with them, they should hand over their places to players with thicker skins. Will Mr. Cardus kindly give us a more exact account of the difference between leg-theory and body-line?

Yours faithfully,
Tetbury. FREE FORESTER.

SHARKS CAUGHT OFF TENBY

SIR,—The letter in your last issue about sharks caught off Tenby interests me very much, but the writer is quite wrong in saying they have "never been seen in Tenby before," because some 27 years ago, when fishing off Tenby for conger, using a mackerel bait, I caught one, and old Jonah Jones (a fisherman all who knew Tenby at that time will remember) and I had the greatest difficulty in getting the shark into the boat, and when he was there it was a toss up whether he stayed there or he threw us out. However, we took him to the harbour, where he remained for a few days when, the weather being very hot, the harbour master decided to consign it once again to the deep. The shark measured 59½in. I did not weigh it, but it was well conditioned. Yours faithfully,

The Manor House, Beaminster, Dorset. F. M. TINDALL.

FIGHTING WOODCOCK

SIR,—I have lately read in your columns that the fighting of woodcock is confined to more or less light sparring which takes place in the air. As this is very different from my observations may I give you a description of a real tussle I was privileged to see in mid-April this year. The birds were on a wide ride about 2 p.m., and hearing a flapping of wings I proceeded very cautiously with binoculars, ready to watch the fray.

The birds were now resting between bouts, about 3yds. apart, each staring fixedly at the other, beaks slightly open, breathing hard, and with wings waving slowly up and down continuously as they squatted—almost sat—on the ground. After about a minute of this they rushed madly at each other, striking with wings and feet, and rising perpendicularly to a height of about 10ft. In this upward flutter the wings were used to get in several double blows, likewise the legs and feet were kicked violently outwards and downwards, raking the underparts of the adversary. At this height there was a breakaway, each bird alighting anyhow, and turning to face the direction of the opponent. Then followed a period of resting and wing waving as before.

I watched several rounds for more than ten minutes, when one of the birds, probably dazed, accidently came my way, spotted me, and made off. The height to which the birds went varied considerably; each occasionally uttered a hissing note, and the necks of the birds appeared at times to be intertwined. As I cannot think the beak is much use for fighting purposes I concluded the intertwining business was a means to keep the opponent within striking distance. The bird to my left was very dishevelled, particularly the right side of the head, lower right eyelid seemed torn, and there was blood spattered on the base of the bill. The reason for the battle I concluded was an odd male over in seven.

Yours faithfully,
Nunthorpe. G. A. EWBANK.

VIVID ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED ON THIS REMARKABLE CLIMB
(See Letter "A Climbing Feat in the Dolomites")

A CLIMBING FEAT IN THE DOLOMITES

SIR,—I am enclosing some photographs of a recent first ascent on the north wall of the Cima Grande, the central and highest peak of the Tre Cime di Lavaredo, in the Dolomites. This was known before the war as the Drei Zinnen. The climb was made by three Cortina guides, Angelo and Guiseppe Dimai, and Dibona, and was almost unparalleled in its severity, the summit being reached after four days of continuous struggle. The height of the wall is about 2,000ft., nearly half of which is slightly overhanging. This can be seen in the photograph as a light patch on the lower half of the rock where it has been protected from the water which falls on the upper half. The climbers spent two nights on a small ledge in order to be ready for the attack as early as possible the next morning. Needless to say, they were not able to get any sleep.

Yours faithfully,
44, Leyland Road, Southport. D. N. BOOTHROYD.

WEAVER BIRDS AT LARGE

SIR,—The birds seen by Major Forbes Higginson are, as you supposed, orange weavers which I turned out three years ago. In summer some of them wander to considerable distances, returning in the autumn as food gets scarce. They are delightful birds at more or less controlled liberty, being gorgeously beautiful when in breeding dress and quite harmless to all vegetable or avian occupants of the garden.

Since they are incapable of maintaining themselves through an English winter without artificial aid they could not, even if destructive, become a pest. They are fed principally on millet in an aviary shelter where they alone have been taught to look for seed.

Yours faithfully,
The Place House, Peasmarsh, Sussex. TAVISTOCK.

SCARCITY OF WASPS

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether it is the general experience that wasps are not increasing in numbers as they usually do in late summer, and are hardly as plentiful as a week or two ago. It is very noticeable round here. I feel sure they have a disease of some kind, the few there are being very small. Two nests in this garden have ceased to exist, and I can find no others.

This spring the queens were in great numbers, and we expected to be very bothered with wasps. They began eating the pears when they were quite hard, but now even the plums and figs are not attracting them to any extent.

Yours faithfully,
Dipford House, Trull, Taunton. E. HICKLEY.

LITTLE OWLS AND GAME

SIR,—The recent prosecution of a gamekeeper for shooting a little owl inspires me to write about what my keeper has reported to me on this matter.

About 5 o'clock one morning, in the first week of July, my keeper saw a covey of partridges under an oak tree, just setting out to feed after dusting. There was a cock bird and a hen with about ten chicks, and my keeper was about fifteen yards away. A little owl suddenly stooped out of the tree to within about two feet of the covey, and the hen bird immediately went to the attack, chasing the owl up into the tree and all over it; she simply beat him all over the place until he made a last effort to get away, in which he was successful. He got going and only beat her by his swooping flight. The battle had lasted, it is estimated, about three minutes. The cock bird stood with his head up all the time quite motionless; he probably had his eye on the keeper.

This must be a very rare sight even if it is not a rare occurrence, and it certainly seems to tell a story against the little owl.

Yours faithfully,
Sugwas Court, Hereford. W. C. MUMFORD.

STARLINGS VERSUS BEES

SIR,—During my 25 years of camera work among birds, I have as a matter of course come upon many queer happenings. One of the queerest was when a friend directed my attention to a hole in one of his apple trees, in which a pair of starlings nested each year. He explained that just after they had commenced this season's nest a swarm

WORKING HER WAY OUT FROM THE NEST
(See Letter "Starlings versus Bees")

of bees took possession of the hole. My friend desired the honey the bees would produce, so he fixed wire netting over the hole to keep the starlings out. But the latter had views of their own in the matter. It was their hole by right of prior possession, and they set to work to regain possession. After much labour they succeeded in pulling the top of the wire away from the tree sufficiently to allow the hen to push her way down to the hole. Arriving there, she fell upon the usurpers with a zest born, I suppose, of anger and vengeance, and great was the slaughter.

My friend arrived on the scene towards the end of the ejectment, and had to flee from the angry bees which had escaped—which was not the first time non-combatants have been involved in warfare. My interest was, of course, centred on the next move of the starlings. Could they carry on with their business of nesting in the difficult circumstance occasioned by the wire netting? They evinced no hesitation, and I admired their pluck and determination. It was impressive to watch them push up and down between the tree trunk and the wire, but they seemed to take it all as a matter of course. They achieved their "ideal," and it was a bonny family of four.

The enclosed photograph shows the peculiar structure of the tree at the nest site, which is marked with an arrow.

Yours faithfully,
5, Townfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex. GEORGE HEARN.

LATE NEST OF RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE

SIR,—On August 1st I was shown a nest of the red-legged partridge in one of my meadows, containing five eggs. On August 7th four chicks hatched out, the fifth egg being addled. I fancy this must be a somewhat late date for this species.

Another interesting nest that came to my notice this summer was that of a common partridge which contained 28 eggs. The nest was in a dry ditch, and when the hen was sitting, her wings were partly spread out in order to cover her large clutch, which doubtless was the product of more than one bird. Twenty-five out of the 28 eggs were hatched.

Yours faithfully,
Stoughton Vicarage, Chichester, Sussex. HOWARD J. EMMET (Rev.).

A SWAN PROBLEM

SIR,—I have here a considerable amount of water, including one lake about three-quarters of a mile in length with one or two islets. The lake is bordered to some extent by reeds and other vegetation and it contains carp, roach and perch. The bird life is varied, consisting principally of wild duck, teal, heron, a number of grebe, moorhens, and occasionally kingfishers, etc. In addition I have two Canada geese.

We are occasionally visited by swans and cygnets but they never remain or make a home here and I am curious to know whether some of your readers can suggest a reason why this should be the case.

Yours faithfully,
Wadhurst Park, Sussex. GRANT MACLEAN.

A DOUBLE IRON SHOT

SIR,—The following experience of mine on the Stoke Poges golf course on August 12th may possibly interest some of your golfing readers. My drive at the fourteenth hole landed in some short grass and the ball lay well for a No. 2 iron. On taking my shot I was amazed to see another ball following off my club head and going nearly as well as my own ball. There must have been another ball buried and completely hidden right under my own.

Yours faithfully,
T. A. FITZGERALD.
1, Fleet Street, London.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION

SIR,—From Southern India to Kashmir, wherever bears are found, the jungle tribes firmly believe that male bears abduct native women and after keeping them for a while, let them go.

Are there any grounds for this belief?

It is understandable that a jungle family with this bar sinister in its pedigree should keep the matter quiet, but surely their neighbours would talk.

I have frequently made enquiries into this matter but could never find anything definite or any known case to support it.

Yours faithfully,
Bridgwater. F. W. A. PRIDEAUX.

METHODS OF USING LONG NETS

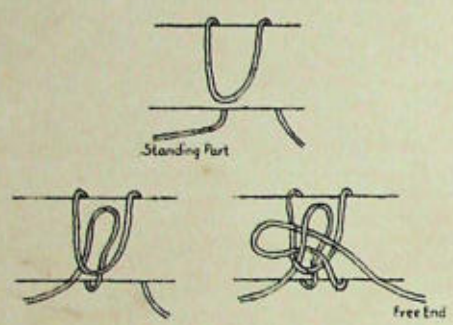
SIR,—My previous letter in the *Field* of July 21st giving detailed particulars of the poacher's method of using long nets, has brought so many enquiries from people who want to catch their rabbits in this way, that I am now describing other ways in which long nets can be used.

For those who wish to set the net up in daylight, so that it can be dropped at night after the rabbits have become accustomed to passing out underneath it, a net 4 feet high should be used, with rings at each end of the bottom line to slide up and down the outside supports.

Attach the top line only to the supports, which in this case should be 8 yards apart and on the covert side of the net. Hook the net up over the tops of the supports: it can be dropped at any time by walking along the net.

When rabbits only go a short way out to feed, as so often happens in many places, the net should be arranged so that it can be dropped by a pull on a cord from a distance. To do this, fasten the end of the special plaited release line supplied with this type of net, to an end upright; fold a loop in it and pass it round the net and top line; pull the standing part of the release line through this loop; then fold another loop in the free end of the release line and pass it through the last loop formed, pulling it fairly tight. Do the same every 4 yards all along the net. A pull on the end of the line will draw out all the knots and cause the net to drop. The accompanying diagrams show exactly how the knot is tied in three stages before it is pulled tight.

The ordinary poacher's net previously described is the cheapest and best for most cases, as it only takes about 4½ minutes to set up, if the instructions



are carefully followed. The above, however, will be found useful in certain conditions; and the knots, after a little practise, can be very quickly tied.

Rabbits can also be bolted into a long net when ferreting, and will do so more readily than when purse nets are used. Remember to dry nets thoroughly after use; never put them away wet or they will soon become rotten.

I hope that people will continue to write to me for my Humane Trapping pamphlet; it contains full illustrated instructions for the use of long nets as well as the new humane traps for various animals.

Yours faithfully,
C. VAN DER BYL (Major).
Humane Trapping Campaign.
Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "FIELD"

SIR,—I have in my possession 56 cloth-bound books being volumes 26 to 81 (July, 1865, to June, 1893) of the *Field*. I am anxious to dispose of these books, no longer having housing room for them, and I should be very grateful for any suggestion as to how I am to dispose of them.

I should be willing to part with them for a very small sum, or even for the price of their carriage from here to their destination.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) E. WALLER.
Windsor Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

TO HELP A VILLAGE HALL

SIR,—Will any of the readers of the *Field* kindly help two poor Cornish villages? After four years of strenuous effort a few friends have raised sufficient money to build a village hall and billiard room at Ruan Minor for that village and the fishing and lifeboat village of Cadgwith, South Cornwall. The villages are ten miles from the nearest railway station and without public lighting or a meeting-place for social gatherings, whist drives, dances or other entertainments.

We are establishing a library and want some good books, particularly relating to sports of all kinds, adventures, and books on industries, science and art. Sporting pictures for the hall and rooms will also be most acceptable. Any other gifts in furnishing would be much appreciated. If any one could send us a copy of the *Field* weekly for a year or so, even a few days old, it would be welcomed.

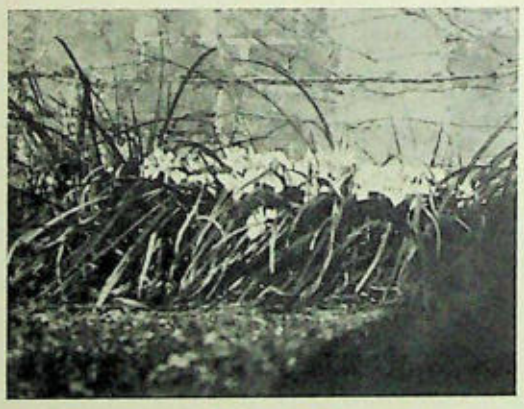
Yours faithfully,
A. E. HANSCOMB (Hon. Sec.).
Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Helston, Cornwall.

OUR PICTURE SHOWS MR. SAM HAYNES (ON THE LEFT), TO WHOM IRISH FISHERMEN NEED NO INTRODUCTION, AND HIS SON WITH TWO GOOD SALMON
(See Letter "Two Salmon on Fine Trout Tackle")

TWO SALMON ON FINE TROUT TACKLE

SIR,—The enclosed is a picture of two salmon my son Jim caught in one day, on a small river running out of one of the lakes at Inver, Connemara. The largest fish (11lb.) he hooked with a small trout fly, 3x cast and 9ft. rod. The fish ran down into a deep pool full of rocks and got round a rock 25 yards away. He stripped and took to the water. Swimming on his back with the rod, he played the fish, cleared the line and came ashore on the opposite bank to that on which my host and I were standing, after a quarter of an hour, playing the fish all the time. The fish got round another rock, and he had to swim out again. Eventually my host and I got across the river to him, with his clothes, after about half an hour and in the end landed the fish after one-and-three-quarter hours' play. Both fish were got on trout fly and landed without a net or gaff, as fine a performance as ever I saw.

Yours faithfully,
SAM HAYNES.
63, Patrick Street, Cork.



BEAUTIFUL AND EASY TO GROW
(See Letter "White Iris Stylosa")

WHITE IRIS STYLOSA

SIR,—The blue *Iris stylosa* has often been mentioned in the gardening articles in your paper, but I have rarely seen anything written about the white one: it is also a very beautiful flower and as easy to grow. I enclose a photograph of a group of it growing against our house. It covers about a yard of ground, and my daughter counted at the time this photograph was taken 50 flowers quite out and 50 buds. The plants were in bloom for several weeks.

Yours faithfully,
LUCY R. CARTER.
Chittlehamholt Manor, Umberleigh, North Devon.

INFLUX OF RUFFS AND REEVES

SIR,—The autumn migration, which seems particularly early this year, has brought a remarkable influx of both ruffs and reeves. I first noticed the arrival of these waders on August 13th, and since that date they have been constantly arriving and departing.

It is of course difficult to estimate what proportion of these immigrants may have remained since August 13th but, having the various flocks under close observation, I can say without reasonable doubt that I have seen not less than eighty different individuals, probably many more, the majority being young birds. I might add that there is *no* doubt as to the identity of these waders.

Yours faithfully,
T. C. GREGORY.
41, Victoria Road, Deal,

SIR,—A ruff and two reeves were shot on August 28th on a piece of open water near Tamworth in Staffordshire. They must be very rare visitors to the Midlands. They would have been spared, but were mistaken when flying over for golden plover.

Yours faithfully,
H. A. B.
Atherstone.

AN ABNORMALITY FROM CARLISLE
(See Letter "An Unusual Roe Head")

FLIGHT FORMATION OF WILDFOWL

SIR,—The approach of the wildfowling season brings to my mind a problem which has engaged my attention for many years past, but to which I have never heard any satisfactory explanation, although I have discussed the subject with a large number of fellow sportsmen and naturalists. I shall, therefore, be extremely interested to hear the opinion of any of your readers, who may have views in this matter.

The problem in question is the method whereby teal maintain formation, during the extremely erratic flight, which they frequently adopt. This problem presents itself on any marsh frequented by teal, and the constant precision of their formation must be a source of wonder and admiration to any witness.

Sound or sight would appear to be the obvious methods of signalling alteration of direction, but it is difficult to base a satisfactory explanation on these theories owing to the pace at which these wildfowl fly and the apparent absence of any leader to the spring. Yours faithfully,

Melksham, Wilts. K.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Lepidoptera in 1934.—This has been a wonderful season for moths and butterflies. Apart from the unusual numbers of the commoner varieties, we have had in the garden on more than one occasion the humming bird hawk moth, the finest specimen of a tiger moth I have ever seen ; and also, for the first time for over a dozen years, a peacock butterfly. It is strange that the last named, one of the commonest butterflies in Norfolk, is practically unknown here.—T. HYDE PARKER, Reighton, Filey, Yorkshire.

Wheatears at Lord's.—I think it is worth reporting that during the Middlesex v. Kent match at Lord's on August 25th, a pair of wheatears were on the ground in front of the Mound Stand nearly all the afternoon and seemed very little disturbed by the game or by the applause.—EVELYN STREATFEILD-MOORE, Oakhanger Park, Newbury.

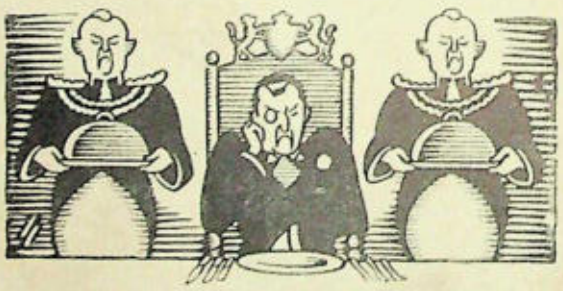
Comma Butterflies in Wales.—As further evidence of the increasing distribution of the comma butterfly, the following two records may be of interest: August 6th, 1933, one specimen, on brambles, near Llanfairfechan, North Wales; August 19th, 1934, one specimen, on thistles, near Newtown, North Wales.—W. RAMSDEN, 133, Lapwing Lane, Didsbury, Manchester.

An Unusual Roe Head.—I shot this unusual roe head with a 32.40 rifle, W.C.F., single shot (Greener), about six miles N.E. of Carlisle. Roe deer are certainly increasing in this country.—GEORGE JOHN SCOTT (Captain), Walby, Carlisle.

MORE HIDE THAN SEEK
(See Letter "Giraffe in Hiding")

Giraffe in Hiding.—I am sending you a photograph taken recently near Mara, Kenya Colony, of a young giraffe. This innocent creature is convinced that it has entirely hidden itself in the somewhat inadequate bush.—ALICE SCOTT, Deloraine, Rongai, Kenya Colony.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are most anxious to save a young boy, aged 12 years, from the deplorable influence of his home. On his father's death his mother married a hunchback who had been unemployed for five years. As long as the home was kept going neither the man nor wife cared how the money was earned. So far, the lad has not got into any trouble, and he is said to have a good character. He has always been keen on a seafaring life, and an opening has been found for him on a training ship. There only remains the difficulty of fees, *i.e.*, 10/- weekly for three years. Others are raising contributions, but owing to the urgency of the case the Friends of the Poor are anxious to guarantee one-third, for they feel the boy's whole future is at stake. £24 is the sum needed.



MOOD INDIGO

A man seems to think he has a right to be bad-tempered in the morning. "Poor John got out of bed the wrong side," sighs his adoring wife as he decapitates an egg with vicious brutality. But actually he has no excuse whatever. There is a simple cure for matutinal moroseness—a dash of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a tumbler of water. Then it's good-bye to grumpiness and farewell to fretfulness, for Eno freshens and cleanses the system for the rest of the day.

IN THE CITY

VALUE FOR MONEY—II.

IT was pointed out in this column last week that it was impossible, under current conditions, to invest money without incurring a risk of one kind or another, and the view was expressed that the low-priced securities of a company that had been the victim of some misfortune that was unlikely to recur offered relatively attractive value for money.

A few details were given relative to the past history of Waring & Gillow, Ltd., and it is now proposed to discuss the position and prospects of the new concern which was formed in 1932.

The directors of Waring & Gillow (1932), Ltd., took over the business from the receiver and manager of the old company on December 8th, 1932, or at a time when the trade depression was about at its worst. But that was not the only difficulty with which they had to contend. During the period of receivership goods had been sold at specially reduced prices in an endeavour to bring in cash quickly and customers, of course, had begun to regard such values as permanent, and were loath to pay the usual prices again. Moreover, there was an obligation under the lease of the building to rebuild the corner site, 182, Oxford Street, and although this reconstruction of the premises has now resulted in an additional selling space of approximately one acre, the company's trading was interfered with on this account during the greater part of the period ended January 31st last. Then just to make things more difficult a fire occurred on the premises in November, 1933.

Under the circumstances it seems that the directors are to be congratulated on the facts that any profit at all was earned during the period under review, and that the figure actually reported was sufficient to pay the Debenture interest and leave a small credit balance to be carried forward to the current year. The writer does not think he is mistaken in stating that a trading loss was incurred during the first part of this period, and that a substantial profit was earned during the six months from July 31st, 1933, to January 31st, 1934, although no official statement has been made to that effect.

The issued capital of Waring & Gillow (1932), Ltd., together with the current offered market prices of the various securities are set out below:

		Current Offered Price.
£600,000	5½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock	£100
£355,000	Cumulative 7 per cent. Redeemable Income Debenture stock	£70
£38,000	Non-Cumulative 7 per cent. Redeemable Income Debenture stock	No market
£125,000	10 per cent. Non-cumulative First Preference shares of £1 each	about 5/-
£380,000	7 per cent. Non-cumulative Redeemable Second Preference £1 shares	3/3
£300,000	Ordinary shares of £1 each	about 2/6
£1,798,000		

It requires £33,000 gross per annum to pay the interest on the 5½ per cent. Debenture stock, and another £27,510 to meet one year's interest on both classes of Income Debenture stock, and it is interesting to note that the average of the five years' profits earned by the old company from 1925 to 1929 inclusive would have been sufficient to pay the full rate of interest on the Debenture stocks of the 1932 concern, the full dividend on both cl[illegible] Preference shares, and a dividend of a litt[illegible] 20 per cent. on the ordinary capital.

It is not suggested, of course, that the company is likely to regain the full measure of its former prosperity for some considerable time to come, but it does seem reasonable to suppose that the interest on the 5½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture will be regularly earned and paid in the future, and also that the profit earned during the current year may be sufficient to make some payment on account of arrears on the *Cumulative* 7 per cent. Redeemable Income Debenture stock. The arrears of interest on this latter stock date back to its creation—*i.e.*, to June 11th, 1932, and will total about £14 per cent. net as at January 31st next.

It seems, therefore, that the yield obtainable on the 5½ per cent. Debenture is attractive under current conditions, and holders will probably be disappointed if the company exercises its right to redeem the stock at 105 per cent. In view of the improvement that is known to have taken place in the retail and furnishing trades, the Cumulative Income Debenture stock appears a very reasonable speculation at the current price, and the Preference shares a promising gamble. PACTOLUS.

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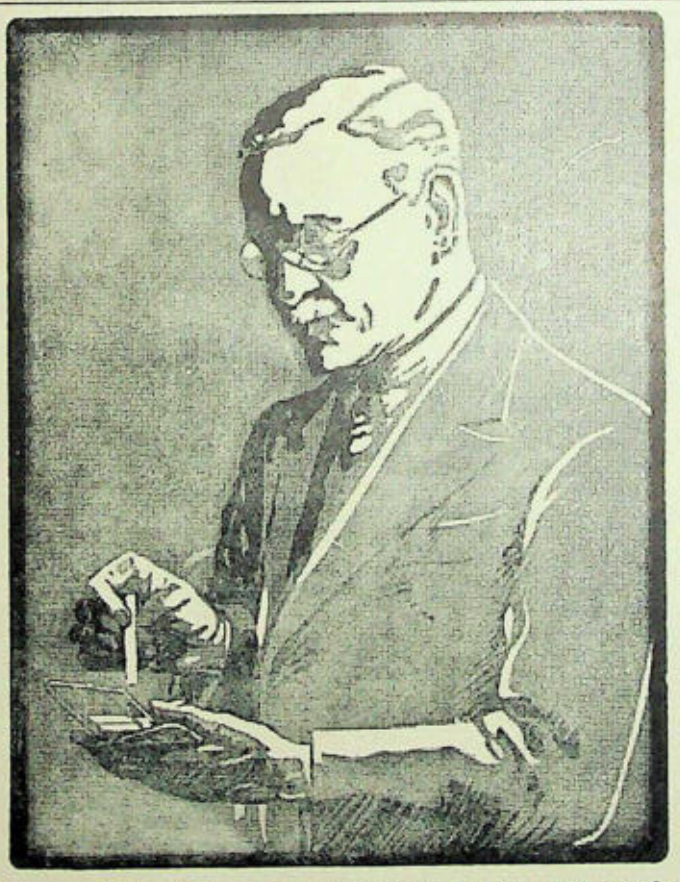

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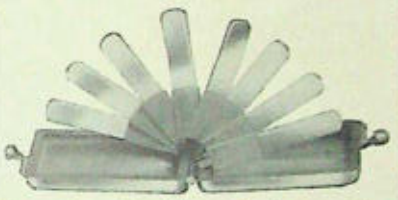

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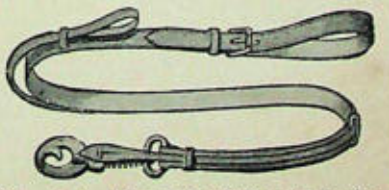

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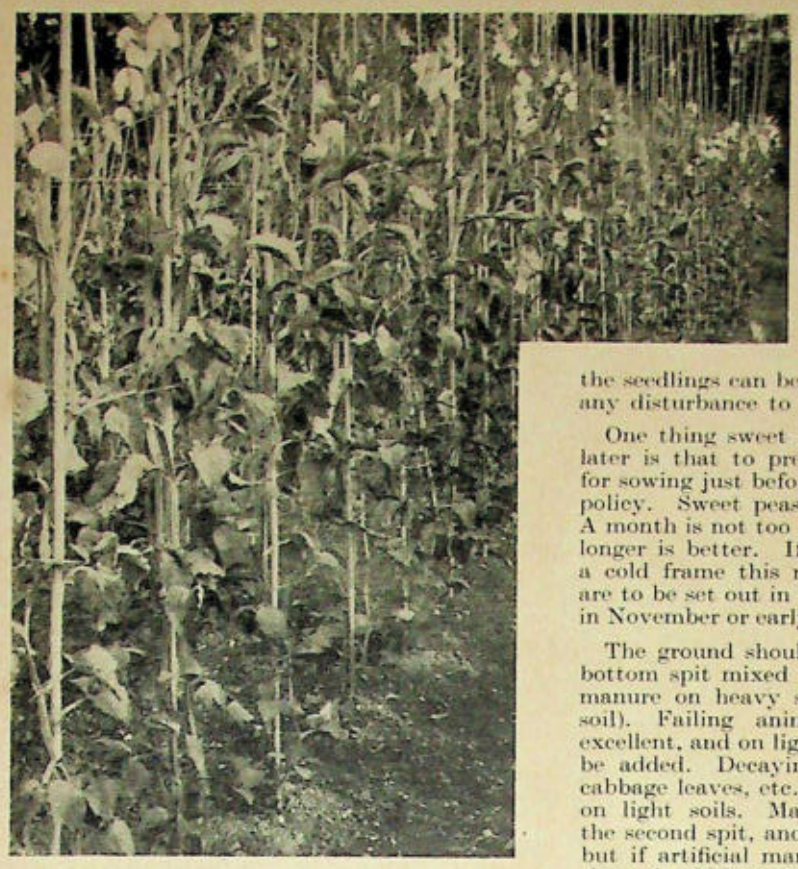


SWEET PEAS GROWING IN THE SHELTER OF A HEDGE

"In regard to the choice of a site it is as well to remember that these annuals are resentful of strong winds"

The Country House

SOWING SWEET PEAS IN AUTUMN

In the Open or in a Cold Frame?

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

WHETHER it is best to sow sweet peas in the open in autumn or in a cold frame or in gentle heat in January, is still a vexed question. Those who believe in autumn sowing in the open rightly assert that it makes for healthy, sturdy plants, but sweet peas have many enemies (chiefly birds and mice in winter) and, consequently, many pin their faith on sowing under glass. I am convinced that on sandy, warm soils it is always worth sowing a row in the open. Corvusine is an excellent preparation (used before sowing) to preserve the seeds from both birds and mice. On heavy cold soils, sowing in a frame is undoubtedly the best. Provided the seedlings are kept as near the glass as possible, this is the next best thing to sowing in the open. And if the sowing is done in old turves turned grass-side down, the turves with the seedlings can be transplanted in spring without any disturbance to the seedlings.

One thing sweet pea growers all learn sooner or later is that to prepare the ground in the open for sowing just before putting in the seeds is a fatal policy. Sweet peas never do well on a loose soil. A month is not too long to let soil settle down, and longer is better. If sweet peas are being sown in a cold frame this month, the ground where they are to be set out in early spring should be prepared in November or early December.

The ground should be dug three spits deep, the bottom spit mixed with well-rotted manure (horse manure on heavy soil, and cow manure on light soil). Failing animal manure, hop manure is excellent, and on light soil good fibrous loam should be added. Decaying vegetable matter such as cabbage leaves, etc., is valuable to the bottom spit on light soils. Many growers put bone-meal in the second spit, and this is undoubtedly beneficial, but if artificial manure is put in the second spit, there should be a layer of soil over the bottom spit, so that the natural and artificial manures do not come in contact with each other. Wood ash is invaluable for all leguminous plants, but the constituents in wood ash are very soluble, and consequently wood ash that has been exposed to rain is almost useless. Wood ash can be overdone on light soils as it makes the soil still lighter. Strewing soot along rows of seedling sweet peas is injurious, but mixing old soot with the top spit is excellent. Lime in some form is essential for sweet peas, and if the soil is deficient in lime it must be added. The ground should be limed three weeks before planting. Freshly slaked lime is best on heavy soils, and carbonate of lime on light soils.

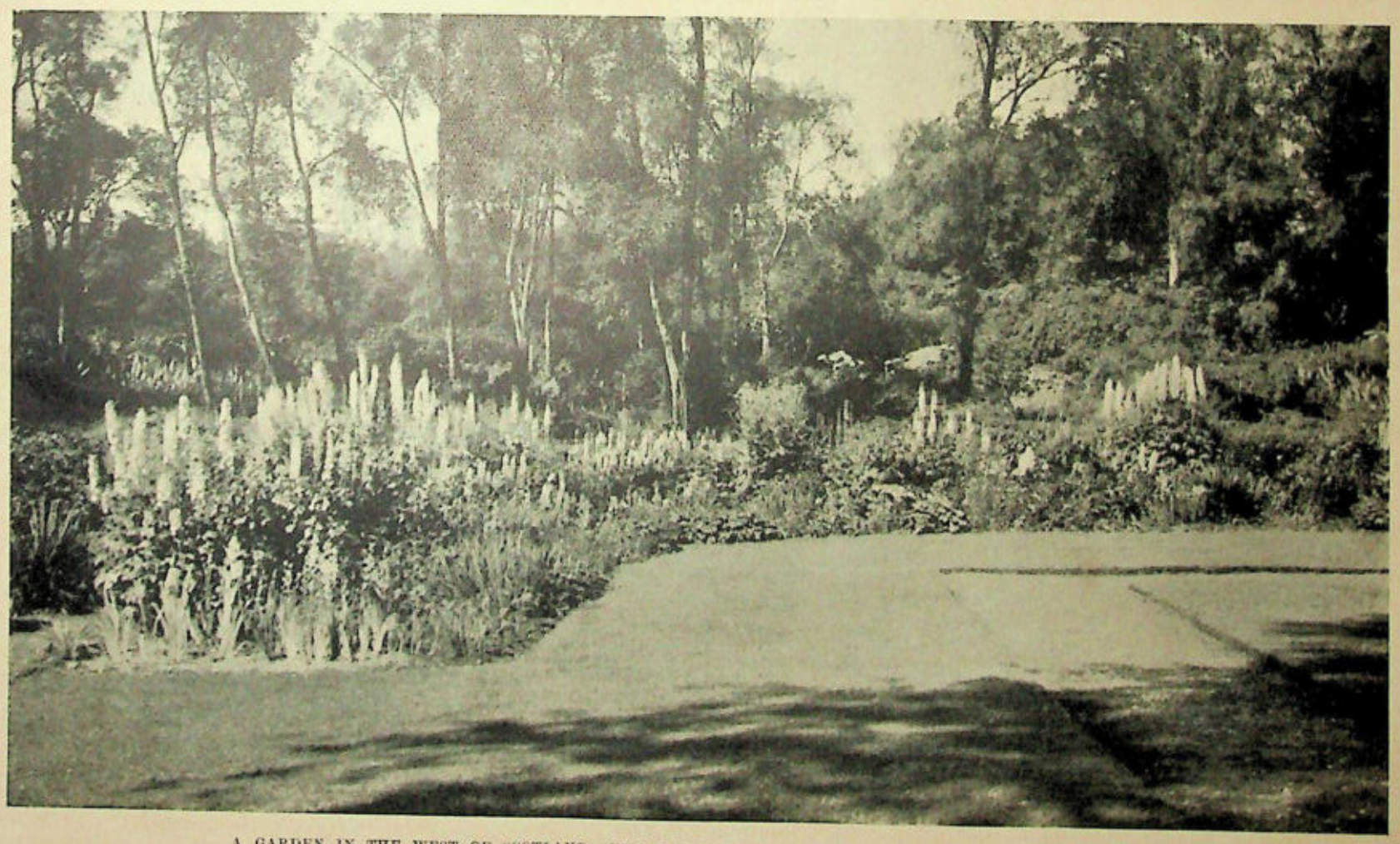
In regard to the choice of a site it is as well to remember that these annuals are resentful of strong winds. They quickly show the effects, for their leaves turn yellow, the plants look sickly, and take a long time to make healthy growth.

If seeds are sown in turves in a cold frame, the dark-seeded and the picotee-edged varieties should be chipped. This has to be most carefully done. The root emerges near the little excrescences that hold the seed to the pod. Consequently the chipping should be done near this excrescence and with a very sharp small knife. Stop the moment the white under the skin is visible, for the white part must not be injured.

Sweet peas sown in the open cannot be left to look after themselves any more than those in a cold frame. Frost is beneficial, but damp is serious. To guard them against the ill effects of damp, the ground has to be continually aerated with a small hand fork, taking care not to injure the roots. On soils that are inclined to be heavy, it is a good plan to strew sand along the rows 6in. broad and quite ½in. to ¾ an inch deep. Twig supports shelter the seedlings from cold winds, but plenty of black cotton must be run along the lines or the birds will sit on the twigs and eat the delectable young leaves.

It is absolutely essential to keep sweet peas raised in a cold frame as near the glass as possible, or they will grow spindly and weak. Except in the bleakest weather the frames should be open during the day but closed an hour before dusk, and covered with two mats to keep in the warmth. Being hardy plants, they resent coddling and plenty of air is essential. It is for this reason that plants raised in a cold frame are frequently finer than those raised in gentle heat.

It is odd that the pygmy sweet peas are so seldom grown. These quaint little peas, make charming pot plants, for they attain only 4in. to 6in. The flowers are produced in profusion, in dainty clusters. The winter-flowering sweet peas are always difficult. In the States they are grown successfully under glass, but they have more sunshine in winter than in this country, and the atmosphere is clearer. Seed is sown in September and the plants must be "kept moving." They must never be pinched, as with sweet peas in the open, to secure busy growth. I have just been given seeds of the deliciously scented sweet pea that grows in Sicily. It is the parent of our modern hybrids. The colours of the hybrids are wonderful, but none of them have the rich scent of the original sweet pea.



A GARDEN IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND: THE HERBACEOUS BORDER LEADING TO THE WILD GARDEN

BETTER PASTURES

Selection of Seeds and Their Management

FLYING home from the Continent, the traveller, once the Channel has been crossed, is struck by the preponderance of grassland in our agricultural economy. Looking down on the fields of Holland, Belgium or France he sees plough furrows everywhere in the small fields. Over Kent it seems to be green fields all the way. Grass is by far the most important crop in this country. Because it is marketed in transmuted form as milk, lamb or beef we are apt to under-estimate its value.

Nor do we think of Australia as a grassland country. Yet over 54 per cent. of Australia's output of agricultural produce comes from grass. The proportion in the case of New Zealand is 90 per cent.; the Irish Free State, 48 per cent.; and South Africa, 43 per cent. The productivity of the Empire's grassland is then a matter of fundamental importance. It is fitting that the Imperial Economic Committee should devote a report to the Empire's grassland problems, and particularly grassland seeds. (*Report No.* 27. H.M. Stationery Office; 1s.)

The position of grassland improvement in the United Kingdom, where plant breeding is directed not towards the establishment of new species, as in the Dominions, but to the improvement of existing strains, may be illustrated from the work carried out at the Welsh Plant Breeding Station at Aberystwyth. In broad outline it may be said that practically all the ordinary seeds of commerce represent hay types which are not particularly leafy or succulent except in early summer. Any good local strain based on a dominantly pasture type of an important species, such as cocksfoot, is a first advance on the commercial seed.

Investigation has shown that even the indigenous strains, such as English perennial rye-grass, cocksfoot, wild white clover and Montgomery red clover, or the New Zealand strain, though much superior to ordinary commercial seed, are themselves capable of great improvement. Palatability varies between species and between strains, and is also affected by situation and grazing management. Indigenous or leafy strains, such as the plant breeders are developing, may be more succulent than the more stemmy and fibrous commercial strains, but on the other hand the commercial strains may be more palatable in the early stages of growth.

The problem is complex, and systematic investigation of it has hitherto been confined to small-scale trials with sheep.

The object may be to establish a scale of palatability, or consideration may be given to the effect of palatability on the maintenance of the sward. The more palatable the species the more heavily it will be "punished" by the grazing animal. The most striking example is that of timothy grass. It has been observed in palatability trials that frequently the sheep will almost completely defoliate the timothy plots before turning to other species. The practical bearing of these preferences upon the herbage problem is that the more palatable the species the more important it is for the farmer to use high-quality strains which, on account of their greater persistency, are better able to withstand hard grazing.

The economic effect of the plant breeder's productions in other fields, such as Marquis wheat, which added 100,000,000 acres to the Canadian wheat belt, or Farrer's Federation wheat, which doubled the potential wheat-growing area of Australia, is now a commonplace. Relative to the work on cereals plant breeding with herbage plants is still in its infancy, but the work is now widespread and likely to increase in intensity. The continued improvement in the various herbage species which constitute the sward and form the raw material of grassland farming is bound to have a cumulative effect, and the results already achieved suggest that the contribution of the plant breeder to the improvement of grasslands may eventually be comparable with the work achieved by Sir Roland Biffen with wheat, Dr. Beaven with barley, and the other pioneers who have worked on cereal improvement.

There is much that the farmer can do simply by way of skilful management to improve the grazing value of his pastures. When keep is short in the spring most farmers are inclined to rely too much on the first growth in the pastures. The early species of grass are punished severely by the close grazing of stock, and they are weakened. The result is that these valuable species do not make the same growth another year, and are superseded by the later species which make their growth when the season is more advanced and there is more keep for the stock. It would pay to preserve the valuable early species by continuing hand-feeding for the stock and incur extra expense in April.

Once the early species are weakened the value of the pasture deteriorates and the season of its usefulness is limited. Judicious stocking coupled with prudent manuring will give, in most years, a grazing season extending to nine months of the year in the southern counties of England. There is no more economical feed than fresh-growing herbage in the pastures. To this end the plant breeder can make a contribution and so can the farmer.

A. H.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS AT CARDIFF

Left: The Marchioness of Bute presenting the championship shield to J. M. Wilson, Scotland, and, right, A. Haytor, of Otley, with his dog Pattie, the youngest competitor, which won nine prizes

INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS

Success for Wales and Scotland

A RECORD crowd welcomed the International Sheep Dog Society to Cardiff on Thursday, Friday and Saturday last week, and the sheep dogs did not fail to show their uncanny skill to advantage. There are those who say that these exhibitions are no better than circus tricks, but if they had been at Cardiff they must have conceded that the international trials and also the national trials are run under conditions which bring out the qualities required in a first class sheep dog. Both masters and dogs were masters of their craft, and the understanding between them, conveyed merely by modulations of the whistle, was uncanny as the ten sheep were fetched, driven through gates and marked sheep shed from the unmarked.

Wales won the team shield, England was second, and Scotland third, each country being represented by twelve dogs selected at the national trials held during the summer. In the individual championship, decided on Saturday, Mr. J. M. Wilson, of Innerleithen, took the honours for Scotland with Roy. He had previously won the trophy twice, so it now becomes his property. Mr. Wilson, who was the last of the twelve competitors, secured 165½ points out of a maximum of 180. His round was nearly perfect, and the marking shows that the judges do not miss any faults, however slight.

Another Scot, Mr. Alec Millar, of Newmilns, was second, with Ken, scoring 162½ points. Thus Scotland retrieved on Saturday her lack of success on Friday in the team competition.

FARMING NOTES

Coloured Sheep

HAMPSHIRE DOWNS in the southern counties of England, Exmoors in the west, and Cluns in Wales, are still coloured, varying shades of ochre and pink, for the annual sales. Is there any justification for this practice? The reason for colouring is usually stated to be that sheep which are going round from one show to another in the summer get soiled with much handling and that colouring keeps them looking fresh. This is understandable and may be reasonable, but to colour sheep that are merely going to a fair for sale seems a waste of effort and futile.

Late Harvests

Harvest has been finished in the southern half of England for a fortnight or more, and already harvest thanksgivings are being held in the village churches. An early harvest and full crops safely gathered with no annoying delays on account of broken weather are a real cause for thanksgiving. In Wales and Scotland there are many fields of oats yet to be carried.

In the Welsh hills three consecutive dry days are very welcome in September. Too often there is too heavy a mist in the mornings to allow much to be done before evening comes. Grassland, carrying breeding cattle and sheep, is the mainstay in Wales, and however tempting the Wheat Act may be elsewhere, the climate sets a limit to corn growing.

Egg Imports

Poultry farmers have not had an easy year. Egg prices have been below a profitable level for most producers despite the agreement which Mr. Elliot made with foreign countries to limit their shipments this summer to the 1933 figures, which were comparatively low. A standstill agreement has not proved sufficient. The poultry industry has been expanding rapidly and more room must be made in the market for home-produced eggs.

Further gradual restrictions on imports, both Empire and foreign, until next March will give poultry farmers more confidence in business. We have yet to learn the recommendations of the Re-organisation Commission sitting under Dr. Addison's chairmanship, but no immediate benefits can be expected from marketing reform.

Meanwhile the National Mark egg scheme is expanding. During the second quarter of this year 126,000,000 eggs were packed under the National Mark guarantee compared with 112,200,000 during the same period last year.

BROADLEAZE.

SEPTEMBER IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE—1934
Tanks engaged in manœuvres on Salisbury Plain passing the fifteenth-century Porch House at Potterne, Wiltshire

SHOULD THE "SILENT ZONE" EXPERIMENT BE CONTINUED?

A Good Night's Rest at the Expense of Public Safety

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

A LORRY driver has been severely censured at a Deptford inquest following what the coroner described as the first fatal accident caused by the night ban on motor horns in London. The driver, in evidence, said that he did not sound his horn when a cyclist swerved in front of him as it was before 7 a.m., but the foreman of the jury said he ought to have sounded his horn.

This will not strengthen public faith in the success of Mr. Hore-Belisha's "Silent Zone" experiment, about which there was already considerable difference of opinion.

Why, in any case, should the motoring community be singled out for attack? Not the least disturbing sounds to be heard at night in any big city are those arising from the shunting of trains, the blowing of steam whistles, the vibrations caused through the passing of heavy commercial vehicles, and the clatter of horses' hoofs drawing their iron-shod wheeled wagons loaded with market produce. Often, too, a considerable amount of road mending takes place at night in London, and the ear-splitting noise of the pneumatic drills in action can be heard a long way off.

I feel very strongly that if the Minister of Transport had devoted the same energy to the suppression of such noises as these as he has to his crusade against the motor horn, he would have been doing far more to help those who are kept awake at night.

For nearly half a century it has been a legal obligation for the driver of a motor vehicle, in case of necessity, to give audible warning of his approach by means of a bell, horn or other suitable instrument. Ever since the Motor Car Act came into force one of the first questions asked of a motorist involved in an accident has been: "Did you sound your horn?"

Now, apparently, the situation is changed, and if you happen to be driving home through a Silent Zone late at night or early in the morning, and if in your judgment it becomes necessary to give audible warning of your approach, you must first look at your watch to ascertain whether you will or will not be within the law in doing so. If you neglect this precaution, the sounding of your horn may quite easily cost you 40/-.

In the opinion of those responsible the Silent Zone experiment has so far proved a great success, and it is stated, furthermore, that, with the exception already mentioned, no accidents can be attributed to the prohibition of the use of the motor horn. I am quite willing to believe that this may be so, but I am convinced that so soon as people become used to the new conditions it will be the same old disastrous story of familiarity breeding contempt.

FOR THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA
This fleet of Humber cars, seen being shipped per s.s. Ballarat, will be used by the Duke of Gloucester during his official visit to the Commonwealth

In view of the "success" of the experiment it has even been suggested that the motor horn should be discarded by day as well as by night, but I tremble to think what the results would be if this was ever brought about. Some people seem to think that if use of the horn was banned altogether motorists would be forced to reduce speed to such an extent that accidents would no longer take place. A more ludicrous suggestion it is impossible to imagine.

Noise by night has for too long been regarded as a necessary evil. Those who live in or near busy thoroughfares, and more particularly those lying ill in nursing homes or hospitals, would welcome any practical measures that were introduced to quieten our streets at night, but that one class of road user should be singled out for attack, and steps taken to stop one type of noise only, must strike all reasonable people as absurd and unfair.

Since the motorist has no trade union, and is fair game to any government officials in responsible positions who care to attack him, it seems quite probable that the present experiments are merely the thin edge of the wedge, and that the use of the motor horn may be banned entirely throughout the country. How the abolition of what has been regarded for so many years as a safety device can be reconciled with what, a short time ago, was regarded as the Minister of Transport's most important task—road safety—I cannot imagine. On the contrary, if the present hours of silence are extended the number of accidents will most assuredly increase.

To-day the motor car runs so silently (in comparison with its predecessor of 20 or 30 years ago) that it becomes more important than ever for the driver to be able to give audible warning of his approach. Because a certain type of motorist, who is very much in the minority, is in the habit of using his horn needlessly it is no reason why this instrument should be banned *in toto*. Surely it would have been better if the Minister of Transport had instructed the police to look out for irresponsible horn-blowers with a view to prosecuting them for causing undue noise.

Autumn, with its fogs, will add a fresh complication. In foggy weather

the banning of the motor horn will make driving even more difficult and hazardous than it has been in the past. Anyone who is experienced in driving under such circumstances will realise that one of the greatest safeguards is to be able to hear the approach of other traffic, and, therefore, if Silence Zones are still to be enforced during periods of fog it will be courting disaster.

TO-DAY'S GREAT RACE

The 500 Miles Duel at Brooklands

AT Brooklands to-day the most interesting challenge ever levelled against this country's racing motorists will be fought out to finality, the occasion being the British Racing Drivers' Club's sixth international 500 miles race.

The Italian state-subsidised Scuderia Ferrari concern have made up their minds to carry off the honours in Britain's most important motor race, and, encouraged by their win in the Mannin Moar race, which constituted a victory first time out on British soil, they are sending one of their fastest cars to round off, at Brooklands, their highly successful season's racing.

This Italian concern's list of successes during the past season comprises wins in fourteen out of 20 of the world's principal international events, bringing in a fortune of hundreds of thousands of pounds, yet they attach so much importance to the 500 miles race that their challenge takes the form of sending over their Duesenberg car, which is credited with a speed in excess of 170 m.p.h.

Nevertheless, the British defence is confident that victory will be theirs, and into the fray we are putting the finest engineering brains and driving skill this country can muster. We are pinning our faith to Mr. John Cobb's Napier-Railton, which holds the Brooklands lap record, and Captain Woolf Barnato's Barnato-Hassan Special. Another immensely fast car will be Mr. Kaye Don's supercharged Bugatti.

For many years it was believed that Brooklands was safe for a speed of 100 m.p.h., and not more, yet to-day we are to see a struggle for victory between 41 cars, the smallest of which is handicapped to average for 500 miles 109.46 m.p.h., while the fastest cars, which will have to change tyres three or more times, in addition to voluntary stops for refuelling, are set an average speed of more than two miles per minute.

Interesting as these speeds may be, nothing will matter to-day, in the estimation of the crowd assembled to watch the fastest long-distance motor race in the world, but the Ferrari challenge and the British reply to it.

A NEW RACING CAR

British Challenge to the Continent

A new racing car capable of holding its own with the fastest Continental racers will be announced shortly by the Triumph Co., Ltd., of Coventry. It will be known as the "Dolomite" and has been designed by Mr. Donald Healey, Triumph's experimental manager and winner of the 1934 Monte Carlo Rally.

The new model is a supercharged Straight Eight of two litres capacity, and is fitted with a four-speed pre-selective gear-box. On the test bench the engine has developed over 140 b.h.p. and the car, equipped with a two-seater body, wings and spare wheel, has already exceeded 120 m.p.h. In stripped condition it should be capable of considerably more.

At the moment an experimental model is being tested by Mr. Healey over a distance of 5,000 miles on the road. Further particulars will be announced when this test is completed, and the car will be exhibited on the Triumph stand at Olympia.

NOISE IN THE AIR

Is the Silent Aeroplane a Possibility?

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

NOISE is very much in the news to-day. The Ministry of Transport, by creating a nightly silence zone in the London area (now to be extended throughout the country) and by setting up a committee to consider how motor vehicles may best be silenced, has taken vigorous steps towards driving unnecessary noise from the roads. Those who consider the future of aviation cannot help feeling that this question of noise may soon become a very acute one in the air.

Indeed, there are already complaints of the nuisance caused by low-flying aircraft; and, as the Gorell Committee's report shows, some of these protests were strong enough to cause a consideration of whether Sunday flying should be restricted on account of the interference which might be caused to Divine Service in churches and chapels.

THE SMALLEST AUTOGIRO YET CONSTRUCTED

One of the new "Weir" single-seater autogiros being wheeled into its hangar after a trial flight at Hanworth. The rotor has only two blades, and when these are folded it will go into an ordinary motor garage

Dealing with noise in the air is a problem which may require greater consideration than that of eliminating noise on the roads. The latter consists almost entirely of various mechanical sounds—engine exhaust, moving parts in engine and transmission, and so on—for all of which complete, or very nearly complete, solutions have been found, even if they are not universally applied for one reason or another. In the air, however, the sources of noise are more varied, and are, in some cases, of a fundamentally different nature.

Probably the first cause of aircraft noise that comes to mind is that resulting from the engine; and it might be argued that, if it is possible to silence the automobile engine so completely, there should be little difficulty in doing the same with the aero-engine. The problem is, however, not so simple. The average aero-engine is, of course, considerably larger and more powerful than the average automobile engine, and it is, in the main, of higher efficiency, often working at a higher compression ratio. Moreover, the aero-engine works consistently nearer maximum throttle for a much greater part of its running time than does the car engine.

It is not theoretically impossible to deal satisfactorily with the exhaust of an aero-engine, even the very large types in use on military machines and air liners; the difficulties are of a practical nature. Up to the present time an efficient silencer would of necessity have been somewhat bulky, and would have added considerable weight to the aircraft—and designers are naturally averse to incorporating weighty components unless absolutely essential, because to do so means reduced performance or, alternatively, less useful load capacity.

The problem is, in fact, somewhat analogous to that of the racing car; all available power is needed from the engine for useful work. Much useful research work has been done in the last few years and the possibility of producing an efficient silencing unit of moderate weight is probably nearer than is generally supposed.

In this connection, however, the lack of initiative in regard to the silencing of aero-engines is no doubt due in some measure to the lack of demand for silence. So far as the comfort of pilot and passengers is concerned, the problem has been largely overcome by the widespread adoption of the cabin-type machine, which often embodies sound proof material in its construction. But there is no reason why so much noise should come undamped from aero-engines, even if complete silence cannot be attained; it is an important question and too much thought cannot be given to it.

Flight

AN EXHAUST SILENCER FITTED TO A KLEMM MONOPLANE

But assuming that the engine was to be silenced, there would still remain several sources of noise other than that from the engine exhaust. The airscrew in fact is responsible for even more, and to a limited extent bracing wires and the like are another cause. The very progress of a flying machine through the air creates sound.

Here, the problem becomes extremely complex; and it is very difficult to see how a complete solution can be found. Various investigations have been carried out with a view to silencing the airscrew, but little, if any, success has resulted. There is room for a lot of research in this direction, for we cannot take the attitude that the problem is insoluble. The question is largely bound up with the tip speed of the airscrew. The whole problem is so involved and technical that it obviously cannot be fully discussed here, it being sufficient to draw attention to the need for wider and more intensive research.

Noise from wires has, fortunately, tended to become reduced in modern machines, which have, as a rule, very few external bracing wires. Better streamlining, too, is helping. The improvement, however, has been largely a by-product of better aerodynamic design, and is not so much the result of any concentrated effort to reduce noise as such.

One may sum up by saying that while the perfectly silent aeroplane cannot be considered an impossibility, it is, at any rate so far as our present knowledge goes, an improbability. But it is high time that designers generally became really interested in the noise problem. Flying is becoming more and more popular; new types and lower prices are bringing aviation within the reach of an ever-widening public. It is not an encouraging thought to visualize the sky filled with machines each emitting as much noise as the ordinary aeroplane of to-day; and it is unlikely that the public would submit to such a development.

One thing is clear: that unless some reduction of noise is achieved, flying may become burdened with further restrictions in order to preserve the amenities of residential districts—an eventuality no one desires; and the time is therefore ripe for the question to be tackled seriously before such restrictions need to be made.

GENTLE EXERCISE IN THE HIMALAYAS

A Three Weeks' Trip Through Sikkim

By LADY TEGART

THE FOUR OF US STARTING OUT FROM GANTOK

THERE must be many visitors to India who would like to get off the beaten track and have all the excitement of a sort of baby Everest expedition, with none of the danger and only mild discomfort, and for these I would suggest a trip such as four of us made in May, 1929, over one of the Sikkim passes, the Donkhya La (18,171ft.).

Sikkim is a small independent state sandwiched between Nepal and Bhutan and backed by Tibet. May and Autumn are the only possible times of year for the journey from the weather point of view, and of the two May is preferable, as one is less likely to get snow and the flowers are at their best.

Starting from Gantok, the capital, you make a gradual ascent from 5,000 to 15,000ft., keeping to the route marked by the dak-bungalows at Dikehu, Singhik, Chungtang, Lachen and Thangu, after which there are no more bungalows. Then follows a two days' march, camping in tents, to Lake Cholamo (17,000ft.). Then, with luck, one crosses the Donkhya La, camps for a night on the other side and returns by another dak-bungalow route through Yuntang, Lachung and Chungtang, which eventually curves back to rejoin the original route at Singhik. Each bungalow contains two double bedrooms and a sitting room, and wood-fuel and water are obtainable from the sirdar in charge.

It is thirteen miles from Gantok to Dikehu. There are white orchids growing by the roadside and quantities of speedwell blue ladies' slippers, the Latin name for which I regret I do not know, and you will also see a torrent launching itself from a height to dissolve in a silver mist of "water-smoke" long before reaching the earth. The bungalow lies in the valley and the river goes rushing past just below, the colour of clouded jade and milk, tumbling and foaming in a very jolly way.

I believe Sikkim is known as the butterfly-hunter's paradise. Certainly I have never seen so many differently shaped, coloured and sized butterflies before. There were very large black ones that looked like floating pieces of velvet, midnight blue ones, patterns snicked from some magic cloak, tawny yellow ones with black tracings which looked like old maps, vivid little blue ones, and one enormous creature, all black and pale yellow, measuring about 7in. from wing-tip to wing-tip. These were only a few of the myriads we saw on our marches. They fluttered about singly or in pairs or grouped themselves in brilliant constellations on the grass, sometimes weaving and intermingling, a living herbaceous border.

The Singhik bungalow is perched on the crest of a hill, overtopping the nearer peaks, and we rose at dawn the morning after our arrival to see Kinchinjunga. It was worth it, not particularly because of Kinchinjunga, but because of the exquisite beauty of the whole panorama. The valleys and lower heights rolling away at our feet were washed with a blurry brush of cobalt, and in the hollows lay soft white clouds so neatly packed that one longed to test their firmness and resilience by jumping on them. We succeeded in restraining this impulse, however, and transferred our attention to Kinchinjunga, which suddenly appeared against a backcloth of young dawn light, white and immutable, rising from shifting opal veils and gleaming fantastic and unreal, a vision from another world.

After Singhik the track winds through bold precipitous country. Lachen is interesting on account of the Finnish Christian Mission there run by a Miss Kronquist, who has been home to Finland only once during the last sixteen years. Sitting in her tiny carpeted drawing room, drinking tea out of delicate china and glancing at her photographs and knick-knacks, with nothing but the occasional crack and roar of a distant avalanche to conjure up our strange surroundings, we perhaps failed to appreciate fully the courage of her lonely life. She stays there all the year round, distant about three days' journey from any other European in summer, cut off from communication of any sort in winter, and surrounded by dangers in the form of avalanches and landslips.

The scenery changes on the road to Thangu and becomes wild and strange with a track running along a dry river bed bordered by blasted trees. Once our ponies reared and trembled at the sight of two large black forms perched on a jutting ledge; they looked the size of men. Slowly they spread great wings and leisurely and windily flapped away. I have since been told they were probably Sikkim eagles.

At Thangu we rearranged our kit and unpacked our warm clothes. Our packs and stores were transferred to yaks, and we donned layers of thick garments, put grease on our faces, and tried to feel like explorers. We passed into barren frozen country almost immediately and pitched camp that night among bare biscuit-coloured slopes, building a wall of loose stones to shelter us a little from the freezing wind.

All the next day we travelled over queer desert-like country, frozen tundra at our feet, bare mountains on either hand. The sun was brilliant but biting in that rarefied air. I covered my face with a blue veil; the others, in spite of thick applications of grease, got burnt, and sunburn at that altitude is not at all becoming. However, we were beyond thinking of appearances; we hadn't washed or changed our clothes since the previous night, nor could we for two nights afterwards; it was much too cold; we quite began to understand the Tibetan habit of never discarding an old coat, but putting each new one on the top of the layers underneath. The march ended in a blizzard of snow and we were very glad to halt and pitch camp by the side of Lake Cholamo (17,000ft.).

The following day we tackled the most difficult problem of the trip and crossed the pass (18,171ft.). Time and again the yaks and mules sank deep in the snow and were pulled out with much shouting and whip-cracking by coolies perched on the rocks above. We ourselves, suffering in varying degrees from mountain sickness, eventually struggled to the summit and, with great relief, descended to Samdong on the other side, glad to be out of the cutting wind and at a less trying altitude.

OUR CAMP AT SAMDONG (15,000FT.

A TOUCH OF LOCAL COLOUR: A SIKKIM BOY

The next day was the best of all. Our path ran along the side of mountains whose crowns gleamed with eternal snow; further down dark pine-trees straggled, giving way to white, scarlet, yellow and pink rhododendrons, while Alpine roses and pink and purple primulas starred the grass at our feet. At the bottom of the valley rushed the bright stream, with here and there a huge block of ice, motionless in the torrent.

The whole trip, including transport, stores, wages, tips, etc., cost us Rs 500 each (about £42 10s.), and we took three weeks over it. We learnt to beware of the effect of altitude, not only on the heart, but on the nerves. At 17,000ft. omitting to pass the salt at breakfast may cause quite a tense situation.

THE FIELD

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Bassano

LEAVING TO-DAY WITH THE ASHES

An off the cricket field portrait of W. M. Woodfull, who captained a victorious eleven on his last visit to this country in 1930 and makes his second journey to Australia with the Ashes. It is stated that he is to retire from international cricket, and he will do so with a splendid record as a captain and player

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THE LANDOWNER'S SACRIFICE

IT is a constant matter of surprise to overseas farmers to learn how cheaply a farming land can be bought in this country. New Zealanders have often been amazed to find that good dairy farms in England can be purchased for no more money than similar farms in their country, despite the fact that the produce in both cases finds its market in the United Kingdom, and that New Zealand produce, coming out of cold store, realises a less price than home produce. Whatever may be the explanation of the disparity in land values, and the heavy taxation of landowners in this country is unquestionably one cause, it is all too evident that owners of agricultural land have been required to make sacrifices, especially during the past few years of acute depression in the farming industry.

Some figures taken from the Ministry of Agriculture's census returns deserve attention. It appears that in 1925 the capital value of agricultural land was £815,000,000, and that by 1931, the date of the last census, the value had fallen to £645,000,000, a decline of 21 per cent. Meanwhile the total value of tenants' capital fell from £365,000,000 to £280,000,000. Thus during six years the capital used in agriculture depreciated by £250,000,000. These figures indicate the impoverishment of rural England to a serious degree.

Landowners in common with farmers and farm workers have made sacrifices. Farm rents have necessarily been reduced to enable tenants to pay their way, and indeed to keep the farms in cultivation. In some districts rent rebates, however generous, have not been sufficient to induce tenants to continue farming, and the owners have been driven to undertake farming on their own account. Happily there are now fewer untenanted farms as farming prospects are improving.

Of the three partners in agriculture it cannot be gainsaid that the farm worker has come through the depression with the least sacrifice. Without denying that farm wages are low in relation to wages in other industries, it can be maintained with full justification that the farm worker's earning capacity has steadily risen, and that to-day he is able to maintain a higher standard of living for himself and his family than ever before. It is common ground that the status of the farm worker should be raised further as the circumstances of the industry permit, but it is well to recognise that of the three partners he has come off best lately.

The landowner's share must depend directly on the financial state of the industry. When farming profits are good, rents tend to rise, and when farming is losing money it is to his landlord that the farmer first turns for relief. It is then the direct concern of landowners to see the several marketing schemes and Government measures of assistance working smoothly and with benefit to the industry. Through the Central Landowners' Association and individually owners have freely given their helpful co-operation and leadership in launching these new enterprises.

It is easy to criticise the new order, and especially when the structure is incomplete in the early days. Nor are the details of the working of the several marketing schemes easy to understand, and anomalies are liable to be exaggerated by those whose business interests may suffer by the effective organisation of home producers. In his sphere the landowner can exert a helpful influence by keeping in close touch with developments and being ready to explain to the farmers he meets the significance of the policy adopted by the marketing boards. It is not suggested that he should act as an apologist for their mistakes, but rather that he should take a broad view of the situation and the possibilities ahead of British agriculture. This week's issue of the *Field* marks the close of another Michaelmas farming year. May the coming year see the fruits of these endeavours in the form of better returns for all engaged in the farming industry.

THE AMERICA'S CUP

IT seems almost impossible for international competition to take place to-day in any form of sporting event without producing its "incidents." We have them in our Test matches, in athletics, and in lawn tennis, but the yacht racing for the America's Cup bade fair to be conducted in the best of spirit. Any atmosphere that surrounded the Cup racing in the past seemed dispelled, and American yachtsmen came forward to provide assistance for Mr. Sopwith in every way possible. With such evenly matched boats and exciting contests, it is a pity that there should have been reason for a protest in the fourth race, and that through a technical breach in making it Mr. Sopwith should have been deprived of an inquiry. The American committee were within their rights, and it may be advanced that Mr. Sopwith should have known the rule, although the American observer on board Endeavour was apparently unaware of it. Nevertheless an unpleasant feeling of an unfair deal was created which an inquiry would have dissipated. It may not be recollected that when the Cup left these shores a protest was lodged by the owner of Brilliant against America on the ground that she had passed the wrong side of the Nab Lightship, but it was overruled as Commodore Stevens's sailing instructions did not specify on which side to pass it. In the preliminary trials for the present American defender Mr. Vanderbilt himself did not scruple to risk a collision with Yankee when demanding sea room at a mark.

A CRICKET UMPIRE'S LIMITATIONS

Recent developments in first-class cricket and the various schemes that have been put forward to modify the laws have emphasised the comparatively limited influence of umpires in the control of the game. In effect they are more largely referees than umpires. The laws appoint them "sole judges of fair or unfair play"—but only strictly within the meaning of the laws. They are there as paid officials to administer the laws and not as guardians of the true spirit of the game. They may personally consider certain practices unfair, but so long as no law is actually broken they have no power to act. They cannot, for instance, tell a batsman that he is taking an unfair advantage in using his pads excessively in defence of the stumps, for although everybody may think that he is, the laws are silent on the point. Any cricket umpire who attempted to constitute himself a judge of fair or unfair play according to his own personal principles and not strictly according to the letter of the laws would soon lose his job.

CLOSE OF THE TROUT SEASON

To-morrow, over the greater part of the country, sees the close of the most curious trout season which this generation has witnessed. Eighteen months of more or less continuous drought is, fortunately, not a state of affairs which many fishermen can remember. Probably, when considered in retrospect, the season will not have quite the venomous aspect it has borne while in being. It may be that comments made in the frame of mind induced by short-rising fish did not, like the charwoman's testimonials, do it justice.

The most noticeable effect of the drought in many streams has been an apparent change in the kind of weed, due no doubt to the slack current and probably to the different intensity of dissolved salts. Whether the change will prove to be for the better or worse, who can say? But the exceptionally good condition of trout in late summer augurs well for next year's fishing.

SPANISH GOLF

Each year we receive more and more formidable golf invaders from overseas. Gone are the days when the game was only played north of the border. In the past American players have been our chief rivals, but now it seems as if we will have to guard against a Spanish player, Javier Arana, the present amateur and open champion of his country. Last week he won the French open amateur title, and defeated Captain F. Francis in the final and the well-known H. G. Bentley in the semi-final round. By all accounts Arana excels in the short game and does not seem to mind his opponents' long drives. That suggests a good temperament, which is an attribute Continental players lack more than the British. Arana's entry for the British championships next year would be welcomed.

PROFESSIONAL LAWN TENNIS

By holding a "Professional Lawn Tennis Championship" Southport have provided an example of municipal enterprise in a new department of the game which has proved a gate-money attraction abroad. Only one of the competitors, Dan Maskell, is a professional pure and simple; the other three, W. T. Tilden, Keith Gledhill and Henri Cochet, are ex-amateurs, representing three generations, so to speak, of lawn tennis. Such an exhibition cannot help being interesting, particularly on account of the showing of our own man, Maskell, whose ministrations to our Davis Cup team contributed considerably to their success. But there is a vast difference between coaching and competitive ability. It is upon this difference that the policy of the L.T.A. is based. Our governing body is slow to father the exhibitionary side of the professional's business, which is also in direct competition with their own sources of revenue. A good deal may depend on the amount of public interest in the Southport show and the forthcoming games at Wembley.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From the gossip columns of an illustrated daily:

"It (the house) is called The Swallows and appropriately so, for these birds dispute ownership with the family, nesting all round the house, and eating vast numbers of the apples and plums which grow in the large garden."

A RUGBY TRIUMPH

Few Rugby clubs have made more consistent progress in the last few seasons than the Wasps, who went another step on the road when they beat the London Scottish at Richmond last Saturday. Moreover, it was the sweetest of victories, gained finally by a single point with an extremely clever dropped goal when the Scottish were leading by 3 points. Three dropped goals in this match suggested a revival of a neglected art. The Wasps must have one of the quickest packs of forwards in London; they even succeeded in subduing the genius of H. Lind, the versatile Scottish half-back, who has this season come south and is likely to enhance considerably the back play of the London Scottish fifteen.

KEEPING DOWN FOXES

Cub-hunting, as previously stated in the *Field*, has been held up this season to some extent by the drought, but notwithstanding this most packs have managed to bring an average number of cubs to hand. The Belvoir, for example, have accounted for, up-to-date, some fifteen-and-a-half brace of cubs, but this famous pack have suffered from lameness in the kennel owing to the hard ground—in some places the cracks are 4in. or 5in. wide. Doubtless other packs have had similar experiences, and it may be for this reason that complaints have been made owing to the ravages of foxes among poultry, but those who suffer in any hunting country should immediately communicate with the Master or secretary of the local Hunt before taking the law into their own hands.

THE RE-FUELLING TRAGEDY

That unkind fate which so often dogs the footsteps of the pioneer has written "Finis" to a very gallant undertaking. It is possible that we shall never know, definitely, whether there was any real connection between the aeroplane crash at Aston Clinton a week ago and the re-fuelling operations which preceded it. That is a matter for the experts to decide, and even experts can tell little from the remains of a burnt-out plane.

However that may be, world-wide sympathy will go out, not only to the relatives of the four who perished, but to Sir Alan Cobham for the double blow of the tragedy and the breakdown to his own plane which forced him to abandon, almost at the start, his attempt to fly non-stop to India.

WILSON'S PRIDE

Practically ever since it was first devised in 1854, "Greenwell's Glory," the invention of the late Canon Greenwell of Durham, has been regarded by wet fly-fishermen as something in a class by itself. After so many years' standing its pillar of fame is hardly likely to be shaken; but a new pattern, designed by Mr. Swinbourne Wilson, of Newcastle, bids fair for the place of second favourite in many a fly box.

This fly, which has been christened "Wilson's Pride," has proved astonishingly successful in both lake and river for sea trout and brown trout, wherever it has been used. The dressing, like many of the "best killers," is very simple, consisting of partridge tail, grey dun body, grey hackle, partridge wings, and here, perhaps, lies the secret of its attraction, blue chatterer checks. What does it represent? Perhaps it, too, will have a "mystery" about it for no one has yet discovered what the trout take Greenwell's Glory for.

AN EPITAPH

Which is the best known of Cowper's poems? Probably *John Gilpin*, which was published anonymously. How many who could repeat *John Gilpin* by heart would recognise the author of the *Epitaph* which he wrote in 1792—when, by the way, his biographers tell you that he was almost a lunatic?

"Here lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed.
At his signified desire
Would advance, present, and fire. . . .

Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he called, not He
Who controls the boist'rous sea
But of happier command
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointed to *Sir John Throckmorton*."

CHAOS IN RUGBY FOOTBALL

Laws and Methods That Need Revising

By F. I. WATSON

OPTIMISM is one of the big characteristics of Rugby players, and it has been almost impossible to get any of them in the last few years to listen to warnings that the game is not all that it should be. From a pastime of the few, it has become one of the great national games of the country. Thousands of players have come into it, clubs have grown like mushrooms, and dozens of schools have taken it up, forming a wonderful nursery for the production of young players in large quantities. Yet the game in general is not being played with as much art, ingenuity or good feeling as it was ten years ago, and last season one result began to make itself felt in declining attendances of spectators at many of the leading matches.

Rugby players and clubs very properly pride themselves on the fact that their game is purely amateur and still look with some disdain on professional Association football. But I am going to suggest that there are lessons to be learned by Rugby players and legislators from the way in which the two games have developed. From the foundation of the Football Association as a ruling body, its laws have always been kept as simple and straightforward as possible, so that almost any schoolboy can understand exactly how the game is played and what is happening when he sees a match.

The laws of Rugby have never been simple and no genius has yet arisen who could express their complications in a few words. An attempt to clarify them was made a few years ago, and the result occupies 30 pages of the *Rugby Football Annual*. Some of the definitions are still equivocal and involved. Until this year the definition was maintained that a scrummage is formed "by one or more players from each team," closing up in readiness to allow the ball to be "put on the ground" between them, when the practice has for long been for a complete scrummage to be formed by the whole pack of each team and the ball rolled or thrown between them and not "put on the ground." This has only just been modified; and Law 15, relating to the scrummage, now comprises thirteen sections, occupying three pages!

I doubt if very many players know the laws completely, and their numerous complications produce constant infringements and interruptions in the play. The faster the game becomes, the more infringements there are, and that has been one of the most irritating developments—to players as well as spectators—of the last few seasons. The greatest boon to the game at present would be a wholesale simplification of the laws. In essence they are the same as those that governed the game 20 and 30 years ago, whereas the game itself has changed almost out of knowledge in some ways. It is worth recalling that the Football Association did not hesitate to make a revolutionary change in its offside law some years ago when new tactics by full backs began to defeat its object and spoil the game. The tactics of so-called wing forwards in Rugby have been spoiling the game for several years, but so far their activities have only produced a mere tinkering with the laws and no real remedy.

The methods of play are truly in some state of confusion. The modern generation knows nothing of the art and the science with which the game was played 20 years ago and for several seasons after the war, when sufficient of the pre-war players returned to disseminate their skill among the younger ones. Both Rugby and Association football became influenced by the theory that speed was the prime match-winning factor. But whereas the big Association clubs, with the instinct for pleasing their patrons, studied the combination of speed with constructive tactics, most of the Rugby clubs are still, or at least were last season, playing the type of hurly-burly game that largely negatives constructive skill. Forwards who think of nothing but quick breaking away from the scrummage are at present a menace to the game, because so few of them have attained anything like the genius of great wing forwards like Voyce, Blakiston, Pillman or H. L. Price. So far from being constructive their methods are decidedly destructive of many of the finer points of the game—and yet no club team considers itself properly equipped unless its back-row forwards are of the quick-breaking type.

The result is seen in two ways: (1) Scrummaging is ragged, lacking in homogeneous shove and for that reason is slow in heeling; and (2) back movements are seldom allowed to develop with the easy flow and spontaneous combination in passing and running that used to be seen when backs had room to move and vary their tactics. As in cricket batsmen have become accustomed to wait for the loose ball, so in Rugby the backs have been thrown back waiting for the loopholes in the defence, and then we have what is generally called an "opportunist" try. Moreover, the backs are tempted to resort to a surfeit of touching kicking as an easier way of making ground, and it is truly remarkable that this feature, which used to be derided by spectators, is now applauded as heartily as any other. Often there is very little else in the game to cheer.

Let me be clearly understood. I do not say that Rugby is heading for ruination because of these things. It is rather in the stage of groping after new principles to take the place of the old. Doubtless it would be considered heresy to suggest that a reduction in the number of forwards might help to restore the balance and timbre of the game. Or perhaps a second full-back would add to its possibilities. Enthusiasm among the players is unbounded—possibly too unbounded for clear planning and reasoning. But there is not much doubt that the game will not keep its position in popular favour if matches are no more interesting to watch than were many games last season.

The analogy here with Association football is that the game played by the professional clubs has passed through very similar stages of evolution. At one time it seemed to be drifting along futile lines, when players developed uncanny skill as jugglers with the ball without knowing in the least how to get on with the game and score goals. But dwindling gate receipts proved the mother of invention in different tactics and the game to-day is really good and satisfying to watch. Rugby clubs no longer profess indifference to public support at their matches, and the simple truth is that the more the game is worth watching the more is it worth playing. Let Rugby clubs and players recognise that and we shall be on the way to improvement.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt

RAINBOW'S LIGHT WEATHER RIG

Genoa Jib and Spinnakers Which Made All the Difference

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith

AS this paper goes to press comes the news that a gallant effort to bring the America's Cup over the water has once more failed. There are also cabled reports of acrimony and protests, which may or may not be magnified for sensational interest, and are far best left for calmer judgment. In the six races for the cup Endeavour raised high hopes by winning the first two, but the next four, and the last of them the most exciting of the series, went to Rainbow. Leaving out the disputed fourth race it must be said Mr. Vanderbilt's judgment, combined with the smart handling of sail on Rainbow, gave her the advantage on several occasions, but Mr. Sopwith showed Endeavour's paces and had the luck against him at times in the tactics he pursued.

When the present series of races started we were promised an evenly matched contest, and the leading characteristics of the two yachts and their equipment and personnel contributed towards making the races the most exciting in the long history of the America's Cup. Unfortunately incidents which to-day seem inseparable from international competition marred what promised to be a sporting affair after honours were even with each side having two races to its credit, and before ever the Cup races were due to begin, a leading London daily newspaper raised the question, based on information received from America, "Does Rainbow evade a Cup Rule?"

It was only natural that such a query should have aroused great resentment among American yachtsmen, and that the New York Yacht Club should have expressed strong disapproval. The suggestion that, in the chosen representative of the Club an evasion of the rules governing the race had been effected—coming as it did from an influential source—was bound to cause deep resentment and disapproval both in America and in this country. The subsequent interpretation upon this suggestion that Rainbow "did not conform to the accepted English interpretation of the rules as to cabin accommodation, and freeboard under which the America's Cup contest was to be conducted" is a very different matter.

As a matter of fact, Rainbow had been measured by Professor Webb—the American official measurer—and had been certified by the America's Cup Committee as complying in all respects with the Cup Race regulations. It is difficult to understand how any doubt could have arisen as to the legality of Rainbow's lack of covering board, as this feature of construction in American yachts is well known and has also been recognised both as within the rules of the J Class and of those of Lloyd's Register of Shipping. Mr. Nicholson is said to have been unaware of this method of reducing deck weight, or of the views of the New York Yacht Club as to how freeboard should be measured under the J Class Rule, but this I find hard to believe, especially as this particular feature is a matter of common knowledge.

The great feature of this year's contest is that the Challenger and Defender are much more alike in general design than was the case in 1930. Rainbow, judging from her recently published lines, appears to be a logical development of Enterprise modified to suit the requirements of the new J class and the America's Cup race rules. That is to say, she is larger by just the amount that is required to give her the extra amount of stability necessitated by her being fitted with cabin accommodation and a 37 per cent. heavier mast. Owing to the alteration in the change in the method of "quarter-beam" measurement, it has been possible to give her a fuller load water-line, forward and aft, and so better to distribute her displacement. Her centre of buoyancy appears to be further forward than that of Enterprise, but I cannot agree with her designer's statement that "her displacement is crowded forward." The "balance" of her load water-line, while being fuller, is practically the same as that of Enterprise, but there is a slight rounding in at the forward end which, in conjunction with the somewhat curious "splaying out" of the forward deck line, gives her a formation of sections which her designer describes as "an inverted bell."

The resultant hollow buttocks are not pleasing in appearance, but they may possibly be effective in that they give a certain amount of unmeasured length which may come into play under some circumstances. There is also a moderate amount of hollow in the after buttocks which tends to widen the deck line aft and, in conjunction with the formation of the above water-fore body, to give the yacht a long sailing length. In these respects, Endeavour may certainly be regarded as being more normal as well as being more pleasing to look at as, with the exception of a slight hollow in her forward profile, which the measurement rule seems to ask for, there is nothing abnormal in her design. An examination of the hulls of the two yachts obviously points to the Challenger having the better chance in strong and the Defender in light breezes.

In the matter of equipment, the advantage probably rests with Rainbow, as she is not only more fully provided with the many and various sails which go to make up a modern racing craft's outfit, but her crew have had more opportunities of trying out the various types of spinnakers and headsails than have their rivals in Endeavour. This applies more especially in the case of their Genoa jibs which have hitherto been regarded in this country as unsuitable sails for windward work on craft of a larger size than 12 metres.

While American yachtsmen have shown themselves quick enough to realise the possibilities of the double clewed jib developed by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Sopwith, it has been left to that great American sportsman, Mr. Lambert, owner of Vanitie, to bring it home to our people that, for successful windward work in light weather, a well-cut Genoa jib of suitable material is an absolute

LOOKING ALONG THE DECK OF RAINBOW WITH MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT AT THE WHEEL.

The picture of Endeavour on the opposite page shows the contrast in booms, Mr. Sopwith using the triangular "Park Avenue" boom after his initial experiences with the plank boom favoured by Mr. Vanderbilt

SCENES DURING THE FIRST RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

ENDEAVOUR'S AMATEUR CREW RACING IN AMERICAN WATERS
A close-up view showing Mr. Sopwith at the wheel and Mrs. Sopwith standing behind him

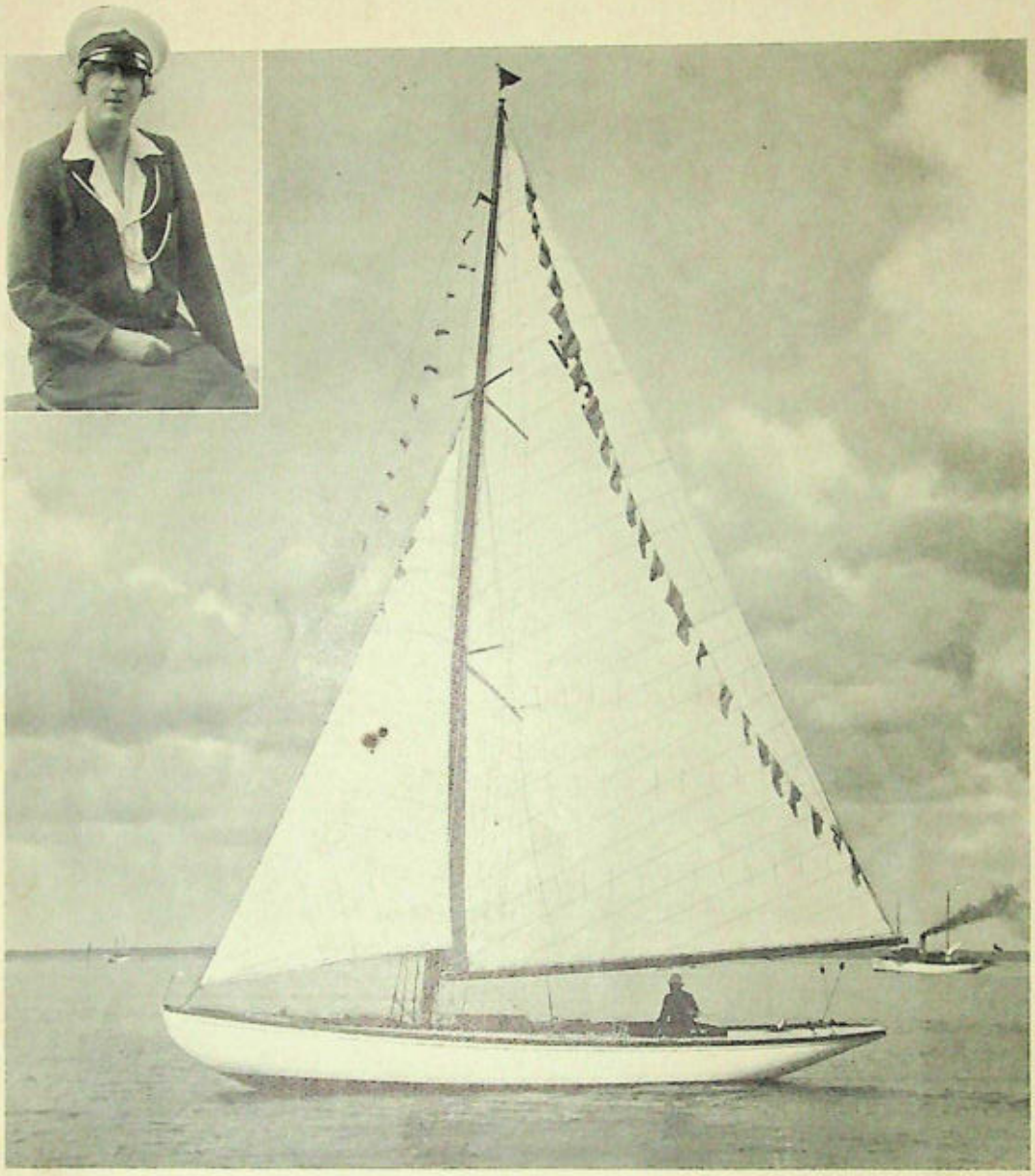
RAINBOW SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING THE FIRST ENCOUNTER WHEN SHE TOOK THE LEAD IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE RACE

A CLOSE THING AT THE HALF-WAY BUOY IN THE FIRST RACE, AFTER WHICH ENDEAVOUR TURNED THE TABLES ON HER OPPONENT AND TOOK THE LEAD

necessity, and Rainbow has given them a demonstration of the practicability of its effective sheeting and also of the possibility of its being smartly handled.

Whatever may be said of the Cup races, one fact will remain in the minds of British yachtsmen—the fact that they owe much to Mr. Lambert, who not only assisted them in every possible way with the tuning-up of the Challenger but also lent his Vanitie's Genoa jib for the first three races.

Naturally, Vanitie's old sail was not a perfect fit on Endeavour and, as Genoa jibs have been carried over a large percentage of the distance sailed in these races, the English yacht has been under a definite disadvantage, and the greatest credit must be given to her amateur crew for their handling of these sails—a new experience for them



A PROMINENT SOLENT HELMSWOMAN

Miss Olive Chetwynd and her West Solent boat Squirrel. Out of 57 starts this season she had 34 flags, 15 firsts, 8 seconds and 11 thirds, and finished top boat in the class. There were 18 starters in Cowes Week and Squirrel did the hat trick twice this season, which is a record

in so large a vessel. Judging by reports received from New York, the Corinthians on the challenger have more than justified the faith that Mr. Sopwith and Mr. Mitchell have placed in their ability to take the place of the best professional crew which could have been procured in this country. Their extraordinary keenness and ability to tackle new conditions must more than make up for their lack of practical experience in big class racing.

Rainbow had rather hard lines not to win the opening—and unfinished—race after her excellent light weather performance, but a win just on the time limit of five-and-a-half hours would not be particularly satisfactory. The first race to count, fifteen miles to windward and return, Rainbow, sailed the fuller of the two at first, gained a good lead, but, with increasing strength in the wind, Endeavour almost caught her at the mark. Shortly after rounding Endeavour ran past Rainbow which, unable to hold her, resorted to tacking to leeward with a huge balloon jib set. Rainbow later set a parachute spinnaker, and was running up on the challenger at a great rate. An exceedingly smart gybe and setting of a balloon jib saved Endeavour and won the race.

In the second race over a 30-mile triangular course there was a good sailing breeze and a reach—a beat dead to windward and a broad reach. Mr. Sopwith secured an excellent start and, after working out ahead of Rainbow as the 10-knot breeze strengthened to about 13½, and rounding the weather mark nearly half a minute to the good.

Rainbow had set her Genoa jib before rounding the buoy, and, as Endeavour was breaking out hers, she reached out on to the Challenger's weather quarter.

Mr. Sopwith luffed to prevent himself being passed to windward, but Mr. Vanderbilt failed to respond to her luff, and Mr. Sopwith had to put up his helm and bear away to avoid a collision. This let Rainbow through, and she kept her lead to the end and won—making the score two-all.

Mr. Sopwith entered two protests—firstly, that he was wrongfully obstructed just before the start; and secondly, because Mr. Vanderbilt failed to respond to his luff. Both protests were disallowed under Rule 45, as his protest flag was not hoisted promptly, as required by the rule. Doubtless this might be regarded as a correct decision according to the letter of the law, but hardly one which will meet with the approval of the majority of American sportsmen. Mr. Sopwith himself was moved, in his reply to the Race Committee, to say that he regretted the hearing of Endeavour's protest was denied owing to his not having complied with "a very trivial technical formality" regarding the time his protest flag was flown.

And so the all-important fifth race opened in an atmosphere of controversy, and the English boat's performance was not up to her previous showing. Both boats crossed the line together for the 30-mile course. In a light to moderate wind both boats set parachute spinnakers, but Endeavour's crew took longer over the operation, and Rainbow got the lead. Even when the latter's spinnaker split Endeavour did not reap much advantage. Mr. Vanderbilt gybed, and within ten minutes a fresh spinnaker was broken out to port. Rainbow, in the fifteen-mile run to the turn, was timed round the mark at 1hr. 18min. 54sec., with a lead of 4min. 40sec. over Endeavour. On the return fifteen-mile lead to windward Rainbow maintained her advantage and finished in 3hrs. 34min. 5sec., Mr. Sopwith's time being 3hrs. 38min. 6sec.

The sixth race decided the fate of the Cup. Both boats hoisted protest flags after the start, but when Rainbow won Mr. Sopwith's was withdrawn. Endeavour led to the first mark, but Mr. Sopwith carried on with a Genoa jib some time after his opponent had changed to a double-clewed headsail. Rainbow outsailed Endeavour to windward, when Mr. Sopwith tacked away from her, and led by 2min. 40sec. at the weather mark. In spite of delay in the setting of her spinnaker Endeavour made up on the run home and only lost by 55sec.

RECORD OF THE RACES:

First Race.—30 mile course, 15 miles to windward and return. **Endeavour** won by 2min. 9sec. in 3hr. 38min. 44sec. Rainbow's time: 3hr. 40min. 53sec.

Second Race.—Triangular course of 10 miles each leg. **Endeavour** won by 51sec. in 2hr. 49min. 1sec. Rainbow's time: 2hr. 49min. 52sec.

Third Race.—30 mile course, 15 miles to leeward and return. **Rainbow** won by 3min. 25sec. in 4hr. 15min. Endeavour's time: 4hr. 18min. 25sec.

Fourth Race.—Triangular course of 10 miles each leg. **Rainbow** won by 1min. 15sec. in 3hr. 55min. 38sec. Endeavour's time: 3hr. 56min. 53sec. Mr. Sopwith registered protest, which was disallowed.

Fifth Race.—30 mile course, 15 miles to leeward and return. **Rainbow** won by 4min. 1sec. in 3hr. 34min. 5sec. Endeavour's time: 3hr. 38min. 6sec.

Sixth Race.—Triangular course of 10 miles each leg. **Rainbow** won by 55sec. in 3hr. 20min. 5sec. Endeavour's time: 3hr. 21min. 0sec.

THE BEST HELMSMEN

Is it Possible to Make a Selection?

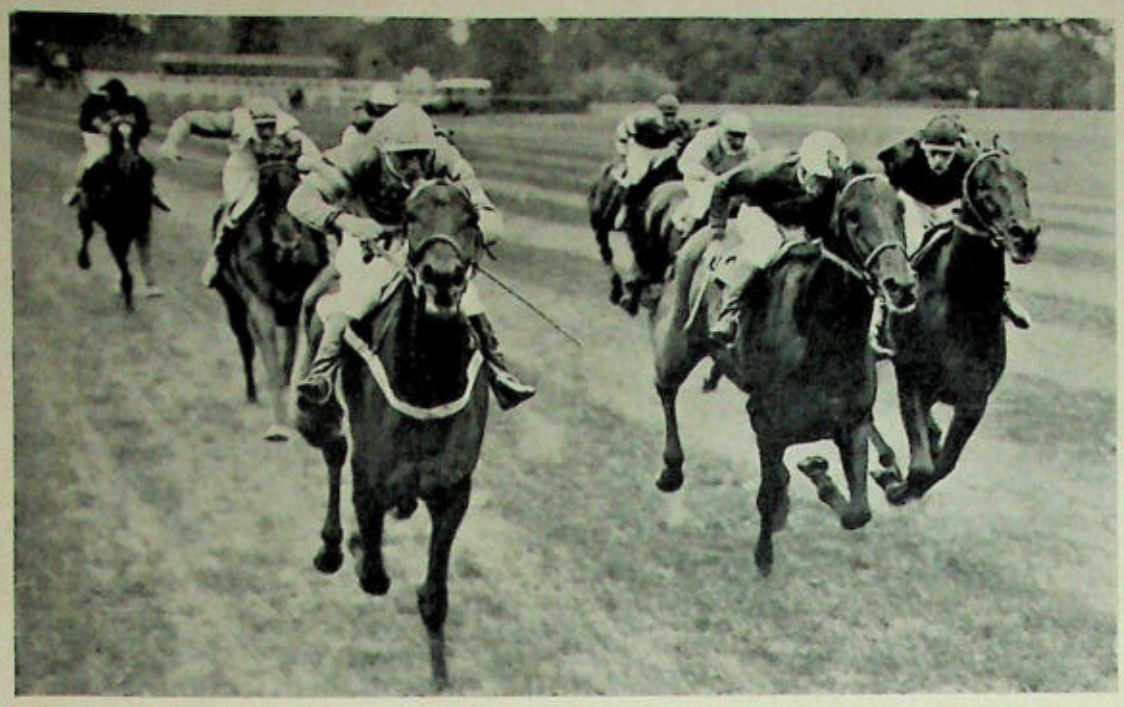
ALL too frequently one reads that certain helmsmen are the best in the country. Usually the gentlemen thus praised are the fortunate possessors of the last word in 14ft. dinghies; almost invariably they are owners of international class boats. The obvious inference from such a statement is that the international classes have a monopoly of the best talent. With this opinion I cannot agree.

In any open class it is a very difficult task to tell how much of the success of a particular boat can be attributed to the helmsman and how much to the boat herself. In a one-design class there is no such difficulty. The boats are equal; the best man wins. Yet one never reads that a consistent winner in a strong one-design class has any claim to be considered one of the "best helmsmen."

Surely this is illogical. It is generally recognised that to sail a 14-footer successfully demands skill of the very highest order. No one with any knowledge or experience of small-boat racing would attempt to deny that the dinghy men are masters of the art of handling small racing craft. All the same it should not be forgotten that other boats demand the same skill, that craft like the 12 square metres, the Snipes, and the Southend 18ft. classes—to mention but a few examples—produce helmsmen of more than average ability. He would be a rash man who would maintain that the leading dinghy helmsmen would prove superior to the leaders of these classes in their own boats.

There are, I admit, a few yachtsmen who can stake very strong claims to be considered among the best round the coast. Yachtsmen who have gained such consistent success in so many types of boats that their pre-eminence is beyond all question. The number of such brilliant all-round exponents of the art is small. Behind them there is a large number, running into dozens, of excellent helmsmen, many of whom have never had the opportunity to show their ability in first-class company.

So it is that when we see a list of the "best helmsmen," we read their names, which doubtless we know already, with mild interest. We admire their skill, and take off our hats to them as thoroughly good men at their job, but we smile to see them regarded as the best ever, though perhaps they are the best in their own classes. SNIPER.



ALL OUT IN THE WINDSOR HANDICAP
The field a quarter of a mile from home, with the winner, Spinifex (F. Fox riding), on the extreme right

AUTUMN RACING AT NEWMARKET

The Jockey Club Stakes and Other Attractions

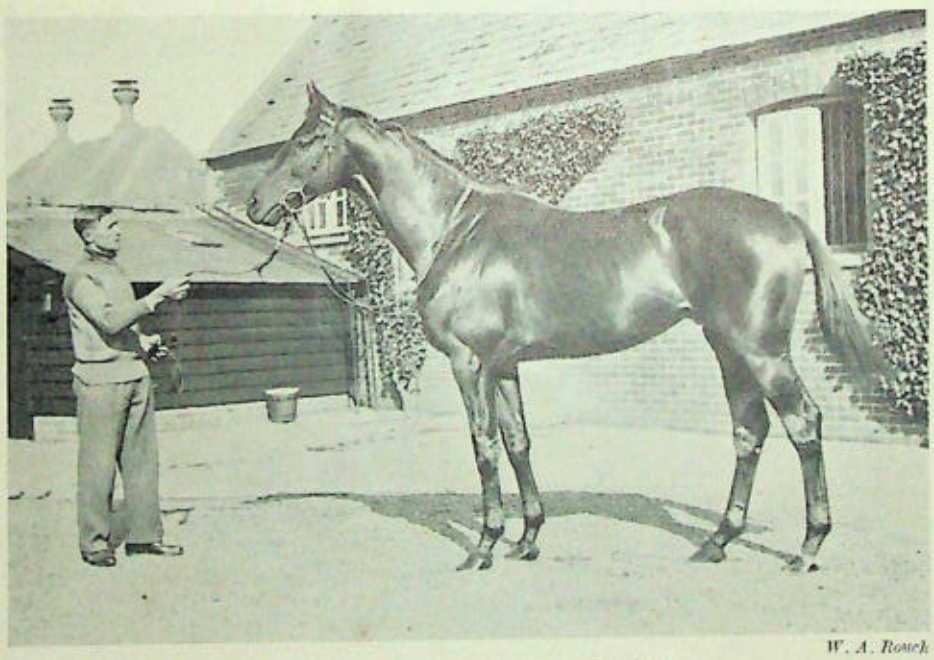
AUTUMN racing at Newmarket, which begins with the First October Meeting—on Tuesday—is looked forward to with great pleasure by keen racegoers, the only regret being that it serves to mark the approaching decline of the season. Next week's meeting will the quietest of the three, but, as usual, the sport will maintain a high level of interest. In addition, the bloodstock sales will be an attraction to many, and owners who did not secure the yearlings they require at Doncaster have an excellent opportunity here of filling the gaps.

One of the chief events in the park paddocks will be the dispersal of the yearlings bred by the late Mr. W. M. G. Singer. These include two colts by Lancegaye, who is now in the United States, where he has become famous as the sire of Cavalcade, the best of the American classic three-year-olds. There are others by Plantago, a young stallion of exceptional appearance and pedigree, whose young stock are full of promise. Then there are yearlings by Gainsborough, Son-in-Law and Hurry On, so the stud should be assured of a successful sale.

On the course most importance will attach to the Jockey Club Stakes, to be run on Thursday. Entries for this race closed late in 1931, at a time when bloodstock breeding, owing mainly to the acute industrial depression, was suffering from something of a slump. This was responsible for a pronounced falling-off in the entry for the race in question, and its value to the winner will accordingly be rather smaller than usual. Happily this melancholy phase has passed, and there has been a strong recovery in entries in all directions.

Windsor Lad was among those nominated for the Jockey Club Stakes, but he has been taken out of all engagements for the remainder of the season, and the best of the three-year-olds left in the race is Lo Zingaro. The Beckhampton colt and the rest of the English three-year-olds will be up against a French rival of genuine class in Thor II., a French Derby winner. Although a failure in last year's St. Leger, M. Boussac's colt was in front of Hyperion when finishing second in the Ascot Gold Cup, and on that form alone he will have to be seriously reckoned with at Newmarket.

Small fields will necessarily be the order in produce races, like the Buckenham and the Boscawen Stakes, but in each case we should see high-class two-year-olds in action. The Aga Khan is in the happy position of being likely to win both these events. Bobsleigh was engaged here, but it has been decided that he shall not run again this year, which means that his engagement in the Middle Park Stakes will also go. No doubt this is a wise policy in view of the set-back experienced by Lord Derby's colt as the result of a most unfortunate mishap in the stable. Assuming that eventually he will be nothing the worse for his trouble, Bobsleigh can be marked down as one of the most likely colts for the Derby of 1935.



W. A. Rouch

FANCIED FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE
Easton (Dark Legend—Phaona), which is owned by Lord Woolavington, is set to carry 9st. 2lb., but is a doubtful starter

Sir A. Bailey is naturally regretful that Tiberius is not eligible to run for the Jockey Club Stakes, but the colt will have his chance a day later in the Newmarket St. Leger. The meeting at headquarters will be followed by an important week-end fixture at Kempton Park, where the valuable Imperial Produce Stakes will be a notable feature. Invariably this race produces a strong two-year-old field, and the issue this time looks like being agreeably open. Perhaps it will afford an opportunity to the Whatcombe colt Duke John to make amends for his summer failure at Sandown, a most expensive affair to those who accepted ridiculously short prices about him.

Betting on the big autumn handicaps began to shape itself last week, but as the Cesarewitch is run on October 17th, and the Cambridgeshire a fortnight later, there is plenty of time for first impressions on those races to undergo radical changes. For the long-distance handicap the position may become less involved when the Newbury Cup has been run, while the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton will probably have some bearing on Cambridgeshire prospects. Last week-end the shortest Cesarewitch prices were those quoted about Cotoneaster, Swift and True, Solar Boy and Roi de Paris, yet it is probable that none of these will be favourite on the day of the race.

After the Doncaster Cup, Duplicate came to a relatively short price, only to slump badly as soon as it became known that the gallop on the Town Moor had jarred the limbs of Sir Charles Hyde's good colt. A change in the going, which may now come about at any moment, will exercise a big influence on the outlook for the autumn handicaps. Trainers have found it extremely difficult to give their horses the necessary work during the prolonged spell of dry weather, and the change to good going enjoyed at the successful Western Meeting at Ayr last week was greatly appreciated.

It was due to certainty of better conditions underfoot that Felicitation was sent to Scotland instead of waiting for his engagement at Newbury. The Gold Cup winner did not canter away with his race; yet he did well enough to suggest that he will be able to do himself justice when he goes to France to compete for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe next month. There he is likely to find a worthy antagonist in the shape of Baron E. de Rothschild's Brantôme, who has yet to encounter defeat.

This brilliant son of Blandford went down with coughing a week or two before the French Derby and was unfortunately unable to take part either in that race or the Grand Prix. But he reappeared successfully in the French St. Leger this month and apparently is just as good as ever he was. It is expected that he will be entered for the Ascot Cup, which suggests the possibility of his rivalry with Windsor Lad. And that would assuredly be one of the most attractive features of next year's racing.

THE OCTOBER SALES

Bloodstock from Coombe Park

FROM the Coombe Park Stud for the first October Sales Mr. C. E. Howard is sending up a representative batch of colts and fillies, all of which have been sired by the home stallion, Sunny Trace. The string numbers a dozen, and colts and fillies are equally divided. There is a chestnut colt from Juania, and a bay, already named Sun Track, which comes from Willinda, the dam of Red Wullie and Peggy's Choice. Then comes a well-made brown colt out of Willonya, a daughter of Willonyx, from Rue Time, by John o' Gaunt. Both the chestnut and the brown colts are first foals of their dams, the former being out of the Stedfast mare Buttress while the latter comes from Mamma by Manna, breeding which in itself carries a weight of appeal.

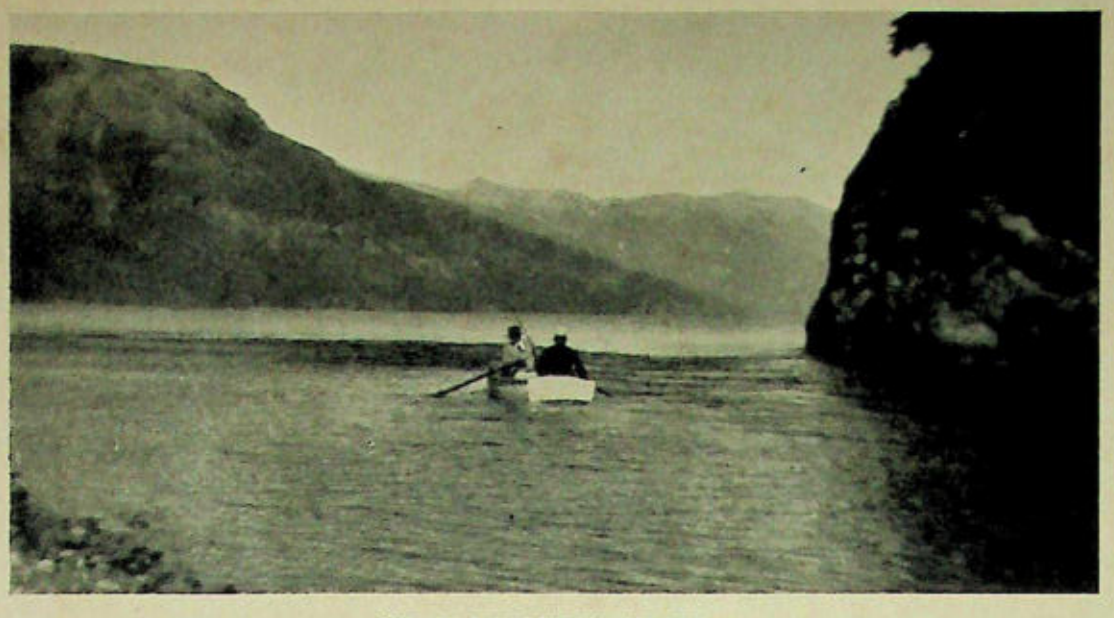
The bay colt from Sweetie is not in the *Stud Book* but his dam was a good race mare, and her first foal, Syrup, is a winner, so this well-bred colt should not lack racing capabilities.

The brown filly out of Golden Mesh is a half sister to Rapahannock, while the bay filly, whose dam is Wistful claims similar relationship to Scotch Lament, winner of three races.

When in training Sunny Rhyme won five races and was placed upon eleven occasions. So her bay filly should attract buyers, as should the brown filly from Flare Light by Flamboyant, so one can say that there is nothing wrong with her breeding.

These are a level, well-bred batch, which should find plenty of admirers when they enter the ring-side at Newmarket.

All these yearlings moreover are hard and fit, ready at once to go into a trainer's hands, and their physical fitness is a direct testimony of the care which Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Howard bestow on their young stock at the stud where the famous Willonyx stood for so long.



ONE OF THE FISHING REACHES
The river Traful in the Argentine where it flows out of the lake

SOUTH AMERICAN SALMON

The Mysterious Fish of Lake Traful

By H. S. DIXON

YEARS ago yearling salmon and American Brook Trout were being brought from Newfoundland to a fish hatchery at Bariloche, Nahuel Huapi, in the Argentine. They were at about their last gasp in the lorry tanks on reaching Traful River and, to save their lives if possible, they were jettisoned. These salmon, it is believed, do not go to the sea as the River Traful—about the size of the Aberdeenshire Dee—flows into the River Limay, a tributary of the Rio Negro, which would necessitate a journey of something under 1,000 miles to the Atlantic.

I have caught salmon from the smolt weighing 3oz. up to 3lb. in half-pound stages, all of which were returned.

My catch during four weeks' stay at the Estancia Hotel, La Primavera, Nahuel Huapi, was twenty salmon, 5lb. to 20lb., seventy American Brook Trout averaging 4¼lb. (best 6lb.), and four Rainbow trout from 2lb. to 6lb. This was the first appearance of rainbows in the River Traful since they were introduced to the lake as fry three and two years ago—they showed up two days before I left.

The scenery is marvellous amid high mountains and the climate splendid ; warm or even hot during the day and cold at night. The country is practically free from mosquitoes.

The Estancia and annexe can put up 22 guests. Everything is modern and up to date, with good bathrooms and continuous hot water ; electric light has been installed, and the cooking and food were exceptional. Fruit there was in quantity—strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, red and black currants, and all for 12 pesos a day at the Estancia, 10 pesos at the annexe—inclusive charges. It was a revelation to find such a charming place in the wilds of the Andes Steppes.

River Traful, which flows out of Lake Traful four miles from the Estancia, runs through the estate for eleven miles, and both banks are available for fishing. It is full of salmon and trout, and the lake, 20 miles long, seems to be equally well provided with fish. I caught trout at each end—from the shore, with a small spoon—all four-pounders. These waters, both river and lake, are as clear as crystal and cold—six feet deep looks like two feet.

A salmon club has been formed, with a 40 to 50 pesos yearly subscription. Only members are allowed to fish. The club intends to reserve certain pools for fly only, as up to the date of my visit spinning was the general method. Mr. D. Macrae, the Manager of the Central Cordoba Railway, Retiro, Buenos Aires, is the honorary secretary.

The Estancia, La Primavera (Mr. Guy Dawson) keeps four cars and a dozen horses for fishing guests, and charges one peso a league for a car and three pesos a day for a horse.

This Estancia is the only place for, say, 25 leagues from the rail terminus at Los Juncos, so is not likely to be spoiled, as it takes a motor nearly three-and-a-half hours to make the journey through the Enchanted Valley. For fishermen coming from England for the winter months (November/February is the best time here) there is a big choice of steamers from the Royal Mail, £160 return to the new line, National Steamship Co, £25 single. This line has four new steamers about 12,000 tons displacement, which take twelve first-class passengers only—eight single cabins and two double. Departure from Liverpool. The journey by sea for those who are inexperienced is one of the best, calm waters for three-quarters of the way always.

The tourist fare from Buenos Ayres to Los Juncos and sleeper first-class is only 167 pesos return. Forty-one hours' journey each way, then 15 pesos motor drive to the Estancia.

THE BEST FISH
Mr. H. S. Dixon, with a twenty-pounder

I have fished in a good many places on the globe, but never did I strike such a glorious spot as Traful. The salmon are as good as any in Scotland, taste, colour and shape, and the trout also are delicious to eat. The weather during my stay was almost too perfect for fishing during the day—cloudless skies and hot sun, so early morning and about sunset were the best times.

There is a talk of introducing Loch Leven trout to Lake Traful. If so, and they get acclimatized to the cold water, Loch Leven will have to look to its laurels. The lake bottom is about 2,500ft. deep in places. Little is known out here about fishing, and it was a leap in the dark for us, but we emerged in sunlight.

There are rainbow trout in the Chilian lakes and rivers on the western side of the Andes. One can get to Lago Tuchon from Correntoso and El Rincon by horse, launch and Ford cars, by resting one night. These trout run to a large size and are said to be abundant. Everything (of course barring things imported) is very cheap in Chili. The inclusive charge is, roughly, about 3 pesos a day at hotels, and fishing is practically free.

There are rainbow trout also in the Tornquist district, twelve hours by rail south from Buenos Ayres—three rivers—good pools, but not much stream. A small fishing club, La Ventana, at Tornquist, suitable for six batchelors, has been started. Ten pesos a day is the charge—we were the first guests.

Another is projected for say twelve guests in one of the finest Estancias in the Argentine, beautifully furnished, perfect grounds of 30 to 40 acres, with the River Chaco flowing through. The charge spoken of is 20 pesos per day. This is also in the Tornquist district. The present Argentine Exchange at the Buenos Aires Cambios is 21 to 22 pesos to the £.

Trout should average 1½lb. to 2lb. by next season, but the fishing is more suitable for beginners, as the trout are so unsophisticated ; they are too easily caught. My brother and I caught over 500 all on fly in three weeks.

[Our contributor's description of the latest development in these landlocked salmon of the Argentine is of especial interest, as some of the first sets of scales from these fish were sent to us by Mr. Henry Bell in the early part of 1925. Some comment on them, and a photograph of one of the scales, kindly sent by Mr. W. J. M. Menzies, appears in our issue of April 9th, 1925, p. 567.

The scales were examined for us by the late Mr. J. A. Milne, who came to the conclusion, from the formation of the growth rings on them and particularly on account of the rapid growth made, that the fish had gone to sea and returned to the Traful river where the original stocking took place. But at that date nothing much had been published about the New Zealand salmon acclimatized in Lake Te Anau, so there was no means of comparison with other *Salmo salar* south of the equator.

In 1927, an investigation undertaken independently by several experts in this country and in New Zealand showed pretty conclusively that the Te Anau fish had adopted a landlocked habit, and a comparison of the Argentine and New Zealand scales shows a great similarity in growth, except perhaps in the spawning marks which are weakly indicated in the New Zealand fish, but almost as strongly marked in those of the Argentine as in European sea-run salmon. Our own opinion, as expressed at the time, was that these fish were not sea run, and later evidence seems to confirm the view.

The fish, in fact, seem to have been bred from the American landlocked salmon of the Sebago lakes, though that in itself would not necessarily imply that their progeny would remain voluntarily landlocked, nor would the distance from the sea, some 700 miles, act as any serious deterrent to fish seeking salt water.

Our contributor's account of the local belief that the original stock was jettisoned while on its way to some other destination was also mentioned by Mr. Bell's manager in the Argentine, who sent him the scales, but a letter from Senor F. M. Barretto, published in the *Fishing Gazette*, stated that the stocking was done with great care in the tributaries of Lake Traful, Nahuel Huapi and Gutierrez in 1904 and 1905.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this experiment in acclimatization is that nothing seems to have been seen of the fish between 1904 and 1924, during which time some four or five generations of salmon must have been produced. It is, perhaps, of some interest that neither the South American nor the New Zealand introductions of Atlantic salmon from north of the equator have produced a sea-running variety.—ED.]

W. A. Rouch

WELL-BRED FOALS IN A LAVINGTON PARK PADDOCK

STALLIONS AT LAVINGTON PARK

Horses Which Have Made Racing History

LAVINGTON PARK, where Lord Woolavington has bred bloodstock for so many years, may well be termed one of the homes of the thoroughbred, for from its sheltered, wide-spreading paddocks have come winners of classic fame, which have brought added lustre to the "black and white hooped jacket, scarlet cap."

Probably one of the greatest bargains ever made in bloodstock was when Lord Woolavington purchased Hurry On from Mr. W. Murland for only 500 guineas. Unbeaten as a three-year-old, Hurry On at the stud has earned his owner many thousands of pounds, he has headed the list of winning stallions with the record sum of £59,109 in stakes, and he shares with Blandford the honour of being the only living stallion to sire three Derby winners—Captain Cuttle, Call Boy, and Coronach.

And yet the son of Marcovil and Toute Suite carries the burden of his twenty-one years jauntily enough, though when I saw him in his box at the Lavington Stud, one could still see that his impetuous nature was not curbed, nor was the fiery will subdued. Mr. Fred Darling was one of the few who could ride Hurry On in training days.

Hurry On has left an indelible mark on the General Stud Book, his descendants are to be found in every racing stable and at very nearly every stud farm, and it seems that the stout running blood of his ancestry will be carried on by his son Press Gang, which stands at the same stud as his distinguished sire. There are those, and my judgment concurs with this opinion, who hold that Press Gang was the best colt of his year, and if it had not been for a training mishap it is more than possible that he would have been cheered home as a Derby winner. And why not? A well-balanced and truly moulded son of Hurry On, carrying his sire's chesnut coat livery, with an off foreleg and near hind with plenty of white, Press Gang is a representative type of thoroughbred with his strong hocks, level back, good forehand, which in itself betokens a nice length of rein and freedom of movement. He is, in short, one of those stallions which are bound to make a name for themselves. Did not his dam Fifinella win both the war time Derby and Oaks? And was not the same good mare by Polymelus from Silver Fowl, by Wildfowler, out of L'Argent, by Jacobite? This is breeding which surely should appeal to every student of the science, and which moreover applied to excellent conformation should prove to be an effectual advertisement (that is not a word I like, but let it pass) for the stud performance of Press Gang.

If further proof of Press Gang's prowess at stud be required, his foals of this year will prove that he gets the right kind of stock. It is indeed highly probable that this typical son of Hurry On will one day be the sire of a classic winner.

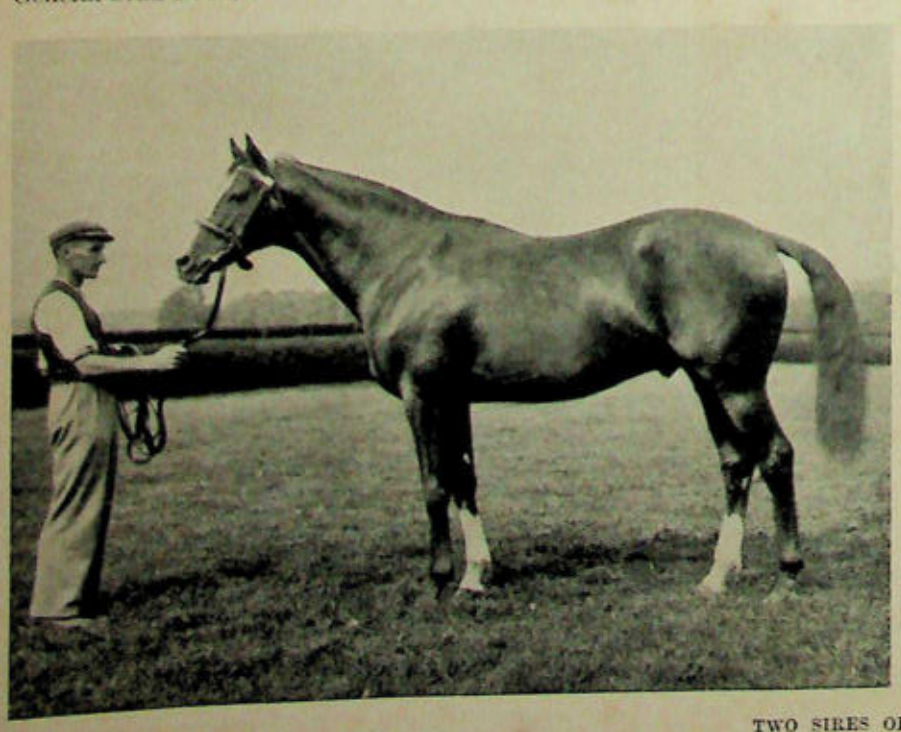
And so to the Westerlands Stud, the home of Coronach and Colorado Kid. One does not quite know what to say of Coronach. He was, I suppose, one of the best Derby and St. Leger winners which we have seen since the war, but his racecourse deeds have exceeded his success as a sire.

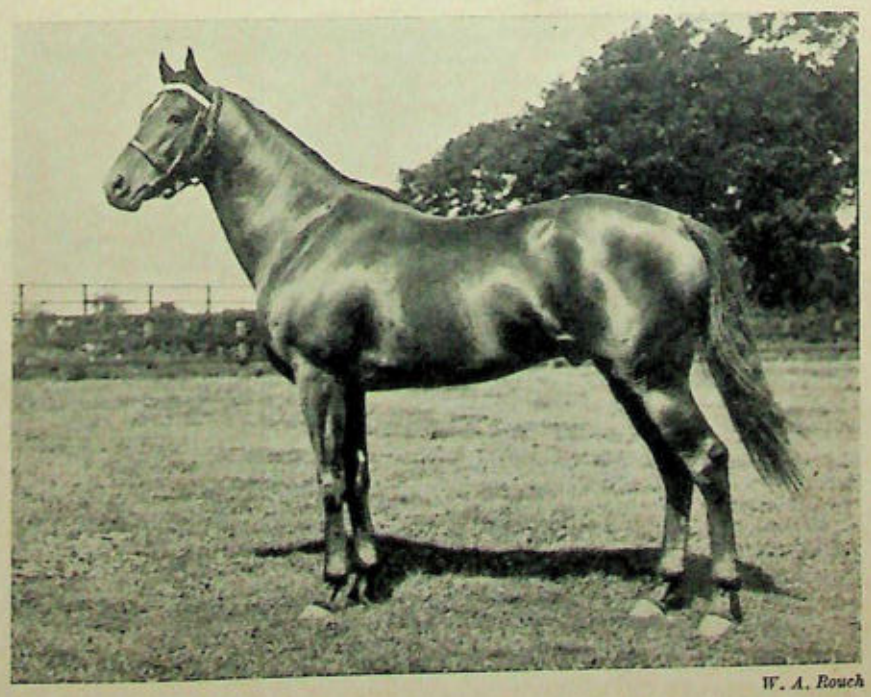
The remaining addition to the Westerlands Stud is not a home-bred one. But Lord Woolavington, believing in his shrewd judgment of only securing the best, paid a heavy sum for Colorado Kid, and I am sure this was an advantageous purchase.

Claiming Colorado—by whose early demise British bloodstock breeders suffered an irreparable loss—as a sire and Baby Polly as a dam, this horse, to my mind, seems to combine all the characteristics of the two famous families from which he claims descent. After all, he descends in tail male from Pretty Polly, only beaten once in Great Britain, while his racing versatility from five furlongs to two miles has never been equalled in our time.

So here is a new stallion to enrich the Lavington Park Stud with new blood, especially as Colorado Kid is a well-made bay with the best of shoulders, a good middle-piece, and a strong loin. His hocks may be a little away from him, but against this one can counterbalance the fact that Colorado Kid possesses good limbs and, perhaps most important of all, a typically masculine appearance. Surely this is one of the main attributes of any stallion?

WILLIAM FAWCETT.





W. A. Rouch

TWO SIRES OF GREAT PROMISE

Press Gang (Hurry On—Fifinella), which stands at the Lavington Park Stud, and (right), Colorado Kid (Colorado—Baby Polly), whose home is the Westerlands Stud, where four parishes adjoin

CONTROLLING THE BOWLER

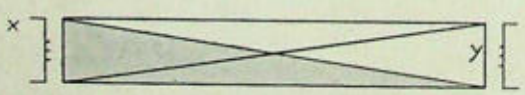
A Remedy for Leg-Theory Troubles?

MANY cricketers must have rubbed their eyes with astonishment when they saw published in the Press a diagram of a cricket pitch marked with diagonal lines, rather like one of the old "hour glass" lawn tennis courts, and learned that this was a scheme claimed as a complete remedy for all the troubles that have arisen in connection with fast leg-side bowling. The idea, in brief, seems to be to draw lines from opposite corners of the popping crease, at points equal to the width of the bowling crease (8ft. 8in.), so that the lines would cross in the middle of the pitch. To a right-hand batsman, the bowler would be no-balled for pitching the ball anywhere on the right-hand side of the line running from his left-hand side to the leg side of the batsman. To a left-hand batsman he would similarly be no-balled if the ball pitched anywhere on the left-hand side of the other diagonal line.

If it were not that the scheme has been brought forward by so famous a cricketer as Mr. Arthur Mailey, the old Australian Test player, it could hardly have got as far as a private trial at Lord's, at which those who witnessed it were apparently polite enough to raise no material objection. In some ways it is certainly ingenious. Under ordinary circumstances, it would check bowlers from pitching the ball less than half-way down the wicket on the leg side, but would not hinder the exploitation of good-length bowling on the leg side. That is, at least, the theory of it. In practice, it is a little different.

A bowler who *wanted* to pitch the ball less than half-way and direct it at the batsman would knock the bottom out of the scheme at once by bowling from the outside limit of the bowling crease, as a line drawn from that extremity to the batsman's leg stump will clearly show. On the other hand, the Larwoods and Voces do not always need to pitch the ball less than half-way to make it rise in the direction of the batsman's head. And, human nature being what it is, so sure as any rule were made restricting the freedom of bowling, bowlers would be using their arts in other ways to defeat it. A man who could turn the ball from the off at any pace would still be able to bowl "bumpers" towards the batsman's body if he wished.

Mr. Mailey says that the umpire at the bowler's end could watch the ball without any difficulty to judge whether it pitched on the right or the



X BOWLER. Y BATSMAN.

MR. ARTHUR MAILEY'S PROPOSED MARKING OF THE PITCH

wrong side of the diagonal line. Has he, I wonder, mentioned that to any first-class umpires? They might explain carefully to him that they are already asked to do a well-nigh impossible combination of things—to see at the moment of delivery that the bowler's foot is not dragged over the bowling crease, and that his delivery is otherwise fair, and in the next fraction of a second to see whether the ball pitches straight between wicket and wicket in case of appeal for l.b.w., and in another instant to be prepared to say whether the ball touched the bat or not in case of appeal for a catch.

Ask them also to decide whether the ball pitches an inch or two on the right or the wrong side of a converging line, and Mr. Mailey's "without any difficulty" appears at least a little optimistic. We should only then want an alteration in the l.b.w. rule to make things really jolly for umpires.

Cricket has so far thriven on its freedom from restrictions, and the fact that it is played the same way on village greens and on club, country house and other grounds the world over. Even if we might think that Mr. Mailey's scheme would remedy what is a very much exaggerated trouble in Test and county cricket, is it conceivable that it could be applied to, or is wanted by, any other grade of cricketers? To think only of Oxford v. Cambridge or Eton v. Harrow played at Lord's with such trappings of whitewash is merely ludicrous; in club and village cricket it would be farcical.

No, Mr. Mailey! It would be a bad day for cricket if it ever came to such schemes as this, and equally so if county and Test cricket were ever played under different rules from other grades in the game. In the past, if the ruling authorities have considered that a new practice or development was not in the best interests of the game, they have only had to say so and all cricketers have abided by their decision. Confidence in this unanimous support has, perhaps, been a little shaken by the persistence of batsmen in the excessive use of their pads to protect their stumps in spite of official deprecations of the practice; but there is no reason to doubt that if the authorities consider it necessary in the interests of the game to make any definite pronouncement about leg-side bowling all cricketers will abide by it.

L. B. W.

WHAT IS RINGCRAFT?

Prettiness v. Skill and Punch

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NEL TARLETON failed to regain the Featherweight Championship of the World for England. He was favourite, but the result could have been no surprise to any thinking man. The very fact that Miller, the champion, was prepared to journey 3,000 miles and more to defend his title in a strange country—and before a strange referee—argued supreme confidence in his ability to win decisively. He did so. Indeed I doubt if Tarleton won so many as four rounds. But it is not the fact that he won so much as the manner of his winning that is of importance.

We should learn a great deal from this fight would we but settle down to study it. In this country we lay great store on "prettiness" in the ring. We like a good upright stance, a beautiful straight left, pretty footwork and flashy speed. If we can also have punch so much the better, but style is of more importance.

Some years ago we produced a world champion who had all these things. His name was Jim Driscoll. We can never forget him. Unfortunately Driscolls are born but once in every hundred years or so, and the fact that we try to model all our champions on Driscoll is the reason why we fail so consistently. Wells had most of Driscoll's attributes—and was a most ignominous failure.

Tarleton seemed to have all the attributes of a world champion in English eyes—skill, speed of footwork, a punch, and great physical advantages. His skill was not comparable to that of Miller. He covered more ground at a greater pace, but he was by no means so fast as Miller. His punch in comparison to that of the American was a mere tap. He was pretty to watch—and Miller was not. But Miller is a world champion—and Tarleton is not. Why? Because Miller is a great boxer, an absolute master of ringcraft, and the possessor of a real punch.

Ringcraft is a very different thing from skill. No one would deny that Tarleton is a very skilful boxer; no one would deny that Tarleton is very fast—certainly faster than Miller. But he was made to appear slow, and all his skill would not keep out the heavy punching of the American. Miller was altogether too great a ringcraftsman for Tarleton. That—and, of course, the punch—is the story of that fight.

Tarleton showed magnificent courage. So no doubt would Petersen in face of Baer. Courage does not bring world titles. We will continue to breed brave men no doubt, and every now and then we will produce a man with a real punch like Petersen. But until we produce a real ringcraftsman—no matter what his style may be—we will not win world championships.

In recent years we have produced no end of straight left, stand-up-and-box "champions," but only one world champion of note—Kid Lewis. No one could call Lewis good to watch from the point of view of style. But no one would deny that he was a great champion and a master of ringcraft.

There is in England to-day no master of ringcraft, though we would be justified in calling Harvey a ringcraftsman. Let us, therefore, gain all we can from the visit of this American, who deserves to rank high in the list of world champions. If all our champions—and would-be champions, from Petersen downwards—were to spend some time in a close study of Miller and his methods we might one day produce another Lewis, possibly even another Driscoll.

One thing is certain: for just so long as we continue to hail each of our English champions as potential world champions we shall not produce a world champion. We must—in addition to realising the real essentials of the art of boxing—acquire a sense of proportion. We must realise that an English champion is champion of a small country, and that he has become champion in the face of very limited and not necessarily skilful opposition. We must realise, too, that America is a very large country, and that its champions have met with very considerable opposition, some of which—by the law of averages—is certain to be very skilful.

Tarleton put up a courageous fight against a man who was infinitely superior to him in every way. We can learn from his defeat without becoming depressed. We *can* learn how to win next time. But will we learn?

NEXT WEEK will be published

THE SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER OF THE "FIELD"

This issue will contain the Annual Table of Hunts, giving particulars of Mastership, etc., of Staghounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Otter Hounds, and include special literary features, together with colour plates of hunting subjects by well-known artists.

ENO'S HUNTING COMPETITION

On October 6th Messrs. Eno's are publishing as a competition a full-page hunting problem picture by Lionel Edwards, R.I. Entries from "Field" readers are invited, and Messrs. Eno's are presenting several prizes. The competition will be judged by Mr. Lionel Edwards in conjunction with the Hunting Editor of the "Field."

The entries will be marked "Eno's Hunting Competition," and addressed to the Hunting Editor, The "Field," Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

FIELD TRIALS

Pointers and Setters in Devon

THE Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter Society held their twelfth working trials at Pynes, near Exeter, by invitation of Lady Rosalind Northcote, on September 12th and 13th. The judge was Mr. W. East, and the results were:

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Nagle's red Irish setter d. Sulhamstead Snip D'Or; 2nd and 3rd, Mr. F. Miller's pointer b. Tiverton Bertha and pointer d. Tiverton Kye; reserve, Mr. William Humphrey's setter d. Horsford Count Gay; certificate of merit, Mrs. Holt's pointer d. Menaifron Ryder.

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. William Humphrey's English setter d. Horsford Count Gay; 2nd, Miss A. M. Prior's English setter b. Bright of the Boreen; 3rd, Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish setter d. Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or; reserve, Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish setter b. Sulhamstead Valette D'Or; certificates of merit, Mr. William Humphrey's English setter b. Horsford Countess Dusty; Captain N. Colville's English setter b. Fresco Fashion, pointer d. Stylish Reg, and Irish setter d. Penheale Don; Mrs. Holt's pointer b. Menaifron Bee; Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish setter d. Sulhamstead Snip D'Or; Mrs. R. M. Foot's Irish setter b. Beorcham Clio and Irish setter d. Beorcham Clansman; Mr. G. H. Johnstone's pointer d. Trewithen Sandie; and Mrs. Bernard Yeoward's pointer d. Bryn Moor Newsboy.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish setter b. Cloghan Belle and Irish setter d. Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or; 2nd, Miss A. M. Prior's English setter b. Bright of the Boreen and setter b. Bonny of the Boreen; 3rd, Captain N. Colville's pointer d. Tiverton Loyalty and pointer d. Stylish Reg.

AUTUMN PURSUITS IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH

A SEPTEMBER MORN IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Spectators and competitors at the Devon and West Cornwall Field Trials at Pynes, near Exeter

A CATCH FROM THE TAY

Lord Charles Hope with an Autumn salmon caught on the Stobhall water

AT THE EDINBURGH RACES

Earl Haig with his sister, Lady Alexandra Haig and Miss Mills

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THOUGHTS ON PARTRIDGE SHOOTING

Some Useful Hints on Driving and Walking-Up

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

OVER THE WALL
Retrieving to the headkeeper at Sherborne Park, Dorset

LOCAL and seasonal variations must always be determinate factors in game preservation problems. On big properties in years of plenty it may conceivably be imperative in the interests of stocks to shoot and shoot hard throughout an entire season. But, subject to this reservation, most people nowadays subscribe to the doctrine that where partridges are concerned, shooting should be restricted, if not entirely suspended, after Christmas.

It is generally recognised that in a mild winter birds may begin to pair in January, and that to prejudice the prospects of a generation yet unborn for the sake of a few extra brace, is a suicidal policy. But we are seldom reminded that, even though we conform to this unwritten law, our potential breeding stocks will suffer no less severely in the long run, if partridges are harassed too much early in the season.

In this connection, the owners of shoots of moderate or limited acreage are confronted with a set of problems more abstruse than those which pertain to large partridge manors on which driving never has and never can be other than beneficial. Modern farming methods, the sparseness of cover, and the decline in cultivation have increased the difficulties of walking-up birds, while those of driving small and unsuitable areas are too patent to call for enumeration here.

In a struggle for existence under conditions incomparable with those of a generation ago, the partridge has become a wilder bird. With his baptism of fire he becomes fully alive to the wisdom of thenceforward rising out of shot, and so his pursuer not unnaturally argues that unless he makes hay while the sun shines there may be no hay to make. In other words, he is sorely tempted to get as high a yield as possible in the first few days out, and to seek recompense in a good year for disappointments in the past.

All well and good, so long as it is not overdone, but the longer my experience of my own small shoot, the more am I impressed with the conviction that to overdo it is the one supremely easy thing in shooting.

Let us suppose, as often happens, that, after a day or so's walking-up, the birds become so unapproachable as to render driving a necessity. Well, hereabouts there is ample reason for not deferring driving till October, by which time most of the existing clover, rape and turnips will have disappeared and the rough marsh grass will have been eaten off by cattle. But what we so often forget in these late September days is to adapt our driving methods to the capacity of the birds. Temperature, I think, has a much greater effect on young partridges than many people suppose, and if the weather is outrageously hot and the birds at all backward, their stamina is not equal to constant pressure backwards and forwards for long hours on end.

Driving tactics on a small shoot necessarily differ considerably from those on a wide area. Where there are any amount of birds the fact that several coveys "gang agley" does not unduly worry the master of ceremonies, for he knows very well that he can find them again when he wants them.

Not so where boundaries are narrow and cover intermittent. Success then depends as much on the steps taken to influence the birds' direction *after* they have passed the guns as it does on those employed to put the maximum number over in a single beat. So that, assuming for the sake of argument, that our director of operations is a skilled tactician, we shall get the same birds over twice, possibly three times, in the day in a series of short drives, finishing up in the afternoon with a rather more comprehensive sweep over ground which has been made good in the morning.

Now, the major factors which influence the flight of partridges (apart from their own inclination to travel in the wrong direction) the configuration of the ground, adjacent holding cover, the direction and strength of the wind and their own physical fitness and, to my mind, the most important of all is the last. It may be argued that to send coveys on two or three long distance journeys in the day should inflict no hardship. Granted in respect of birds of a ripe experience. But what of youngsters, only just full grown, which are chivvied from pillar to post on a blazing day in face of a strong head wind, and then rounded up for a final dusting in the evening.

Here, I suggest, is the point of most importance. In an overlong day these last drives are undertaken as often as not in a failing light. The birds are tired, but so are the guns, and the chances of human error are thereby increased to a very great extent. Driven partridges are never easy; when they can scarcely be distinguished from their background they are supremely difficult. Could we guarantee that where we did not kill we should miss clean, my argument would fall to the ground, but unfortunately under such conditions we are much more liable to the unhappy medium. And this is exactly where, I suggest, our potential breeding stock suffers —in the number of young birds which get away, pricked to the extent that, if they are not actually rendered sterile, at any rate their virility is seriously impaired.

Under normal conditions to expect a pair of partridges to rear to maturity a brood of ten is to make a very conservative estimate of their capacity, so that it does not take a highly-skilled mathematician to reckon up potential losses if 30 or 40 birds are pricked to the detriment of their reproductive powers. On a small shoot it may make all the difference to a season's prospects, and in any case I think this is a point which deserves more consideration than it usually receives.

A LOST BIRD
Walking-up partridges on a Cotswold Shoot

WELL BROUGHT TO HAND
Another picture from Sherborne Park

TO THE NORTH WOODS IN SEARCH OF BEAVER

WITH A CANOE IN MINNESOTA

By HELEN SETH-SMITH

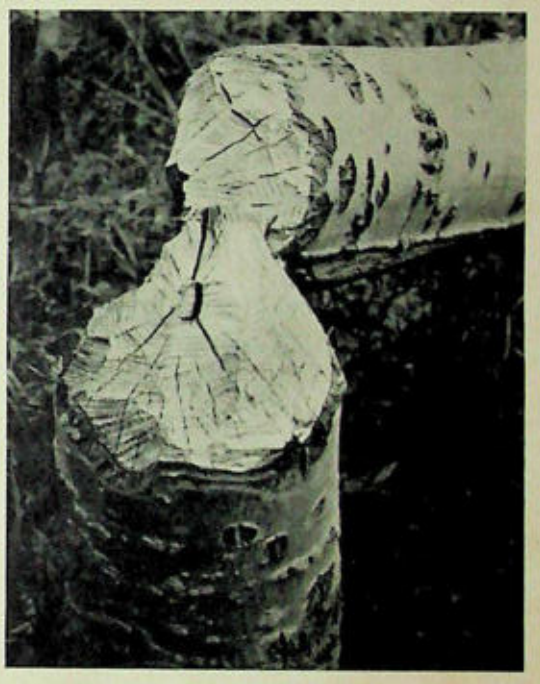
IT came about that, after three months of glorious camping in New York State, a friend and I thought we would go off to Northern Minnesota, that land of forest and lake where two years ago we had revelled in a most exciting and never-to-be-forgotten canoe trip. Why not do it again? We had a month's holiday. Was it worth it?

Our friends gave us plenty of help and advice, telling us that to travel 3,000 miles to and from Minnesota for a mere fortnight in the woods was absurd as well as extravagant. We were silent, we knew our North woods, and we knew we could not keep away from them much longer. There was so much that called us—the forest, the animals, the simple living, the freedom, the fun and adventure. We were young, we had a month, we had a car and 500 dollars! So off we went.

We picked up provisions and stores for our two weeks' canoe trip at Grand Marais, the last little town on the north shore of Lake Superior. Then we set off over the Gunflint Trail into the wilderness of lakes and forest. We took a guide, one Jimmie by name, famous for his knowledge of the country, his love for the woods and animals, his joy and skill in living. He provided the canoe, the food packs, cooking utensils, axe and fishing tackle. He carried a revolver on his belt just in case "you get extra hungry and the stores run low!"

THE BEAVERS' WORLD AT SUNSET

Note the "lodge" in foreground. Of the other photographs that on the left shows lack of co-operation. One beaver was cutting at normal height from the ground while the other was sitting on an old log. They each cut more than half of the trunk without felling the tree. The photograph on right shows a 14in. aspen cut by beavers



We loaded the canoe one clear, crisp morning towards the middle of September, and embarked, one of us "bow," and the other "passenger" at the bottom of the canoe, wedged in between the packsacks! Jimmie took "stern." We swung our paddles in and out of the rippling mirrored water, we caught the rhythm of the strokes, moved swiftly across the lake, the forest of pine, fir, spruce, balsam, birch and aspen standing still all around us.

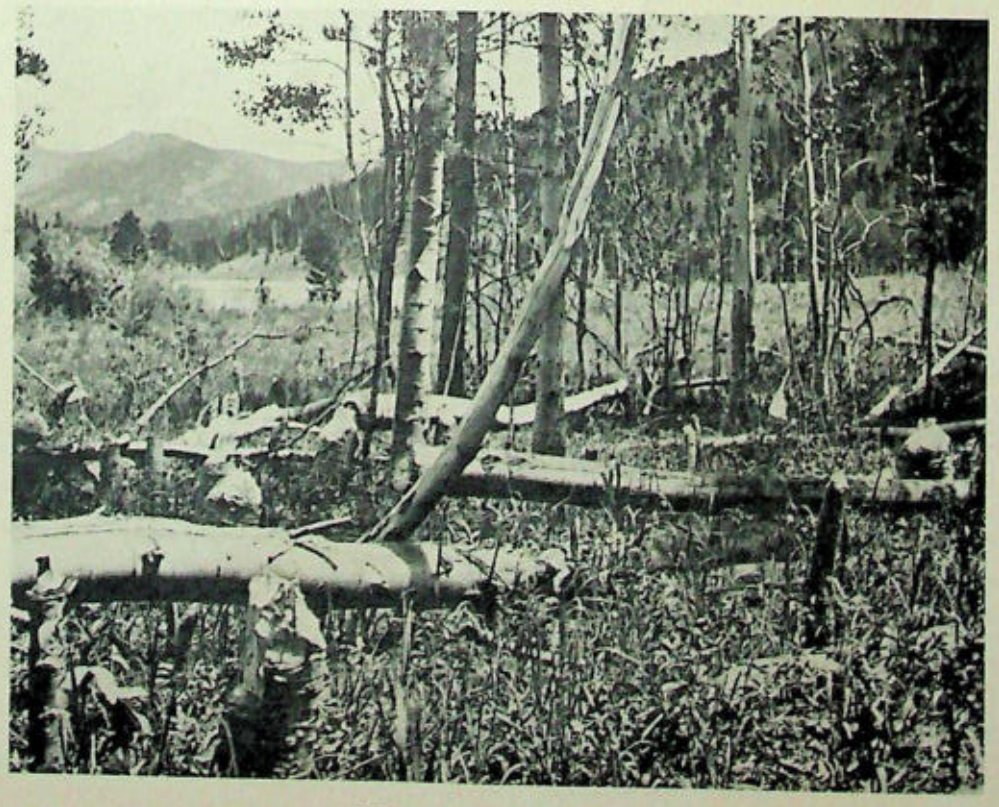
A loon laughed and dived, wild duck skimmed the water round the point of overhanging cedars. We portaged from one lake to another in true "voyageur" style. We carried our belongings on our backs, Jimmie taking the canoe and the heavy food packs; we followed the forest trail, which was sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes clear and sometimes overhung with branches or barred by fallen trees. Sunlight filtered through in long slanting rays that caught up the birch trunks and the soft green mosses.

There was great stillness with occasional rustlings, scuttlings, thumpings and jumpings as squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, porcupine, fox and deer moved away from the human smell. We saw the flash of the blue jay's wings, the black and white flickers running up the trunks of pine or fir; we laughed at the chickadees chasing one another from branch to branch and from tree to tree. We watched the partridge and the spruce-hen amble their stately way from under our very feet. We heard the cock of the woods, the pileated woodpecker, signal his raucous note of disapproval at the human disturbance of his peaceful sovereignty.

We paddled and portaged through the day, and made our camps at night in ample time to put up our tents, cut down the balsam branches for our beds, and collect sufficient firewood for our supper, camp fire and breakfasts. We were free to explore and discover who were our neighbours, how they lived, where they lived, and this to us was almost the best part of our days.

Always we had wanted to see and understand that most clever of all animals, the beaver. Were we going to let the chance slip by when we had a guide who knew more about beaver and their habits than many a great animal historian? Assuredly not! We had much to learn. We had to know what a beaver lodge looked like, whereabouts you would find it, whether it was inhabited, how these lodges were made what a beaver looked like, how he worked, what he ate, what his families were like. This may sound easy to the uninitiated, but not to one who knows the beaver! Field glasses, unlimited patience, and a keen sense of humour are necessary adjuncts for the would-be beaver-watcher.

On this canoe trip we would often stay several nights in one place so as to prospect by day and watch by evening or early morning. We explored the surrounding country and found it was good for beaver. There were plenty of aspen and birch trees, his very favourite trees. We would anxiously scan the banks of the little lakes for a mass of piled-up skinned branches, twigs and sticks. That would be a beaver lodge. If green leaves showed from these seemingly chaotic heaps, we knew the beavers were in residence, for the leaves and bark and young twigs of the aspen are his chief foods.



THE BEAVERS' HARVEST

An aspen thicket where beavers have been at work

One particularly beautiful afternoon we left our little camp about 4 p.m. in our canoe. We paddled around several islands, finding our way to a quiet bay where we had seen signs of occupation that morning. Softly, softly we crept over the still waters, feeling bewildered at the brilliance of the shadows and reflections from the trees and rocks by the water's edge. Our eyes strained in every direction for the sign of a black head moving on the surface of the water. "What was that?" "Where?" Jimmie, of course, had seen something. We glided nearer and nearer, we distinctly saw a nose above water with the tell-tale rippling wake behind. He seemed to be swimming at

A BEAVER SWIMMING, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT AT NIGHT

us; we held our breath. Would he board the canoe?

His eyes set rather far back on his head were calm, his very black nose glistened, his long hairs gave him a walrus appearance (we learnt afterwards that these long outer hairs are the water-guard hairs protecting the underlying soft brown fur); the tension was taut, he was almost to the canoe—smack! splash! He had gone. "Where?" Eagerly we peered around for some seconds in vain, then, some distance away, we saw him. We paddled gently in his direction, he let us come fairly near, then just as our hearts were once more in our mouths, smack! and he was away below the water. His tail—thick, hairless and rather seal-like—gave this loud smacking noise as he dived below—a warning to all other beavers in the neighbourhood.

Again we got close to him; again we waited for the great smack. This time, before he went under, we saw a distinct wink, and we knew he was playing decoy. There were other more important events happening around the shores, so we slipped quietly away, drew in our paddles and sat listening to every sound. Some minutes passed. "Do you hear the kits?" asked Jimmie. (Kits is the name for the young beaver.) It took some moments to distinguish anything from the many different forest noises. As we glided along the side of the shore to the untidy heap of peeled logs and sticks, we heard the queerest gruntings and gnawings.

Our luck was in, a family was out on the bank, one large beaver giving his young a lesson in "the art of eating." He had a small twig grasped in his paw, he stripped off the bark swiftly and neatly. He grunted, the two babies squeaked. He moved towards an aspen log lying nearby and started to gnaw; the babies followed suit, perhaps learning the use of the two great molars! More grunts and continual gnawing, then from below the bank and under the untidy pile came more insistent squeaks, the kits regretfully shambled to the water's edge, noiselessly slipped in and somehow found their front door.

Next evening off we went to a little pond Jimmie knew of. It was desolate country all around; bare trees and stumps stood out of marshland, fallen decaying trees floated about. "Beaver damming," whispered Jimmie, as we crept up a little narrow channel in our canoe. We landed, quietly clambering over some rocks into the forest; then, unfortunately, I stepped on a snapping twig. Smack! goes the warning signal from the pond nearby.

We crept on all fours to the water's edge. Yes, there was a head. We lay patiently, mosquitoes biting every uncovered spot. We watched the black nose swim slowly towards a dam across "the narrows." He came up, heaved himself on to a log, took a look round, sniffed the air, did not seem satisfied, slipped noiselessly below the surface again, swam around till we were frantic with willing him back. It was only when we happened to glance back at the dam that we saw another shape on the log sniffing and nibbling. The first was merely a decoy attracting our attention.

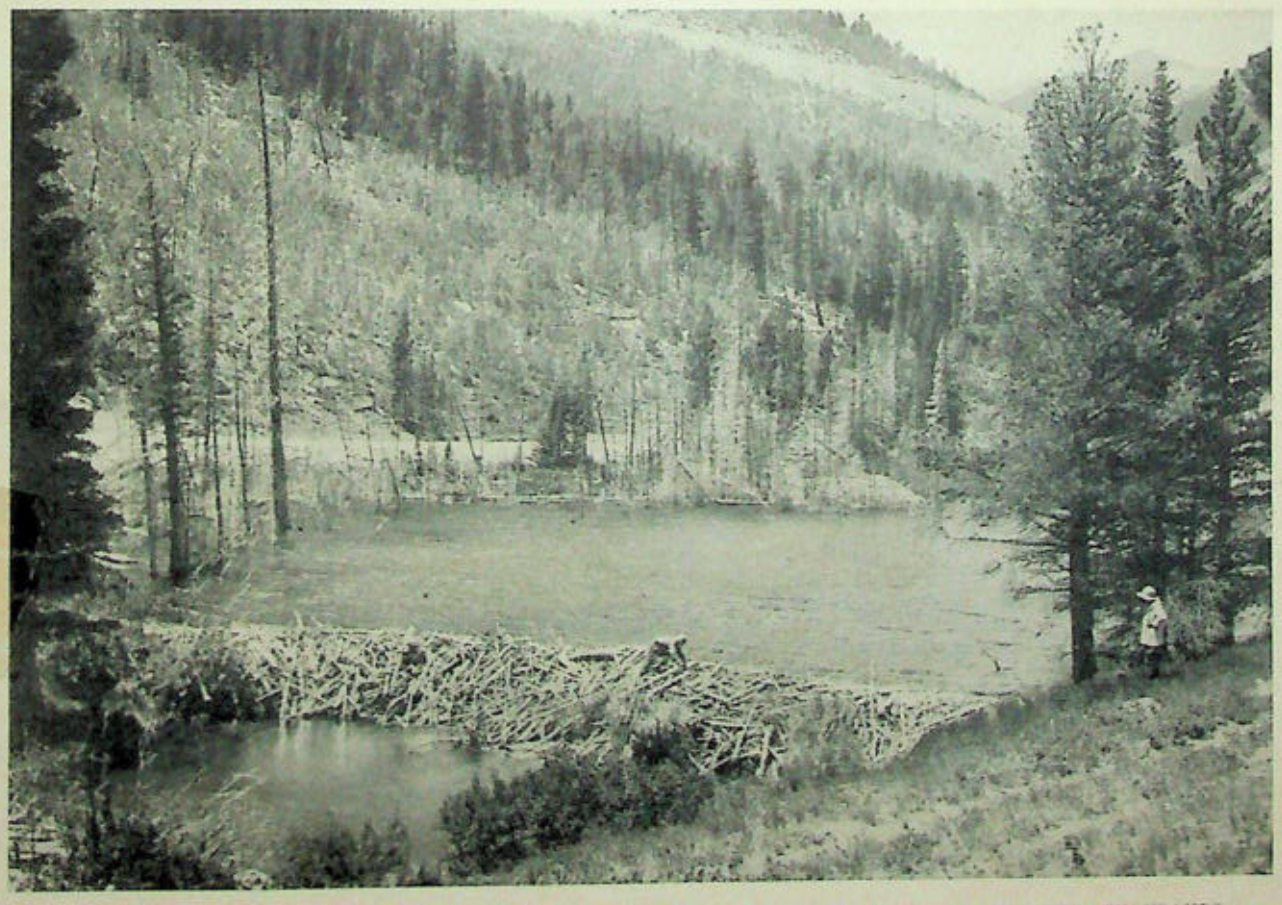
Back to the dam we glued our eyes—yes, there he was pulling up a log out of the water into position on the dam. We were fascinated, his little paws gripping the log, his tail acting as a rudder pushing him up from the water. The beaver's tail may be ugly, but it is undoubtedly full of uses. It acts as a rudder and propels him through the water at great speed; it gives him extra support when needed and signals danger as it smacks the water when he somersaults below!

We spent altogether over an hour watching this tribe, two or three swimming about on guard, while one worked on the dam; we would have stayed longer, but darkness fell; we paddled in and out of narrows, across a big lake, a little lake, and so home. We often heard the "danger smack," and sometimes we glided in beside a big lodge. There we would listen to the different noises and try to distinguish the old from the "kits," the scoldings, the lessons and the mealtime sounds!

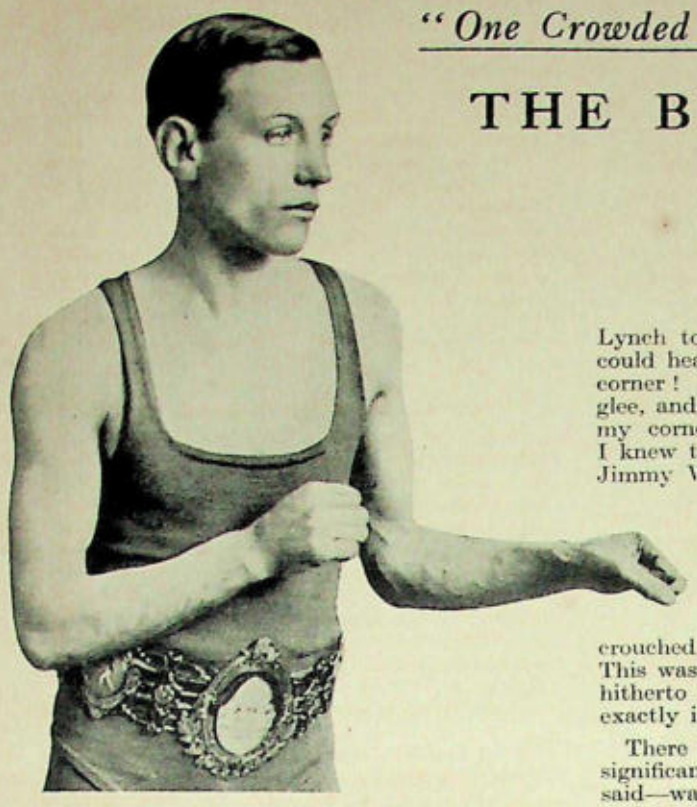
At night we often sat late round the fire, talking of beaver and their habits. Jimmie told us of their engineering powers and of the way they had of completely altering the level of the lake, should it suit their convenience. "The beaver looks around for a nice little chain of lakes or some quiet bay surrounded by aspen and birch trees. He finds a good spot for the prospective lodge, but the water is perhaps too low or too high to completely suit. He dams up the narrow channel between the lakes, lowering the height of the water in one lake, flooding the other; the water reaches the banks to a level he considers necessary and he starts to build his lodge.

"Having found a bank to suit his convenience, he goes off collecting a mass of mud and sticks, and with others of his tribe works this into a huge rounded roof. He brings mud up in his paws to mix with the sticks. This goes on for days and days. When it is all solid, firm and secure, he gets busy from the underneath, scooping out his entrance from below the water and gnawing upward through the mud and sticks he has plastered together."

Time slipped by, our fortnight was nearly over. We were getting used to the forest sounds and smells and ways of living. Our eyes were always discovering new things. It was with very real sorrow that we finally portaged our last trail and paddled over the last lake to the Gunflint Trail that was to lead us back to the busy world.



A VERY STRONG BEAVER DAM, SMARTLY CURVED AGAINST THE STREAM AND HOLDING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WATER



"One Crowded Hour"

THE BEST FIGHT I EVER FOUGHT

My Return Bout With Lynch

By JIMMY WILDE

WHICH was the greatest victory I ever achieved? Frequently this question has been fired at me. I have never before troubled to supply the answer. For you must remember that since I was a wisp of a lad of sixteen I have fought over 500 battles in the ring, never meeting a rival of my own weight, 6st. 4lb., but always tackling bantams, feathers, lights and even welter-weights.

Now that I can reflect upon my hectic career I can say definitely that my greatest winning fight was against the American bantam champion, Joe Lynch, for a purse of £2,400 at the old National Sporting Club at Covent Garden in 1919. What a wonderful night that was! The small theatre—it did not accommodate more than 1,500 spectators—was packed together with Britain's most distinguished sportsmen, including "The Prince." There was an atmosphere in that historic and exclusive building that will never be captured again.

Lynch was reared in the Irish quarter of New York. A handsome sandy-complexioned boy he was, magnificently built, with blue speedwell eyes and a punch that was charged with dynamite. I can see him now, shy and disarming, when the Prince of Wales stepped into the ring to shake hands with us. And behind him stood Eddie McGoorty, greatest of American middleweights, the shrewd boxer who first told me to take notice of a young fellow coming along named Jack Dempsey!

Lynch was no stranger to me. I had outpointed him over three rounds in the Inter-Allied Tournament at the end of the War at the Royal Albert Hall. But he seemed a formidable giant this time as I glanced at his well-trained body. The thought raced through my mind: "He's going to give me a lot of trouble. He's a tough fellow. But I shall beat him."

And beat him I did, but it was a tremendous struggle for fifteen pulsating rounds. A fight with the fortunes fluctuating. The Americans were sure that Lynch had won. Several prominent members said they were sure Lynch *could* have won had he not been so apprehensive throughout the contest of my knock-out punch. And his chief second, McGoorty, kept whispering and imploring Lynch to be careful of my right-hand punch. I could hear the advice given to Lynch in my own corner! But the late James White was full of glee, and he chuckled and laughed and shouted in my corner: "You're winning easily, Jimmy!" I knew this myself without being told by excited Jimmy White.

Lynch certainly fought a marvellous fight. He looked twice as big as I did, with his determined face and powerful shoulders. It often has been said that he could have beaten me, because he stood nearly 6 inches taller! But Lynch crouched exceedingly low throughout the fight. This was a curious change in his stance, because hitherto he had always stood upright and fought exactly in a style similar to Jim Driscoll.

There was never a dull moment, although it is significant that Lynch—twice my size as I have said—was warned at least a dozen times for holding and as many times for "laying on." It was in the first round the Irish-American exposed his most obvious weakness. I had scored freely with right upper-cuts, straight lefts and body blows, and Lynch began boxing on the defensive. He started ducking as low as any boxer could possibly do. And I knew then I had the fight in my pocket. I was surprised that the American bantam champion was consciously showing inferior methods. So I decided to take no risks and win the match on points.

Lynch was always smart with his leads and his bobbing and weaving. He even thumped me pretty solidly about the ribs. Every round contested was a battle of wits. I had never before had to manœuvre so much in a fight.

From the moment we shook hands I knew that Lynch was going to prove troublesome. He crouched low, and then when I shot out a lead, would bob up and deliver a heavy blow with a left hook. I did not over exert myself. Why should I? Lynch was as strong as a bull terrier, and I had planned to beat him on points. So we feinted and lunged at each other, Lynch seemingly afraid to take any risks. I began to get going in the second round and found that I could break through his crafty defence fairly easily.

But Lynch refused to take part in an open fight. Acting on the advice of Eddie McGoorty, Lynch tried occasional left hooks to my jaw, but his principal object was to nail me with heavy blows on the body. I was completely aware of his intentions, and to prevent him from doing me any serious damage I kept up a persistent attack with snappy left and right hand punches. These generally landed first and kept Joe at bay, thus proving that attack is the finest form of defence.

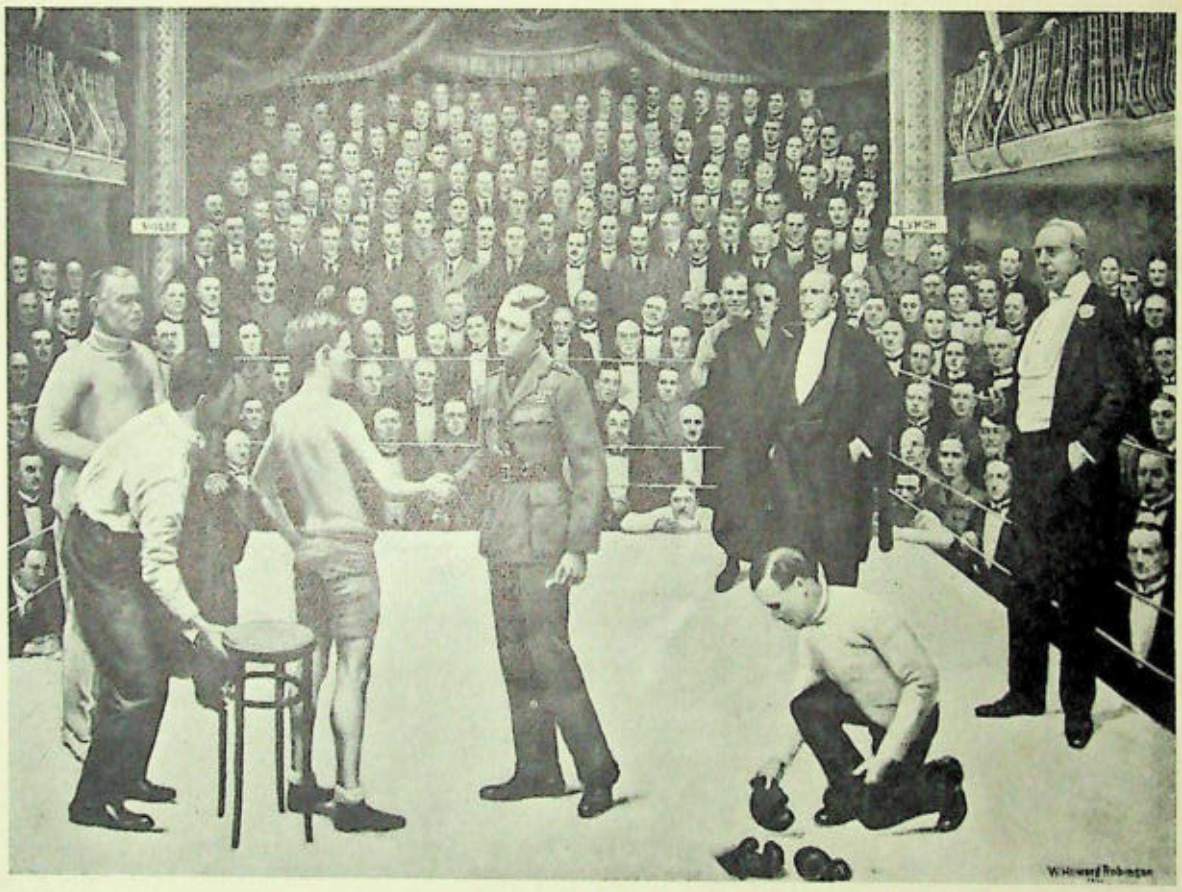
I kept scoring points so frequently that at the end of every round I knew I was ahead on points. I have since been told by sportsmen who sat at the ringside that they could not understand why Lynch did not make a bold effort to win with a knockout! Well, my answer to this query is: Nobody better than Lynch understood the risk he would be taking. *Because without boasting* I can say that my punch was much harder than Lynch's. My object was to prevent him from putting me on the canvas. I was quite content to know that he was unable to do this, so I kept fiercely attacking from the start to the finish. I can honestly declare that at no period during these sizzling fifteen rounds did I feel in any danger of meeting with defeat.

It was not until the twelfth round that Lynch really caught me. Then he landed a blow on my chin that shook me for a moment. But I quickly recovered and realised that I must be wary. Lynch knew then that the only way to make certain of victory was with a knockout blow. How desperately he tried to perform the trick. Yet he failed. And there was a hush in his corner every time he sat on his stool between rounds for a minute's rest and to listen to the advice of his chief second, McGoorty.

Lynch delayed his real aggressive action until the last four rounds. Then he was surprised to find that my defence was as good as my attack. I know that we must have exchanged hundreds of punches during those fifteen rounds. Yet although Lynch cracked me on the chin or thumped me on the body on no single occasion was I in the least distressed. I could have gone on for 50 rounds. Nobody present expected Lynch to tire. His massive frame indicated strength and stamina, besides he was nearly a couple of stones heavier than I was.

Joe Lynch was a gentlemanly type, and one of the best sportsmen I've met. We chatted in the National Sporting Club lounge afterwards, when he said to me: "I never believed a little fellow like you could last fifteen rounds with me. You are more than a marvel—you are a miracle!" It was a testimonial to our skill when I say that neither of us showed any marks after we had fought one of the most discussed ring battles of the century.

But I am convinced that Lynch was as brilliant as the master craftsman, Pete Herman, the Italian who beat me at the Albert Hall and whom I met afterwards in New Orleans, a tragic figure, blinded but cheerful. I shall pay Herman the compliment of acknowledging that he was too good for me. He was 8st. 9lb. and I was 6st. 7lb. But the night I beat Lynch I was at the peak of my form, and it was well for me that I was. The slightest mistake on my part would have been fatal. But as I remember that battle I cannot recall any result during my career which pleased me as much as when I beat America's best bantam.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETS JIMMY WILDE
The scene at the old N.S.C., from the painting by W. Howard Robinson

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.

DEPREDATIONS OF EGG COLLECTORS

SIR,—Mr. Jourdain's letter in the *Field* of September 15th is very startling, and evidently he has access to springs of knowledge regarding the "hundreds of keepers" in the South of England who shoot hobbies, which the most painstaking investigation on the part of those whose job it is to find out cannot reveal. I know many landowners and shooting tenants and their keepers in the South of England who preserve the hobbies and like to see them on their land.

Choughs on the Welsh coast are getting scarcer each year. They are never shot—it is the egg collectors and those in their pay who do the damage.

Yours faithfully,
D. J. W. EDWARDES.

Royal Southern Yacht Club, Southampton.

HORSES AND SUNSTROKE

SIR,—I was much interested in your note under the above heading.

Some eleven years ago I was engaged upon boundary work in Bornu Province, North Nigeria. This work necessitated riding throughout the day, during the months of April and May, when the intensity of the sun in these parts has to be experienced to be believed.

I was always accompanied by mounted representatives of the Shehu (Emir) of Bornu, the local chiefs concerned, and Musa Mari, a Fulani political agent of long experience and service with the Government.

Upon arriving at our destination in the evening, after having covered perhaps 25 or 30 miles—no mean achievement by the way, when the temperature is over 120 deg. in the shade—all horses would have the soft piece of flesh between the nostrils stabbed through with a thin knife blade, about the size of that of a pocket knife.

This, I was told, guarded against the evil after effects to the horse of having been ridden throughout the day in the sun.

If the nose bled a little and then stopped, in say 30 minutes, all was well; if no blood came the horse would probably die during the night of sunstroke.

I was at first reluctant to allow my own horse to be bled in this manner, but my political agent insisted, saying that I was sure to loose the animal in a day or so if it was not done.

None of the horses died during the month or more that we were engaged upon this task, though once when one of the horses of Mura Mari was pierced, it lost several pints of blood and had to be led at night to the next halt. I was told that its life had only just been saved from fatal sunstroke by the bleeding. The expression used by natives for this sunstroke is "*Rana ta taba shi*" (Hausa), which means, "the sun has touched him; or "*Kroosu shiga bakshin*" (Kanuri), "the sun has struck him."

The blood is supposed, by the native, to collect in the brain of the animal and cause sunstroke. The bleeding is believed to relieve this congestion of blood.

Yours faithfully,
L. C. SCHLOTEL.

5, Burston Road, Putney.

ARE NORTH SEA TUNNY SOFT?

SIR,—In several articles and comments on tunny fishing, it has been suggested that the poor condition of some fish in the North Sea detracts from sport, and the theory of "kelts" and "soft fish" has been advanced to account for the quick times in which many rod-caught fish have been taken. This supposition is, I am convinced, based on misconception of facts and is entirely contrary to all my experience and also, I think, to nature.

Marine fish generally, we are told, do not go into a state of ill-condition comparable to the kelt stage in salmon. Tunny spawn many weeks before reaching our waters, and are the same run of fish as those caught in great numbers off the Norwegian coast for canning.

Herein, perhaps, lies the secret and the answer to queries and doubts that have been raised. Stiffer rods are being used, and an effective "technique" has been developed to meet the habits of the fish.

The time taken to land a tunny depends to some extent on its manner of behaviour after being hooked. A strong surface fighter will be taken in quick time, while a stubborn sounding fish of whatever size and condition will take far longer. Water depth plays an important part. Obviously a fish can be got in quicker from 15 to 20 fathoms off the Dogger than from 35 to 40 fathoms nearer in-shore. But the determining factor in playing, given proper tackle, is "technique," combined with the application of full-power butt work at the correct moments.

They have just accomplished their long migratory journey of several thousand miles, while on the rich feeding grounds of the North Sea they would further gain in strength. It is not unlikely they are then in a state of perfect condition.

Certainly, all I have seen would appear to be so, and I have not yet encountered one defective in condition or inferior in fighting qualities. Until recently, one only heard of the tremendous strength and speed of these splendid game fish, and of the hard fights to capture them on rod and line. It is inconceivable to suppose they should change in habit or condition from one season to another. Clearly they have not. But our tackle and our methods have.

The actual condition of the fish varies so slightly as to be of no importance. Naturalists who have examined them, and most anglers, agree they are splendid specimens in magnificent condition.

No one wants to go after "kelts." But far from being "ill-conditioned," North Sea tunny will, as a rule, give anglers all they want, and perhaps even more, in the way of a most strenuous fight. Indeed, most of us, I fancy, have at some stage or other in our struggles only prayed that just this one might "soften up" a bit. A wish seldom gratified.

The general impression is that if there are "soft" fish they are few and far between in the North Sea, and it would be a pleasant change for most of us to get one.

Yours faithfully,
G. T. PEEL.

The International Sportsmen's Club, Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1.

GAME FOX-TERRIER PUPPIES

SIR,—In his "Fox-terrier Facts," in the current issue of *Our Dogs*, the Rev. Dr. Rosslyn Bruce states that he has received from a well-known breeder a report that some three months old smooth fox-terrier puppies have killed a full-grown rat, and the doctor asks if this record can be beaten.

Late in the 'nineties I owned a litter of four smooth fox-terrier puppies, then six weeks and five days old, sired by a dog owned by the late Mr. Robert Vicary, M.F.H., ex a bitch I bought from the late Major Howe, of St. Andrews, Fife. The puppies were sleeping alone in a box in the stable, the mother having been removed a few days previously. When taking in their breakfast the pups, as usual, came tumbling and yapping out of their box, but they were literally covered with blood.

My first impression was that they had been having a pretty severe scrap on their own, as such puppies will. They were all badly bitten on the head and neck. On examining the straw in the sleeping box, I found the culprit and the victim, positively torn to pieces, but still recognisable by his huge head and thick tail, as the remains of a very big rat. I guessed that the intruder had been enjoying the puppies' leavings in the food bowl, and when challenged by such fly-weight opponents had decided to give battle. Alas! for him. The puppies probably dragged him into their sleeping box and engaged in a tug-of-war, afterwards lying on him, which would account for the excessive amount of blood on their bodies and hindquarters.

With care, the puppies were soon fit again, although somewhat stiff in their movements for two or three days. "Such things, you know, must always be after a famous victory."

Yours faithfully,
DIEHARD.

London, E.C. 4.

CATERPILLARS IN THE LONDON PARKS

SIR,—As a matter of public interest we, some six weeks ago, made an offer to the Office of Works to repeat, on the first Sunday in October, the clearing of Hyde Park (as we did successfully with the aid of Boy Scouts and other organisations in 1926) of the vapourer moth pest.

We made the offer unconditionally and without cost to the public, because the conditions were similar in 1926 to those obtaining to-day and our army of over 1,000 volunteers accounted for something like 20,000,000 eggs.

After a month's silence we represented to the department concerned that the time was getting short and the organisation of the attack was being impeded by the delay. The reply now to hand states that the matter is being dealt with by the Ministry of Agriculture, and that for that reason consent cannot be given to our proposal.

We have replied to the Office of Works that their decision, in our view, is a matter for regret, since nothing more effective can be done than that which we proposed to do without fee or reward, and that in any event the course now being taken will involve public expense if and when any vapourer moth destruction is done.

Yours faithfully,
A. MOORE HOGARTH.

The Institute of Micro-Biology, 233, Pentonville Road, N. 1.

SWIFTS IN NORTH-WEST SCOTLAND

SIR,—On August 28th, I watched for a considerable time a pair of swifts "hawking" for flies over a loch situated in the north-west of Sutherlandshire. Over a number of years I have visited north-west Scotland at various times of the year, but have never seen these birds so far north or anywhere in the locality.

As most of the swifts had left the south of England before I went north on August 10th, I should be very interested to hear if any of your readers have records of these birds so far north so late in the season.

Yours faithfully,
C. BENNETT BAKER.

West Byfleet, Surrey.

TENANT FARMERS AND RABBITS

SIR,—Is Mr. James Best accurate when he states a farmer cannot let his rabbit killing to professional trappers? He *can* authorise "one other person to destroy ground game," and why should not this person be the professional rabbit-catcher, who pays the farmer a fixed sum for all rabbits he can get—or hopes to—from November 1st to March 30th? It works well, and the trapper is usually an ex-keeper or his son, whose game interests are equal to the keeper's as regards game on the farm.

Yours faithfully,
"WEST SCOTLAND."

Sutherland.

SEA TROUT OF THE MEON

SIR,—The *Field* recently published an illustrated article by Mr. C. F. Walker, on Sea Trout in the Meon, but the assertions that sea trout go up above Titchfield mill are wrong in fact—this mill being their limit up the Meon.

This year a great number died in the lower reaches from apparently furunculosis.

Yours faithfully,
M. PORTAL.

Sutherland.

LITTLE BITTERNS IN KENT

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent "West Country" to know that a pair of little bitterns have for the past few years visited a certain locality in the county of Kent, remaining each year for a considerable time. When alighting on stunted willow trees I notice these birds have a habit of grasping branches with the bill until obtaining a satisfactory foothold, and when moving from tree to tree.

The common bittern is also a regular visitor to this unnamed spot, but I have never seen this bird in other than swampy marsh or reed beds.

Yours faithfully,
T. C. GREGORY.

41, Victoria Road, Deal.

FRIENDSHIPS OF THE CANADA GOOSE

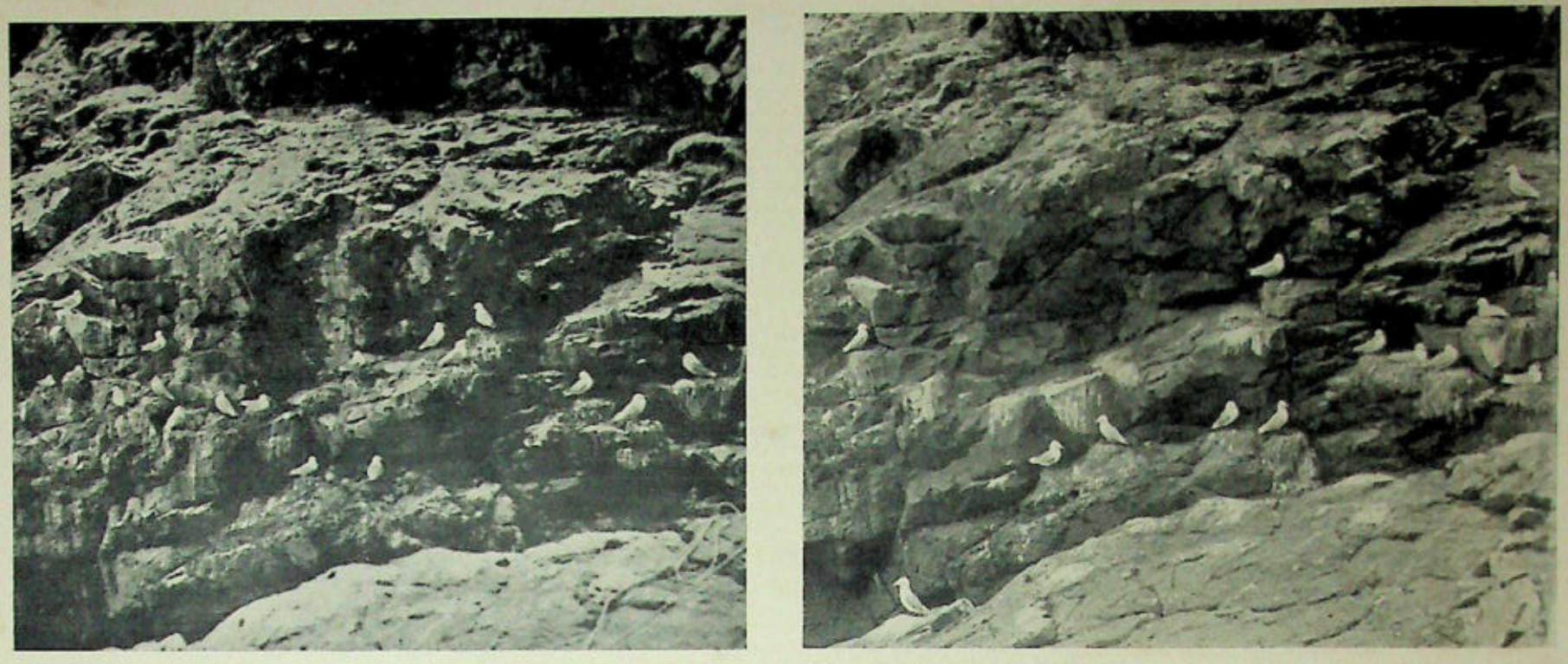
SIR,—A back number of the *Field* came to me through a friend, and I was interested in a letter entitled "Strange Company." Reading it caused me to connect several scattered bits of information, and I have come to the conclusion that the forming of strange attachments is a characteristic of the Canada goose when reared in confinement.

Two different Canada geese which have come to my attention formed attachments for horses, one for a stallion and the other for a mare. I watched the goose and the mare in a pasture one day, and everything went smoothly for a time until the mare began to step in the soft ooze on the edge of a slough or pond. Immediately the goose set up a great clatter and began pecking at the mare's forelegs until she retreated. It seemed as though the goose were scolding the mare for getting her feet wet.

The most remarkable incident of this kind is, however, to be found in S. B. Steele's book *Forty Years in Canada*. Colonel Steele, recalls that a Canada goose adopted the whole McLeod detachment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. It inspected the parades and scolded men for improper alignment. It woke up the whole barracks when a man tried to slip in unnoticed late at night. It would not go swimming without an escort. It would walk sedately down to the water with its human companion and swim about while he waited, but if he started to walk away the goose would come out of the water and raise a terrific row until he returned to his former position.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MURPHY.

Govan, Saskatchewan, Canada.



AFTER FORTY YEARS: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON GRASSHOLM IN 1894 (LEFT) AND 1933, SHOWING KITTIWAKES NESTING ON IDENTICAL LEDGES
(See Letter "The Faithful Kittiwake")

THE FAITHFUL KITTIWAKE

SIR,—With reference to my recent article on the kittiwake, it occurs to me that the enclosed photographs may be of interest. One is taken from *The Birds of Pembrokeshire and its Islands*, by the Rev. M. A. Mathew, published in 1894. This photograph of a colony of kittiwake gulls on the remote island of Grassholm long ago fired me with a desire to sail there and see for myself.

Much later, when came the day that I could afford a camera, my head was filled with another ambition.

I wanted to take the old volume out to that lonely island, climb up to the very spot where that first photographer had erected his clumsy Victorian (but once fashionable) apparatus, and look through my own camera lens until I saw the self-same picture reflected on to my screen.

Well, I have—at last—done it. I could not get every detail correct; that was the fault of the birds. Nevertheless, side by side as you see them here, they are an interesting piece of pictorial history. I leave it to the reader to draw the inferences.

Yours faithfully,
R. M. LOCKLEY.

Skokholm Island,
Pembrokeshire.

PARTRIDGE MOTHERING CHICKEN

SIR,—On the evening of September 4th my keeper told me that a hen partridge on a nearby farm had been seen with one white farmyard chicken about three weeks old, and that while harvesting the chick had been caught and surrounded with sheaves, but the partridge had rescued the chick and gone off with it into the roots, holding it by the wing, half flying with it, and half dragging it. As far as the farmer knows the partridge has never had a mate or a brood of her own.

A friend and I decided we would like to see them. The next day we were shooting near the farm, but when over a mile from there a single bird rose and was killed: in picking up the bird we found the chick, which was caught and taken home to a brood of chickens belonging to the keeper, and is at present doing well.

Yours faithfully,
T. R. GORDON DUFF

Park House,
Cornhill, Banffshire.

BIG GAME VERSUS SCOTTISH STALKING

SIR,—The recent article rightly excludes dangerous game, and makes the chief comparison with mountainous districts like the Himalayas. Stalking in Africa is, of course mostly in flat country; yet I could quote certain African species that require really good stalking. In my view the crab of Scottish stalking (which in pre-war years I enjoyed on various occasions as a guest in different forests) is that it is always the same species; whereas in Africa there is always some new species to seek for one's collection. I had the luck to get an exceptional stag in 1907, nearly 23st. clean, and a really fine head. Since then I have utilised very few offers of stalking, knowing my chance of another such stag was infinitesimal. So far as difficult stalks are concerned, Africa may be on the whole inferior to Scotland; but there is always the intense attraction of "*ex Africâ semper aliquid novi.*"

Yours faithfully,
MANNLICHER.

Argyll.

AUSTRALIAN SKI-ING

SIR,—We are enthusiastic readers of the *Field* and it has struck us that other readers might be interested in the enclosed photograph, which is not Norwegian, nor yet Swiss, but far from either. It shows our Australian national champion ski jumper jumping at Mount Hotham. Few people in the Northern Hemisphere seem to realise that such activities go on in Australia, but this is an astonishingly variable country, as my photograph will show.

We have scenery of an Arctic character here to equal anything in Europe, and our winter sports are tremendously popular for those who can reach the altitude necessary.

Yours faithfully,
C. J. M. COLE.

Melbourne,
Australia.

A SPORT NOT GENERALLY ASSOCIATED WITH AUSTRALIA
(See Letter "Australian Ski-ing")

He said to me—I only remember two dates in history . . .

I said to him—Yes, I know, William the Conqueror 1066 . . and Johnnie Walker . . . 1820

BORN 1820 - STILL GOING STRONG

THE FRUIT SELLER
(See Letter "Ancient Types in Palestine")

ANCIENT TYPES IN PALESTINE

SIR,—The accompanying photographs show types which have existed in Palestine for the past two centuries.

"Old Eli," the fruit-seller of Old Jerusalem, has sold his fruit at this spot from the age of twelve, when he did a roaring side-line trade in figs and bananas. Old now, and nearly blind, his stock is not so fresh as it might be, nevertheless he keeps a sackful of apples at his feet to replenish his "stall" from time to time, as many Arabs of wealth prefer to buy from the old man, who is still as full of wit as a pod is full of peas!

I "snapped" him just as he was serving a customer, and his scales may be seen on his stall all ready for use.

The Arab "Legionaire," resplendent upon his gaily-caparisoned riding camel, is a member of that band of "Desert Police" who for centuries have kept law and order amongst the desert tribes from Dan to Akaba. Although a mere portrait, the picture gives an idea of the commanding presence of these police.

This one posed for his photograph near the Akaba Gulf, south of Palestine, during my visit as representative of the Jerusalem police, and the "Legionaires," as we called them, turned out daily to accompany us on trips which embraced most of the outlying villages and sacking tents of the Bedouins.

Equipped with modern repeating rifles, they are a force to be reckoned with as the surrounding villagers realise when trouble of any kind is afoot.

Contrary to general belief, the camels these men ride are the fastest "ships of the desert" that can be procured by the Palestinian Government, and the best mode of transport for desert travel.

Yours faithfully,
Kirkby, Notts. H. H. MARSH.

IN THE ABSENCE OF ITS PARENTS
(See Letter "An Eagle in the Hand")

ABUNDANCE OF THE WHITE ADMIRAL

SIR,—Being under the impression that the white admiral was one of our more uncommon butterflies, it was with considerable surprise that during two week-ends spent in a secluded corner of Surrey, the exact locality of which I omit for obvious reasons, I saw countless white admirals, their numbers only being rivalled by the meadow browns.

I saw only a few among the flowers in the garden, but in the hazel and oak woods nearby every bramble bush in the sunlight had its quota, and it is no exaggeration to say that I could have caught at least 20 on one big bramble patch in quite a short time, had I been so minded. It was noticeable that the great majority were rather poor specimens.

I should be interested to hear whether it is unusual to find this butterfly in such quantities or whether, as in the case of the comma, its increase has been generally remarked.

Yours faithfully,
The Lensbury Club, J. N. ST. G. KIRKE.
Teddington, Middlesex.

[Yes: the white admiral has lately increased its range in the southern counties to a remarkable extent.—ED.]

AN EAGLE IN THE HAND

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a young golden eagle, taken at the nest in the Monadhliath Mountains, while I was on holiday this summer. The parent birds, fortunately, were away soaring, and the young bird itself could not yet fly. One had, however, to be careful not to come in contact with its claws while handling it. The eyrie was at the end of a narrow ledge which broadened out to a platform about 4ft. or 5ft. wide, and from which there was a sheer drop to the base of the mountain, 200ft. below. The ledge could only be got at by a precipitous climb from below. Besides innumerable bones, the nest contained two recently killed birds—a grouse and a ptarmigan.

Yours faithfully,
Denbrae House, J. W. GALLOWAY.
Keith, Banffshire.

SCARCITY OF WASPS

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Grazebrook's letter in a recent issue, as I have noted the same thing. In April and May there were more queens to be seen than I ever remember before, and I expected a bumper year for nests, so about the middle of July I commenced to search for them. (I never take nests until the harvest is gathered and the wasps begin to damage the fruit).

In the fields immediately around my house and along the river bank, I found no fewer than 36 nests, all of about average strength. We have had a very early harvest this year, and by the end of August I expected to find the garden full of wasps, but there were none to be seen, and so I made another round of all the nests I had found in July, and of the 36 nests all are dead except seven or eight, and these are very weak. It may be that the drought has caused a shortage of food as Mr. Grazebrook suggests, but last year was also very dry and there was no shortage then. I remember in 1911 and 1921, both exceptionally dry years, wasps and hornets were a regular pest, and I lost nearly all my fruit, so I do not think that the drought is the only cause.

Is there any infectious disease such as "Isle of Wight" disease among bees known to affect wasps? The gradual dying out of nests of average strength in an apparently very favourable year is certainly suggestive of such a disease.

Yours faithfully,
Higher Marsh House, (Dr.) N. GRAY.
Dunster, Taunton.

DOMESTICATION OF ANTELOPES

SIR,—I should like to know whether anyone has given much thought to the domestication of the larger antelope.

I can see no reason why the eland, above all, should not be pressed into man's service; from what I have read of it, and seen in the Zoological Gardens here and abroad, and in the Kruger National Park in South Africa, it would appear the logical animal to tame. In addition to its large size, and so potential use as a draught animal, its meat is palatable, and I have been led to believe its milk not distasteful. It will live and thrive where cattle will die owing to its invulnerability from tsetse fly, and much country could be thrown open to its farming—land that is now useless.

I believe that the late Mr. Rattray, of Kenya, devoted much time and trouble to the breaking-in of Grevy's zebra to harness, but further than that his researches do not seem to have led him. I should be glad of correction on this point, however, and would welcome any information relating to the domestication of wild animals, whether successful or not.

Yours faithfully,
Forestry Department, G. L. GREY.
10, George Square, Edinburgh.

A MEMBER OF THE DESERT POLICE
(See Letter "Ancient Types in Palestine")

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THE ANGRY TREE SPARROW AT THE ENTRANCE TO HER NEST: THE BLUE TITS' HOLE IS INDICATED BY AN ARROW
(See Letter "Apple Tree Neighbours")

APPLE TREE NEIGHBOURS

SIR,—In a friend's orchard stands a rather small apple tree which is distinguished for the following reasons. On June 12th last a pair of blue tits took possession of a hole in the trunk of the tree and constructed a nest therein. On the 19th a pair of tree sparrows began nesting operations in a hole on the opposite side of the trunk.

Wondering what kind of neighbours they would make, I kept observation. To my surprise the blue tits proved to be the disturbers of the peace. During the first day of operations in the sparrows' hole, the male tit fussed around, making what seemed to be "nasty sneering remarks" to his neighbours, and he evidently hoped to pester them to the extent of causing them to give up their intentions of family rearing in this tree.

The tree sparrow is a much more refined bird than the rowdy house sparrow, and the pair in question just went on with their nest-building without paying any attention to their neighbours' "interferences." About mid-morning of the second day the male blue tit had the impertinence to alight on the rim of the sparrows' hole and peer inside, and probably gave the hen sparrow, who was working inside, a piece of his mind, for she came up to the opening, and as the blue tit fled, shouted something after him which I wished I could interpret. I photographed her at this moment, and the bang of the camera shutter seemed to increase her mood of resentment to one of anger, for she came out of the hole and passed from branch to branch of the tree as if in search of something to chastise—perhaps her husband; she took no notice of the camouflaged camera.

Just then the hen blue tit came home and seemed to be both surprised and indignant when the perturbed sparrow drove at her without provocation. The feeling of antagonism died down, however, after this incident, probably because the tits found it advisable to concern themselves more with their own business than that of their neighbours'.

At the moment of writing both pairs of birds have taken their respective families into the wilds, and the tree is nicely stocked with apples, thus giving it the distinction of having one crop of blue tits, one of tree sparrows and one of apples, more than which could not be expected of any fruit tree.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE HEARN.
5, Townfield Road,
Chelmsford, Essex.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Humming-Bird Hawk Moth in Rodriguez.—On reading the letter entitled "A Humming-Bird in Miniature," published in a recent issue, I was disappointed at not having noticed this remarkable moth (*Macroglossa stellatarum*) while stationed in Malta. An hour or so later I was delighted to observe a fine specimen hovering over some petunias in my own garden here. Since then I have seen a number of them and am informed locally that this species had not been identified previously in Rodriguez.—P. B. ALFIERI, Mount Venus, Rodriguez, via Mauritius.

White Admirals and Commas.—This summer comma and white admiral butterflies have frequently been seen in the garden, more especially the latter. Last year many commas were observed; at times six or more could be seen on or around the Michaelmas daisy flowers.—P. FOWLER (Colonel), Runfold, Surrey.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, ask for further donations to help an old gentleman of over 80. An appeal was published some seven months ago on his behalf, but the money collected is now exhausted. The son of a country doctor, he served in the Mercantile Marine, but was obliged to retire at an early age owing to heart trouble. He has tried to earn a few shillings by selling books on commission, but his age and poor health make even this work impossible. He longs for an allowance, especially during the winter months. The Friends of the Poor appeal for gifts to give the old gentleman peace of mind during his last years.

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MEMOIRS of a RACING JOURNALIST
by HOTSPUR (Sidney Galtrey)

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critical account of the 1934 Test Matches. Illus. 6/-
ASHES AND DUST

NATURE SMILING THROUGH
by H. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN
Foreword by CHERRY KEARTON

The Field wrote of the author's last book: "Mr. Shepheard-Walwyn makes a welcome addition to the list of writers on natural history, because he writes exceedingly well and entertainingly in the style that has recently become so popular." Illustrated by 24 photographs. 6/-

HUTCHINSON

IN THE CITY

RIFLES, CARS AND CYCLES

THE 6 per cent. cumulative "B" preference shares of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., can be picked up from time to time around 22/6, a price which includes three years net accrued dividend, or about 2/10½ per share. In view of the very prosperous trading conditions now being enjoyed by the motor and cycle trades, it appears reasonable to anticipate that the dividend arrears will soon be paid off, and regular payments thereafter maintained, so that a purchase now might well be regarded as offering the buyer what should be a 6 per cent. investment in the near future.

The company's financial year ends on July 31st, and on that day a year ago there was outstanding £1,950,000 in 6 per cent. debenture stock, £203,000 in 5 per cent. cumulative "A" preference shares of £5 each, £350,000 in 6 per cent. cumulative "B" preference shares of £1 each, and 2,815,000 £1 ordinary shares. The "A" preference shares have priority over the "B" preference for dividends, but it is to be noted that the net annual dividend requirements on both classes of shares amount to only £24,000, which sum was covered more than five times over by the earnings available in respect of the year ended July 31st, 1933.

From the end of 1930 until the beginning of 1933 the company's trading was carried on at a loss, and a large debit balance was accumulated on the carry forward item. Moreover, £500,000 had to be withdrawn from the general reserve fund in order to allow for depreciation charges at the full rate, and the financial position of the company as it stands at present leaves much to be desired. It is, however, only fair to add that the bulk of the losses incurred during the slump was on account of the writing down of stock in trade, and that the profits earned in respect of the year ended July 31st, 1933, reduced the debit balance on the carry forward item from £220,608 to £84,895.

The Birmingham Small Arms Co. is, of course, well known for its rifles and guns, as well as for the B.S.A. car and cycles, both motor and pedal, of which it is the largest manufacturer in the country. It also controls companies in the steel industry, manufacturers of machines and small tools, radios, etc., and what is perhaps not so generally recognised, the Daimler and Lanchester Car companies. In addition it has an interest in commercial car manufacture, and in the aircraft industry through a special arrangement with the Bristol Aeroplane Co. The company has, therefore, a wide sphere of activity, and it is understood to have secured a strong and world-wide patent position for the fluid flywheel transmission system. This is particularly worthy of note since it was stated in the directors' report a year ago that the improved results for the year 1932–33 were mainly due to the outstanding success of this transmission system. It may be confidently assumed, therefore, that in view of the continued improvement in the automobile, cycle, and aircraft trades, the report due to be published in a few weeks' time for the year ended on July 31st last will again make a very favourable showing.

Under the circumstances it would not seem to be over optimistic to anticipate the publication of earnings for the year recently ended amply sufficient to cover the profit and loss deficit, and to permit a substantial part, if not all, of the preference dividend arrears, totalling about £93,000, to be repaid. Furthermore, it is to be expected that the company will take advantage of present conditions to replace the 6 per cent. debenture stock with a lower coupon issue, a development which would, of course, enhance the cover for preference dividends. The company has the right to redeem the 6 per cent. preference shares at 25/- each, but even if such action were to be taken, which seems most unlikely at present, a purchaser of the shares at 22/6 cum dividend arrears would certainly have no cause for complaint.

For one prepared to exercise a little patience, these 6 per cent. "B" preference shares offer scope for moderate capital appreciation, as well as a high prospective rate of income return in the reasonably near future.

IN PASSING

It is worthy of note that the 4½ per cent. first debenture stock of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. is redeemable at par at any time on six months' notice, and those who are able to obtain a holding of this stock at the current price of about £95½ are unlikely to regret their purchase.

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SIND IBEX WHICH ARE FAST DISAPPEARING

A SCORE OF SIND IBEX ON DAZZLING LIMESTONE CLIFFS

This remarkable photograph was secured by Lieut.-Colonel Stockley in a former preserve, where he found the stock sadly depleted and down to some 150 where he had formerly seen hundreds

ONLY in the barren hills of Western Sind and Baluchistan is the Sind wild goat or Sind ibex (*Hircus ægagrus*) found in India, at elevations of from 2,000ft. to 6,000ft., extending north-westward from there right away to the Caucasus and Asia Minor.

A few years ago it was plentiful at the south of the Khirthar Range, where a preserve had been created some 60 miles north-west of Hyderabad; but in 1930, as a measure of economy, the watchers were "axed" by the Bombay Government and the preserve left unguarded. Immediately the local inhabitants, high and low, swarmed in and slaughtered the ibex, both for their horns, meat and for the gall-bladder of the old males, which last has a reputation as medicine of great value.

Having visited this preserve in 1919, 1921 and 1923, a trip in December, 1933, was a sad shock, as I had not heard of the recent happenings, and only began to receive discreet warnings of the state of things as we neared the hills.

I had expected much from this trip, as the old bucks, almost white with a dark donkey-stripe on spine and shoulders, their sabre-like horns curving far back with a length of 40in. to 50in. over a body-height of only 33, were in themselves a fine sight. But the ground they inhabit, dazzling limestone cliffs leading up to flat-topped palmetto-bushed ridges, with broken slopes of big rocks interspersed with cactus and acacia thorns, has a wild picturesqueness which gave me hopes of many fine photographs.

But the total stock was down to about 150 instead of the 500 I had seen before, while I never set eyes on an old buck; they had been so shot down that only one was said to remain of over 40in. I did get a few photographs of these interesting beasts, which are said not to drink at all, and which, perforce, must at times do without water for at least two years, but the glory had departed, and six days' work from a camp, to which all water had to be brought from six miles away, yielded no picture of long-horned bucks among the jumbled crags of the main crest.

My best chance was spoilt by an errant aeroplane. All the ibex of the southern half of the ground had collected near the main crest and were feeding up a ridge towards me, 60 to 70 of them in all, and ten minutes would have brought them within easy range. The 'plane, a big one, passed a mile away, flying low. As soon as they heard the hum up went their heads and they began to move about uneasily. The noise increased and they bolted, charging across country in small bodies, cannoning into each other in their alarm, then pouring down into refuges in the deep sheer-sided ravines which seam the hills.

IBEX IN TYPICAL COUNTRY WHERE THEY MERGE WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS

The reduction of numbers is doubly saddening when it is remembered that the financial saving is very small, and that a little thought could have turned this "economy" into profit. Formerly the licence cost 10 rupees (15/-) for ten days, and on that two bucks could be shot; while a score of sportsmen visited the preserve annually. Each sportsman would gladly pay a fee of 30 rupees for one head, and an income of Rs. 500 per annum could be assured, while the preserve could be thoroughly keepered by three whole-time watchers at Rs. 15 a month or a total of Rs. 540 per annum. Add a fee of Rs. 10 for a second head if shot and income more than balances expenditure.

There is a sufficient stock left to build upon, but at present there are no heads worth shooting, and a fee of Rs. 50 for one head, as proposed by the civil authorities, would find no response. Good keepering is needed to build up the stock again, and it is worth while attracting sportsmen, for each of them distributes some 300 rupees, for transport and supplies, among the poor of this wild country.

C. H. STOCKLEY.

[With the lack of adequate protection for game in India there is a prospect of deer and antelope being exterminated. A visitor to a store relates that he saw a dozen to fifteen blackbuck piled carcases and a lot more cut-up venison. This situation will become harder for the Government of India to tackle the longer action is postponed, and firms will inevitably demand compensation.—ED.]

JACK BUSSON, WINNER OF THE £1,040 PROFESSIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT, PLAYING FROM A BUNKER
Both Whitcombe and Busson in the final gave demonstrations of the art of recovery

PROFESSIONALS AT WALTON HEATH

Fine Golf by a Young Competitor

By E. R. TIPPLE

So far as professional golfers are concerned the competitive season was brought to a close last week when, at Walton Heath, the annual *News of the World* match-play tournament was decided. This event is looked upon, quite rightly I think, as the unofficial professional match-play championship. Certainly it is one of the most difficult competitions to win.

Qualifying rounds are held in various parts of the country, from which 64 players emerge to do battle in the knock-out games, so that the winner has to prove his worth both in stroke play and in match play. It is no wonder, then, that this event produces more thrills and surprises than any other. This year the final field included every well-known player except two—Cotton and Padgham. The former did not enter, and the latter, owing to lack of practice, failed to pass the eliminating contest. Therefore all the more credit is due to Jack Busson, the 23-year-old Harrogate professional, on his magnificent victory.

In the North he is regarded as one of the most promising young golfers in the whole country. He is the present Yorkshire champion and this season has finished runner-up in both the northern championship and the Dunlop-Northern events. It seems certain that he will be given a place in next year's British Ryder Cup team.

Unlike other well-known young players he is a stylist, having a pleasing upright swing. He takes the club back slowly and never seems to rush it through on the down swing. His temperament—that Heaven-sent gift—is above reproach; indeed, watching him, one feels one is seeing a seasoned veteran and not a youngster, so calm yet so determined is he. He reminded everyone of Henry Cotton—that in itself is high tribute indeed—but like the Cotton of a few years ago he has one weakness, a tendency to hook his long shots, chiefly his drives.

Golf in the final of any important event is often poor and uninspired. The match between Charles Whitcombe and Busson was vastly different. True, they wandered a good deal, but their recovery strokes were amazingly good. When an amateur gets into trouble he rarely can recover sufficiently well to save a stroke. The average professional, on the other hand, seems to play terribly bad shots at times and then follow them up with brilliant chips and one putts. First Whitcombe then Busson gave the crowd demonstrations of their art of recovery, so that the game was never dull. Whitcombe, one of the most experienced players of to-day and twice a winner of this event, could not make any impression on the young Northerner. When he looked certain to win a hole, up would pop his opponent like a veritable Jack-in-the-Box and steal a half. Still, in reaching the final and by the manner in which he did so, Whitcombe showed a welcome return to form. His putting touch seems to have returned, and anyone who knows the Walton Heath greens will realise how tricky they are, so tricky that even the best putters are inclined to lose their confidence.

FINALISTS IN THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" GOLF TOURNAMENT
J. J. Busson, the winner, shaking hands with Charles Whitcombe, his opponent in the final

Knock-out matches are always interesting from the spectators point of view, if not from the player's. And invariably they produce struggles which, even in these blasé days, will be remembered for long enough. At Walton Heath two fights—they were nothing less—stand out above all the others; the struggle between Charles Whitcombe and his younger brother Reginald, and the one between W. H. Davies and Abe Mitchell. Although the Whitcombe brothers have been participating in first-class golf for many years they have only met once before last week and then it was not a proper match, as Charles had to retire owing to ill-health.

This time, however, it was Reginald who made the exit, not on account of health, but because of one fatal slip and because only one player can win. After leading all the way "R. A." took a look at the heather twice and found himself behind. After a wonderful mashie shot to the home green which squared the game he failed to drive the first green and so was beaten at the nineteenth.

The second round saw the epic struggle between Davies and Mitchell. The former is often criticised because of his peculiar style. Be that as it may, he is one of the most dangerous opponents anyone could meet. Mitchell fought an uphill battle, and he fought it well. He had to make use of wonderful recovery shots—I am sure the Walton heather will need a rest to recover its strength after last week! At the seventeenth Davies attempted too much and instead of obtaining a certain half, if not a win, lost the hole. After saving himself with long putts Davies finally won at the twenty-second by sinking yet another difficult shot.

Included in the last eight were four very promising young players, the ultimate winner and three assistants, Cox, Chevalier and Pierpoint. These young men gained their places at the expense of famous "stars" such as Mark Seymour, last year's losing finalist, B. Hodson, A. Lacey and S. J. Easterbrook. But the first round saw the dismissal of Percy Alliss, the winner in 1933, and S. J. King, as well as A. Perry, who, with Lacey, has had a poor competitive season. Alliss was beaten by W. J. Martin, who led the Midland qualifying section with the astonishingly low scores of 69 and 65 over the difficult Hollinwell course near Nottingham.

This tournament has proved conclusively that we have nothing to fear regarding the future of professional golf in this country. But the so-called seniors will have to watch the youngsters very carefully, for they are improving beyond recognition, which all means that competition will be keener than ever next year.

GIANT DAHLIAS AT THE SHOW

The Country House

LITTLE GROWN PLANTS OF DECORATIVE VALUE

Outstanding Exhibits at the Crystal Palace Show

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

APART from the fine displays of fruits, the Crystal Palace Show was dominated by the splendours of dahlias, zinnias and begonias so immense that they must surely have satisfied even the ultra-modern craze for size.

I went there chiefly with a view to noting anything of decorative value or interest amongst plants not commonly grown. Colonel Gavin Jones had various herbaceous plants that are not usually seen now, although some of them were favourites in Victorian times. I was delighted to see a mass of *Aster linosyris*. Its pretty popular name is Goldilocks. This aster is reputed to be the parent of the "yellow Michaelmas daisy" which, according to some botanists, should be *Aster hybridus luteus*, but which others state should be *Solidago missouriensis*. Both *Aster linosyris* and *Solidago missouriensis* are certainly amongst the most decorative yellow-flowered herbaceous subjects. At a little distance *Solidago missouriensis* looks like a yellow cloud of bloom, whilst the flowers of Goldilocks are somewhat more solid.

Another uncommon herbaceous subject in this same exhibit was *Vernonia arkansana*. This plant attains about 5ft., the leaves being slender and the rose-purplish flowers produced in cymes. It looks well associated with Michaelmas daisies and the taller heleniums. There was also that most attractive but seldom grown golden rod *Solidago caesis*, with its almost black thin stems and golden flowers.

ONE VAST FLORAL CARPET
The Crystal Palace as seen last week

SUPER-VEGETABLES IN SYMMETRICAL DISPLAY
Messrs. Sutton's stand at the Crystal Palace

Another exhibit that attracted me greatly was that of Messrs. Wood (Marsden Nursery, Ashtead). They had concentrated chiefly on belladonna delphiniums. I have several times emphasised in my *Field* articles the value of these delphiniums, which I am convinced will once more be a cult. They attain about 3ft. to 4ft. and require no staking, are amongst our finest blue-flowered perennials and are perpetual flowering. Yet they are far from commonly grown. They associate delightfully with the popular Poulsen roses, notably Kirsten Poulsen with its profusion of cherry-red blooms. The finest of those shown were the new Tinker Bell, Dante and Brunton. This firm had also a Siberian species suitable for the rock garden—*D. caerulean minor*.

In regard to dahlias I always look out for anything specially fine that is cherry red in colour. This is the rarest, and to my mind, the most attractive colour in the autumn border. I was particularly struck by a cherry-coloured dahlia shown by Messrs. Dobbie—Colour Queen. They had also Rev. S. Marriott (a rich plum colour), also a fine exhibit of the showy Unicum (cream centred and the outer petals a rich rose pink). This dahlia was shown by several firms and is so attractive that presumably it will soon be in every garden. A good clear lemon-yellow is not common amongst dahlias, but in Messrs. Stuart Ogg's fine show there was an exceptionally good one—Croydon Beauty. The specimens of the popular Jersey Beauty shown by this firm were also outstandingly good.

There were some fine novelties amongst Michaelmas daisies. Messrs. Ballard showed the new Radiance and Blue Plume. Messrs. Forsyth of Luton had the new deep pink Shirley Pride. Mount Everest struck me as by far the finest of the white varieties Messrs. Barr had a most attractive variety with reddish-pink flowers, Red Rover. Also the charming Little Boy Blue, and fine specimens of the gorgeous and much branched Royal Blue. Messrs. Maurice Prichard showed a very fine aster of the Amellus section—Well's Favourite, a beautiful mauve pink.

Messrs. Hewitt's stand included their fine double-flowered Thalictrum which attracted so much attention when first exhibited last year and some of their best delphiniums, notably Blue Gown (to my mind Blue Gown and Lady Janet are the best of all blue delphiniums), the light mauve Lady Eleanor, and the rich violet purple Rose Marie.

Messrs. Carter's zinnias were not only the finest I have ever seen (except in America), but they had staged them in a way that many zinnia lovers probably noted to copy in their own gardens. For their whole exhibit of these gorgeous flowers of every shade was thickly edged with Phlox Drummondi of the palest pinkish salmon. Half hardy annuals usually look best when associated with each other and not with hardy annuals, and it would certainly be scarcely possible to find a better foil for zinnias than pale phloxes.

Messrs. Reuthe had as usual some fine shrubs, notably *Lapageria rosea*, and the rare white form; *Berberidopsis corallina*, *Billardiera longiflora* and the lovely *Erica verticillata*, which is only hardy in parts as mild as the south coast of Cornwall. Few shrubs have berries of such a rich violet blue as *Billardiera longiflora*, but this native of Tasmania requires a south wall even in sheltered parts. There is a white-fruited variety.

Messrs. Burkwood & Skipwith were showing their first-rate autumn-flowering ceanothuses, notably Autumnal Blue, which is so attractive to butterflies and bees. They had also *Nandina domestica*, the "sacred bamboo" of China; *Euonymus europæns fructu coccineo*, the charming *Potentilla fruticosa forma*, and the rare *Ceratostigma Polhilli*. The last named has much smaller flowers than the well-known *C. Willmottianum* and is chiefly of value for its late flowering.

Mr. Perry's exhibit was, as always, fascinating. He had altogether 150 water and waterside plants, including 40 sorts of under-water subjects. Amongst his waterside plants were the great Egyptian paper rush and the pygmy South American paper rush.

New Books

CROMWELL AS A HORSE BREEDER

A Naturalist in Africa—Life in the Canadian Wilds

THERE are those—Thackeray was among them—who have held that Oliver Cromwell was the wisest, fairest and most able ruler which England ever possessed. Upon the other hand there are others to whom his name is byword for all that is bad and vicious in life, a murderer of his king, a ruthless suppressor of the joys of Merrie England, and shedder of innocent blood in Ireland.

Many books have been written to vindicate Cromwell in his actions, but in none of them has a fairer or juster case been placed in front of the public than in Colonel John Buchan's *Oliver Cromwell*, a masterly study of a great man whose only thought was not for power or place or wealth, but for the welfare of his country. The author does not seek to justify the execution of Charles, that in itself is incontestable, but Oliver—with the thoughts of a peaceful and prosperous England in his mind—knew at the bottom of his heart that an England with Charles alive could never be settled.

And thereafter England had peace for many days, and even in the turmoil of a strong foreign policy, the Scottish campaign, Worcester fight and the rival religious quarrels, Oliver Cromwell found time to hunt and to hawk and to endeavour to improve the breed of the English horse which had served his Ironsides so well. It has been said that Oliver mounted his invincible cavalry—they were the first troops to charge the enemy home instead of firing their unwieldy horse pistols and wheeling away from the "poor foot and a forest of pikes"—upon Barbs and Arabians, but this is very much open to doubt, for the simple reason that at this time the number of Eastern horses in the country was very small and the expense of importing them from Aleppo and other places very great. Most of Oliver's cavalry chargers came from the Eastern counties and Yorkshire, and as an Ironside in full panoply of buff coat and half armour must have weighed at least 16 to 17 stone they would, as Colonel Buchan points out, have to be horses of great strength and substance. And Oliver knew a horse when he saw one. He was supposed to be one of the best judges of a horse in England. His valuation of the royal stud at Tutbury is a very fair and accurate one. Did he not, too, keep the Venetian Ambassador waiting a whole hour while he inspected a fine new Barb. And Oliver realised that the heavy war horse of England required an infusion of Eastern blood to give the native breed quality and the fineness it so sadly lacked.

At the Restoration Charles II has been given much credit for the introduction of the royal mares, but as Colonel Buchan points out, it was Oliver Cromwell who really laid the foundation of England's horse supremacy. For that reason alone England should be grateful to her greatest ruler. Until Colonel Buchan gave us this study of the Lord Protector, few, indeed, knew that he was a sportsman, a horse lover, and always at heart a countryman whose wholesome tether was in the soil of England.

For that reason alone, disregarding political questions, England should be ever grateful to the grim, hard figure who steered the ship of state through a sea of turmoil, unrest and rebellion. Colonel Buchan is much to be congratulated for a fresh angle on one who has been alternately praised and decried. W. F.

Oliver Cromwell. By John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton, London; 25/–.)

A TALE OF CENTRAL AFRICA

WHETHER Mr. Cherry Kearton had the theme of *The Lion's Roar* in mind when taking the excellent pictures which illustrate the book, or whether he was inspired by them and added a few more to make the story complete, it is difficult to say. Anyhow, the idea of an African tale told in text and photographs is a novel one.

Native superstitions centering round a lion-shaped mountain volcano and the killing of lions; the heresy of the African woman, Umbeti, in matters of native beliefs; the defying of a medicine man by her husband, Inguti; and the casting forth of the latter with his wife and little daughter, Imweni, when he foretold an impending volcanic eruption, forms the substance of the story. But Mr. Kearton has made it the vehicle for his fine descriptions of the animal life of the forest and plain by day and by night.

There is a charming passage of how little Imweni, after unsuccessful advances, learns to lie silent and still in order to watch the rock rabbits, and in the pictures, lo! we see Imweni gazing at the rock rabbits and eight of them, young and old, all in a row, grinning back at Imweni.

When destruction descends on the native village vivid descriptions are given of the eruption, the vain efforts in belated flight, the stampede of animals, and the desperate state of the few survivors as they watch the larva flowing to the river and wonder if it will stop there. To accompany this there are pictures of forest fire, animals in flight and volcanic eruption. The only criticism one can offer is that

AS IF BEGINNING TO CHARGE
One of the illustrations from "The Lion's Roar"
(Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.)

it is such a pity the pages of the book compel the pictures to be reproduced on a small scale.

R. N. R.

The Lion's Roar. By Cherry Kearton. (Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.: 6/–.)

THE WHITE SILENCE

THE fact that "Grey Owl's" father was a Scot and his mother an Apache Indian of New Mexico does not solve the problem of how this unusual book came to be written; certainly it bears no resemblance to the ordinary book of the jungle, velt, bush or backwoods. And the publisher's note, affording but a brief biography, is silent as to the literary technique employed by the author, surely an inherited gift.

A fairly long life as a trapper, fire-ranger and guide in the Canadian wilds, with an interlude on the French front with Canadian troops, may explain much, but to me, his gift of expression is pure inspiration.

This, then, is the tale of a lover of nature, the forests and the plains, of wild life in any shape or form in the frozen wastes or during their short-lived summers. And the writer—"An anachronism belonging to a day long past, marching back down the avenues of Time a hundred years in as many steps. With a glance at the sun for direction, he swings along on his big snow-shoes, out across the Frontier, beyond the ken of mortal man, to be no more seen in the meagre civilization he has left behind, till the suns of springtime shall have melted the snow-drifts from the hillsides and cleared the lakes of ice."

In no sense is this a big game book although, obviously, there is no beast nor bird in the Canadian wilderness with which the author is not on intimate terms—elk, moose, bear and all the lesser game of which he writes so understandingly. So much so and in so thoughtful and friendly a strain that his bitterness in one respect is easy of comprehension. For he holds that the United States authorities of the day solved for all time the Indian problem by exterminating their chief source of food—the buffalo.

"Much killing brings in time, no longer triumph, but a revulsion of feeling," he concludes. As indeed, others have done before him. But, at any time he gives one the impression of trapping or shooting for bare subsistence, hating himself the while for doing so.

And that, indeed, is the key note of this book written of a land where, "Man is the only alien, the arch enemy from whom all the dwellers in this sanctuary flee as from pollution."

The tales of the lovable beavers with "their almost human mentality" are delightful. If only for the sake of his protégés, it is comforting to learn that the author will spend the remainder of his years as Government Game Superintendent on a reserve where the welfare of his furred and feathered friends will be his sole concern.

It has been written of this book by a disinterested critic that "it should be in the hands of every boy in his teens." Without impugning the boys' capability of fully appreciating its rare literary merit, this suggestion might be justly supplemented by adding, "and on the shelves of every library." It is an exceptional and most entertaining work.

H. N.

The Men of the Last Frontier. By "Grey Owl." (Country Life; 6/– net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE 71st annual publication of *The Statesman's Year-Book* is, as its name suggests, packed with information from cover to cover. Published by Macmillan & Co., at 20/–, it should prove an invaluable reference work.

One needs expert guidance in a county like Cornwall, with its many ancient and often obscure associations, and there could be no better guide than Mr. Frederick Cowles, who has just published the *Magic of Cornwall* (Heath Cranton; 7/6).

At a time when most of the nations of the world are considering enlarging their aerial defence *The First War in the Air*, by R. H. Kiernan (Peter Davies, Ltd.; 5/–), makes extremely interesting reading. The book deals with the history of aviation during the Great War.

Consistent Golf, by A. Scot (A. H. Stockwell, Ltd., 2/–) is a book that should prove of value to all golfers. As the author so rightly points out, consistency is one of the most important and certainly one of the most difficult achievements in the game. It would be a pity to miss a chance of acquiring it at so small a cost.

Scotland has inspired yet another writer to take up his pen, and a very charming book has been the result. Mr. W. S. Percy's *Strolling Through Scotland* (Collins, 7/6) is entertainingly told, and contains a fund of good stories, as well as numerous illustrations, which also come from the versatile and artistic pen of the author.

Sir Harold Macmichael, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., has told a very comprehensive and well-balanced story, or perhaps one should rather say history, in his book, *The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan* (Faber & Faber, 15/–). The reader is taken from the Ancient Dynasties down to the present day, and even given a glimpse of the future, without his interest being allowed to lag for a moment.

There are many books on the French Foreign Legion, some fantastic, others repellent for their cruelty and crudeness; but in *The Legion Advances*, by Rex Ingram (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd.; 7/6), the author has written a fine romance of the corps which is always on service. The style is vigorous and attractive, and this can be definitely put down as one of the best novels of the Foreign Legion that have been written for some time.

The idea which lays behind the production of *English Country* (Wishart & Co., 7/6), was certainly a good one, and by no means lacking in originality. The book is the work of fifteen well-known writers, who were invited to write on the particular corner of England that they knew, loved and understood. The result is a most refreshing volume, and Mr. Massingham, who besides editing, contributed to the work, is to be congratulated on his selection of authors.

In a book full of characters—men, women, children, horses and hounds—has been incorporated a number of sporting tales under the title of *The Silver Horn*. These pages will attract all those who love a wide and beautiful country, while the author has built up round a character of Colonel Wetherford one which will stand out as a literary creation. The book is one of remarkable characterisation, which, in its turn, has lent itself to the medium of illustration. (*The Silver Horn*. By Gordon Grand, with drawings by K. F. Barker, *Country Life*, 10/6 net.)

MR. SCOTT-PAINE BREAKS HIS OWN WORLD RECORD WITH MISS BRITAIN III.
A new world speedboat record for single-engined craft was set up last week by Mr. H. Scott-Paine when he won the Prince of Piedmont Cup at Venice in Miss Britain III at an average speed of approximately 110 *miles per hour for the measured mile. The previous record was his own of* 100.13 *m.p.h.*

BADGES FOR THE CAREFUL MOTORIST

Co-operating to Improve the Standard of Driving

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

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

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

"BADGE mania" has lately afflicted a certain section of the motoring community, among whom it has become the fashion to display in front of their cars as many badges as possible. These are of various colours, shapes and sizes, and they denote that the owner of the car is a member of a number of clubs and motoring associations. This may be interesting, but can be overdone. I have seen the frontal area of a radiator so obscured with devices of this nature that it has puzzled me how the engine could be kept sufficiently cool.

On the other hand, the carrying of certain badges may be of considerable utility. Two badges, those of the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club, are, indeed, indispensable to the member of either or both, and should always be displayed in a prominent position. Recently, also, many one-car clubs have sprung into existence, these being formed for the most part of real motoring enthusiasts, and here the carrying of the club badge, so that your fellow-members may recognise you on the road and exchange greetings, may surely be excused.

Of very great importance, particularly at the present time, are those national organisations, formed with the object of improving the standard of driving and of fostering road fellowship. Every motorist should make a point of joining one or other of these if eligible, and should display the badge.

Three in particular are worthy of special mention. There is, firstly, the Order of the Road, which was inaugurated in 1928. Only those drivers who are in possession of a clean licence and have not been involved in an accident for a minimum period of three years are eligible to join. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince George are patrons, and this society can now boast of a membership exceeding 3,500. The badge of this Order is a double trefoil, the background being red with a white enamelled centre on which is portrayed the Order's monogram. At the base of the badge a detachable plate is fixed showing the current year of membership. At the end of each season, when the annual subscription is renewed, the member is furnished with a fresh dated plate.

No membership, however, is renewed if the motorist has been involved during the previous twelve months in any motoring offence or accident where blame could be attributed to him. In addition to this, the committee very carefully select their members in the first instance, and their records are scrupulously examined. As a result, all the members of this Order can be regarded as good, safe and considerate drivers, and the badge they carry on their cars bears testimony to a blameless record.

Another very popular society although it has not long been in existence, is the Company of Veteran Motorists. The object of this Company is to band together motorists of not less than ten years' driving experience with a clean licence. Members, upon joining, are asked to observe at all times all the recognised rules of the road, and to act with consideration to others. The badge is a wide V with a star in the centre, the V standing for Veteran but representing also a chevron which denotes the driver's experience in years. It is of chromium plate and white enamel, and is issued with a coloured year disc attached to the centre of the star. These discs run in denominations of five years, and are exchanged free of charge when the member has qualified for the next denomination. For the first ten years the centre disc is red; for fifteen years it is white; for 20 years, blue; for 25 years, yellow; for 30 years, purple; and for 35 years, green.

Any number of cars may now be seen on the road displaying the badge of the Company, and I feel that the coloured discs must prove a great incentive to careful driving. When I was first elected I was given a yellow disc to my badge, and I have now just realised that I am entitled to demand a purple one in its place, a realisation that fills me with great pleasure.

Lastly I come to the Road Fellowship League, which is an offshoot of the National "Safety First" Association, which has done so much good in promoting safety measures on our roads. This league sprung into being a few years ago on the occasion of a meeting of the National "Safety First" Association at which the Duke of York presided. His Royal Highness at that time said: "Cultivate a spirit of good fellowship on the road. We want more goodwill among the different types of road users, more attention to setting a good example and appreciating the courtesies received, than to abusing the failings of the few. . . . Keep the true, unselfish meaning of Safety First (safety of others first) before you, and live up to the good old British motto of play up, and play the game."

It was through the inspiration of these words that the Road Fellowship League came into existence. The league is open to all classes of road users—motorists, pedal cyclists or pedestrians—and the yearly subscription is a purely nominal one of 2/6. Steps are now being considered with a view to enlarging the scope of this League. It has long been realised that if a spirit of really good fellowship can be fostered on the road more will have been done to reduce the number of road accidents than any amount of legislation, however stringent.

BADGES THAT DENOTE A BLAMELESS RECORD
From left to right the badges shown are those of the Order of the Road, the Company of Veteran Motorists and the Road Fellowship League

THE 500-MILE RACE

The "Field" Gold Trophy Won by Rileys in a Deluge

CONTINUAL rain, increasing at times to a veritable deluge, marred the British Racing Drivers' Club's 500-mile race at Brooklands last Saturday.

The largest and fastest cars—capable of circling the track at speeds up to and over 140 m.p.h.—were thus handicapped to a greater extent than the

smaller vehicles, and when John Cobb, the driver of the giant Napier-Railton, declared that he was "fed up with the weather" and retired, he was regarded by the experts as the most sensible man in the race. He had held second place for a long time at 124 m.p.h., but when the track was thoroughly soaked he could not hold the car at such high speeds, and at half distance he realised that to continue would be a sheer waste of petrol; he could not hope for a place unless by some miracle all the smaller cars fell out.

Captain G. E. T. Eyston's chocolate-and-cream coloured M.G. Magnette led for the first part of the race on handicap, hotly challenged by Freddy Dixon on a 1,985 c.c. six-cylinder Riley, who eventually took the lead. Eyston's average speed for the first 58 laps (about 160 miles) was 116.09 m.p.h., at which point he was 3min. 5sec. ahead of the time he was expected to take according to the handicap. While the weather was still reasonable Cobb held second place at 124.04 m.p.h., Dixon being third at 116.33 m.p.h., but the rain caused the driver of the Napier-Railton to drop back, and Dixon took second place, when he had covered 54 laps at 116.77 m.p.h. average.

Speeds continued to drop. At 78 laps (216 miles) Eyston still led, but only at 113.97 m.p.h., Dixon's speed being 112.42 m.p.h. Then at half-distance (250 miles) the Riley driver was in front at 108.62 m.p.h. with Eyston's car second at 103.76 m.p.h.

Then W. L. Handley, the racing motor cyclist, took over Eyston's M.G., and almost immediately, skidding wildly on the wet track, shot off the concrete on to the soft ground, on his way, by the irony of fate, smashing the table at which his own lap-scorers sat and causing them to run for their lives. The car was unfit to continue in the race, and Von der Becke's Riley, which had been battling with Everitt's M.G. Magnette in third and fourth place, now became a potential winner, especially as Fairfield, on a Riley Nine, crashed through the fence just after he had got into second place.

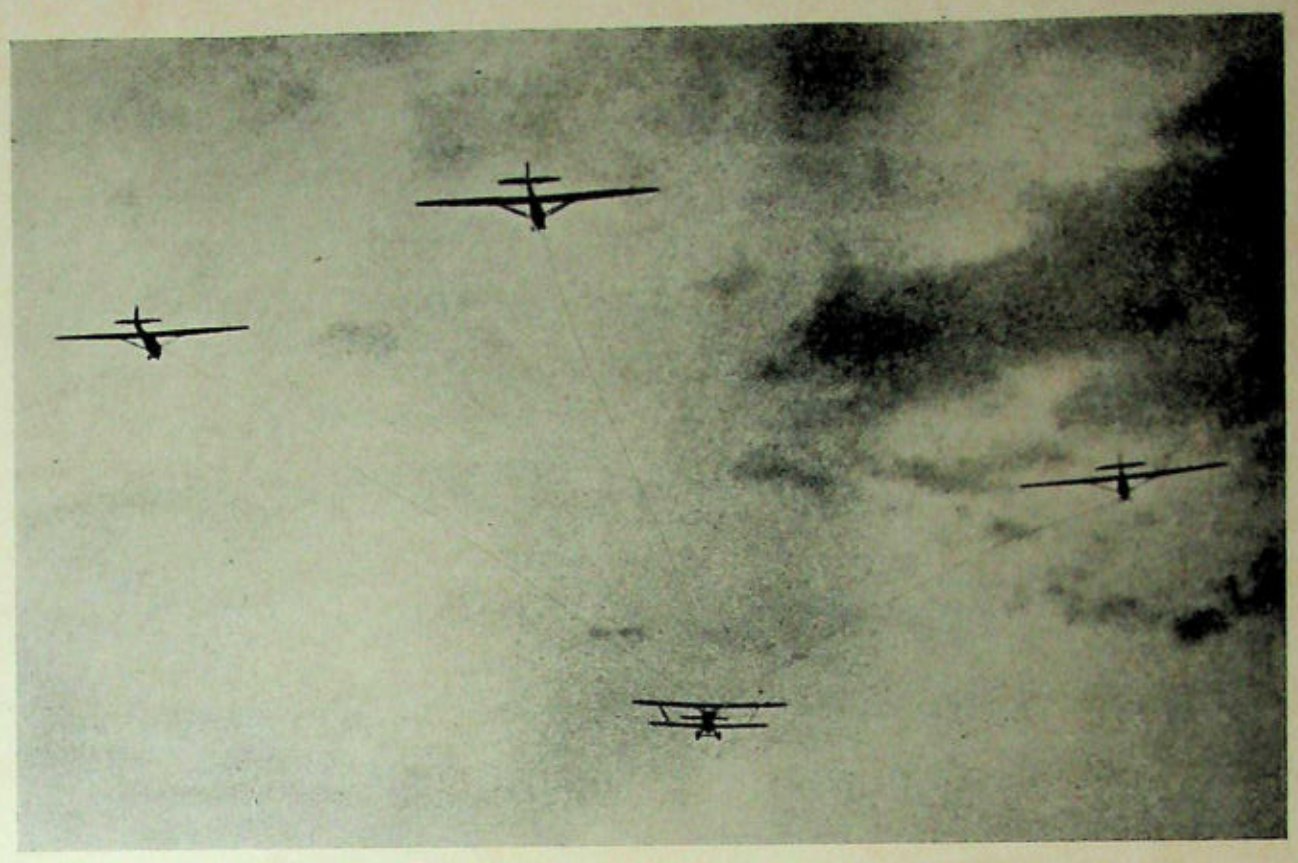
Dixon, not yet fully recovered from his smash on the Donnington circuit, "let up" when John Cobb retired, lapping at only about 92 m.p.h. This very nearly lost him the race, for he had so little time in hand that when he had to stop to change a wheel Von der Becke's Riley swept into the lead. The wheel changed, Dixon was off like a shot, rapidly catching up his rival, but only five laps remained to be covered, and it was obvious that Dixon could not regain his position before the end of the race.

On the very last lap, however, the leading Riley had to stop momentarily owing to fuel feed trouble, and Dixon once more snatched the lead, to win at the impressive speed of 104.8 m.p.h.

No team finished complete, but the best aggregate performance was put up by Von der Becke and H. G. Dobbs, two members of the team of Riley cars entered by Mr. Victor Riley, who therefore wins the *Field* Gold Challenge Trophy. Of the 32 cars which started only seven covered the whole distance within the time limit allowed, all of them being British.

The *Field* Gold Challenge Trophy (team prize) was won by Mr. Victor Riley's team of Riley cars.

H. E. Symons.



RUSSIA'S AERIAL TRAIN ON AN EXPERIMENTAL FLIGHT

Each of these three sailplanes, towed by an aeroplane, is intended for a separate stopping point, and on reaching its objective will be released and brought to earth by its pilot while the rest of the "train" proceeds

AERIAL TRAINS AND THE FUTURE OF GLIDING

Will Russia's Experiment With Sailplanes Be Followed?

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

NOT long ago very considerable interest was aroused by the experiments that several countries, notably Russia, were making with towed sailplanes and sailplane trains. Some reference to these trials were made in these articles at the time, and it was then pointed out that further developments of the idea must be closely watched in the interests of a fuller and more efficient use of air transport.

The results of the Russian experiments seem to have been considered satisfactory, for it was recently announced that an experimental freight service by sailplane trains is to be inaugurated between Moscow and Kharkov, in the Ukraine, a distance of between 600 miles and 700 miles. That it is possible to tow motorless aircraft safely has already been proved in Russia and elsewhere; this service, which will presumably operate as part of the normal transport service, will establish whether schedules can be maintained, and whether the scheme has any big practical advantages over the use of power machines by themselves.

Supporters of the plan claim that sailplane trains can solve the difficulties associated with operating a long overland route on which frequent intermediate stops are desirable. The technique is that the towing aeroplane shall haul a train of sailplanes, each of which is intended for a separate intermediate stopping point. The sailplanes are released at their destinations much in the same way as coaches used to be slipped on the railways, and are brought to earth by their pilots while the remainder of the train proceeds to the terminal. At first the trains will, it is understood, consist of one aeroplane and two motorless aircraft, but this number may be extended if the experiment proves successful.

Technically, this service is one of considerable interest, and its working may very possibly cause some modification of existing ideas regarding air transport. Moreover, it does indicate a way in which the considerable knowledge of gliding and soaring won in the past few years can be put to immediate practical use. For those reasons alone the new service must be welcomed.

But in considering the possible application of the system to other countries and international aviation, probably the only other country in the world comparable to Russia as regards its air transport problems is the United States, where very considerable overland distances have to be covered within its own frontiers; and it is noteworthy that here, too, interest is being shown in sailplane trains. So far as Great Britain goes, interest is centred chiefly in the overseas routes, and it is clear that on these there is little opportunity for exploitation of the method.

At the same time a case could be made out for some experiments on our internal services. The short distances that have to be covered on airways within the British Isles put a high premium on efficient handling on the ground; any time that can be saved there is a very great gain indeed; and it would thus seem that there is room for investigation as to how sailplane trains could help. An example that comes to mind is an airway connecting London with, say, Glasgow, with non-stop services between these points which could by this means give intermediate connections with the chief towns and cities of the North and Midlands.

At present the Russian experiment appears to be concerned only with freight, but that extension to passenger work is contemplated is revealed by the news that the Moscow Glider Works is constructing a number of large passenger-carrying sailplanes for use on trains. Particulars of these aircraft give some indication of the performance that is to be expected, since with the P5 aeroplane used they are expected to attain 93 m.p.h. to 105 m.p.h.

This would seem to be the chief disadvantage of sailplane trains at the present time, apart from the difficulties of launching and making up the train. Assuming that the higher of the figures quoted could be taken as a normal cruising speed—a rather optimistic assumption—the travel times would compare unfavourably with those of modern commercial aircraft, and it would seem, therefore, that the present field for sailplane trains was limited to those countries, such as Russia, where surface transport is still rudimentary, and where the highest air speeds are not so essential.

Whatever the practical outcome of this interesting experiment, one fact emerging from it is of considerable importance—that motorless flying has commercial possibilities as yet untouched. This should do something to silence those critics who have decried the Government's scheme to subsidise the soaring and gliding movement in this country. Aviation is of such great importance to the future of the Empire that we cannot afford to leave any likely line of progress untouched, and the encouragement of gliding and soaring is revealed as something more important than the mere official support of an interesting and thrilling sport.

If sailplane trains should demonstrate their efficiency, the existence of a fully equipped national gliding and soaring school in Great Britain will ensure that we shall be in a position to take immediate advantage of this form of transport.

SAILING CRAFT ON THE BOSPHORUS

THROUGH THE SEA OF MARMORA TO ISTANBUL

A Pen-Picture of Constantinople Under the New Regime

To sail through the Sea of Marmora at night and approach the Bosphorus as dawn is breaking makes one of life's memories. Gradually the domes and minarets of Constantinople's 450 mosques reveal themselves in the grey mist and catch the first rays of the rising sun. West of the Golden Horn is Stamboul, the oldest part of Turkey in Europe, and the seat of her former sultans. Here is the Seraglio, the Royal Palace, now the nation's treasure house, and here was the sultan's harem.

In Stamboul, also, are the principal mosques. That of St. Sophia was founded by Constantine the Great, as a Christian church, on the site of a former Greek temple to Sophos, and later converted into a mosque by Mohamet the Conqueror, who first established Turkish rule in Europe. Adjacent is the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, he who carried siege to the walls of Vienna, where he died of disease as he beset the city, thus, possibly, saving Austria to Christendom. Here, again, is the Blue Mosque of Mohamet Achmedt, with its dome and six slender spires. Inside the prevailing tone of the mosaics and stained glass is blue, and the general effect is very beautiful.

Across the Golden Horn, where the westering sun lights up an arm of the Bosphorus like burnished gold, connected by the old and new bridges, lies Galata down by the quayside; while up above is Pera, the old residential quarter.

On the other side of the Bosphorus, at the place where tradition says Leander swam across, is Scutari, reached by ferry. This is a purely Turkish town, whereas Stamboul, Pera and Galata are cosmopolitan. In Scutari are to be seen the graveyards of the Crimea and the Great War, and here also is the hospital of Florence Nightingale.

Mustapha Kemel, the "Grey Wolf," has removed the seat of Government from Stamboul to Angora. His policy seems to be to break with the past—Turkey is to be westernised by every possible means, so that the wearing of the old national dress, the fez and veil, has been forbidden. Soon she may cease to be a Mohammedan country, for religion is no longer taught in the schools, and women have won their emancipation. What Constantinople has lost in the picturesque Turkey will probably gain in efficiency.

The bazaars reflect the new regime. Cheap European clothes from "off the peg," and the vile cloth cap, so common too, alas, in Africa, are hung outside the shops. More picturesque are the streets of the jewellers and the carpet-makers, situated in the one-time stables of the sultans. Covered arched arcades radiate from a large central dome, with rows of columns on either side like cloisters. It needs but a little flight of the imagination to see the high-mettled Arab stallions, tethered by the near foreleg, biting at the grooms as they pass along the central aisle.

But there are other parts away from the modern shops and restaurants and great commercial houses where one can still recapture the atmosphere of the ancient city. There are the narrow cobbled streets in old Stamboul, with their overhanging upper storeys, as in some Tudor town, and the old walls of the city seen outside the Adrianople Gate. The walls, it is true, are in ruins, but there are portions almost intact, showing redoubts, bastions and moat.

More interesting still is the glimpse of life as it was before the modern fetish of "Progress" speeded up a people whose motto was "To-morrow." For here is a caravanserai where country carts collect and Turkish peasant farmers, sons of the soil of Thrace, to whom the age of industrialism must be anathema. Their carts are quaint long four-wheeled vehicles drawn by two ponies, or heavier ones with a yoke of oxen, while slower still are the teams of water buffalo.

Another side to Istanbul is disclosed by a voyage up the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Black Sea. If it be a sunny day it will be delightful, but if the sky be overcast then look out for squalls, as like all inland waters surrounded by hills it can soon be lashed into a rough sea.

For a great part of the way, on the higher slopes on either side, picturesquely situated among Roman pines and other trees, are the mansions and villas of well-to-do citizens. Closer to the water's edge are public buildings, the sultan's summer palace, now used by the President of the Republic, and small but stately mosques. Interspersed are quaint wooden houses of an earlier date, some of three storeys, with arches underneath at water level where the occupants keep their boats. Here and there are ancient palaces of forgotten queens—sultanas—sent here when a younger bride rose to favour.

As one progresses the houses become more scattered and cluster in villages along the water's edge. Craft of many kinds ply to and fro. Paddle ferry steamers, tacking across from village to village; oil tankers bringing supplies to the storage tanks; picturesque sailing boats of native rig and fussy tugs or motor launches. Half-way up the Bosphorus is an ancient fort—Rumell Hisar—now in ruins; but on the opposite shore another newer one flies the Turkish flag.

At the head of the Bosphorus is a narrow strait, five miles in length, shut in by hills on either side. This is the entrance to the Black Sea, about whose shores are many flights of wading birds, believed by sailors to be the souls of mariners lost in those forbidding waters.

As one draws away from Galata wharf in the early hours of dawn sea and sky take on the same cold grey, but the sun's rays show above the mountains of Anatolia, eastwards beyond Scutari. Looking towards Stamboul the minarets and domes of the mosques show white against the leaden sky. Gradually the rising sun touches the puffs of cloud above the spires with the rose tints of a flamingo's wing, and for a moment one sees Stamboul, a dream city of the Arabian Nights, like a mirage, suspended between sea and sky.

RICHARD OAKLEY.

A CARAVANSERAI OUTSIDE THE OLD WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

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IN THE LOUNGE AT THE OLD KING'S HEAD HOTEL, AYLESBURY

OWNED by the National Trust and managed by the People's Refreshment House Association, the Old King's Head Hotel at Aylesbury is in almost, if not quite, a unique position.

It stands tucked away very inconspicuously in a little close at a corner of the Market Square. Its tiled roofs and overhanging floors, steep gables and noble gateway, surmounted by a bracketed and mullioned oriel, at once delight the eye. It is true that this window and gable were rebuilt as recently as 1880, but the old model was followed. There is little else that is new about the King's Head, which, as it stands, dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. It may have had a predecessor, since there can be little doubt that it was originally a guest house of the Grey Friars of Aylesbury, who were founded in 1386. The house is distinguished above all other hostelries by its fine lounge, which appears in the first instance to have been the great hall or refectory. The room is famous for its large original fifteenth century window, which dignifies both the within and the without. The room is divided into bays by heavy moulded wallposts, and still contains an ancient refectory table.

The window is unquestionably one of the finest remaining pre-Tudor windows. It is divided by mullions and transomes into 20 lights, and still keeps much of the original armorial glass. These quarries consist of fragments of figures of angels holding shields, on some of which are the arms of Henry VI and his wife, Margaret of Anjou. The symbol of St. Mark the Evangelist also appears with a scroll on which is the name "Marcus" in black letters. Many of the original quarries are ornamented with flower designs, some with a covered cup and others with the Bohun swan.

At the Reformation this noble guest house, as monastic property, was granted to the Earl of Wiltshire, Lord of the Manor of Aylesbury, father of Anne Boleyn. Then, probably, the house assumed the head of Henry VIII as its sign; the word "Old" is a modern and unnecessary addition. The next landmark in the history of the house is the Civil War and the seizure of the town by the Parliamentary forces. Cromwell is said to have made it his headquarters, and a chair in the lounge is reputed to have been used by him. During recent restorations a hiding-place was discovered on a staircase wherein were found a flint-lock pistol and a short cavalry musket of the type used by the Parliamentary army. During this period the King's Head, like so many other inns, issued copper tokens to remedy the deficiency in small change. One of them is inscribed: "At the King's Head In Aillsbury. W. E. D. 1657."

A conservative restoration has not only brought to sight much old work, such as half-timbering, which had been papered or plastered over for greater "gentility," but in the lounge is preserved a small section of the original "wattle and daub" wall. There is a cosy panelled dining room redolent of the atmosphere of the house, and all the bedrooms have been made bright and attractive. There are only sixteen of them, for the King's Head is not a large house, which, from the visitor's point of view is all to the good.

The King's Head is thus a happy and quiet resting place in that Vale of Aylesbury which in itself and its surroundings is rich in places of interest. Within easy reach are Amersham for which Edmund Waller sat, Wendover for which John Hampden sat, and Thame where he died; Buckingham with its long spread ducal memories; Chequers, the country home of the Prime Minister for the time being; Whiteleafe Cross, the symbol cut on the hillside; Coombe Hill, the highest point in the county; and Brill, the odd little hill-town, and the still odder Boarstal Tower at its foot. As for sport, the Old Berkeley, the Bicester and the Whaddon Chase are all at hand, to say nothing of staghounds, otter hounds and beagles, plenty of golf and the Aylesbury Fishing Club's water.

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BRIDGE

SACRIFICIAL BIDS

Saving A Slam Contract

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

THE question of sacrificial bids is fraught with difficulty. That it is worth while incurring a penalty to save the rubber game is recognised generally, but some players who will make an effort to save the rubber do not realise the importance of trying to prevent opponents from making the first game. Theoretically it pays to go down 250 points to save the first game. To prevent opponents scoring the rubber game you can also theoretically afford to lose not more than 600 points when not vulnerable or 500 points vulnerable.

Now the trouble is this. Often it is difficult, sometimes quite impossible, to gauge accurately the penalty you are likely to incur. Sometimes it may be less than you anticipate, but frequently it works out higher owing to an unexpected lead or unfortunate distribution. Further, when you once embark upon the game-saving scheme you never can tell where it is going to land you. Are you to continue the process indefinitely or let it drop after a series of fines ?

One has to remember that some partners get very discouraged when they see the adverse figures mounting up. Consequently they fail at the critical moment. Their attitude is: "We have lost enough already. We won't support or try to keep the flag flying any more." It is natural enough.

Of course, there can be no assurance that bids which save the game temporarily will pay in the long run. If you lose the rubber in the end you have only succeeded in piling up the agony and losing a big instead of a comparatively small score. All the same I am in favour of a reasonable sacrificial bid. But a distinction must be made between justifiable over-bidding and reckless flag-flying.

While admitting that it is not possible always to gauge the penalty with accuracy, there should be a reasonable probability of confining it to certain limits. When you are not vulnerable and the opponents are, you can overcall with weak, mildly aggressive holdings. When you are vulnerable you should not overcall with weak, resourceless hands.

Now we come to the point whether it is worth while trying to save a slam bid by vulnerable opponents. The position is this. Y Z game; A B nothing. Y and Z bid up to a little slam. A and B have no hope of saving it. If they allow Y Z to play the hand they will lose a two-game rubber 700, plus 750 for little slam and plus value of six tricks, say, roughly 1,550 points in addition to Y Z's score for the first game. Should A and B with the possibility of a loss of 700 or 1,000 points go on bidding ?

It may seem plausible to argue that if A B save several hundred points on the deal they have done good work. It is certainly better to lose 1,000 points than 1,500. But it must be remembered that while they have saved the game for the time being they have not increased their chance of winning the rubber. Y Z still are a game up plus the fine A B have incurred.

As an example of how players do "take a toss" to save a "sitting slam" witness the following from Club play:

Score Y Z game; A B nil. Y deals.

The bidding—Y Z playing the Vanderbilt Club.

Rnd.	Y	B	Z	A
1.	One Club	One Spade	No bid	Two Spades
2.	Double	No bid	Three Spades	Four Spades
3.	Double	No bid	Five Clubs	No bid
4.	Six Clubs	No bid	No bid	Six Spades
5.	Double	No bid	No bid	No bid

Y's initial bid guaranteed at least three quick tricks but did not show strength in Clubs. When B bid One Spade Z could pass and await events. Y's double of Two Spades is answered by Z with a bid of Three Spades still awaiting events.

When A now bids Four Spades and Y again doubles, Z can see that a slam is likely. He now shows his long suit of Clubs and Y supports to little slam. A then makes the sacrificial bid of Six Spades and Z leaves Y's double.

The bidding is, of course, very artificial, and Y Z could have arrived at the same declaration by other simpler methods. Actually as the cards lie they can make a grand slam in Clubs without any finesse as the Queen of Hearts drops. A and B lost four by cards 700 points. And in this actual case it paid them, as they eventually won the rubber.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

The twenty-fifth game of the match:

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

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

(a) Threatening B takes P, ch.

(b) If 6. . . . Kt to B 3, then 7. P to K R 3, B to R 4 (B takes Kt develops White's Queen); 8. P to K Kt 4, B to Kt 3; 9. Kt to K 5, threatening 10. P to K R 4, etc.

(c) Wishing to keep his Knight at Q B 3 to support P to K 4, he prevents B to Q Kt 5. An alternative is 8. Castles, to be followed, if 8. . . . B to Q Kt 5, by 9. P to R 3, K B takes Kt; 10. P takes B and White has the advantage of two Bishops.

(d) Preparatory to Q to Kt 3, followed, if Kt to Q R 4, by Q to R 2.

(e) B to Kt sq was a good alternative.

(f) 17. P takes Kt, Kt to Q 2; 18. Q R to B sq was, perhaps, to be preferred.

(g) Not 19. P takes P, P takes P; 20. B takes P because of 20. . . . Q takes R. Better than the text-move, however, was Kt to R 4 (to prevent P to B 4), *e.g.*, 19. Kt to R 4, Q R to Q sq; 20. K R to Q sq, Q to R 2; 21. P to K 5 (not 21. Kt to B 5 because of 21. . . . R takes P; 22. R takes R, Q takes Kt), B to K 2; 22. Q R to B sq. Black's best reply to 19. Kt to R 4 would have been 19. . . . P takes P; 20. P takes P, P to K 4.

(h) Now Black has freed his game.

(i) Not Q to K 3 because of R to Q 6.

(j) Not 24. . . . Q takes Q; 25. R takes Q, R to Q 6 because of 26. P to B 4, R takes Q R P; 27. R to K B 2 followed (1) if 27. . . . P to R 3, by 28. P to B 5, P takes P; 29. K P takes P, B to R 2; 30. R to B 7 (or 30. K R to B 2, R to K B sq; 31. R to B 7), R to K B sq; 31. K R to B 2, threatening R takes P; or (2) if 27. . . . P to B 3, by 28. P to B 5, B to B 2 (not P takes P because of R to B 8, mate); 28. P takes P, B takes P; 29. R to B 8, ch.

(k) This weakens the King's side position. B to Kt sq was preferable.

(l) R to Q 2 at once would have saved a move.

(m) If 27. . . . Q R to Q sq, then 28. B to Q 5, Q to Kt 3; 29. R to B 4, P to K 4; 30. R takes R, P takes R; 31. Q to B 2, followed by 32. R to Q sq.

(n) Played so that his next move might be made with gain of time. K R to Q sq was better.

(o) Not 31. R takes P because of 31. . . . R to Q 8, ch; 32. R takes R (if K to Kt 2, then Q to Kt 7, ch), R takes R, ch, followed by Q to Kt 7, ch, and wins.

(p) Risky, for it allows Black's Rook to go to the eighth rank. Q to B 3 seems better.

(q) Not R takes P because of R takes B, ch, followed by Q to Kt 4, ch.

(r) To stop Q to Kt 6, ch. Q to B 2 appears to be better.

(s) Not R takes P because of R takes B, ch, followed by Q to Q 8, ch.

(t) Threatening B to Kt 4.

(u) Bogoljubow's sealed move. As a reply to 41. K to R 2 Dr. Alekhine had in readiness the following continuation: 41. . . . R to B 7; 42. R to Q 2 (if B to K 2, then B to Kt 4), R takes R; 43. Q takes R, Q to B 4; 44. Q to Q Kt 2, Q to K 6, winning a pawn. If, instead, 41. R to Kt 6, then 41. . . . B to B 3, followed, if 42. Q to Q Kt 2, by the pretty move 42. . . . Q to Q 2.

(v) Again threatening B to Kt 4. If now 42. R to Q 8, then 42. . . . Q to R 3; 43. Q to B 2 (if Q to Q 3, then B to Kt 4), R takes B, ch; 44. Q takes R, Q to Kt 3, ch, and wins.

(w) B to K 2, would not have saved the game, *e.g.*, 43. B to K 2, B to Kt 4; 44. Q to Q 2 (if Q to K 3, then R to K R 8 and wins) B takes B; 45. Q takes B (if K takes B, then Q to K 5, ch, and wins), Q to B 4, ch, and now (1) 46. K to Kt 2, Q to Kt 8, ch; 47. K to B 3, R to B 8, ch, and win; (2) 46. K to Kt 3 (now White threatens to win by Q to R 5, ch), R to Kt 8, ch; 47. K to R 4, R to Kt 3, threatening either Q takes R P or Q to Kt 8, and White has no satisfactory reply; or (3) 46. K to B 3, R to B 7, followed, if 47. Q to K 3, by 47. . . . Q to B 5; 48. R to Q 3, Q to B 3 ch; 49. K to Kt 3, R to Kt 7, ch; 50. K to R 4, Q to K sq and wins.

(x) A blunder—but, if Q to Q 4, then Q takes R P, threatening R to B 7, ch, and Black has a winning advantage.

TOURNAMENT AT ZURICH

A good game by Hans Johner, the Swiss champion.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. H. Johner.	BLACK. Marquis Rosselli del Turco.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3
5. P to B 3 *(a)*	B to Q 2
6. Castles	Kt to B 3 *(b)*
7. R to K sq	B to K 2
8. P to Q 4	Castles
9. Q Kt to Q 2	P to Q Kt 4 *(c)*
10. B to Kt 3	P to Q R 4 *(d)*
11. Kt to B sq	P to R 5
12. B to B 2	P takes P *(e)*
13. P takes P	B to Kt 5
14. P to Q R 3	B to R 4
15. Kt to Kt 3	B to Kt 3
16. Kt to R 4 *(f)*	Kt to Q 2
17. Kt(R4)toB5	B to B 3
18. B to K 3	Kt to R 4
19. P to B 4	Kt to B 5
20. B to B 2	B takes Kt *(g)*
21. Kt takes B	P to Kt 3
22. P to K 5 *(h)*	P takes Kt *(i)*
23. Q to R 5 *(j)*	B to Kt 2
24. B to R 4	Kt to B 3 *(k)*
25. B takes Kt	Resigns *(l)*

(a) B takes Kt, ch, followed by P to Q 4, is, we think, White's best line here.

(b) A good—and, perhaps, preferable—system of development here is P to K Kt 3 followed by B to Kt 2 and K Kt to K 2.

(c) Not 9. . . . R to K sq because of 10. B takes Kt, B takes B; 11. P takes P, P takes P; 12. Kt takes P, B takes P; 13. Kt takes P, K takes Kt; 14. Kt takes B, Q takes Q (if Kt takes Kt, then Q to Kt 3, ch, followed by R takes Kt); 15. Kt to Kt 5, ch, followed by 16. R takes Q, and White has won a pawn.

(d) A premature advance. White now starts a King's side attack.

(e) This giving up of the centre is not good.

(f) No doubt Black had thought that by attacking the King's pawn with his Bishop he had prevented this move. However, he was mistaken for now he cannot capture the pawn. If 16. . . . Kt takes K P, then 17. Kt takes B and wins. If, instead, 16. . . . B takes P, then 17. Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt; 18. B takes Kt, P to Q 4; 19. B to Kt sq, B takes Kt; 20. Q to B 2 and wins.

(g) There was no time to capture the Knight's pawn. If Kt takes Kt P, then Q to Kt 4 followed by P to K 5.

(h) A very strong move.

(i) This loses as White has a very fine reply—but, if, instead, 22. . . . B to Kt 2, then 23. B to R 4, P to K B 3; 24. P to K 6, etc.

(j) Another very strong move—and much better than P takes B in reply to which Black could play Q takes P. White now threatens Q takes P.

(k) If 24. . . . P to K B 3, then 25. P to K 6 (threatening either P to K 7, P takes Kt or Q takes P), Q to K sq; 26. Q takes P, Q to Kt 3; 27. P to K 7 and wins. If, instead, 24. . . . Q to B sq, then 25. B takes B P, followed, if 25. . . . P to R 3, by 26. Q to Kt 4 (threatening either B to B 6 or B takes Kt) or, if 25. . . . R to K sq, by either 26. B to B 6 (best) or 26. Q to Kt 4, and wins.

(l) If 25. . . . B takes B, then 26. Q takes P, R to K sq; 27. P takes B, K to B sq; 28. Q to Kt 5 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 3772

By W. FRHR. VON HOLZHAUSEN.*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at K sq, Queen at Q Kt 3, Rook at K R 5, Bishop at Q Kt 5.

BLACK (4 pieces): King at Q R 4, Rook at K R sq, Pawns at K 4 and K B 4.

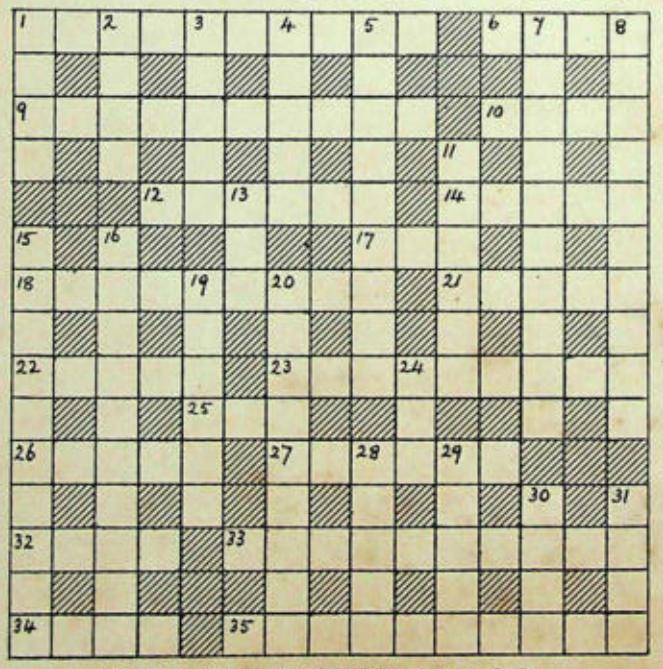
White to play and mate in three moves.

**Riga Tagblatt*, 1911.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3771

1. Q to K R 2. If 1. . . . . R to R 5, then 2. Q to K Kt 2, etc. If 1. . . . . R to R 3, then 2. Kt to Q 5, ch, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 279

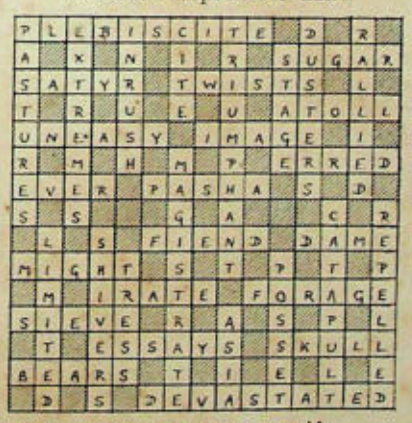
ACROSS.—1, Privilege granted. 6, The men had a massive strongly-made chest under the bed (hidden). 9, Dispute. 10, "The moan of doves in immemorial ——." (Lord Tennyson). 12, Cheats may become this. 14, One result of blame. 17, Short cut shorter. 18, Prohibit. 21, "Still have I borne it with a patient ——, For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." (*The Merchant of Venice.*) 22, —— Keep on short allowance. 23, The walrus' companion. 25, "How —— doth breed a habit in a man!" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*). 26, He is blue whereas Roger is jolly. 27, A needy saint. 32, Reverse. 33, Eric's antic (anag.). 34, "Stick close to your —— and never go to sea, And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*). 35, Without alarm.

DOWN—1, One may be given and forty-five taken. 2, Naked and confused. 3, Coniferous tree. 4, Overhanging edge of roofs. 5, Accurate with an alternative. 7, Not hurried. 8, These carry communications. 11, Fire-worshipper. 13, Help. 15, Squandered. 16, Censure. 19, Go back. 20, Motive. 24, "There still remains, to mortify a wit, The many-headed monster of the ——" (Pope). 28, Woodland deity. 29, Weird. 30, Billiard balls do this sometimes. 31, Solely.

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. 278.

Published September 22nd



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 revelent 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

Fish Found Dead in Welsh Stream.—Our biologist reports that your fish, from external examination, appeared to be well nourished, but its condition on arrival did not permit the cause of death to be ascertained.—*E. S. B., Anglesey.*

Farm

Silver Fox Farming.—We recommend you to obtain a copy of *The Silver Fox*, by Catchpole, from the Silver Fox Breeders' Association, 97, Cannon Street, E.C. 4, price 10/6. In the first issue each month the *Field* publishes articles on silver fox farming, and in these you will find a great deal of useful information about the industry.—*H. E. H., Yorks.*

Cross-bred Sheep.—We cannot trace any article which appeared in the *Field* dealing specifically with the crossing of Suffolk rams with Exmoor ewes. This makes a very useful cross, and the lambs are liked by the butcher. The Exmoor is best suited to rather poor land, and on good land the ewes are apt to get too fat, and so fail to breed the number of lambs which would be expected from half-bred and other more prolific types.—*G. H., Devon.*

Garden

Apple Sent for Inspection.—This apple is not diseased. It has evidently got knocked and bruised, probably by wind, and then calloused. The condition of the fruit indicates that the tree needs better cultivation.—*C. G. H-B., Donegal.*

Kennel

Sore Eyes.—It would be well to keep on with the cod liver oil and medicine as at present, and to drop into the eyes three times daily a few drops of a 5 per cent. solution of Protargol, and to anoint the lids with zinc ointment should they become sore again.—*J. S., Ireland.*

Deafness in a Dog.—If the deafness in your Labrador retriever is due to degenerative changes in the auditory nerve there is nothing to be done for it. In the hope that it is caused by some local condition such as an accumulation of wax, however, it would be well to try the effect of putting a small quantity of medicinal paraffin into the ears, and massaging the bases of the latter to soften up and dislodge any such obstruction to the hearing.—*G. W. B., Great Yarmouth.*

Dog Barking in Kennel.—It is very difficult to cure some dogs of the habit of barking in a kennel. Would it not be possible to let your puppy share the older retriever's kennel, which you mention? That would probably keep him quiet. Beyond that you can only rate him when he makes a noise, give him as much exercise as possible, and feed with his principal meal at about 6 o'clock in the evening. If you put on a loosely-fitting leather muzzle that would, of course, act as a preventative, and it might be worth trying for a short time. Dogs are sociable creatures and like to have their liberty.—*G. E. B. S., Scotland.*

Naturalist

Robin's Egg on Ground.—It does not appear likely that the robin you allude to would attempt to remove the egg. Are you sure it was one of the five found in the nest? It is not unusual at times for birds to lay eggs away from their nests; for instance, it is a common occurrence with starlings.—*W. F. R., Uxbridge.*

Breeding Season of Hares.—It is doubtful whether, under normal conditions, the hare breeds more than twice a year. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a month in which newly-born leverets have not been recorded. In mild winters young hares have been found in January, and breeding has been known to occur as late in the season as mid-November.—*J. M., Andover.*

Parasites Found on Swallow.—Swallows, martins, and swifts are commonly infested with insects somewhat resembling large lice, belonging to a special family of flies known as the *Hippoboscidæ*, which are parasitical upon birds (especially the swallows) and some mammals. The well known forest-fly which is so annoying to horses in the New Forest is a member of this family. It is unusual to find a bird so badly infested as you describe; but the presence of these parasites would have no connection with the shortage of swallows you have noticed this year.—*W. F. R., Uxbridge.*

Naturalist (*Continued*)

Post-Mortem Examinations

Kestrel's Death from Starvation.—The young kestrel was picked up dead upon an estate, where it "had been hanging about for a week or two." "It was apparently hard put to it to get food." On examination the body was in an advanced stage of emaciation, the liver was shrunken and there was no evidence of ingested or digested food in the food canal. A few gape worms were found in the windpipe, together with some inflammation of the upper part of the respiratory tube. The appearances suggest that the kestrel died of starvation.—*J. H. P., Fife.*

Aspergillosis in a Fowl.—The lungs were riddled with lesions produced by the germ of aspergillosis, a not uncommon chronic infection of poultry. The fowl had been infected for some weeks and was in an advanced state of emaciation. As the disease is contagious, and as the causative germ can survive for long periods outside the fowl, rigorous cleaning and disinfection of the house and run must be performed. One of the best disinfecting measures for this disease is to go over the fowl house and its fittings with the flame of a painter's blow-lamp, to be followed by a liberal application of limewash or creosote.—*C. S., Cumberland.*

Pneumonia in the Budgerigar.—Two Budgerigars from different owners died of acute pneumonia. In each case the causative germ was the *Bacillus bipolaris*, a very common cause of fatal infections in aviary birds. The disease usually is highly contagious, and the infected aviary or cage should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Any in-contact birds should be kept in strict isolation and no new birds should be added to the aviary for at least three months after the disease has disappeared. The in-contact birds should receive a few crystals of potassium permanganate in their drinking water, which should be changed about three times daily.—*H. A., Kent; S. F., Devon.*

Gapes in Pheasants.—This disease of the air-passages due to a small red-coloured round-worm has been found upon three estates. The affected pheasants have attacks of violent sneezing, with a discharge from their nostrils, followed by intervals of gasping for air with open beak. Some of the birds are reported to have roughened plumage and to be in poor condition. The infection is contracted by chicks in coops about the time of being put down to covert, but symptoms usually do not show up until this month. Thus medicinal treatment is out of the question for this season and the main task is to prevent recurrence of the disease in next season's chicks. For this purpose the coops, before being stored away, should be scraped, scrubbed with hot soda water, and disinfectant, then limewashed or creosoted. The ground occupied by this season's coops should be heavily dressed with quicklime and copper sulphate to kill the eggs of the gape worm which are deposited in the droppings and discharge from the nostrils of the affected birds. Next season, coops should be stood on new ground. Any of this season's pheasants showing symptoms of gapes should be shot and their bodies should be incinerated, not buried in the ground.—*J. M. M., Perth; E. M., Suffolk; D. B., Northumberland.*

Shooting

Cartridge Test

Your cartridges, although not perfect, are certainly an improvement upon the lot previously submitted, and should prove effective against game. Load 35½ grains Smokeless Diamond powder and 1 1/16oz. No. 7 shot. Velocity averaged 1,154ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns from a choke barrel 30in. circle 40 yards averaged 44 per cent. No doubt improved patterns could be obtained at the sacrifice of a little velocity.—*A. A. H. H., Nelson.*

Squash Rackets

Building a Squash Rackets Court.—The walls of a squash rackets court should be coated with non-sweating self-coloured wall composition, and the floor should be made of the best quality maple, laid on special mastic and felt to give resiliency. The standard electric light fittings system consists of six fittings, a total consumption of 1.2 units per hour. The entrance door should, of necessity, be specially constructed to give the same rebound speed to the balls as the wall. In the conversion of buildings an expert's survey is desirable, as such matters as nature of existing walls, damp course, site concrete, ventilation, natural lighting, etc., need careful attention. You might consult Messrs. G. H. Carter, Ltd., Clissold Works, 57/59, Green Lanes, London, N. 16.—*J. W. B. L., Rotherham.*

Stable

Horses and Slippery Roads.—We would recommend you to use the Gray horseshoe pad for horses slipping upon the road. These pads may be obtained from the Gray Horseshoe Pad Co., Ltd., 13-14, Suffolk Street, Birmingham.—*I. T. M., Wilts.*

Travel

Wintering in Teneriffe.—Even in the coldest months the average temperature along the coast is always above 60° Fahr., and scarcely a day passes when the sun is not shining for several hours. The rainfall in the low-lying areas is comparatively small, especially around Santa Cruz, which is also warmer than other parts of the island. The following are the average daily shade temperatures in Santa Cruz during the winter and early spring months: November, 69°; December, 66°; January, 64°; February, 63.5°; March, 65°; April, 66°; May, 68.5° Fahr. Hotels at Santa Cruz include the Alexandra, Spragg's English, and the Grand Hotel Quisiana, the minimum weekly *en pension* rates for which are 63/-, 84/-, and 87/6 respectively. At Orotava, which is also much favoured as a winter resort, there are the Hotel Monopol, the Hotel Augusta, the Grand Hotel Taoro, and the Hotel Martianez, the minimum weekly rates being 84/-, 84/-, 105/-, and 122/6 respectively. You could probably obtain a reduced rate for a long period of stay, but it should be understood that the charges given above are subject to alteration. The steamship lines serving Santa Cruz are as follows: Union Castle, Blue Funnel White Star-Aberdeen (Joint Service), Blue Star, Elder Dempster, Fred Olsen, Natal, and Yeoward.—*I. B., Horsham.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 6th

FIXTURE CARDS for USE in the CURRENT ISSUE of The "FIELD" MUST REACH this OFFICE NOT LATER THAN the FIRST POST on the PRECEDING TUESDAY MORNING

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (September 29th), Shallowford; Tuesday, Cloutsham; Thursday, Comer's Gate; Saturday, Hawkcombe Head—11.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (October 1st), Castle Comfort; Thursday, Triscombe Stone—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES
Cub Hunting

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (September 29th), The Fighting Cocks, Romsley—8.

BERKS, SOUTH.—Monday (October 1st), Turners Arms, Mortimer; Thursday, Lower Earley Cross Roads; Friday, Fox and Hounds Fence—8.

BICESTER.—Saturday (September 29th), Stoke Big Wood—7.

BLENCATHRA.—Tuesday (October 2nd), Wednesday and Friday, Bassenthwaite district—9.

BURTON.—Saturday (September 29th), Stainton Wood—7.30.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Monday (October 1st), Eltisley Wood; Wednesday, Grafham; Friday, Boxworth; Saturday, Meadow Planting—8.

CATTISTOCK.—Saturday (September 29th), Hardington—7.30; Monday, Wrackleford; Tuesday, Hook; Wednesday, Well Bottom; Thursday, Beaminster Tunnel; Friday, Radipole; Saturday, Red House, Key—8.

CHIDDINGFOLD.—Saturday (September 29th), Lynwick Street—7; Monday, White's Hill; Wednesday, Knowle Wood; Thursday, Frillingburst Gate; Saturday, Withybush Corner—8.

COTSWOLD.—Saturday (September 29th), Brimpsfield—8.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (September 29th), Snarehill—7.30.

DEVON, SOUTH.—Saturday (September 29th), Compton Pool—8; Tuesday Reddaford Water; Thursday, Winsford Crockernwell; Saturday, Cator Gate—9.

DULVERTON.—Saturday (September 29th), Winsford—9; Monday, North Molton Bridge; Wednesday, Yeo Mills and Nadrid Cross; Friday, Greystone Gate; Saturday, Court Down—10.

ESSEX, EAST.—Saturday (September 29th), Lyons Hall, Great Leighs—7.

ESSEX UNION.—Saturday (September 29th), Lahdon Common—7; Tuesday, Mountnessing Church; Thursday, South Green; Saturday, Stock Ship—7.30.

FERNIE.—Saturday (September 29th), Medbourne—7.

GROVE.—Saturday (October 29th), Rabbington Springs; Monday, Sturton; Wednesday, Treswell Wood—7.

HAMBLEDON.—Saturday (September 29th), Morestead Pond—7.

HERTFORDSHIRE, NORTH.—Saturday (September 29th), Stanbridgeford Station—7.30.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (September 29th), Stags End—8.

HEYTHROP.—Saturday (September 29th), Coggs Wood—7.30.

KENT, EAST.—Saturday (September 29th), Halfway House—7; Monday, Swingfield Village; Wednesday, Smeeth Station; Saturday, Breach Down—8.30.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (September 29th), New Inn—7.30.

NEW FOREST.—Tuesday (October 2nd), The Kennels; Thursday, Ashley Lodge; Saturday, Forest Lodge, Hinton—7.30.

OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Monday (October 1st), Adwell; Friday, Horspath—8.

PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND.—Saturday (September 29th), Oakley Purlieus—7.30.

SHROPSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (September 29th), Stapleton—7.30; Monday, Preston Montford; Thursday, Kenley; Saturday, Worthen—8.

SOMERSET, WEST.—Carhampton pack: Saturday (September 29th), Bicknoller Village; Monday, Almoor Farm, Kingsbrompton; Wednesday, St. Audries Church; Friday, Luxborough; Saturday, Fair Cross—8. Quantock pack: Tuesday (October 3rd), Quantock Lodge; Wednesday, Heddon Oak; Friday, Dodington—10.

SOUTHDOWN.—Saturday (September 29th), Mid Holm Wood, Chailey—6.45.

SOUTH WOLD.—Saturday (September 29th), Well Vale Gate; Monday, Authorpe Station—8; Wednesday, Martin—7; Thursday, Stenigot; Saturday, Tetford Bridge—8.

STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (September 29th), Appleby at Kennels—8.

SURREY, OLD, AND BURSTOW.—Saturday (September 29th), Newchapel and Little Surries, Ashurstwood; Tuesday, Brook House Entrance Gates; Wednesday, Limpsfield Chart—8; Saturday, Godstone Station and Lyewood Common, Withyham—8.30.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (September 29th), Rackenford Cross—9; Monday, Ridge; Wednesday, Calverleigh; Saturday, Witheridge—9.30.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (September 29th), Fir Grove—7.

WEST STREET.—Saturday (September 29th), New Downs Farm—7.30; Tuesday, Worth (by invitation); Thursday, West Hougham (by invitation); Saturday, Barfrestone—8.

WILTS, SOUTH AND WEST.—Saturday (September 29th), Fovant Hut—8; Monday, Fonthill Stone Gate; Tuesday, Wanstrow; Wednesday, Fonthill Stone Gate; Thursday, Stourton Inn; Friday, Southleigh Wood; Saturday, Fonthill Stone Gate—9.30.

FOXHOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (September 29th), Corrichalls—8.30; Tuesday, Heather Wood; Thursday, Hardgrove Bank; Saturday, Brownmoor—9.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

AIREDALE.—Saturday (September 29th), Dick Hudson's, High Eldwick; Wednesday, Little Almscliffe, Norwood Edge; Saturday, Cracoe in Craven—12.30.

ALDERSHOT COMMAND.—Wednesday (October 3rd), Eelmoor Bridge; Saturday, Cove Reservoir—6.30.

ANGLESEY.—Tuesday (October 2nd), Black Horse; Friday, Rhyd-y-Saint Halt—7.30.

CATTERICK.—Wednesday (October 3rd), The Officers' Club, Catterick Camp (opening next); Saturday, Newfound England—2.

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (September 29th), Wheston; Wednesday, Winster (Miner's Standard)—10.

HOLCOMBE.—Saturday (October 6th), Rifle Range, Entwhistle—11.

NEW FOREST.—Wednesday (October 3rd), Swan Green, near Lyndhurst (opening meet); Saturday, Godshill—11.30.

R.A.—Monday (October 1st), Sheep's Bridge; Friday, Alton Barn—7.

R.E.—Saturday (October 6th), Abbey Farm, Higham—2.

STORRINGTON.—Saturday (September 29th), White Horse, Storrington; Wednesday, Adversane; Saturday, Timberley, Bury—11.

VALE OF LUNE.—Saturday (September 29th), Isolation Hospital, Farleton, Claughton; Wednesday, Red Well Hotel—9.30; Saturday, General Meeting (10.30), Melling Hall (opening meet)—11.

WOLVERSTON.—Saturday (September 29th), The Keeper's Lodge, Hainault Forest; Tuesday, The Kennels—6.30; Saturday, Chigwell Village—7.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

NEWRY.—Monday (October 1st), Drumbanagher House; Friday, Mullaghglass—12.30.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (September 29th), Llansantffraid for Caen (to finish season)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (September 29th), Markham Moor Inn, near Retford (to finish the season)—10.45.

CHERITON.—Saturday (September 29th), Chapelton Station (to finish the season)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Monday (October 1st), Wilton Station; Thursday, Nursling Mill; Saturday, Bishops Waltham—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (September 29th), Pallingham Farm, Billingshurst—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (September 29th), Bolham, near Tiverton (River Exe)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (September 29th), Fiete Mill (Erme) (to finish the season)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (September 29th), Brantham Mill (River Stour) (to finish the season)—10.

WYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (October 2nd), Old Forge, Goodrich (to finish the season)—10.30.

DRAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

R.A. (BORDON).—Tuesday (October 2nd), Deadwater School; Friday, Bowyer's Common—7.

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