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CONTENTS

THE COMING POLO SEASON 917
A VISIT TO THE CATTISTOCK 918
ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS 920
SOME CATTISTOCK CANINE CELEBRITIES . . . 921
THE PROBLEM OF THE CLASSIC RACES . . . 923
FISH AND FAHRENHEIT 924
THE ART OF BIRD WATCHING 927
ON THE FRINGE OF THE ATLANTIC 928
TO PITCH OR PITCH AND RUN? 930
OBITUARY: THE MARQUESS OF AILSA; MR. ISAAC SHARPE 930
THE WARDEN OF THE MARSHES 932
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 934
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 934
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Severn Salmon; "Ghoulies and Ghosties"; The Smallest National Winner; &c. 935
IN THE CITY 938
INDOOR LAY-OUTS AT OLYMPIA 939
VIOLAS FOR THE BORDER AND ROCK GARDEN . 940
CHANGING FARM TENANTS 940
POSSIBLE PATH PROBLEMS 942
BRINGING THE RIDGEBACK TO ENGLAND . . 942
WEEDS IN GRASSLAND 943
SOME AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS 943
SPRING SPRAYING 945
LATE WHEAT SOWING 945
MOTORING IN MOROCCO—I 948
CONSOLIDATING THE ATLANTIC AIRWAY . . 950
HOLIDAY MAKING IN CANADA'S NATIONAL PARKS 952
CARDS AND CHESS 953
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 956

HEATH FIRES

ALREADY this year there have been a number of appalling heath fires. Acres of what should be golden gorse and purple heath are just blackened wastes; in several areas bungalows and houses have been threatened; in one area, at least, furniture has had to be removed and children dragged hastily from their beds. And the damage to wild life, the loss of birds and small mammals, is far greater than is generally realised. Furthermore, death by burning is peculiarly painful.

Many reasons are given for these outbreaks—from some strange form of internal combustion to the carelessly dropped cigarette or lighted match. In the main we think the cause lies either in neglect or in deliberate mischief; and we think the proportion of fires created deliberately by irresponsible persons, enjoying a day's freedom from some town, is far larger than is generally admitted. The authors of such fires can seldom be detected. Even when they are, and the crime is brought home to them, the punishment under the existing law is a light one, and bears no relation to the damage done.

From time to time the *Field* has drawn attention to the dangers of these fires. But it would seem that appeals to the public conscience are to a large extent hopeless. The average countryman is strangely apathetic, and will even advance the theory (one that has a modicum of truth) that burning makes for better feed; his apathy vanishes so soon as his own property is affected or threatened, and with his apathy all thoughts of better feed. And there lies the root of the trouble. It is only our own that concerns the majority of us.

But the land of England is our own. There are certain bodies that urge the public to subscribe to the saving of areas of rural England from destruction or vandalism. Other portions of the country are just as important. If the appeal to public conscience is not sufficient—and it must be admitted that it is not, despite the yeoman service rendered by hikers, bicyclists and motorists in beating out fires—then surely other steps must be taken?

The knowledge that the county police were on the watch for examples of culpable negligence or deliberate vandalism, and the knowledge that the county police would not necessarily be dressed in blue and wearing helmets, would do much. Nobody likes being caught; few like to run the risk of being caught. Again, a rather more severe punishment would be a great deterrent, and a further deterrent might surely be found in the patrols provided by various associations for the guidance of motorists. Some use, too, might surely be made of aircraft. No man knows what the airman sees; and it would not be bad practice for the airman. And, finally, more co-operation between residents in affected areas should be sought. At present there is little co-operation—"not my business" is a rooted principle of English life.

But it is everyone's business to prevent the spoliation of the English countryside, whether by the speculative builder or the urban hooligan. A heath fire in Hampshire means but little to a man in London or Birmingham. To the Hampshire man it means much; to one particular man it may mean everything. And to people who live in affected areas the springing up of a slight breeze over a week-end—a breeze that should be refreshing—is but an added apprehension. Such a state of affairs should not exist in this England of ours.

WATER POWER AND FISHERIES

A SIGH of relief must have gone up from many anglers who look to Scottish waters for their sport when it became known last week that the Caledonian water-power scheme had been snowed under by Parliament for the third time. Let us hope no further resurrection of the scheme will be attempted. Politicians to-day are not so easily gulled by "patriots" who strain at a distressed area and swallow a countryside under the specious plea of a national emergency. Let there be no misunderstanding about the damage these water-power developments do. No matter how much compensation is given, be it in water or cash, no matter how many well-intentioned persons give complaisant assurances that "no harm will be done," a river harnessed is a river commercialised, and a countryside so encumbered is lost to the sportsman.

FORESTRY AND "VERMIN"

Not long ago we drew attention in these columns to the vermin destroyed by the Forestry Commission on their land. The Forestry Commission frequently complain of the damage done by rabbits to their property, and we are therefore very surprised to find that they kill those creatures which do to some extent at least keep rabbits within bounds. And again we can see no reason whatsoever for the destruction of ravens. The raven, as any competent ornithologist could tell the Forestry Commission, is a carrion-feeder (we believe exclusively a carrion-feeder) and does no harm at all. It is apparent that one or more good naturalists are needed on the Forestry Commission. The same remark applies to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, who, though they have naturalists on the Fisheries side, appear to have no knowledge of natural history on the Agricultural side, and who are in sad need of ecologists. Until such men are given responsible posts abuses such as those referred to above will continue to the detriment of the Forestry Commission and the land it controls.

SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY

This is the thirteenth year of the Middlesex County Seven-a-side Rugby Tournament, which we have come to look upon as a perfect ending to the season at Twickenham. A record number of teams reflects the still growing interest in the tournament among the clubs, and a record attendance of spectators at the finals last year ought to be eclipsed this year, given equally favourable conditions. For thrills and action, this "potted" Rugby can be as exciting to watch as any international, and the prospect of seeing such famous backs as H. Lind and Cliff Jones with plenty of room to exploit their skill is not one of its least attractions. In the finals at Twickenham on April 30th, we shall see sevens from Bedford and Coventry, as "invited" entries. Last year's winners, London Scottish, will again be strongly represented, with the added advantage of practice in the Melrose Tournament; but the form in the Middlesex Tournament has levelled up so markedly in the last few years that prediction of the likely winners is mere speculation.

THE END OF IT

In most countries the season has come to an end, and, as you will see, the hunting accounts in these columns have ceased. It has been an odd season, the first part of which was spoilt in many countries by foot and mouth; indeed, throughout the whole season the threat of foot and mouth disease restrictions has been there. The extraordinary thing about the latter part of the season was the way hounds ran in summer-like weather, and the fact that hounds who are still hunting now may find their fox in flowering blackthorn, and run him under chestnut trees on which the "candles" have already started to appear.

AN AERODROME POLO GROUND

This Saturday, provided the weather allows of it, a match will be played at Penshurst to mark the opening of the Penshurst (late Eridge) Club, between teams representing Kent and Sussex, led by Lord Cowdray. The club has been amazingly fortunate to obtain a really wonderful piece of land at Penshurst, where there is space available for three full-sized grounds and two practice grounds, all of the most admirable. This was formerly the Penshurst aerodrome, and measures, roughly, 900yds by 400yds, on a dead level. The turf is of superfine quality, red and sheep's fescues predominating, and, with no vast labour or expense, these grounds are already fit for play. Considering the proximity to London and the fact that the grounds are no more than 200yds. from Penshurst Station, thus making it a simple matter to box ponies to the very ground, this club should have a great future, especially in view of the serious shortage of grounds in London. Ample stabling is also available under the management of Mr. P. J. Butler. No doubt there will be a large company of spectators to watch the play and this should be a game well worth seeing.

A START TO "BIG GOLF"

A. Perry, open golf champion of 1935, won the first big golf tournament of the year, the *Daily Mail* event at Newcastle, with a magnificent total of 284, despite hard ground and a difficult wind. Although four strokes separated him from young D. J. Rees, the runner-up, the issue was in doubt right until the last few holes; Perry wavered, but recovered to finish in characteristic fashion. Appreciating the strain of modern competitive golf, he had trained for several weeks beforehand, and to this foresight he owes his victory. An unorthodox striker of the ball, the former champion possesses that vital ability to keep on fighting despite the "bad breaks." R. Burton and R. A. Whitcombe finished among the leaders, but Henry Cotton did not begin his season convincingly. His putting was indifferent and all too many of his second shots failed to find the greens. Despite a grand last round, a better total than 293 was expected from such a great player.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A conversation overheard by a reader at a Point-to-Point:

Two ladies at the entrance to the paddock were requested to move to enable one of the runners to be led into the paddock. One turned to the other and said: "I do think it is most dangerous the way they lead horses about here."

FROM GARDENS TO TELEVISION

Olympia's indoor gardens have once more justified their claim to a premier place among the attractions of the Ideal Home Exhibition, and visitors are to be seen busily at work jotting down selections from the flowering shrubs and bulbs which are shown to perfection. But in addition to the gardens and the domestic section of the exhibition, there are many interesting side shows. Not least among them can be included the collection of drinking vessels throughout the ages, to which M. André Simon has contributed a gigantic decanter capable of holding the contents of 21 bottles; the display of a host of television sets, each recording an act taking place in an adjoining theatre; the daily lectures by eminent authorities on physical fitness; and the intriguing series of puzzle rooms each of which has to be linked up with a prominent soldier, sportsman, author, &c., in order to win an award of £500.

During an exhibition of this kind, various appeals for lost property are made and it is to be hoped that the S.O.S. sent out one night last week for the mascot which consisted of a bent nail on a piece of string resulted in its recovery. This human touch over the microphone roused the attention of everyone in the building, interest only subsiding upon the announcement of the loss of a gold wrist watch.

A SQUASH EXPERIMENT

An invitation tournament for sixteen squash rackets players of varying styles was recently held at Dolphin Square courts in an attempt to determine whether by lowering the tin 2in. and by introducing a faster ball, the length of the rallies could be shortened and the game made more attractive as a spectacle and for the average player. With the present ball, which is very slow, the stroke player can make great use of the drop shot, but it is felt inadvisable that the game should develop along the lines of play being confined to the front of the court. On the whole the experiment proved a success, the final result being a victory for B. K. Burnett over a fine stroke player, J. A. Gillies, by three games to two (9—4, 4—9, 9—5, 3—9, 9—7). Gillies was no doubt handicapped a little by the difficulty of accustoming himself to the full use of the extra 2in., but there is no doubt that the game was livelier, and that the faster ball will help to reduce the number of lets. Whether the changes, if adopted by the Squash Rackets Association, will improve the game of the best players, is doubtful, but it is difficult to see that it will do any harm while the average player will delight in getting better value for his lusty blows.

APRIL'S DROUGHT

Tempering the hope that rain will not spoil the Easter Holidays is the desire that it will come soon. Showers that are to help bring forth May flowers have been sadly lacking, and, although the sunny weather has produced a profusion of spring blossom, much of it before its time, seed beds and seedlings bedded out and fruit trees which have been lured into flower are likely to suffer from a period of drought, cold winds and late frosts. We are already being told in some parts of the country of the necessity for conserving the water supply, and one of the injustices gardeners suffer from, on the part of Nature and the water companies, is the fact that they cannot have what they pay for when they most need it. For the farmer a peck of March dust may have its value, but he is now having a parish of it, and it sticks in the gullet of the angler who pays high prices for low streams.

FISHERMAN'S LOVE-LETTER

Dearest River, how are you, after this long winter?
Well, I hope, from source to sea, bright flowing from your minter
You may charge me with neglect, through these months so dreary,
Think, perhaps, that of your charms I am sated weary.
Ah! believe me River, no, not while I am living
In the frost and in the snow, while the sleet was driving,
Of a dress of silver green, I was thinking, thinking,
And our years of friendship sweet, each to each was linking
And as each day slides me on nearer to that meeting,
I am like a farmer's boy going to meet his sweeting.
All the joy, and all the fear of a springtime blended.
And as if my very life on your mood depended!
So, I pray you, treat me kind, and if I am ailing
From your storeroom dole me out mighty trout and grayling.
Thus our love will sweeter keep, never to grow bitter,
Closer bound by flapping fish, than all your grace and glitter.

A. H. V. L.



THE COMING POLO SEASON

Plans to Prevent a Congestion of Tournaments

THIS run of extraordinary weather, more like June than March and April, has made us all eager for the polo season to begin, and one can only hope that the rain we need badly will fall soon and that there will be no delay in the start of the season in London, either because of hard going or untimely rain. Elsewhere there has already been quite an amount of polo; at Stoke d'Abernon, after a heartening start, they had to stop owing to the hard state of the ground; at Dunster, Mr. R. Loewenstein's Argentine team are getting their ponies ready, and the Jaguars are preparing for another strenuous season.

Mr. C. Wrightsman's Texas Rangers, a 30-goal side, who are the most formidable team entered for the open cups, will not arrive until just before the opening of the London season, and their ponies will go straight to Ranelagh without any preparatory practice or schooling in the country. Everything points to a great year, with the dominant factor that we have to select and equip a team to challenge for the Westchester Cup at Meadowbrook in 1939, and the form shown this summer will have a great deal to do with the final choice.

That, however, can be left to look after itself for the time being, apart from mentioning that the Hurlingham Polo Association are already busy in the matter, and have already the nucleus of a string of ponies to mount and run, bought from the defence fund. There is a strong and energetic selection committee, embodying, so it seems, every qualification to carry out such an important duty, and we can be sure that everything will be done to ensure that our representatives will enter the arena at least with every chance to do themselves full justice. If we may be shamefacedly inclined to regard the venture as a forlorn hope, it must yet be realised that efficient staff-work and team spirit can achieve wonders, and I, for one, refuse to believe that we have not a fighting chance.

This summer will see a praiseworthy attempt to co-ordinate the London programme of tournaments and prevent the congestion that has hitherto prevailed (even if spells of bad weather have not interfered and aggravated it) on the part of the newly-constituted London Polo Committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Louis Mountbatten, that indefatigable worker for the good of the game. For the coming season, rather than cut down the number of tournaments, more stringent conditions as to time limits and so forth have been laid down, in the hope that these will serve the purpose. If this is not successful, further steps will be taken by the committee, which henceforward will be a permanent body even if the personnel changes from time to time. They have already done most valuable work, and our thanks are due to them. Given fine weather, all should work out very satisfactorily.

The Texas Rangers are a particularly interesting side, for we shall see the great Mr. Cecil Smith in action again, and Mr. F. H. Tyrell-Martin, our Westchester Cup captain in 1936, will be their back. With a view to the coming internationals Mr. Aidan Roark's form also will be watched with interest. The Jaguars, who had a wonderfully successful season last year, due very largely to the most competent and enthusiastic "staff work," will have Captain H. P. Guinness playing back for them, with Mr. Gerald Balding at No. 3, a quite probable combination at Meadowbrook in 1939. For Major J. F. Harrison's Knaves Mr. R. Skene will be playing No. 1, with Captain W. F. Butler No. 2 and Captain C. T. I. Roark at No. 3. Mr. Skene has at least a very good chance of a place against America on his form of last season, and he has some very useful ponies to play in a new "bunch" which arrived recently from Australia. These are at present at Osmaston, where he is getting them ready.

The Argentine team, totalling 26 goals, is interesting and most welcome, with Mr. Hesketh Hughes at No. 2, Mr. Roberto Cavanagh at No. 3 and Mr. Richard Santa Marina at back, and I hope, by the time these notes appear, that I shall have seen and admired their ponies at Dunster. A soldier team from Egypt, probably designated Abbassieh, consisting of Captain B. J. Fowler and Captain H. C. Elton of the R.H.A., Captain J. C. Vernon Miller and Mr. W. G. Lowther of the 8th Hussars, will also be playing. I believe that Captain P. B. Sanger will be a member of Lord Cowdray's team, if he can be satisfactorily mounted.

The other members of the team are Lord Cowdray No. 1, Mr. J. Lakin, one of the most promising young players, and Captain P. W. Dollar, with Major J. H. Hirsch at back in the Medium Handicaps. Someries House will include Captain D. Dawnay and Mr. A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter; and for Adsdean Mr. R. Samuel will come into the side at No. 1 in front of Mr. J. P. Robinson, No. 2, who showed excellent form in the recent matches played in Jamaica by the Hurlingham team under Lord Louis Mountbatten.

It is sad to think there will be no Indian team in London this year, for they lend colour to the season, apart from their fine play, and their ponies are always a joy to see. Incidentally, there are probably more ponies of international class in India than ever before and, from what I have heard, there seems little doubt that some of these might be available for our challenging team next year, were they required. At all events we are assured of a most interesting season. One innovation I would dearly love to see, if only in Open Cup tournaments, and that is a list of the ponies played by the various players on the programmes, duly numbered, and saddle-cloths, also numbered, so that the spectators could know and identify the famous ponies that appear. To most of us at least half of the interest in the games we see is in the ponies played, and yet, year after year, these remain in obscurity.

There is every year an increasing shortage of grounds in London to accommodate players (who says that polo is a dying game?), and it is good news to hear that Hurlingham have now an additional ground available on the Kingston By-pass, some way past the Wimbledon ground. The latter has been enormously improved by a hard winter's work and is now good enough for anybody. A most commendable scheme has been undertaken, under the ægis of the Roehampton Club, whereby polo will be played in Richmond Park (near the Sheen Gate), where the public will be admitted free and any who wish to play may send in their names. The ground will also be available from time to time to accommodate members of London clubs. Classes and beginners' chukkers will be arranged, and the scheme should produce many new players and serve to popularise this greatest of all games.

JEMADAR.



AFTER HOUNDS HAD MET AT UPWEY
Some of the Cattistock field after crossing the railway. The first fox was found soon afterwards

A VISIT TO THE CATTISTOCK

Hunting Co-operation in a Congenial Country

PERHAPS you remember in a recent article concerning another hunt I made bold to say that every hunting establishment had some strong characteristic of which the stranger, even during a short visit, might catch a glimpse. What struck me about the Cattistock Hunt was a pervading sense of controlled efficiency—that is to say, efficiency which was the servant of pleasure and not its master. Smoothness in procedure is never fortuitous, and if during a day's hunting, everything goes smoothly, and everyone appears to be carefree and enjoying themselves, you may be sure that someone or, more possibly, some people, have done a great deal of hard work and hard thinking behind the scenes. It would be invidious to make distinctions, but I respectfully hazard the guess that the Cattistock executives know what they are about, and that the establishment is so successful because the immense value of co-operation is understood in this country.

The Masters co-operate with the farmers, who are among the best in England; the secretary co-operates with both; the huntsman co-operates with his hounds; and the whippers-in co-operate with the huntsman; and the field is very well behaved and co-operates with the executives; even the fox co-operates, albeit against his wishes, for he must run, which is co-operation, or die, which is disintegration; frequently he does both.

When I visited this country, which lies in Dorset with a small portion in Somerset, a short time ago, the ground was hard, and the weather summer-like; nevertheless hounds ran fast. But before attempting to describe the day and something of the hounds and country a short history of the Hunt may interest you. The True Blue Hunt was started by the Rev. W. Phelips, of Cattistock Lodge, towards the close of the eighteenth century. In 1806 Mr. J. J. Farquharson, *vide* "*The Meynell of the West*," a most interesting biography by Mr. A. H. Higginson, one of the present Masters, hunted the whole of Dorset at his own expense until 1858. The country remained idle for two years, when it came into being as it is now constituted under the Mastership of:

Lord Poltimore, 1860–72.
Mr. J. Codrington, 1872–77.
Captain MacNaughton, 1877–78.
Mr. J. Codrington, 1878–83.
Seventh Earl of Guildford, 1883–85, who died from an accident while hunting hounds.
Mr. Featherstonehaugh, 1886–87.
Mr. R. Chandos Pole, 1888–97.
Mr. J. Hargreaves, 1897–1900.
Rev. E. A. Milne, 1900–26.
Rev. E. A. Milne and Major Lord Digby, 1926–30.
Rev. E. A. Milne and Mr. A. H. Higginson 1930–31.
Mr. A. H. Higginson, 1931–1934.

The present joint-Masters are:
Mr. A. H. Higginson and Mr. W. V. C. Ruxton.

As will be seen, Mr. Milne was Master or joint-Master of these hounds from 1900–31, and the Hunt owes him a great debt for his long and distinguished management of affairs. Mr. Milne still hunts regularly, and there are few people who know the run of a Cattistock fox as well as he does.

The day before hunting we visited the kennels and saw hounds on the flags; and I should like to say that there is a young entry which would be very hard to beat. I can see that Mr. Higginson will have a good deal of heart searching before making up his draft. These hounds are bred in the following proportions, though Curre, Berkeley,



THE SENIOR JOINT MASTER
Mr. A. H. Higginson, who is joint Master with Mr. V. W. C. Ruxton, at the meet. Mr. Ruxton was away and so was not out



A PERSON OF RESPONSIBILITY
Captain A. D. Pass, the hard-working and efficient Secretary to the Cattistock

Tiverton and old Cattistock are freely interlaced. To Curre 38, to Berkeley 3, to Tiverton Actor 40, to Cleveland 5, to Lord Bathurst 10, and to old Cattistock 8. The Duke of Beaufort's blood is largely used as a by-pass to Tiverton Actor (1922): Curre and Beaufort are also a good nick, having a common root in Four Burrow Whipcord (1905). The old Cattistock blood is considered a very valuable foundation, as it has a common root with the Curre blood in Belvoir Weaver (1906).

Two typical home stallions' pedigrees are those of Brandon (1935) and Barber (1935). Brandon goes straight to Tiverton Actor on the top side, bringing in some of the best Beaufort blood, including Challenger (1907). Barber is by H. H. Baltimore (1932), by H. H. Workman (1926), by Curre Tarquin (1922), back to Whipcord.

These hounds are comparatively small, and of such conformation as to run well up and down hill; they must do so in this country. It has also been found that this size of hound draws and hunts through thick gorses, in which the country abounds, better than a bigger hound. Mr. Higginson, who is an American, and has had a great deal of experience, having been Master and huntsman of the Middlesex, Harford and Millbrook Hunts, before he came over here, considers that the two corner stones of the present Cattistock pack are Four Burrow Whipcord (1905) and the Duke of Beaufort's Challenger (1907). Mr. Higginson has another interesting theory, supported, I think, by common sense; he prefers not to hunt a hound after his fourth, or at most, fifth season. If the hound has been a smasher and has valuable blood, he continues to breed from him or her afterwards.

He also gets in his young hounds as early as possible, as soon, in fact, as they start to go back at walk; in this way not only is their condition maintained, but they become kennel-wise early and are less trouble all through.

Here are a few notes on the hounds made at the time.

Brandon (1935), by Beaufort Ackworth (1930) ex Briney (1931), a very nice active-looking dog of quality; great length to the hock. There are eleven-and-a-half couple by him in this entry.

Barber (1935), by H. H. Baltimore (1932) ex Ballast (1931). I liked him even better than the other; very good behind, and well muscled over the loins.

Raven (1936), by Beaufort Ackworth (1930) ex Ruby (1934); a young dog, to be shown at Peterborough; a little heavier type but a strong, useful-looking dog.

Now we come to an amazing hound, a kind of clan chieftainess or matriarch: a Curre-bred bitch, bought as a young hound—Woodlark (1931). Her children and grandchildren are as follows:

By South Dorset Goodwood (1932).

Woodpigeon (1935).
Woodthrush (1935).
Wooduck (1935).
Woodcraft (1935).

By Berkeley Acrobat (1930), Woodnymph (1934).
By Lord Bathurst's Wizard (1934).

Winkle (1938).
Willing (1938).
Wicked (1938).
Witchcraft (1938).

Her grandchildren are by Brandon (1935) ex Woodnymph (1934), Worsted (1938); and by Stormer (1934) ex Woodpigeon (1934), Worthy (1938), Woodbine (1938) and Wondrous (1938).

Next we saw the Duke of Beaufort's Auditor (1932); really beautiful little dog, well knit together, first-class ribs and back, and nice, free, well-laid shoulders, excellent neck—a picture hound.

Adept (1934), by Beaufort Adrian (1930) ex Blackbird (1932), second at Peterborough last year, and came near to being first; she is to be shown again this year; quality and strength, depth through the heart and a good back.

Brinda (1935), by Beaufort Ackworth (1930) ex Briney (1931); more active-looking than the last and, personally, I liked her better; a really beautiful quality bitch.

Bargain (1938), by Brandon (1935), unentered, will no doubt widen in front; promising, I thought.

Of the young entry, I can only say that Mr. Higginson must be very proud of them, and no doubt it gives him the greatest satisfaction to feel that his theories of breeding should have resulted in such a practical result; they are certainly a credit to him, and I pity the puppy show judges.

On the morrow hounds were meeting at Upwey, and it was a real "daffodil day," as my kind host and I motored over to the meet. Nevertheless hounds could run, and did so to some purpose in the afternoon. Before going on to say something of the day, I will tell you how the country is hunted. On Tuesday, near the kennels at Cattistock, roughly the middle of the country. On Wednesday, the eastern end, some of it near the kennels, and on the South Dorset borders. On Friday, near the sea, the southern portion, and on Saturday, the north-western and northern portion.

It is a country of banks and fly-fences in the Tuesday country, hills and fly-fences in the Wednesday country, banks and fences in the Saturday Vale country, and stone walls and banks in the Friday country. Also timber, timber and more timber, chiefly slip rails out of the fields. You *must* have a horse that can pop over timber, often out of poached ground and, though temperate and clever, he must have some blood, or he will not live with these hounds. The country is, on the whole, extremely good scenting and nearly all grass; there are few big coverts.

Now to return to the day's hunting. The first small covert was drawn blank; but, after crossing the railway, no sooner were hounds in Hewish Copse than there was a whimper and then a hollos, and hounds started to run. Hewish Copse, together with several other coverts, is situated in a shallow valley, with a road on one side and hilly country, running up to the Hardy Monument, on the other. This fox was a twisty fellow, and after mazing up and down the valley once or twice, he crossed the road, into Buckland Wood. Here hounds began to run with venom, and finally killed him in covert; scent was not good, but holding.

Hounds then went back over the valley, and there was an extremely pretty find in a very small place called Coryates Withybed. Tablet found him, and it sounded as if he had hold of her for a second.



AN UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL HUNTING PICTURE

The Cattistock bitches running up the valley after they had found their second fox of the day. On the far side is some stone-wall country and the Hardy Monument can be seen on the left-hand hilltop

However, the whole place shook with hounds, and their fox, in the extraordinary way foxes have, managed to thread his way through, and was away out of view, but only just.

Hounds ran pretty fast across the valley, and hounds, huntsman and whippers-in playing into each other's hands, another fox was shortly added to the tally.

I should like here to pay tribute to Holland, who is going to Badminton next season, and his two aides. Seldom have I seen a more effective team: a twisting or short-running fox has very little chance before them, and the hounds are phenomenally quick. Both hounds and hunt servants are out to kill their fox fairly as quickly as possible, a hunt coming if it will. There is a great deal to be said for such procedure, as a bad fox is best out of the way, and a good one learns to fly. These hounds killed over 100 brace of foxes last year, and will, no doubt, kill their 100 brace this year.

The best hunt of the day was to come, however, from Portisham bushes. I was very kindly allowed to go with Holland drawing, and hounds seemed keen at the bottom end, but nothing came of it. However, just as we were leaving, a fox, who must have been lying very close, jumped up, and made away over the railway; there he threaded a small covert and some tail hounds hit the line away, but with no bad results as the rest came to them like a flash and away they went.

Back over the railway again hounds really began to *chase*, breasting a very steep hill, and over the top they went.

This, I regret to say, was the last I saw of them for some time; I am large, I sit on an office stool four days a week, and my poor good horse (and he was a good horse, and an excellent timber jumper) no doubt felt as if he was carrying a very heavy sack of potatoes on his back.

Once to the top, however, I could hunt the man in front, and right away on the heath I could see Holland, and the more fortunate galloping hell-for-leather towards the Hardy Monument; of hounds there was no sign. They had reached Blackdown before I got into touch again, and were fairly dusting their fox round a thick laurel covert lying in a punchbowl in the hills; one fox had gone on, but they had stuck to their hunted one. Finally they marked an extremely lucky fox to ground, and so home, everyone having had enough on such a hot day.

This is a beautiful countryside with great variety; heathy moors, stone-walled uplands, the seashore, grazing lands, and water meadows. It is wild, but always with a soft wildness, quite unlike, shall we say, the Northumbrian fells; it is, to quote Mr. Jorrocks, a "salubrisome" country, and, I should say, a very friendly, cheerful and happy one, for which credit goes not only to the Masters and the hunting people but, a great deal no doubt, to Captain Pass, the secretary.

To finish, I should like to thank my kind hosts for a really enjoyable visit, and to say, really without flattery, that I think this is one of the most *effective* establishments I have ever seen.

A. H. V. L.



THE HUNTSMAN AND A MATRIARCH

Holland, the professional huntsman, who goes to Badminton next season, and Woodlark, 1931, with some of her innumerable children and grandchildren! The old lady is second from the right

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The Grafton, Duke of Beaufort's, Old Berkshire, Warwickshire, Blackmore Vale, and Essex Union Meetings

ALL the four meetings I attended last week—the Grafton, the Blackmore Vale, the Old Berkshire and the Warwickshire—were held over excellent courses, both from the riders' and the spectators' points of view. That the going was firm, more often hard, was nobody's fault. The Grafton Point-to-Point was held at Cuttle Mill, near Pauler's Pury, not far from Towcester. The weather on Tuesday, the 5th, was dull and cold, and more than once it seemed "all Lombard Street to a china orange" that a storm of rain would fall. However, it seems as if it just cannot rain, and after a half-hearted attempt at "spitting," the clouds broke up. A hill, forming a natural grandstand, overlooks the all-grass course; the horses can be watched all the way round, and eventually finish below the hill but in the same field. The start was only over the next hedge, so to speak, and the horses raced away from one over the first jump before turning sharp right handed on their long journey out into the country.

There was an interval of only 35 minutes between the races and consequently there were no long waiting periods, and something was always going on. The going was hard, but fields were good, and there were very few falls. The Nomination (Open) Race brought out a field of nine to contest the Wakefield Cup (given by the retiring Master, Lord Hillingdon). Among these was Peter William, owned and ridden by Earl Cadogan, the retiring Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) and who follows his uncle as Master of the Grafton next season. Peter William was made favourite, but never threatened any sort of danger to the three placed horses.

When Major E. C. Bowes's Clarate won the South Berkshire Maiden Race last month I marked the gelded son of Clarion for future honours. In the capable hands of Mr. Holman, the son of the Cheltenham trainer and polo player, he won again. The Hon. M. R. Samuel's No Side led most of the way round and was still in front coming into the last jump. Clarate caught him in the run-in and a ding-dong struggle for the supremacy began, Clarate snatching the spoils on the post. Mrs. Digby-Whitehead's Waterloo III was third.

The Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race was won by Mrs. Gaskell's Vive, a horse I have always liked, and one which has not had the best of luck this season. The winner held a long lead at one time, and I fancy had Mrs. A. G. Delahooke come earlier with Harbour Light the verdict might have been reversed, the latter only just failing to catch Vive on the post. There were eight starters for the Grafton Hunt Members' Race, which was won rather unexpectedly by Captain W. D. Erskine on his own Mills. Mrs. Bache-Hay's Striped Tag, carrying a 10lb. penalty, was second, and Mr. A. J. F. Hyde's Susan Jane third. Mr. J. M. Christian's Rolling Wave II, a well-known performer, was pulled up lame.

Mr. F. H. D. Courtney, riding his own Keene Head, in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden (at closing) Race made every post a winning post, and won pulling up from Mr. W. Connolly's Husky Whisper. The winner had been placed on different occasions this season. The first race had been won by the last entry on the card—number twelve—and the long arm of coincidence once again saw the last entry in the last race—the Farmers' and Puppy Walkers' event—successful. The animal in question was Mr. G. T. Wilks' Scordato—or as an aged local put it—"that there bottom 'orse will win!" Only three horses went to the post, one of these, Mr. E. Russell Wilks's Covent Garden, fell. The other, Mr. T. Goff's Edgcote, never getting within striking distance of Scordato, who cantered home an easy winner.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

THE Beaufort Hunt Steeplechases, more popularly known as "Sherston Races," took place on Saturday, April 9th, at Alderton, Wilts, in cold, dry weather. The splendid total of 120 entries were received for the six events, but the hard going kept many horses at home, and fields were small. Actually, the going on the top of the hill and in the straight was surprisingly good considering the prolonged drought, but it was really hard in the vale, where some of the horses evidently felt the "drop" fences and "climbed" rather than jumped them. The committee had done their very best to mitigate the conditions and had had the jumps watered overnight for the past week.

The meeting is held under National Hunt Rules. Racing commenced punctually at 1.15, with the Alderton Novices' Selling Steeplechase, run over two-and-a-half miles. Only three of the fourteen entries were saddled. Mr. W. Hutchinson's King Richard was the best-looking of the trio, and furthermore was the only one with any past form to recommend him. King Richard won with the greatest of ease from Mr. McElligot's Wato. There was no third, Mr. A. Burridge's Bill Sykes falling at the third fence after the water jump.

The Grittleton Steeplechase, run over two miles, came next, and here again there was another small field of only three runners. The race was won by Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's Surf Ride, ridden by H. Jones, a nephew of the famous Anthony brothers, and trained at Wroughton by Ivor Anthony. Surf Ride was made favourite, and went into the lead from the start, and won without being headed by eight lengths from Mr. A. B. Mildmay's Sprightly Archer, a very nice-looking sort. The third horse, Mr. W. Hutchinson's Roman Book, came to grief at the second jump after the water.

The third event on the programme, the Beaufort Hunt Cup, a three-mile steeplechase, with an original entry of fourteen, produced only two runners. Mrs. H. Giffard's Bridle Wise, a well-known performer in ladies' races at West country Point-to-Point meetings, and Mr. T. V. W. Wilkes's Last Smoke, also well-known at Point-to-Point gatherings, and who gives of his best on softer going. Bridle Wise, ridden by Mr. David Sherbrooke, made the running, Last Smoke falling at the second fence after the water. He was remounted and finished a fence behind the winner. The market on this race was extraordinary, the bookmakers "taking" 5 to 4 about both horses.

The fourth race, an Open Qualifying Handicap Steeplechase, over three miles, saw a bigger field, seven horses going out to the start. Lieutenant-Colonel P. D. Stewart's Ostend was in front for the first two miles, but then weakened, and was passed by both Mr. F. J. Honour's Lateeve and Mr. W. Hutchinson's Corn Law. These two kept close company until the penultimate fence, where Lateeve fell. Ostend, lying third, ten lengths behind, also came to grief at the same jump and, breaking a leg, was destroyed. Corn Law then went on to win with four lengths to spare from Mr. F. A. Brown's Flamborough, with Brigadier-General C. R. P. Winser's Jim Pointer a further ten lengths away third. The winner had not won over fences before, but had shown useful form over hurdles and won a race at Gatwick in January.

Of the fifteen entries for the Ladies' Plate, a steeplechase of three miles, only three started. Mr. E. W. W. Bailey's Vizmah looked the best of the trio with silver-tipped mane and tail, so often the mark of useful horses. Sir R. Green-Price's Beguildy was strongly fancied on account of having won a Hunters' 'chase at Ludlow recently. Mr. J. D. Summer's South Falloch made the running from Vizmah, and Beguildy fell at the water jump the first time round. Vizmah kept about one length behind South Falloch, but frequently outjumped the latter. South Falloch was still in front over the last jump, when his rider drew his whip to little advantage. Mr. Bailey riding a strong finish on Vizmah to pass the other in the run-in and win by a length.

The best field of the day with nine runners turned out for the last race, the Sherston Open Farmers' Steeplechase, run over two miles. Several of the horses were particularly good looking, Mr. D. Haddon's Smasher, from the Ferne, appealing immensely. Mr. W. Gibbs's Vixen II, from the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country, was made a hot favourite, but after holding the lead for the first mile dropped back to fourth place. Mr. H. W. Dufosee's Drin Royal, by Drinmore, went to the front, Smasher taking second place three fences from home, but failed to keep his advantage, being passed at the last fence by Mr. E. T. Hunt's Soldier Lad, who finished four lengths behind Drin Royal, who completed a riding double for H. Jones. The winner came from the Blackmore Vale country.

SOME CATTISTOCK CANINE CELEBRITIES





BARBER, 1935



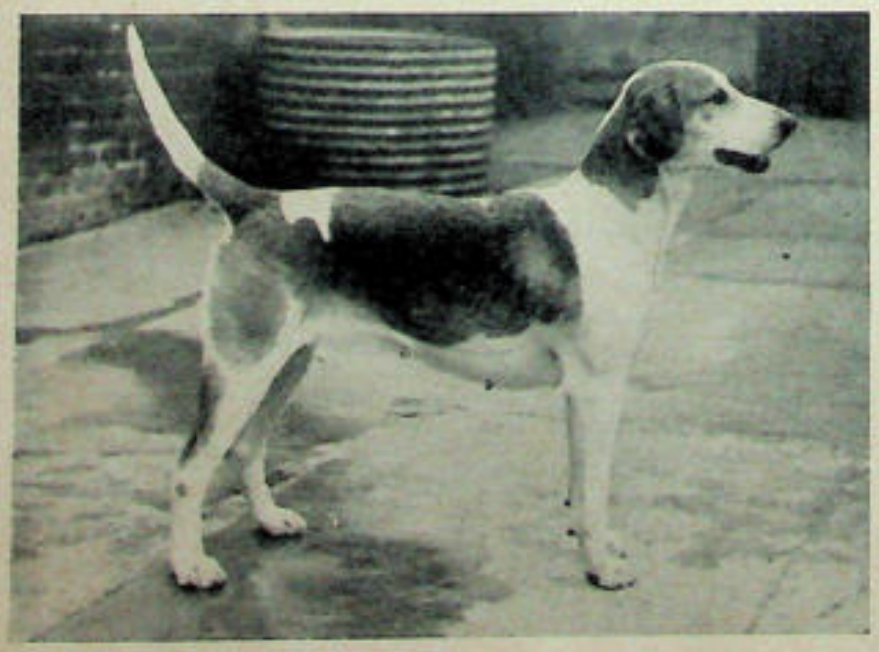
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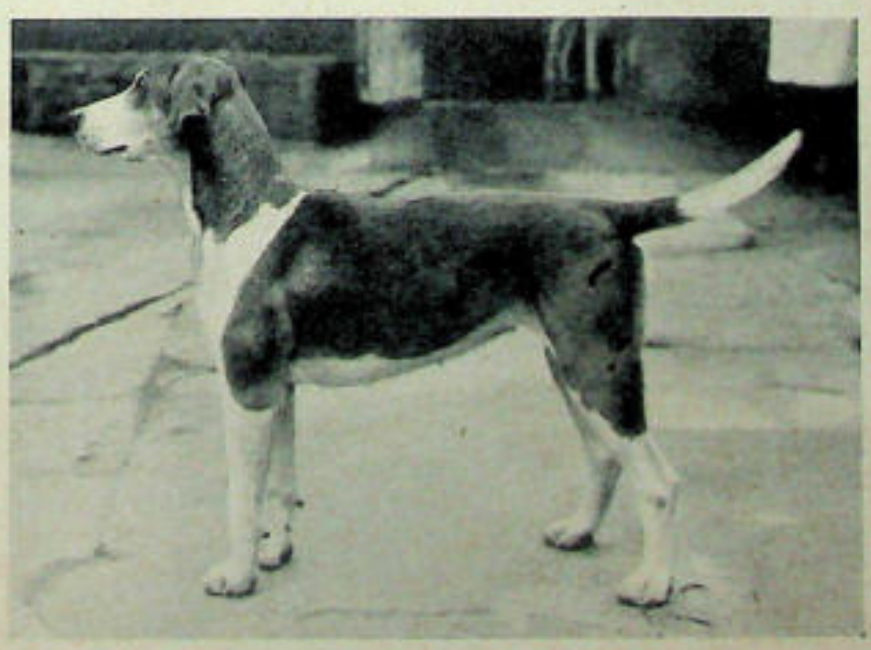
BRANDON, 1935



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S AUDITOR, 1932



ADEPT, 1934



BRINDA, 1935

and the second from the Portman. Smasher was third.

The meeting was splendidly managed and attracted a tremendous crowd. The parking arrangements were admirable, and no delay was experienced in leaving the ground—a great boon to those of us who had to get home and write all about it!

J. R.

OLD BERKSHIRE

ON Thursday, April 7th, I had to leave the West Country with many regrets, but a "carrot" in front of my nose in the shape of the Old Berkshire Races at Faringdon the same afternoon speeded my departure. This particular meeting in the past has been almost proverbially unlucky as regards the weather. This year the sun just could not help itself and the day was beautifully fine and warm.

The date, Thursday, April 7th, originally coincided with the second day's steeplechasing at Cheltenham, but as all the world knows the meeting had to be given a "miss" on account of the hard going. So, once again, "One man's meat was another man's poison," a great number of people who would have patronised Cheltenham coming instead to enjoy the fun at Faringdon.

It so often happens that when there are only two runners for a race the minutes are packed with incident. Such was the case in the Adjacent Hunts Race here. Of the five entries only Mr. A. Millard's Bag o' Bones, whose condition by the way, gave the complete lie to his unfortunate name, and Mr. H. R. Ferdinando's Frankland, faced the starter, Captain T. McDougal, M.F.H. Both horses were nominated from the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country. Bag o' Bones is by Captain Cuttle, the Derby winner, out of Princess Spearmint, and was ridden by the owner's son, Mr. A. Millard, whose first experience it was of Point-to-Point racing. Frankland, by Franklyn out of Irlandais, had won the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) Open Nomination Race last month, and was piloted by his owner, who has ridden frequently.

The excellent view obtained from the hill overlooking the all-grass course enabled the enormous crowd to watch practically every stage of the proceedings. At the first jump, a made birch fence in the open, Frankland refused. His rider got him over only to fall at the next obstacle. The horse was retrieved, I am told, after having run out on to a road, which apparently debarred him from taking any further part in the proceedings. Frankland and his owner then returned home, much to the dismay of those people who had rather stupidly bought their money about the favourite!

But the tale is not yet told. Bag o' Bones, now alone in his glory, sailed down to the fourth fence and fell! Fortunately his jockey landed on his feet, and, keeping hold of the reins, was soon remounted. The spectators were now tense with excitement and a roar of disappointment went up when the horse made a bad mistake a little further on and shot his rider off! Once again he landed on his feet and, remounting, the pair settled down. Bag o' Bones jumped the water beautifully, but came at last to the final obstacle, a tired horse. However, he scrambled over, nearly unshipping his jockey in the process, the latter getting back to canter past the winning post to the accompaniment of loud and prolonged cheering!

Instead of the usual Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race the fair sex had the Open Race all to themselves. Had the going been softer what a race it would have been! But under the prevailing circumstances only nine of the 23 entries saw the post. Mr. H. L. Cottrill's Tithe Alarm, winner of the Ladies' Race here a year ago and since sold, was made favourite. The field sailed down to the first jump in great style, the leaders getting over safely. One horse coming behind refused and carried out another, and their chances went with them. Miss J. Parham's Another Result held the lead all down the straight, but was hotly pursued by Tithe Alarm and Mrs. S. A. Parker's Telnel. Another Result took the last jump a fraction before Tithe Alarm, the two racing neck and neck past the judge, who gave his verdict to the latter by a neck. Telnel was third.

The Farmers' Race, the first on the card—and what better compliment to those persons who are the very back-bone of hunting England?—was won by Mr. W. Rowe's Essex Chimer from Mr. D. E. Butt's Bill Spangler, ridden by the owner's younger brother, and whose first ride in public it was. The only other runner, Mr. M. J. Wheeler's Sandgun, did not complete the course.

The winner was well ridden by Mr. T. A. R. Filgate, who was generally expected to complete a riding double on Mr. D. Crewdson's Salome II in the Subscribers' Race. But it was not to be, and Salome II was not unduly pressed when his rider found him tiring, and finished in the rear. The winner came from Mr. W. R. des Voeux's Magnum, whose victory should be properly celebrated in the drinking of a bottle of his namesake! Mrs. T. Hanbury's Victory III was second and Mr. C. R. Radclyffe's Lady Finch third. There was all sorts of grief in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, the final straw coming when Mrs. R. D. Blunt's Grangefield fell a few fences from home, when out in the lead with the winner, Mr. D. F. T. White's Gay Oja. Mr. C. M. Ferdinando's Sun Leopard was second and Mr. A. J. Clarke-Kennedy's Gold Arch third. Gold Arch had been trained by his groom, and was looking very fit and well.

WARWICKSHIRE

BY Saturday I had left Berkshire for Warwickshire, and the Warwickshire Point-to-Point Races at Chesterton, near Leamington. The summer weather had made a hurried exit, and it was dull and cold, an easterly wind blowing over the course. But judging by the enormous crowd assembled on the top of the hill, with its picturesque old-type windmill, overlooking every part of the course, nobody stayed at home on account of the weather conditions. It was my first visit to the Warwickshire meeting and I will confess that I fell in love with their course, from a spectator's point of view anyway.

It is laid out on a double circle and with the exception of one jump in the straight which is missed the second time round, and the last two jumps, every fence is taken twice. The last two are placed fairly close together. The going was naturally hard, but the jumps had been well watered and peat moss put down. Entries were good but fields were always small. There was a most unhappy ending to the Nomination (Open) Race when the Hon. P. M. Samuel's Sirocco II, the only one of the four runners to complete the course, was disqualified for being given a lead over the last two jumps by a mounted Hunt servant.

It was a most disastrous race. The four horses, Mr. T. B. Barlow's Silver Clarion, Captain J. R. Slatter's Roristown, the Hon. M. R. Samuel's Lo and Behold, and Sirocco II were all standing up when they came towards the end of the first round. Silver Clarion and Roristown toppled over soon afterwards and Sirocco II refused, depositing his rider on the ground. Lo and Behold then went on alone, but fell at the double in and out of the lane, where he was soon joined on the ground by Sirocco II who had been remounted.

Both horses were remounted, but Lo and Behold refused soon afterwards and was not persevered with. Sirocco II made a mistake over the jump coming into the straight, but his rider held him up. At the next jump he refused and shot his rider off. He was remounted and with much persuasion agreed to take the fence. But at the penultimate jump he stuck his toes in altogether and once more put his rider down. A lead from the mounted Hunt servant availed nothing, and finally the perverse animal jumped it on his own. The last jump brought more trouble and this time the Hunt horse and Sirocco II went over together. Sirocco II's rider was given a tremendous reception on his return to the paddock.

When the news of his disqualification became known he had the sympathy of everyone. All bets made on Sirocco II were returned. Much to the pleasure of all who were present the Hon. P. M. Samuel received compensation in the last race of the afternoon when his Benedict held off a strong challenge from Mr. R. M. Peel's Galloper and won the Adjacent Hunts Members' and Farmers' Race by a narrow margin.

The Subscribers' Race had attracted a capital entry of fourteen, six of which were saddled. All of these were owner ridden. The race was won by Mr. E. Holland-Martin on Safety Pin. The winner had been closely pursued all down the straight by the Hon. M. R. Samuel's No Side, and Mr. Holland-Martin rode one of his best finishes to keep his horse going. Only when he was safely past the winning post did he glance round to see how close the second was. Actually the result confirmed the placings of the two horses who had finished similarly in the Pytchley Nomination (Open) Race recently. Mr. D. A. Previte's Tinnock was third. Mr. P. Profumo found falling on the hard ground far from a bed of roses when his Kingmaker came to grief out in the country, and was brought back on the ambulance with a suspected broken collar bone.

The Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race brought out another small field of four and was won without any sort of trouble by Miss D. Muir's Carthage. Mr. R. C. Barrow's Hanum was second after becoming delayed on the journey by making a bad jump in the straight and depositing her rider on the ground. Hanum finished a very tired horse, and "climbed" the last two fences.

Neither of the other two runners finished.

Six horses were saddled for the Farmers' Race and in a very close finish Mr. S. C. Cockburn's Silver Plate won from Mr. J. Mohl's Munday. The winner had held a nice lead in the straight and his rider probably did not realise how much ground Munday had made up.

BLACKMORE VALE

ON Wednesday, April 6th, I had to be present at Sherborne for the Blackmore Vale Point-to-Point Steeplechases and as I was making my way westward from the Grafton I decided to spend the night at Swindon. I always enjoy these West country meetings, and the company of the West country people. One day I hope to go and live among them. But to business. Wednesday, the 7th, was a beautiful day—warm and sunny, and more like August Bank Holiday than anything else. From the point of view of visitors from a long distance, the Blackmore Vale course is easy of location, lying close to a main road going into Sherborne. In common with the Grafton Meeting, everything is extraordinarily well run, and I am told it is a most delightful course to ride over. The going on Wednesday was hard, but I have been to many meetings already this year where it has been worse. The course is all over grass and is completed practically twice, the majority of the birch fences necessarily being taken twice. The water jump is built up in the open out in the country. A big crowd collected at this point and were witnesses of a couple of most unfortunate accidents, with serious injuries to the riders, during the running of the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race.

This race attracted an entry of fourteen, the conditions barring horses which had won Open Nomination races (Ladies' Nomination races included), a stipulation which kept away many well-known West country performers. Ten started, and Mr. N. Andrew's Frisky Duke led for a long way but fell at the water the second time round. His rider, Miss Andrews, sustained head injuries, and together with Mrs. Heslop, who crashed on her husband's horse at the same fence, was taken in the ambulance to hospital. With Frisky Duke gone, Miss E. Campbell's Toreador II took the lead in the straight and went on to win a good race from Mr. A. Sandford-Wills's The Knocker. The official verdict was three lengths. Mr. H. W. Payne's Saint Romano was third.

Earlier in the afternoon, Captain G. D. Heslop had secured premier honours in the Members' Race with Drakar, a good-looking sort but no longer in his first youth, and was once trained on the flat. Mr. B. van Cutsem's Orbit had been made a hot favourite, and was in the lead when he refused and shot off his rider, Mr. H. Rose. Mrs. Ineledon-Webber's Fanfare II, following behind, evidently considered imitation to be the sincerest form of flattery, and also refused. Her rider retained contact, and, waiting for a lead from Drakar, the two went on together. Drakar went ahead in the straight to win a very slow-run race. Mr. R. B. Taylor's Gibson Crag was third.

Only three of the nine entries in the Royal Naval Hunt Club Race went to the post, and of these Sub-Lieutenant T. F. P. Page's Orphast was made a pronounced favourite. Actually, it was a one-horse race, Major S. J. Bassett's (Royal Marines) Babyswallow going into the lead from the "off," and increasing this lead at every stride, finally passed the winning post a "street" ahead of the favourite. The only other runner, Captain P. Vivian's Kala Nag, did not complete the course. The winner pulled like a "train" all the way round and pulled up as fresh as a daisy, with enough steam left to do the journey a second time. He was ridden in a pelham, and evidently requires a strong rider, his jockey having all his work cut out to steer him into some of his fences.

In place of the more usual Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race a "Moderate" Race was included in the programme. The conditions excluded any horse which had won an Open Nomination Race. Once again the favourite was beaten, Mr. F. Terry's High Laced finishing third behind Mr. E. W. Tory's Stage Coach and Mr. E. T. Hunt's Soldier Lad.

"Poor Old Joe" always strikes me as a rather sad name for such a consistent performer as Mrs. H. Coate's bay gelding from the Isle of Wight country. Only the week before Poor Old Joe won the Portman Nomination Race and, coming to the Blackmore Vale on Wednesday, got up on the post to win their big race by a short head from Captain Horsburgh-Porter's Sanctum, who had held the lead for the greater part of the journey. Mr. H. J. Jones's Flight Commander was only a further length behind third. It is very seldom one has the pleasure of seeing a five-year-old win a Point-to-Point race, and I rather fancy that Mr. L. Clapp may find he has an out of the way useful youngster in Golden Memory.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Golden Memory ran like a veteran at the game in a field of

seven contesting the Farmers' Race. He finished first with half a length to spare from Mr. H. Dufosse's Drin Royal, with Mr. Perry's Frankness, a winner this season third. J. R.

ESSEX UNION

A RECORD crowd attended the Essex Union Hunt Point-to-Point at Dunton, near Brentwood, on Saturday last. The natural lie of the land makes this all grass, galloping course with its well-built birch fences one of the best in the country, every obstacle being visible to the spectators from the high ground on which are the enclosures and car parks. Riders commented favourably on the "going," aided by the generous amount of tan on the landing side of the fences. There were 90 entries.

The first race on the card was for the subalterns of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and we did not have to wait long for a thrilling finish. At the end of the first circuit Mr. J. D. A. Anderson and Mr. C. H. Blacker had their hats out and were seen to be riding a desperate finish instead of starting on the second circuit. In spite of the hectic waving of three agitated policemen in charge of the rope across the straight, the two gallant but misguided gentlemen insisted on having their own way. Next year the management must try Belisha Beacons. Meanwhile the race was being fought out between Mr. R. De C. Vigors's Sham Battle and Mr. T. T. C. Williamson's Mount Corry, the latter winning from the former by a distance with Mr. E. B. G. Oates's Bee Bee third.

In the Light-weight race five of the seven entries went to the post. In the early stages Mr. P. Moore took his father's mare Peggy to the front. The second time through the crowd Mr. D. Thorn's Master Ned, ridden by Mr. Tony Wells, Mr. G. D'O. Sheppard's Belle Peep (7lb. extra), and Mr. F. A. Forster's Hats Off (7lb. extra) were out in front. After a thrilling race they passed the post in the same order, the winner getting home by a length.

There were four starters for the Nomination Race (run without penalties), and they were four good ones. The pick of them in the paddock was undoubtedly Mr. H. B. Dennis's The Italian, which proceeded to justify his looks by winning by two lengths from Mr. H. S. Rogerson's Mazda with Lieutenant-Colonel Dalton White's Charlie Chaplin II third.

The fourth race was the Adjacent Hunts Maiden in which fifteen out of 29 started. This was a very open race, with the bookies laying 4 to 1 the field and the winner paying 40 to 1 on the tote. All negotiated the first fence safely, but the second brought down two. From then onwards Mr. E. C. S. Simson's Simla made the running till at the penultimate fence Mr. J. E. S. Miles's Winchester and Mr. P. C. Ashby's Pegasus II, ridden by Mr. Frank Gilbey, took the lead, the latter winning in an exciting finish by two lengths with Captain R. G. T. Fletcher's Lutebird third.

The Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race followed with seven starters. For the first two miles Mr. R. D. Dogson's Happy Day III (10lb. extra) and Mr. P. J. Bailey's Rolling Home II (7lb. extra), shared the lead, but soon Mr. A. Roberts's Cocksure (14lb. extra) joined Happy Day, who by now had gone ahead of Rolling Home. In a desperate finish Happy Day came home first by half a length, and so revenged his defeat by Cocksure the previous week.

To end an excellent day's racing the heavy-weights were paraded in the paddock, and it was refreshing to see the hon. secretary of the Hunt, Mr. V. S. Laurie, in his shiny top-hat and exquisitely tied stock mount, his double-bridled Murphy. However, his luck was out, for he and Mr. Peter Buckenham, on his father's Carlton Grange, failed to negotiate the first fence at the initial attempt.

Major C. S. Duffas's Daynish and Mr. D. Wigan's Watchman proceeded to share the lead till the former fell a mile from home. But Watchman was soon passed by Carlton Grange, who had quickly made up the ground lost early in the race, and many punters were relieved to see him pass the post six lengths in front of Watchman, Mr. G. D. Trentham's Monarch, ridden by Mr. F. A. Forster, being third. SHUNTER.

A NATIONAL PARK

Dovedale as a national park is a scheme that has long been pressed by all who realise the value of keeping this gem of English scenery free from depredation. The National Trust have benefited through private gifts, notably Sir Robert McDougall's generosity, in conserving beauty spots in Dovedale and the Manifold Valley, but if the Government is taking close interest in the idea of establishing national parks some active measure is now due. It is perhaps an ill moment to talk of grants, though when money is being spent for developing the health and fitness of the nation there is surely no better means of assisting that object than by providing it with such a glorious tonic as these hills and dales supply.



W. A. Rouch

SCOTTISH UNION, ONE OF THE BIGGEST COLTS IN THE CLASSIC FIELD THIS YEAR
As far as his breeding is concerned, there is small reason to believe that the Epsom course will be too far for this Cameronian colt

THE PROBLEM OF THE CLASSIC RACES

An Impression of Scottish Union

CRAVEN Week at Newmarket was shorn of some of its usual attractiveness by the hard ground, which was responsible for the absence of a number of the best horses engaged at the meeting. Among the three-year-olds we were denied a glimpse in action of Tahir and of the novices Pasch and Legal Fare. Among the older horses which did not run for the same reason were Fair Copy and Goya II. Early in the present week the going was still forbiddingly hard in most places, and the abandonment of the Cheltenham Spring Meeting, as well as the Oswestry fixture, is an indication of the unfortunate effect the drought has had on National Hunt sport.

It would now seem that several of the best three-year-olds will not have run this season until they are saddled for the Two Thousand Guineas on the 27th. These will include Scottish Union, whose opportunity of a preliminary gallop before the first of the classic races passed when he was allowed to miss the Greenham Plate. A few weeks ago we were kindly permitted to see this colt in his box at Druids Lodge, near Salisbury, where Mr. James V. Rank has a big stable of jumpers under the care of Mr. Gwyn Evans as well as an important string of flat racers in the hands of Mr. Noel Cannon, a member of one of the most famous of racing families.

Let it be said at once that we were greatly impressed by the progress made by Scottish Union. Always a colt of substantial proportions, he has grown to be 16 hands 1in. Thus he will be one of the biggest colts in the classic field this year. Those of greater height will include Onslaught, who now measures something like 17 hands. Scottish Union is superbly proportioned and fills the eye as a three-year-old of fine range and substance.

His limbs seem as clean as on the day he was foaled, and when you see him in action on the Downs you realise that he has not lost that forceful long-striding movement which enabled him to catch Mirza II in the last few strides last autumn and win the Middle Park Stakes. In brief, it can be declared without hesitation that Scottish Union has done remarkably well since that memorable race. No matter how he may fare in the Two Thousand and the Derby, it can be stated that he looks the part of a classic champion.

Bearing in mind the manner of his successes at Goodwood and Newmarket it would be hazardous to declare that this colt will not stay. It is true that his dam, the Bachelor's Double mare Trustful, was (before the arrival of Scottish Union) chiefly famous as the mother of that exceptionally brilliant sprinter Coronado, who, in addition, came from the same male line as the Druids Lodge colt. On the other hand, it should be remembered that another of her produce, Blue Girl, was unquestionably a good stayer.

His sire Cameronian won the Derby as well as the Guineas, and it was most unfortunate for all interested in him that he should have been amiss when he ran in the St. Leger, for which Mr. Fred Darling had reckoned h'm something like a good thing. Thus, so far as his breeding is concerned, there is small reason to fear that the mile and a half at Epsom will be too far for Scottish Union. The Rowley Mile should be an ideal journey for him, and public opinion is likely to be fairly evenly divided between him and Portmarnock when the colts are saddled for the Two Thousand.

Mr. Rank's colt will lack for nothing in the way of good jockeyship at Newmarket, since that great horseman Carslake will be on his back. While Scottish Union is the greatest pride of the stable, there were many other good thoroughbreds to be seen during our round of Druids Lodge, which, famous in the days of the dual Cambridgeshire victories of Hackler's Pride and Christmas Daisy, has come strongly to the front again since Mr. Rank took over the establishment.

Among the older horses Epigram, Azam Pasha and Dreaming are likely to win their share of races this season. Black Speck won at Bogside on Saturday, when the same owner's Young Mischief carried off the Scottish Grand National. The three-year-old gelding Knight's Armour convincingly demonstrated at Leicester and Newmarket this month that he retains that fine turn of speed which enabled him to build up a splendidly consistent record last year.

Druids Lodge is also well off for high-class two-year-olds. If we were called on to make a selection among them we should be inclined to give first place to the brown colt King Legend, who is by Dark Legend out of the distinguished dam of William of Valence and Le Ksar. He is a well-grown colt of considerable elegance, and though he may be later in coming to hand than some of the other young members of this stable we shall be surprised if he is not seen to advantage at Ascot or Goodwood.

Several fillies here look to be certain to make a name for themselves on the racecourse. Two purchased at Doncaster for precisely the same figure, viz., 3,600gs., look still to be well worth the money given for them. No matter how they may fare in training, they will be of high value for the paddocks later on. It can be said that Mr. Rank secured Buoyant, who is by Fairway out of Trustful, quite cheaply at the figure mentioned. This half-sister to Scottish Union would certainly have fetched more had she been offered after the triumph of the colt in the Middle Park.

Buoyant has grown into an attractive two-year-old of about 15 hands 2in. and her trainer states that she is a fine mover. The other 3,600gs. yearling is called Probationer. The daughter of Blandford—Reverentia looks a high-class filly and is particularly well developed behind the saddle.

FISH AND FAHRENHEIT

The Problem of March Salmon

MARCH salmon are queer fish. I cannot speak for England, but for Scotland it is perfectly true, and never more so than in this present year of 1938. In January or February, if we are fortunate enough to be fishing, we do not see many fish, but we can catch them if they are in the water; in March we see far more, there are many more in the river, yet the proportion which we catch is much smaller than in the previous two months. It is the more annoying, in that conditions for fishing are generally much more pleasant than earlier in the year. Often from the actual fishing point of view the outlook seems also to be far more propitious.

March is a transition month when the stern realities of winter are giving place to the pleasant uncertainties of spring. But the progress is not a steady movement from frost on March 1st to sunshine and genial shower on March 31st. It is an erratic movement, backwards and forwards, with an even chance of any particular type of weather on any stated day; the suggested happenings for the first and last days of the month quite easily, and not infrequently, may be transposed. Such weather vagaries necessarily have their reaction on the water temperature, and we all know that this pursue in very erratic fashion a course that has a very definite upward trend. Finally the water remains in the neighbourhood of 45° F. or higher, but there is about a fortnight when the daily fluctuations may be extreme. Then, within a very short period, the water temperature may vary several degrees on either side of 40° F.

During this period salmon always take very badly, and one has been inclined to think that in this range of variation they have been kept as restless and as uncomfortable as when they are running upstream. At the lower temperature they prefer the quieter corners; at the upper they desire the stronger reaches. In neither are they left in peace for long. With these variations also comes the change of taste for large and small lures, bait with the rapid alternations they do not know which they want and will in consequence usually take neither. Even after the temperature has risen more or less permanently above 40° F. they take a little time to settle down, to develop a fresh interest in lures, and to prefer the small fly above all others.

In this present year March belied its usual reputation, but the salmon exceeded even their usual diffidence. For practically the whole month the water temperature exceeded 40° F. by a substantial amount and even in the rivers of the far north on some days it reached 49° or 50° F. In these circumstances the salmon ought to have been happy in a new, but at least standardised, environment and the changes normal to March should not have disturbed them. They should decisively have rejected the large fly and the spinning minnow, be it of metal, soft material or actual fish, and as decisively have preferred the small fly fished near the surface. On many of the bright warm sunny days one would have been justified in expecting that they would even have been eager for the latter confections.

But not a bit of it. The large fly, it is true, they have very largely ignored. Unfortunately they have been, if possible, even more indifferent to the small fly; the spinning lure has been equally unattractive to them. So much has this been the case, and so widespread has been the result, that anglers in individual rivers, unacquainted with the fate of their brethren elsewhere, have been searching for some local cause to account for the result. In one river peat water stirred up from the loch by gales has been held responsible; in another disease is said to have kept the fish down; in yet a third an unexplained increase of pollution is stated to be the cause; and so on. But in other rivers where none of these things can possibly operate results have been as bad.



SALMON FISHING ON THE TWEED
In most border rivers this year the stock of fish is both good and well distributed



FISHING THE MAKERSTOUN BEAT ON THE TWEED

connotes a corresponding reaction on the behaviour of the salmon. Even when the water be not directly affected, whether the air be warmer or colder than the river has an important bearing on the proceedings of the fish.

When the water is cold, salmon lie in the quiet currents and the deeper parts of the pools. As it warms up they move out into the faster streams and shallower places. When the air is colder than the water they prefer to remain on the bottom or at least will more readily take a lure that is fished close to that area. When the air is warmer than the water they will rise freely to the surface and will then prefer a fly that is not deep in the water. A water temperature of 40° F. forms a critical level below which they seek quiet and repose and above which they will move into more rapid waters and begin to pass over obstructions that previously formed a complete barrier to their progress. This same temperature, or a few degrees above it, generally provides a dividing line between the large flies and spinning lures of the early spring, and the small flies and fine tackle of the later spring and early summer.

In general, temperature conditions during March

The controlling factor, whatever it be, is certainly not lack of fish. In most Scottish rivers this year the stock of early fish is both good and well distributed. But the general result has been that, while an occasional fish of the early run has been caught, most of the salmon taken in March have been fresh from the sea. The angler's prospects have almost been limited to the chance of coming across a clean-run fish or, if he is very lucky, a small shoal of them. Otherwise even the kelts have been as disinclined to take as their betters.

A general consideration of all the facts shows that instead of the consistent warming up of the water at an unusually early date bringing the fish on the take sooner than is normally the case, it has actually extended the dull period. But one further factor has perhaps to be taken into consideration. For the first three weeks of the month there was no sign of any rise in the water over the greater part of Scotland and in the north floods arrived only on the last two days.

In these circumstances the January and February fish, when the temperature rose, would move out from their former lies to others in faster water, but they would not make any serious attempt to proceed upstream. They would be disturbed; very temporarily they might possibly condescend to take some slight interest in the lures which passed over them. But in the main they had become, and remained, "stale fish."

They were content to watch other fresh arrivals come alongside them and to go on past them, but they had no desire to follow with them. In well-fished rivers they had seen enough of flies and minnows. Some will say they had seen too much of minnows, others will retort that it was foolish to present only flies to them. However that may be, they cried a plague on all your fancies and, after the fashion of stale fish, would have none of them. Had there been a good rise of water, with the temperature still remaining high, things might have been different. The fish would then have been wakened up, they would have gone on upstream and, the fresh section of their journey completed, they would once again have taken an interest in lures.

If this had occurred it is more than probable that the small fly would have come into its own and that they would have preferred it above all others. An absolutely clean-run salmon at this time of year is somewhat catholic in its tastes and will take a fly within a very wide range of sizes, but, after a short period in fresh water, its ideas of what is right and wrong in the way of size undergo a very material revision. Consequently the very fresh fish have fallen victims to almost anything, while their staler brothers would look at nothing.

March salmon are still queer fish. In a normal year they are disturbed by temperature rather than by water-level changes. In this year it would seem that, disturbed earlier than usual, they ought to have settled down for a time into useful fish for the angler. But, lacking the necessary stimulus of a change in water level to stir up their imagination and their curiosity in lures, they have, if possible, been more useless even than in a normal year.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

THE ART OF BIRD WATCHING

A Few Hints for the Novice

TO some of those who read the interesting ornithological articles which appear at intervals in the *Field* the question must often arise: How can one become a competent observer of birds? The perfect field ornithologist is undoubtedly a *rara avis*, to use a singularly apt expression, while the art of observation is a science in itself. Different species require individual treatment according to their temperament; some birds take little heed of a human being and will allow themselves to be studied at close quarters to advantage; others, however, take flight immediately the slightest sound arouses their suspicion.

Within the limits of a single essay it is impossible to give a detailed description of the best methods for observing even a few types of our avifauna; I have, therefore, contented myself with giving a few general hints which, I hope, may prove useful to amateurs and budding ornithologists.

The most elementary point to be borne in mind is that of clothing. Brown tweeds naturally suggest themselves as the most suitable garments for the countryside; they keep the body warm and at the same time are comparatively inconspicuous. Ladies should never wear brightly-coloured materials while bird-watching, for these excite suspicion and act as a warning of an enemy's presence. The ornithologist, be he novice or experienced observer, will find a pair of binoculars indispensable. Without this very necessary aid, it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify birds at a distance; furthermore, the closer an observer is to his quarry, so proportionately does the risk of frightening it increase. Field glasses obviate the necessity of walking too close to shy species.

Prismatic binoculars are the most useful, for they enjoy a wider range of vision than the old-fashioned types—and they give more light—a very important fact to be considered when out in dull weather. Secondhand glasses may be purchased quite cheaply and will last for years; those made by the firms of Ross, Zeiss or Barr & Stroud reach a very high standard of perfection, but there are many less expensive makes which are well worth buying.

To identify a bird which the observer has not recognised at first sight, it will be necessary to consult a good reference book. The best work available is, of course, H. F. Witherby's *Handbook of British Birds*, but for those whose pocket will not permit such a purchase T. A. Coward's *Birds of the British Isles* will prove extremely useful.

It is a good plan to carry a small notebook and pencil and to make a rough jotting or sketch while the memory of any particular bird or occurrence is fresh in the mind. This is usually more satisfactory than trusting to one's mental retentive faculties, which cannot always be relied upon.

Having mentioned briefly the necessary equipment, we can now consider our actual operations in the field. Firstly, one must learn how to walk as noiselessly as possible. This is most difficult in places where there is a profusion of dead twigs lying about, as these are apt to crackle like miniature rifle fire if stepped on—a sound which is likely to disconcert even the most confiding bird. After some practice, however, one can become an expert in avoiding this pitfall. I personally wear rubber-soled shoes, as they make less noise on stony ground and keep out the damp which may otherwise ooze through the leather, especially on estuary mudflats and other damp places.

Obviously it is of the utmost importance to cultivate keen sight. Many birds have an uncanny habit, especially in woods where there is dense cover, of vanishing amongst the trees after giving little more than a brief glimpse of themselves. Consequently, unless the observer is alert and active he may miss seeing a species altogether; or worse still he may catch sight of a bird which he believes to be a rarity, and owing to his lack of sharp sight fail to make an identification satisfactory to himself. One frequently hears the remark: "I'm practically certain it was a so-and-so but I saw it too late to make sure." Such experiences are aggravating, and in the majority of cases might have been avoided.

The art of camouflaging oneself is not easy. Some people seem to under-estimate its importance, but this factor is certainly the most vital of all. Birds are quick to observe an object moving on the skyline—never poke your head up suddenly in such a situation. Then, remember also, that one's movements should be slow and cautious; erratic gestures of the hand or head defeat success.

Finally, if taken unawares in an open space where there is little or no cover, you should lie flat on the ground and make yourself as small as possible. I have read of an ornithologist who lay so motionless in an open field that a raven pitched a few yards from him, quite unperturbed; but such a feat is surely rare!

One golden rule might be mentioned here. Always be sure to examine every bird in a flock; one specimen might turn out to be something rare. I have identified the uncommon blue-headed wagtail, feeding with a party of yellow wagtails; had I not carefully scanned each bird with my field glasses I should have overlooked the most interesting of the flock. Then again, birds which one at first thinks belong to a common type sometimes prove to be otherwise. Quite recently I saw what looked like a buzzard at a distance, and only by keeping my glasses trained on the bird did I become aware that it was an osprey. Such surprises are pleasant, but even when a day's work provides nothing more than the commonplace we can look forward with happy anticipation to the next occasion.

MICHAEL BLACKMORE.



AN OSPREY WITH ITS CATCH



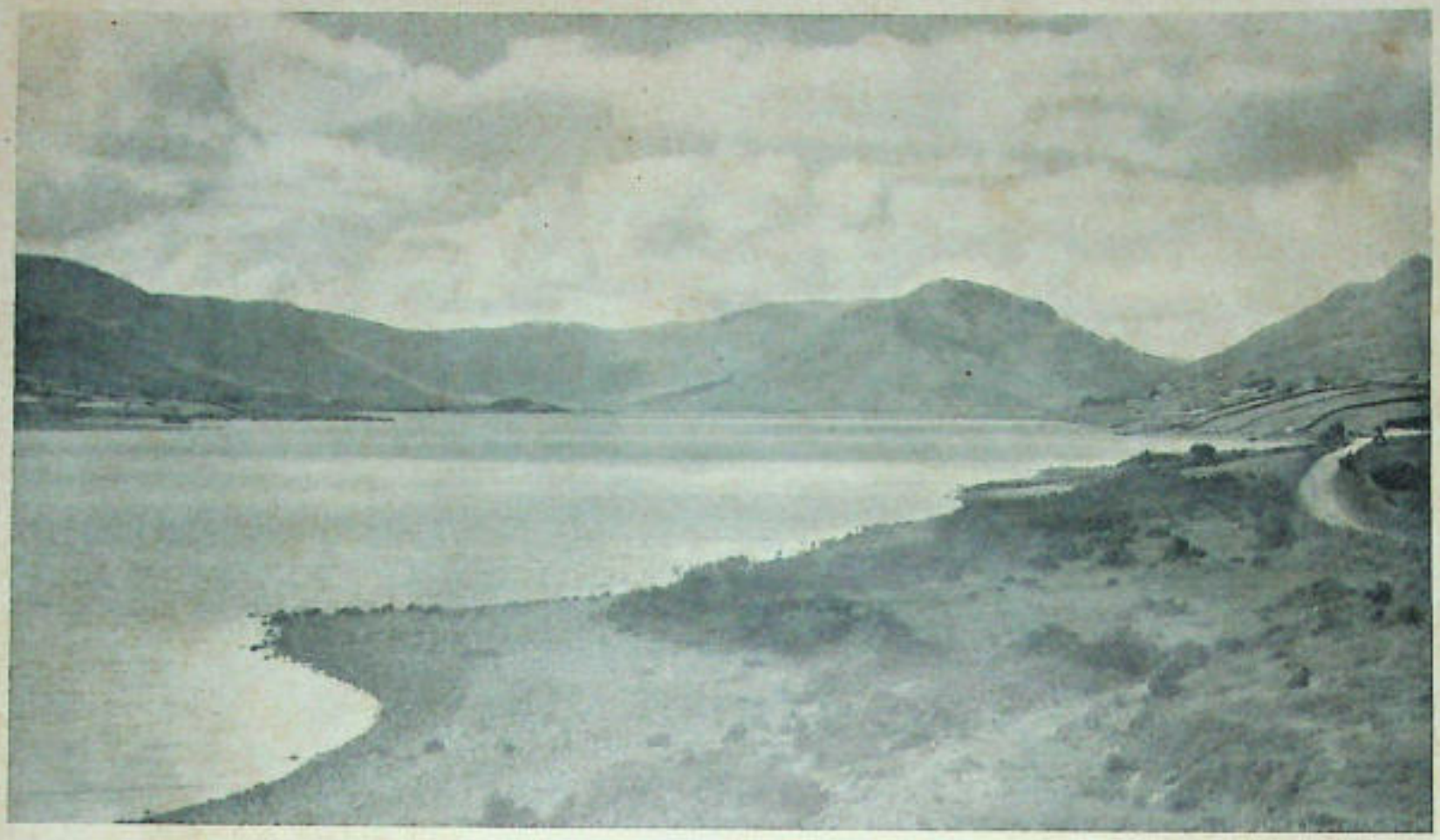
"ALWAYS BE SURE TO EXAMINE EVERY BIRD IN A FLOCK"
In this photograph are mallard, shoveler, wigeon and teal



YOUNG NIGHTJARS—A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION

THE SQUIRREL-TAILED DORMOUSE

In October, 1936, we published an article dealing with the introduction and distribution of the squirrel-tailed dormouse (*Glis glis*). In that article it was stated that the animal was confined to Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. Later the author, during a broadcast talk, asked for information on the distribution of *Glis glis*. He received one specimen from Worcestershire and another from Wiltshire, and reports which he has not been able to confirm to his satisfaction of its occurrence in Berkshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Surrey, Hampshire and Gloucestershire. Undoubtedly, *Glis glis* is more widely distributed than is generally realised, but more definite information is required. Would any reader of the *Field*, who may have knowledge of the existence of *Glis glis* in his neighbourhood, send that information to the Naturalist Editor who would also be glad to receive specimens at this office?



LOUGH MASK, CO. MAYO
Low-lying country, sheltered by mountains, is just the place for woodcock

Great Shooting Counties

ON THE FRINGE OF THE ATLANTIC

From Grouse to Geese in Co. Mayo

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

WAVY lines of blue hills coming out of the mists and the Atlantic crashing on the cliffs of Achill; snipe drumming in the bogs of Bangor Erris; grouse on Corocderra on an August morning, and the grey geese sweeping in from Bartragh against a moonflecked sky—these are memories of Mayo which abide. For they are bound up with long tramps in lonely places as wild and unspoilt as when Time began. More than two-thirds of this great county of 1,300,000 acres consist of bog and lake and mountain; no country for the sybarite, nor yet for such as think effortlessly to make big bags of anything. For partridges do not take kindly to bog soils; besides, their shooting is restricted to October; pheasants, except on the few properties where they are reared, are a lucky rather than a likely contingency, and once they have smelt powder a clever stalker is more likely to do better execution than a brilliant shot on Mayo grouse. In other words, mixed bags almost invariably mean rough bog trotting with the accent on the rough.

I am often asked by people, unacquainted with the West what kind of bags can be expected nowadays—a question to which it is most difficult to give a concise answer. For, taking the country by and large, game stocks are still at a low ebb, thanks chiefly to the changed conditions of land tenure and other factors of subversive influence. Neither are snipe and wildfowl as abundant as in my young days, although in their pursuit success depends almost as much on individual fieldcraft as on seasonal vicissitudes affecting local migrations. Though in any case bog shooting is the most uncertain of all sports. Two years ago I spent ten days in a familiar spot, and shot three old grouse and seven snipe, for which I must have walked the best part of a hundred miles. Yet thither also went a friend a little later on. He had planned a fortnight's visit; he stayed two months and killed over four hundred head to his own gun.

Unless one bears in mind the great changes which have come about in Eire, any comparison of present-day achievements with those of 30 years back is quite profitless. In those days pheasants were reared, and game of all kinds reasonably well looked after, on virtually every property throughout the county. The Land Acts of 1903 and 1910 had no baleful influence on sporting rights, for demesne lands were exempt from their provisions. But then came war and worse—the subsequent period of civil strife, nine troublous years in all—during which only gunmen and vermin got a look in. And still the country, in so far as preservation is concerned, is reaping the whirlwind of that era.

The new Game Laws of 1930 have justified their framing to a very great extent. But they could bear still further tightening in so far as the issue of 5/- licenses and penalties for poaching are concerned. Vermin destruction, despite most praiseworthy efforts on the part of certain local associations, is otherwise lethargically pursued, and the constant changes in the dating of close seasons react unfavourably in many areas on just those people who are working hardest to put back the partridge on the map. Nor are the powers of the Land Commission calculated to encourage individual game preservers. The fact that under the later Acts demesne land can be compulsorily acquired destroys the last pretence of any security of tenure. It is true that in such circumstances landlords do not necessarily lose their sporting rights, but of what use are they to them if parks and coverts are liable to splitting up and cutting down with scarcely any notice?

Quite obviously people, under threat of such expropriations, are not going to put good money into pheasants. A generation back at Belleek Manor, the annual bags at the first shoots ran from 450 to 700 birds, and if my memory serves, Lord Arran's coverts were among the best in the county. Nowadays, no birds are reared on the former property, from which, I am told, recently 400 acres have been wrested, while all the trees at Castle Gore have been cut down, and the same treatment has been meted out to Rappa Castle and other shoots, where formerly bags averaged from 1,200 to 1,400 head a year. Probably not more than half a dozen covert owners rear birds at the present time; Lord Oranmore, I fancy, heads the list in point of numbers, and at Cooleronan and Breaghwy, Mr. Pery-Knox-Gore and Mr. Dominick Browne also put down a fair number. But the latter tells me that his erstwhile three-day shoots three times a year are now reduced to one day "owing to the almost complete destruction the place has suffered from the Land Acts." From the records of several other properties, to which their owners have most kindly allowed me access, I gather that, taking the average of the last few seasons 250 pheasants in a day and 500–700 in a year represent the limit of expectation nowadays.

Still, this is good enough for most men. Colossal bags of pheasants are seldom particularly interesting, and in certain circumstances may be occasionally disgusting. And of other fowl Mayo still makes a good show, as evidenced by several records that I have before me. Those of the Westport property, for which I am much indebted to the Marquess of Sligo, are too voluminous to set out in detail, but summarised I find that from 1900–1914 13,184 head including 2,267 grouse, 1,964 woodcock, 7,037 snipe and 589 pheasants were shot. And, omitting those "troublous years" aforesaid, this compares with 9,964 head, comprising 1,372 grouse, 1,026 'cock, 5,725 snipe and 1,242 pheasants, killed between 1924 and the season just concluded. The Castle MacGarrett figures, which Lord Oranmore has very kindly sent me, are also interesting, though, unfortunately, 50 years' records, dating from 1884, were recently destroyed by fire. Only four days' shooting in 1935-36 yielded 796 head, including 518 pheasants and 147 woodcock. This compares with 1,932 head—725 pheasants, 133 'cock and 769 snipe—in 1936–37; and 1,981 head—1,198 pheasants, 177 woodcock and 442 snipe—last season. The best day's bag of 'cock was 68, of snipe 56 (to two guns in 1936), but the former are only shot once a year, in January.

From these and other records, for which I have no space, it is obvious that grouse have decreased even more than pheasants. I have myself pre-War recollections of 20 to 30 brace over dogs on various shoots in Bangor Erris, and in these very spots, half that bag would be exceptional, and three to six brace much more likely nowadays. Vermin is primarily the cause; these vast areas vested in the Land Commission swarm with grey crows, hawks, and black-backed gulls, and heather is seldom, if ever, burnt. Nominally these shootings may be keepered; actually the keeper is more often just a local watcher, and, in any case, no single-handed man can look after illimitable areas of bog and mountain. When shoots of 10,000 acres are advertised to let at £30 the season, the price is the measure of the game they harbour. Moreover, the crab to most of them is their attraction for poaching gangs and whippet coursers, who come out from the towns in cars, and are almost as callous in disturbance of the nesting grouse, as they are unscrupulous in shooting them before the season opens.

Though, in fairness, be it said that, vermin and poachers notwithstanding, there is still plenty of wild sport in the lonely bogs, that reach from Clew Bay to Killala, for those who are keen enough to walk the livelong day for snipe and wait out

half the night for duck and geese. There is no coastal area in the British Isles so unfrequented and remote as that which lies between the Killaries and the estuary of the Moy. It has been claimed that every species of wildfowl, indigenous and migrant, may be found hereabouts, and this is very likely true, for I have myself seen more wild geese of all kinds, except bean, on the marshes fringing Blacksod Bay than anywhere in Eire. And as well as teal and mallard, wigeon, pochard, pintail, tufted and shoveller, have all figured in my game book at one time or another.

I believe that golden plover are less common than they were, yet not so long ago, on some rough pastures on the western slopes of Nephin, their congregation in September in enormous stands provided us with substantial entertainment. These bogs, west of the Nephin range, have not been, and perhaps never will be, drained like those farther inland, and although the "25 couple of snipe a day" which Payne Gallwey mentions as a commonplace of Mayo in his time, would be exceptional to-day, every year quite useful bags are made. Three years ago a guest at a local hotel shot 1,177 head, including 875 snipe and 180 golden plover, in the season; last year ten days in the Belmullet area yielded two guns 94 snipe, 16 duck and 11 woodcock, while another couple had 68 snipe, 53 woodcock and 14 duck inside a week from Mount Falcon Guest House. Space precludes my quoting several bags of more or less similar quality as illustrative of what may fairly be expected in bog trotting.

About the time I was cutting my first tooth Payne Gallwey was extolling Mayo as a woodcock county in *The Wildfowler in Ireland*. "Ten to 30 couple" he mentions as "a fair day's sport," and, paradoxical as it may seem, in view of the timber cutting on and breaking up of properties, 'cock still more than hold their own. Mr. Dominick Browne tells me that whereas in the pre-War era 25 birds were considered a good bag at Breaghwy, in the last ten years often 30 and sometimes 40 have been shot there in a day. And the records of other properties indicate a like increase in the last few years, for I find at Enniscoe, Coolcronan, Belleek and other places, bags ranging from 25 to 47, and reaching in some instances 160 in the season. Why, in contrast to other birds, 'cock continue to increase and multiply is rather difficult to say, unless the reason is that, instead of being scattered pretty widely, they are now more conbentrated in the few properties whose amenities attract them. Once upon a time in mild weather one was just as likely to make a bag of woodcock in the open bogs as in the coverts, for Mayo land is rich and loamy in the glens, with a warm limestone subsoil. But now that so much of this ground has been reclaimed for small holdings, it is more than probable that woodcock congregate only in such places as afford them the essential quietude they crave.

No reference to 'cock would be complete, of course, without allusion to Ashford on the Mayo—Galway border, at which so many well-known figures in the shooting world, including the late King and King Edward VII, have been the guests of the late Lord Ardilaun and Mr. Ernest Guinness. In point of records Mr. Morrison's shoot at Islay has, I think, a slight advantage over Ashford; even so, I am not sure that the latter is not the more consistent of the two. For, if my memory is not at fault, for more than 30 years the Ashford bags have averaged just under 600 'cock, and I do not think the record for a single day—228 birds—has ever been eclipsed.

Probably abundance here is due as much to the natural advantages the property enjoys as to the care with which it is preserved, for, fringing Lough Corrib and embracing the low-lying country sheltered by the mountains covering Lough Mask, its limestone soil is warm and copiously furnished with just the types of shrubs and timber which most appeal to 'cock. Then the interspacing bogs, with a multitude of springs, provide ideal feeding grounds, and when the mountains are snowclad and hail-swept, down come the outlying birds to Ballykine and Doone and the inshore islands of Lough Corrib.

As an Irishman, I might be excused a natural bias towards my native land, but I have tried to deal impartially with present-day conditions as I see them. If I call Mayo a great shooting county still, it is not with the idea of persuading anyone that he will there break any records. But I believe that those who count "variety the spice of life" will not be disappointed, especially if they subscribe to my old-fashioned views that sport is measured not by bags so much as by the circumstances of their making. To me at least, Mayo will always be a land of pure delight. For there is a fascination about some of the wildest, loveliest, loneliest scenery in all Eire, which Stevenson came nearest to defining when he wrote of "turf smoke, and highland hills, and brown swirling rivers, and wet clothes and whiskey, and the indescribable bite of the whole thing at a man's heart."



PART OF THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO'S PROPERTY ON THE ROAD TO DELPHI



THE BOG BELOW SLIEVE ALP AND NEPHIN BEG



BOG LOUGH, NEAR DELPHI, CO. MAYO



WATCHING A MASTER AT WORK

Walter Hagen playing a pitch and run from the rough. He keeps the wrists firm and the blade of his club pointing in the desired line

TO PITCH OR PITCH AND RUN?

A Decisive Question for Golfers

ONE of the classic sayings of golf is the late Willie Park's remark that "the man who can putt is a match for anyone." Of course, this is not absolutely true. It is no use being devastatingly accurate on the greens, round after round, if you squander shots through the journey. A good putter is certainly a dangerous opponent, but the old champion could have added that the one who keeps on saving strokes by deadly approaches is the player to be respected.

Go back over the results of recent tournaments, and you will find that the winner often owed his success to accurate chip shots. For example, Lacey at Wentworth last autumn either pitched up close to the hole or run up dead from just off the green. In professional golf it is the man who is in form in the short game who wins. The same applies in ordinary club and friendly matches.

Several experienced players were discussing this problem recently, and the general belief was that usually the trouble begins with the selection of the club required. You have to decide what kind of shot you mean to play, and, having decided, have a clear mental conception of the desired stroke. This may seem obvious, yet it is extraordinary how many players fumble about and fail to make a definite decision. They wonder whether they will pitch well up to the flag or whether it would be wiser to play short and let the ball run on, then they finish by playing a nondescript type of shot.

It is essential to select the easiest shot and the easiest club with which to play it. If the ground short of the green is fairly even and there are no intervening bunkers, why elect to pitch? The more loft in the club the more margin there is for error. Handicap golfers make the game much more difficult for themselves by using their niblicks and mashie-niblicks so frequently. Approach shots should not be played with one club only, even if that one is a trusted friend. When the golfer is playing a pitch shot he cannot afford to make the slightest mistake. A little too much ground, a ducked right shoulder, will ruin the stroke, and if he takes the ball too cleanly it will fly over the green.

The pitch and run so favoured in Scotland is the canny shot for the times when you are in doubt. Played with a No. 6 or an ordinary mashie it can be quite a simple stroke and very effective. When just off the green the specially designed "chipper" or a No. 4 iron held with a short grip will lift the ball over the longer greens and allow it to run smoothly up to the hole. Most club golfers prefer to use a putter for this type of shot, but the intervening ground often deflects the ball off its line and a stroke is lost.

For the pitch and run, little weight movement is necessary. A close stance, firm grip—slackness is fatal—and a curtailed back-swing. Most experts agree that the length of the back-swing is determined by the length of the shot to be played. Walter Hagen makes a habit of keeping the blade of his club pointing in the desired line; he does not turn the head with his hands in the back-swing. He keeps the wrists firm and strikes the ball a decisive blow. If you mis-hit a pitch and run, the ball invariably finishes somewhere on the green, and you still have a chance with your putter. It is a straightforward shot which does not require so much mastering as the pitch.

The great Bobby Jones was an adept around the greens. His advice is always sound. On this subject he has written: "The observance of two rules cannot fail to bring about an improvement in the short game. They are, first, select a club with which the ball may be pitched at least to the edge of the putting surface; and second, always, wherever possible, play a straightforward stroke without attempting any difficult cut or back-spin shots."



HORTON SMITH PRACTISING A SHORT PITCH AND RUN SHOT

Note the firm grip, hardly any movement of weight, feet close together and standing close to the ball. The arrow points to direct of ball just struck



By courtesy American "National Golf Review"

A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE INTELLIGENT SELECTION OF CLUBS

1, *With run-up club or No. 3 iron.* 2, *With mashie or No. 6.* 3, *With mashie-niblick or niblick*

The inexperienced golfer tends to "spoon" the ball into the air when he has a lofted club in his hands. As Henry Cotton points out: "The greater the loft the greater is the tendency to help the club perform its office. Try to remember that the club is designed for the lofting of the ball and your job is to get the distance. Do not lay the club back and hit the ball a glancing blow. Remember that it is the forward propulsion that counts." When you are playing a pitch visualise the shot beforehand, and make a mental note of where you want the ball to pitch. Having selected the spot, concentrate on that and forget about the green, the flag and everything else. That advice was given me years ago by an old professional and has always been found correct and most helpful.

To pitch or pitch and run? The answer depends largely on the ground and the orientation of the green. If there is an intervening hazard you must get the ball up into the air. If the green is long and the flag at the back of it, pitch on to the short edge and let the ball run the rest. It is no use just playing any old shot and hoping for the best. The shorter the shot the more deliberate and careful you need to be. As Bobby Jones has advised, do not keep to one standard stroke. Make up your mind as to the right shot demanded, whether a pitch, or a pitch and run, and then go ahead and allow nothing to change your ideas. Be definite and you will acquire confidence, and so save strokes around the greens. E. R. TIPPLE.

OBITUARY

A Great Yachtsman

THE MARQUESS OF AILSA, who died last Saturday at Culzean Castle, at the age of 90, was a lover of the sea from his youth, and throughout his life was identified with ships and shipbuilding. He brought practical knowledge to bear on his yachting and his business, for as a young man he qualified for a Master's certificate.

It was as a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron and as a racing yachtsman that Lord Ailsa was best known. There is a Foxhound and Bloodhound of note in the cruising classes to-day, but good as they are they cannot claim the outstanding success of their namesakes of the '70's. From the owner of a 15-tonner and 25-tonner, Lord Ailsa progressed to the 35-ton cutter Foxhound, which, when she came south under the handling of Ben Harris, won 12 out of 21 races in a season. Then came the still more famous Bloodhound, a 40-tonner, and the Sleuthhound. The three yachts between them claimed 113 prizes for their owner in thirteen years. Lord Ailsa also built and designed the Cocker, a 5-tonner, and owned the Beagle, a 10-tonner, and Snarley-Yow, a 3-tonner. Big and small, all came alike to him in the love of sailing craft; and when the Bloodhound, with which he had parted, was about to be broken up, Lord Ailsa refitted her with new spars and raced her with success against the cracks of the day.

The Late Isaac Sharpe

WITH the death of Mr. Isaac Sharpe, of Inglewood, Keith, at the age of 76, a great trainer of gundogs and judge of dogs has passed away.

A fine shot, he won the pigeon shooting Championship of England in 1897 and in 1901, and at this period he won the Kennel Club Derby with the Gordon setter dog Stylish Ranger, the only Gordon setter ever to achieve this honour.

In 1912 and 1913 he won the Derby twice in succession, with Stylish Look Out (his other dog, Stylish Fullerton, being placed third) and Stylish Sylph, who was one of his favourite setters. He repeated his success with Stylish Switcher in 1928, was second with Stylish Rachael in 1929, and won again in 1932 with Stylish Sheen. His dogs were well up in the prize list on innumerable other occasions, while his wins at other trials meetings both on partridge and grouse were legion.

Perhaps his favourite was Stylish General, who did more than his share in helping to train the future winners of a younger generation. For a long time those two famous field trial champions, Stylish Bluestone and Stylish Touchstone, were a byword among field trial supporters. They were worthily succeeded by the almost equally well-known Stylish Moorhen and Stylish Ringleader.

In later years Mr. Sharpe was a great believer in introducing new blood into the kennel, and was one of the first breeders to go in for importing foreign stud dogs.

As a trainer Mr. Sharpe had few equals, and he claimed, along with the late Mr. Arkwright, to be the first to introduce spaniel and retriever trials, and in 1899 won the first spaniel trials ever held with his bitch, Stylish Pride, taking both the Aged and Puppy Stakes at the same meeting.

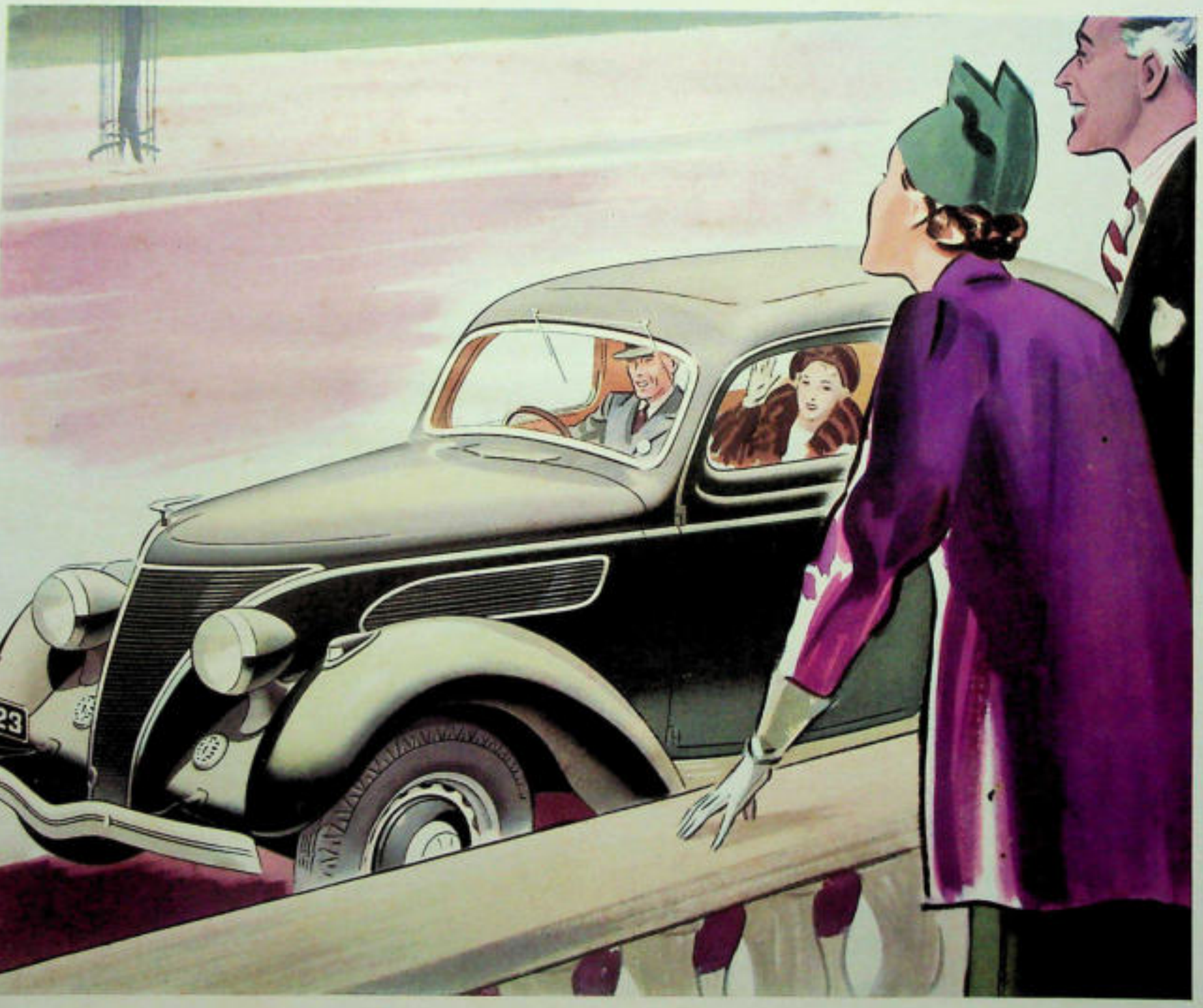
Some years ago Mr. Sharpe began to include sheep dogs among his interests, and was president and guiding spirit of the North British Sheep Dog Trial Association.

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REDSHANK FLIGHTING OUT OVER THE WATER IN A FLOCK

THE WARDEN OF THE MARSHES

"None Can Ignore His Presence for He Is Ever on the Move"

MATCHING with restless energy the unceasing motion of the waves, the redshank draws attention more than any wader that haunts the tide line. None can ignore his presence, for he is ever on the move, bobbing and bowing and running here and there in search of food. Always first to attract the eye with his characteristic jerky flight on half-closed wings, and the ear by his shrill whistling call when alarmed. Seen at close quarters from an ambush he is charming, graceful and slim and by no means lacking in colour, though it must be allowed he is misnamed. His long and slender legs are hardly red but yellow with a dash of orange, in pleasing contrast to white and grey-brown plumage which appears to be black and white when he flies away. Albeit he is a source of much chagrin to wildfowler and naturalist alike, for neither may approach the feeding grounds or nesting area of ducks, geese or waders unannounced if he is in sight. Ever alert and looking for danger, a single redshank can ruin the outcome of a long and careful stalk by raising an alarm which can be heard over a distance of several hundred yards; a warning to all his companions.

The waste lands bordering an estuary and the low-lying marshes near the shore are beloved of redshank. Many pairs nest there close together, each concealing four eggs within a cup-like hollow in a coarse tuft of sheltering grass or reeds. Last year I saw a clutch of five, but this is an unusual number for a wader. The territory appropriated by a pair of nesting redshanks is jealously guarded against all comers; generally, the sitting bird gets up as soon as it is approached, called off the nest by her mate from his perch on a hedge or a post or some other point of vantage. Together they circle, following the enemy across their stretch of marsh with hysterical cries of alarm, until the confines are reached and the next pair takes up the challenge, succeeded by another and another. When all are left behind, the peaceful lapping of the waters, of an incoming tide on the estuary flats, is a welcome relief after their distracting clamour.

That redshanks are increasing in numbers is an opinion borne out by the spread farther inland of nesting pairs each season. Two or three pairs are often seen beside a lonely mere, or a solitary pair on a landlocked upland marsh or beside a babbling stream. Large colonies as yet are rarely found nesting at a distance from the coast. Sometimes, especially on inland sites, a redshank will make an open nest with little protective cover. I found one of these on a mound of sphagnum moss, with no grass or reeds to hide it. Strangely enough, when coming back to the nest to sit, this bird parted an imaginary tuft of grass at the edge with her bill, as though the habit were unalterable. One spring I saw another unusual nest of a redshank on the remains of a turnip stitch left from the previous year. A small bare hollow, lined with a few dried stems, contained three eggs, and the kindly farmer, when he ploughed up the land afresh, picked up the eggs and then replaced them after the plough had passed on. The bird returned to sit and hatched them out despite the changed appearance of her nest. A sitting redshank does not always get up in response to warning protests from the bird on guard; occasionally she sits closely, and risks the possibility of being seized from the nest or stepped on inadvertently.

In April and May, pairs of redshanks and single birds whose mates are sitting, search the shallows for worms and sand eels. Compared with that of a winter flock, their demeanour is sedate as they peer into the water, making little runs and rushes this way and that to catch their wriggling prey. A sand eel located, a redshank probes the soft mud with his long prehensile bill and pulls it out; he excitedly makes for the bank before eating it, for a sand eel dropped in the water is seldom recaptured. Redshanks wade deeply, and when out of their depth they float away and swim quite well, but they do not often indulge this accomplishment.

July finds little parties frequenting the shallow pools on the shore, in company with oyster-catchers and gulls: they stand on the spray-splashed rocks off the coast until the boisterous waves retreat and uncover the sand in their favourite bays. As autumn approaches, these small flocks already assembled are augmented daily by family parties of young and old from the nesting grounds, until you think there can be no more in the land. Yet I have seen redshanks in January on an upland tarn, fifteen miles from the sea.

An estuary, particularly after a gale or frost, is a source of never-failing interest. At low tide many hundreds of birds of divers species rest on the sand banks afar. A high tide brings them flying inshore, and flock after flock can be identified as they flight before the advancing waters to settle closer to land. Again the relentless creeping flood sweeps them off their feet: the gulls float swiftly along in the deepest part of the channel, swinging round as the water eddies in the bends, drifting at times tail first or broadside on. Curlew and heron, their feet awash, are loath to move; but they must go at last. The curlews wing their way to the grassy banks, soon followed by dignified stately herons, stepping disdainfully ashore on stilt-like legs. Both stand motionless, if undisturbed, for hours at a time, but their zest for life returns when the tide uncovers the wet sandy shoals below.

C. M. CLARK.



THE REDSHANK RETURNS TO HER OPEN NEST AND PARTS AN IMAGINARY TUFT OF GRASS



REDSHANK WADING IN THE SHALLOWS IN SEARCH OF SAND EELS AND WORMS. REDSHANK CAN SWIM VERY WELL

This England . . .



April landscape near Lezdon — Devon

AN April dawn has but to shew inclement for some thoughtless one to quote ironically, "Oh to be in England . . ." Thoughtless, because this is the cry of an exile, yearning for England in the Spring. And mark this, good homekeepers, though he be city-bred, your exile's heartache is always for the English countryside, never for houses or streets. He dreams of long past holidays, the smell of hay and horse's sweat, the sound of a little bell across the Sunday fields, the sight of full-eared barley beneath a summer moon. He feels again the weariness of that last mile, the luxury of the plain wood chair, and that delicious moment as the eye foretastes the cool, full-bodied Worthington . . . of these is our bondage to England spun.

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THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

WHAT is the Médoc? is this week's query. The Médoc is a strip of poor, pebbly, sandy, down-like land some 50 miles long and 6 miles wide, alongside the left bank of the River Garonne, a short distance below Bordeaux and before it meets the River Dordogne. It then goes alongside the left bank of the River Gironde, from the moment the Garonne takes this name (after meeting and absorbing the Dordogne) as far as the Bay of Biscay.

Poor as the soil of the Médoc looks, and poor as it is in humus, it is so wonderfully suited to the cultivation of some of the finest species of vines, that its vineyards give on an average about half the total quantity of fine red wines produced by all the other vineyards of the world put together. This statement sounds somewhat of an exaggeration, but one must bear in mind the fact that the proportion of fine wines, wines of real merit and breed, to the common wines, which are just wholesome and pleasant drinking wines, is exceedingly small. And the Médoc produces more wines than any other vine and which are capable of acquiring with age greater charm and dignity without losing their vitality.

The Médoc is divided into two parts, the Bas-Médoc, nearest the Bay of Biscay, from St. Germain d'Esteuil to Soulac; and the Haut-Médoc, which stretches from St. Seurin-de-Cadourne to Blanquefort. These are the names of Communes, or parishes, of which there are 70 in the Médoc, with vineyards from which claret is made, the genuine red wine of Bordeaux. Out of that number there are five names which all lovers of claret venerate above all others: they are those of the Communes of Pauillac, St. Julien, Margaux, St. Estèphe and Cantenac. There are five other Communes of the Médoc with one or more classed growths within their boundaries; they are the Communes of Labarde, St. Laurent, Ludon, Arsac and Macau.

Sixty vineyards or estates situated within the administrative boundaries of those ten Communes are reputed to give the finest claret, and they have been graded into five classes, as far back as 1855, for the convenience of both the Bordeaux merchants and the consumers. It is as well, however, to bear in mind that the *Classification des Vins du Médoc* is but a guide, a general rule based upon the nature of the soil of the different vineyards, the only fairly constant factor, and a rule with a number of exceptions, due to the vagaries of the weather from year to year, and to the intelligent care—or the lack of it—given by successive owners to the vineyards and wines of the same estate.

There are only three estates or *Châteaux* of the Médoc in the first class of the "Classification": they are the Château Lafite and the Château Latour, both in the Commune of Pauillac; and the Château Margaux, in the Commune of Margaux. Sixteen Châteaux have been classed as second growths, including the Château Mouton-Rothschild, at the top of the list and, in the opinion of many good judges, quite deserving to belong to the first growths; it is in the Commune of Pauillac, and there are two other second growths in this Commune: Châteaux Pichon-Longueville and Pichon-Lalande.

In the adjoining Commune of St. Julien there are six second growths, including the three Châteaux Léoville: Léoville-Lascases, Léoville-Poyferré and Léoville-Barton. Nearer Bordeaux, in the Commune of Margaux, there are four second growths, the two Rausan: Rausan-Ségla and Rausan-Gassies, and the Châteaux Durfort-Vivens and Lascombes; close by, in the Commune of Cantenac, the Château Brane-Cantenac is also among the second growths. Lastly, in the Commune of St. Estèphe, there are two more second growths: Cos d'Estournel and Château Montrose.

There are in the same way, distributed among the ten finest wine-producing parishes of the Médoc, thirteen third growths, eleven fourth growths and seventeen fifth growths, in all sixty picked vineyards capable of producing a million gallons of really fine claret in a good vintage, or half a million in a poor year.

This is the Médoc's yearly offering to the claret lovers of the world, but it is not all. There are other named and "classed" growths of the Médoc, known as *Bourgeois*, *Artisans* and *Paysans* growths, producing every year from five to eight million gallons of very fair claret. Finally, there are a number of other vineyards in the Médoc responsible for an average production every year of a million or so gallons of claret of more ordinary quality. They are usually sold merely under the name Médoc or under the name of their Commune of origin, whereas all the better clarets are sold under the name of the château or estate of their origin.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of April 14th, 1888

A NEW Game Bird. "The question is often asked whether it would not be feasible to add another game bird or two that would thrive and show sport here. All sorts of suggestions have been made, the birds most fancied being American 'prairie chickens' and European hazel grouse, but nothing has come of it and the craving for a 'novelty' still remains unsatisfied. The latest attempt in this direction . . . is the experiment by Mr. John Bateman of Brightlingsea, Essex, to acclimatise the rufous tinamu (Rhynchotus rufescens) of South America. During the spring and summer of 1885, the musical notes of these birds might be heard in Brightlingsea and parts of Thorington. . . . Their greatest enemies proved to be foxes, and to these wily poachers a great many of the birds fell victims."

"A suggestion" has found favour with some persons, that all meat which comes from foreign ports should be marked as foreign and sold as such. It would seem impossible that every joint, or part of a joint, of meat in a retail shop should be marked, and, even if it were, little good would result."



PORTRAIT OF SIR HUMPHREY MORICE, BART. (1723-1785), BY POMPEO BATTONI

One of the paintings listed in the sale of the contents of Hartwell House

"The remarkable throw—123yds. 0ft. 4in.—of the cricket ball by Mr. Edlmann, of Leamington College, mentioned in your issue of April 7th, was surpassed by Mr. Walter Forbes when captain of the Eton cricket eleven at the school sports in the spring (March) of 1876 . . . he threw 132yds."

"Another Fast Passage. The Cunard Royal Mail steamer Umbria, from New York, arrived at Queenstown at 10.49 p.m. on Friday, the duration of the passage being 6 days 7 hours 45 minutes."

IN THE SALEROOM

THE dispersal of the Winkworth collection of Chinese pottery, porcelain, glass, Canton enamels, snuff bottles, cloisonné, bronzes, soapstones and fine old English furniture, by Sotheby's on four days commencing April 26th, is of outstanding interest. The late collector, a very careful buyer, was also a very prolific one, so much so that when, in 1932, there was a four days' sale he found it necessary to arrange for it at home in order to facilitate the proper showing of his collection. The prices realised were so satisfactory that he again continued to add to his treasures, and they are now to be sold. As an example of their quality it may be mentioned that over fifty pieces from his collection were shown in the great Chinese Exhibition of 1935-36, most of which are included in the sale.

Messrs. Sotheby are conducting a notable auction sale, on April 26th and the two following days, at Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, by order of the trustees of Mrs. Benedict Eyre. Many historic family portraits figure in the sale, including paintings by Reynolds, Romney, Lely, Vandyck and Battoni.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

NOT so very long ago, a friend of mine asked me what was "the black and white bird that flies up in the air and then comes tumbling down." I was surprised, for I thought that everyone knew the green plover, lapwing or peewit.

* * *

And surely almost everyone must know those round wings, that haunting cry (both give to the bird a popular name), the handsome erectile crest, the seemingly black and white dress? Actually, of course, the bird is not black and white, but, as its name implies, green. Seen in sunshine the glossy green back and the rich chestnut patches above and below the tail are wondrous beautiful. Indeed, at any season the green plover is a strikingly handsome bird. In summer, crown, crest, face, throat and breast in the male are black, while the back and the wings are a metallic green glossed with purple and the sides of the neck and the underparts below the breast are white. In winter the throat is white and the upper parts show buff margins. And all this glory is borne on red legs. The female, handsome no less than the male, has a shorter crest and narrower, more pointed, plover-like wings.

* * *

As a nesting species the green plover is found throughout the British Isles, and nests also in Europe, Asia, and in some parts of Africa. Our resident birds are greatly increased in winter by immigrants from Europe, which arrive from the north and east. Throughout the winter the bird congregates in flocks and sometimes these flocks are immense. I well remember seeing the shore at Ainsdale so thick with them that it seemed impossible that there could be any more lapwings in all Lancashire. That was in January, and on the next day there was not one to be seen.

* * *

Few people seem to regard the green plover as a shore bird. Yet that is what he is: primarily a wader, but a wader whose habits are changing. His choice of habitat is catholic: tidal flats, marshy fields, upland pastures, bleak moorland. But originally those long red legs were designed for wading. On the shore he is rather a silent bird—inland he is noisy—his weezy *pee-wee* striking the ear infrequently among the many cries of vociferous waders, and he likes to stand, balanced on one leg and contemplative, in a row with his own kind.

* * *

In winter and autumn, towards dusk, these flocks indulge in aerial exercise. Their evolutions are concerted, but without the swoops and swerves and quick turns of sharper-winged waders. The birds move very fast, but the broad, round wings flap slowly. These winter flights are not altogether silent, but there is nothing inspiring about the ordinary call-note and nothing inspiring about the flight. Indeed, the sight of a flock of green plover wheeling, and flickering black and white against a leaden sky, but emphasises the bleakness of winter on the saltings.

* * *

It is in spring that the aerial mastery of the green plover is shown. I am not at all sure that this aerial tumbling is a part of his wooing. Often it is indulged in by several males together—both before and after pairing has been accomplished—and there are times when the males seem to assemble together for this aerial tumbling (which is then surely merely a matter of play?) in the same manner as the ruff and various other species. But I am quite certain that the tumbling attains perfection when performed for the benefit of the female *after* she has begun to brood.

* * *

The male rises rather heavily, sweeps round in a wide circle, shoots suddenly upwards and swoops down, turning a partial, sometimes a complete, somersault. He hurtles to the ground, turning and twisting, throwing broad wings anywhere, but never losing control so that, just as it seems inevitable that he must be dashed to pieces, he recovers and floats upwards uttering his wild undulating cry of joy that is so very different from the call-note. I have seen the male hurtle earthwards with such velocity and so close to the female that she has flinched. Yet the female obviously derives a sort of fearful joy from these aerial gymnastics, for always she watches her mate as he tumbles above her.

* * *

I do not think those flights are part of courtship. Courtship display proper is, I think, the "scraping," and that, I believe, takes place on the breeding grounds only. The male alights, runs forward a little way with wings erect, drops suddenly forward, and begins (with tail held erect so that the chestnut coverts are exhibited) to work his body up and down and from side to side. He works in frenzied haste until a shallow depression is formed. I have only seen this display performed in the presence of the female.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SEVERN SALMON

SIR,—Severn salmon anglers, faint but pursuing, will take fresh heart from your leading article of March 12th. What the Severn needs most is the will to improve it. If anglers and riparian owners up and down the river will combine to give more power to the Fishery Board's elbow, great improvements can be effected in salmon rod fishing. The *Field's* interest encourages hope that the various interests may be brought to pull together, and pull hard, for the good of the river as a whole.

Controversy has centred almost too exclusively on Lincombe Weir, where obstruction is greatest and pollution worst. Your leading article inclines to the view that reduction of pollution should precede improvement of the fish pass at this point. I would not minimise the harm pollution does. It is good news for the Severn that the local authorities from whose areas comes most of the unutterably foul pollution of the tributary Stour are at last considering a scheme to purify it.

But I question if pollution is at present the worst enemy of Severn salmon angling. The Stour pollution, of which rods at Lincombe complain with proper bitterness, is not constant, but occasional. And the urge of salmon, surely, is to run through a patch of pollution that is not deadly. The Tyne is pollutest constantly through a long stretch, yet salmon ascend it, even though the pollution is death to many descending smolts. If the Severn were as pure as the Test it would still present formidable obstacles, not at Lincombe Weir alone, to the ascent of salmon.

Between Tewkesbury and Stourport are five navigation weirs; higher up is Shrewsbury Weir. Such fish passes as these weirs possess were not designed in the light of modern knowledge. No summer run of salmon gets up the Severn. Fish ascend it in winter and spring, when the temperature in a normal year is so low that they are reluctant to face the highly-oxygenated white water at the weirs and to make use of the white water passes.

Provide passes that fish will use readily at low temperatures and I doubt if the pollution will stop their ascent. As things are, they are kept hanging about in the lower Severn so long that when they do reach good rod-fishing water they have become uninterested in any lures. Hence the vast disparity between the net-catch below Tewkesbury and the rod catch: in 1936 the returns showed 15,060 to the nets and 450 to the rods.

Anglers at Lincombe Weir themselves experience this dourness; they are suffering from the delays at the weirs below, as well as from local pollution. By the time fish have ascended Lincombe Weir they are dourer still, and are wont to bolt through long stretches of good water, including some quite beautiful natural salmon pools, until they are blocked again by Shrewsbury Weir. Similar cause and effect prevail to a large extent on the Chester Dee; fish are checked by the assorted artificial obstacles at Llangollen (not to mention the weirs below) until they have become indifferent takers. Restore to the Severn fish a more natural passage by "by-passing" artificial barriers and they will become a freer-taking, healthier breed. All the river—rods and nets—would reap the benefit.

Yours faithfully,
Edgbaston. C. V. HANCOCK.

"GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES"

SIR,—I am much interested in the letter under this heading, as I have had a similar experience. The Banshee, as my family call it, has visited us at frequent intervals during the past two years or so, and at all times of the year. Your correspondent describes exactly the piercing and hair-raising screams, the origin of which long baffled me, but which I now believe to be emitted by a fox. I am sure that it is not an owl; we have many barn owls and also some little owls round the house, and I am familiar with their various cries and noises, which have more than once scared our visitors.

On Saturday, March 19th, the Banshee produced a star performance. It was a bright moonlight night: at about 1 a.m. my son, who was awakened, looked out of the window and saw some small animal slip through a gate about 50yds. from his window. The glimpse was too brief for him to be sure what animal it was, but my supposition that it was a fox is strengthened by the fact that the visitations are invariably accompanied by much commotion and quacking among some tame wild duck that inhabit an adjoining pond, and usually by uneasy squawkings from some bantams that live round the house. This in itself convinces me that it is not an owl.

It might be a badger, but I believe that there are none in this neighbourhood, while we are overrun with foxes.

Yours faithfully,
Radlett, Herts. JOHN VENNING.

SIR,—The letter from Irene Roberts, under this heading, reminds me of an incident which occurred many years ago when I was a subaltern. I was at a signal camp on the top of Hindhead, Surrey, and one evening we were carrying out lamp practice after dark. Just below our camp was a wood about 200yds. away. Several civilians were present, watching the practice, when suddenly there arose a series of what one could only call blood-curdling shrieks from the wood. The civilians insisted that a murder was being committed in the wood, and although I told them it was only a "screech" owl, they said it was a human scream, and that no bird could possibly make such a noise. So a search party got together, armed with lanterns and sticks, and set out to find the body! Needless to say, no body was found, nor was any murder reported!

It is, however, a curious fact that the barn owl, or "screech" owl, is very silent compared with the ordinary brown owl. In this locality I have often seen the barn owl, in fact have several times nearly run it down in my car, because it seems to like frequenting roads, possibly because it is easy to see beetles and mice on the surface, but I have never heard it "screech." The brown owl, on the other hand, can be heard here, calling every night.

Yours faithfully,
Abergavenny. J. B. G. TULLOCH.

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter thus headed in a recent number of the *Field*. There was an exactly similar occurrence at my mother's house not far from here last summer.

The "snoring purr" was first heard on a sunken path some 20yds. from the house, about 10 p.m. on a dark evening, and it soon stopped when our voices were heard. It immediately commenced again at the end of the garden (say, 50yds.), where, by a small stream, it merges into a wood. My husband and I went out; unfortunately we had no torch, and located it in a certain clump of brambles, not 10ft. from us, and a most unpleasant noise it was. We "beat" the clump and it ceased, only to start again within half an hour and continue into the small hours, always from the same spot.

I cannot imagine it being made by a beak; whatever it was moved quite silently in thick undergrowth, and it certainly never left the ground. Badgers were at once suggested, but I have never heard of them making any such noises and there have never been badgers on the place.

Yours faithfully,
Bettws, Near Newport. JUDITH U. L. LESLIE.

SIR,—I have read the letter on "Ghoulies and Ghosties" with interest, as a great many years ago I had much the same experience. I was hurrying home at dusk, and was very glad to get out of a big wood into the home field before I was quite benighted. When half-way across the field cries arose from the wood just behind me which are well described by your correspondent. I may say I am well acquainted with owls—and the cries were made by no bird. I fled to the nearest cottage—where our bailiff lived—and he came out and said at once that it was one or more fox cubs that were *lost*. Probably the vixen had met with some accident. He seemed completely certain of what he was talking about, and I did not doubt him. I wondered if I ought to try some rescue work, but he said from the noise he thought the cub must be old enough to fend for itself.

Yours faithfully,
Forest Row, Sussex. M. PARSONS.

SIR,—The sounds so vividly described in your issue of March 19th under the above heading correspond precisely with those made on any fine moonlight night by the common domestic cats of South Kensington.

Until I lived in London I had no idea that such sounds could be produced by a domestic animal, and I suggest that a London cat must have migrated to Surrey.

Yours faithfully,
Clareville Grove, S.W. 7. H. F. H. JONES.

SIR,—With reference to Irene Roberts's letter published in your issue of March 19th, I think the sounds mentioned were made by a male badger. They do make noises of that type when courting.

A similar account will be found in *Watchings*, by W. R. Calvert, under the title "The Love Song of Brock."

Yours faithfully,
The General Infirmary, Leeds. A. G. PARSONS.

SIR,—The letter which appears in your March 19th number under the above heading describes very accurately the noise made by badgers during the breeding season.

I have never heard this myself in this country, but it is quite common in Switzerland at about this time of year.

Yours faithfully,
The Junior Club, Glasgow, C. 2. L. F. COX.

CRITICISM

SIR,—Owing to an oversight I missed the review of "The Birds of British Somaliland and the Gulf of Aden" in your issue of February 5th. Seeing it to-day, I was very much surprised by the statement of your reviewer that the introductory chapter containing a description of the country with photographs has "no ornithological value whatsoever." I wonder, sir, how many ornithologists will agree with him?

I venture to say that the excellent account of the Somali country by the authors considerably enhances, in my humble opinion, the value of this excellent monograph.

I am not an ornithologist, but have been a life-long field naturalist, and I fail to see how a short description of the country in which so many of our European birds make their winter quarters can be of "no ornithological value whatsoever."

In *Birds of British Guiana*, by the late Charles Chubb, there is an account of the itinerary of the late Mr. Frederick McConnell on whose collection the monograph was based, and this chapter descriptive of the country adds greatly to the value of the book.

In the opinion of many of us the value of Sir Geoffrey Archer's and Miss Eva Godman's work lies in the fact that it is written by an ornithologist and a first-rate field naturalist whose field notes are of the greatest value to ornithologists, collectors and bird-lovers.

May I conclude with the opinion of a professional ornithologist, Mr. Oscar Neumann. He writes: "It is a wonderful piece of work, and I daresay its scientific value surpasses that of all the many monographs of African birds which have appeared within the last 20 years."

Yours faithfully,
58, Wimpole Street, W. 1. R. E. DRAKE-BROCKMAN.

[Our correspondent has evidently not read the review very carefully. Our reviewer, commenting on the introductory chapter, said that it was "more historical and geographical than ornithological," but that he regarded this as "no drawback, but rather an asset." He said that the illustrations to this portion of the book "are of the type generally found in travel or autobiographical works, and have no ornithological interest whatsoever." To this opinion he holds.—ED.]

ECLIPSE IN NORTHERN-BREEDING MALLARD

SIR,—In the recent article and correspondence, there was no mention of different times for eclipse of British-breeding ducks and of more northern-breeding varieties. I had a mallard last year which had been wounded in the wing the previous winter, and the primaries of one wing were clipped. The first signs of eclipse were a partial change of the green of the head to brown at the end of August, and the change was not complete till October. Moulting followed, but the flight feathers were not fully grown till November 19th, when it flew away at evening flight.

If it could have flown on November 5th it certainly would, for the annual suburban bombardment caused it to hide away, but it reappeared on its garden pond when quiet was restored.

November brings our main immigration of duck, often attributed to the onset of wintry conditions elsewhere; but no duck going into eclipse and moulting as late as my mallard could have migrated before the latter part of November.

Could you inform me if the absence of mating might have delayed the eclipse or whether it was just due to the later breeding time of a northern-breeding variety, and if the latter be so, would he have continued his late habits in subsequent years or approximated the time of his changes to that of British breeding ducks?

Yours faithfully,
294, Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath. G. W. LLOYD.



THE DELTA ROUNDS CROSSING A STREAM
(See letter "Hunting in Africa")

HUNTING IN AFRICA

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of the Delta Hounds, S. Rhodesia, may be of interest to those of your readers who have hunted in Africa.

This pack has shown wonderful sport this season, but, owing to heavy rains, the going has been very heavy and all the rivers have been in flood.

Yours faithfully,

Delta, ROBERT J. TARRANT.
Marandellas, S. Rhodesia.

SHORTNESS OF PHEASANTS

SIR,—With regard to the letter published in the issue of February 26th on this subject, I would like to hint as tactfully as possible to its author that "poults" fetch from 6/- to 8/-. Pheasants which have just been turned out into a covert may be caught single-handed in very large numbers, and it is a disheartening fact that many more pheasants are sold in this manner than is generally known. I would further suggest that enquiries be made as to whether lights have been seen in the coverts late at night, or lorries stopped within a convenient distance of the preserves.

Yours faithfully,

H.M.S. *Thanet*. JOHN H. STUCLEY.

SNIPE DRIVING

SIR,—Under the above heading Mr. Frank Prattigan states that he does not agree that the average driven snipe is a harder target than the one walked up. Not only am I in accord with him but would suggest that in the great majority of cases driven snipe—especially those coming over the gun some distance from the point they were flushed—present a much easier mark than snipe taken on the rise. My contention is based on the following facts. The snipe is a very light bird with a comparatively long wing spread. He invariably rises into the wind unless deterred from doing so by a hurricane. On this account his greatest speed can be reckoned during the first 100yds. or so of his flight. Seeking to gain altitude, as is his wont, his speed of flight is soon decreased by air resistance, and for this reason the longer he flies, providing that he is still within range, the less difficult he becomes. In fact I would liken the flight of a driven snipe when boring into the wind some distance from point of flush to that of a butterfly as compared to the flash of forked lightning that is encountered as he springs off the ground.

To those desirous of testing their skill against really difficult snipe I would recommend a walk into an east wind on an Irish heather bog, especially on a day when the sun refuses to shine. This prescription, however, is not to be taken by sportsmen addicted to blasphemy.

These remarks apply solely to snipe shooting in the British Isles between the months of November and February.

Yours faithfully,

P. GALWEY FOLEY.

Belle Isle Sporting Hotel,
Birr, Ireland.

A WILTSHIRE TROUT CLUB

SIR,—Last spring you were so kind as to let me mention my Wiltshire fishing; perhaps your readers may care to hear of last year's record and this year's prospects.

Last year I rented some four miles in all; for the upper one-and-a-half miles I had both banks; for the rest only one. The water was very lightly fished, so as to spare it for future seasons—about 80 days in all. The yield was (so far as my figures are complete) 90 fish, none under 1lb. Of these, fully 75 per cent. came from the upper (both banks) section; and, had there been any proper hatch of fly, many more would have been taken. The water was full of good fish well over 1lb., and some of those seen must have been 2lb. and even 3lb.

The lower water was so disappointing and unpromising that I have given it up, except for one bit of about 500yds., and so have kept only one-and-three-quarter miles in all, of real concentrated "quality." I have just heard that there are more fish there than ever, so 1938 should be a fine year, especially if the weather is kind enough to give decent hatches of fly.

I only intend to put on four full-time rods, so as to give fair play to fish and fishers alike. I should add that 30 of the 90 fish were taken in the last ten days of September, by one rod.

Should any reader care to hear more about the water, I shall be happy to hear from him.

Yours faithfully,

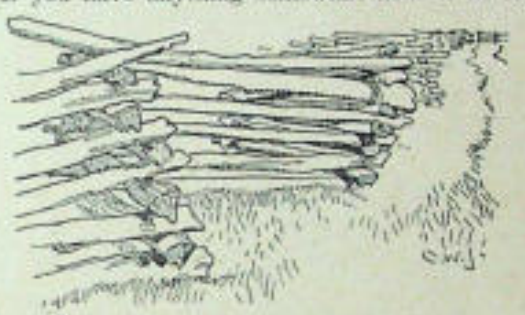
66, Kinnerton Street, R. FRANCIS.
Wilton Place, London, S.W. 1.

SNAKE RAIL FENCES

SIR,—Enclosed is an illustration of an original snake-rail fence.

My advice and feeling is that this type of fence was indigenous to North America. Do your readers know anything for or against this idea?

If you have anything somewhat near it in the



British Isles, I should like to know; or in other places such as Australia, Africa or Asia. Someone has told me there is a poor imitation of it in Norway and Sweden, but I have been unable to get a confirmation of this.

Yours faithfully,

Meredith Crescent, WM. PERKINS HULL.
Rosedale, Toronto.

HOOPOE IN ALDERNEY

SIR,—This may interest you and your numerous readers and past residents of Alderney. On March 20th my daughter, Mrs. Drewitt, and her husband were out in their car at 4 p.m. when a hoopoe (a very rare visitor to this island) flew out in front of them, then returned and began feeding on the road, and finally settled on a gorse bush within a few yards of their car. As usual, it showed no fear of men.

Yours faithfully,

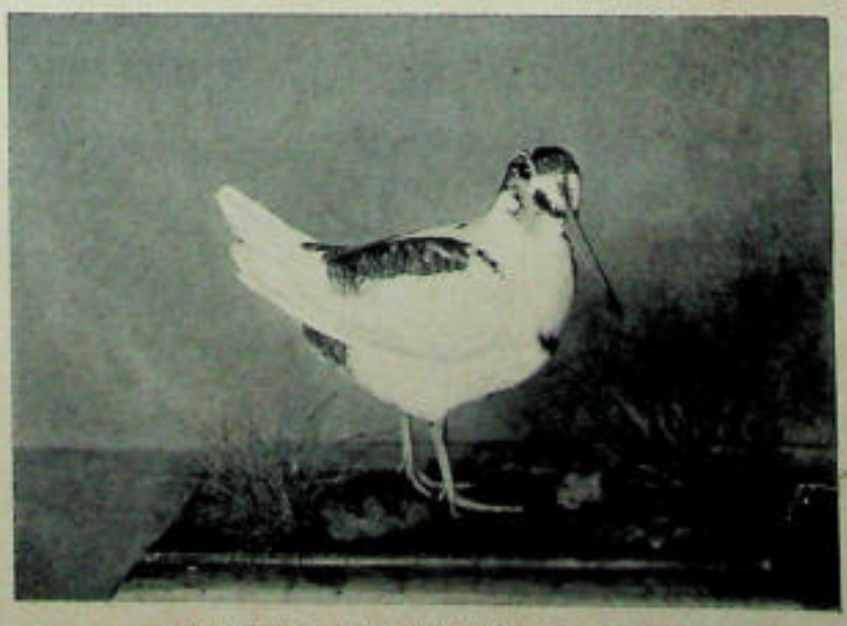
Crosnez Club, A. S. ROOKE.
Alderney, C.I.

A PIED WOODCOCK

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a pied woodcock, which was shot at Dunlossit, Isle of Islay, on January 14th. Perhaps you, or some of your readers, could tell me whether these pied woodcock are often seen in other parts of the country. As far as I know, none of the present or retired gamekeepers in Islay have ever seen or heard of a woodcock as white as this one being shot on the Island, although one with a few white flight feathers was shot at Dunlossit seven years ago.

Yours faithfully,

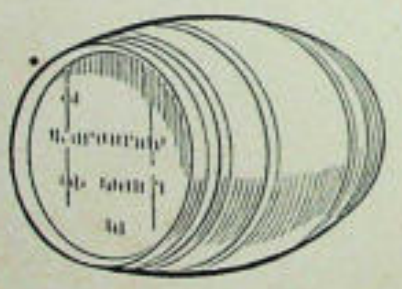
HELMUT W. B. SCHRODER.
Dunlossit,
Portaskaig,
Isle of Islay.



AN UNUSUAL BIRD FROM THE ISLE OF ISLAY
(See letter "A Pied Woodcock")

There's many a year

'twixt here



and here



It's the long maturing of the fine whiskies that gives Johnnie Walker its famous smooth "roundness."

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong





LEFT: MRS. MARION SCOTT'S BATTLESHIP (BRUCE HOBBS UP), AND RIGHT, SHANNON LASS (DAVE READ UP), WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1902
(See letter "The Smallest National Winner")

THE SMALLEST NATIONAL WINNER

SIR,—I have read a lot lately about the size of Battleship, winner of this year's Grand National, said to measure 15.2. I also saw a letter in the *Sporting Life*, quoting Wild Man from Borneo (1895) as one of the smallest winners of the great steeplechase. No one, however, has mentioned Shannon Lass, owned by the late Ambrose Gorham, winner in 1902, and the smallest National winner I have photographed in the last 40 years. I always understood from Mr. Gorham that she stood 15.1 or 15.1½, and send you a photograph of the mare taken 36 years ago, with Dave Read up. Read was a short man and his seat affords a great contrast to that of Bruce Hobbs on Battleship.

Yours faithfully,
161, Strand, W.C. 2. W. A. ROUCH.

THE WAYS OF A RAVEN

SIR,—In an Edgbaston garden, within two miles of the centre of the city of Birmingham, there has lived for some years, in its outdoor aviary, a raven, believed to be a male bird. This bird has all the peculiarities of the raven generally.

In the trees in a near-by field, each year, there has been one, or more usually two, nests of the carrion crow. Two of these voracious birds, seeking diet at the expense of the raven, found their way through the bars of the aviary, but speedily paid the penalty—that of death. This, however, has not prevented a third crow from finding its way through the self-same bars, where it has been well received, has fed freely, and has lived harmoniously with the raven ever since, a period of several weeks. The fullest facilities have been given to the birds to make their escape into the outer world: the crow, on its part, makes no effort whatsoever to leave the aviary, and the raven, once outside, is but too anxious to return.

Pondering over this strange happening, I wonder am I right in thinking that the victims were male birds, and the permanently welcome visitor a widowed female?

Solarno, Yours faithfully,
Welford-on-Avon, H. S. SHORTHOUSE.
Stratford-on-Avon.

A HEALTHY APPETITE

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of a black crow may interest readers of the *Field*. I took the photograph some time ago at Underberg, Natal.

The bird was very tame and was always hungry. The photograph actually portrays him trying to swallow a "mirabella" plum—a plum about the size of a large cherry. He would swallow five or six of these plums *whole*, without "turning a hair." Perhaps his most amazing feat was the swallowing of a .303 rifle cartridge case.

I had been out shooting with a .303, and had slipped the empty cartridge cases into a side pocket. On my return I met the crow, and producing a cartridge case, I was idly tapping him on the beak when he opened his mouth, and down went the case. I was quite agreeably surprised, and I followed him round the garden to see if he would "cast it up." However, he would have none of it, and surprised me still further by swallowing two pieces of glass and a couple of match-sticks.

It appears that these birds eat almost anything of edible size, and I have heard cases of them eating nails, pieces of wire, tacks and small thistles, to say nothing of stones and broken glass. I am no ornithologist myself, but I believe that these birds have no crops, so whether they suffer severely from indigestion, or have some other way of digesting their food, remains a mystery to me.

Yours faithfully,
Natal. C. H. B.

PAINTED LADY IN SOUTH WALES

SIR,—The occurrence of presumably two painted lady butterflies (*Pyrameis cardui*) in South Wales during March this year may be of sufficient interest to warrant recording in the *Field*.

One was seen at close range flying over a salt marsh on the Glamorgan side of the Burry Estuary at noon on the 20th, and the other by Mr. W. E. R. Allen of Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, a reliable entomologist, who, in referring to the Glamorganshire specimen, writes: "... I might have suspected a mistake; however, confirmation came to-day (23rd) when I saw one quite close and watched it settle several times on the ground in the drive here at 4.45 p.m. It was in very good condition and a small, well marked specimen."

South Wales has enjoyed an abnormally mild winter and, so far, an exceedingly early spring.

It would be interesting to know, therefore, if these specimens were early immigrants or, in spite of what my available authorities say, hibernated during the winter, as I believe it is an accepted fact that *P. cardui* does not exist in any form during winter in the British Isles.

Yours faithfully,
Twyn-yr-Hydd, W. E. DAVIS.
Margam, Port Talbot.

FISHING IN THE SLANEY

SIR,—Someone has been hoaxing you badly by saying that the Slaney fishing has started well. It is the most miserable season yet known, and none of the rods mentioned in your issue of March 12th have got more than one or two fish in the fortnight. The netsmen are trying to get their date put back from April 1st to March 1st, and are trying to make out the run starts earlier than in former times and someone has written to you to try and make this out to be true.

I own pretty well the best early water with Mr. Coffey on the opposite bank, and there are practically no fish there. Mr. Coffey, a very fine fisherman, had one or two on the 12th to his own rod, I had none. Colonel Knowles had one. The water is low as well. I should be very grateful if you would let me know who gave you this false information. They have been trying it on in local papers, too.

Yours faithfully,
Borleagh, Inch., R. P. WEMYSS QUIN.
Co. Wexford.

[Our correspondent, who has sent us reliable news of Irish fishings for many years, writes: "In reply to the strictures of Colonel Wemyss Quin, I beg to say that the information *re* the opening of the season on the Slaney was obtained from what I considered a reliable source and contributed by me in all good faith. I have not the slightest interest of any kind in the Slaney or its fishing, nor did I hear of the plans of the netsmen to influence an earlier opening of the netting season in that already over-netted river. In fact, I do not know a single netsman of the river. I agree with Colonel Wemyss Quin that it has been a poor season so far, not only on the Slaney but on many other rivers." The implication of "hoaxing" does not arise.—ED.]



SWALLOWING A "MIRABELLA" PLUM
(See letter "A Healthy Appetite")



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SHOOTING PIGEONS IN JULY

SIR,—Two correspondents in a recent issue criticise my protest against shooting pigeons in July when they are busy nesting. I am quite unrepentant.

I contend that pigeons are a great addition to our sporting fauna, and that it is, or should be, as repulsive to us to shoot them in their nesting season as it would be to shoot our other game birds then.

To call them "pests" and class them with rats is, I suggest, as absurd an exaggeration as to assert as one writer does, that not to starve their young in July is to starve the British farmer—who so seldom shows signs of serious emaciation.

What harm are our comparatively few indigenous pigeons doing in July? Late in the month perhaps a small toll of laid corn here and there.

The mischief done is in the winter when the large flocks of foreign birds arrive. True, their objectives are the fallen acorns and beech mast which I presume no one grudges them; but they will certainly clear the green from a turnip field in hard weather, if not prevented. Shoot them then, by all means, and, indeed, all through the proper season, but let those who stay with us have a reasonable time to breed in peace.

Yours faithfully,

Ryde. H. B. FOWLER.

Hibernated Butterflies.—A Comma was seen on March 20th, and a Painted Lady on March 22nd, in the garden here.—P. MORGAN WATKINS, The Vicarage, Sway, Hants.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Birds marked * have already been reported in this column.

*CHIFFCHAFF.—April 2nd, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone (S. McNab); Youghal, Co. Cork (T. R. Jones); Glenlalough, Co. Wicklow (P. W. Magan). 3rd, Adare, Co. Limerick (Aileen Macnamara); Kilwinning, Ayrshire (B. M. Knox); Churchtown, Co. Wexford (J. Jones, Mary Miles, A. S. Sweete). 4th, Ballincarrig, Co. Cork (A. Swiney, B. A. Tierney); Llanduduo, Caernarvonshire (D. D. Barty); Castlemartyr, Co. Cork (Jennie O'Loughlin); Rhyl, Flintshire (J. Glynn); Rhayader, Radnorshire (J. Powell, A. Emons); Redcar, Yorkshire (W. H. Smith); Alnwick, Northumberland (D. Dalziel); Laxey, Isle of Man (L. A. R. Williamson); St. James' Park, London (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 5th, Tullamore, Offaly (Violet Stephenson). 6th, Carlisle, Cumberland (R. R. Perry); Aberdour, Fifeshire (C. C. Miller); Whitley Bay, Northumberland (Ina Pennock). 7th, Louisburgh, Co. Galway (K. Smith); Aberdeen (Dulce Boseawen); Stonehaven, Aberdeenshire (R. E. Ellis).

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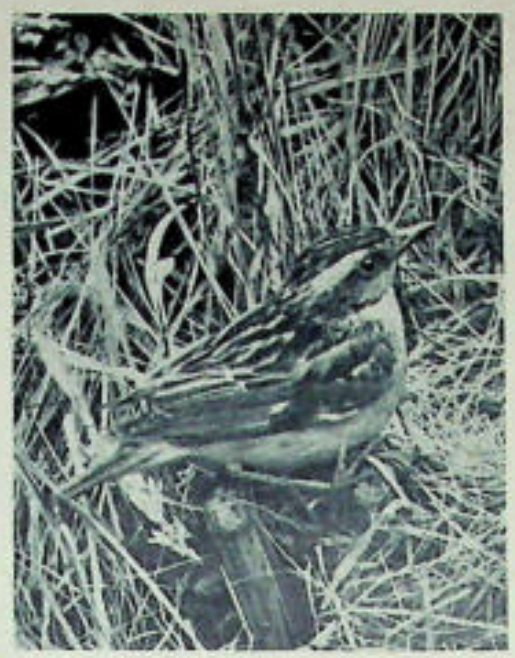
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HEN WHINCHAT AT NEST

*SANDERLING.—April 2nd, Laxey, Isle of Man (L. A. R. Williamson). 3rd, Aberdour, Fifeshire (C. C. Miller); Rhyl, Flintshire (J. Glynn); Llanduduo, Caernarvonshire (D. D. Barty). 6th, Morecambe Bay, Westmorland (Kay Jeanes). 7th, Silloth, Cumberland (J. W. Browne-Brewer).

*HOUSE MARTIN.—April 4th, Coalville, Leicestershire (R. C. Pickering); Ibstock, Leicestershire (R. R. Rawson). 5th, Market Harborough, Leicestershire (A. Cranmer). 6th, Oundle, Northamptonshire (E. J. Whitcher). 7th, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire (Joan Green, R. J. Green, D. Abel, P. P. D. Ormiston).

*WILLOW-WARBLER.—April 2nd, Brackley, Northamptonshire (Mabel Duncan). 4th, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincolnshire (A. Pudsey). 5th, Painswick, Gloucestershire (E. F. Willis); Ashbourne, Derbyshire (S. S. George).

*CUCKOO.—April 2nd, Mold, Cheshire (S. K. Glynn). 3rd, Seale, Surrey (Joan Smith); Malvern, Worcestershire (Enid Biggs); Whipsnade Park, Bedfordshire (Elizabeth Longman, Carl Opra, W. A. Bailey, Cora Pawle, R. M. A. Rutherfurd, J. E. Bowles, E. W. A. Daniels, Amy Dixon, G. A. Pennyfeather, Muriel Pennyfeather, Cristobel Cattley, J. A. Davis, B. R. Davies, K. E. Robinson). 4th, Richmond Park, Surrey (Cora Pawle, W. A. W. David, J. M. Pretty); Wimbledon Common, Surrey (D. Human, H. J. Chatterley); Hampton Court, Middlesex (S. King, Janet Fairweather); Langley Green, Buckinghamshire (Vice-Admiral T. N. James); St. Albans, Hertfordshire (J. Bagley, H. Rice); Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire (A. E. Rice). 5th, Pewsey, Wiltshire (A. Hayecock); Coombe Hay, Somerset (T. L. Bowman); Horsham, Sussex (E. M. Puttock); Arundel, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody). 6th, Taunton, Somerset (G. L. Forster); Runstanton, Norfolk (A. K. D'A. Beamish); Etchingham, Sussex (Joan Ellis, W. S. Wilshere, D. Austin). 7th, Cavendish Bridge, Derbyshire (Elizabeth Holland); Stourbridge, Worcestershire (D. A. B. Seymour).

*BLACKCAP.—April 4th, Brackley, Northamptonshire (Mabel Duncan). 5th, Alfriston, Sussex (E. G. Featherstonhaugh); Daventry, Northamptonshire (J. E. Bennison); Buxton, Derbyshire (Ariel Dobson).

*WRYNECK.—April 5th, Seahouses, Northumberland (B. D. Horsfall). 6th, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire (J. Hammerton).

*SWALLOW.—April 5th, Bideford, Devonshire (E. C. Hope Hall); Selhurst, Surrey (Margaret Rose); Haslemere, Surrey (D. D. Macdonald-Jardine); Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, many flying in from the sea (Celia Raftery). 6th, Richmond Park, Surrey (Cora Pawle); Wimbledon Common, Surrey (J. M. Pretty); Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman, Mary Davy, Kathleen Ferguson, F. Long, Elizabeth Longman, D. K. Harris, M. Glen, C. J. R. Richards, D. M. Mellisson-Cross). 7th, Alfriston, Sussex (M. Prior, J. R. Mayall).

*RUFF.—April 6th, Buckler's Hard, Hampshire (M. O'Leary).

*STONE CURLEW.—April 6th, Alton Priors, Wiltshire (R. M. Jenkinson).

*RING OUSEL.—April 5th, Newbury, Berkshire (F. D. Matters).

*GARDEN WARBLER.—April 7th, Haslemere, Surrey (Elizabeth Longman).

*WHITE WAGTAIL.—April 3rd, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 4th, Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham). Oakleigh Enclosure, Hampshire (M. O'Leary).

TREE-PIPIT.—April 3rd, Farnborough, Hampshire (A. H. Hall). 4th, Petersfield, Hampshire (Elizabeth Longman, Mary Davy). 5th, Uxbridge, Middlesex (R. C. Machowski).

NIGHTINGALE.—April 5th, Witley, Surrey (Mary Peak); Newlands Corner, Surrey (Sylvia Thomson, A. D. Glasgow). 6th, Albury, Surrey (R. King); Farley Green, Surrey (C. C. Dobbie). 7th, Shere, Surrey (H. Heaningway); Sidley, Sussex (Mary Haik); Little Common, Sussex (Celia Raftery).

WHINCHAT.—April 3rd, Ashtead Common, Surrey (H. G. Patterson).

COMMON SANDPIPER.—April 5th, Carlisle, Cumberland (R. R. Perry).

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. A gentlewoman of 69 years, the daughter of a consulting engineer and brought up in comfortable surroundings, now finds herself completely broken in health; she has had seven operations in the last few years and suffers from duodenal ulcers. Her sole income is 19/- a week, and although she has never been in debt, it is a desperate struggle to meet rent, food, clothes and the special diet and medicaments, which are necessary to keep her even moderately well. Will someone who knows how essential these are to an elderly woman in delicate health give us £6 10s. that we may send her 2/6 weekly for one year.

IN THE CITY

SOME MORE HIGH YIELDS

HERE are particulars of a few more companies whose shares may suit those who are looking for a big return. Naturally such high yields would not be available if the dividends were likely to be as stable as those shown on the highest class of industrial shares, but it is suggested that the difference in quality is not nearly so great as the difference in yield—or in other words, that the Alpha Minus and the Beta Plus shares are now more attractive than the Alpha Plus.

WESTINGHOUSE BRAKE AND SIGNAL CO., LTD.

Earlier in the year reference was made in this column to the shares of this company. In the meantime the shares have fallen from 55/6 to around 50/-, at which price they give the attractive yield of £7 per cent. The company is the chief manufacturer in this country of air compressors, vacuum pumps, power brakes and various other kinds of railway equipment, and in addition has a large export business. The chairman, Lord Southborough, was able to state at the meeting in February that the value of orders on hand at that date was even greater than at the corresponding period of the previous year and he predicted satisfactory profits for the current year. Last year's dividend of 17½ per cent. was paid out of earnings of over 30 per cent., so the company should be able at least to maintain its dividend this year.

SWITCHGEAR & COWANS, LTD.

This company was made public in 1936, but the business is old established, and the company is well known as a maker of electrical equipment and as a specialist in the manufacture of induction regulators and various types of switch gears. Good profits have been made in every year since 1931, and for 1936 and 1937 20 per cent. has been paid in each year on the ordinary capital out of earnings of 31.6 per cent. and 39.4 per cent. respectively. Issued capital consists of £120,000 in 5/- ordinary shares and these are now quoted at 15/- to give a yield of £6 13s. 4d. per cent.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

The English Electric Co., Ltd., was registered in 1918, and it has its chief works at Stafford with branch works at Preston, Bradford, Coventry and Rugby. Its manufactures include all types of heavy electrical machinery and many varieties of small apparatus. In 1935 the company received a contract to supply the Southern Railway Co. with its requirements of electrical train equipment for the next ten years.

For many years profits were too small to allow the company to pay any dividend on either the preference or ordinary capital. In 1936, however, the preference dividend was paid, and for the year ended December 31st, 1937, a dividend of 10 per cent. was paid on the ordinary stock. The profit of £552,185 enabled the company to show earnings of over 31 per cent. and, as the actual dividend was 10 per cent., it was possible to allocate £200,000 to a general reserve. The balance-sheet position is improved and surplus liquid assets amounted to £2,703,000 at December 31st, 1937.

The figures in the balance-sheet for debtors, creditors, and stocks and work in progress indicate that the company's turnover is greatly increased, and the chairman's speech showed that he expected continued activity. He said: "We are able to repeat the statement made a year ago to the effect that the company has brought into the current year the largest order book in its history. Our unexecuted orders at January 1st last were approximately equal to our invoicings for the year 1937. We have at present no indication of trade falling away. Our export business has increased substantially over the previous year."

If these comments are borne out by the current year's results the company should have no difficulty in maintaining its dividend. The yield in this event will be £7 5s. 5d. at the present price of 27/6.

PACTOLUS II.

EASTER AT WHIPSNADE

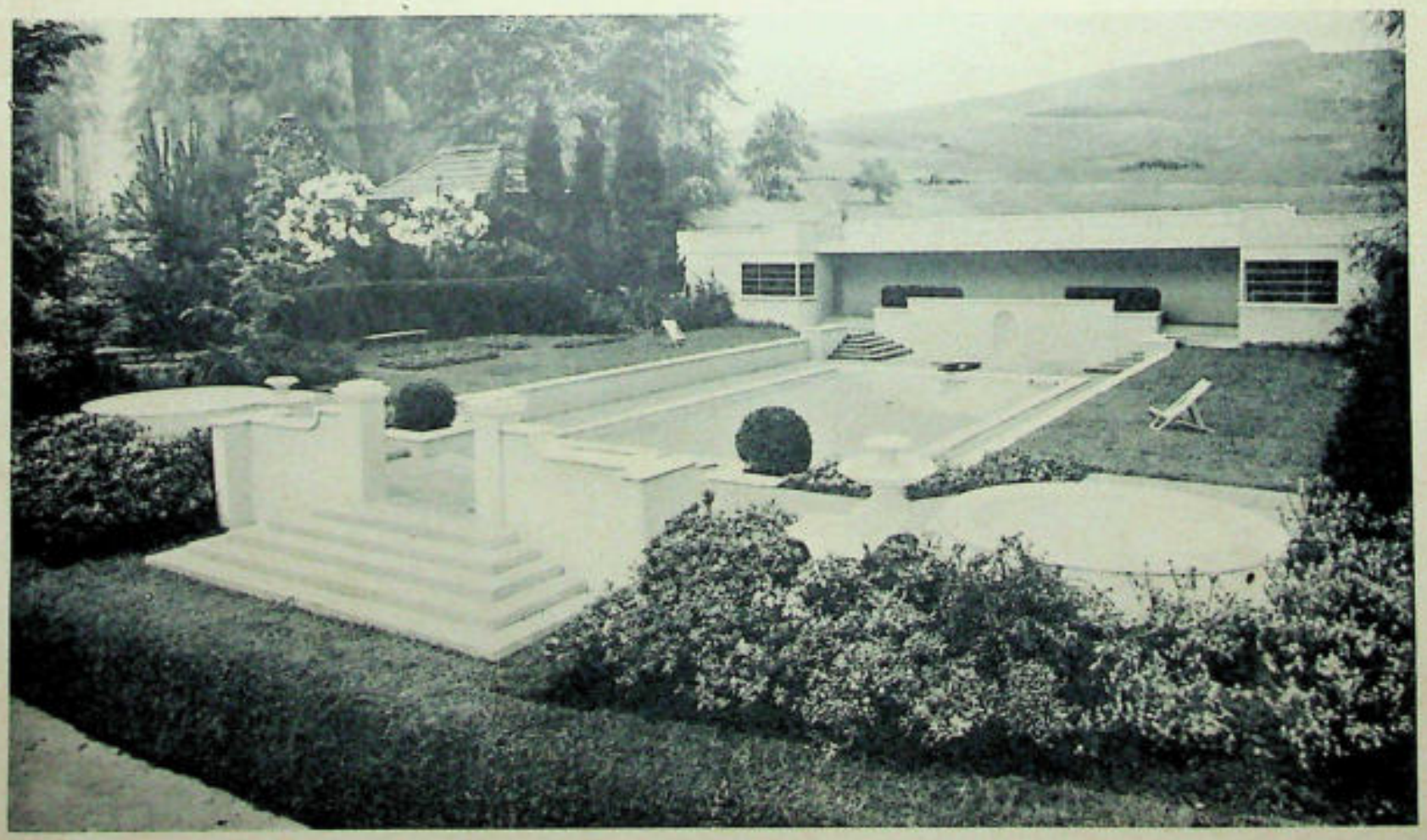
One of the main attractions at Whipsnade this season will be the young giraffe. Giraffes are extremely temperamental animals, and they have to be introduced to the public by degrees in order that they may not have those sudden panics which have sometimes disastrous results. The young giraffe is now holding daily audiences with members of the staff, the number of visitors being increased daily. Other new arrivals are the bear cubs. Mary's single youngster, which is brought up very strictly by the mother, and Molly's twins, which are extremely playful and brought up by the mother and an aunt of liberal ideas in turn. The father Ted is living in retirement as he has, like all father bears, a belief in bullying as a good means of education.

INDOOR LAY-OUTS AT OLYMPIA



A POOL IN A GAY SPRINGTIME SETTING

Gardens associated with or chosen by authors form the feature of this year's lay-outs at the Ideal Home Exhibition, and many of the decorative effects depend on flowering shrubs. The scenic drop scenes are, as usual, realistic and combine in a wonderful manner with their foregrounds. Messrs. Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., a section of whose garden is illustrated above, have based their idea on Mr. Beverley Nichols's scheme described in *Down the Garden Path*.



THE COOLEST SPOT ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY

A swimming pool design for the country house shown by Messrs. William Wood & Son, Ltd. The swimming pool gives the architect full scope for design to suit the surroundings and may be of simple or ambitious character. Coloured cement and tilings in blues and greens can be used with pleasing effect, and scientific plant provides for proper filtration of the water



LIGHT AND SHADE

An effective use of violas in mixed colours to make a charming edging

The Country House

VIOLAS FOR THE BORDER AND ROCK GARDEN

The Importance of Thin Sowing

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW border or rock plants have such a long flowering period as Violas, and few can be so easily and cheaply raised from seed. It is true that members of the Viola tribe do not come absolutely true from seed, with a few exceptions, notably such treasures as Arkwright's Ruby and Jersey Gem, which come almost true.

The earliest, as a rule, to start flowering is the lovely little Grecian species *V. gracilis*, which, from April to September, is continually smothered with flowers. Some of the hybrids are very attractive, particularly the creamy yellow Moonlight, the rich yellow Golden Wave and Sapphire. *V. gracilis* and its hybrids come nearly true from seed, but there are usually a few white and yellow seedlings, some of which may be good enough to propagate from cuttings. *V. cornuta* and its hybrids flower a little later than *V. gracilis*, but have an equally long flowering period. In mixed colours and in big masses they are very effective.

A true pink Viola is unknown, but *V. bosniaca* is the nearest approach to this colour, and its masses of lilac rose flowers contrast delightfully with any of the mauve-coloured kinds. It is dwarf in growth, the flowers being produced on stems seldom more than 3in. high.

The larger-flowered bedding Violas should always be planted in mass. The best blue is, I think, Pickering Blue. Unlike many of the other blue varieties the colour is so clear. The universally favourite Maggie Mott is a charming lavender rather than true blue. Of the ruby and crimson-flowered kinds, J. B. Riding (which gained an A.M.) and Crimson Bedder are amongst the pick. Mrs. Chichester, with white flowers edged with rich purple, is very showy, especially when grouped with other colours. There are several good yellows, notably Primrose Dame and Klondyke. A hybrid which invariably attracts attention is the gay and aptly named little Jackanapes. The lower petals are bright yellow and the upper a good bronzy brown.

Stronger plants of both Violas and Pansies are obtained by raising from seed in spring than by sowing in heat early in the year. The only object in sowing early is to secure bloom the first season, and this modern feverish haste is the ruin of many plants thus raised. Seed should be sown in shallow pans or boxes in a compost of equal parts finely sifted loam and sand. The seed is minute and should be barely covered. The boxes can be placed either in a cold frame or in boxes raised off the ground, but in either case the site must be in part shade.

Thin sowing is very important, and, as with all plants, no amount of after-care can do anything for those that in their early stages were overcrowded even for a brief spell. Watering has to be done very gently through a fine rose, and preferably by standing the boxes or pans in water until they have absorbed enough moisture. Rainwater is best, water from the main being poor stuff.

As soon as the plants have made their third leaves they should be transferred to a reserve bed. If this is delayed they cannot make good root growth. In a garden where slugs and other pests abound, or in the case of choice seedlings, it is better to transfer to larger boxes. If to boxes the soil should be rather richer but not too rich, for no seedlings benefit by overfeeding. A proportion of a fourth-part leaf mould or one of the preparations of peat is enough extra nourishment. It is not easy to find room in the average garden to house the seedlings in a cold frame through the winter, and if large enough they will do better in the open provided they can be sheltered in severe cold. I find home-made contrivances such as four laths knocked together with wire stretched over and in convenient sizes are most useful for propping over seedlings. In really severe frost leafless boughs laid over keep out quite 10 degrees of frost, and do not damage the seedlings, which are protected by the wire. I do not think we realise to what an extent our ancestors had to rely on all sorts of home-made things, for cold frames, cloches, and so forth were unknown.

Though no member of the Viola tribe succeeds in poor, shallow soil, none of them need extra feeding till they start to flower. Pansies are notoriously greedy feeders, and Violas flower for such a long season and so profusely that a little extra feeding does not come amiss. This can be given in the shape of a little top dressing of very well-decayed manure. In any case the bed where the plants are to be put out for flowering needs thorough preparation in the way of digging and incorporating well-decayed manure in the second spit.

All the dwarfer Violas make charming edgings, and in the border it is not a bad plan to alternate them with Aubrietias. They associate well, and when the Aubrietias have ceased flowering there is usually a mass of colour in the border, to which their cushions of foliage act as a foil.

FARM TENANTS

THE cost of replacing an unsatisfactory farm tenant is one of the unpleasant shocks reserved for landowners, many of whom cannot understand why on a change of tenancy the repair bill is not met by the dilapidation moneys received from the outgoing tenant.

The explanation is really quite simple. The terms of the outgoer's agreement probably provided that the tenant should be liable for the cost of the labour only to repairs, the landlord providing the materials and also being responsible for main walls and roofs. If the outgoer's liability is assessed at, say, £50, the cost of the necessary materials might easily be £40, whilst in old buildings main walls and roofs might well account for another £100.

We are supposing the case of the replacement of an unsatisfactory, and therefore probably old-fashioned and slovenly, tenant by a farmer with up-to-date ideas. Accordingly, in addition to the repairs mentioned the newcomer will probably expect a certain amount of modernisation of, maybe, a cowshed or some pigsties, and this may cost another £50 or £100; though he may be willing to pay interest on these improvements.

Hence we see that, although the dilapidation moneys received from an outgoer may be only £50, yet the landowner may have a repairs and improvements bill amounting to £250 or £300. In practice it will be found that repairs alone on a change of tenancy generally account for one-and-a-half to three years' rent of a farm, depending upon the age and condition of the buildings. It will therefore readily be seen that it is wise to consider most carefully before deciding to get rid of a tenant, especially in view of the fact that if the landlord gives the notice to quit the tenant is entitled to claim as compensation for disturbance a sum usually equal to one year's rent of the holding, but which may be as high as two years' rent.

This outlay is not all dead loss, as income tax and surtax can be recovered on the amount of the repair bill, by means of a maintenance claim. A further point is that the present-day tendency is for farm rents to be on the increase, whilst tenants are usually willing to pay interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the cost of any improvements.

Viewed therefore as an investment the cost of replacing a farm tenant may be a sound outlay of capital moneys, giving returns by way of tax remissions, interest on improvements and perhaps a higher rent for the farm; but it is important that a landowner should know the best way of dealing with dilapidations on a change of tenancy. In this event the outgoing tenant is charged for his delinquencies generally under the following headings:

1. Cross cropping, selling off produce contrary to his agreement, and for foul land.
2. Failure to trim, lay or gap hedges and keep ditches cleaned out.
3. Failure to leave in repair gates and dead fences.
4. Failure to leave in repair the farmhouse, cottages, buildings, walls, culverts and bridges.

The first item really covers the various "set-offs" against the tenant's claim for tenant-right, and the sum awarded should be paid over to the incomer, as also should the second item. The third heading is also frequently paid over to the incomer, who thereupon assumes responsibility; but a landlord who likes to see his gates working and his fences tidy will take this money, repair the gates and fences himself and see that the new tenant keeps them in order. The fourth item is invariably paid over to the landlord, though occasionally one comes across estates where all moneys are paid over to incoming tenants, who assume all the responsibilities of the outgoing tenants. In theory this sounds a splendid method, but where it is adopted either the farms are characterised by very neglected buildings or else the landlord assumes voluntarily much of the tenant's burdens.

Another method of avoiding an immediate large outlay is to repair what are essential buildings and have a record prepared of the state and condition of the holding, relieving the tenant from liability for items mentioned in the record until they have been repaired by the landlord.

This procedure is commonly adopted by impecunious owners, but it does not work out very satisfactorily, for it merely postpones the evil day. Also there is the hard fact that wants of repair left for a few years accumulate to an alarming extent, and in one case where an outlay of £300 would have put certain farm buildings and fences into order on the tenant's entry, the cost of redeeming the schedule over a period of eight years amounted to over £800.

The only entirely satisfactory course is to repair the premises on a change of tenancy and then to take care to see that the new tenant keeps them in order. If the outlay is too great it can be reduced by pulling down superfluous buildings. If a landowner adopts this course he will not only start on good terms with his tenant, but he will have a farm that will give him pleasure.

REGINALD DAVEY.

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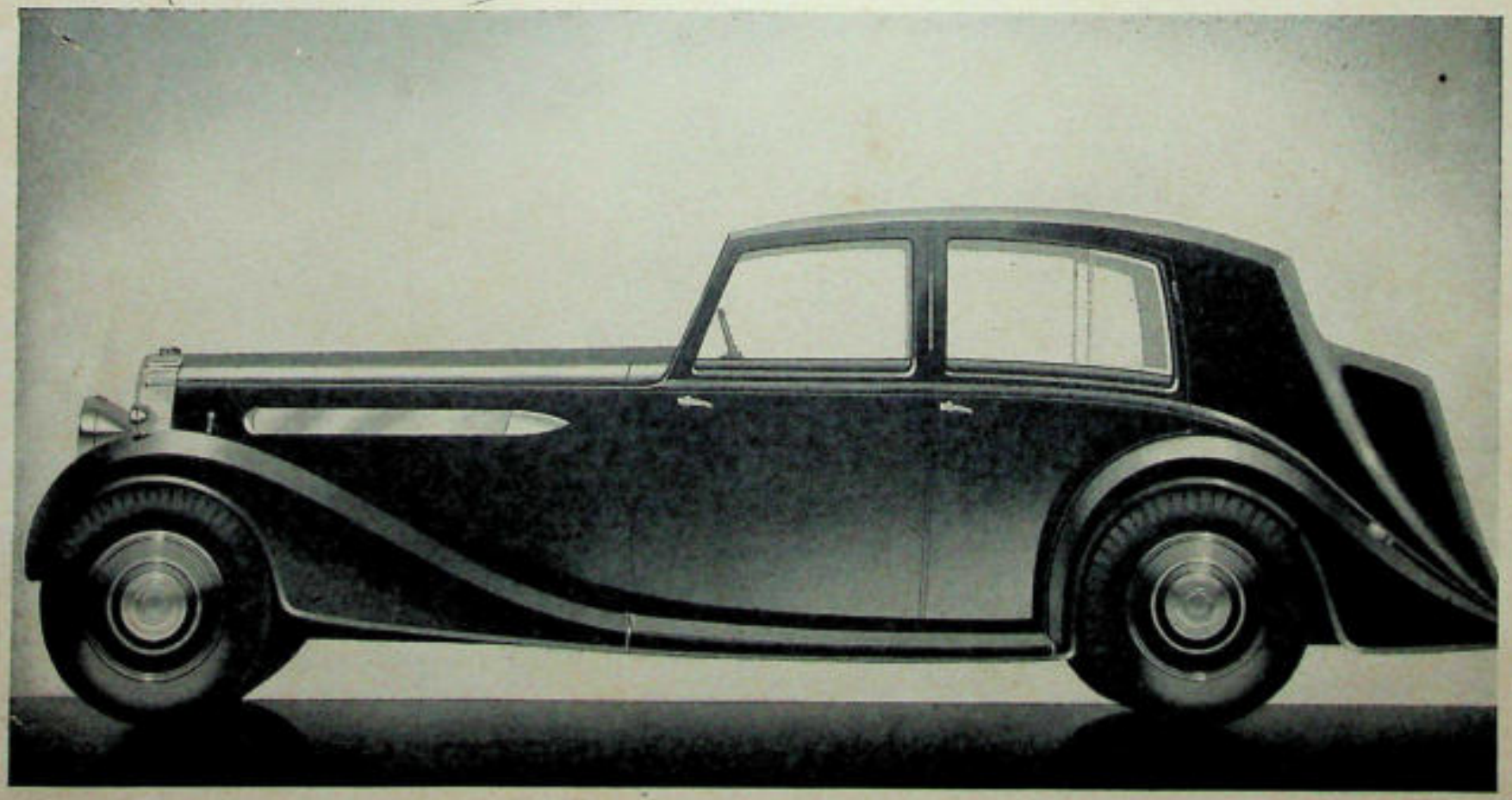
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POSSIBLE PATH PROBLEMS

How to Make Your Garden Attractive

A PROBLEM that is bound to beset the garden designer is one concerning paths. The whole question is so complex that it is difficult to know where to start unravelling the threads. There are so many different types of paths, they can be made in dozens of different ways, and with numerous kinds of materials. They can be wide or narrow, formal or informal, flat or undulating.

Too often paths are looked upon as a necessary evil; the designer tries to be economical in his layout and so reduces the number of paths to a minimum. The result is that the garden owner finds that his upkeep charges are more expensive than they should be. The path must allow for the quick removal of unwanted material and for the addition of loads of organic manure which have to be barrowed to the points where it is required.

A path, too, can act in an alluring manner. It may seem to beckon the visitor or even the owner on from one attractive spot to another. A path constructed as a path merely for formality's sake never makes me very happy. It seems to stare you in the face. Think of the gardens you know and then remember those which have obvious paths. You will find that these are the gardens that least attracted you, for to plan and make a series of paths that are effective, useful and yet which are not obvious is the wish of every true garden designer.

It has already been suggested that the path should fit in with the surroundings. A grass path may prove attractive in the rose garden, but is out of place in the kitchen garden where it would have to put up with a tremendous amount of hard wear. In the woodland garden a narrow cinder track seems quite all right, and a straight-edged cement path would look incongruous. Many object to the concrete path in any part of the garden, for they say it looks hard and lifeless. This greyness and hardness may be removed if 1lb. of sulphate of iron dissolved in 1 gallon of water is brushed on to the concrete seven days after the path has been laid down. It then assumes a warm brownish colour something akin to that of the gravel path.

The gravel path has lost most of its objection now it is possible to waterproof it with a bituminous substance. Most of these are applied cold, and are watered or brushed on to the gravel and then covered with sand or fine sharp crushed gravel. This should be rolled in and an excellent firm clean path results on which it is unnecessary to do any weeding.

The gravel path always needs a camber. There should be a slight slope from the centre to the sides. It is necessary to excavate to a depth of at least 1ft. and to place 5in. of big rubble in the bottom, and, over this, 3in. or so of ash and broken clinker. This hard core should be placed in the form of a camber so that the 1½in. to 2in. of gravel placed on the top will assume the right shape. The gravel should be wetted and rolled, and in this way it will bind properly. Such a path should be 4ft. wide if enclosed with a hedge, and may be as narrow as 3ft. wide with grass verges on either side.

Where grass paths are used for decorative purposes, the turf should contain a good proportion of dwarf rye grass in order that it may stand ordinary hard wear and tear. If any barrowing has to be done a pneumatic-tyred barrow should be used, or a series of planks laid down for the time the work is in progress.

In the kitchen garden the path may be ash (though the ash has a habit of being carried on to the soil), asphalted or concreted. Asphalt needs laying down by an expert, but a concrete path is comparatively easy to lay. One cwt. bag of cement, 2¾ cu. ft. of sand and 3¾ cu. ft. of shingle will make enough concrete to lay 15ft. of path 2ft. wide and 2in. thick. The material should be mixed thoroughly before the water is added and the concrete placed into position within 30 minutes of mixing. A buff-coloured cement may be purchased which costs little more than the ordinary cement, and this, if brushed about an hour after it has been placed into position, gives the appearance of a well rolled gravel path.

The paved path is not only attractive, but can help to improve the architectural outlook of the garden and, so to speak, bind the garden to the house. If the house is of brick, then brick paving is often used. There is little cost in the upkeep of such a path, and it can be made attractive and odorous if sweet-smelling baby plants are grown in between the stones. All kinds of patterns may be followed when laying the material, and it is possible to draw the pattern to scale and send to the quarry and thus have the stones cut to size.

It is always better to make a foundation for paving in the same way as for the gravel path, except that a 4in. layer of fertile soil should be placed under the stones; it is in this soil that the rock plants will grow. If the garden soil is naturally clayey a good deal of silver sand should be incorporated so as to ensure its porosity. It is not a good practice to lay the stones on a bed of cement concrete.

There should never be more than ½-in. space between the stones and the paving. York stone is the best, for most local stones wear too quickly. The old cobble-stone path is a possibility for the cottagey garden, and the stones should be laid on edge, for they are firmer this way than when laid on their faces. If crazy paving is to be used the stones must be as big as possible. The large pieces found in the Cotswolds are admirable for the purpose.

It is obviously impossible in a short article to deal with all the aspects and problems of path-making, but sufficient has been said to give guidance and to demonstrate the possibilities.

W. SHEWELL COOPER.

BRINGING THE RIDGEBACK TO ENGLAND

IT was in 1931 that some leading citizens of Salisbury presented me with a pair of Rhodesian ridgebacks. The dog was three years old, but the bitch was still a puppy of some six months. As I had been a Government guest, special facilities were granted whereby the dogs were made available for transhipment to England, so that we voyaged home together on the Caernarvon Castle a month or so later.

On the ship I used to exercise them daily along the poop deck, where their kennels were, and whilst present I used to allow them to play and romp together. It was remarkable to watch the care with which they avoided the ship's stern; a glance at the white foam of our wake would be sufficient to drive them in-board.

A curious incident occurred after we had been at sea a few days. The ship's laundry and stewards' cabins were situated on this deck, and although the pair had been freely gambolling around, the dog Leo suddenly refused to pass a certain cabin door, and would not make the circle of the poop. I made inquiry and learned that one of the stewards had brought up from the hold a leopard's skin for drying purposes, and not until it had been brought out for the dog to thoroughly examine would he resume the daily routine. I learned afterwards that Leo had been used for big game hunting. But his scent was rather extraordinary upon the "high seas."

Even now, at ten years of age, he is far quicker than a spaniel in discovering a "runner" among the roots, and will "point" partridge a mile away.

Nothing will deter him, however, from trying to run a hare down. He once caught one on a ploughed field, and I am sorry to say the memory is ever dear to him. Occasionally, therefore, he gets *miles away* upon a fruitless chase, but never yet has he failed to find his way home. He is essentially a "one-man dog," and will spend long days under an office table, sitting in a motor car; anywhere, in fact, so long as it will bring him in close proximity to the man who matters.

Rhodo, I am sorry to say, could not get acclimatised and after three or four litters by which she amply recompensed me for the expenses of transport and quarantine, became such a cripple from rheumatism that we had to have her destroyed by the local veterinary surgeon. She was the most affectionate creature we ever possessed. The winter of 1934–35 I had to go abroad and was away six months. The afternoon I returned she saw me a quarter of a mile off and was the first to welcome me home. She was only five years old when we had to make our painful decision, but we cannot forget the wonderful character of this bitch. She knew immediately when any strange person was in the garden or paddock, and although she never bit anybody, she had a peculiar habit of following them incessantly, until called off. A little Irish terrier bitch who was being rather rough with her puppies was given a severe lesson by Rhoda on one occasion, her mother-craft being of another order, but the little Biddy had a very apparent regard for the larger lady's opinion ever after.

At the moment we have a very beautiful dog pup of Leo and a bitch (imported), Phyva of Hereford. He is not yet twelve months old and weighs, I should think, rather more than 70lb. He has been very much admired, and from my own point of view is, I would say, almost the ideal ridgeback. His name is Pluto, and certainly when three or four months old was very much like his Walt Disney counterpart. He is a beautiful golden-wheaten with white socks and shirt-front and the most intriguing wrinkled forehead, stands well up on his pasterns as all thoroughbreds should, is untiring, an inveterate tease, has a splendid "nose," and is an excellent "watch."

Leo has had two bitches since the New Year. The first one was a bigger specimen than he, and for a bitch the largest I have yet seen. She has been imported quite recently by the owner. I expect a really outstanding litter from this union, as both parents have well defined ridges and their relationship is many generations distant. I am one of those who subscribe to the belief that the origin of this breed dates from a chance union of the Cuban bloodhound and the Hottentot dog. In fact the late Kedie Law of Salisbury was the authority from whom I got it, and he bred these hounds for years.



RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK OWNED BY CAPTAIN G. MILLER

A Boer hunter who had been sugar-planting in Cuba was made game-warden in Southern Rhodesia. He brought over a pack of bloodhounds to assist in his office of herding the big game to the reservations ordained by the Southern Rhodesian Government. In course of time the hounds began to die off from the effects of the climate, chiefly malaria and the ravages of the tsetse fly. His native helpers became concerned, and suggested crossing the breed with a native dog of similar weight and with the same hunting characteristics.

The local dogs were not considered worthy enough, until someone suggested the very ancient hound of the Hottentots. This race has always retained its exclusiveness in cattle breeding, as indeed in their domestic life. The dogs are no exception. From the first, therefore, the "cross" had the elements of success. The high rate of mortality ceased, and the magnificent type of hound which we now have is the result of careful crossing and recrossing which such veterinary experts as Kedie Law and his friends have persevered in for the past fifty years.

The "ridge," of course, comes from the Hottentot ancestry. Much of the animal life in South Africa has this peculiar growth of hair—in the opposite direction—along the spine. It is discernible on the backs of lions, some of the antelopes, and even the ass. A doctor has vouchsafed the opinion that it is a protection from the fierce rays of the tropical sun, as also in travelling through rough thorny-bush country.

G. M.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

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

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

WEEDS IN GRASSLAND

A Menace to Which Insufficient Attention is Paid

WE do not think of the weeds of grassland quite in the way that farmers thought of them 25, or 50 or 100 years ago. It is true that quite a few species of plants remain anathema to all progressive farmers, who will do their utmost—too often, alas! controlled by costs—to subdue and eradicate the weeds in question. In view of the Welsh investigations, however, we are bound to recognise that many of the "lowly herbs" of grassland are, when they occur in moderate quantity, valuable constituents of the general herbage, providing highly useful minerals for the stock that consume them, as well as those substances that are more usually regarded as important food—proteins and carbohydrates. It is, of course, by no means desirable that these lowly herbs should become excessively plentiful, or they will tend to reduce or even suppress grasses and legumes (see photograph of daisies). Further, if they get out of hand they are apt to become tough and lose a large part of that highly nutritious quality they possess in the young and tender leafy stage.

It is noteworthy that all five of the "injurious weeds" scheduled under the Corn Production Acts (Repeal) Act, 1921, are weeds of grassland, though three of them are also widely plentiful in arable land. The species in question are ragwort, spear thistle, creeping thistle, curled dock and broad-leaved dock, the last three being those that occur also in arable fields. All five are apt to cause a great deal of loss. It is interesting to record that in the past year there was a considerable increase in the number of instances in which notices were served on occupiers to destroy scheduled weeds, and this is all to the good.

The spear thistle can be controlled without very great difficulty. The creeping thistle provides another story, but many farmers have succeeded in getting foul grassland free from it, and so have much increased the annual value of their land. The job is done by repeated cutting from the time the plants are just reaching the flowering stage or by converting pasture to meadow for a time, haying having the effect of making the thistles run tall and slender and weak in growth, so that cutting before the seeding stage is reached tends to exhaust the underground stores of food.

By the way, compulsory cutting of the creeping thistle is largely intended to prevent seeding—but we do not yet know the full history of the plant from this viewpoint. Dr. G. H. Bates, who has been investigating the life-history of this species, has been unable to find its seedlings in nature, and has not even found it easy to grow the plant from seed collected in the field.

Docks are perhaps most commonly regarded as a trouble in arable land, but quite often neglected grassland is a riot of one or other of the species, and the loss of useful herbage must then be very serious.

During the past year the increase in ragwort has been noted in farming papers and in the daily Press many times, and it is not surprising. One may see it in great quantity in many parts of the country, grassland in late summer and early autumn sometimes being so fully occupied by the yellow-flowered plants that they may well remind one of the charlock-infested corn crops earlier in summer. It is certain that ragwort causes serious loss of herbage, and it is itself not only valueless to stock, but has been proved to be poisonous to cattle and at least risky for sheep, though these are often used to graze down ragwort in the young stage in the spring. This depasturing with sheep, however, does not necessarily get rid of the ragwort, and, in view of the risk it would be better to take more definite steps to reduce the pest.

How can ragwort be destroyed? It is not a simple matter to eradicate it, but it can be done, and it is worth while to expend time and trouble to get the pasture clean; cutting the plants with an old mowing machine, when they are nearing the flowering stage, is a good plan, as this goes far to exhaust the weeds—but the cut plants should be raked together and burnt or they may mature and form seed if the weather be damp. Another method is to pull up the plants by hand after heavy rain has softened the land, when the plants come away fairly easily; again, burning is indicated. A third plan is to spray any dense stand of ragwort with a 5 per cent. solution of sodium chlorate (say 25lb. in 50 gallons of water per acre). Work in New Zealand has shown that this treatment is 100 per cent. successful under local (N.Z.) conditions. (Sodium chlorate costs round about 4½d. per lb.) When sodium chlorate is used in this way proper precautions should be taken to avoid the "fire hazard," as clothing, herbage, &c., sprayed with the chlorate become very inflammable on drying. The material, however, can be quite safely used if due care is taken—*e.g.*, clothing and boots soaked with the solution should be washed when the work is finished.

It would be easy to discuss very many other weeds that may be extremely troublesome in grassland—oxeye daisy, hard-heads, rest harrow, dyer's greenweed, catsear, dandelion, daisy, horse-tail, cow parsley, rushes and other species. It may suffice if passing reference is made to that world-distributed pest, bracken, which appears to have been spreading steadily for the last half-century at least, and occupying more and more land to the detriment of farming. It is very difficult to see just where it will end, but one hopes that the attention that is now being devoted to means of combating it will ultimately yield an economic means of control. If it does not, the weed menace will be a more definite menace than ever before.

H. C. Long.



DAISIES IN A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE MEADOW
In this meadow the grasses and legumes have been more or less suppressed



THE SPEAR THISTLE—AN INJURIOUS WEED UNDER THE CORN PRODUCTION ACTS

SOME AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIVE people, addicted to pondering on the everlasting and usually unanswerable question "but if . . ." have recently been presented with an answer as unexpected and varied as it is unusual. For they have seen the contrasting results of early summer weather which arrived almost a month before its time. For a few short days country life presented no problems. There should have been no scent, yet many hunts enjoyed the fastest runs of the season within the last fortnight. Pastureland was harrowed with enthusiasm, spring sowing was well advanced, and in many parts of the country, particularly on the Sussex and Berkshire Downs, the fields were becoming a delicate green as the wheat and barley advanced. Rooks were busily building their nests high in the trees, and the voice of the cuckoo, if not of the turtle, was heard in the land.

But now these halcyon days are tinged with a certain anxiety. Several hunts have cancelled the rest of their appointments, and there rises a choking cloud of dust as the remainder gallop along the edge of ploughland. The ground is becoming hard and dry, so that no fewer than 26 accidents were treated on the course at the Bedale Point-to-Point. The young shoots of barley are covered with dust, and farmers are watching the sky for the rain clouds which have only just time to make the season one of the most successful. "Years and our trials, Mrs. Gamp, sets marks upon us all," observed Mrs. Harris, and it would certainly be a tragedy if such a promising beginning ended in a drought and a poor harvest.

Few people will have disagreed with Mrs. Elliot when she recently said: "Agriculture is the sanest of all professions and the greatest life that anyone could have." Viewed simply, work on the land is certainly the only noble and unvulgarised pursuit left. But international politics leave few things unpolluted, and the produce of England's soil is being recognised as a vital part of our national defence. We must, it appears, spend all our money on these defences, and the produce question cannot be ignored. This is not, in itself, a bad thing, for although the wheat acreage has increased considerably in the past months, there are still over 15,000,000 acres of grass which could be ploughed and sown, and thereby create more employment. But the Government must give a very much more definite lead to the farmers, as to what exactly is expected of them, than has hitherto appeared. There must be a definite and workable plan, and the views of the farmers themselves must not be forgotten.

But if the Government has so far left something to to be desired in this direction, there can be nothing but praise for Mr. Morrison's State Veterinary Service which, under the Agriculture Act passed last July, came into being on April 1st. Formerly the valuable research carried out by veterinary surgeons attached to local authorities has largely remained with them. There has been difficulty in pooling the accumulated knowledge, and the tendency has been rather to eradicate disease than to promote health. But in future each test and the result of every experiment and inspection will be

under the direct supervision of the Ministry. Tests and inspections among cattle will form an important part of the new schemes, and every assistance will be given to poultry breeders to improve their stock. It is to be hoped that April 1st was the beginning of a new order, and that the plans will result in enormous saving to the farming community.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

SPRING SPRAYING

"Use as Much Pressure as Possible"

DIRECTLY apples reach the bud-burst stage fruit growers should give serious thought to spring spraying. It is almost impossible to produce clean apples and pears without the use of some fungicide, and this to be effective needs applying early. In the past advisers have argued on the merits of Bordeaux mixture of lime-sulphur, but it seems to be accepted to-day that the latter gives adequate control, and is much easier to mix and apply than the copper-lime wash.

The formula for the bud-burst stage should be 1 gallon of lime-sulphur to 30 gallons of water, though if this wash is to be put on at 300lb. pressure, and the trees in consequence receive a regular soaking, it has been shown that the strength may be reduced to 1 in 40 or even 50. (This kind of reduction is true of the later sprayings.)

This application at the green bud stage is followed in the case of apples with a second washing at the pink bud stage and with pears at the white bud stage. Lime-sulphur should now be used at a strength of 1 in 40, and, if necessary, arsenate of lead may be added to control the young caterpillars. One pound of arsenate of lead powder or 2lb. of paste is sufficient for 40 gallons of the liquid.

Directly the petals have fallen lime-sulphur should again be applied at a strength of 1 gallon to 60 gallons of water, except in the case of Cox's Orange Pippin, Newton Wonder and Lord Derby, when the strength should be reduced to 1 in 100. If the apple sawfly (one of the maggots found in the fruit) has been troublesome in the past, nicotine should be added to the fungicide. One ounce of 96-98 per cent. nicotine to every 10 gallons of the diluted lime-sulphur is sufficient, and will not only control the sawfly but the young capsid bugs also.

There are one or two varieties like Stirling Castle and Newton Wonder which react strangely to lime-sulphur on certain soils and under high nitrogen conditions. A great percentage of the leaves may fall and the blossom fail to set altogether. Beauty of Bath and Lane's Prince Albert are often intolerant to lime-sulphur even at a strength of 1 in 100 after the blossoms have fallen, and it may be better, therefore, to omit post-blossom spraying in the case of these varieties and to turn to copper-lime dusting as a method of scab control.

It is important to see that both the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves are covered with the yellow liquid. To ensure an even spread it is wise to include a spray spreader. Soap should never be added, but the following may be recommended with confidence and should be used according to the instructions given by the makers on the packet: Agral II, Lethalate, and Spreadmax. They are all of them easily dissolved in cold water and they do ensure that any fungus organism present on the trees is thoroughly wetted.

An advantage in using lime-sulphur is that it does help to control red spider, which the Bordeaux mixture does not. Red spider has increased since the introduction of the tar distillate wash, but regular lime-sulphur applications should keep this pest in its place. To get the best results both for red spider and scab control the specific gravity of the concentrated wash when bought should be 1.3 at 15 deg. C., and should have a polysulphide content of from 25 to 28 per cent. This content of polysulphides is important because it is said that the lasting fungicidal action is due to the free sulphur which it "gives off."

It is possible to include arsenate of lead and nicotine together with the spreader. Thorough wetting of the trees is essential, especially if the nicotine is to get down into the calyx cup in the post-blossom stage to control the sawfly egg. Use as much pressure as possible; have sufficient spraying power so that the orchards can all be sprayed at the right time and scab will not be seen on your apples and pears.

JOHN FALLOWFIELD.

WE have received *Petroleum and Agriculture*, with a foreword by Lord Eltisley, issued by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. This is a most interesting, well-illustrated and well-produced book, dealing with all the many uses of petroleum on the land from a strictly practical point of view, but it goes far beyond that in scope, and even such an unmechanised industry as poultry is given comprehensive treatment. A book which every farmer will find more than useful.



COPPER LIME DUSTING WITH A ROTARY DUSTER

LATE WHEAT SOWING

"Spring Wheat is Always Considered a Gamble"

WHEAT resembles Association football, as it can be sown in ten months of the year, even in England. September sowing is said to be ideal, but it is almost obsolete—like August, which used to be also in favour—except, perhaps, for Rivetts, for which the latter half of September is the proper time. "Mid-season" sowing, so-called, extends from the beginning of October till mid-November, after which there is considerable risk from cold soil, which is then the chief consideration.

Even October, some hold, is too early for their district, and as others are more or less forced to face December to February sowing the question arises whether autumn or spring kinds are best—to get much the same results—if sowing is deferred so long.

We have high authority for sowing autumn wheats safely to the middle of February, though some moderns would confine the types in the South of England to Yeoman, Wilhelmina, Victor and Juliana, and would relegate even Square-head's Master type to the end of January. This last is, surely, unnecessarily cautious, as Professor Biffen has given S.H.M. to the end of February as one of the few safe ones, admitting good reason for caution in sowing anything but spring kinds after mid-February.

Spring kinds score in being early maturing, a point also shared by Joss and Wilhelmina, which allows these two winter wheats more latitude in sowing late than others. Joss to, say, mid-March; longer than its creator gave it. The danger with autumn kinds sown late is that they may tiller too late—perhaps run entirely to straw.

Hence it pays to get the seed from an earlier district, and it has long been felt that spring-sown strains of autumn wheat—anyhow, of certain kinds—are safest to use in spring—even so far as turning an autumn wheat into a spring one, though Joss won such golden opinions in 1936 as a recoverer in spring, and is such a useful October to March wheat, that this point need not perhaps be stressed for this popular sort. Joss has been even known to do better when spring sown. To prevent over-tillering thick sowing is useful.

Some have found it useful for those who have missed autumn sowing to sow the earlier kinds of the autumn wheats (after the principle in sowing late garden peas) such as Red Standard, Square Heads' Master and Squarehead, in this order, rather than the later maturing kinds, if got in before mid-February. Almost as good results as from November sowing have even been claimed by some when 3 or 3½ bushels of these have been sown on land in fair condition with a reasonably good seed-bed. On suitable soil, however, Yeoman and the newer Yeoman II and Holdfast may prove more attractive, as they can all be sown late, the Yeomen up to the end of February, and always make more money than ordinary sorts.

After the French spring wheats proper came in through the Vilmorins of Paris a great reaction against sowing autumn wheats in spring set in, a generation or so ago. This has not been permanent, though, judging by the many failures recorded from the latter practice in 1936, it is risky enough at times. Yet Square-head's Master compared well with these new spring kinds, and with Surgoyne's Fife, in the February-sown centres of the Essex and Herts trials of 1911–13, and gave 38 bushels (second best) in a March 11th centre, though failing when sown later.

It is pleasant to see that the old English April Bearded Wheat is now again popular, as it is said to command a better price than any other English wheat, owing to its wonderful quality. It is also bird-proof, and seems to have given good crops even from May sowings, and though mid-April is a safe limit, it seems little better sown earlier than this, though some cautious folk say March 31st should not be exceeded for any wheat, even in the south.

However, opinions differ and little was possible before April in 1937, and it is partly a matter of locality. Certain districts, anyhow, seem good for April sowing, and Nursery, now (like the Fifes) less heard of, which should be sown rather earlier than April Bearded, has been considered preferable to A.B. for March sowings.

One of the advantages of the Vilmorin wheats, or some of them, is that they can—like Nursery and Red Fife—be sown from October to April. These Vilmorin wheats, whether spring or autumn sown, have the advantage of nearly always maturing a week or two before the ordinary English kinds, with yield and quality not far off the latter.

They included Dreadnought, Sensation and Red Marvel, and there have since been further developments. Red Marvel or Japhet (its French name) remains the best known, and though not of the first quality, and perhaps inclined to shell out, it is one of the most useful and best known spring wheats.

Even this favourite in the Essex Trials of 1911 and 1912, which revealed about the supposed maximum for Japhet, sank from 53 bushels, February 23rd sowing, to 48 and 36 bushels March 20th, 27th, 32 bushels April 10th, and 29½ bushels April 12th, but the higher weights were under the best possible conditions in every respect. Weights per bushel fell from 63lb. to 61½lb., but in the leaner year were 64lb. It seems safe enough to the end of March.

Though the safe time limits vary somewhat with the variety and latitude, spring wheat is always considered a gamble, and except with Bearded April the earlier sown the better is a very safe rule. Spring sowing is safer, however, as a second wheat crop from the point of view of pests, a factor now of some concern.

GERVAISE TURNBULL.

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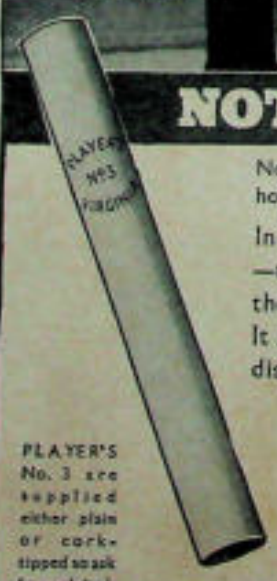
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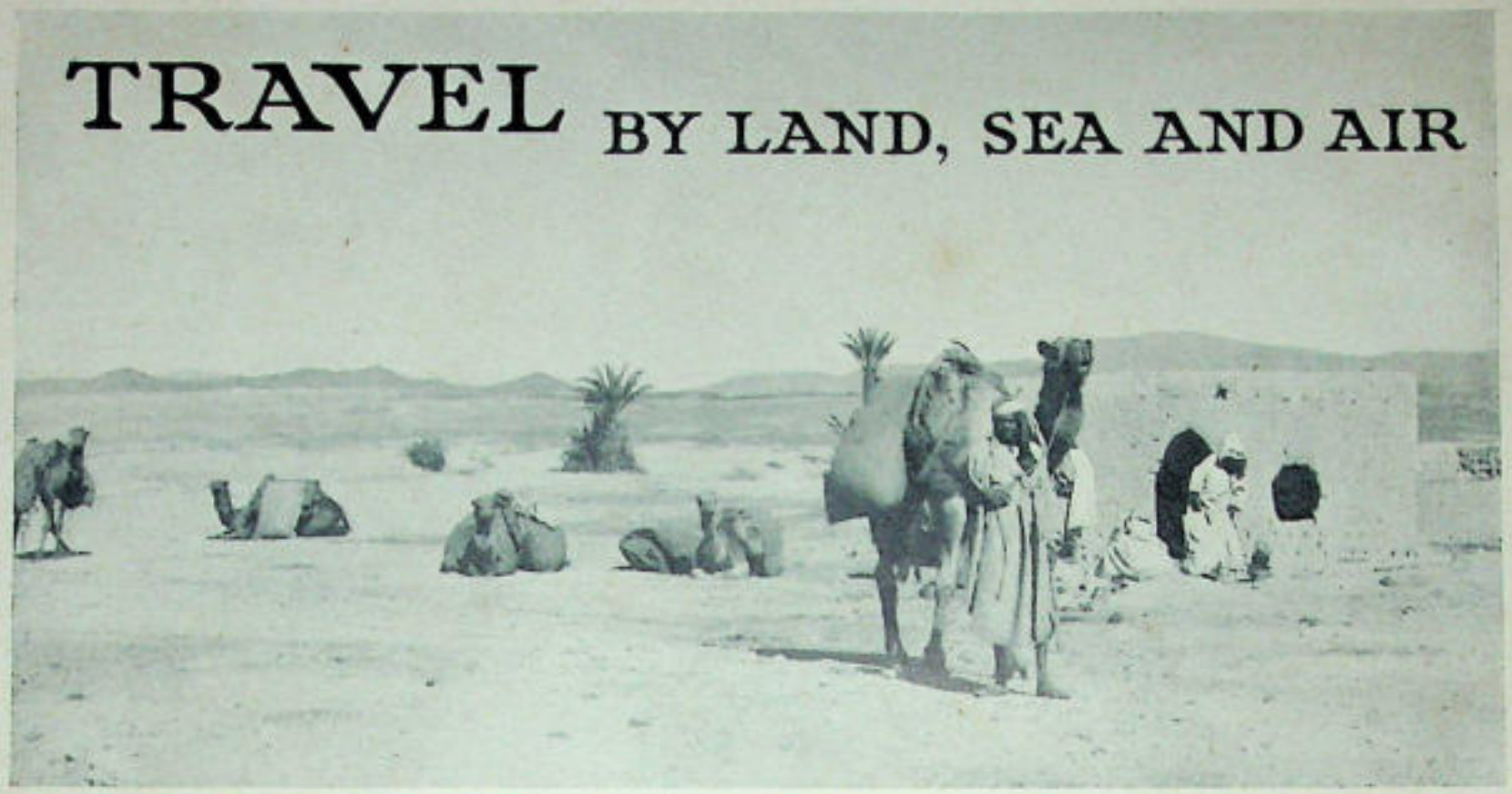
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WHERE TIME AND TRANSPORT MOVE SLOWLY: A TYPICAL ROADSIDE SCENE IN MOROCCO

MOTORING IN MOROCCO—I

First Impressions of the Land and the Nation

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

TO those seeking sunshine during the winter months, and who do not wish to wander too far afield, a trip to Morocco can be strongly recommended. I have recently returned from a motoring tour in that region, where the roads are as good as, and in places even better than, they are in France, and I have no hesitation in saying that it would indeed be difficult to find a more delightful way in which to spend a few weeks' holiday.

The hotels are excellent and living is cheap now that the rate of exchange is so much in our favour, and the climate, never really hot during the early months of the year, is pleasant and invigorating.

During the entire three weeks I spent in Morocco it only rained once, and that only lasted for a few hours, and for the rest of the period we enjoyed brilliant sunshine. It is an ideal spot for those who enjoy sunbathing. The nights are cool and pleasant and the temperature of the sea in the early part of the year is about 60 deg. Fahr. and the bathing in certain places is excellent.

No one visiting Morocco for the first time can fail to be impressed with the extraordinary progress which the French have achieved during the comparatively short period which the country has been under their control. The native population has been completely pacified, and it is now safe to go practically anywhere; it certainly speaks wonders for the methods adopted by the French that the pacification has been accomplished with a minimum of bloodshed.

I well remember flying out to the Sahara towards the end of 1928, when conditions were very different from what they are to-day, as at that time the country was still in a state of unrest. When we landed at Colom Bechar we were invited to dinner at the officers' mess, and the following morning we departed on our way down south, whilst a number of our friends of the previous evening went off in two cars to inspect their distant outposts. Both these cars were subsequently ambushed by a band of Arabs, and every single member of the party was shot, whilst we ourselves were subsequently taken prisoners by the Riffs on the return journey, when our engine failed, and we were obliged to make a forced landing in the Atlas Mountain region.

These incidents occurred less than ten years ago, and although it was not until 1934 that the French were able to clean up the entire area of the roaming bands of lawless Arabs that had given so much trouble in the past, it is now safe to go anywhere.



THE OLD MOORISH GATEWAY AT MARRAKECH

Morocco is full of interest, as the natives still live in their primitive way, and their customs have not changed from time immemorial. It is here that East meets West and it is certainly not necessary to travel farther than Morocco to obtain a complete insight of Eastern life as it has always been. Life is very cosmopolitan, and one can see the pure-bred Berber, from whom the Moors originally sprang, but who, for the most part, still live in the wild regions amongst the ranges of the Riff and Atlas Mountains, whilst the plains are principally inhabited by the Arabs, the stock being introduced by a process of infiltration of wandering nomad tribes who have settled in these parts.

The various races are easy to distinguish by their colour, and by their features, and there are quite a number of pure and half-bred negroes who have descended from the early slaves. Slaves are, however, still employed by the wealthy native sheiks and sultans who nominally rule the various tribes, under the jurisdiction of the French, whose will cannot be questioned. Although the whole country in some respects is so modern, it is, at the same time, extremely primitive and has therefore retained all its charm, and is of particular interest to the visitor.

For the most part, the soil is extremely rich, and especially is this so near the coast, where early tomatoes, artichokes, potatoes, beans and peas are grown in profusion; in fact I was told that these crops are nearly three weeks in advance of those grown in Madeira and the Canary Islands. Oranges and mandarines are also produced in large quantities, the former being particularly good—I have never tasted better.

About nine million acres of ground are under cultivation altogether, the natives owning and working eight millions and growing for the most part barley and millet, whilst wheat, oats and maize are grown by the Europeans.

The mineral wealth of Morocco is very considerable, the supply of phosphates being practically inexhaustible, and, in addition, considerable quantities of manganese, lead, zinc, copper and iron ore have been found.

Anthracite coal is also mined, and petroleum exists in important quantities at Tselfat, between Fez and Petitjean, but at the present time this is only in an early stage of development. One can well appreciate what a valuable possession Morocco has become to the French, more especially since part, at any rate, of her oil supplies, will be assured for the future, a vital necessity in case of war.

Tobacco is grown in certain parts of the country and the vine also flourishes; considerable capital has already been invested in the tobacco and wine industry, and is meeting with every success. The wines, both red and white, are extremely good, and are creating a ready sale, and cigarettes and pipe tobacco are made from the locally grown leaf for home consumption.

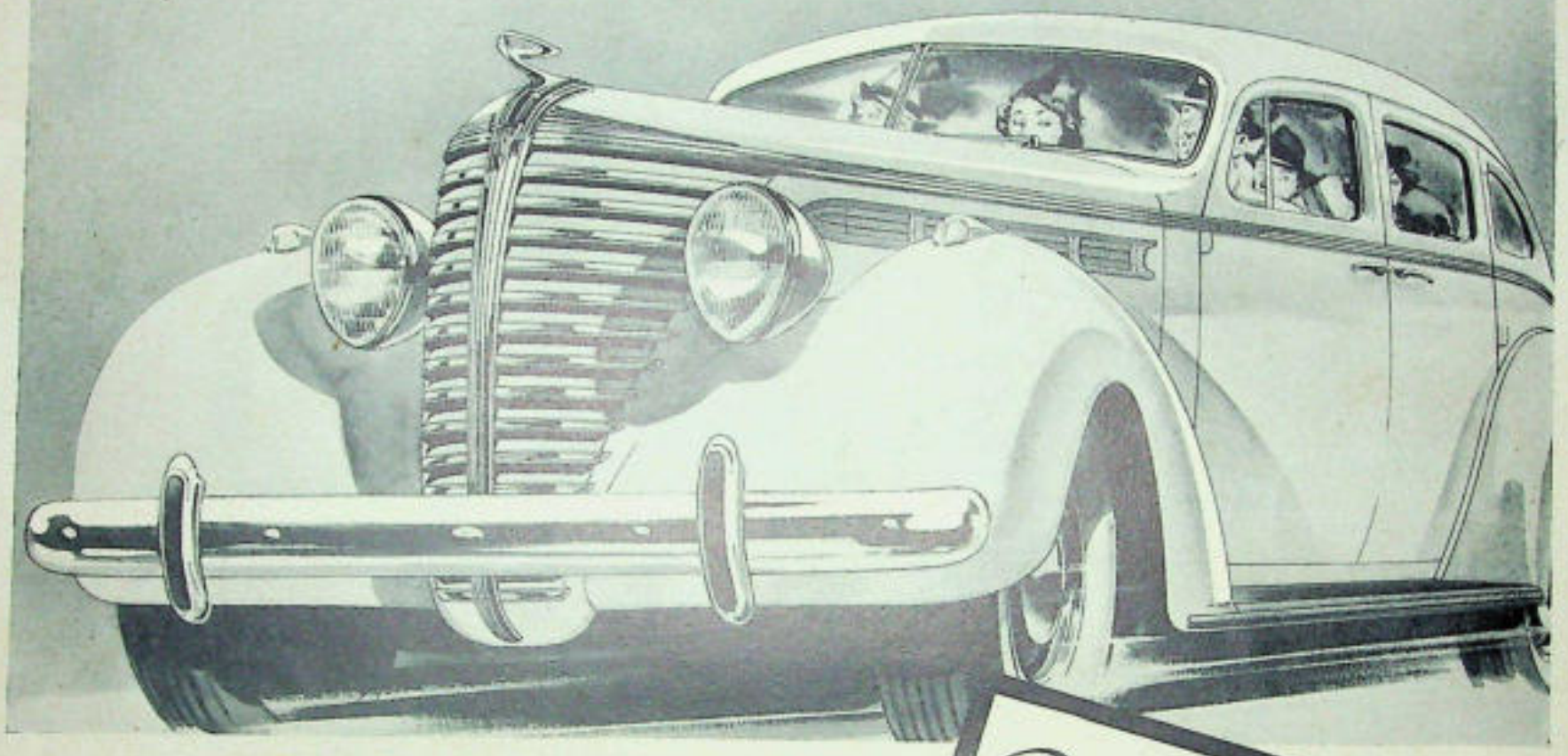
Morocco offers many sporting amenities, and good shooting can be enjoyed, since snipe, duck, quail and partridge abound in various parts. Boar can be shot in many of the large forests, and panther in the mountains. As far as I could find out, a game licence costs only 50 fr. in the French zone. Trout are also very plentiful in the streams, both in the Middle and Grand Atlas Mountains, the season lasting from May to August, and very large fish have apparently been caught.

Winter sports can also be enjoyed, the principal centres being Ifrane and Azrou, which are situated in the Atlas Mountains, and where there are several high-class hotels. Golf and tennis can also be played, there being a nine-hole course and hard courts at both Marrakech and Fedaloc. The country as a whole appears to be very prosperous, although much poverty is

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THE MASSIVE CITY WALL AT MARRAKECH SEEN FROM THE FINE MOTOR ROAD

to be seen amongst certain sections of the native community.

As the natives rely upon the produce of the land for their sustenance, they have been greatly affected by a drought which has lasted for three years in the interior, and consequently numbers in outlying districts have died of starvation. The French have done all they can to minimise their sufferings, but in these vast stretches of country they have had no easy task. To make matters worse, a bad epidemic of typhus broke out this year, and has accounted for many victims amongst the native population, but the authorities succeeded in confining the outbreak to Marrakech, no Europeans contracting the disease.

The four principal cities in Morocco are Fez, Marrakech, Casablanca and Rabat, although Fez is the nominal capital of the country; as the present Sultan has taken up his residence in Rabat, it is now the administrative capital of the Sherifian Empire.

In regard to trade, all imports into Morocco, no matter from what country of origin, are charged the same rate of duty, namely, 12½ per cent. *ad valorem*; thus every nation is on an equal footing. Although at one time Great Britain was the second largest importer, since 1934 she has unfortunately fallen to sixth position. As there still appears to be wonderful opportunities for the furtherance of British trade in that part of the world, it is to be hoped that our authorities will give every encouragement to private enterprise.

I am sorry to say that British motor cars are conspicuous by their absence, and bicycles, which are now being bought in large numbers by the natives, are entirely of foreign manufacture.

CHILDREN AND ACCIDENTS.—An inquiry among 170 chief constables recently carried out by the National "Safety First" Association shows that of 5,980 accidents of which children were the victims 30 per cent. occurred during times of going to and from school, 32 per cent. in the evenings, and 27 per cent. during week-ends and holidays. The remainder concerned either very young children not attending school or occurred before eight in the morning. In Liverpool out of 1,670 accidents to children under sixteen no fewer than 1,423 took place at times entirely outside school hours or of going to and from school.



HEAVY GOING UNDER A HOT SUN

CONSOLIDATING THE ATLANTIC AIRWAY

Plans for the Coming Summer

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

ONE of the big questions of the year in aviation is how the success achieved in 1937 in experimental flying on the Atlantic airway will be followed up. No one with any knowledge of the facts would deny that the problems ahead are many and varied. A great deal remains to be done before regular flying with mails, let alone passengers, can be scheduled. Indeed, the work awaiting those concerned might be regarded as the most difficult of all: the translation of successful experimental flights into commercial services comparable to those of the other airways of the world.

Interest was focused on this outstanding topic recently when the international conference met in Dublin to discuss the future and review the past. Little exact information regarding the proceedings of that conference has been released; but this much is known: that unanimous decisions were reached on vital matters such as the creation of an elaborate radio and meteorological organisation and the problem of terminal facilities. This in itself is encouraging. No one country can make itself responsible for so vast a project; and the fact that this measure of international accord is being attained is a happy augury.

What interests those in this country most is the actual plans that Great Britain is making. Last year, a lead was given to the world. How will it be supported? What may be expected for our part in this year's flights?

Perhaps the most significant news in this connection is that the two flying boats which last year performed so meritoriously, the Caledonia and the Cambria, are now being fitted out as normal members of the Empire class for work on the regular airways. They have played their part; other lessons must now be learnt. Thus it seems that the British flights this year must, in the early stages, be made by the Albatross machines, which, as is well known, are not flying boats but landplanes, and probably by the upper seaplane component of the Mayo composite aircraft, which not long ago gave so remarkable a demonstration.

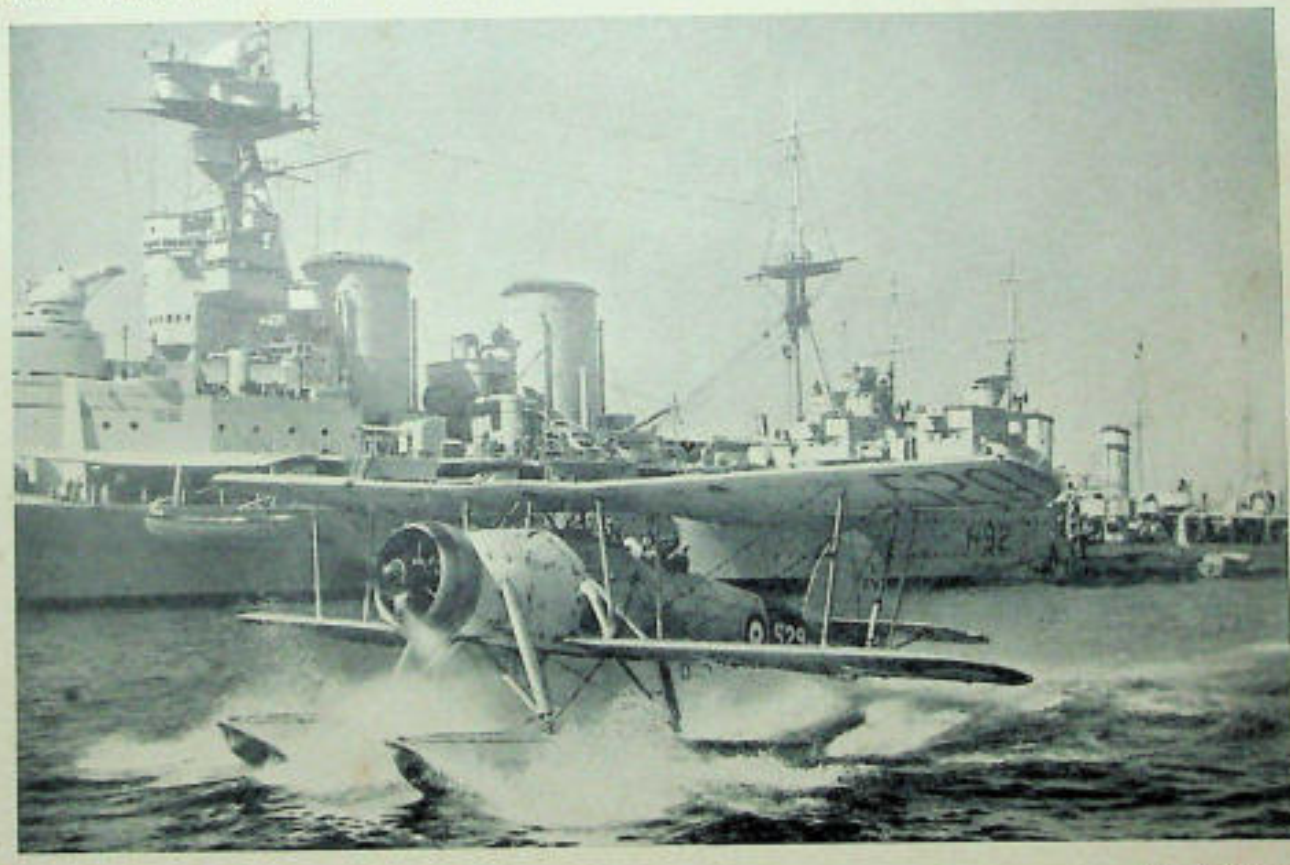
In addition to these aircraft, there are eight new flying boats under construction for Imperial Airways. Generally similar to those already in use, these are being altered so that the total gross weight they can be permitted to carry amounts to as much as 52,000lb., as compared with the 45,800lb. of the specially adapted Atlantic boats of last year. Of the additional 8,000lb., some 5,000lb. will, it is expected, be available for payload. Thus, a step in the right direction is being made.

Other countries are active in preparing for Atlantic flying. France is building large flying boats, arranging bases, and building an efficient organisation. Germany's interest, centred on the South Atlantic, was signalised recently by the fine flight of the Dornier Do 18 from Start Point, Devon, to Caravellas, just north of Rio—a non-stop distance of 4,750 miles. Competition is likely to be increasingly keen; and it must be our determined policy to see that Great Britain, as pioneers of the North-Atlantic route, keeps well abreast, if not ahead, of others. Our backward position on the South-Atlantic route must not be repeated.

America, too, has far-reaching and ambitious plans in hand. Pan-American Airways prepared not long ago and submitted to leading aircraft constructors specifications for flying boats of great size and high performance.

They call for passenger accommodation for 100, in addition to a crew of sixteen, and full allowance for baggage and freight; and with this they demand a range of 5,000 miles at a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour. Moreover, it is visualised that such machines may be best flown at heights of 20,000 ft.

So ambitious a scheme is, of course, ahead of present requirements; but the country that visualises the future with imagination tempered by regard for practical possibilities is that which will eventually triumph. America is, as a matter of fact, actually constructing machines considerably larger than those used on the Atlantic flights last year. Moreover, the seriousness with which the whole position is regarded on the other side was revealed by a report issued at the end of last year by the Maritime Commission of the United States.



Chas. E. Brown

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF A FAIREY SWORDFISH TORPEDO-SPOTTER RECONNAISSANCE 'PLANE BELONGING TO H.M.S. COURAGEOUS TAXYING IN GIBRALTAR HARBOUR. H.M.S. HOOD IS IN THE BACKGROUND

This document was concerned with competition between aircraft and liners on the Atlantic route. Details of cost and so forth were carefully worked out. The types of aircraft considered as competitors for large transatlantic ships were flying boats of 40 and 150 passenger capacity respectively.

It might be thought that this activity in America should not be regarded as competition, since the United States and this country are partners in the Atlantic airway. That view is a mistaken one. If the partnership is to be successful, Great Britain's contribution must be at least the equal of any other country's. We must not be content to let even our closest associate outstrip us in either technical progress or imaginative planning.



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Holiday Making in Canada's National Parks

ONE of the outstanding physical features of the Continent of North America is the Great Plains area, which occupies most of the Mississippi Valley and extends for some distance across the international boundary into the territory drained by the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers. It is, for the most part, a treeless prairie, level or slightly rolling, with a depth of fertile soil which has made it one of the chief food-producing areas of the world.

In these days of easy locomotion the Great Plains area provides ample opportunity for travel, but, within itself, little opportunity for change of environment. Nature, however, did not leave the need of its dwellers unremembered. At the northern edge of the prairie region in Manitoba and Saskatchewan she has provided a park-like country of lake and forest ideal for holiday purposes.

Although in the entire prairie area from the Gulf of Mexico to the International Boundary there is not a lake of sufficient size to win for itself a place on a map of ordinary scale, soon after passing into the Canadian provinces the prairie gives way to a network of lakes and water courses surrounded by heavily forested hills and plateaux. As it happens, too, this park-like country is at the northern end of the prairie region, as though in recognition of the natural inclination to move northward in search of summer vacations.

Certain areas are set aside to be preserved in perpetuity by the Canadian Government as national parks, and the first of these parks were established amid the magnificent mountain scenery of the Canadian Rockies, but as their popularity increased the policy was extended, until now there are in Canada, from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, no fewer than 20 national parks with a total area of more than 12,500 square miles. In Saskatchewan, Prince Albert National Park was established in 1927; and in Manitoba, Riding Mountain Forest Reserve was elevated to national park status in 1929.

Riding Mountain National Park, with an area of 1,148 square miles, is the more southerly of the two. It lies only about 100 miles north of the International Boundary. Transportation facilities are provided by the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways, and by highways from the south, east and north. Although described as a "mountain," it is rather a plateau some 2,220ft. above sea level, heavily forested and dotted with many lakes.

Most of the land surface is well wooded with a good growth of white spruce, jack pine, aspen and white birch, and there are also considerable quantities of black spruce, tamarack, balsam fir, green ash, elm, Manitoba maple and bur oak. On account of being formerly included in a forest reserve the timber has for more than a quarter of a century been under scientific administration, and has been preserved, in the main, from the ravages both of fire and commercialisation.

Under the protection of the national parks of Canada the wild animals and birds within their borders quickly settle down to a quite friendly social relationship with man. Here bears have shed their traditional ferocity, and have taken on in its place an indifference to man which is sometimes embarrassing. Although usually well disposed, it should never be forgotten that the bears, even in the parks, are still bears, and are to be treated with appropriate respect.

Riding Mountain National Park also affords protection to a herd of buffalo, representative of this noble race which was rescued from probable extinction by the action of the Canadian Government in acquiring a remnant and affording it protection at Buffalo National Park, near Wainwright, Alberta. The largest herd of wild elk in Canada, numbering, it is believed, between 2,000 and 3,000 head, also finds shelter in Riding Mountain National Park. The buffalo enclosure of some 2,000 acres is reached by an all weather route from the park headquarters at Wasagaming, a distance of 25 miles, and the other animals may be found anywhere within the park borders.

The visitor to Riding Mountain National Park registers at one of the gates on the three main highways, and if camp facilities are required reserves them upon payment of a nominal fee. A lot in a surveyed camp ground is assigned to the tourist, where he may pitch his tent, place his trailer, or erect a temporary wooden and canvas tent house subject to the approval of the park authorities. Camping outside the designated camp-grounds is not permitted. The camper has at his command community kitchens and something unexpected when hundreds of miles from towns—refrigerator houses with individual lockers, bath house, the tennis courts, children's playgrounds and community houses, as well as an adequate supply of fuel and water.

Almost in the geographical centre of the Province of Saskatchewan lies the Prince Albert National Park. Here is a region of rocks, woods and waters still rich with the memories of fur trader and trapper, of Indian tribesmen and white explorer, where the Canadian Government has set aside an area of 1,869 square miles to be for ever a place of conservation and recreation. More than any other of Canada's national playgrounds Prince Albert Park is a lacework of lakes and streams which open innumerable waterways into the recesses of an unspoiled wilderness.

A good highway from the city of Prince Albert, 36 miles to the southward, commands entrance to the park, and there are excellent roads to principal points of interest, but the chief mode of travel is by water. This has been facilitated by the building of light railways over some of the portages by means of which canoes and motor boats can be transferred from one lake to another with a minimum of effort.

The conservation of wild life in its natural state which has been achieved in Prince Albert National Park is a special attraction. Moose and deer range in the forests, and an abundance of waterfowl, from the ubiquitous wild duck to the dignified pelican, may be seen, while that very excellent fisherman, the cormorant, plies his business along the shallow bays.

Another outstanding attraction of Prince Albert National Park of almost universal appeal is the really excellent fishing which is to be found in its waters. Great Lake trout run to exceptional size, and great northern pike are numerous. The natural supply of fish in the lakes of this park by proper conservation methods is preserved and will undoubtedly continue to be one of its great attractions.

To those who entertain the common impression that the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are great areas of prairie land, a visit to the national parks at Riding Mountain or Prince Albert will prove a revelation. The environment of dense forests, sky-blue lakes and glistening sand beaches is as far from the popular conception of the prairie provinces as can well be imagined.

C. N. B.

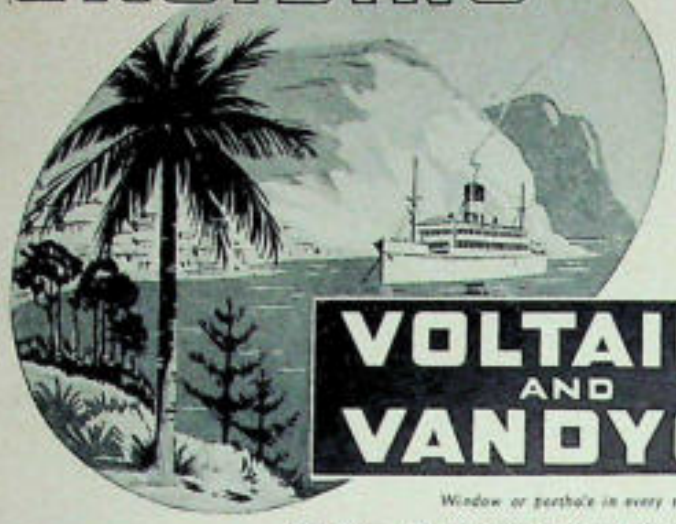


MORNING: PART OF THE QUIET WATERS OF CLEAR LAKE IN RIDING MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK



EVENING: A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET OVER THE RIPPLING WATERS OF CLEAR LAKE

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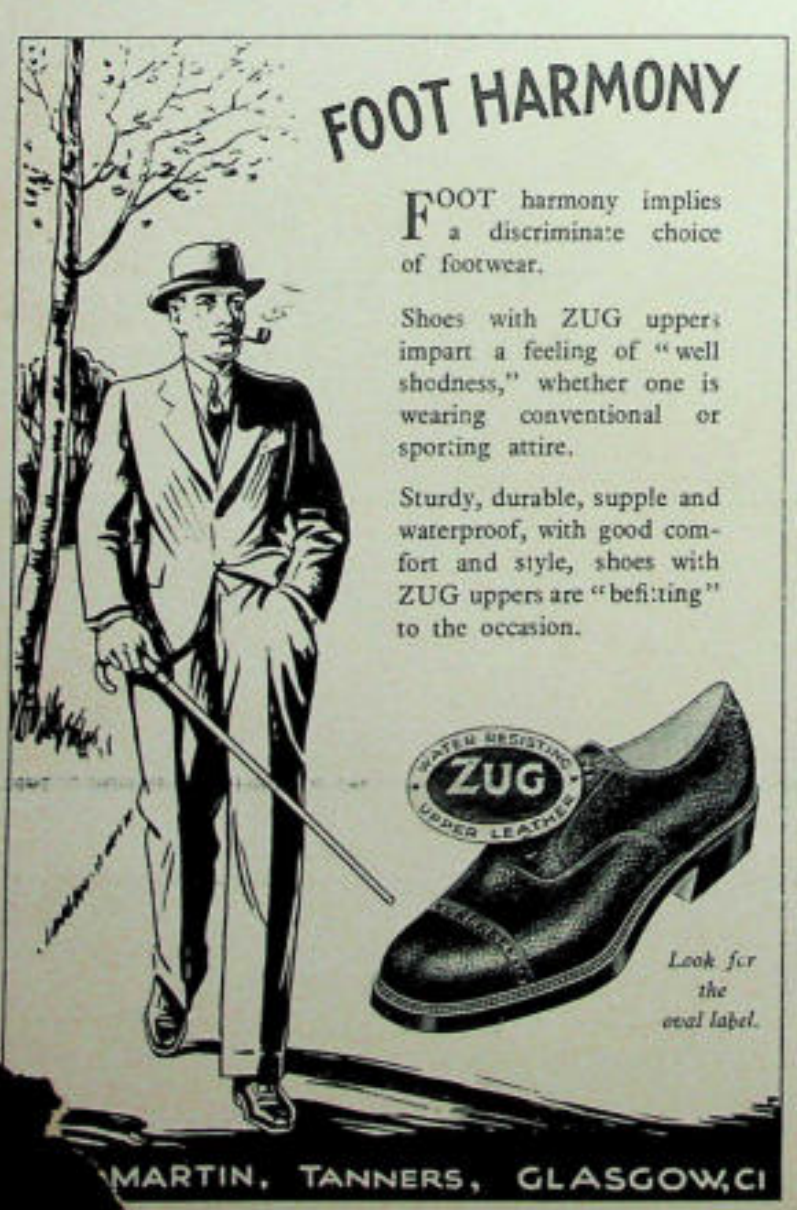
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE HURTWOOD HOTEL AT PEASLAKE

SPRING has already begun her smiling round, and we shall soon enter the merry month of May. Whether or not you believe in many of the wise sayings—"Cast not a clout till May be out"—there's no denying that May is often a most inspiring month. I always feel that I want to get right out of town and spend my week-ends in the country. If time allows I go to the beloved Cotswolds, but for a short week-end I make for some haven of rest in Surrey. The great thing about country week-ends, to my mind, is to be able to get off the beaten track without spending too long in your car getting to and from your destination.

That is one of the reasons why I like the Hurtwood Hotel at Peaslake. You can get there easily from town in about 90 minutes, and it is splendidly situated away from the main road. There is a turning off on the left-hand side, just after passing under that awkward railway bridge at Gomshall, which will lead you to the hotel. It is not easy to find. I believe I passed the inn about a dozen times before I realised that it existed, for it is tucked away on the road which leads to Ewhurst. The great advantage of this is that quiet nights are assured, and there is nothing more necessary after a tiring week than a good night's rest at the week-end.

Besides walking is a pleasantly tiring pursuit. You can, of course, make the Hurtwood Inn a centre for a motoring tour round Surrey, but I personally prefer to walk. You do not cover the same amount of ground, but you see and feel things much more keenly. You want plenty of time to wander through the woods—Hurt Wood is the general name for miles—if you are to enjoy to the full the quietness of it all. Here and there mistle-thrushes clatter up from the open spaces and jays bark in the birches. Would you see or hear them in a car?

The district gets its name from the bilberries or whortleberries which are a feature of the slopes. Locally they are called "hurts." The pine woods themselves are splendid. The bracken still grows breast high in places, and birches have seeded themselves into thick, thwarting plantations. Let it be noted that there is at Hurtwood none of the noise and unruly behaviour associated with some parts of Surrey. Nobody wishes to act as "Mrs. Grundy," but there would surely be nothing quite so jarring as a concertina being played and raucous voices singing popular numbers in a district such as Hurt Wood?

When you have explored Abinger, or the beautiful Holmbury, Pitch or Leith Hills, you will be glad to return to the quiet and peace of the Hurtwood Inn. The dining room is spacious, and the general furnishing tasteful and comfortable. May evenings can sometimes be chillsome, so that it is good to note that the hotel is centrally heated. For warm afternoons there is a delightful tea garden, so often a feature of inns owned by the Surrey Trust, and it is altogether a pleasant week-end halting place. Stretch your legs after dinner by walking up the hill opposite the hotel and you will seem to be stopping in a "Peter Pan" village. Other Surrey places are growing rapidly, but here time appears to stand still and most of the country remains unspoilt.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

TWO INTERESTING HANDS

Points in Bidding and in Play

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

THE following hand, which was played at a Duplicate Tournament, is interesting on account of the diversity of bidding. There were eight tables, and at seven tables the bidding was different.

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

Both sides vulnerable. Z the dealer.

At most tables Z opened with a forcing bid of Two Diamonds and Y bid Three Spades. Thereafter there was a variety of bidding. At one table Y bid the grand slam in Diamonds and was defeated by one trick. Four pairs bid and made a little slam in Diamonds. One pair stopped at Three No Trumps, and one pair crashed in Seven Clubs, being three down.

The best result was a contract of Six No Trumps, played by Z.

A opened with the Knave of Clubs, and the little slam was easy. Actually, however, Z made all thirteen tricks, as B was squeezed in play and unguarded his Diamonds, which, of course, he should not have done. The little slam in Diamonds is easy and is a satisfactory contract. It is also procurable in Hearts. But in tournament play, where every point matters, Six No Trumps is the most profitable contract. And it can be reached without difficulty.

The bidding on the Simple System should be, A and B silent :

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two Diamonds	No bid	Three Spades	No bid
Four Clubs	No bid	Four Hearts	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six No Trumps	No bid

This is direct and straightforward. When Y bids Three Spades Z can see duplication of values, but prospects of a slam. He shows his Clubs. Y, having only one Club, shows his preference for Diamonds. Z bids Five No Trumps, showing control of Hearts, and Y advances to the little slam on his two Aces and plus values. The same contract can be reached by other methods.

The second hand is from private play.

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

Score love. Z the dealer.

The bidding was :

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Three Clubs	No bid	Three Spades	No bid
Four Clubs	No bid	Four Hearts	No bid
Five Hearts	No bid	Six Hearts	Double
No bid	No bid	No bid	

A led the 6 of Spades. Z passed it up to his Knave. The initial lead was cunning. A thought, naturally, that Z was short in Spades, and Y must put up the Ace. But this did not materially affect the play, except that it put Z in the lead at once. Probably A's best lead would have been a Diamond.

Now, before you read further, decide for yourself how Z should play and how you would play in his position. It is apparent that he must try to establish Clubs. Further, he must try not to lose a trick in Hearts, and trust to there not being more than four in one hand against him. Also he must trap the Knave. Seeing all four hands it is possible you may tumble to the correct course at once. Actually, however, Z did not.

At Trick 2 he led the Ace of Hearts. When A's Knave fell, he led the Ace of Clubs, followed by a small one, ruffed in Dummy. He now led 6 of Hearts and successfully finessed the 8. A third round of Clubs, ruffed in Dummy with the 9 (the only remaining trump), cleared the suit. But Z was in trouble. The lead was in Dummy, but with no trump to lead he could not get back into his own hand without making a Heart trick good for B. He played the Ace of Spades, on which he threw a Diamond, then Ace and a little Diamond, which he had to ruff with his Queen of Hearts. He now forced B with a Club and was eventually two down.

Yet as the cards lie, and giving himself the best chance, Z can make all thirteen tricks.

This is the play. Trick 2 he leads a small Club and ruffs. Trick 3 a Heart is led and won with the Queen (A's Knave dropping). Trick 4 a small Club is led and ruffed in Dummy. Trick 5 a Heart is led. The finesse of the 8 is taken. Two rounds of Hearts take out all of B's. The Clubs are all good, and the losing Diamond is discarded on the Ace of Spades.

This would have been very pretty play and quite conceivable if Z had played on the assumption that B held King to three Clubs. Note that to bring it off he must not lead trumps immediately. Nor should he lead a high Club. He must go for two ruffs in the suit and arrange carefully his cards of entry.

If the adverse Clubs are divided differently, and if either opponent has four to the King, Z cannot do it. But as the cards lie the contract and an overtrick were procurable. Z was the first to admit that he played it badly, in so far as he did not give himself the best chance of success. His fatal mistakes were at Trick 2, the lead of the Ace of Hearts, and at Trick 3, the lead of the Ace of Clubs.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

Ten twenty-ninth game of the series.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	22. Q to Q 2 (s)	P takes P (t)
2. P to B 4	P to K 3	23. B takes P	B to B 4
3. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4	24. B takes B	R takes B
4. P to Q 4	P to B 4 (a)	25. K R to K sq (u)	R takes Kt (v)
5. B to Kt 5	B P takes P	26. P takes R	Q to R 5 (w)
6. K Kt takes P (b)	P to K 4 (c)	27. R to K 4	Q to R 6 (x)
7. Kt to B 3 (d)	P to Q 5 (e)	28. R to Kt 4	Q takes P
8. Kt to Q 5	Kt to B 3 (f)	29. R to K Kt 3	Q to K 5
9. P to K 4	B to K 2 (g)	30. R to R sq	P to R 3
10. B takes Kt	B takes B (h)	31. P to Kt 5	Kt to K 2
11. P to Q Kt 4 (i)	Castles	32. P to B 6	R to B sq (y)
12. B to Q 3	P to Q R 4	33. Q to Kt 4	R to K sq
13. P to Q R 3	B to K 3 (j)	34. P to B 7 (z)	Kt to Q 4
14. R to Q Kt sq	P takes P	35. Q to Q 6 (aa)	Kt to B 5
15. P takes P	B to K 2	36. Q to Q 8 (bb)	Kt to K 7, ch
16. Castles (k)	P to B 3 (l)	37. K to B sq	Kt takes R, ch
17. Q to B 2 (m)	K to R sq (n)	38. B P takes Kt	Q to R 8, ch
18. P to B 5 (o)	R to R 6	39. K to K 2	Q to R 4, ch (cc)
19. B to B 4 (p)	P to B 4 (q)	40. K to Q 2	Q to B 2 (dd)
20. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	41. K to K sq	Resigns (ee)
21. B to Q 5	R to R 6 (r)		

(a) This position was also reached in the 18th, 24th and 30th games. White (Dr. Alekhine) in each game continued with 5. B P takes P.

(b) If 6. Q takes P, then 6. . . . B to K 2. If (instead of 6. . . . B to K 2) 6. . . . Kt to B 3, then 7. B takes Kt, P takes B ; 8. Q to R 4 with attacking chances for White (Pillsbury *v.* Dr. Lasker, Cambridge Springs tournament, 1904).

(c) In the first game of his second match with Bogoljubow (1934) Dr. Alekhine played 6. . . . P takes P and (after 7. P to K 3) 7. . . . Q to Kt 2. The text-move is better.

(d) If 7. K Kt to Kt 5, then 7. . . . P to Q R 3 and White cannot continue with 8. Kt takes P because of 8. . . . P takes Kt ; 9. Kt takes Kt, ch, Q takes Kt ; 10. B takes Q, B to Kt 5, ch ; 11. Q to Q 2, B takes Q, ch ; 12. K takes B, P takes B, winning a piece (Fine *v.* Jaskowitsch, Moscow tournament, 1937).

(e) Not 7. . . . P to K 5 because of 8. Kt takes Q P, P takes Kt ; 9. Kt takes Kt, ch, P takes Kt (if 9. . . . Q takes Kt, then 10. B takes Q, B to Kt 5, ch ; 11. B to B 3 and wins) ; 10. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q ; 11. B takes P, ch, winning the exchange.

(f) B to K 2 at once seems better.

(g) Not 9. . . . P takes P, e.p. because of 10. Kt takes Kt, ch, P takes Kt 11. Q takes Q, ch, Kt takes Q ; 12. B takes P. The text-move threatens Kt takes Kt.

(h) P takes B would prevent White's P to Q Kt 4, but would leave Black with a badly damaged King's side.

(i) White has the preferable game.

(j) Threatening P takes P, in reply to which P takes P would lose a pawn (Black plays B takes Kt) while Kt takes Kt P would render valueless White's majority of pawns on the Queen's side.

(k) 16. P to Kt 5 would win a pawn, *e.g.*, 16. . . . B takes Kt ; 17. B P takes B, Q to R 4, ch ; 18. K to B sq, Kt to Kt 5 ; 19. Kt takes P. The text-move is, however, to be preferred.

(l) Threatening B takes Kt followed by Kt takes P.

(m) A very good move. If Black now plays 17. . . . B takes Kt and (after 18. K P takes B) 18. . . . Kt takes P, then 19. B takes P, ch, K to R sq (not K to B 2 because of Q to Kt 6, mate) ; 20. Q to B 5 (threatening either Q to R 5 or Q to R 3) and White gets a winning attack.

(n) Again threatening B takes Kt followed by Kt takes P, since White cannot gain time by capturing the Rook's pawn with check as in the variation given in note m.

(o) A very good move. If now 18. . . . B takes Kt, 19. P takes B, Q takes P, then 20. B takes P (threatening either Kt to R 4 or Q to B 5) and Black has no satisfactory reply.

(p) If 19. R to Kt 3, then 19. . . . R takes R ; 20. Q takes R, P to B 4.

(q) Black attempts an attack on the King's side since he cannot hold up the advance of White's Queen's side pawns. The text-move threatens P takes P, White being unable to reply with Q takes P because of B to B 4.

(r) If 21. . . . B takes B ; 22. P takes B, P to K 5, then 23. P takes Kt, P takes Kt ; 24. B P takes P with a winning game for White. If 24. . . . Q takes Kt P, then 25. P to B 6 or, if 24. . . . Q to Kt 4, then 25. P to Kt 3, Q to Kt 5 ; 26. K to R sq.

(s) Not Q to K 2 because of P takes P.

(t) If 22. . . . B takes B ; 23. P takes B, P to K 5, then 24. P takes Kt, P takes Kt ; 25. Q takes P with a winning game for White.

(u) Threatening P to Kt 5 followed by Kt takes Q P.

(v) Desperation. If, instead, 25. . . . Q to B 3, then 26. P to Kt 5 followed, if 26. . . . Kt to R 4, by 27. Kt takes Q P or, if 26. . . . Kt to K 2, to 27. P to B 6, P takes P ; 28. P to Kt 6.

(w) Threatening 26. . . . R to Kt 4, ch ; 27. K to B sq (if K to R sq, then R to R 4), P to Q 6 ; 28. Q takes P, Kt to Q 5.

(x) If R to Kt 4, ch, then K to R sq.

(y) If 32. . . . P takes P, then 33. P to Kt 6, P to B 4 ; 34. R to R 7.

(z) Threatening Q takes Kt.

(aa) R to K sq is an alternative. The text-move, however, is stronger.

(bb) Dr. Euwe points out in *Tijdschrift van den Koninklijken Nederlandschen Schaakbond* that Q to Q 7 is slightly better (see note dd).

(cc) If Q to K 5, ch, then K to Q 2.

(dd) If White had played 36. Q to Q 7 (instead of 36. Q to Q 8), this move would have been impossible.

(ee) 41. K to K sq was Dr. Euwe's sealed move at the adjournment, but Dr. Alekhine resigned without resuming play. If Q to R sq, then R to R 8 and wins, Black having only a few checks with his Queen. If R to B sq, then R to R 2 followed, if Q to B 4 or K to R 2, by R to B 2 and wins.

END-GAME STUDY

By A. A. TROITZKY.*

WHITE (3 pieces) : King at K Kt 2, Queen at Q B sq, Bishop at K Kt 7.

BLACK (4 pieces) : King at K Kt 5, Queen at K R 2, Bishop at Q 2, Pawn at K R 4.

White to play and win.

**Chess Amateur*, 1916.

PROBLEM No. 3957

By A. FIGDOR.*

WHITE (6 pieces) : King at K B 6, Bishops at K 2 and Q B sq, Knights at Q Kt 3 and K B 4, Pawn at Q B 2.

BLACK (8 pieces) : King at K 5, Knight at Q Kt 2, Pawns at K B 2, Q 4, Q B 4, Q B 5, Q B 6 and K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

**Wiener Schachzeitung*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3956

1. B to B 2, Any move ; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

TOURNAMENT AT LODZ.—An international tournament has recently been held at Lodz. Eight Polish players, among them Dr. Tartakower, took part, together with Eliskases (Austria), Stahlberg (Sweden), L. Steiner (Hungary), Miss Menchik (England), Pirc (Jugoslavia), Dr. Seitz (Germany), Foltys (Czechoslovakia), and Petrow (Latvia). The final scores were as follows : Pirc 11½ points out of 15, Dr. Tartakower 10, Eliskases, Petrow and Stahlberg each 9½, Gerstenfeld 8½, F. Frydman 8, Apsel and L. Steiner 7½, Foltys, Krolki and Najdorf each 7, Regedzinski 6½, Sulik 5, Miss Menchik 3½, and Dr. Seitz 2½.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

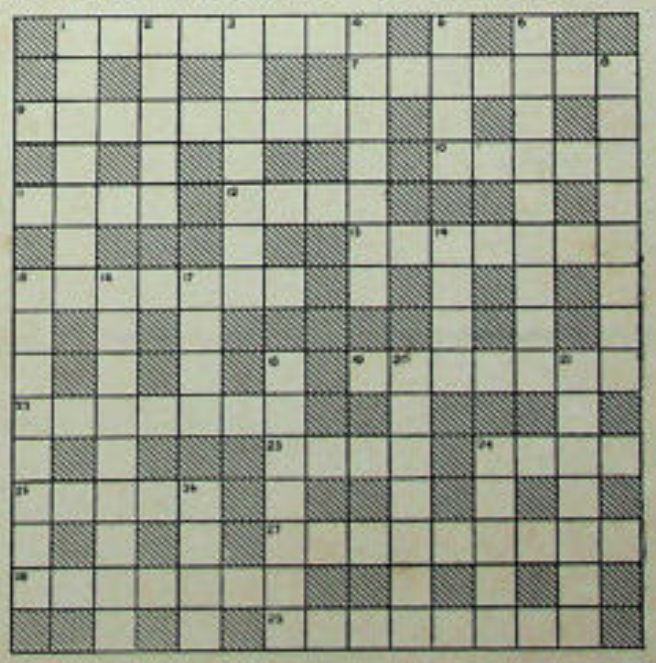
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 460

ACROSS.—1, Most useful to a doctor. 7, This should throw light on the problem. 9, A dream horse or a dark one ? 10, Food found in the wood. 11, You and I in the Navy seem to spell disaster. 12, Rage in the Free State. 13, The centre of the electioneer is mine. 15, "Game ant" (anagram). 19, Finish a Cockney steed. 22, Patron saint of Newmarket ? 23, Food of men in Scotland and horses in England. 24, The whole state is part reversed. 25, Useful to a bridge contractor. 27, Go into a Scottish town to harbour. 28, News, perhaps from the sea. 29, Starts a bird and ends a fish skin.

DOWN.—1, "Air lump" (anagram). 2, Made of ash, like a foot. 3, Shakespearean storm. 4, Tea were shattered after the melé over a fundamental. 5, Obstacle, mostly a horse. 6, The main part is included in the rest. 8, The sixth sense ? 14, This state of mind reversed is an unhappy end. 15, This bird wears a mat shirt. 16, Birds marked over with arrows. 17, Eager. 18, Valour sounds like a female figure-head. 20, An incentive to poultry. 21, A position, usually near the rails. 24, A tax on male tits ? 26, They burnt the furniture to make her go.

SOLUTION TO No. 459
Published April 9th

M	I	L	E	S	T	O	N	E	S		S	H	O	W
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R	O	S	E		F	L	O	W	E	R	B	E	D	S



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Fishing in the Thames.—There is no licence required for Thames fishing unless you wish to fish from the weir bridges in which case you must obtain a special permit. Free fishing in the Thames runs up as far as Staines, but in practice there are a great many owners who do not preserve their fishing. At the moment, however, the coarse fish are in close season and you will have to wait until June 15th before you can fish for them.—*P. P. P., Middlesex.*

Stirring Up a Pond.—Our biologist reports both the mirror carp you sent were covered with fungus Saprolegnia in a very active condition. The fungus had grown over the eyes, which accounts for the apparent blindness of the fish, though the eyes themselves were in a healthy condition apart from this covering of fungus. The gills showed signs of poor functioning, probably due to the action of bad gases in the water, and he suggests that the stirring up of the bottom has liberated a good deal of sulphuretted hydrogen gas and carbon-dioxide gas and that the former, in particular, has affected the fish. The fish left in the pond might be removed for a time until the waters free themselves from these gases and a good flow of water should be passed through.—*E. M., Somerset.*

Country House

Fertilisers for Lawns.—"Nitrogen" is not the name of a fertiliser, but of an element required by the plant as food. There are three chief elements commonly lacking in the soil and needed by plants—nitrogen, phosphoric acid (phosphate) and potash—and these cannot conveniently be applied as elements, though they can be as substances called fertilisers containing them. Thus, the fertiliser sulphate of ammonia is composed of the elements nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur and oxygen, but the only one of these of any value to the plant is nitrogen, of which sulphate of ammonia contains 20.6 per cent. Sulphate of ammonia is therefore a nitrogeneous fertiliser. Fertilisers are valued according to the amount of the plant food elements they contain. This also determines the rate of application. Only fertilisers with a guaranteed analysis should be purchased. To keep a lawn in perfect condition it should first be given a complete fertiliser early in spring. Imperial Chemical Industries Garden Fertiliser at the rate of 5lb. per 10 sq. yds. is excellent, and, being granular, it is easy to distribute evenly. This treatment should be followed at two to three-week intervals by dressings of a nitrogenous fertiliser, withholding applications in dry weather, and stopping them altogether in August. If the lawn is weed-free, dressings of 2lb. sulphate of ammonia per 10 sq. yds. will be satisfactory, but care must be taken to apply on a dry day when rain is expected, or to water the fertiliser in, lest the grass be scorched. For weedy lawns, I.C.I. Lawn Fertiliser should be used instead of sulphate of ammonia. This acts as a fertiliser and weed killer at the same time, and, since its granular condition prevents any risk of scorching, it need not be watered in. Dressings of 3lb. per 10 sq. yds. are satisfactory. Dressing is best done by throwing the fertiliser vigorously into the air with an upward, sweeping motion of the arm, so that the material falls as a light, even spray. Alternatively, the lawn can be marked out by string into 10yd. square blocks and measured amounts of fertiliser sprinkled evenly over. If sulphate of ammonia is used, it can be mixed with sand or fine dry soil to ensure uniform distribution.—*F. G. S., Bluntisfield.*

Garden

Scabious Specialist.—The address of Mr. Isaac House, the scabious specialist, is The Nursery, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.—*E. H. L., Nanmerek.*

Clearing Ground of Oak Stumps and Roots.—The method you mention of drilling the stumps and filling them with a chemical which causes the wood to smoulder and gradually burn away is unsatisfactory. The best way is to use gunpowder, but the job should be done by an experienced man.—*L. H. S., E.C. 4.*

Lime Branch Sent for Inspection.—The specimen you sent was hardly large enough to enable us to express any opinion, but the cause of the smaller branches dying is probably some injury or disease low down in the tree or at the roots. It is possible that the whole trouble is due to faulty root action, and it would be advisable to make sure that there is no waterlogging or danger from drought. In the case of the latter a heavy mulch of vegetable matter during the summer is the best treatment. In the meantime any dead or dying branches should be cut back to healthy buds.—*G. K. E., Kingswood.*

Kennel

Insurance.—The Canine Insurance Association, Ltd., 57, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C. 3, would cover all risks for you.—*E. L., Renfrewshire.*

Red Setters.—Probably the climate has something to do with the poor coats, or the dogs may want worming. Brush them well every day. There is nothing to be done by external applications.—*A. S. A., Rhodesia.*

Hysteria.—Certainly you should not have the dogs destroyed because they have suffered from hysteria. Recovery is usual, although the trouble may recur. With a change of surroundings and food, however, they may never have a relapse. Try other boarding kennels.—*R. P. M., Kensington.*

Regurgitation.—Feeding by regurgitation is a survival of a wild habit, and is by no means a practice common to all modern bitches. We have not known a bitch continue to feed this way after puppies have been weaned. Yours is exceptional. We cannot say how long would have to elapse after a meal.—*E. M., Shere.*

Skye Terriers.—You would probably be able to get a Skye terrier from one of the following breeders. There are not many kennels devoted to them. Lady Marcia Miles, Newington Grange, Folkestone; Lady Alexander of Ballochmyle, Faygate Wood, Faygate, Sussex; Miss J. Craig, The Rocks, East Grinstead, Sussex; Mrs. Cuthbert, Meerend Kennels, Kenilworth, Warwickshire; Mrs. Sandwith, The Studio, North Holmwood, Dorking, Surrey.—*Miss B., Wirral.*

Treatment of Hysteria.—Your history of troubles with hysteria is quite typical, and as usual the doubt creeps in as to whether all the cases of fits cited are due to hysteria pure and simple, or to some other causes quite unconnected with it, and it is quite difficult to sift the corn from the chaff. The treatment of hysteria is at present entirely empirical, unless my contention that the "brain storm" is due to reflex action on the brain from irritation of the intestines by internal parasites, and we think that you might do worse than give the treatment we have used successfully in hundreds of cases during the past eight or nine years. The treatment is to give a 1 c.c. capsule of tetrachlorethylene (Nema) three times in one week, twice in the next, and three times in the third week, during which period the dog should be kept as quiet and as free from excitement as possible. In extreme cases we have given a capsule a day for a week. The drug is both a vermicide and a powerful cerebral sedative, and if given on an empty stomach may give rise to symptoms of intoxication and/or a deep sleep, but appears to have no adverse after-effects. The diet should be meat and stale brown bread, fed dry. We passed your letter on to the Secretary of the Committee of Preliminary Investigation, which met in this office on March 31st.—*R. N. S., Lambethurst.*

Legal

Damage by Rooks.—No action lies for damage done to wild animals or birds which stray from one man's land to his neighbour's. Thus in Bullstones' case (1897) it was held that a landowner was not liable for damage done by rabbits which had strayed among his neighbour's corn. In a very much later case, Stern *v.* Prentice Bros. (1919), where rats were attracted to a heap of bones on defendant's premises and passed on to eat the plaintiff's corn, it was held that the defendant was not liable because the bones were not kept in unusual quantities. If, however, a man by artificial means increases the amount of game on his land so that that game damages the neighbour's crops, he will be liable. A landowner must use his land reasonably, having regard to his own and his neighbour's interests. If you have done nothing to increase the number of rooks you should be immune. If your neighbour shoots at anything on your land he is committing trespass and you can sue for damage. You are perfectly correct in saying that the rooks, though they might do some damage, will not abate rain any crops. Rooks compensate for a great deal of the damage they do by the good they do. That, at least, is a good general rule, but we are, of course, not familiar with the particular local conditions.—*A. E., Colchester.*

Miscellaneous

Sprayer Pulverisateur Le Frangais.—You will be able to replace the fitment you require at the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.—*F. G. P., Stroud.*

Naturalist

Trapping of Grey Squirrels.—There are a number of traps suitable for catching grey squirrels. The most useful, I think, particularly where squirrels are numerous, is a wire netting cage. This actually should be 2ft. or 3ft. square, with a "sleeve" entrance at either the top or the side, corn being used as the bait. This trap has the advantage of remaining set for an indefinite period, and any other animals or birds that may be caught accidentally can rapidly be released. The tunnel trap has also been found to be very satisfactory. We would remind you that the use of spring traps, except in rabbit holes, is prohibited by the Ground Game Act, 1880; and that, having regard to the Wild Birds Protection Act, 1904, the fencing, placing or setting of any traps or similar instrument on any pole, tree or cairn of stones or earth, for the purpose of killing grey squirrels is not permissible as the law stands at present.—*A. W., London, N. 2.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Zinc Poisoning of Budgerigars.—The hen budgerigar died of chronic zinc poisoning. The owner reported having recently lost three other budgerigars, and that they were housed in an outdoor aviary, one side of which was enclosed with "meat-safe" zinc mesh. She had observed several small holes in the mesh where the zinc had been nibbled away. Zinc poisoning is a not uncommon cause of death among aviary and cage-birds, which peck at projecting pieces of solder or a broken piece of zinc plate.—*A. G., Cumberland.*

Fowl Paralysis.—Pullets from two correspondents were found to have been affected with the inherited disease, fowl paralysis. The onset of lameness, drooping wing, blindness or wry-neck may occur about the tenth to twelfth week of life; usually the first signs are not manifest until the pullets come into lay. When the disease has been diagnosed the flock should be thoroughly culled by an expert; the culled birds should be destroyed for table purposes. Birds carrying the blood lines of the diseased should not be bred from. No curative is known.—*M. W. S., Norfolk; C. K. S., London.*

Capillariasis of Pheasants and Partridges.—Three partridges and two pheasants died from the severe inflammation of the bowels caused by threadworms, the disease being known as capillariasis. It is spread through contamination of the food by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. Young birds during their first winter are especially liable to die of the disease. One of the pheasants had been newly imported and was penned with a cock, which the owner reported as very sickly. The cock should be given a nicotine compound pill, followed by a second pill after an interval of seven days; on the ninth day it should be moved into a clean pen. The ground of the infected pen should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of birds for at least twelve months.—*J. A. P., Notts; A. G., Staffs; J. B., Glos.*

Travel

Quarters in Ireland.—If you stay at the Butler Arms Hotel, Waterville, Co. Kerry, you will enjoy a variety of fishing. The Waterville and Inny rivers provide excellent salmon and both sea and brown trout can be caught in the rivers of Lough Currane and Caummergh. First class sea fishing also can be obtained in Ballinskelligs Bay. Residents of Vickary's or Eccles Hotel in Glengarriff or Bantry will find many trout and occasional salmon in the Owvane, Mealagh, Glengarriff and Durrus rivers, while excellent sea fishing can be enjoyed off the coast. In Glenbeigh the rivers Caragh and Behy and also Lough Coumasaharn provide both salmon and trout, and sea fishing is very much in evidence in Dingle Bay; the Glenbeigh Hotel will make you very comfortable. If you stay at Devanny's Hotel in Easky, Co. Sligo, you will find both trout fishing on the Easky and sea fishing at Enniscrone. The Zetland Hotel in Cashel Bay, Connemara, is within reach of Ballynahinch river, where there is good salmon fishing, and the trout of Loughs Inagh, Derryclare and Glendalough provide plenty of sport. You can also go after sea fish in Cashel Bay. Hotel tariffs, from May to September, range from 4 to 5 guineas a week, and all those mentioned above reserve salmon beats on certain rivers for which individual charges vary between 15/- and 21/- a day, including gillies, wages and lunch. Nearly all the trout fishing is free, but boats and loughs usually cost 10/- a day, including the boatman's wages. A licence costing £2 is needed for salmon fishing. Charges for motor boats for sea fishing are usually £4 to £6 a week. Very big fish such as halibut and skate are found in Ballinskilligo up to 150lb., while congers of 40lb. to 50lb. are caught. For further information regarding farmhouse accommodation, &c., we advise you to inquire of the Irish Tourist Association, O'Connell St., Dublin.—*C. H. S., Federated Malay States.*

THE FIELD

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

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

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The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

From the portrait by Mr. T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition

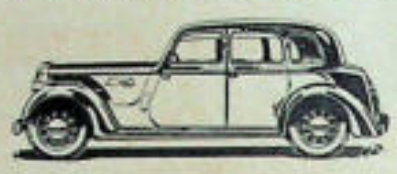
"The Observer"

says

"They have not taken advantage of the increased efficiency of the engines to squeeze another 5 m.p.h. on to its pace. Instead, they have used it to make the car more comfortable, to 'ease' the performance. This is a fast car in the latest mode—the imperceptible."

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One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.

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THE FIELD

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CONTENTS

CANINE HYSTERIA INVESTIGATION	1031
SOME POLO PONIES AND POLO PLAYERS	1032
ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS	1033
CHESTER AND ITS ATTRACTIONS	1037
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: BERWICKSHIRE	1038
TROUT PLUS STICKLEBACK	1040
THE RED-NECKED PHALAROPE	1041
LIFE IN THE OPEN RECORDED ON CANVAS	1042
SPORT IN ART SEEN FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES	1043
MUNNINGS'S EXHIBITION PICTURES	1044
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING	1046
FIFTY YEARS AGO	1046
IN THE SALEROOM	1046
FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK	1046
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Vermin and the Forestry Commission; Decoying Pigeons; The Function of the Kype; &c.	1047
IN THE CITY	1050
NEW BOOKS	1051
A START TO THE YACHTING SEASON	1052
SWING IN GOLF	1052
HERALDS OF SUMMER: COLUMBINES	1054
THE HOME FARM	1054
THE HERBACEOUS BORDER	1056
LITTLE WARRIOR DOGS	1056
POINTS ABOUT HAYMAKING	1059
A SMALL TRACTOR FOR THE FARM	1059
FLOWER GROWING FOR MARKET	1060
ENGLISH SETTER CLUB FIELD TRIALS	1060
AN ARISTOCRATIC FOUR-CYLINDER	1063
IS SPORTING AVIATION ON THE DECLINE?	1064
MADEIRA: ISLAND OF FLOWERS	1067
BRIGHTER BUXTON	1068
CARDS AND CHESS	1071
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1072

OCEAN RACING—NEW CLASSES FOR OLD

WHILE it is never advisable to favour more keenly one branch of yachting than another we have consistently urged the importance of off-shore racing to British yachting in general. The growth of the off-shore cult has in recent years been prodigious, but, as we have not hesitated to observe from time to time, it has seemed that there has been one prominent fly in the ointment. Come fair weather, come foul, it looked as if the fortune of a race must inevitably fall to the newest and latest and most modern and most expensive of the ocean racing fleet.

Had such an appearance persisted it could not fail to have had harmful reactions. This year, owing to the wisdom of the R.O.R.C., even this danger vanishes with the new classifications for ocean racers in British off-shore matches. For the future these deep-water contestants are to be divided into three categories. Firstly, there will be an "open" class in which any yacht coming within the size limits for a race can try her luck. This is a clear-cut classification and should presumably, on "form," leave the issue between the Orfaes and the Maids of Malham and the Bloodhounds. Secondly, there is to be a fast cruiser class into which will pass all those entrants which by reason of light scantlings and so on were formerly ineligible for the old "cruiser class," but which have not been built specifically for the off-shore game. Lastly, there will be a pure "cruiser class" within which the straightest of straight-stemmers can now find an even place.

The basis of actual classification will still be the successful "debits and credits" system, but with the modification that sailing and racing "form" will now become an important factor. The class in which an entrant must lie will depend upon the final balance of her debits and credits: if the credits exceed her debits she will be a "fast cruiser." This seems to us to provide a most workmanlike solution of the classification problem—the more so as it introduces "form." And, since the R.O.R.C. is usually extremely successful in all its innovations, we can expect confidently that this new scheme will not only smooth out even the appearance of inequalities, but will also result in even larger starting fleets than ever.

Yet, although the new rulings should undoubtedly have the effect of increasing the numbers of the offshore fleets, there is in this the possibility of a faint misgiving. One cannot think only in terms of ships: there is the personnel to be considered also. An increase in offshore entrants, particularly in the classes now framed for fast cruisers and "pure" cruisers, means that by just that amount will ordinary handicap racing and regular honest-to-goodness cruising be the loser. Therein lies danger now, and even a very cursory glance at ocean-racing's ambitions and comprehensive programme for this season indicates the magnitude of this danger. When ocean-racing first attracted interest in British waters it was welcomed as an ideal bridge for the gap which has always yawned between racing and cruising. Recent years have seen it become much more than this.

In the *Field*, 50 years ago, it was pointed out that over-classification with its tendencies towards specialisation were injurious. The intervening years have seen British racing wandering deeper and deeper into a labyrinth of metre-boats, one-designs and "restricteds." In the bypaths many a fine class has been lost. One does not want to see that happen to the other important branch of yachting. Already one sees the handicap cruiser-racer drawn into the offshore orbit. Excessive development along these lines will spell the end of casual cruising, the end of handicap racing, and these would be major disasters. For the moment this excessive development is not even in sight, but we think the time ripe, while welcoming the new classifications, to sound a note of caution.

THE MILK BILL

LAST autumn we cast some doubts on the Government's new milk policy. We have not, since that date, seen any reason to alter our opinions, and we are not, therefore, in the least surprised to find that that policy is meeting with considerable opposition. The question of the small private trader and the large company in the distributive section of the trade is too big to go into here. It is possible that a monopoly for the big companies would reduce costs in the districts in which those companies operated, but monopoly brings in its train many evils—and particularly that great evil which cannot be assessed in terms of money, the evil that arises from lack of incentive to serve.

If the dairy industry is in a bad way, or is in need of radical reform, it is surely a bad policy to remove from it the small men, who are after all the sinews of the industry? In any case, monopoly—that is, of course, in no way nationalisation—goes against the grain of English business which has been built up over many years in free competition and the will to serve. The small man is in all things, but particularly in farming and its subsidiary trades, the backbone of England, and we should not like to see him go in favour of any soulless company operated by men of business divorced from the land, and their customers.

THIS SEASON'S OTTER HUNTING

It seems unlikely that this will be a good season for otter hunters. Streams are abnormally low for the time of year, and will either become lower still or will flood heavily later on, when the second part of that ominous sentence which appears on the fixture cards of most otter hounds, "weather and water permitting" will become operative. If there are no floods, the upper reaches of a great many rivers will become unhuntable through lack of water (a state when no good sportsman will hunt them), and will probably be unworked by otters anyway. When rivers become abnormally low otters generally lie up in the hills or woods, or frequent large lakes and meres, or drop down to the sea, and live in the cliffs. There is an interesting theory, whether tenable or not we would not say, that otters which lie up in the woods away from streams change their scent owing to the lack of fish oil in their diet, so that even if hounds do cross a drag of such an otter, they will not stoop to it.

SPORT IN THE ARMY

When the first news of limiting sport at Aldershot came through, alarm and despondency was registered. Like many rumours it proved to be exaggerated and the object, it is stated, is to prune some of the more specialised events in order to foster the playing of games by the greater number. This is a laudable desire, but we must still hope that the Army will always remain a fertile field for producing the nation's leading athletes and, may we add, even in these days of mechanisation, horsemen. Rumours have been current concerning the dropping of the Aldershot Tattoo. This would be a disaster. The tattoo appeals to the public imagination. If it entails too much time it might be of a less elaborate nature, but the Flag must be shown, and it is not shown half enough to-day.

BRIGHTER CRICKET

If Don Bradman's remarks at the British Sportsman's Club luncheon come true we shall have a bright cricket season. The Australians, he told us, have arrived with a determination to make the game as attractive as possible, and it is to be hoped that the counties will co-operate with them. The public have been complaining for some time of the dour and slow cricket provided by some county elevens, but if only the spirit of the Australians' captain's words can be invested into county cricket generally the M.C.C. can cease to worry about falling gate attendances and dropping finances.

His Majesty the King has expressed a hope that he will see the Australians in play, adding that he "is sure that the coming cricket season will provide the keen and sporting matches which we are accustomed to associate with our visitors from overseas." Let us hope, then, that the spirit of cricket will reflect his words in every sense.

MAYDAY AT BLAGDON

To-morrow, in addition to opening the season at Blagdon, is to see a memorable ceremony in the presentation of a testimonial to Donald Carr, at which, it is safe to say, many of the habitués of the famous fishing lake will be present. It is now thirty-four years since fishing started on the Yeo Reservoir, and no one will seriously dispute that the exceptional average size which its stock has maintained has been due, above all, to the skill and foresight of Donald Carr's management. It seems odd now to look back on the pessimistic prophecies which followed its early success, with their assumption that the rapid growth of its trout was due to newly-drowned land, and that the lake, like other artificial reservoirs, would soon drop into mediocrity as a trout water. To-morrow's presentation shows at least that the present generation of anglers has not forgotten the debt it owes to the Bristol Waterworks Company, and to Donald Carr as its active agent, in the production of great trout and great trout fishing.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an advertisement in a daily paper:

"Fashionable ladies, why not have your little dog tinted to match your dress for special occasions? Lady has discovered process guaranteed harmless to the most delicate animal, prettiest pastel shades imaginable."

SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

Some notable additions have been made to our open spaces during the last month. Through the generosity of Mrs. J. L. T. Evans the Shakespeare Trust has acquired the estate of seventeen acres facing Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, and as the land behind it has already been secured, the famous relic will be preserved in its setting for all time. Another historic spot, Devil's Dyke, near Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, is included in 100 acres Lord Brocket has given to be maintained as an open space. Middlesex County Council have acquired the mansion of Theobalds Park for a subsidiary General Hospital pending the rebuilding of the North Middlesex Hospital. Old Temple Bar was re-erected here as a gateway to the estate which, it is stated, may be added to London's Green Belt. It is encouraging to see the countryside and our famous landmarks saved bit by bit through private generosity and public action, but there is plenty of opportunity for those who can give support in a small way to do so. A case in point is the preservation of the Gog Magog Hills, £5,000 being urgently needed to make up the £15,000 required to obtain the £5,000 grant offered by the Pilgrim Trustees. To those who have the interest of the countryside at heart the sad news of the death of Sir Guy Dawber comes as a blow. He was indeed a great campaigner and the founder of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

AMAZING GOLF

Even Charles Whitcombe's magnificent last round at Moor Park last week, when he overtook his young nephew and won the "Silver King" event with the astonishingly low aggregate of 276, was overshadowed by the amazing performance of the veteran golfer "Sandy" Herd. In celebration of his 70th birthday Herd returned a total of 288 for the four rounds—an average of 4's for the tournament—and went round the West Course in 67. But for an unlucky seven at one hole Herd's card would have established a new course record. In 1902 Herd, at the age of 34, won the Open Championship with a total of 307 at Hoylake, making golf history by using a new rubber-cored ball. Thirty-six years later this same professional gave such a display of skill and accuracy that he finished only twelve strokes behind the winner and only six behind the present Open champion. Herd's achievement will be classified for all time as one of the greatest feats in golf.

DROUGHT AND THE FUTURE

Once more we are experiencing a drought (officially it may have been broken, but the amount of rain that has fallen is of no account to farmers here in the south) and there seems to be no prospect of a real break. Before long we may be urged to stringent economy in the use of water, and then some districts will bear real hardship and great loss. We have had similar conditions before. Have we learnt anything from them? It is possible that we are at the commencement of a period when the rainfall over a number of years will be less than that to which we are accustomed. Are we, as common sense—the prerogative of Englishmen, surely?—dictates, doing anything to meet the conditions of another drought at any time in the future? We are not. We forget a drought so soon as it is over, and suffer accordingly. There was, at one time, some talk of a "water grid," but we do not hear anything about that nowadays. And we could, at little trouble, save much more of our rainfall than we do.

AN UNWILLING EMIGRANT

In a recent issue a poem appeared under this heading, signed "T. M.," which, after telling of the joys of the white hills of the Borders and the delights of the Tweed, went on:—

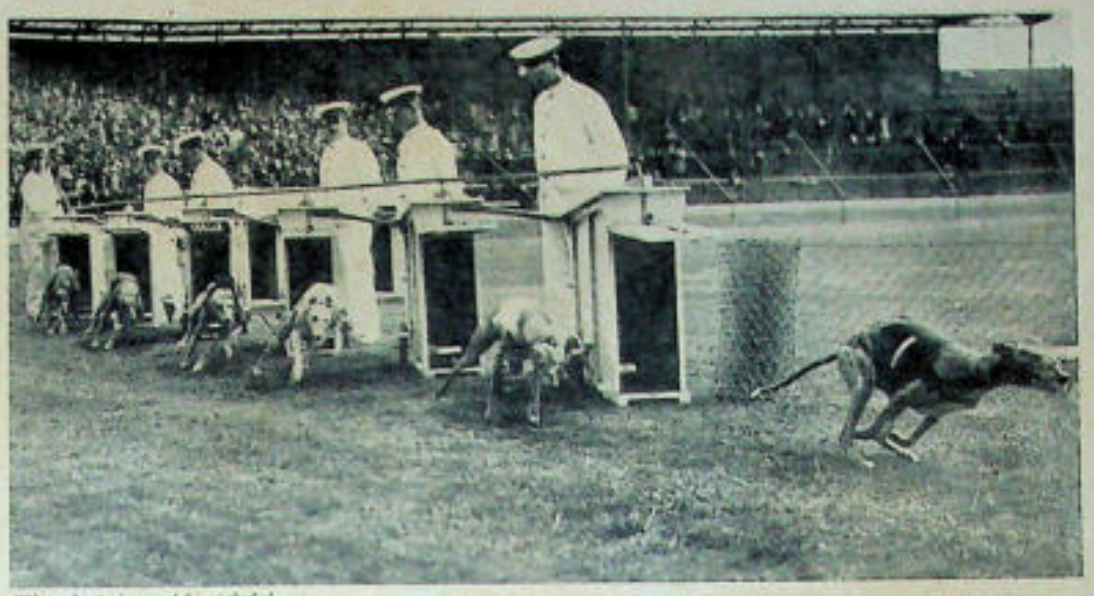
Oh, how can I change the soft music
Of the Rhymer of Ercildoune
For the hiss of the sand and the drone of the flies
And the drum of the drab monsoon?

How can I leave the green pastures
Where Teviot and Borthwick smile
For the burn of the savage desert,
And the sand-clogged, soulless Nile?

It drew forth a reply in verse, as follows:—

Stroll no more by Tweed and dream,
Your absence makes the Colonel scream.
The sand and flies are all you say
But that is why you draw your pay.
Cease tickling nose of wily trout,
Return to work, you lazy lout.
Perhaps Gebeit you think is slow,
But anyhow there is no snow.

ADJUTANT.



Where hysteria must be excluded

CANINE HYSTERIA INVESTIGATION

The Work of the "Field" Committee of Inquiry

WHEN the first meeting was held of the *Field* Committee formed to investigate canine hysteria it was generally agreed that its work could only be of a preliminary nature. With that object in view the Secretary, Mr. J. Smith, was asked to collate all available material published and letters received on this subject, and to make a summary which could be placed before the members of the committee for their guidance.

From such a summary it was anticipated there would emerge some data to form a base for a possible line of investigation. It was realised at the outset that the committee could only proceed upon fact; that, as in the case of distemper, there is a good deal of misconception as to what constitutes hysteria; that various theories are prevalent as to its cause; and that many of the suggested cures and preventives are contradictory in their nature. It was amply borne out in Mr. Smith's report that in the main his correspondence indicated there was no really definite information supported by scientific proof.

There was especially a divergence of views concerning imitative hysteria in the vicinity of real cases. In some instances it is apparently communicated to dogs out of sight, but not out of sound, of the sufferer; in other cases dogs in the neighbourhood have been found to appear quite indifferent. It seems fairly obvious that many symptoms which look like hysteria are not necessarily to be described as such, and in consequence "cures" which operate in these cases cannot be put down as remedies for hysteria. Sir Merrik Burrell observed that to his knowledge ear trouble, which his headkeeper was able to remedy, had been wrongly labelled as hysteria.

From the foregoing it must not be inferred that all the information supplied to the committee was of a negative nature. Far from this being the case, it appeared that useful investigation could be pursued in at least three directions; that sources of information could be examined which were supported by the fact that not only had the kennels concerned been kept free from hysteria, but that those in charge of them had also been able to cope successfully with the complaint when introduced from outside sources.

It was, therefore, resolved to ask certain correspondents who had been successful in these directions if they would be willing to give the committee the assistance of their valuable knowledge.

At this juncture it is not proposed to give names, though many *Field* readers may be able to identify the people concerned. One source of information comes from a well-known Master of Foxhounds, who whole-heartedly testifies to the achievements of a noted veterinary surgeon; another is from a veterinary authority through whose hands 85,000 racing greyhounds have passed, immune from hysteria, within a period of six years.

The success they have met with can only result from definitely calculated treatment carried out after careful deliberation, and the conclusions arrived at must carry weight. In order to judge the importance that attaches to such evidence some details may be set down here.

The Master of Hounds quoted published a testimonial to the cures made by his veterinary surgeon. He stated that until 1937 he had never had a case of hysteria in his kennels, though he had kept dogs of all kinds and had walked puppies for 37 years. He was a little sceptical at first as to whether his practitioner had discovered the cause and cure of hysteria but, in view of the weight of evidence he was able to produce, both with experimental animals and cases among his clients, he decided to give his treatment a trial. The result he describes as astonishing, a cure being effected in a matter of days. Since publishing the particulars of his good fortune this M.F.H. has had no less than 210 enquiries, including one from Pennsylvania and one from India, and his veterinary surgeon has received many letters of grateful thanks. The treatment he described as both a preventive and cure. Over three months have passed since the treatment was tried, and there have been no reactions, while the hound puppies are described as having improved out of all recognition. He goes on to state that the dam of the puppies concerned was a hysteria subject herself, which might make it seem as though there were hereditary reasons for the outbreak.

The veterinary surgeon who has so successfully handled racing greyhounds gave his experiences recently at a meeting of the Central Veterinary Society, which has been reported in the *Veterinary Record*. It was then that he mentioned that 85,000 runners had left his kennels during a period of six years without hysteria ever appearing. He said: "I still believe there is something in the feeding theory. I heard it said at Scarborough by a speaker that he fed his greyhounds exactly as I did and he had experienced the disease, but I have never been able to make certain that fresh brown bread was fed every day and that there was somebody on duty every day to insist that vegetables were fresh daily and never cooked for more than 20 to 30 minutes. Fate has been somewhat kinder to me since Scarborough and I have three incidents to record.

"The first one concerns my stud dog kennels. When I was away last year I learned that a stud dog which had been two years in my kennels, and a deerhound which had been one year, had had hysteria. I was only away for a week, and these dogs were reported as having had it and had apparently recovered in four days. . . . Careful inquiry revealed that the attendant was cooking his vegetables for two hours every day. I altered that and made every effort to excite my dogs—without effect. They never had it before nor have they had it since.

"The second incident concerned another dog which came from another kennel to race at the White City. I knew that there was hysteria where he came from, but I put him in a racing kennel with normal dogs. He had two attacks in two days and went on to race and remained normal for the rest of the year. He had no treatment."

The speaker related that his third experience concerned four dogs, about sixteen months old, which were raving mad, according to their owner. In a week all trace of nervousness left them, and in six weeks they went to a trainer and showed no further sign of hysteria. They received no medical treatment. Greyhounds running loose in adjacent paddocks neither took hysteria themselves nor excited the previously stricken ones to recurrence.

The question is asked whether the dog about to go off with an attack of hysteria is a dog which is only just holding its balance due to vitamin deficiency: that any unusual noise or perhaps another dog or countless other things are merely the stimuli which upset the balance and that this is why the condition *appears* to be infectious.

So far has the work of the *Field* Hysteria Committee progressed in its early stages, and reports of its activities and conclusions will be given from time to time in these columns.



MR. TYRRELL-MARTIN
"who captained our team in 1936"



MR. R. SKENE
"who might very well get his place as No. 1"



CAPTAIN HUMPHREY GUINNESS
"who, at his best, is positively brilliant"

SOME POLO PONIES AND POLO PLAYERS

Considering the Materials for This Season

THE opening of the London season is on us, and although I do not know whether any Whitney Cup Ties are due to be played next week at the moment of writing, the London grounds will be opened, and almost before we know it we shall be in the thick of it. That is unless the weather breaks and holds everything up, as it did last year, when the season properly started with the Roehampton Open Cup after all of us had champed with impatience for some precious weeks.

Out in the country it has been possible to begin extraordinarily early, and at Tidworth they have been hard at it for weeks. If the fine weather persists through the season, there will be some tired ponies at the end of the summer. Incidentally, at Tidworth there are collected four of the best polo-playing regiments, and whoever go up to Hurlingham for the semi-final ties of the Inter-Regimental will have gone a very long way to winning the Cup.

The Texas Rangers are not due to be complete until next week, as Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin has been delayed by the prolongation of his duties in California owing to the floods, but their ponies will, I gather, be in England by now and the ponies Mr. Tyrrell-Martin will play during the coming season are at present at Aldershot, where I have been privileged to see them. The Hurricanes, Mr. R. Loewenstein's Argentine team, and the Jaguars have been hard at work at Dunster, and to-day (Saturday, April 30th) are due to play a match on those glorious lawns where, no doubt, the country-side will gather to see the fun. I hear, too, that the Maharajah of Jaipur and Raj Kumar Prithi Singh are to be in London this season, but, I gather, not to play.

Naturally, the chief interest, apart from a most promising London programme, is the question of choosing and mounting our probable Westchester Cup team. At present there is no certainty anywhere exactly who that team will be. Of the obvious "probables" are Mr. Tyrrell-Martin, who captained our team in 1936, Mr. Gerald Balding, who had not a particularly successful run in America last season, but played wonderful polo in London and, later, in India, Captain H. P. Guinness, who at his best is positively brilliant, Mr. H. Hughes, who did so well in the last series, Captain Sanger and Captain Roark. Mr. Aidan Roark will be playing for the Texas Rangers, and his form will be interesting to see, as this might be a solution of pressing difficulties. There is also Mr. R. Skene, who might very well get his place as No. 1.

Mr. Tyrrell-Martin will be playing a number of ponies brought over by Major N. W. Leaf from Argentina, at present at Aldershot.

Then there are the Argentine ponies bought by the Purchasing Committee who are at present at Osmaston, where they are being got ready. So far one does not know how these are to be allocated, very naturally; nor can one say when they are likely to be seen in action. There is only one way to form a competent judgment of a polo pony's quality, and that is on the field of play; but at all events this lot are all proved performers and have great reputations.



TWO MORE "LIKELIES"
Mr. Hughes (left), "who did so well in the last series," and Mr. Gerald Balding, "who played wonderful polo in London and, later, in India"

A chestnut gelding Gringo, which I took to be aged, but is eight years old, looks, by comparison with the others, a small pony, but in fact that is deceptive, and he is up to lots of weight, having carried Mr. J. Cavanagh, a large man, in the Argentine Open Championship in 1936 and last year. He is by Crisologo, is remarkably fast, and was champion pony at Venado Tuerto show. Then there is Federal, a seven-year-old black gelding by Yaneza Pinedo out of Federación, good looking, but with an enormous amount in front and an abnormally long neck. He has a beautifully fluent action and is, I am told, a lovely pony to play. He was played by Mr. Luis Duggan in last year's Open Championship.

There is, of course, a great deal of Craganour blood in those parts, and Inez, a grey gelding, seven years old, is by Miseltoe (by Craganour), sire of many famous ponies, out of Curiosity, who in spite of her looks, won many races. Her son takes after her, for he is not lovely to look at, but has inherited her speed. After all, "handsome is as handsome does," and this pony has earned his reputation. He is extremely fast, and was played last year by Mr. S. A. Casares in the Open and the Championship. From the point of view of looks Atalanta, a brown or black eight-year-old mare, struck me as one of the best. She was bred by Mr. John Benitz, by Dboti out of Lady Tiny, and played by him in the Open Championship in 1936 and 1937. She is a lovely ride, well up to weight (she stands as near as makes no matter 15.3) and has perfect manners. She won second prize at Palermo, and has regularly been ridden by a small girl aged nine.

Of the more recent arrivals Alarido, a bay gelding by Rico out of a mare by Belsire, bred by Mr. Alberdis, is an enormous animal, standing 16.1, and has gained an outstanding reputation. He was actually played in open polo as a four-year-old, and "flat out" at that, showing the most amazing speed. One would have imagined that that would have pretty well done him in, but in fact he has a beautiful mouth and is a glorious stamp of horse. Great things are expected of him. Perla, a chestnut mare, is a thoroughbred, and winner of races, but owing to somewhat casual management of her getting, so one gathers, she goes down as "pedigree unknown." She is a grand type of pony, fast, and is wonderfully handy with cattle. Of the other two, Ginea and Mendiga, I have seen nothing, but the above seem to be a good nucleus to the string.

At Osmaston, also, Mr. Skene is preparing the seven Australian ponies he has brought over from India, and I expect several of these will find their way to Meadowbrook, if not all. He has been hard at work at them, and though there was no opportunity to judge their pace in slow chukkers, that may be taken for granted, as they are all off the race-track. They are all second-season ponies, and all of grand quality, with plenty of substance. Of these Persil, a seven-year-old bay mare, by Silvius (who ran second in the Melbourne Cup) should have been over here last summer, had it not been for an accident in her stable. She is a real polo type of pony, and, I am assured, a lovely ride. Ebony, a black mare by Greenstead, looks a

glorious pony, is tremendously fast and handy, and loves the game.

Pandora, a brown mare by Talisman, is one of the best of a good lot, and to see her "get into" her pony when it comes to riding off, is a joy to the eyes. A Moment, by Promised Land, is a real "character," and Sea Foam, a racing mare, is a very promising young one. Reveillé, a big bay gelding, bred by Mr. Harry Bell, also looks to be an ideal weight-carrying pony, and his handiness, acquired "working" cattle, is really phenomenal. Two Crees, a bay mare, seven years old, by Crescendo out of Cree, was left behind sick, and has only recently arrived. She has won races, and is very fast, I understand.

Apart from their good looks, these Australian ponies impress one by the evidence of wonderfully competent and patient schooling. Last year the Goulburn string, who fetched such remarkable prices at the end of the season, were the same, and this lot seem to me to be quite up to sample.

Incidentally, it may be of interest to remark that Mr. Skene's Maitland, who was bought for £1,700 by the Maharajah of Kashmir at that sale, is now perfectly fit and played magnificently in the last two big Indian tournaments. He was unable to take the field at the beginning, owing to bad shoeing, but that was soon put right, and he is now as well as ever he was.

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The V.W.H. (Cricklade), Avon Vale, Cattistock, Craven, Eridge, and Ashford Valley Meetings

"THE best course in the South of England," was the verdict of a visitor to the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Point-to-Point meeting, which took place on Easter Monday at Highworth, near Swindon, in cold but fine weather. The course is over grass, with made fences of birch faced with spruce of medium size, and every one is in view from the winning field. The last two are jumped twice. There were people present who considered the going to be very hard, and, while I am not disputing an obvious fact, I would dearly love those same people to see some of the courses I have this year where the going has been as iron and devoid of the generous covering of grass found in many of the fields here.

The start at Highworth is away out in the country, and the horses are racing towards you over the first three fences. After making a small loop they come over the last fence for the first time, and soon afterwards climb a hill before turning left-handed behind Mr. Hambridge's farm, over whose land part of the course is laid. There are a few jumps on level ground along the top before a second left-handed turn, downhill this time, is met. The water jump is at the bottom, and one more left-handed turn brings the horses into the straight. Wherever necessary the jumps had been ploughed up to ease the "jar" on landing. The excellence of the management of this meeting added enormously to the pleasure derived. One particularly pleasing point was the telephonic communication between the judges' wagon and the number board; the first three past the post being shown in double quick time.

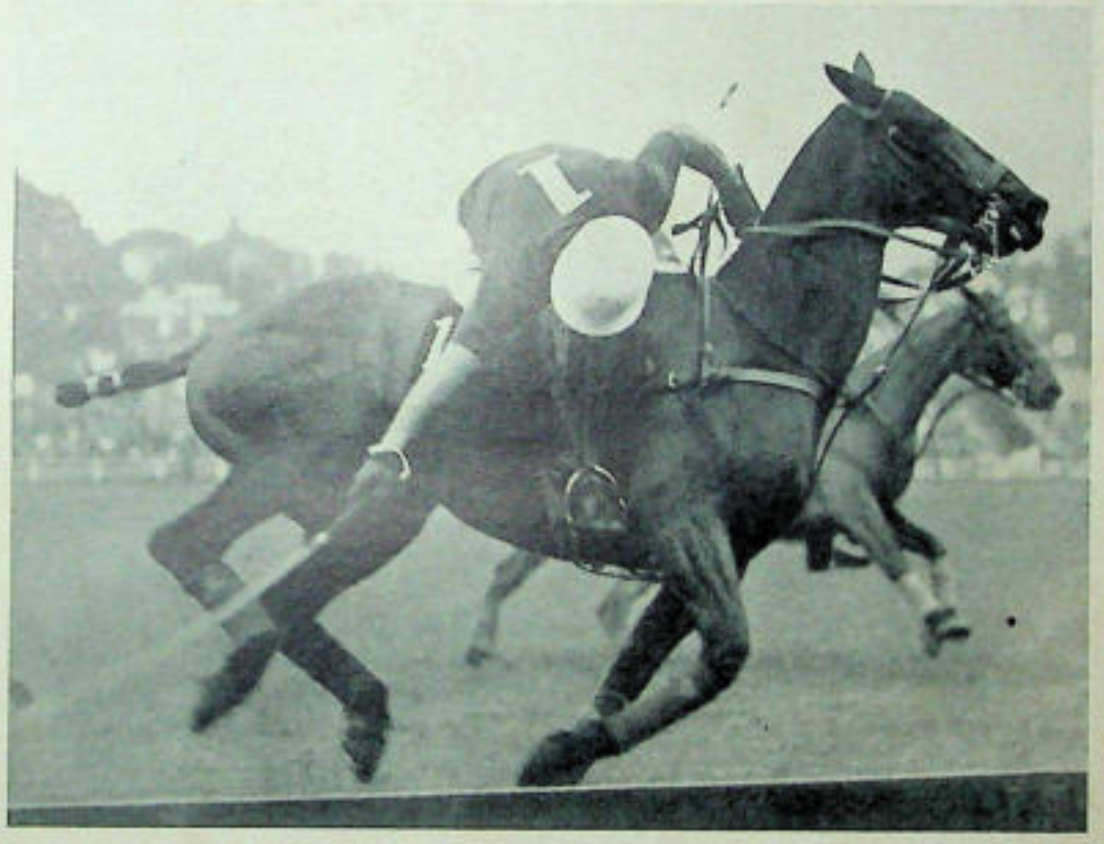
Another really first-class "brain wave" was the policeman at a microphone on a part of the course where the biggest crowds were apt to gather, and who issued "Stand Back" instructions as the horses came into view. An entry of nine was received for the Subscribers' Race, and six went. The early running was made by Lord Cadogan, M.F.H., on his Peter William and Mr. C. M. Ferdinando on his Sun Leopard. Before entering the straight Mr. Stephen Player, the ingoing Master of the neighbouring Craven Foxhounds, had moved right up on his Cahirealla and, challenging the leaders, went past to win an extremely well-judged race. But surely his backers missed a golden opportunity of reviving the old cry: "Come on, Steve!"

Sun Leopard stayed on to take second place, and Peter William was third. It was hoped that Mr. Player might complete a nice double on his Buenavetura in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, for which there were five starters. The question, however, was quickly settled by Buenavetura, in company with Mr. E. G. Hayes's John Macnab, refusing early on, and bending to no one's will but their own! Mrs. A. E. Gregory's Sir Proctor and Mr. S. W. Maundrell's Lady Doctor II kept close together out in front, a distance separating them from the only other still left in the race, Mr. G. Poole's Scarlet Rambler. Sir Proctor, an 8—1 chance, drew away in the straight and won comfortably from Lady Doctor II.

There was another small field of five for the Adjacent Hunts Race. The early running was made by Mr. D. F. T. White's Gay Oja, the winner of the Maiden Race at the recent Old Berkshire meeting, and Sir Herbert Ingram's Whirlway (Mr. "Tim" Adamthwaite). With two more fences to jump, Gay Oja held the lead. Mr. W. Rowe's Essex Chimer lying third, fell here, and Mr. J. D. Cole's Eyrecourt (Mr. J. White) was seen to be moving up rapidly. Going past Whirlway, he jumped the last fence just behind Gay Oja, who made a mistake, and caught and passed him in the run-in. It was one of the best-judged races I have ever seen won at a Point-to-Point meeting. The winner received such a tumultuous reception that I feel sure the "Bookies" must have felt the "lining of their pockets" shortly afterwards!

The Open Nomination Race, with an original entry of nine, produced only three runners. One of these, Mr. Sandy Brown's Lady Kwang-Su, refused at the first and second jumps, and took no further part in the proceedings. Mr. R. J. Horton's Patent Safety II led Mr. W. Gibbs's Vixen II (Mr. D. Sherbrooke) several lengths for the greater part of the journey. Coming down the hill, Mr. Sherbrooke, who had been "nursing" Vixen II, moved up, and, challenging Patent Safety II two fences from the finish, shot ahead to win comfortably.

There was another field of three for the Farmers' Race, which was won by Mr. H. Smith's Eager Lad, ridden by the owner's son. Eager Lad was last for most of the journey, but, riding a very cleverly-judged race, young Mr. Smith sent him along at exactly the right moment and took the spoils from Mr. F. H. Manners's Duster. Mr. E. J. Dibble's Jessie, a young lady of six, was third.



A FINE ACTION PICTURE
Mr. Hughes "tickles" one right under the boards

AVON VALE

THIS Hunt held their meeting on Easter Tuesday at Steeple Ashton, near Trowbridge, in very similar weather. This course is not overlooked by high ground; nevertheless an excellent view of the racing can be obtained and there are no long periods of waiting for the horses to reappear in view. The going was very firm, but the jumps had been dug up, and "cavings" put down wherever necessary.

The course was completed twice; the first jump constituted the last, and was taken three times. A left-handed turn was met before this last jump and, I fancy, had the rider of Mr. A. Gadd's Lonely Lady II come up on the inside instead of the outside, he would have snatched the spoils on the post from Mr. D. Wheeler's Major in the Farmers' Race. As it was Lonely Lady II was beaten into second place by a very narrow margin. Hill Billy, owned and ridden by Mr. G. R. Maundrell, who owned before the race to a touch of lumbago, was third.

There were five runners for the race, a late arrival in the paddock being Mr. W. D. Paddy's Dentist, whose rider had left the "lead" at home and had to run like a hare to get it in time! The winner, Major, a tubed horse, was very much on his toes, and raced into the lead with Lonely Lady II from the start. The unfortunate Dentist met with all sorts of trouble, and I last saw him with the saddle slipped right back and his rider sticking to him well over a jump. Mr. S. White's Tasmain jumped the first fence none too well, and his very capable rider, Captain Schrieber, gave him a reminder with the whip. A little farther on more trouble occurred, exactly what I do not know, as the fence was hidden from my view, and Tasmain took no further part in the race.

There was another very close finish in the Subscribers' Race, Mr. G. Chaldecott's Bella II and Captain H. C. Phipps's Sunstar II, a big bay gelding, by Solomon's Orb, fighting out a great finish after keeping close together all the way round. Sunstar II all but caught Bella II in the long run-in, the rider of the latter having to get the last ounce out of his mount. Captain H. R. Phipps's, M.F.H., Landmark III, was third. Mr. G. E. Melsome's Rufus came to grief in the country, and his rider presently walked in plus one stirrup leather and iron.

The Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race was won with consummate ease by Mr. F. J. Nichol's Vanity IV from the Beaufort country. The mare had been borne company for a long way by Mr. W. H. Payne's Clever Putt. A few fences from home it was obvious that the grey was going none too easily, and began to lose ground. Clever Putt finished second and pulled up lame. Mrs. M. Cole's Toby, the only other runner, was third.

The Nomination Race at this meeting has an unusual condition, being only open to horses that have never won a nomination (open) race up to the time of closing, a win under the recognised Rules of Flat Racing or Steeplechasing in any country to also count. There were four starters—Mr. W. T. Cadman's Spanker, nominated from the Zetland country, being made favourite. Spanker was up with the leaders when he broke down, and was, of course, pulled up. Mr. M. F. Morley's Greek Memories then went on to win from Mr. W. B. D. Dobbs's Andromache. There was no third.

The Adjacent Hunts Race was won without any sort of trouble by Mr. W. Adlam's Kingsfurze, who carried a 7lb. penalty. Mr. L. H. Perrett's Yorketown II and Mr. G. Chaldecott's Chapter I kept with the winner for some part of the journey, but fell back before the straight was reached, and finally filled the minor places in that order. I believe that the rider of Kingsfurze was unaware of the long lead he had gained, for glancing round in the run-in a look of surprise came over his face when he found nothing was in sight, much less within striking distance.

There were only two runners for the Regimental Race 26th Field Brigade, R.A., Bulford. They

were Mr. H. R. L. Moorehead's Claudette II and Mr. L. Maxwell's Patsy III. The latter, the outsider of the two, finished alone. Claudette II met with trouble at the first jump, and going on riderless jumped several fences with the reins caught under her foreleg before running out. The meeting was most enjoyable and extremely well managed. A microphone close to the paddock was used for urgent S.O.S. messages, and brought quick response in its train. Owing to the hard state of the ground the stewards of the Berkeley Meeting which was to have been held over the usual course at Rangeworthy, Gloucestershire, on Wednesday, the 20th, decided to abandon the races, and I had an "off" day. The following day, Thursday, the 21st, I motored down to Yeovil for the Cattistock Point-to-Point Races, which were held in fine weather.

CATTISTOCK

WHEN one has risen with the lark and motored several score miles to attend a Point-to-Point meeting, a friendly welcome such as I received from the Cattistock Hunt Point-to-Point secretary, Major H. C. C. Batten, D.S.O., makes it feel all very well worth while. Further, the notice boards placed at different points expressed this handsome wish: "The Cattistock Hunt hope all will enjoy themselves to-day." This, and much else, was sufficient to make everyone, especially the stranger, feel the warmth of the proverbial friendliness of these good West Country people. The meeting was held on April 21st, in dull, overcast weather. A few drops of rain—barely sufficient to moisten a cat's whiskers—fell during the afternoon.

At the conclusion of the third race a presentation was made to the huntsman, Reg Holland, who has been appointed huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds next season. The enormous crowd of people who gathered round made it impossible to get anywhere near, but the cheering must have been heard for miles.

The Cattistock course is at Darvole Farm, East Coker, near Yeovil. It is all grass with made birch fly fences. Cinder tracks had been carefully laid down leading to each car park, and even in a really wet season the prospect of cars becoming mud-bound would be remote indeed.

The going, this year, was naturally hard, but in relation to entries runners turned out extremely well in five of the six events. The sixth, the Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race, produced only three. But it must be remembered that of the thirteen original entries seven had already taken part in races earlier in the afternoon, leaving only three non-runners in actual fact.

The three starters all came from the South Dorset country. There were Mr. H. Miller's Correct, wearing blinkers; Mr. P. C. Tory's Tenc Garter, a good-looking sort with lop ears; and Mr. E. W. Tory's six-year-old Stage Coach. Tenc Garter fell at the first jump, and was brought back to the paddock. The other two meanwhile went on, and keeping close company no change came about for some way. Correct took a definite lead on the top of the hill, but Stage Coach came again, and was in close attendance all up the straight. Correct took the last jump first, but it was only by a neck he passed the winning post first. Stage Coach, who was travelling like an express train at the finish, had gathered so much momentum that his rider was carried over the ensuing jump before he could pull the horse up.

The programme included the Naval Home Fleet Race, for which ten of twelve entries competed, and were all owner-ridden. Chotapeg put Lieutenant A. L. Kirkus on the floor at the second obstacle, and soon afterwards the field was well strung out. Lieutenant D. Drysdale's Thelmond came to the last jump in front of Commander J. W. Farquhar's Elucidate, who might have seriously troubled the winner had the saddle not slipped back. Apparently the trouble had started right out in the country and the Commander did well to finish next in order behind the winner. Sub-Lieutenant C. G. de Lisle Bush, riding Dinah, finished third a further distance behind. Meanwhile, Lieutenant J. Holdsworth's Little Bill had met the third last jump all wrong, and getting one foreleg over left the other three legs behind! Little Bill fell back, and, taking his own time about getting up, was presently led away, apparently sound.

Seven of the nine entries for the Members' Race were saddled, and for the first mile kept well together. At the distance Mr. P. H. Huth's Ballynonty and Mr. P. E. Langford's Irish Colleen were out in front, and it was certain that one or the other must win. Over the last few jumps Irish Colleen drew away and won very comfortably. Mr. R. C. Wordsworth's Pompey seemed a good thing for third place when his rider pulled out from the last jump, his saddle having slipped right back. Major W. T. Allen's Sligo Bay II came from behind to occupy third place in his stead. None of the other runners completed the course.

There was a field of nine for the Nomination (Open) Race. The race was won by Mr. W. F. Selfick's Fouquet, who had been prominent throughout, and scored by ten lengths from Mr. A. Brake's Surgeon Major, a horse, I fancy, who appreciates the softer going. The winner had won the Nomination Race at the Dartmoor meeting the day before. Mr. F. N. Terry's High Laced was third.

A Cattistock farmer who always has a good horse about is Mr. H. J. Jones. He won the Farmers' Race here a year ago with Cape Wrath. He saddled another good one to-day in Pendomer, who won by a distance. There were four starters. The race was saddened by the death from heart failure of that gallant Point-to-Point horse Chesters, owned by Mr. W. Bishop. Chesters had been going round these meetings for years and, had it been possible to consult him, I am sure he would have chosen no other death. The old warrior faltered coming to the open water jump, the first obstacle in the straight. His rider, realising there was something amiss, pulled out and dismounted, the horse dropping almost immediately.

The race may be said to have been run in two divisions, Mr. F. W. Bishop's Pearmain, pulling double, keeping company in front with Pendomer. Mr. W. H. Richard's Charles and Chesters bringing up the rear some distance behind. Pearmain fell at the jump on the top of the hill, but was remounted and finally finished third a distance behind Charles. A field of nine contested the Adjacent Hunts Race, which was won by Mr. H. W. Dufosse's Sherston winner, Drin Royal, from Mr. H. J. Jones's Kitty O'Mally, a good-looking brown mare, seven years old. Both the winner and the second carried penalties for recent successes.



A SMALL BUT EFFICIENT COMBINATION

Master Henry Hoare, who was placed second in the junior class at the W.W.H. Pony Club Handy Hunter Competition, at Parton House, Wiltshire, with his pony and family groom

CRAVEN

THIS meeting took place on Saturday, April 23rd, at Shefford Woodlands, in dull weather. A little rain had fallen the day before, but hardly sufficient to make any difference to the going, which was firm. There was a generous covering of grass over much of the course, which was in better order than 75 per cent. of the courses I have seen this year. The start is beyond the winning post, and the first two jumps are also the last two. Being jumped both ways they are necessarily upright, but are of medium size. Beyond the second fence the course bears right-handed and the "double" is met before the horses disappear from view for a few minutes. They can be next seen coming over a jump on the crest of the hill, from whence they race down to a built-up fence in the open. The climb beyond to the last turn, left-handed this time, invariably finds out the non-stayer and, barring accidents, it is from this point one can usually "pick" the winner.

Everything pertaining to a Point-to-Point meeting—car parks, dressing tents, paddock, tote and bookmakers—is conveniently together, and within a stone's throw of one another. The unique arrangement—I have not seen it elsewhere—of the provision of both a saddling paddock and parade ring, pleased me enormously, and gave everyone a real opportunity of looking over their selection. Runners, in relation to entries, turned out well all through.

The most popular result of the afternoon was the success of the Master's horse, Gingerbread, in the Members' Heavy-weight Race. Gingerbread was beautifully ridden by the secretary and deputy-Master, Mr. J. Ainsworth, and was proudly led in by Mr. F. W. Rickett, who has just returned from America and retires from the Mastership in a few days' time. There were five starters for the race, and the Master's reply to a query whether or not his horse would win—"Jimmie will"—was the most accurate forecast I have heard made on a race-course.

From the "off" Gingerbread pulled like a train, and only a rider as good as Mr. Ainsworth could have steadied him over those first few jumps. Gingerbread was always in the first two, and coming up the hill before the turn into the straight was borne company by Mr. C. Moore's County Limerick, with apparently little to choose between them. Coming to the last jump, it was obvious that County Limerick was being "ridden," while Mr. Ainsworth was sitting still on the winner. County Limerick jumped just in front, but once on the flat Mr. Ainsworth sat down and rode a finish that would have done credit to a professional. He never drew his whip, but County Limerick was passed and the winning post reached in apparently effortless fashion. The official verdict was four lengths. County Limerick was the winner of the Farmers' division, his owner, who rode him beautifully, receiving a cup presented by directors of the Newbury Race Course and £10.

Gingerbread, owner and rider got a tumultuous

reception. Talk about cheering! The crowd just went mad! One "local," his hat on a stick and held high above his head, racing hot-foot to collect his winnings, shouted: "Good old Gingerbread—Brandyball—or whatever you call him!" And one thing more. "Gingerbread—Brandyball—or whatever you call him," has been hunted by the Huntsman for the last three seasons, and it was on his suggestion the horse was entered for the race. A genuine hunter, "regularly and fairly," if ever there was one! Bad luck alone had prevented the Master from leading in a winner earlier in the afternoon, when his Gay Caballero, ridden by Mr. W. Holman, ran out close to home, and in the lead at the time. The race was won by Mr. J. A. F. Rhode's Robin, who, after jumping stickily at first, settled down to run a good race. Gay Caballero was second.

The Farmers' Race was won by the third horse past the post, Mr. S. W. Maundrell's Lady Doctor II, who, in common with the winner of the Farmers' Heavy-weights, received a cup presented by the directors of the Newbury Race Course and £10.

The Nomination (Open) Race at the Craven Meeting is always to be conjured with; some of the best Point-to-Point horses in the country have competed in the past: which can only be interpreted as a great compliment to the excellence of their course and management. It filled this year with nineteen entries, considerably fewer than usual, due to the continued dry weather. Chief interest was centred round Mr. H. L. Cottrill's Cheltenham winner, Tithe Alarm. Both his present owner, who broke his leg this winter hunting in the Shires and was on crutches, and his former owner, Mr. "Darby" Butt, recently released from a nursing home, were there to see the horse run.

Tithe Alarm was ridden by Mr. J. Gordon, and was always on the premises. He came to the last fence closely attended by Mrs. N. Charteroft's St. Hilary, who had made the long journey from the Ashford Valley. Both riders had their whips out in the run-in, Tithe Alarm finding just the necessary extra speed to win by a length and a half. Major E. C. Bowes's Clarate was a further three lengths away third. Mr. S. D. Player's Cahercalla, a winner at the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Meeting on Easter Monday, went well for a long way, but fell on the return journey. Cahercalla galloped on riderless, and finished among the first three. Mr. Player takes on the Craven Mastership on May 1st, and one cannot help wishing that he, as well as the retiring Master, might have won a race at the meeting.

Eight of the fourteen entries for the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race turned out, the first "upset" occurring in the paddock as Mr. David Sherbrooke mounted Mr. F. H. Manner's Duster. The mare reared, and slipping, fell backwards, giving her rider a nasty knock on the knee. Duster was remounted, but early in the race it was obvious that Mr. Sherbrooke was in considerable pain, and unable to give the mare the assistance he might.

The second "spot" of trouble came about at the second jump when Mr. A. J. Clarke Kennedy and Gold Arch took a real end-over-end tumble. Mr. Clarke Kennedy, who was due back at Sandhurst on Monday, damaged a shoulder. Gold Arch, bridleless, galloped off the course in the direction of the Bath Road and Newbury. The race was won by the good-looking Patronita, owned and ridden by Lord Roderic Pratt. Mr. W. S. Codrington's Ring II gave the winner a terrific run for her money, and only a couple of lengths separated them at the post. Mr. J. Miller's Silver Watch was third.

The closest finish of the day was provided in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race. For so much of the racing that is in view, Miss L. Dickson's The Captain's Daughter led the field of four, and, so far as I am aware, was never headed. Close home Mr. J. de Moravilli's King's Cross II (Miss J. Bassett) put in a strong challenge and finished only half a length behind the winner. Mr. R. J. Horton's Patent Safety II (Miss R. Giffard) was third. The three placed horses all carried penalties for recent successes.

At the conclusion of the racing, Mrs. F. W. Rickett presented the prizes, and also a cheque, subscribed by members and farmers to the huntsman, Will Lawrence, who leaves to take up a similar position to the South Staffordshire.

J. R.



CROWNED WITH LAURELS. MISS LORAINE DICKSON ON HER THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER AFTER WINNING THE LADIES' RACE AT THE CRAVEN POINT-TO-POINT

ERIDGE HUNT BONA-FIDE

ALTHOUGH as a general rule one finds that *bona fide* meetings lack something of the informal and friendly atmosphere of Point-to-Points, the Eridge is definitely an exception. The Bank Holiday crowds, who pay for admission, certainly have all the amenities at their disposal, but one is less conscious of this than of the fact that the Hunt is entertaining its friends, and that the main purpose is a forgathering at the end of the season of the farmers and the members of the Hunt. Naturally, an enormous crowd attends, especially in a season such as this, but all arrangements are smoothly and efficiently carried out, and the situation of the course itself, with roads running on three sides, lends itself to the quick intaking and evacuation of traffic.

The state of the going has been such a subject of discussion both before and at every meeting recently that this led me to walk the course the day before. The cold winds have accentuated the effect of the drought, especially where there has not been much grass, but in this case the going compared very favourably with most courses I have seen recently, and although present conditions are bound to find out the weak spots, there was nothing here to discourage anyone from running a horse who was sound. A wise precaution had been taken during the past few weeks in fencing off an area round each fence, protecting it from sheep, and allowing the grass to grow. The result was seen in a lush growth on the landing side, which undoubtedly had a beneficial effect.

The course itself is practically the same as last year, consisting of three circuits of just over a mile, comprising seven fences, all of which, with one exception, have to be jumped three times. The course is laid on the side of a slope, with the enclosures at the bottom. The start is at the top of the hill, away from the stands, and the first three fences lie behind the spinney, the field coming into view as they come down the hill after the open ditch. This obstacle is the most formidable, being of full regulation size, complete with guard rail. At this and one or two other fences where the crowd was likely to congregate, a line of hurdles had been placed as an extension beyond the wings, and again on the landing side, to prevent encroachment on the course, an example that might well be followed at other meetings.

After sinking the hill, a sharp turn at the bottom led to the water jump, this and another plain fence being in line with the finish, the water being thus the penultimate obstacle. The fences were all well and stoutly made, exemplary patterns of their kind, of tightly packed birch faced with gorse. The

wings were in every case built up high, a point that is sometimes overlooked. One sometimes sees horses going out over wings that are semi-transparent and little higher than the fence itself. The fact that the hill has to be climbed twice provides a good test of stamina, which was even more apparent last year in the heavy going.

As to the racing itself, this was even better than is usually seen at this meeting, which is to say that it was very good indeed. Every race was packed with interest, and in almost every case the issue was in doubt up to the last few strides. The first race, however, the United Hunts Steeplechase, confined to the Eridge, Southdown, West Kent, E. Sussex, O. S. & B., and Ashford Valley Foxhounds, resulted in a somewhat easy win for Mr. V. Langford on Plagiat, who led at the finish by some ten lengths from Mr. R. C. Rootes's good horse Dunsmore, ridden by Mr. Freeman Jackson, with Mr. Rogerson on Sinodia some way behind. Mr. Askew's Ballymena Paddy, of whom much was expected, was pulled up the last time round, after falling out in the country, as I heard.

The Farmers' Race provided a spectacular win for that gallant little mare of Mr. Ian Pattulle's, ridden by her owner, who already appeared to have the measure of Mr. Barkaway's redoubtable Chelmsford, ridden by Mr. Duncanson when the latter, then but a length in front, hit the last fence hard, and turned over. Mr. Duncanson took a nasty toss, and, although he was afterwards found to be suffering from concussion, remounted to get into second place. Bay Jap, who had been in the lead during the early stages, eventually finished third. It was remarkable how Mr. Pattulle's mare made up ground at the turns, being altogether more nippy at the game than Chelmsford. The impression gained was that the latter was being raced off his legs at the finish. Hawthorn is undoubtedly dead game, and always runs up to her form. All the more credit must be given her for the fact that she can already be described as a brood mare. A certain amount of grief occurred to the others, Mr. Scaramanga being unfortunate to break his collar bone when Just George fell with him at the open ditch, Rebel King and Simple Simon both refusing at this obstacle. Rebel King had been going well up to this point.

The Eridge Hunt Steeplechase, which carries with it the Ladies' Cup, produced only four runners, three of whom finished the course. Mr. F. N. Gee on Insect made all the running during the early stages, but eventually found the pace too hot, and could only finish third. Coming down the hill for the last time, Mr. L. A. d'Engelbronner's Dusky Pride, ridden by Mr. Courage, went into the lead, and three fences from home had the race in hand eventually winning easily from Insect, with Mr. Freeman Jackson on Miss Blunt's Gin and It, third.

The Nomination Race proved the most exciting of the day, and was a grand race to watch. Of the eight runners, three singled themselves out from the start, these being Mr. Langford on Talisman, Mr. Rogerson on Surrealist, and that well-known horse Duty Paid, ridden by Mr. Freeman Jackson, lying very nicely behind the other two. To all intents and purposes there was nothing else in it, provided these three stood up. They went round in this order for the three laps, when, coming to the last fence, Mr. Jackson, who was now looking for an opening, went to the front, and rode a really fine finish from Surrealist and Talisman, in this order.

The Maiden Hunters Steeplechase, which concluded the programme, was very much a repetition of the former race, three horses making the running throughout. Mr. Langford on Pendean Point, Mr. Evatt on Mrs. Merkel's Lady's Glove, and Mr. Gaselee on his Kilmallock, cut out the work from the start, and these three led all the way. Coming down the hill for the last time, Lady's Glove was in the lead, but, after the bend, when Pendean Point was asked the question, he responded to win by some five lengths. Mr. Gaselee was third. This is Kilmallock's second appearance only, and he was followed into fourth place by Mr. M. McGrath on Easter Boy, both horses putting up very promising performances. Good News, ridden by Mr. J. R. Clarke, also ran well to finish fifth. Good News belongs to Mr. R. S. Summerhays, a well-known sportsman in the East Sussex country.

ASHFORD VALLEY

NOT for many years have I missed this Easter Saturday fixture at Barnfields, and I think that, had I to confine my outings to one during the season, this is the one I should choose. The old-fashioned, local atmosphere is retained to a marked degree, horses and riders are all local celebrities, the course is a sporting one, and, having myself hunted at one time in this part of the world for many seasons, one feels that one is among friends. When all is said and done, the chief attraction of these meetings is to be found in the hunting atmosphere that prevails, and the individual character of every Hunt is reflected in its Point-to-Point. It is the farmer's day out, and the more the fact is in evidence the better.

The position of the course itself, situated on the foothills overlooking the Weald, is delightful, and affords a wonderful bird's-eye view of the country over which these hounds hunt—level grassland, whose clay rides deep enough in the season, but is now as dry as the proverbial bone; a fair amount of woodland, now feathering with the new leaf, and here and there a patch of orchard, whose blossom, however, has unfortunately suffered in places from the recent frosts.

The course circles round a piece of rising ground, and from this elevation the field can be watched the whole way round. The car parks and enclosures are placed on the slope behind the finishing straight, and from here also a good view is obtained, only about four fences being obscured. The first fence is in the nature of a preliminary, and is only jumped once, after which the horses enter the circuit, round which they go twice. The fences are admirably made of birch, tightly packed, and, not being faced, stand up straight and encourage a horse to jump big. There is a useful drop at the fifth, just past the stands, and here the fence is sufficiently tall to make a horse jump well out. The landing was good, and at this part of the going was no more than firm, though in other places it was distinctly hard, and more than one horse appeared to feel it at the end of his race. Two fences have a ditch in front, and the water is guarded by a sensible fence that makes a horse take off well. There is a sharp turn between two fences towards the finish, and the turning flag at this point, which I thought might have been placed a little wider, gave little room in which to present a horse at the following fence.

The racing itself was full of sporting interest, and despite the recent lack of rain, every event save one had six or more runners, the biggest field being that for the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race.

The programme opened appropriately with the Farmers', and six of the seven entries went down to the start, four of whom carried penalties for past performances. Mr. J. M. Goodall on Mr. Patterson's Snark, Mr. Bearsby's redoubtable Will Tell, and Mr. Gillet on Best Seller, went off in front, the first time round, having left Golden Wood still trying conclusions with the first fence, and the three went round at a cracking pace, though all at times appeared to be taking a chance through the top of the fences. Mr. Clifford, on his little mare Dinah, was bringing up the rear, jumping her fences carefully in a way that marked her as a first-rate hunter, the sort one likes to see.

Coming round the second time, it appeared that Will Tell had the measure of the rest, and this appeared even more likely when Snark, who had been keeping him company, hit the fence hard at the open ditch and turned over on landing. At the next fence, however, Will Tell followed his example, and the race was now between Best Seller and Gold Flake II, who had been going round in impeccable style unnoticed till now. The last fence was jumped level, but Best Seller made a great effort to win by perhaps half a length. I was sorry to see that he pulled up lame after such a game performance. Gold Flake, who is a really grand horse for whom I have great admiration, finished as fresh as paint, and later on in the day took a distinguished part in the Heavy-weight Race. The gallant little Dinah ran into a well-deserved third place.

Six runners braved the going in the Nomination event, but proved quite sufficient to provide an exciting race, culminating in a popular win for Mr. W. L. Dawes on Mee Too. As a farmer expressed it to me: "We're all proud of Mr. Dawes and Hopeful Hero down here, after Aintree." On this occasion he rode a masterly race on Mee Too, who, when challenged and headed by Mr. Duncanson on Querist in the finishing straight, responded gamely, to be squeezed home in front by sheer jockeyship. How many riders would have started "working," and lost the race as a result? Of the rest, Mr. Thornton, on Sand Girl, was the most prominent, and eventually finished third. Mr. Askew was out of the race early on, Ballymena Paddy blotting his copybook at the first fence. Gay Lad V, ridden this time by Mr. Harry Freeman Jackson, showed up well for a time, leading by ten or twelve lengths for the first circuit. This horse moves beautifully in his gallop, and covers a lot of ground in his stride, but is apt to twist at his fences, and is an awkward ride in that respect, and appears to be rather one-sided in his mouth. At the same time, I feel he has possibilities, and has time to improve. On this occasion, however, he blew up in the last mile, and gave his rider rather a nasty fall at the fence by the turn.

The Ladies' Race provided one of those spectacles common to Point-to-Points of the old days—a field of three, and only one to survive at the finish. Mr. "Bart" Cheesman, the starter, appeared to have difficulty in persuading them to get in line, and held long commune with his field before he finally sent them on their way. From the outset it was evident that it was going to be a race between Miss Goodall on Mr. Glasse's Kelkit and Miss Mary Forman on Sally VII, the two going round jumping fence for fence, with Miss Messer on Circe following at a respectful distance. Both the leaders were jumping well, Sally with a confident hoist to her quarters that would have got her safely over even bigger fences than these. Miss Messer came to grief early the second time round, leaving the other two to fight it out on level terms. To everyone's disappointment, however, Sally, who had been fencing beautifully, made a mistake at the fifth fence from home, and came down, leaving Kelkit the task of standing up over the remaining fences to win, a task which he successfully accomplished.

Even after he had passed the post, excitement was not yet over, for when he was almost back in the paddock Miss Messer appeared once more on Circe, galloping down the straight, and intent, apparently, on completing the circuit to qualify for second place, a brave attempt that was doomed to failure. At the drop fence, despite the encouragement of the crowd, Circe refused and deposited her rider on the ground. Nothing daunted, however, Miss Messer remounted, and again essayed the fence. This time Circe propped, and her rider again quitted the pigskin. With the assistance of onlookers, Miss Messer again climbed aboard, and only at the timely dissuasions of a huntsman did she forgo a third attempt, and make way for the next race.

Before passing on to that event, I would like to say a word about Kelkit. He is a stocky little horse, on short legs, just the sort, I should imagine, to give you a good hunt in a trappy country, but, if Mr. Glasse will forgive me, rather a "commoner," to my mind, to look at. He is, however, a shining example of "Handsome is as handsome does," for I have seen him race several times lately, and he always puts up a good performance. He certainly *is* a hunter. Space is running short, and we have yet to deal with the Maiden and Members' events.

These Maiden Races are always interesting, as they frequently provide a young horse with experience and the chance to show what he can do. On this occasion Mr. Dawes's six-year-old Youngtown put up an excellent performance, going round faultlessly and winning as he liked from Mr. Benstead's Ballet Girl IV (Tickham). Mr. R. Davidson coming in third on Captain Cronk's Stair (W.K.) who, although he appeared rather green and jumped awkwardly on occasions, promised well. Mr. F. N. Gee, on the five-year-old Jinker (E.K.) had a fall early in the proceedings, but went on, only to come to final grief at the drop fence, where horse and rider finished up on opposite sides. Mr. K. Hughes on Oscar (W.K.) went round in true hunting style, sitting back at his fences, which the horse jumped big. He and Mr. Bevington finished not far behind Stair, and one of them afterwards described the drop fence as "feeling just like the pictures of Beehers."

In the Members' Race, light-weights and heavy-weights combined, there were three in each division, making a field of six. Mr. Freeman Jackson, bedecked with plaster as a result of his fall previously, put up a very good show on Iron Fist, who won this—his first race—with ease, despite the fact that he refused at the first fence, which he finally jumped standing, and had a lot of ground to make up. Once he got going he went up into the lead and was never headed. Mr. Homewood was second on Gold Flake II, and Mr. Hacking on Captain E. S. Dawes's Forrester (light-weight) third. The performance of Gold Flake was truly remarkable: not only was he making his second appearance of the day, having already been placed second in the Farmers' Race, but on the present occasion he was running as a heavy-weight carrying a 10lb. penalty and conceding over 2st. to Iron Fist. Gold Flake is certainly a grand horse, who obviously loves racing, and can seemingly go on for ever. "There's another race after tea!" shouted one of his admirers, as Gold Flake walked back to the paddock. "Right you are," laughed Mr. Homewood, smacking the old horse's neck, "we're in!" And I believe he would have won it.

HOPLEAF.

POINT-TO-POINT FALL.

The earth comes up as the horse comes down
And you journey through realms of space,
And finally spin on top of your crown
Or hoe a hard row with your face.

Through cosmic distance your soul floats free,
And you hear the plover's call.
And when you float back to your body you'll see
That you've had a crumpling fall.

A. H. V. L.



"THEY'RE COMING UP! THEY'RE GOING! THEY'RE GOING! THEY'RE OFF!"
A perfect start for the big field running in the Cobham Maiden Plate at Sandown last week

CHESTER AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

And Some Features of Sport at Sandown Park

IT is doubtful whether the question of which was the first organised race meeting will ever be satisfactorily settled. Much of the early history of racing is legendary. We are told, for example, that King William the Lion (1165–1214), while resident in the Castle of Lanark, instituted Lanark Races, which are still regularly held. Tradition has it that the first silver bell to be raced for at Lanark was his gift.

Among modern racecourses, Chester has one of the longest histories. There have been organised meetings on the Roodee since the sixteenth century, and possibly horses were raced there right back to Roman days. Thus we feel that we are treading on historic ground when we go racing on the Roodee each spring. The course would not be qualified to receive a licence under the present-day requirements of the Jockey Club. Racing at Chester has been scornfully likened to racing round the edge of a soup plate, but the meeting has the advantage that one can follow the sport all round almost without the aid of binoculars.

It is true to say that the Chester Cup is a much more spectacular race from the onlooker's point of view than the Cesarewitch. Partly for this reason, it remains one of the most popular handicaps of the year. Although the track is decidedly cramped the Chester form usually works out well, and some of the best horses in racing history have won there. The Chester Vase has come to be regarded as a good trial race for the Derby. Hyperion was its winner before he went on to triumph at Epsom, and it was the same with Windsor Lad.

Small wonder, then, that the form in the Vase is accepted with respect when Derby prospects are being considered. In recent seasons Chester races have owed much to the enterprise and initiative of Mr. J. C. Bulteel, the clerk of the course, one of whose moves was the institution of the Ormonde Stakes, a weight-for-age race of considerable attractiveness. Last year it carried £1,600 in added money. That amount has been increased to £2,000 for the race which is to be run on Thursday next. It is not surprising therefore that the entry is of particularly high quality.

Among those horses nominated for it were the Derby winner, Mid-day Sun, and the St. Leger winners, Chulmleigh and Boswell, as well as many other of the best stayers in training. It bids fair again to produce a struggle worth going a long way to see. All that is needed for the complete success of next week's meeting is a good rainfall. There are no watering facilities here, but it can be added that only in most exceptional seasons, such as the present, are they necessary at Chester.

At the recent Epsom Spring Meeting sport worked out fairly well on the whole, despite the forbiddingly hard ground. It was a blow for the bookmakers when the two chief handicaps of the fixture, the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, were won by popular favourites. Pigskin, who credited the Manton stable with the "City," had already shown a liking for the course. The distance, however, was only just within his powers, and in a few more strides he would probably have been beaten by the Lambourn gelding Terror, who stayed on surprisingly well.

At Sandown Park at the week-end the most discussed feature was the success of the stable companions, Sir Laurence Philipps's Flyon and Sir George Bullough's Zoltan, in the Tudor Stakes, and the Esher Cup respectively, after their jockeys had taken them on to the hard ground up the hill. The watering arrangements at this meeting are excellent, so far as they go. But they do not go far enough. It is a mistake to water one side of the round course and not the other.

No doubt the management have found it difficult to believe that jockeys will deliberately forsake the good going and take their mounts over to the dry land. The fallacy of this attitude on the part of the executive was first shown when Miracle, ridden by Harry Wragg, won the Eclipse Stakes after having been taken to the top ground. Since then the results of other important races at Sandown have been affected by similar tactics on the part of jockeys.

Those who defend the present system of watering argue that the winners on the top ground would have been winners just the same had they been ridden in the normal way. That theory is unconvincing and is further discounted by the performances last week of Flyon and Zoltan, neither of whom seemed to be in a winning position before his jockey took the bold step of crossing to the hard and dusty part of the course. These latest results point to the necessity of watering the whole track in a uniform manner.

Owners and trainers can run the risk if they choose of stumping up their horses on the hard going, but it hardly seems to be equitable that they should win at the expense of those who stick (and this is a singularly appropriate word) to that strip of the course which has been treated for their benefit.

Dastur, the sire of the winner of the valuable Sandown Park Produce Stakes, has begun the season remarkably well after a quiet beginning last year. His stock have shown such smartness in these early weeks of the campaign that breeders with good-looking yearlings by him to send up to Newmarket and Doncaster can look forward confidently to remunerative sales. Nearly all his stock are well endowed with Dastur's own elegance and quality. So much was manifest when one went round the leading stables before the start of the season. A number of promising two-year-olds by him have yet to make their first appearances.

Dasaratha is out of the useful mare Turtle Soup, who is by Tetratema and goes back to Snoot, blood which the late Mr. Jim Maher used most successfully. In view of the fact that the Produce Stakes is the richest two-year-old race of the spring, it was not surprising to find its field made up of a group of uncommonly well-bred ones. Here we saw Rose of Kandy, who is by Colombo out of the Oaks winner Rose of England, the dam of the St. Leger winner Chulmleigh. After that colt's success on the Town Moor, Lord Glanely was naturally not disposed to part with his yearling half-sister, so he went up to 5,200gs. in order to buy her in at the Doncaster Sales.

Still, at the moment, Rose of Kandy is not nearly so good as another of Colombo's fillies, Miss D. Paget's Snow White, who gave Dasaratha a very hard race. She is the most promising of the offspring of Colombo seen out so far. Two of the winners at Sandown are by stallions who have been sent out of the country. Zoltan is by Mannamead, who was never beaten on the racecourse, though his three-year-old career was almost completely curtailed when he became lame early in the season. Lord Astor sold him about a year ago to go to Hungary.

Croix de Feu is by Press Gang, who, after spending a season or two in France was acquired by the Soviet Government in its endeavour to restore the fortunes of bloodstock breeding in Russia. But Croix de Feu is of chief interest to breeders in that she is the first of the produce of that brilliant stayer Brulette, who won the Oaks for Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Birkin and the Goodwood Cup for the late Lord Woolavington, who did well to purchase her at a big price for his stud farm. Mares of this type are difficult to acquire at any figure within reason.



PINK-FOOTED GEESE CIRCLING ABOVE YOUNG GRASS AT FOGORIG FARM, BERWICKSHIRE

Great Shooting Counties

'TWIXT TWEED AND LAMMERMUIRS

Berwickshire's Variety of Attractions

By the HON. H. DOUGLAS-HOME

THERE are few counties which can offer such a variety of attractions in the sphere of sport as Berwickshire.

Mr. Patrick Chalmers writes of a friend that "he, being on Tweedside, and about to beach a November salmon, was almost knocked down by the impending corpse of a cock pheasant, shot by one of a shooting party behind him, while . . . upon the further shore, the Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds ran into their fox. Only on Tweedside I think, could such a triple event be possible."

I am concerned with the "shooting amenities" of the county in this article, but I would warn a hunting man that he will need a good and clever horse if he wishes to ride with hounds, for the packs of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Berwickshire, and the Lauderdale hunt over country in which moorland and lowland vales, stonewalls and fly fences, "bull-finches" and rivers may have to be crossed in the course of a normal day. The Tweed forms the southern limit of the county for some of its length, and one rod may easily catch ten or more salmon in a day on a golden sprat during February and March in the Wark and Birgham waters, and less easily (but more pleasurably) take the same number on a fly in April and May, while in November there is always the hope of landing a 50-pound fish.

Tweed has ever flowed along the same course, but the land of Berwickshire has changed considerably within historical times. The Lammermuir Hills form the northern boundary, and between them and Tweed lies a wide undulating plain known as the Merse, which is now highly cultivated. At the time of the Roman invasion this district consisted of forests and marshes, where roamed the wild ox, the wolf and wild boar, while the beaver made his dams on the inland waters. Romans, Saxons and Danes cleared the land of its forests in attempts to exterminate the hardy troublesome inhabitants, leaving a great area of open plain broken by marshes and tracts of open water.

In those times, droves of great bustard frequented the higher plateau, while wildfowl swarmed in low-lying marshland. From later days there are many references in the Lord High Treasurer's Accounts to James IV visiting Home Castle in the Merse with his falconers to hunt wildfowl.



THE HIGH RISE AT THE HIRSEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE LEET

It was not till the early part of the eighteenth century that the Merse was drained and enclosed, and woodlands appeared once again. Wildfowl disappeared except in a few places, and partridges took their place, but the wild geese return each year to districts which they haunted before the dawn of history. Pheasants were not introduced before the beginning of the nineteenth century, and grouse were very scarce in the Lammermuirs at that time, according to a sportsman who shot over a large area in 1812-14 and who has recorded that he never saw more than fourteen birds on any occasion, and never had more than one shot in one day!

Preservation of game became a general object among landlords about 1840, and its results were soon clearly apparent in the greatly increased bags recorded. Since that time there has been little alteration in the character of the county.

In later years there have been material changes which are not common to Berwickshire alone. Estates have been sold and their sporting value has vanished as suddenly as has the atmosphere of tradition. Sentiment and shooting rents are of no value to a speculator, even though he dabbles in the romantic Borderland, and there are many places in Berwickshire which are haunted by the ghosts of their owners and their woodlands. The sale of large estates to property dealers always produces ill effects in the surrounding country. From the shooting viewpoint, keepers are no longer employed, and a large increase of vermin results, while small proprietors and annual shooting tenants are apt to indulge in indiscriminate shooting, even in bad game years. In spite of these modern misfortunes, Berwickshire is able to provide good results in most forms of shooting.

The Dunglass Estate, owned by Mr. Frank Usher, is remarkable for a great variety of game as well as for containing an area of ideal partridge ground. Dunglass lies on the north-east coast line of Berwickshire, on the East Lothian border, and the shooting extends over about 5,000 acres. Steep bracken-clad sea cliffs provide excellent nesting ground and cover, and form an unusual setting for a day's partridge driving. There are several drives on the beat near the sea, which, I believe, must be unique in this country.

Birds are collected in the bracken on the cliffs, and the guns line across the top of a wide and deep ravine, while the left-hand gun stands on the seashore, a hundred feet below his neighbour. Partridges come over the gun on the cliff-top and scatter in all directions, out over the gun below or dive down into the ravine and pass behind the right-hand guns, while others keep below the cliff along the shore. This particular manœuvre takes time, and as one waits for the drive rock pigeons flight over on their inland journey, while far below eider duck rest on the slow swell of the North Sea.

The best partridge season at Dunglass resulted in a bag of 2,150 birds. In 1934, in three consecutive days the bags were 534, 431 and 505 partridges. There are two small grouse moors on the estate which provide opportunity for mixed bags. In 1936 360 partridges and 90 grouse were killed in one day by six guns, and last year five guns killed 140 partridges and 167 grouse. During last season 211 woodcock were shot at Dunglass, but Mr.

Usher was away when the keepers reported that a big flight was in. Two guns killed 84 in three days, and on another occasion Mr. Usher had 24 when out alone. There are no first-class roosting woods for pigeons, but over 100 woodpigeons have been killed by one gun in an afternoon.

There have always been a number of grouse on the southern slopes of the Lammermuirs, but owing to the dispersal of large estates (Spottiswoode, Marchmont and Langton) good bags are more localised nowadays. The best grouse moors in Berwickshire lie on the northern boundary of the county at Byrecleuch, and belong to the Duke of Roxburghe. The moors are well watered by the River Dye and its tributaries, and deep glens and a quantity of bilberry afford good shelter and feeding. The records of Byrecleuch show what can be achieved by careful heather burning, destruction of vermin and good keepering.

In 1914, 3,332 grouse were killed, of which 2,630 were killed between August 14th and 18th.

In 1912, 4,807 grouse were killed in seven days' driving. Six guns killed 3,600 birds in the first four days of the season, the first two days resulting in bags of 1,024 and 1,020 grouse. The last good year was 1934 when 3,887 grouse were killed. Grouse disease has taken heavy toll in the Lammermuirs in recent years and in the past, but heather beetle and sheep tick have not appeared as yet. It is recorded that grouse were almost exterminated by disease in the winter of 1872, and in 1935 disease broke out in a spring of late frost and snow, and the keeper at Byrecleuch reported that approximately 8,000 dead birds were found.

The bags for 1935 and 1936 at Byrecleuch were 477 and 624 birds.

South of the moorland the Mertoun Estate, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, is one of the most attractive in Berwickshire, although it is impossible to ignore Roxburghshire when speaking of this estate, for the boundaries of the two counties are so strangely marked that, in several places, birds flushed in one county are shot in the other. Mertoun consists of about 6,500 acres, and Lord Ellesmere prefers variety rather than quantity, and is able to provide many delightful mixed days. There are no hand-reared pheasants at Mertoun, and 1,000 wild birds are shot in most years.

Over 90 brace of partridges have been killed on a mixed day by four guns, and more than 100 hares are often shot. Lord Ellesmere has often killed between 30 and 40 mallard flighting to the stubbles, and once shot 132 woodpigeons coming to young barley, having gone out with the intention of firing a shot or two to keep them off the field. The Mertoun tenants are always given a day's covert shooting at the end of the season. Landlords are often inclined to forget that game preservation in agricultural districts cannot be successfully achieved without the good will of the tenants.

An arrogant keeper or a surfeit of tame pheasants or hares may produce a reasonable antipathy towards game in a tenant's mind, and it should be the duty of all landlords to show their gratitude in some adequate gesture.

The science of partridge culture has no greater professor than Colonel A. R. Trotter, of Charterhall, who owns some 3,500 acres a few miles east of Greenlaw. He has very kindly supplied me with a wealth of data covering a period of over 30 years, and it is impossible to do justice to such material in this short article. I will confine myself to the final comment in his notes and mention a few of the bags recorded at Charterhall: "Since 1905 I have tried all the well-known systems for maintaining a good stock of partridges—Euston, Beauvais and (latterly) I.C.I. I cannot say that, since the War, I have benefited by what has been done." In 1875, 1,139 partridges were shot in 26 days (walking), and in 1876, 1,086 in 23 days (walking). In 1910, 2,053 birds were killed in ten days driving to six guns, the best day being 386 partridges on October 7th. Since that year, bags have steadily declined, and the totals for the last three years are 419, 581, and 218 birds.

Although Colonel Trotter has found disappointment with his partridges, he has achieved an unparalleled success by his determined attitude towards wild geese, as the photograph on the opposite page testifies. It was written in 1895 that owing to disturbance and persecution the Merse would no longer hear the cackle of wild geese which had frequented Fogorig Farm from time immemorial. The prophecy was ill-founded. I have seen a host of pink-foots fill the evening sky above Charterhall, which has rightly become their sanctuary. A few miles away in the marshland of Greenlaw Moor, three guns killed 180 geese in fourteen evenings during last season.

I have heard gloomy reports from the Solway and other places of the relentless and ceaseless disturbance of wild geese, and I sincerely hope that others will follow Colonel Trotter's example and provide our most noble visitors with a haven for all time.

Large flocks of golden plover frequent certain farms on the Charterhall estate throughout the winter.

The Hirsel estate (near Coldstream) and Bonkyl (a few miles north of Duns) belong to Lord Home. The Hirsel consists of about 4,000 acres, 1,000 of which is woodland. The natural contours of the Leet valley provide a reasonable excuse for tame pheasants, and 2,400 have been killed in one season. In 1908 and 1910, 916 and 1,090 partridges were shot, but in the last few years birds have been very scarce. There are several first-class pigeon woods, but unfortunately it is seldom possible to organise a pigeon shoot until February (when the majority have left) owing to the imaginative and nervous reactions of both keeper and tame pheasants! Two guns killed 200 pigeons, standing behind newly-erected hurdles in a bare grass field, outside a roosting wood, one October afternoon. The best evening in early February resulted in 294 pigeons. 241 woodcock were killed on these estates last season, and 48 were shot in one day on the Bonkyl property some years ago.

The lakes at Hirsel and Duns Castle provide sanctuaries for a great number of wildfowl, whose quarters almost disappeared with the drainage of the Merse.

I turned over the pages of an old game-book, and found these entries: "Jan. 22nd 1822. Lord Home. 6 Pheasants, 1 Woodcock, 2 Wild Duck, 6 Hares, 5 Rabbits, 9 Salmon. Sept. 29th 1822. Ld. Home. 6 Partridges, 1 Snipe, 2 Hares, 2 Rabbits, 6 Salmon. Oct. 1st 1830. Ld. Home. 25 Salmon."

I like to think that wild geese were feeding peacefully on Fogorig in those days, that salmon were forging upstream through the waters of Mertoun, that partridges looked down on the eider ducks below the cliffs of Dunglass. I am glad that the story of Berwickshire is founded on those eternal things.



THE SLOPES OF THE LAMMERMUIR HILLS, BERWICKSHIRE, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH



OUR FIRST LAKE ON WHICH THE LOG CAMP IS BUILT
"We found the first lake well stocked with trout, running from small fry up to fish of 2½lb."

TROUT PLUS STICKLEBACK

How Small Fish Were Made Into Big Fish

THIS article is not intended to be a learned treatise for savants full of statistical and mathematical data, but a simple statement of facts minus theories and exaggeration. Twenty years ago I leased from the Quebec Provincial Government a series of five lakes at the north-east end of the County of Charlevoix bordering on and over the line of the county of the Saguenay. The first of these, which covers an area of about a mile and a half, is situated approximately three miles from the River St. Lawrence at an altitude of some 800ft.; the others rise in height gradually until at the fifth lake a height of 1,500ft. is reached. The shore of all these lakes is rock bound, and prior to 1922 was well wooded. The lakes themselves are fringed with sand and gravel with bottoms of outcropping battures in mid-lake; the waters are, therefore, remarkably clear with no trace of mud or clay. On looking over the properties, we found the first lake well stocked with speckled trout, running from small fry where the spring and fresh waters entered the lake, up to fish of 1lb. to 2½lb. In early spring and late September fish of 3lb. and 3½lb. are sometimes taken.

This lake discharges by a fair-sized stream into the St. Lawrence—we found these trout were of different shape and texture from any in the region, except in another large lake nearby with a similar discharge to the sea. These direct discharges to salt water undoubtedly account for the myriads of sticklebacks that we found infesting these two lakes, and these sticklebacks, called by our French guide "poissons armés," provide for the trout an abundant food supply. It is not cross-breeding or change of strain that is the *raison d'être* of bigger and better fish.

The fish in this first lake, owing to the clarity and coolness of the water, were longer and harder and less speckled than those in the smaller and mud-bottomed lakes, the females silvery and the males, even at spawning time, less ruddy. The sticklebacks have their habitat among the beds of long weeds in water of 10ft. to 20ft. deep, where the males make nests of fine particles of fibre for the propagating of their young. In midsummer on calm days while fishing over these weed beds these minute fish appear near the surface in weaving masses like a carpet seeking the shade of our boats, and were easily caught in a fine mesh hand net.

Our second lake was well supplied with trout ranging from fry to a weight of ½lb., but our third and fourth lakes were barren. In June, 1918, we transferred in hand buckets a distance of five miles some 250 trout fry from our first lake, among which were some sticklebacks. In passing the second lake where, as we have said, the fish were small but plentiful, the water in the buckets was changed and some of the sticklebacks escaped. The majority, however, of mixed fingerlings were safely placed in number three lake.

For four years we saw no sign of fish in this lake, but in June, 1922, while mending canoes on the shore a large rise in mid-lake was noticed, and putting out immediately a fine male trout, 22½ in. in length with shoulder girth of 13½in., rose to the proverbial Parmacheene Belle, and was safely netted. It weighed 5¼lb. and was in perfect condition. During the remainder of the season this lake gave us three more similar fish and many others ranging from ½lb. to 4lb., the smaller being new fish, the progeny of our transferred fingerlings.

The experience of most transferrers of trout to barren lakes has been that the fish increased in weight until such time (say five or six years) as the food supply has been exhausted; but in our case the ever-increasing stickleback has provided a continuous supply of adequate food, and big fish are still obtainable, although owing to the nefarious practice of ever-present poachers who fish over the spawning beds inshore through the early December ice, and the increasing number of otters, these bigger fish are not now so plentiful. Incidentally, four of these otters fell to the rifle of our warden, the pelts of such size and condition that they sold for 20 dollars apiece in the fur market.

In 1925 some fifteen to twenty trout of 6in. to 8in. in length were transferred to our fourth lake (also barren), and with these a few sticklebacks. No sign of them appeared until 1933, when from our fifth lake we placed 160 trout of from ½lb. to 1½lb. in the water. This was in early June. In August frequent rises were seen of large fish estimated by our guides to be of 3lb. to 5lb. weight. To our minds this sudden activity was possibly due to the influx of the strangers. In September of last year (1937) a fine cock fish of 6¾lb. was taken measuring 24in. in length by 15in. in girth on a No. 8 White and Pink streamer fly. Examination showed it was a young fish in excellent condition, and we estimated its age as between six and seven years. It contained six small sticklebacks partly digested—substantiating in our minds the value of sticklebacks as a food supply.

We now come to our fifth lake situated at a height of 1,500ft. to 1,800ft. above tidewater, and contrary to the others it discharges into a series of nine large lakes and a small stream which empties itself at the mouth of the Saguenay River. This lake was well supplied with beautifully coloured fish up to 1½lb., their backs dark, bellies cream coloured, the spots purple and mauve to pale pink, no red except at spawning time, and their flesh hard and of a deep red colour resembling salmon. In 1922 this region was devastated by forest fires and the lakes were infested by lumbermen salvaging what remained of the dried spruce and pine. At the discharge of our lake they built a dam preparatory to driving the pulpwood, thereby raising the lake considerably and providing a largely increased area of feeding ground; to-day we are taking trout up to 3lb. from greatly increased numbers. In this lake there are no sticklebacks, but frogs and crawfish and a species of lizard abound.

One point has been overlooked with regard to the placing of sticklebacks in our second lake—two years later we took fish up to 2lb. that previously had never gone over ½lb., a decided exception to the old saying, "You can't get figs from thistles." In many of our catches we discover that evidently on account of the sharp stickles the trout cannot swallow their piquant prey, and we find them sticking in the fishes' gorges undergoing deglutition and digestion.

The stickleback (three-prong variety) breeds in myriads, and is minute in size—never reaching in maturity a length of over 1¼in. Its food consists of minute particles of vegetable matter and animalcules, and it is, therefore, not a competitor for the natural and larger food of the trout, which Professor R. W. Taylor, Biologist of the Department of Fisheries, has found to be the case if larger species of fish, such as minnows and gudgeon, are used.

FRANCIS A. CUNDILL.



WHERE THE LAKES WERE SITUATE
In the Laurentians, overlooking the Charlevoix-Saguenay hinterland

THE RED-NECKED PHALAROPE

A Bird of Gentle Beauty and Some Rarity

A WANDERLUST for birds attacks us every year, and we willingly succumb to the infection, passing happily through a long winter's incubation to the high fever itself, for a great deal of pleasure is extracted from planning its remedy.

The Arctic regions hold out prospects of contact with some honoured names on the British bird list. In particular we know that the red-necked phalarope breeds there in goodly numbers. Here, then, we decide to pitch our tent where a broad headland juts out into the Jaameri, a place remote and inaccessible enough to be considered as an island. This terrain would be classified by the geologist as a huge moraine of the Pleistocene period; a skull of *Elephas primigenius* has been unearthed nearby to confirm its date in history. Low cliffs of shaly rock encircle the central part to form a tableland, and here numerous small lakes and pools are set deep in the peaty soil affording a profusion of sheltered sites fit for the most fastidious red-neck.

Despite its plebeian etymology, there must be poetry in the very name of phalarope, which, coupled with the bird's gentle beauty and rarity, singles it out for the favours of several writers. One recollects that the bird is given small but honourable mention by a great story writer, and to perfect this association we found some half wild sheep of the mouflon type roaming the plateau on what we came to call our Island of Sheep.

So many pairs were nesting there that we could pick and choose among them for our photographic venture. In our opinion the right nest was situated in an old peat cutting. Sedge and cotton grass gave plenty of cover along the banks. Bog bean and the Baltic rush were mirrored in the still surface of the water.

Of vast importance, too, the hide, brown to match the peat, could be set up on a patch of fairly firm ground. We arranged stepping stones to gain an easy approach and roughly paved the "floor" in order to eliminate squelching noises, cramp and other discomforts attendant upon working in a bog.

The nest, a cup-shaped depression hidden from view in the dense sedges, contained four well-incubated eggs, pyriform in shape and heavily spotted with purplish black on a dull ochre ground colour. The bird was so tame as to outvie the dotterel in its disregard of human proximity. The latter will practise subtle deceits about its nesting area, but the phalarope is, as far as we observed, innocent of these legitimate wiles. Except for its restless mercurial temperament it is an accommodating bird to the photographer.

Within a few minutes of entering the hide a party of five birds appear. They flit round the pool uttering a soft note like the flight call of the dunlin. They alight, buoyant as thistledown on the water, looking for all the world like celluloid ducks in a nursery bath, and are equally as erratic in their movements. Busily feeding as they swim along the margins, they show a combination of all the pretty actions of moorhen and wader with some unique additions of their own. A subdued conversation of muted notes is kept up by this miniature quintet. Their colour scheme of white, orange-red and dark grey is in perfect harmony with the surroundings. Suddenly a bickering occurs among them and three birds rise with a sharp note of alarm and a flash of vivid white wingbars, leaving the pair of the nest in possession.

The male bird, who undertakes all the duties of incubation, shows a decided reluctance to resume



"SO TAME AS TO OUTVIE THE DOTTEREL IN ITS DISREGARD OF HUMAN PROXIMITY"



"BUOYANT AS THISTLEDOWN ON THE WATER, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE CELLULOID DUCKS IN A NURSERY BATH"

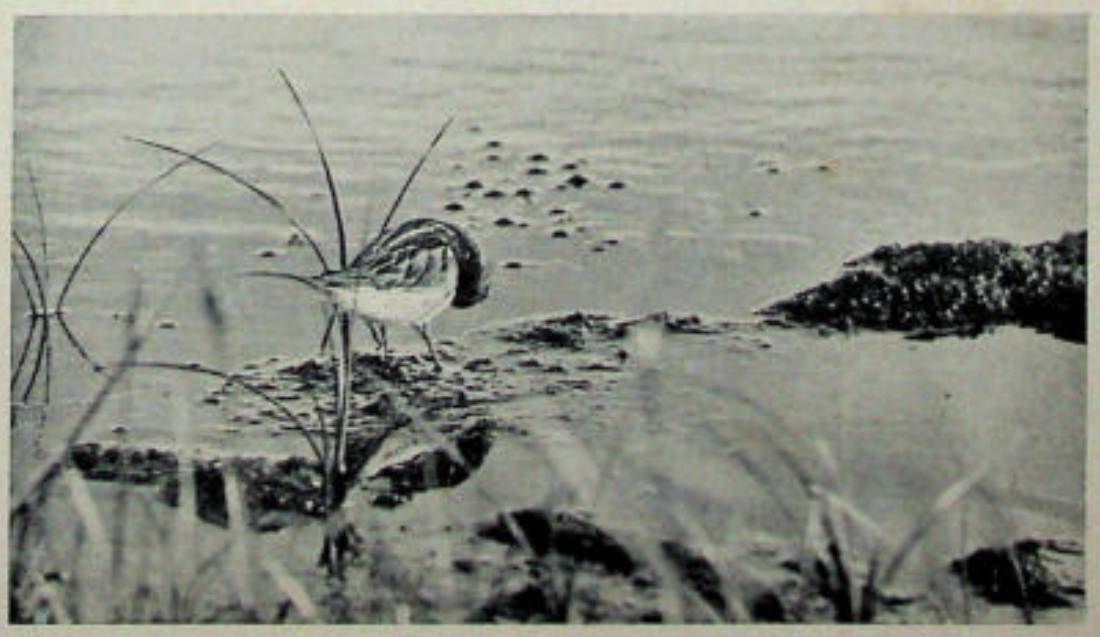
them. His wife reads him a curtain lecture and drives him back towards the nest, whereon, like a veritable Socrates, he resigns himself philosophically to his task, though he puts on the air of a truant schoolboy. Shall I ever get my chance at this little sprite?

As he rounds a clump of cotton grass he hesitates, and I get him as he gyrates to stir up the insect life below. Now he jumps nearly clear of the water, his slender awl-shaped bill quivering like a rapier at some invisible fly. Then he chooses to linger in the shallows, bathing and preening himself, while he makes me free of all his vital beauty. At last, grudgingly, he slips back to the tedium of the nest, and his triumphant Xantippe departs to join her hen party.

From my hide I can see a pair of peat cutters in the distance wheeling away the newly-cut blocks to be set up like tiles to dry in the wind and sun before they are ready to harvest. A wheatear slips in and out of an old peat stack where she has a brood of fledglings. Some lapland buntings are nesting nearby, for the cock bird flies round in a spiral, singing very like a descending skylark.

My eyes travel back to the nest, and they search in vain for the little sitter, for he has replaced the curtain of sedges I had perforce to flatten, and is once more securely hidden. His little world is at peace, and so we leave him, glad to have gained an intimacy with so interesting a creature.

F. N. H. MAIDMENT.



PREENING AFTER A BATHE. THE MALE UNDERTAKES ALL THE DUTIES OF INCUBATION, BUT RATHER UNWILLINGLY

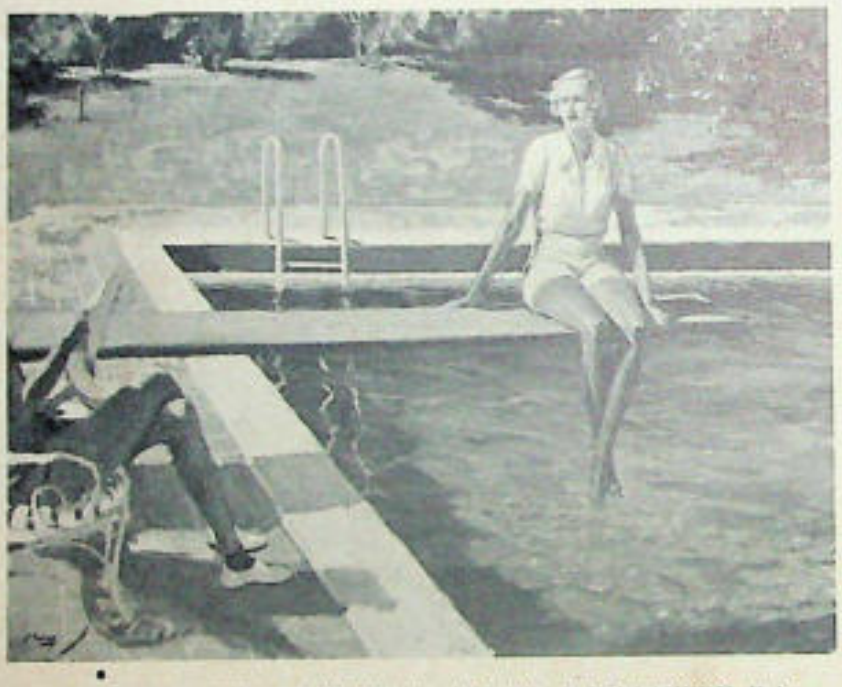
LIFE IN THE OPEN RECORDED ON CANVAS

A "Field" Selection from Burlington House

SPORT and English country pursuits, which provided so many themes for the old-time painters in the days of Ben Marshall, Stubbs and the Alkens, find comparatively few supporters among the modern artists whose work is exhibited annually in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Yet at no time has there been so much scope for the brush in recording outdoor life. Field trials, shooting, angling and athletic recreations are among a few of the many subjects which are not set down on canvas for the benefit of posterity. And it may be asked whether much of the work dealing with open-air life does justice to the incidents selected. The question we leave our readers to answer.



YOUNG RIDERS RESTING. BY FREDERICK WHITING.



THE VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSS. BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



CONVERSATION PIECE: WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.
BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY.



ODD FISH. BY GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



THE CATTLE MARKET. BY JAMES BATEMAN, A.R.A.

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SPORT IN ART SEEN FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES



EPSOM DOWNS. BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A.



THE GATE CRASHER. BY A. DUNCAN CARSE



AT RACKENFORD MANOR. BY T. C. DUGDALE, A.R.A.

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MUNNINGS—PAINTER OF HORSE AND HOUND

WHEN complaint is made of the lack of good sporting pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, one of the notable exceptions that must be made is in the case of the work of Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A. Would there were more like him! He has captured the spirit of his times, and future generations will see through his eyes a faithful representation of the equestrian sport and people of our age. Nothing forces this home so strongly as the exhibition of sixty-six of his fine paintings now being held at the Leicester Galleries. Not only is the turf and hunting field represented as one expects it to be, but we see also the Munnings whose brush cannot resist the appeal of pageantry or the beauties of the stream, the countryside and the garden. This one-man show,-the first to be held for sixteen years, is an event of the year not to be missed. And there is still more "Munnings" at Burlington House, where, incidentally, the painting of Their Majesties Return from Ascot in 1925 is to be seen.

A START AT THE OCTOBER MEETING, NEWMARKET. BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.



A MUNNINGS "CONVERSATION PIECE"
QUESTION: "WHERE DID *YOU* JUMP THE BROOK?" ANSWER: "MY ROTTEN HORSE ISN'T FIT"

This England . . .



In the Sussex Downs

THE Frenchman who said that we take our pleasures sadly, can scarce have visited our green uplands during a week-end of boon weather. Solemn, indeed, is the business of getting there—by car and 'bus and "bicycle made for two." But the family once encamped, what robustious games are played, what healthy, happy laughter shakes the sunlit air. For we English take joy of our land, and all that in it lies—from the lush green grass that leaves its happy souvenir upon the trouser's knee, to the grand ale of Old England (aye Worthington, an it please you) that sets us up anew, and sends us content upon the homeward way. Free are we then as the birds of the air—but one scruple must we have, that there be no trace of our passing. 'Tis a lovely heritage, this England . . . *let us keep it so.*

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

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

WHAT is Port? Port is a wine made from grapes grown in a strictly delimitated district of the Douro Valley; it is fortified by the addition of wine-spirit, that is, brandy, at the time of the vintage; it must be shipped from Oporto. Those are the three conditions laid down by the law not only of Portugal, but of England, for Port to be legally Port.

Most of the other wines of the world are defined by the laws of their countries of origin, but the law of England takes no notice of any wines other than those of Portugal and Madeira. There is some satisfaction, of course, in the assurance thus gained that the Port one buys must be genuine, but a genuine wine may very well be unattractive, just as a genuine person may be very dull.

What matters most, in the case of Port, is that it should be acceptable and enjoyable, as well as genuine. The fact that no wine may be offered for sale under this name which has not been made from Douro grapes, fortified at vintage time and shipped from Oporto, does not mean that there is anything in the nature of a standardised wine under the name of Port. There are very great differences between some kinds and others, and the person who declares that Port does not suit him should be asked: "Which Port does not suit you?"

When the grapes are ripe, they are picked and immediately crushed under foot in great stone *lagars*. Twenty-four or 48 hours later, according to the way the newly-pressed grape-juice begins to ferment, a sufficient quantity of brandy is added which checks the fermentation at first. At that stage there is in the casks a blend of fermented grape-juice (i.e. wine) brandy and unfermented grape-juice, but that is not Port. It is the materials out of which Time and the art of man are going to make Port, either Vintage or Tawny.

Vintage Port, to all Englishmen of the old school, is the real Port. It is a wine made in any one year, a good year, when the grapes were at their ripest and soundest at vintage time, but not necessarily from the same vineyard or estate. It is usually shipped from Oporto two years from the date of the vintage and bottled in England soon after it has arrived. It is then left alone to mature in bottle, that is to say, to mature very slowly, retaining more colour, acquiring greater body and bouquet, than if left in cask.

Vintage Ports differ very much from one another, even when made in the same year, because each shipper has his own ways and means of dealing with the grapes at the vintage and with the wine after the vintage before the wine is shipped; also because the time and manner of the bottling can make quite a difference; and, lastly, because the length of time during which the wine was kept, and the conditions under which it was kept, all have their share of responsibility in the making or the marring of Vintage Port. But there cannot be any two opinions about the excellence of Vintage Port when good, granting at the same time that it is detestable when not good.

Tawny Ports, on the other hand, never can hope to reach the same dignity, not to say the majesty, of a fine and well-matured Vintage Port, but they can have real charm, and they can be acceptable even when not of superlative quality. Tawny Ports are blends of Port wines made in different years and from different vineyards. These blends are kept at Oporto or Vila Nova de Gaia, across the Douro, in the shippers' lodges, maturing more rapidly because they are much more in contact with the oxygen of the outside air, and being constantly improved, according to each shipper's own lights and reserve stocks, until the time comes for shipping them under one of the marks which each shipper uses for marketing his wines.

Between Vintage Port and Tawny Port there are a number of other Ports, all of them blends of different wines and kept more or less time in cask. Ruby Port, for instance, is a compromise between Vintage Port, of which it has some of the colour and fire, and Tawny Port. It is a blend which may be made at Oporto or in England, that is, by the shipper or by the wine-merchant. Then there is also White Port, a sweet wine and a very popular wine among the ladies.

The best Port is the one that suits you best, always, and there are so many grades and qualities that there should be no difficulty in finding the most suitable of them, which will give you pleasure to drink in the evening and no headache the next morning. But to the true Port-lover there is no wine to be mentioned in the presence of Vintage Port.



MEETING OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AT NEWMARKET

Water colour by Thomas Rowlandson in the Louis Deglatigny Collection which is being sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Co. on May 11th

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of April 28th, 1888.

CRICKET in Australia. "The first to begin their campaign of the two English elevens that visited Australia last autumn, that captained by Mr. G. F. Vernon, and brought out by the Melbourne Club, was also the first to finish the series of matches on its programme. . . . As a speculation it can hardly be a success, for, as we anticipated, there are scarcely first-class cricketers enough in the Colonies to keep two such elevens as those that went out occupied . . . However, Mr. Vernon and his men played plenty of good matches in South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales and Tasmania, and by the opposition they met with it was proved that the game continues to advance in the Colonies."

Big Game. "Game seems to get scarcer and scarcer every year all over the world. In America there are very few buffaloes left. Tigers do not seem as easy to get at in India as they used to be, and in South Africa one has to go pretty far to get anything larger than a springbok. Fifteen or 20 years ago a passenger travelling to Kimberley was pretty certain of seeing wildebeest, hartebeest and large troops of springbok and blesbok; to-day one may go all the way and hardly see an antelope."

IN THE SALEROOM

A SALE of great interest to readers of the *Field* is being held by Messrs. Sotheby & Co. on May 11th. It is of the collection formed by the late Louis Deglatigny of Rouen who, apparently, as so many Frenchmen, had a great appreciation of Thomas Rowlandson's work, despite the fact that this great English artist directed so much of his work as a political caricaturist at France and her rulers. The collection contains 170 items of water-colour drawings with a few engravings and illustrated books.

Monsieur Deglatigny purchased most of his collection at these rooms in Bond Street, and instructed his executors to have it dispersed here where he so often attended. In the space available it is difficult to give a suitable appreciation of this delightful collection, but the "Meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket," a water-colour 8in. by 11in., is an indication of what it includes, also "The Dance of Life," "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax" (we should expect this), "The Tithe Pig," and "The Shipwrecked Algerians begging Charity."

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

LEAVING out of account the ubiquitous house sparrow, and in the great cities the ever-present starling, I suppose the most common bird of our gardens is the blackbird. That was not always so. Not many years ago, in my own district at least, you could see just as many thrushes as blackbirds. Now, in that district and in many others throughout the country, the thrush is diminishing and the blackbird increasing.

* * *

A number of reasons have been put forward to account for this. Two, I think, deserve some consideration. It has been suggested that poison is the reason. It is a common practice to use a certain poison for the destruction of snails. It is a good poison and the snails are destroyed beyond doubt. But the snail is the favourite food of the thrush, and the bird, having eaten the poisoned snail, duly dies. That may sound a bit far-fetched, but I have found thrushes that had died from poison. Now there are poisons that are quite as effective—chlorate of soda is one—and are at the same time harmless so far as birds and animals are concerned. I wish it were a law that only such poisons might be used.

* * *

Again it has been suggested that as the thrush is an earlier nester than the blackbird many clutches and many young birds are lost in belated spells of hard weather. And it is true that the blackbird is less sensitive than the throstle to cold. I do not think very much of this second idea. The thrush has always been an early nester and we have always had spells of cold weather just when we should not have anything of the sort. I do not know that I really like the first theory very much, but I prefer it to the second. I think that it is more probable that we are witnessing one of those periodic and unexplainable fluctuations in bird populations.

* * *

I am sorry that the thrush is diminishing even though I regard it as a purely temporary phenomenon. He is an ornament to any garden, and though the blackbird is also an ornament in his lovely glossy uniform and brilliant orange-yellow beak, he is, I think, something of a bully. He is bold—and in suburban gardens very bold, scarcely deigning to make way on the path for the human owner—but his wife is, I find, shy, more shy indeed than the thrush, which will feed unconcernedly on the lawn, the while the hen blackbird flits about the bushes. The thrush takes his place in the garden and fits in. The cock blackbird is definitely boss of any garden which he may choose for his territory. But this year I have no thrushes in my London garden.

* * *

Have you ever noticed how rarely you see a hen blackbird in winter? Any number of cocks but few hens. This winter, for example, I could see five or six or more cocks on my lawn and only one hen. Where do the hens go? We know that the birds move south in the winter, and their places are taken by birds from further north. But the garden of which I am speaking is just about as far south as it can be. Do the hen blackbirds migrate altogether?

* * *

The cock is a very strict holder of territory. In early spring—not infrequently in February—they begin to fight amongst themselves. I do not think these fights are ever fatal. I have often seen them stop in the middle of a fight and start to feed. There is much noise and any amount of bombastic display, but very little physical violence. Thoroughly up to date and politically minded these blackbirds—but they win their territories. In my North London suburb one pair own about five gardens—or rather back strips—but a friend of mine who lives in a very superior South London suburb has a pair in his front garden and another in his back garden (not strip), and to their boundaries the birds keep.

* * *

Many people confuse, particularly early in the year, the songs of blackbird and mistlethrush (I do not think confusion is possible with the throstle). Much of the mellowness and softness of the blackbird belongs to the mistlethrush. But the song of the latter has marked limitations, and by them you may know him. The phrases are shorter and are broken and are repeated rather more monotonously. The blackbird has an amazing compass and a wonderful ability to turn his golden melody over in his throat, adding yet further richness to vast wealth. So if you listen for any length of time to the mistlethrush you will find in his song a quality of wildness, almost of ignorance, quite foreign to the throstle and the blackbird, though present also in the song of that blackbird of the wild places, the ring-ouzel.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VERMIN AND THE FORESTRY COMMISSION

SIR,—A friend of mine who has a shoot in Scotland, adjoining land in the hands of the Forestry Commission, from whom he rents it, informs me that he has received a letter from the Forestry Commission's Edinburgh office stating that the Commission are anxious that every endeavour should be made to keep down vermin on their estates, and that they would be glad to have the co-operation of my friend in respect of the shooting let to him by them.

They go on to state that records are being kept of vermin killed by the Commission's employees, and that the Commissioners would be glad to have at the end of each year returns of the vermin killed by my friend's employees on Forestry Commission property let by it to him, on a form which they have sent him.

On this form red and roe deer, hares, blackgame and capercailzie are included. As there is a close season at any rate for blackgame, even if there is not for capercailzie, I am rather under the impression that they may come under the Wild Birds Protection Act.

It is a most extraordinary thing, under the circumstances, that blackgame should be described, above all by a Government Department, as vermin.

Neither of these birds is, unfortunately, at all plentiful in our Islands, and even if they should do harm to trees, surely the eggs could be carefully collected and offered to owners of shoots in Scotland where no tree-planting is being indulged in. I am told by two different friends that the employees of the Forestry Commissioners in some cases destroy the eggs, and I have even heard from one source, although I can hardly credit it, that both these kinds of birds on occasions have been shot all the year round.

I believe at one time that capercailzie were extinct in Scotland, but were successfully reintroduced, and it would be a great pity if these fine-looking birds were no longer to exist.

Two gentlemen who both own moors in Scotland have written to me about the actions of the Forestry Commission and/or their employees.

One says blackgame are fast disappearing: the Forestry Commissioners are guilty, so are the farmers, or at any rate some of them, who have bought their farms.

The other gentleman writes me as follows:

"Your friend's remarks in connection with the Forestry Commission's attitude towards game are all too true.

"I can unfortunately corroborate, indeed amplify, his strictures. I have shot over ground owned by the Commission; they march with my own estates.

"Capercailzie are much maligned. One never kills a caper that is not stuffed with pine or larch shoots, but are these leaders? Personally, I have never seen a caper on the leader, probably for the good reason he knows it cannot support his weight. He is a bad walker at best, and helpless in rank heather, so the damage which he does do whilst the top of the trees are still within his reach from the ground is negligible.

"This notwithstanding, a few years ago an edict went forth that these handsome birds were to be destroyed at sight. How far up this order had its source I am not in a position to say, and although those amongst the lower-placed Forestry staff were telling me the truth, if confronted, in that they value their posts, they would probably all deny their words, and say I must have misunderstood them.

"At one of the Commission's nurseries, blackgame are actually trapped in common rabbit traps. Possibly there was no direct order to trap blackgame issued from headquarters, but some officer superior to the men in charge of this nursery had doubtless said 'You must protect your trees, or go.'"

Roe can be mischievous, but if the private owner can put up with this there is no excuse for the enormities committed by the Commission. A great deal of the cutting of young trees attributed to roe is really the work of rabbits and hares. (An expert can tell at a glance, and I suggest a Natural History Adviser as a useful addition to the Commission's staff.)

The actual man in charge who is responsible for the area knows quite well that if he has allowed, through negligence, damage to occur from hare or rabbit, that he is held blameless if he can put it on to the roe deer. From near to where I am writing some tracts of country have been practically denuded of roe. They were persecuted in and out of season, and does in calf were shot as vermin: worse than this, in one area nearly 100 were snared a couple of years back, and the unfortunate calves whose dams had been caught, of course starved to death.

Seeing that a newly formed plantation is usually netted rabbit and sheep-proof, and that an additional foot of big mesh wire netting (this renders the enclosures practically proof against roe deer) can be added at a cost of about 2d. per yard, the use of the snare should be absolutely prohibited. Not only is it abominably cruel, but as roe are wanderers, it is quite unfair to neighbouring owners who are prepared to suffer a certain amount of damage rather than stoop to unsporting practices.

In any of the Commission's holdings where red deer are a menace I have invariably found the fencing to be good and adequate, so why these animals should be included in the Forestry Commissioners' vermin list is rather beyond me.

I give these extracts for what they are worth, but from what I have heard and seen it would appear that something should be done by the Government to stop this wanton and also cruel slaughtering of deer and birds.

Yours faithfully,

7, York House, Kensington, W. 8. F. H. BESSEMER CLARK.

DECOYING PIGEONS

SIR,—When I returned from shooting recently I read the article by Mr. Gavin Maxwell in "The Gun Month by Month" series. I happened to have succeeded in collecting a bag of 120 pigeons, shot as they came in to feed on a field sown with oats in a north-westerly gale.

Mr. Maxwell says: "Pigeons, as they flop into decoys 20yds. away, seem comparatively poor shots." I could not more profoundly disagree with this statement. Every one of the pigeons I shot to-day gave me the thrill of having attained something. A collection of more varied and sporting shots I could not have hoped for.

I write this letter because I feel that this inaccurate statement should not be allowed to go unchallenged, and in order that people should not consider decoying pigeons on to a feed provides "only poor shots."

Yours faithfully,

Floors Castle, Kelso. ROXBURGHE.

THE NEW BOOK OF THE DOG

SIR,—I was a little shocked to find that your reviewer "Canis" has, possibly inadvertently, given a somewhat wrong impression of my last work on the dog, and as it is, to say the least, rather detrimental to me, suggesting as it does that I have sold Messrs. Cassell & Co. a literary pup, I hope you will allow me to put the matter right.

My main objection is to the statement that what I have put in the chapter on Pedigree Dog Breeding is "rather redundant, as it is accessible to breeders from easy sources of reference." Of course if a dog breeder cares to refer to the *Kennel Club Stud Book* he will find that a dog—in vol. 1935, say—won two certificates, but he will not find that that dog won 32 certificates *except* by going through volume after volume, noting down each time what the dog did—possibly five books. Then he must look up one, two or three after the period in case the dog came on to the scenes again. I have collected all these figures and have given the total. I have worked out the age at which a dog won its first, the age when it became a champion, the age when it won its last certificate. To do all the dogs I have done took my secretary and myself well over two years. Even as described here the matter is not so simple as "Canis" appears to believe, for how are we to know out of the, say, 100 champions in a breed which ones are the most important? How are we to know which dog that only won a third at its first show will be a champion later? In short, to start with I had to analyse the winnings of every champion in the breed and then sift the leaders from the less important. I do not suggest that anybody else could not do the same, being merely a matter of work and hours. That is all.

The value of these pages is that they give for the first time the actual leading dogs and bitches in each breed. They make pedigrees alive. They bring out the fact that the dog X was kept in show condition for *y* years, that he bred five champion sons and no champion daughters; so that apparently he is a breeder of males rather than females, and those who want show males should go to him.

"Canis" writes that Warland Protector and Covert Dazzle, two famous Airedale terriers, do not appear in my book! Might I refer him to pp. 225 and 226? He will find on those pages the following information: "Warland Protector is a son of Ch. Wrose Anchor and was born when his sire was four years old. Warland Protector only bred one champion, that is, Sweet Damsel's Legacy, who was born when he was two years old.

"Covert Dazzle was a daughter of Clee Brigand, so had no champion sire, but was a granddaughter of Ch. Clee Courtier. Covert Dazzle was born in 1931. Clee Brigand, her sire, was a son of Clonmel Monarque, the sire of the famous Clee Courtier, the great breeder of champions. Covert Dazzle had no champion sons and daughters bred in Great Britain."

Your "Canis" fails to see all this! Would he tell me of any book that mentions these two champions? Is there any book that gives this information about these two Airedale terriers? No, there is not. Surely "Canis" must see that to be able to say that Covert Dazzle had no champion sons and daughters, the breeding of every champion Airedale must first be examined.

As to the Welsh Corgi, here we have a matter of opinion. I need hardly remind "Canis" that the late Mr. Rawdon Lee and Mr. Walsh before him, and Dalziel, and all the rest of them, had not heard of a Welsh Corgi breed. Each of these gentlemen searched for breeds, as their books clearly show. The late Mr. Robert Leighton and all the other more recent writers were also unaware of such a breed.

"Canis" is, I think, being called over the coals in *Our Dogs*, so that I will not add to the snapping and barking, being of a kindly disposition. But why such a review? I am sure two pages of the book on the Airedale contain more information on the breed than has ever been printed.

Yours faithfully,

The Press Club, St. Bride's, E.C. 4. EDWARD C. ASH.

THE FUNCTION OF THE KYPE

SIR,—I read with interest the article by Dr. Gordon Reeve on the function of the kype. There is no doubt that this cartilaginous protrusion of the lower jaw develops in male salmon at the time when they reach maturity; I see no reason why the kype should be classed in a manner other than that of a secondary sexual characteristic, not as Dr. Gordon Reeve suggests, something which may influence the sexual character.

Dr. Reeve mentions the comb of the cock and the plumage of birds as such characteristics. The development of antlers in deer is another. If the gonads of the male deer be extirpated the antlers do not develop. Likewise it is the testes of the male salmon which influence the growth of the kype and not vice versa.

The kype is, as I have stated, a lump of cartilage, and cartilage cannot produce an internal secretion. That is the function of a gland of which the testes is a typical example. The function of the kype is a matter of speculation. Most of these secondary sexual characteristics throughout the animal kingdom have no vital function, but, as Dr. Reeve suggests, they undoubtedly may be an attraction to the female of the species. (The claspers of the frog are, of course, useful.)

However, is it not more natural that the female regards them as evidence of maturity and fertility; and thus has nature guarded against the mating of a female with an immature male? The male may have attained full physical proportions, and in the case of salmon, the kype is the external evidence of sexual maturity.

Yours faithfully,

Glandderw, Aberkenfig, near Bridgend. DAVID W. LLOYD.

DERBY WINNERS IN SOUTH RUSSIA

SIR,—A sentence in your review of the above caught my attention: "*Field* readers will enjoy the tale of two ex Derby winners being smuggled out of South Russia." I have not yet read General Sir Tom Bridges's book, but I had heard from another source that in it he states that Minoru, the Derby winner of 1908, was amongst the half-dozen thoroughbred stallions, once the property of the Imperial Russian Stud, which were in charge of the 41st Remount Squadron for some months in 1919–20. I believe one sentence in the book reads: "Here was the answer to Richard Marsh's question as to the whereabouts of Minoru."

I was in command of the 41st Remount Squadron when it was transferred from Salonika to Constantinople in June, 1919, and soon after I was appointed Deputy-Assistant-Director of Remounts, and held that appointment until it was abolished in September, 1921. I am, therefore, in a position to say quite definitely that Minoru was not amongst these horses. Aboyeur, winner in 1913, was one, and Louviers, second to Minoru, was another, and possibly this is how the mistake arose. The names of the others I do not remember, but I do not think anyone was as distinguished as these two. The whole lot were, if I remember rightly, eventually sent to Serbia, but what became of them there I have no idea. I have photographs of Aboyeur and Louviers in a wartime scrap-book.

Yours faithfully,

Brook, Horrabridge, Devon. C. K. DAWSON.



NO MACHINE YET INVENTED CAN DO THIS JOB
(See letter "Slate-splitting by Hand")

MARKHOR AND SNAKES

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can give any first-hand evidence of the truth of the legend that the markhor eats snakes.

A Pathan once told me that while stalking a straight-horned markhor in Baluchistan, he distinctly saw it kill a snake with its forefeet and eat it. He watched the whole proceeding at close range through field-glasses; and he added, as circumstantial evidence, that he did not shoot the animal as he feared its flesh might be poisonous so soon after eating a snake.

Kashmiri and Balti shikaries believe that the flesh of the markhor, and particularly a certain gland in the stomach, is, when eaten, an effective antidote against snake-bite.

Incidentally "markhor" in Pushtu means, roughly, "snake eater," though Pathans refer to the animal not as "markhor" but as "gharsa" or "wuz."

Yours faithfully,

Poona. .318.

SLATE-SPLITTING BY HAND

SIR,—I thought your readers might care to see this photograph of a slate-splitter at work. How skilled an occupation this is may be estimated from the fact that no machine yet invented can do the job satisfactorily.

Commencing with a slab of newly-quarried slate about an inch thick, the craftsman keeps on splitting the slate in halves—with the aid of his hammer and chisel—until the desired thickness is reached. When the chisel has been driven about 1in. into the slate the tool is gently worked from side to side and the two pieces fall apart—with perfectly even surfaces.

I took this photograph at one of Britain's largest slate quarries, where this handwork contrasts strangely with the modern mechanical devices employed everywhere else on the establishment.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. B. WOOD.

BATTLE ROYAL

SIR,—I had an interesting experience with the wagtail that visited my garden one week in January. It was a hot afternoon and I was seated in an easy chair in the coolest spot I could find on my front verandah when down came a wagtail all of a flutter to the cement pathway. I knew at once something unusual was on the go, as wagtails take care each short flit to see the coast is clear, so raised myself to get a full view, and saw a lizard which he was after. It is called a geyque in Dutch, pronounced "haykey."

Well, a haykey is a small lizard supposed to be poisonous to a certain extent, but not fatally. He has a wonderful tail, which, when he gets into trouble, he throws away, and it jumps all over the place, while the lizard himself clears off quietly into some hole or place of safety. The wagtail attacked, and, of course, the haykey threw off his tail, but the wagtail took no notice of the tail and went for the haykey, who turned on his bird. I thought there was going to be a fierce battle, but the wagtail outmanœuvred the lizard and in a second had him by the back of the neck and threw him up into the air. The haykey was furious at being so treated by a common wagtail and made a rush frontal attack, but the wagtail was too clever, for he caught the lizard as before and threw him higher and harder, and, as he landed, before he could collect himself, he was up in the air again and again, until he lay still on his back. The wagtail was so pleased that he walked up and down doing a sort of goose-step. I was very interested to know what such a light, small bird was going to do with the corpse. Well, it did not take long, for the wagtail actually swallowed the tail in one piece with relish, then he went up to the haykey, and, taking it by the throat, lifted the head and gave it a good hard knock to make sure there was no humbugging; then he turned the lizard on his belly and picked it up in the centre of his back, and feeling by his weight that he was balanced each side of his bill, flew off to his nest. I never thought it possible for a wagtail to tackle a lizard, let alone get the better of him in such a short time.

Yours faithfully,

Kimberley, South Africa. W. P. J.

BEATING FOR MUGGER

SIR,—I have, until recently, always envied fishermen, and regretted that I did not belong to that brotherhood, whose stories are world famous. Now, at last, I have a fishy story to tell myself.

On a rest day from camp, three of us "ghoomed" the edge of a wet nullah for pea-fowl. Suddenly I spotted two grey shapes run into a patch of scrub jungle. At this point the nullah was 20yds. across and full of water. On our side the bank sloped up gently, and had a strip of scrub jungle 20yds. broad running along it. As it turned out afterwards 100yds. on, the bank rose vertically to a height of 20ft., and became rocky.

By signs, we arranged an impromptu beat; one was to do a detour and act as beater. I squatted down where I was 6yds. from the water's edge on the fringe of the scrub with a plain grassy bank between me and the water; the third member moved 10yds. up the bank into the jungle.

Our "beater" seemed to take a long time, when suddenly I heard a splash just up-stream, and thought to myself "Mugger!" A few moments later, to my surprise, a small log appeared floating down 2yds. out from the bank. Soon I could make out his whole body under water, being propelled by a gentle swish of his tail. I was sitting perfectly still but in full view of him, yet he did not see me. As he came opposite me I debated dotting him one in the eye with "sixes." At that moment he turned in towards the bank; as he got under its lee, I turned and faced him, putting up my gun. Half a minute later his ugly snout appeared up a sort of slipway, and he waddled out. Finally, with a sigh of satisfaction, he parked himself broadside on to me 6yds. away.

Then he got it in the neck properly, and before he had a chance to flick himself away, one in the tail too. He (or rather she, as there turned out to be 22 eggs inside her) measured 5ft. 6in. Alas! had I been a fisherman, I could have said that she was 6ft., as it would sound well to say a 6-foot "mugger" with "sixes" at 6yds.

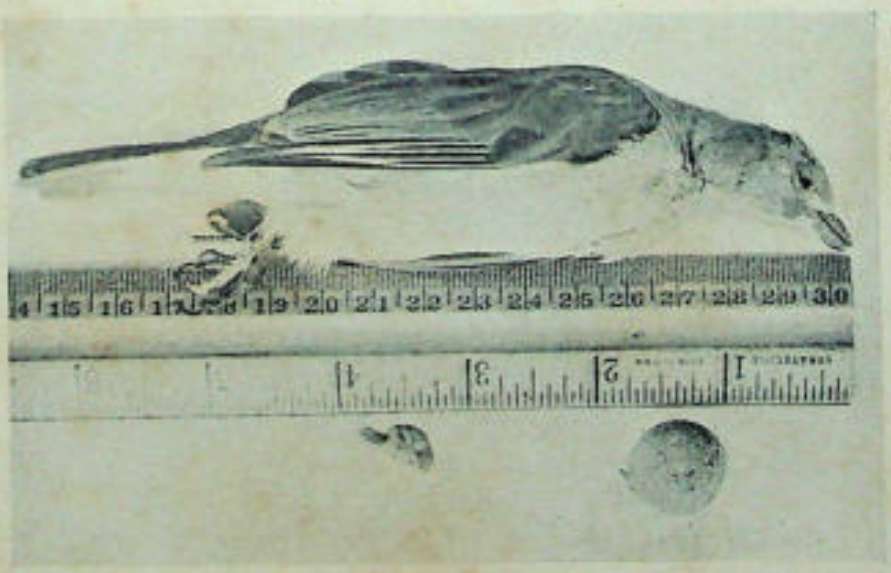
I have tried stalking the brutes, and I have heard of people fishing for them or even sitting up for them over a goat; but I feel that "beating" for them is the pleasantest way. I should like to bring this method to the notice of any maharajahs who wish to find an original way of entertaining their guests.

Yours faithfully,

Lahore, Punjab. J. F. D.

WRECKING HOME LIFE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph and the following observation might interest your readers.



THE PARASITICAL HONEYGUIDE
(See letter "Wrecking Home Life")

Near the mouth of the Umtata River in the Transkei Cape we found a lesser honeyguide (*Indicator minor*) trying to wreck the home life of a pair of black collared barbets (*Lybius torquatus*). While one of the barbets was sitting in the nest, the other partner tried very noisily to chase the intruder away, in which, although much bigger than the honeyguide, it did not succeed. Watching the persistency of the honeyguide, which, in its parasitic breeding habits favours the black collared barbet as the future foster parent of its offspring, for over 20 minutes, we came to the conclusion that a fully developed egg was about to be deposited. The examination of the specimen later showed, however, that none of the eggs was bigger than a lentil. Apparently the bird marks the nest down in advance and tries to accustom the barbets to its presence.

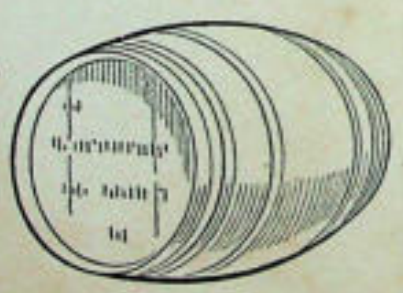
Interesting is the fact that the barbets seem to know the roguish ways of the honeyguide only too well, the reception was definitely hostile, while other birds in the neighbourhood of the nest left the righteous owner apparently indifferent.

The round object below the ruler is a hard lump of beeswax found in the bird's stomach, the irregularly shaped mass the ovary.

Yours faithfully,

16, Doris Street, Berea, Johannesburg, S.A. WILHELM GILGES.

There's many a year 'twixt here



and here



It's the long maturing of the fine whiskies that gives Johnnie Walker its famous smooth "roundness."

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

A STRANGE "WHITE-EYE"

SIR,—Early in February, 1937, I was a member of a shooting party engaged in duck shooting, close to Fyzabad, U.P.

The bag at the end of the day amounted to some 231 head, and included white-eyed pochard, common pochard, pintail, gadwall, tufted duck, shoveler, spotbill, nukhta, garganey, teal and cotton teal.

In the evening, when the bag was laid out for inspection, I noticed that among the "white-eye," of which there were a great many, was one bird of very uncommon plumage; though the colouration of the body was similar to that of a white-eye drake in full plumage, the head and part of the neck was of a dark metallic green shade, as opposed to the dark reddish brown of the ordinary "white-eye."

I called the attention of another member of the party to this bird, and a suggestion was made that it might be a scaup. Subsequently this suggestion was turned down and another put forward that it was a variety of the common "white-eye" known as the Eastern white-eyed pochard.

This variety is mentioned by Mr. Whistler in his *Popular Handbook of Indian Birds* as wintering in China and Japan and occurring as far west as Bengal, but I can find no other reference to it in any other bird book at my disposal.

It would interest me very much to know whether any of your readers have come across this variety in any part of Central or Western India, as I cannot see any reason to suppose that the range of this variety may not be more extensive than is at present thought.

It has been a constant source of regret to me that the bird was not preserved, as it was an excellent specimen, in full plumage.

The "white-eye" is very common throughout the United Provinces during the winter months, and though a great number of these birds are shot annually it would, I should imagine, be very difficult to tell the difference between the two varieties unless one succeeded in producing a specimen in full plumage, such as that I have described.

Yours faithfully,

Abbotts Ann, Andover, Hants. R. F. DUNCOMBE-ANDERSON.

A NOVEL SPORT REGISTER

SIR,—The Sport Register at Pitchroy Lodge, Strathspey, takes the form of walking-sticks. Each year a silver ferrule is added to the stick. Engraved thereon are the totals of salmon caught from the river Spey, and grouse, pheasants, roe, and other game shot on the estate during the season. This type of register is more durable and fascinating than the usual record in book form. It is without question a quaint idea.

Yours faithfully,

Aberdeen. A. B. B.

A GADWALL'S FEET

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the feet or stumps of a gadwall which was shot a few days before Christmas out here. It was the only duck on the tank, and it will be seen that one foot has no webbing at all and no toes whereas the other foot has one toe and only a portion of the webbing. The stumps were smooth and rounded. How they could have become so is a matter for conjecture.

Yours faithfully,

Nagpur, C.P. C. C. CHITHAM.

A GEORGIAN LANTERN

SIR,—I think this photograph may interest *Field* readers. It shows a large George II hanging lantern, 52in. high, of hexagonal form with beautifully cut glass panels enclosed in bronze framework. The arched upper panels are surmounted by a pierced scroll cresting, and the whole lantern is surmounted by the ducal coronet. I have recently acquired it from Norfolk House and it is now hanging in the entrance hall of the recent extension of this hotel on the site of the old Knightsbridge Station.

Yours faithfully,

Basil Street Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 3. CHARLES TAYLOR.



A FINE PIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
(*See letter "A Georgian Lantern"*)

DISEASE IN FERRETS

SIR,—On February 6th, 1937, I found one of my white ferrets mated to her brother; result six young. These I reared. I have three of her daughters. One was mated on January 16th, 1938; another on January 27th, and the third one on February 22nd. I have never known ferrets mated before March. In 1937 the rest of my ferrets and my two pure-bred polecats were mated in March and April. All their young lived till six to eight weeks old. Some I weaned, others I did not. All but two died. They seemed perfectly all right one day and dead the next. Sometimes the whole litter one day; other litters two or three days, two or more a day. The two that lived died when half grown. I sent one of the half-grown ones to the Veterinary College, Dublin. They said it was distemper, which I do not believe. Ferrets are very susceptible to distemper, so the whole lot would have taken it and died, as they were all in a stable, very near together. Some of the bitches had a slight attack of footrot, the ascaris variety, but I could not find a trace of it on the young. In fact, when I had the P.M. I could find nothing wrong, neither could the vet. from the Department of Agriculture, Dublin, who was here, find anything the matter. I lost ten litters. I wrote to a breeder in England. He told me he had had a similar experience one year, and could not find out what was the matter, but he was sure it was not distemper, or the old ones would have died as well. I personally have only known one ferret survive distemper in my 45 years keeping them, and I have had several attacks. With a new season starting I am wondering what I ought to do if they start to die. As there are so many of the weasel family kept for their fur, has the London Veterinary College studied their diseases?

Yours faithfully,

Sligo. H. Q.



HOW DID IT LOSE ITS FEET?
(*See letter "A Gadwall's Feet"*)



ONE OF THE PITCHROY LODGE WALKING-STICKS
(*See letter "A Novel Sport Register"*)

SWORDFISH OFF MAURITIUS

SIR,—In the waters around Mauritius black marlin have been caught up to as much as 1,500lb., their usual run, however, being considerably smaller—between 200lb. and 300lb. The sail fish is also caught, usually weighing between 90lb. and 110lb., and of course both blue and yellow tunny and the smaller game fish abound.

We have long suspected the presence of the broadbill swordfish (*Xiphias gladius*), but this has only just been confirmed by my friend, Mr. Raymond Antelme, who writes that the fish was recently caught on a handline by Michel Jean Pierre, a Creole fisherman. When hooked it did not break water, but circled slowly round the "pirogue," and then eventually sounded. When the fish got halfway down, frantic jerks were felt on the line, indicating that it was being attacked by sharks. Pulling it in as quickly as he could, all that was embarked was the head, with about 100lb. of flesh.

Unfortunately, Mr. Antelme did not hear of the capture until a week later, when he immediately went to Michel's house, hoping that the head was still left. This, however, had been eaten by dogs one night. He managed to secure the sword, which would seem to be quite definitely that of a broadbill. It was rather under 3ft. in length, so the fish was presumably a small one. Has the broadbill ever before been found in the South Indian Ocean?

Yours faithfully,

R. MICHAEL CURRIE.

"Shall we join the Ladies? —they've gone off with the Gold Flake!"



Women *have* got taking ways when it comes to a man's cigarettes—or rather, *the* man's cigarettes, Wills's Gold Flake. That's because, in these days, they want a cigarette really worth smoking. Men have always liked the flavour of really fine Virginia tobacco that is so distinctive in Wills's Gold Flake. So do women, now!

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.8. 442

BEES SWARMING IN APRIL

SIR,—As I have been told by an experienced bee-keeper that so far as he knew it was a record, I beg to report that a hive of my bees swarmed here on the morning of April 7th.

But as this is a very sheltered corner of England I also report the following early dates: March 26th, apple tree on a wall in full blossom. April 1st, peaches and nectarines, growing outside (blossom nearly over); various species of plums and green-gages, whiteheart and morella cherries and pears of all kinds, all in full bloom. April 7th, a May flowering tulip flowering in a border! March 21st, early thorn moth. March 22nd, small white butterfly.

Yours faithfully,

Hill Court, Abergavenny. J. B. G. TULLOCH.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Birds marked * have already been reported in this column.

*CHIFFCHAFF.—March 13th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). 29th, Snelson, Lancashire (Frank Scott). April 15th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 19th, Port Elba, Islay (J. Cooke). 21st, Portree, Isle of Skye (J. Burns).

*WHEATEAR.—March 27th, Hall, Lancashire (Frank Scott). April 2nd, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). 15th, Port Elba, Islay (J. Cooke).

*SANDMARTIN.—March 20th, Godalming, Surrey (F. M. Luce). April 9th, Mitcham, Surrey (H. G. Attlee). 15th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 20th, Lemane, Co. Galway (A. N. Foley).

*HOUSE MARTIN.—March 27th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). April 10th, Godstone, Surrey (James Justice). 17th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman).

*WILLOW WARBLER.—March 27th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). April 7th, Hedgerley, Buckinghamshire (N. A. Watson). 8th, Tonbridge, Kent (H. G. Attlee). 12th, Alderley Edge, Cheshire (Frank Scott). 14th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 16th, Ambleside, Cumberland (L. A. Williams). 17th, Windermere, Cumberland (L. A. Williams); Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald).

*YELLOW WAGTAIL.—April 16th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). 17th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald).

*CUCKOO.—April 7th, Hedgerley, Buckinghamshire (N. A. Watson). 13th, Chigwell, Essex (Amy Atkinson); Horsham, Sussex (J. Gordon Daglish). 15th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (Catherine Vesey-FitzGerald, B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 17th, Sidcup, Kent (P. G. L. Townley). 19th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman). 20th, Jordans, Buckinghamshire (John Adams). 22nd, Ilfley, Oxfordshire (John Adams). 24th, Coshill, Berkshire (John Adams).

*WRYNECK.—March 31st, Hythe, Kent (P. Vernon Dodd). April 7th, Handgreen, Kent (James Justice). 15th, Otterbourne, Winchester (B. Vesey-FitzGerald).

*SWALLOW.—April 9th, Mitcham, Surrey (H. G. Attlee). 10th, Scratch Wood, Middlesex (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 11th, Stonegate, Sussex (E. A. Reid); Warminster, Wiltshire (E. H. Pope). 12th, Alderley Edge, Cheshire (Frank Scott). 14th, Wiveliscombe, Somerset (R. Wight-Boycott). 15th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull); Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman); Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 16th, Whipsnade, Bedfordshire (R. J. McCall, C. L. F. Smith, May Smith, C. K. Cohen, A. K. Reid, D. A. Duncan, C. Wordsworth, Stella Adames); Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). 17th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams). 18th, Canada, Hampshire (J. J. A. Delius). 19th, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone (S. McNab); Kilwinning, Ayrshire (R. M. Knox); Llandudno, Carnarvonshire (D. D. Batty). 20th, Stourbridge, Worcestershire (D. A. B. Seymour). 21st, Laxey, Isle of Man (L. A. R. Williamson); Alnwick, Northumberland (D. Dalziel); Whitley Bay, Northumberland (Ina Peacock). 22nd, Aberdeen (Dulce Buchanan); Stonehaven, Aberdeenshire (R. E. Ellis).

*BLACKCAP.—March 21st, Godalming, Surrey (F. M. Luce). 24th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). April 10th, Must Mount, Middlesex (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 12th, Open Brasenose, Oxfordshire (John Adams); Hedgerley, Buckinghamshire (N. A. Watson); Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire (E. M. Rice).

*TREE PIPIT.—April 7th, Hastings, Sussex (H. G. Attlee) 10th, Scratch Wood, Middlesex (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 15th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman); Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham); Cadnam, Hampshire (M. O'Leary). 16th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald); Canada, Hampshire (J. J. A. Delius). 17th, Haslemere, Surrey (Elizabeth Longman). 20th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 22nd, Radley, Berkshire (John Adams). 24th, Standlake, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*RING OUZEL.—April 11th, Lewes, Sussex (H. G. Attlee). 14th, Etchingham, Sussex (Celia Raftery).

*RUFF.—April 16th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald).

*WHINCHAT.—April 15th, Stockbridge, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald).

*LESSER WHITETHROAT.—April 18th, Alfriston, Sussex (J. R. Mayall); Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman). 19th, Haslemere, Surrey (Elizabeth Longman). 20th, Midhurst, Sussex (R. M. Walters). 21st, Little Common, Sussex (Celia Raftery).

*NIGHTINGALE.—April 14th, Haslemere, Surrey (Elizabeth Longman). 15th, Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman, Elizabeth Longman, Mary Davy, Kathleen Ferguson, J. O'Connell, F. Long, S. Dixon, D. K. Harris, M. Glen, C. J. R. Richards, D. M. Mollisson-Cruse, A. L. Abbey, R. E. A. Hardcastle). 17th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (J. Astill). 18th, Godalming, Surrey (T. Harris).

*COMMON SANDPIPER.—April 15th, Berwick St. James, Wiltshire (A. H. N. Longman). 17th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald); Buckler's Hard, Hampshire (D. Robbins). 20th, Whitney-on-Wye, Herefordshire (L. G. Collett).

SEDGE WARBLER.—April 18th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman). 24th, Boscott, Berkshire (John Adams).

WHITETHROAT.—April 12th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Oman). 14th, Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham, M. O'Leary). 15th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 16th, Little Common, Sussex (Celia Raftery); Selsey, Sussex (Mary Haig). 17th, Alfriston, Sussex (J. R. Mayall); Petersfield, Hampshire (M. Glen). 18th, Brackley, Northamptonshire (Mabel Duncan). 20th, Selhurst, Surrey (Margaret Rose). 21st, Arundel, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody). 24th, Kelmscott, Oxfordshire (John Adams); Abingdon, Berkshire (John Adams); Richmond Park, Surrey (Cora Pawle).

REDSTART.—April 14th, Richmond Park, Surrey (Cora Pawle, W. A. W. David, H. G. Attlee). 16th, Otterbourne, Hampshire (B. Vesey-FitzGerald). 20th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 24th, Bampton, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

GRASSHOPPER WARBLER.—April 24th, Cooden, Sussex (Celia Raftery).

LITTLE TERN.—April 22nd, Sandwich Bay, Kent (K. W. Newall). 23rd, Rye, Sussex (H. E. Chappell).



A COCK STONECHAT

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W., ask for assistance for the following case. Alone in a tumbledown cabin in the depths of the country lives an old gentlewoman of 74 years. All her family are dead, including her brother, who was an officer in a well-known regiment. She has no one to help her, and has only her blind pension of 10/- a week for everything. She lost her eyesight through working in a munition factory and now she is also stone deaf. The last of her line, she is a very tragic figure; please send us £6 10s. that we may give her 2/6 weekly for one year and ease the burden of her life.

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SANDEMAN PORT AND SHERRY

IN THE CITY

NEXT week it is proposed to comment on the Budget and the investment outlook. By then markets should have recovered from the inevitable unsettlement associated with this critical moment in the taxpayers' and investors' year, and it should be possible to make some suggestions for investments in ordinary shares. In the meantime, here are particulars of a few good companies whose preference shares give reasonable yields.

METAL BOX CO., LTD.

By 1932, two years after registration as a public concern, this company had brought into amalgamation its most important competitors, with the result that the group is now the largest manufacturer of plain and decorative tin boxes in the United Kingdom.

The excellent position in which the company stands has been built up by an extremely competent management, but has, of course, been helped by the remarkable growth of the canning industry in this country during recent years. However, the company's activities are not confined to this particular industry; a large percentage of the total output is accounted for by the production of tins used principally in the tobacco, cigarette, biscuit, confectionery and tea trades. In addition, the company is developing through a network of agencies profitable export business, and subsidiaries recently established in the Dominions should in time produce satisfactory results.

The wide range of the company's customers, the expanding demand and the highly efficient organisation of the group should result in steadily increasing profits for shareholders. The capital consists of £500,000 4 per cent. redeemable debenture stock, £975,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference £1 shares, and £1,223,829 ordinary £1 shares. The preference dividend requires £52,041 a year and for the five years ended March, 1937, the average amount available to meet this dividend has been £194,180. These preference shares now stand at around 30/6 to give a yield of £4 11s. 10d. per cent., and they may be regarded as a thoroughly sound investment. Dividends are paid on April 1st and October 1st.

CROWN CORK COMPANY, LIMITED, 6 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE £1 SHARES.

The present Crown Cork Co. was incorporated in 1935 to acquire the assets of a company which, since 1897, has manufactured Crown Cork bottle seals. It is the largest undertaking of its kind in the country, with an output of several million caps per day. A new plant was installed in 1935 and the company has two directly-owned subsidiary companies.

The profits for the year ended December 31st, 1936, enabled the company to show £74,617 available to cover the £18,300 of preference dividend requirements, and it is probable that the 1937 figures will show further expansion.

The 6 per cent. preference shares are redeemable as a whole at 25/- per share at any time before the year 2000. At 24/6 they give the attractive yield of £4 18s. per cent. The dividend is payable on January 1st and July 1st.

CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA, LTD., 6 PER CENT. SECOND CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE £1 SHARES.

This company is one of the leading and best managed of the South African mining and finance houses. It has extensive interests not only in the Rand, but also in West Africa and other parts of the world.

By its progressive policy the company has built up a strong financial position, and at June 30th, 1937, the surplus liquid assets of the operating company (New Consolidated Gold Fields, Ltd.) were £1,223,000. The £1,250,000 of 6 per cent. second preference shares are preceded by £1,750,000 of 6 per cent. first preference shares, and the two issues together require £141,721 out of earnings of £1,033,151 for the year ended June 30th, 1937, and average earnings for the last five years of £702,781.

The dividends are payable on April 1st and October 1st. At the present price of 25s. 9d. the second preference shares yield £4 13s. 2d. per cent.

PACTOLUS II.

SPITTING COBRAS AT THE ZOO

A number of spitting cobras, each about 8ft. in length, arrived from Nigeria recently and may now be seen in their cages. So far they have spent most of their time sitting up with hoods distended and spitting poison at their visitors beyond the glass. These snakes are capable of shooting their venom a distance of 10ft. or more, and invariably they aim at the face of their enemy. When unpacking them the keepers wore motor-goggles to protect their eyes. Cases of blindness have occurred many times in Africa, and some years ago a keeper who received a shot of venom full in the eyes, suffered partial blindness for some weeks, despite the fact that he received immediate and expert treatment.

New Books

FROM HOBBY TO HANDBOOK

An Authoritative Work on the Birds of British East Africa

ON Christmas Day, 1884, Sir Frederick Jackson landed at Lamu on the east coast of Africa. It was not a nice day, and he was not feeling over-cheerful. An hour or so later he sailed up the two miles of creek to Lamu in his own whaler. As he did so he heard the unmistakable cry of curlew, and there on the bank were curlew, oyster catcher small plovers of several species, stint, sandpiper and ringed plover. His spirits rose—and whose would not ?

That first journey was made purely for the purposes of sport and the study of natural history. But he was eventually to spend over thirty years in Eastern Africa. Later he served as Lieutenant-Governor in East Africa (now Kenya Colony) and finally as Governor of Uganda. But throughout all these busy years his spare time was devoted to the study of natural history. Here is the result of his devotion to a hobby—but the work was left unfinished, and it reaches the public, edited and completed by Mr. W. L. Sclater, whose knowledge of African birds is second to none.

Here are three volumes packed with information clearly and concisely set out. A very good key is given ; there is a useful gazetteer, a short note on the geography of Kenya Colony and Uganda and a remarkably full bibliography. All these supplement most usefully the actual systematic description of the birds.

To review these three volumes competently and fully would take up far more space than I have at my disposal. In any case to review such a work at length would mean but little. I can only draw the reader's attention to it and express the hope that it will find a place on the shelves of every ornithologist who is at all serious in the pursuit of his science. Recently in these columns I have commented upon three books on African birds. This present work is supplementary to those others in that the three together make a history of the birds of Africa north of the equator which will probably never be equalled. By itself this work is as good as any that it has been my good fortune to read : and it is beautifully illustrated. Mr. George E. Lodge's coloured plates are surely as good as any that he has produced. Mr. H. Gronvôld has drawn the black-and-white illustrations, and Mr. Gronvôld's drawings need no praise from me or anyone else.

In particular do I think Mr. Sclater deserving of unstinted praise. It can be no easy task—even for so great an authority—to take on the work of another man. For Sir Frederick Jackson this was a labour of love, for Mr. Sclater surely it was also a labour of love. It may seem unjust, therefore, to say that we have yet much to learn of the birds of this region—not, of course, in the discovery of new species or sub-species (that ground has been thoroughly covered)—so far as their habits in the field are concerned. Undoubtedly the most interesting, and the most valuable, portion of this great work is the observations made by Sir Frederick Jackson in the field (they are to be found in the "notes" attached to each species), and it is surely in the field that major contributions to ornithology must be made in the future.

The publishers, Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, are justly famous as producers of beautiful books. This present work is excellently printed and beautifully bound, and is a credit even to a firm of so high a reputation. Indeed, I cannot praise the work too highly. Everyone concerned has given of his best, and the result is a book that will not be superseded during the lifetime of any reader of this review.

B. V-F.

The Birds of Kenya Colony and the Uganda Protectorate. By Sir Frederick Jackson, K.C.M.G., C.B. Edited and completed by W. L. Sclater, M.A. Three volumes. (Gurney & Jackson ; £4 10s.)

THE HISTORY OF A GARDEN

TO those with happy memories of La Mortola and the gardens that are generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful on the Mediterranean coast, this book is no mere catalogue, for even the names in the long list of plants which forms the greater part of the book recall the delights of that garden made with so much knowledge and skill since Sir Thomas Hanbury bought the place in 1867.

La Mortola has an interesting history, for the associations of the place go back to the days when Julia Procilla, mother of Julius Agricola, Governor of Britain in the first century, had a property here, and was buried on Cape Mortola. In the sixteenth century it was owned by the Lenteri family, the last descendant being a nun, and perhaps her ghost is "the little grey nun" who Sir Cecil Hanbury states "wanders through the house at intervals—a gracious little lady of kindly presence." Sir Cecil and Lady Hanbury carried on the work begun by Sir Thomas with loving enthusiasm. At La Mortola he maintained and added to the remarkable collection of plants, including more especially a large number of representatives of the floras of South Africa and South and Central America, enlarged the museum and herbarium collections, and continued the practice of sending out seeds to other countries. One of the most attractive features of this book is the Introduction from the pen of Lady Hanbury. She traces sympathetically the early history of Sir Thomas's ownership, describes the house with its many treasures and records of distinguished visitors, such as Kuo-Sung-Tao, the first Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, and conveys as probably no one else could the wonderful atmosphere and charm of the place. It is of especial interest to note that for a year the Hanbury brothers were their own gardeners, having only the unskilled assistance of Mortola peasants. E. S. R.

La Mortola Garden. Being an illustrated catalogue of the plants cultivated in the gardens of Sir Cecil Hanbury, Kt., M.P., F.L.S. Compiled with the assistance of Sig. Ercoli Mario Curator and Cav. Lorenzi Maurizio, secretary, with an Introduction by Lady Hanbury, O.B.E. (Oxford University Press ; 28/-.)

WHITHER BRITAIN ?

QUITE a number of people are, at the present, wondering about England, and the things that our land and our heritage mean or do not mean to us. And quite a number write about the things they wonder, and quite a number get their writings published. Many of them, unfortunately, cannot write. No one can say that of Beverley Nichols. It does not matter how much one disagrees with him, one must admit his ability as a writer. And how I have disagreed with Mr. Nichols ! At times I have fairly hopped and seethed with rage, the while he has never failed to interest me, to hold my attention, to make me smile when he has wanted to make me—and all his readers—smile.

This book, however, is rather different. Mr. Nichols is mellowing. There is apparent in his writing a careful judgment beneath the biting sarcasm or brilliant wit. Aptly he has titled his new book, for he has examined our England carefully and as comprehensively as is possible in a not very big volume. It is, of course, a survey of our national decadence, but not a very pessimistic one, for he sees signs of hope and still believes that the "English Spirit" will provide the solution. We are examined : our youth, our religion, our laziness, our dislike of facing facts and dangers, the chances of a revolution, the state of Communism—indeed, everything from snobbery to the cleaning of teeth.

And it is *valde face* on the part of Mr. Nichols : a long, long *cry from Cry Havoc.* No longer a pacifist—for he has found something worth fighting for—Mr. Nichols has the courage to say so. A controversial book, but not aggressive, and in the main a fair book. A brave appeal to a great nation, and one that should be read by everyone. It is by far the best work Mr. Nichols has yet done ; but not the best he will do. B. V-F.

News of England. By Beverley Nichols. (Jonathan Cape ; 10/6.)

"A PLAN ; BUT WHAT A PLAN !"

IT is difficult to find words sufficiently strong to describe this book adequately ; it is quite insufficient to say that everyone should read it, though that is the bald truth. Everyone should read it—though it will prove unpalatable to most people. The truth can so often be unkind, even cruel, and there is much truth in this book.

Mr. Piddington is a young man. He is learned, vigorous, widely-travelled, and shrewd. Politically he is a Conservative. If our well-meaning but quite vacuous young Socialists would read this book they would all become Conservatives to-morrow, for Mr. Piddington is progressive to an extent that would make them gasp for joy—and he has a realisation of the direction in which we as a nation, and our land as our heritage, are travelling that puts to shame even the gloomiest pens of our Socialist party.

"The recipe of this book has been 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. desperation." A great many young men to-day feel that 99 per cent. of desperation, and few of us have the necessary 1 per cent. But it is to us, no matter what the older generation may say, that the future of the country is entrusted. That 1 per cent. inspiration is sorely needed, and when it is found deserves consideration, a consideration it is, I fear, unlikely to receive. But Mr. Piddington's is, I hope and believe, but the first shot of a bombardment.

The author examines our racial decay (most people would deny any decay). The decline in our birth rate he attributes to "density" and density brings in problems galore : loss of vitality, loss of health, deterioration in physique, the excessive breeding of undesirable characters. Charts and diagrams may be dull. Examine those in this book and then sit down and think. You will have to sit down, for they will give you many surprises and many shocks. So, too, he examines our land, being spoilt year by year ; our agriculture getting less and less ; ourselves becoming more and more dependent upon imports and our Channel now merely a moat ; our urbanization growing to such an extent. And we do not even grow in our towns one radish to nibble if need should be.

All that has been said before—but not as Mr. Piddington says it ; and moreover he has a plan. I am not going to tell you his plan—you must read it for yourselves—but at least it is a plan, and that is more than anyone else has produced. A very, very good book—well and amusingly written and thought-provoking.

J. N.

The Next British Empire. By R. A. Piddington. (John Murray ; 6/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Now a monthly, *The Aquarist and Pond Keeper* for April contains the second instalment of "Garden Pool Construction," by F. Austin Watson, and the usual excellent articles on various forms of fancy fish, as well as several extremely practical articles for amateur aquarists.

The April issue of *British Birds* contains a very interesting account of the breeding of the black redstart, but recently added to our breeding species, in eastern England, E. M. Nicholson gives an index of the heron population in 1937, and the notes are as varied and interesting as usual.

The Curator writes an account of the Walcott waterfowl in the *Aviculturol Magazine* for April, and Richard James contributes a short but interesting account of waders, birds which are too often overlooked by aviculturists. The rest of this number well maintains the usual high standard.

The April number of *Discovery* appears in a new—and we think more attractive—form. It is now published by the Cambridge University Press, at the same price of one shilling. But it will in future make an appeal to a wider public. Sir James Jeans writes on "The Origin of the Planets." Amongst other interesting articles are "The Meteor that just Missed the Earth," by R. v. D. R. Woolley, Winifred Holmes on "Ethnography and the Camera," and E. H. F. Baldwin on "How Water Can Kill Fishes."



A START TO THE YACHTING SEASON

Looking Back on the Holiday Gatherings

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

WITH Easter having fallen so conveniently late, there was little excuse given for even the least hardy of sailormen not to have fitted out in time to be under way for this first holiday of the year. I do not think, in fact, that many owners neglected the opportunity this season, especially where the smaller ships were concerned, for I cannot remember having seen so many "up-to-4twelve-tonners" ready for sea in all respects. True, the weather was none too charitable. Not that it was of gale type as one sometimes finds at this season; instead, one suffered Arctic rigours, or rather Antarctic, for there were hard white squalls which came ripping down and cut like a knife.

This theoretical opening of the sailing year found practical response in the soothing waters of Chichester Lake, where the Bosham Sailing Club had its meeting. There was courage of conviction here, especially with the sword of harbour control by Act of Parliament hanging over every small-ship sailorman present.

Here also, in these same waters but at their Hayling Island side, during the week-end was to be found the southern fleet of the Little Ship Club, whose numbers and scattered membership now make it necessary to hold a southern fixture in addition to the principal Easter rally in the Colne for the east-coasters. There was a goodly muster of old hands here under the tutelage of Mr. Watson-Parker of Manana. There were, however, not so many new blue ensigns as one might have expected.

To the westward, on the Severn, the Severn Motor Yacht Club held a similar meeting equally well supported. Coming up Channel, and up London's muddied miles of river to Hampton Wick, we find the Sailing Boat Association's Easter meeting in full swing at Hampton Wick.

On the Crouch there was, of course, the usual very full Easter programme. Under the Corinthians' burgee there were races for the Stars, Corinthian O.D's and the East Coast One Designs, which I hope will find it possible to come straight within the orbit of the new 18ft. National Class which is in contemplation. The local 20 square-metre boats and the Sharpies were also out, and there were handicap races for open and half-decked craft. The real Crouch *pièce-de-résistance* was, however, the series of six-metre eliminating trials which were held in the open water outside the river—with one eye on the selection of a good British six-metre team for this year's British-American Cup races.

Some half a dozen competitors have made these eliminating trials of extreme interest, especially as the trial list includes such "redoubtables" as Mr. Glynn Terrell with his Farida, Commodore Mitchell with Nona, together with Mr. Spriggs's Kyla, the Olympic heroine Lalage (now in the charge of Mr. Lees), Mr. Aisher's Yeoman, and Mr. Baxter's Fiona. I hope in the near future to analyse this series of races as far as possible in the light of its bearing on an ideal British-American Cup team.

Of course, in mentioning the various classes out under Corinthian orders, one must also refer to the Crouch One-Designs and the Burnham One-Designs which helped on each day of the week-end to build up the brave showing of sail which dotted the river from Fambridge to Shore-ends and beyond.

Carrying on just a little farther, up the Rays'n Channel (which I hear is disposed to be an inch or more deeper this season than it was last), one comes to the Colne and to Brightling-sea, which I think is really the focal point of all Easter meetings. Here the home club, the Colne Y.C., annually opens its doors at Easter to all little ship burgees for a week-end of keen rivalry of every description.

This year the new Commodore, Mr. George Morris, in his Margaret Mary, welcomed up to a score of visiting ships as they came to an anchor in the creek on Saturday evening. The Vice-Commodore, Mr. Maltby, in Jumbo and the Rear-Commodore, Mr. Eldridge, in his new steel Dutch-built cutter Dutch Maid were out at the Colne Bar to meet the visitors. Dutch Maid is indeed a beautiful example of the modern steel yacht builder's art, and is in very truth a "good-looker" with her soft easy lines and decisive overhang forward. Inside I do not think I have ever seen so much full use made of every scrap of space. On deck, I noticed, her owner has fitted back-stay release levers which are, I think, a very great improvement upon the normal type. Fitted with hook tackle they enable a lee runner to be cast off altogether so that there shall be no chafe at all with the boom squared right off. Many types of runner levers have the lower end of the wire fastened to them with a shackle, and the stay cannot, therefore, be slacked right away without trouble.

With the visiting fleet in port, the week-end began with the traditional sea-pie supper which the Colne Y.C. has put up for five years now. After that the inter-club competition started with a nautical spelling bee. The Little Ship Club and the Colne each had a six-a-side team and, on approved B.B.C. lines, there was a spelling master, and instead of a gong a more nautical flavour was provided by a stout North Sea fog-horn.

The innovation was a tremendous success, the Colne team winning by one point. Nor was their task too easy. The words were given as they are pronounced at sea and the *Oxford Dictionary* was taken as the arbiter—and such words as "trennels," "stuns'l," and so on provided great scope.

On the day following the two clubs competed once more for the privilege of "holding the baby" again for another year—the "baby" being an enormous dusky doll rejoicing in the regal name of Ras Berry. Unfortunately, during the preliminaries the prize fell over and its head was fragmented. While the race was in progress this was repaired—after a fashion—however, and with twelve boats out—Colne local design, Wivenhoe One-design and local Mersea Sprites—the home team beat the visitors by 44 points to 34, and the Little Ship Club thus retains the coloured infant for another year.

And so in entirely the right and proper spirit of reminiscence and hilarity and competition, another sailing season has opened. And considering what a serious business sailing is nowadays it really seems particularly fitting that it should at least begin on a less stern note than it is certain to continue.

SWING IN GOLF

Confusing "Do's" and "Don'ts"

KENNETH WILSON, whose book *To Better Golf in Two Strides* is the latest addition to the huge golf library, believes that the game is really simple. In his opinion it is made unnecessarily complicated by the many different methods of teaching and the use of familiar terms which should be totally disregarded.

He is bold enough to disagree with many established principles of the game, but his views are so logically presented that they merit the attention of all who find their progress slow, the hundreds of players who, despite earnest attempts, cannot reduce their handicaps.

Undoubtedly the general difficulty is to differentiate between conscious and natural automatic movements. Many beginners, and even golfers of several years' experience, find themselves hopelessly confused by the jargon of their professionals. They must not do this, they must remember that—all the "do's" and "dont's" leave them in despair. The fact of the matter is that you just have not got the time to remember more than one or two points when making the swing.

Natural actions need not be emphasised; if they are the shot will be ruined. They will take care of themselves without any interference by the individual and his concentration can be applied only to the few conscious movements that make up the successful and reliable swing.

It is true that the majority of golfers make the game more difficult than it need be. I played recently with a six handicap player who experienced a really bad off day. As the round progressed he steadily got worse, and some of his shots would have disgraced any 24 man. By the expression on his face you could see that he was tense, muscles stiff, not relaxed. When he took up his stance he moved his feet about as if he were shuffling along on a crowded dance floor; he kept on altering his grip, and then swang the club in a variety of ways—all wrong and quite different from his usual method.

He was worried, and the mental agony was transferred to his body. He tried to think of everything he had been taught and entirely forgot to leave the natural actions alone.

"Slow Back" is probably one of the best-known slogans in golf, yet, as Wilson points out, it is "utterly stupid." No two people are built alike, and "there is a natural speed for each individual which is determined *by* the individual . . . a person with a naturally lively temperament will always swing much faster, both up and down, than the person owning a quieter disposition." In short "the controlling factor, therefore, is the natural speed at which the brain registers. Instead of attempting to go up slowly, learn to have a definite position to achieve before hitting at the ball, and swing as fast as you like, providing you consciously register that position before returning your club in the hit."

There is no need to concentrate upon looking at the ball. That at first would appear an almost revolutionary piece of advice, yet after taking up your stance, looking at the ball follows "as an incidental fact." This is an entirely natural action, and need not be remembered. If you concentrate on this, you will be apt to stare at the ball with consequent ill effects.

Another well-known phrase is "keep the head still." This is frequently misconstrued and Wilson, for one, does not believe in it. He says that "it is responsible for and the cause of a whole series of unnatural movements . . . any jerky movement of the head will not affect the swing, for the head is only jerked *as a result* of a faulty body action." It is unnecessary consciously to keep the head still, for if you swing smoothly with the body "the head will remain steady as a perfectly natural result."

Professionals at the top of their swings have their wrists "cocked"—that is, they are bent inwards. This is a natural action and should not be planned. The extent of this position depends, says Wilson, on the speed of the swing, the faster the more the wrists will be bent at the top, the slower the less will be the pull of the clubhead, so the wrists will not be much affected. "If, then, a person is to swing slowly but is to 'cock' the wrists to the extent of a good player, the action is bound to be out of all proportion, and the result is generally a struggle to get the clubhead down to the ball again." This, then, is another action to be forgotten.

Whilst on the subject of the wrists, Wilson "debunks" the instruction "roll the wrists at impact." He maintains that "nobody need consciously attempt to roll the wrists, for if the swing is made flexibly, or in other words naturally, the swinging weight of the clubhead will be allowed to bring the hands into the correct position." This movement, he proves, just happens as a natural result of the other movements, so emphasis on it is unnecessary and even dangerous.

But of all the golf "tips" none can do more harm than "the straight left arm." What usually happens when you concentrate on keeping your left arm straight? Wilson answers this vital question: "Simply that you are going to make things very difficult for yourself, because your subconscious appreciation of the term will cause you quite instinctively to tend to rigidity." And a stiff left arm is very different from a straight left arm, producing unsatisfactory and sometimes startling results. "It is *entirely unnecessary* for you to make any conscious attempt to stretch the left arm . . . the stretching is a perfectly natural act."

The former Open Champion, A. H. Padgham, also warns golfers against thinking of this straight left arm. He says, "Much loss of power may come of a stiff left arm. Stiffening of the muscles is no good in golf."

Just as the functions of, say, a motor car engine are planned before it can work properly, so the movements of the golf swing need planning. Wrong impressions of the familiar "tips" quoted upset even good golfers. The natural parts of the swing will occur naturally—that sounds so very obvious, yet it is so easily forgotten—and it is well to remember that more shots are ruined by thinking too much than by thinking too little.

E. R. TIPPLE.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

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

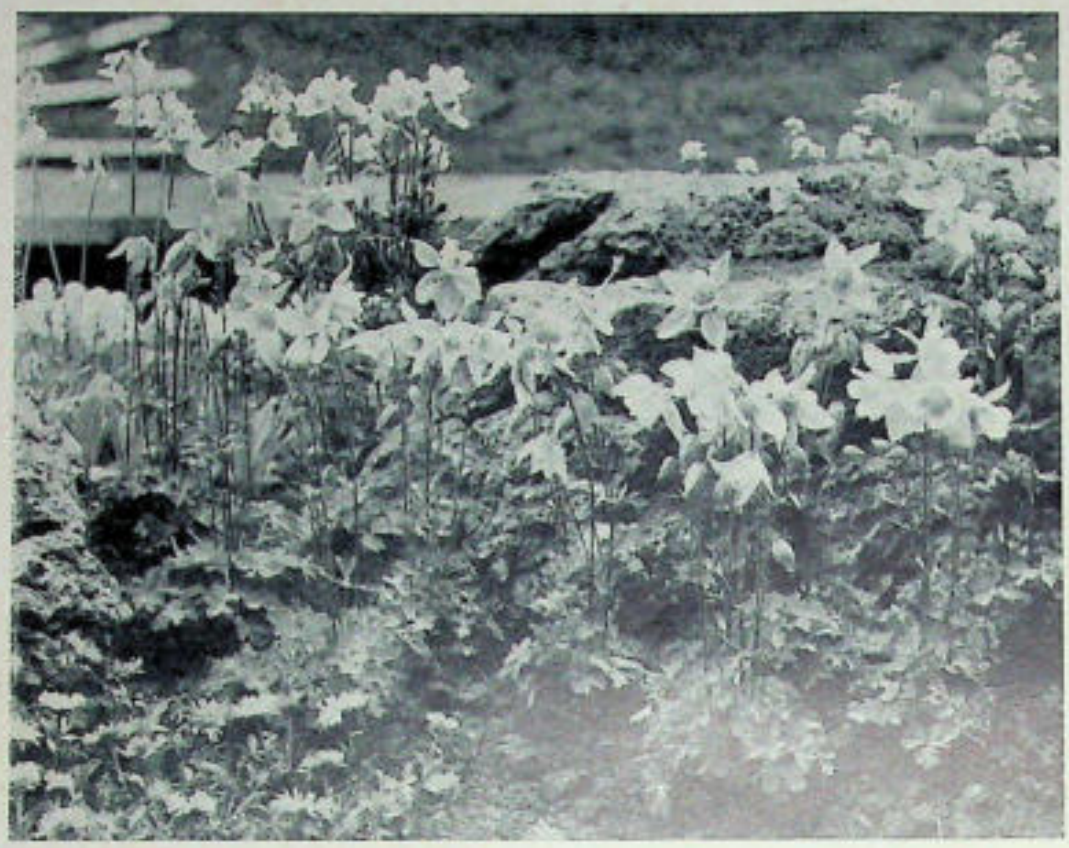
Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

Where's that Tiger?



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOUR GOLF

G.E. 749



"IN MASS THE POWDER-BLUE FLOWERS OF *AQUILEGIA GLANDULOSA* MAKE AN UNFORGETTABLE PICTURE IN THE MAY GARDEN"

The Country House

HERALDS OF SUMMER

Columbines for the May Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

COLUMBINES have been favourites for centuries, though modern varieties are very different from those depicted on the borders of mediæval Books of Hours. Chaucer's delightful line, "Come forth now with thine eyen Columbine" is curiously descriptive, for it suggests that these flowers are heralds of summer, and that they, like ourselves, are looking for the first days of real warmth.

The architectural beauty of the Columbine, not merely that of the flowers, but the whole plant, is striking. The exquisitely chiselled foliage, the poise of the main stem and flowers is as architecturally satisfying as the details of the flowers. It is small wonder that they made such an appeal to craftsmen in the days when flowers and leaves were more commonly used in carvings and other decorative work than they are nowadays. On the tomb of Thomas Magnus, who was Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, Canon of Windsor and chaplain to Henry VIII, there are two beautifully carved Columbines, one to the right and just above the figure of the Canon, and one to the left and just below the inscription. In the church of Lanteglos, in Cornwall, the Jacobean box pews of the "quality" are carved with various flower designs, and amongst these the Columbine figures conspicuously.

Our native Columbine, together with the double forms of it, were, according to Parkinson, "carefully nursed up in our Gardens for the delight both of their forme and colours." In Victorian times the double kinds were favourites in cottage gardens, and commonly called "Granny Bonnets."

The loveliest of all the species is surely *Aquilegia glandulosa*. Seen in mass, its powder-blue flowers make an unforgettable picture in the May garden. This native of the Altai Mountains grows like the proverbial weed in many gardens, particularly those of the North and Scotland, but it is sometimes a little difficult in warmer soils and situations. A good rich loam is essential. Then there is that scented treasure, *A. fragrans*, a native of Kashmir. This Columbine is attracting considerable attention, but it was first introduced nearly a hundred years ago. It grows about 16 in. high, and the pale honey-coloured flowers have a most delicate and delicious fragrance. According to a note in the *Botanist* (1840) this plant was first grown in this country from seeds "presented by the Honourable East India Company to the Horticultural Society of London."

Certain Columbines are eminently suitable for the rock garden. *A. coerulea*, from the Rocky Mountains, is charming, but unfortunately not a vigorous grower unless the soil and site suit it exactly. It is amongst the contrary plants that do surprisingly well when least expected to do so. *A. formosa* likes a moist but sandy soil. For *A. pyrenaica* full sun is essential. *A. Reuteri* is a sub-species of *A. alpina*, from the Maritime Alps. The flowers are paler than the type. *A. ecalcarata* (sometimes listed as *Semiaquilegia adoxoides*) is a queer little Japanese species that grows only 6in. high and has spurless, reddish flowers. *A. flabellata nana* is another attractive Japanese species with beautiful blue flowers and there is also a white variety. The first foreign species to be introduced was *A. canadensis*. It is a native of Virginia. There is a pleasing dwarf form. *A. Skinneri* is another North American species with red and yellow flowers.

A. chrysantha, although from New Mexico, is perfectly hardy, and easily raised. Its pure yellow flowers have a rich tone, and it makes a bush-like growth almost 2ft. high. *A. longissima*, another American species, is also yellow-flowered. *A. vulgaris* Munstead White deserves a place in every garden.

Modern long-spurred hybrids attract much attention at shows, especially the striking Crimson Star, which grows nearly 2½ft. high and is one of the most effective flowers in the May border. Once past the seedling stage Columbines do not transplant easily, old plants cannot be divided successfully, and the best method is to raise from seed. Seed can be sown either under glass this month or in a cold frame early this month. The compost should be two-parts sifted loam to one-part leaf-mould and some sand. Instead of the leaf-mould one of the preparations of peat can be used. Sow thinly, and as soon as large enough to handle transfer to a reserve bed, putting the seedlings 3in. apart. In autumn they can be put in their permanent positions. Columbine seed germinates slowly and the seedlings are slow growing. Consequently sowing should not be deferred to the end of the month.

Columbines are delightful cold greenhouse plants, though not commonly used as such. A display of them at any of the spring shows catches every eye. They can be had in full flower by the end of April, with no forcing whatever, and a bank of them in mixed colours is a lovely sight. For this purpose raise from seed as described, and in January lift the plants each with a good ball of soil and pot up. Bring them into a temperature of 45 deg., but not more, for this is the highest Columbines can stand. Nothing is gained by bringing them in earlier, for it is the sudden transference from cold to the comparative warmth of a cold house that makes for early and profuse flowering.

THE HOME FARM

WHAT is the reason for the huge losses annually suffered by landowners who farm their own land? Put quite briefly, it is the difference between farming conducted for gain and for amenity. The tenant farmer, with his eyes on the profit and loss account, divides his labour into productive and unproductive.

The effect generally is that the arable land is comparatively well farmed and receives most of the manure, to the detriment of the grass land; whilst hedges are cut and ditches cleared when there is labour to spare. For a great part of the year, therefore, the hedges and ditches present rather a ragged and unkempt appearance, whilst the buildings and yards are frequently dirty and untidy, with much rubbish lying about.

During the winter cattle will, in the Midlands and Southern Counties, run out on the land, poaching it and making a horrible mess of the gateways. Later the land will be harrowed and rolled, probably inadequately, and if the fields are large grazing will not be very thorough, and patches of thistles and ragwort and other weeds will appear, and probably seed before the mower is run over the grazing fields in the autumn. It may be that grazing and mowing will not alternate on the grass land as they should, and it is most unlikely that the grass land will receive sufficient manure, most of which will find its way on to the arable.

If a home farm were run on these lines the bailiff would soon find himself seeking employment elsewhere, because a landowner's outlook is very different from that of a tenant farmer, who lives by his farm. The landowner will insist that his buildings be kept tidy and clean, his hedges trimmed early in the year, his gates opening and closing properly, his fences substantial, the ditches kept clear and the grass land neither poached during the winter nor allowed to become weedy.

This involves wintering cattle under cover, with the consequent higher food bill, alternating grazing and mowing of the grass land and the adoption of a proper scheme of manuring. A due proportion of the dung must be returned to the grass land and not all carted on to the arable. The outsides of the arable fields must be trimmed to prevent weeds seeding.

In addition the landowner will probably wish to be supplied with milk and other produce, and he may choose to run an expensive pedigree herd of cows possibly producing T.T. milk. Whether the herd is pedigree or not, and whatever the nature of the milk produced, it must be remembered that, even though the farm is credited with the value of the milk consumed by the house, his requirements will vary considerably from week to week, according to the size of his house-parties, so that no contract can be made for the sale of a guaranteed quantity of milk. Accordingly what is not required for the house frequently has to be sold as "surplus milk" at a low price.

It is clear, therefore, that the wages, food and manure bills must perforce be higher than those of a tenant farmer, and the returns will be less. The common result is a loss in the region of £1,000 a year, but it is not always added that in addition to the Schedule B assessment of the farm being reduced to nil, both income tax and surtax can be recovered on the full amount of the loss, thus reducing it by from one-quarter to one-half according to the amount of the landowner's assessable income.

Surely nothing is quite so tempting as the thought of being an owner farmer with one's own cattle and sheep on the land and one's own hay and straw in the rickyard, especially if a nearby farm is let to a tenant who is unsatisfactory either financially or on account of his slovenly methods.

The landowner if he is at all particular on the subject of cleanliness and tidiness must be assured that no tenant farmer will be entirely satisfactory; and if he is not disposed to face a loss near four figures, let him consider proceeding on the lines recently adopted by another landowner, who had all his arable laid down to grass by a local farmer, and runs a flock of sheep and about 20 head of cattle, which winter in the yards, coming out on to the land, which is enriched by their dung, during late April.

The hay required for the cattle during the winter and for the owner's hunters is cut by a local farmer and stacked for 30s. to 40s. per acre; and apart from this and a little help with dung carting and hedge cutting the labour is all done by a good stockman at 50s. per week. The farm is 150 acres and the actual cost in cash for the first year's working was about £300, half of which was recovered from the Inland Revenue. In future years it is confidently hoped that the loss will be less.

REGINALD DAVEY.

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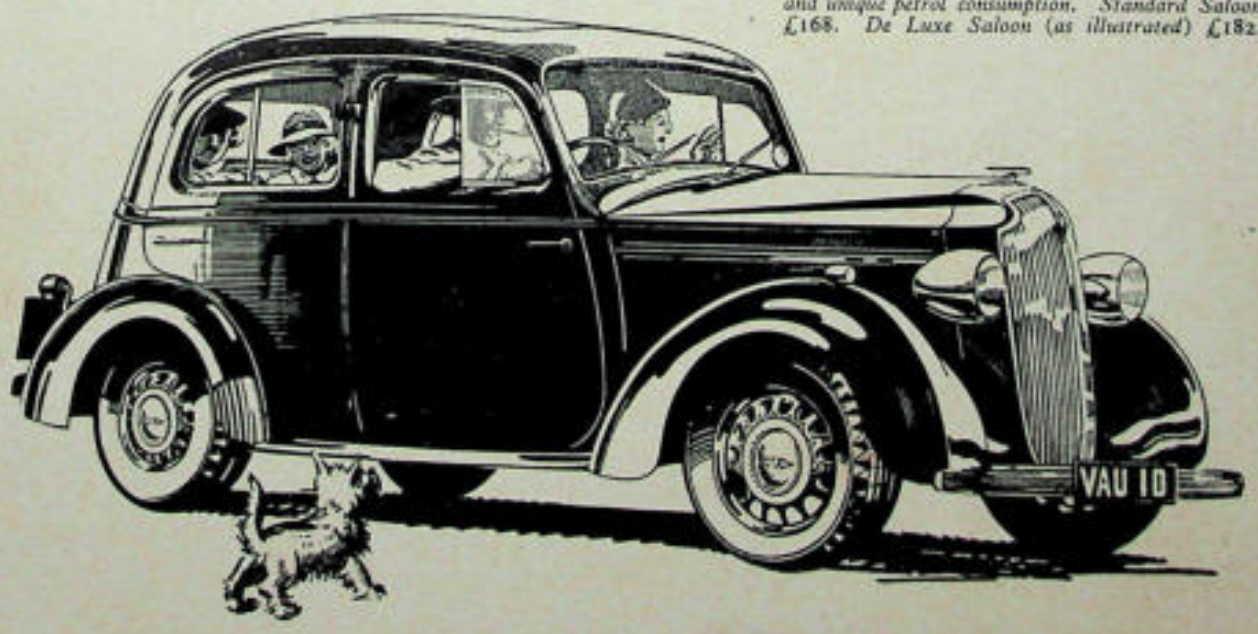
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THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

Its Place in the Landscape Scheme

IT has been said that no English garden is complete without its herbaceous border, and there is a great deal of truth in this statement. Such a border seems to have developed from the old English cottage garden, where even to-day one sees all kinds of plants growing naturally, for what may seem a medley in the winter becomes a perfect profusion of blossom in the summer.

When making a garden the position of this border may be given first consideration. It must be "placed" where it can receive plenty of light and air; it should be well away from the drip of trees, though curiously enough apples and pears do the least amount of harm.

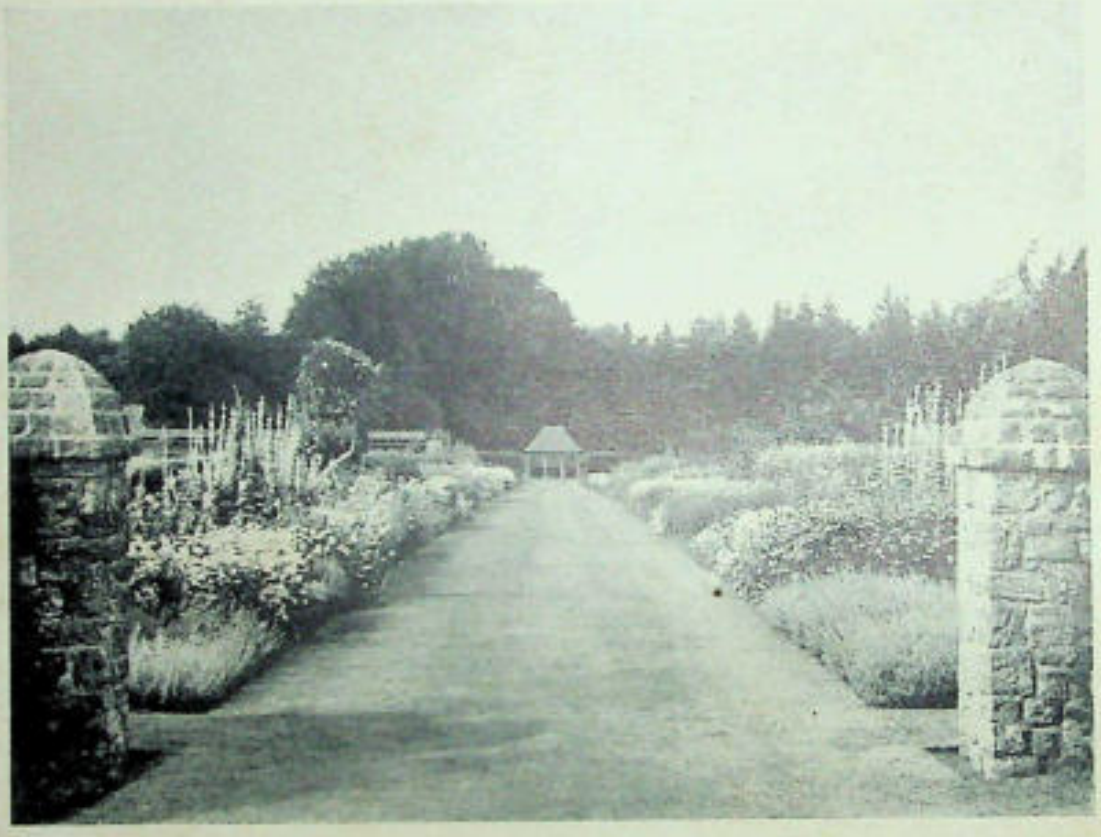
A southern aspect is considered best, though a border with a northern aspect proves very attractive, especially where plants like phlox are grown, for these keep their colour better when out of the glare of the full sun. When choosing the aspect some thought must be given to the fact that most flowers will turn their heads towards the sun, and if this means that all heads are turned away from the view from the house or from any particular angle from which the border is approached, then of this character, *i.e.*, an ornament, a sundial or a beautiful vase.

Naturally the borders and the paths must be in proportion. A herbaceous border of some 200yds. in length would look extremely curious if the borders themselves were only 6ft. wide.

The greater the length, the wider should be the border—within reason, of course. Borders may range from 5ft. in width to 15ft.

It is advisable with wide herbaceous borders to have a path at the back of the border between that and the hedge, either of grass or of some building material to match the house, so that work can be done from the back as well as from the front. It is sometimes convenient to edge the front of the border with brick or stonework so as to give the effect of "belonging" to the residence, but this edging, or "catwalk" as it is sometimes called, can be placed into position so that it is just below the level of the central grass path, and so does not blunt the blades of the mower.

Catwalks have the advantage of being practical as well as playing their part in the architectural



STONE PIERS USED TO GIVE DEFINITION TO THE ENDS OF THE BORDERS AT HASCOMBE COURT

Proportion of the width of the border in relation to its length is important when planning an herbaceous border, as will be seen in the above fine example

obviously the general colourfulness will not be seen at its best.

The herbaceous border is normally planted with herbaceous perennials, but there is no reason at all why other types of plants such as biennials and bulbs should not be used in the scheme. This has given rise to a new term—the hardy planted border—a better description perhaps of the traditional English border than the term "herbaceous."

All such borders need protection from wind. Many of the flowers are tall and heavy, and though staking is necessary, there should be no need to use such heavy, unsightly supports as would be necessary were the border in an exposed situation.

The backing of the border is important. It may either be a hedge or a lawn stretching out into the distance. Flower colours look best against nature's green, and though herbaceous borders have been planted against red brick walls, the latter have had to be furnished as quickly as possible with evergreen flowering shrubs. The use of the evergreen hedge takes a great deal of beating. It has that quiet all-over tone which is so useful. A yew hedge perhaps is the pick, but Thuya, Cupressus and Lonicera all do well. Laurel somehow is bad, for the leaves are too big and do not give the same effect of quiet background as is desirable.

There is nothing like a herbaceous border for giving the impression of length, especially the double herbaceous border with a path in between. This path may lead on to some garden or it may end with a hedge and a garden seat or some feature scheme. They can be used in wet weather instead of walking along the damp grass; they provide a useful track for the wheel of the barrow when distributing manure or removing dead material.

All kinds of ideas have been suggested as to how the border should be planned. There are books upon books to be read on this subject, but for some reason or another book plans seldom fit in with the particular garden one has in mind. It is therefore better to plan the border to suit the position, soil, and desires of the owner. It seems, for instance, a crime to have a border ablaze during the month of August when during that time the family is away on holiday.

A plan should be drawn out. Squared paper seems convenient to the purpose, providing the scale is sufficiently large and can give ¼in. equals 1 yd. Then the lists of plants desired and known to be suitable to the soil should be arranged in four columns according to their height. Thought will have already been given to the time of flowering, and this aspect should be borne in mind while the planning is proceeding.

Arrange that the plants are in drifts, as this not only looks natural, but enhances the effect of distance. Each drift should be of at least three plants, for there is nothing more unnatural than what may be called the "spotty" effect. The wider the border the larger the group, and with borders 12ft. and 15ft. wide there should be at least eight plants in a drift.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER.

(To be continued)



MISS M. H. BAUX'S BORDER TERRIER CHAMPION OAKWOOD PICKLE

LITTLE WARRIOR DOGS

The Border Terrier

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THERE is something of the *preux chevalier* about Border terriers. Gentle and affectionate in the home, they delight in waging war on foxes, badgers or any sort of vermin that are the hereditary foes of all the terrier tribe. Many a gallant little warrior has come out of an earth sadly mauled, but as soon as his wounds were healed he was ready for the fray again.

It seems incredible that a dog weighing about 14lb. should be capable of killing a badger single-handed, but such a feat was achieved by Titlington Peter, the property of Mrs. Sordy, on a day when he was out with the Percy Hounds. Mrs. Sordy had lent him and a kennel mate to the Hunt.

Hunting in the Border country is altogether different from that known to us further south. Tumbled rocks make the moorlands difficult and afford abundant sanctuary for a fox, which cannot be got at by digging. Consequently, terriers have to be employed of a size and shape that will permit them to go underground and evict the quarry. In the course of many years a terrier was evolved that was peculiarly suitable for this class of work, and he was given the name of Border after the Border Hounds, the pack that first used the terriers.

Although the terriers do not usually exceed 12in. or 13in. in height, they will follow hounds all day, and go to ground if required. I should not like to say how long they have been in existence, but we know that they have been kept for generations by the old Border families. Mr. J. Dodds had kept them himself for half a century, and he had heard from his grandfather that they came originally from the old-fashioned Dandie Dinmonts. This is quite possible. In the eighteenth century terriers of a more or less nondescript kind frequented the Border regions, and from them, no doubt, came the Dandies and Bedlingtons, which, of course, took an entirely different road in the manner of their breeding.

Although the Border terrier of to-day is like neither of them, having a character peculiarly his own, anyone familiar with the possibilities of dog breeding will realise that he may at one time have sprung from similar stock. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact remains that for a very long time terriers of this particular character have been familiar.

They differ from all the rest, being broad in skull, somewhat of the otter type, and their jaws are not very long, though strong. The standard says that the skull should be flat and wide. The back is not over long; indeed, Borders may be described as being compact. They should be well ribbed up, but the chest is rather narrow. The legs are shortish, and should be straight and have enough bone to correspond with the size. The coat is very hard and wiry, and there is a good undercoat. The tail, which is short but not docked, should not be carried over the back. Colours may be red, wheaten, grizzle or blue-and-tan.

Before they had been heard of in the south of England a number used to appear at Hunt and agricultural shows in Northumberland. At the Rothbury show in 1921, there were as many as 37 exhibits in the open dog class, a number that we should delight to see at any of our bigger championship shows. Soon after the War a few were exhibited at ordinary shows, and in 1920 the breed received the recognition of the Kennel Club. Since then it has made considerable progress, and a number of breeders have started exhibition kennels. Fortunately, the old type has been preserved, although at the outset there was a real danger that exhibitors, who were not familiar with the dogs on their native heath, might endeavour to produce them on the lines of the better known terriers.

POINTS ABOUT HAYMAKING

Speed is the Essential for a Good Crop

As we regard our livestock industry as one of the most important parts of our farming, it is natural to assume a very deep interest in the productivity of our grassland. In creating the herbivorous animals Nature provided the herbs of the field as their chief food, and in consequence, in improving and utilising the animals for our own ends, it is very sensible to make better provision of ample natural food of high quality. Hence the need for improvement in our great areas of poor grassland and upland grazings.

Improvement in quality will follow when grassland is so treated that coarse weeds and grasses are reduced in favour of good grasses, legumes and leafy herbage. Increased yield of green herbage, and consequently of the hay, silage or short dried grass made from it, may be obtained if fertility is ensured by the use of lime and of the three ordinary constituents of fertilisers—phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen—in accordance with the needs of each area considered, and with the findings of scientific and practical investigation. Meadows may take their turn in receiving a dressing of farmyard manure, and full use should be made of the contents of the liquid manure tank—which is so important a part of the equipment of the most highly-organised farms of Germany and Denmark.

By this time the results of previous treatment should be very obvious in the hayfield, whether this is to be retained for a single crop of hay in the usual way, or whether it is being cut short several times for passing through the grass-drier. At the time of writing—mid-April—weather generally has been so dry that one may expect some shortage of crop in many districts unless rain comes before the end of the month. Farmers, however, have to be ready for either the best or the worst, but it is fortunate that when an exceptionally abundant crop arrives any hay in excess of normal requirements will keep well against a shortage, always assuming that it is well made and is adequately protected.

In many instances grass is left too long before it is cut, so that weeds have become tall and coarse and indigestible; many bad weeds (ox-eye, yellow rattle) have shed their seeds; and the grasses themselves not only lose in quality by reaching the seed-shedding stage, but are also less leafy, are too coarse, and much less digestible. Grass should be cut for hay just at the time most of the species are coming into flower, but in the interests of weed reduction it may often be very desirable to cut the crop earlier. If grass-drying is practised cutting will take place when the herbage generally is only a few inches high, and is at the most leafy and succulent and digestible stage, and when weeds themselves will also be sufficiently young and tender to form a reasonable part of the preserved fodder. Grass-drying ought to have an excellent effect in reducing the weed herbage of grassland, and in particular such species as creeping thistle, knapweed, yellow rattle, ox-eye daisy.

At this date it is well to devote attention to the state of the hay-making machinery, which should be overhauled in good time for the task for which it will soon be required. Repairs and replacements may be needed, possibly meaning an order to the manufacturers—and it may cause delay and loss if this is only discovered when the machine is required to start work. Cleaning, greasing and oiling will also be necessary.

The essence of hay-making is speed in getting the work done directly the right moment arrives, and it will at least be well to consider whether any new machinery will be an economic proposition. Much will doubtless depend upon the area to be covered, upon the local supply of manual labour, and above all upon the weather when the time arrives. The weather is, of course, a very undependable factor in our climate, and it is for this reason that speed is so important. Once grass is cut it should be got into "condition" and be stacked with the least possible delay; this will mean a saving of both quantity and quality, particularly the latter, and hence a saving on the concentrates.

The mowing machine, or machines, must therefore be in good condition, with knives sharpened and spares in hand. Tedders and swath-turners, horse-rakes, elevator-loaders, haysweeps and the rest should be looked over and be ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Many farmers have found a batch of tripods of much value during damp weather, and in districts of high rainfall these may be particularly useful. The haysweep is most valuable as a time-saver, and can be used with horse-labour, tractor or motor-car. At the stack itself a hay-fork or elevator is also a great help. Where electric power is available the elevator may be served by a small motor.

Points that are of some importance are the place of storage of the hay and the method of protecting it from the weather. These points depend to some extent upon the type of farming. Sometimes it may be useful to have a stack or two of hay in the fields; on dairy farms and for horses it is well to have hay at the farm buildings. If Dutch barns are available care should be taken that there are no loose galvanised sheets. Unfinished stacks in the open need a tarpaulin to cover them until they are topped up and thatched. A couple of good stack sheets, with poles and pulleys, are of real value. In good time stack bottoms should be marked out and the material for the base should be in position. These items always have to be considered, and it is all to the good if they are thought of well in advance and marked down for completion, so that directly the grass is ready for the cutting everything can be got forward smoothly and without loss of time, or quality of the produce.

H. C. Long, I.S.O., B.Sc.





TWO VIEWS OF THE ALLIS-CHALMERS MODEL B, PULLING A TWO-FURROW RANSOME'S PLOUGH EIGHT INCHES DEEP

This machine, the latest in small tractors, weighs under a ton and sells at under £150

A SMALL TRACTOR FOR THE FARM

Suitable for All Kinds of Work on All Kinds of Land

PLANNED for every job on small farms and for small jobs on big farms, the new Allis-Chalmers Model B is probably the first farm tractor to be marketed with pneumatic tyres only. Steel-wheel equipment is not available for this machine, of which the whole design is extremely modern and full of interest. From the aspect of layout, the most striking feature is the high clearance provided for row crop work, obtained by an arched front axle and the adoption of a tubular transmission housing which forms the union between the front and rear sections of the machine.

The engine is a valve in head four-cylinder with bore and stroke of 3¼in. and 3½in. respectively. Normal speed is 1,400 r.p.m., and it is worth noting that, even on a tiny motor of this size, the firm's standard practice of installing removable cylinders sleeves is followed out. The equipment is in fact as complete as on all the larger engines, including air, oil and fuel filters, water pump and fan cooling, and pressure lubrication. Models for using petrol or paraffin are available. There is a dry plate disc clutch, 9in. in diameter and foot operated, whence the power is delivered to a three-speed box, located on the rear axle unit, and giving forward speeds of 2½, 4 and 7¼ m.p.h. with a reverse of 2 m.p.h. A standard type of power take-off shaft and a belt pulley, each with own control, are located at back of the driving seat. The drawbar is adjustable vertically, and has a good range of lateral positions.

Rear wheels are equipped with 7.00–24 low pressure tyres, and liquid ballast in the tubes is regarded as standard practice. The front tyres are 5.00–15. Tread is adjustable on the rear axle to 40in., 44in., 48in. or 52in. centre to centre, while the front axle gives a fixed width of 43in. The turning radius is 15½ft. at the outside wheels, and to enable very short turns to be made there are separate brakes for the rear wheels, hand operated, by which the driver can practically lock either at will.

On the occasion of a recent demonstration of the Model B near Newmarket, the machine was working on light land under dry conditions, but was able to demonstrate its pulling power by handling a two-furrow Ransomes plough on second gear with ease at a depth of 8in. With the help of a dynamometer, it was shown that a drawbar pull of 1,600lb. could be sustained in second gear. When it is remembered that this ratio can give a speed of four miles per hour if the engine is opened up to its rated speed, it is obvious that a great deal of ground can be covered in a short time, and the maker's claims of five to six acres of ploughing per day would not be excessive in such conditions. The machine was also quite happy with a nine-tined cultivator at all ordinary depths in second speed and at full depth in first, and could obviously have covered a great deal of ground on straightforward work.

There was good reason to believe that fuel consumption is going to be extremely moderate with this tractor. The carburettor is planned with that in view, and there is also the low weight of the machine—only 2,100lb. complete with ballast in the wheels—to play a part in fuel saving. Coupled with the low tractive resistance of the pneumatic tyred wheels, these factors should effect a big reduction in fuel per acre figures as they are generally known at present.

The new machine will make a big appeal to numerous agriculturists who have not before thought of themselves as prospective tractor users, as well as to many who have felt the need of a small but effective unit to fit in with the larger machines.



A STRIKING VIEW OF THE HYACINTH FIELDS AT SPALDING

FLOWER GROWING FOR MARKET

To be Successful Standardisation is Necessary

THERE is something more attractive about flower farming than any other type of agriculture. The sight of several acres of tulips or daffodils is something to cheer one in the spring, but the same may be said for the brightness of the Michaelmas daisy or the chrysanthemum grown in large quantities for the autumn trade.

Some flower farmers concentrate on one flower only and therefore become experts on that individual subject. There are the violet growers, the carnation growers, the rose growers, and so on. Many grow flowers under glass as well as outside, some combine flower growing with vegetable growing, while others find it convenient to grow certain flowers in the shelter of fruit trees. A man may have an acre of flowers and make a reasonable living, or he may have 30 or 40 acres and so send his flowers to various markets to be distributed throughout the country.

To be successful as a flower grower it is necessary to standardise. If the beds can be made of the same width, planting can be carried out at uniform distances apart. In this way the number of plants per bed is standardised, and mechanical cultivation is made much easier as there is no resetting of wheels or tools from bed to bed. Many of the smaller growers use a 4ft. bed with five rows to the bed 1ft. apart. Naturally, in order to fit in the five rows the two outside rows are planted on the extreme sides of the bed. Other growers prefer the 5ft. bed or have a compromise and use a 3ft. bed for chrysanthemums, gladioli, &c., and wider beds for other plants.

Whatever the plan it should be standard in that particular field or for that type of flower. It should be possible to pick the whole of the bed easily without having to walk on it, and for this reason temporary paths 18in. or 2ft. wide should be provided on either side of each bed. Should the field be a long one wider paths may be arranged every six beds so as to allow for the wheeling away of the cut flowers in trucks and the carting on of manures.

In some cases it is necessary to cover the beds with lights with the idea of encouraging the plants to bloom earlier or to protect them during a severe winter. These lights can be put on to a temporary skeleton of posts and plank-like timber. The posts and the planking should be standardised so that they are interchangeable and can be used on any bed at any time. It does not take long to erect the skeleton timber and to put the lights in position, providing the same scheme is used throughout. In the autumn hessian can be run round the outside of the framework to act as a curtain and protect the plants from frost. With the lights above, a temporary glass shelter is thus provided. Many an autumn-flowering chrysanthemum has been saved in this way.

Annuals are not perhaps the best cut flowers in that they do not fetch the highest prices. They are free flowering, and because of this per acreage annuals have proved to be a good proposition. To get the highest prices the seed should be sown in the autumn, and as a result the annuals flower much earlier than those sown outside in the spring. The most suitable annuals for autumn sowing are the cornflower, calendula, nigella, annual larkspur and candytuft.

Many of the half-hardy annuals are suitable cut flowers: the China asters, which normally flower in July and August; the ten-week stocks, which flower at the same time; and the East Lothian stocks, which can be got into flower in May. Zinnias grow well in hot summers and are sent to market in August and September. These latter, however, do better in the South than in the North. Everlasting flowers, like helichrysum and statice, have sold well the last few years and are used to make up little baskets and bowls which keep bright throughout the winter months.

It is, however, the perennials which are sold in the greatest bulk, and of these the following are perhaps the pick: Alstromeria, *Scabiosa caucasica*, pyrethrum and the chrysanthemum. Bulbs, of course, are very popular, particularly daffodils and tulips.

Those who want an attractive alternative to stock farming, dairy farming, market gardening or fruit growing should certainly think of flower farming, for, as Mr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper, F.L.S., F.R.S.A., says in his book, *Modern Flower Growing for Profit*, "To-day, as far as horticultural produce is concerned, the flower trade is nearly of equal importance from the point of view of *cash* return as fruit."

HILARY WHITE.

WE have received from Messrs. J. B. Henry, Ltd. of Southampton Row, W.C., a small booklet entitled *Pests and Diseases of Sugar Beet*. The object of this publication is to show the beet grower the principal diseases and pests which attack this crop. Admirably illustrated, it will undoubtedly enable him to recognise the troubles in time and to provide suitable remedies.

ENGLISH SETTER CLUB FIELD TRIALS

THESE trials were held on the Orwell Park Estate, near Ipswich, on April 13th and 14th, by kind permission of Mr. George Pretyman and Trinity College, Cambridge.

Adequate cover was scarce, and most of the running had to be done on seed fields, which were few and far between, often necessitating a long drive in motor cars from field to field. However, Mr. Baker, the headkeeper, placed the whole estate at our disposal, and his organisation of the beats was excellent. Many of the fields were run twice over, in the morning and again in the afternoon.

Partridges unfortunately were very scarce, but also luckily were hares, and no doubt the handlers were thankful for this small mercy. Consequently most of the work had to be on running pheasants, which often outran the dogs, and as it was useless to take notice of apparent "false pointing" most dogs were given the benefit of the doubt.

In the English Setter Puppy Stake there were only five runners. Lingfield Danegelt, handled by Frost, won easily. He is a small puppy, and is said to have a weak constitution, but he ran with courage and confidence, backed nicely, and has a most attractive way of going, carrying his head high and swinging his tail gaily. The winner at the Kennel Club Trials, Carswell Orangeman, handled by Mrs. Foster Mitchell, was placed second. He showed that he has a good nose, but lacked the style and drive of the winner. The remainder were moderate.

Ten competitors were in the other Puppy Stake—9 pointers and one Irish setter. The winner was Lady Howe's Banchory Flick, handled by Gaunt. This puppy, not yet a year old, ran freely, has nice style, quartered his ground well, and was under control. Mr. Miller and Miss Moir's Tiverton White Cloud, placed second, is a larger puppy of different type. This dog gallops fast and close to the ground. He appears to have a good nose, but is not quite in the class of the winner. Barbara of Rocklands backs well, and North Dyke Gardie has nice style. The run-off for the best winning puppy in the two stakes was won by Banchory Flick after a short heat.

In the All-aged Stake Banchory If Des Herminettes and Ginger of Rishangles, handled by Gaunt, were placed respectively first and second, both owned by Lady Howe, whose presence again at these trials was very welcome. If, a dog of classic outline, such as one rarely sees in these days, won on the refinement and finish of his work, his spectacular backing and his lovely style. He may be a little too sensitive to the backing instinct, as he is inclined to shorten his stride on the slightest sign of the other dog making game. He takes no advantages and plays the game. His success was all the more meritorious, since he has not long been released from quarantine, where he had contracted distemper from which he has not yet completely recovered. Ginger, pale lemon and white, is of quite different type, being a close-coupled, stocky dog, old-fashioned in appearance. This dog is very fast and determined and quarters beautifully.

Two Irish setters, Sulhamstead Brantome D'Or, handled by Abbott and Menaifron Keane O'Moy, handled by D. Jones, both old stagers, were third and fourth respectively. Brantome, whose ground work was very irregular, has a habit of sitting up on his haunches when he scents game, and looking round for further directions, but he found a lot of game, and knew the ropes too well to make mistakes. Keane O'Moy has nice action, backed at any distance, and is easy to handle, but he does not get out enough and his quartering is too shallow.

Carswell Pioneer, a pointer, handled by Mrs. Foster Mitchell, won reserve and certificate of merit. He is a fast, hard-going dog, but ran at times a little unsteadily. Lingfield Muscat, handled by H. Brown, ran an excellent first round, and looked likely to be in the first flight, but unfortunately he went all to pieces in his second round, due to wild, erratic quartering.

The two English setter F.T. Champions, Beercham Welcome and Volley of Otham, were evidently content to rest on their laurels.

The awards were as follows:

ENGLISH SETTER PUPPY STAKE.—1, Mr. Herbert Mitchell's d. Lingfield Danegelt; 2, Mrs. Badenoch Nicholson's d. Carswell Orangeman; 3, Messrs. Isaac Sharpe's Ltd. b. Stylish Mode.

PUPPY STAKE (FOR POINTERS, IRISH SETTERS AND GORDON SETTERS).—1, Lorna Countess Howe's d. Banchory Flick; 2, Mr. F. Miller's and Miss B. Moir's d. Tiverton White Cloud; 3, Colonel W. T. Dodd's b. Barbara of Rocklands.

Reserve and certificate of merit, Mrs. A. S. Bidding's b. Flashaway Dipper. Certificate of merit, Messrs. J. W. Clouston's and H. L. Rudell's d. North Dyke Gardie.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1, Lorna Countess Howe's d. Banchory If Des Herminettes; 2, Lorna Countess Howe's d. Ginger of Rishangles; 3, Mrs. F. Nagle's d. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Brantome D'Or; 4, Mrs. M. Holt's b. Menaifron Keane O'Moy. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mrs. Badenoch Nicholson's d. Carswell Pioneer. Certificate of merit, Mrs. M. Holt's d. Menaifron Sting.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A 25 H.P. DAIMLER LIGHT STRAIGHT EIGHT IN THE VILLAGE OF WYTHAM, OXFORDSHIRE

AN ARISTOCRATIC FOUR CYLINDER

My Opinion of the New 12/70 Alvis

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

TO those who have followed the trend of motor car design over a period of years it must have been of particular interest to learn that the Alvis Company had decided to introduce an entirely new four-cylinder model for the 1938 season. From 1920 until recently this concern had always marketed a four-cylinder car; in fact, their early reputation was gained with the 12.50 model, which later was superseded by the 12.60 h.p. car, and now the new product, which has been completely redesigned, is equipped with a four-cylinder motor and is rated at 12.70 h.p.

The four-cylinder engine, once so popular, lost favour a few years ago when the Six came into fashion, but the pendulum has swung back once more and there is a revival of interest in the Four for moderate-sized cars. It is generally recognised that for maximum efficiency and soundness of design there are definite limits to cylinder size, and so far as the four-cylinder engine is concerned the best results are obtained when the capacity of each cylinder does not exceed 500 c.c.

In the case of the 12.70 Alvis engine, the bore and stroke being 73 mm. by 110 mm. and the total capacity 1,842 c.c., it works out at just over 460 c.c. per cylinder.

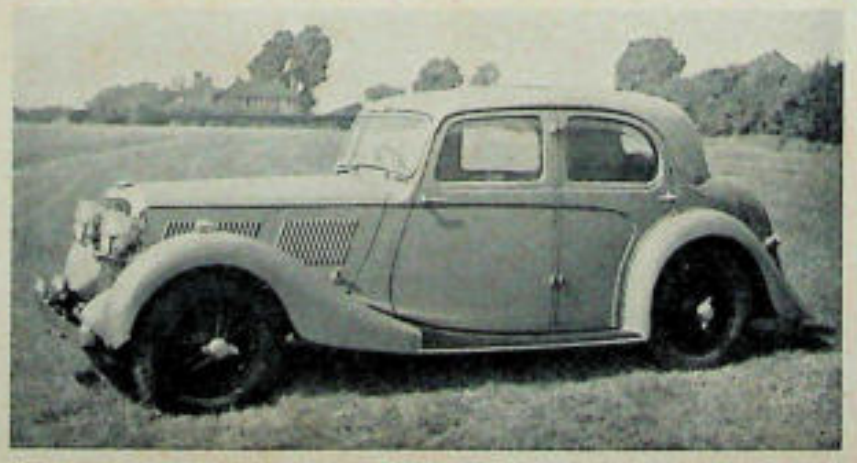
With the introduction of rubber engine mountings, vibration dampers and perfect balance of rotating and reciprocating parts the four-cylinder engine of to-day runs so smoothly that it is extremely difficult for the driver to discern whether he is handling a Six or a Four. It is, therefore, easy to appreciate why the four-cylinder motor is coming back into its own, as it possesses many advantages and its old faults have now been eliminated. Alvis cars have always enjoyed a reputation for long life and reliability, and, therefore, with all the years of experience gained in the past with four-cylinder engines, one can well anticipate that this latest production from their factory will more than live up to that fine reputation of old.

The R.A.C. rating of this new model is 13.22 h.p., and the tax is £10 per annum. The cylinders are cast in one with the crank case, with detachable head, and the large diameter crank-shaft is carried on three sturdy bearings. The outward appearance of the engine is pleasing, it is of clean and robust design, and takes up the minimum of space under the bonnet.

The valves, which are overhead, are actuated by push rods, and dual valve springs are employed; the camshaft is driven by a triplex roller chain, and there is a separate drive to the distributor and oil pump. Cooling is effected by a pump and belt-driven fan, and a single Solex carburetter is used with air cleaner and silencer. Ignition is by coil with automatic and hand control, and at 4,250 r.p.m. the engine gives off 64 b.h.p.

The gearbox, which is of single-unit construction, has four forward speeds, and all but low are synchronised. The ratios are as follows: top, 5 to 1; third, 6.66 to 1; second, 9.15 to 1; and bottom, 14.85 to 1. The brakes are Bendix Cowley of large diameter and width with easy adjustment, and both the foot pedal and hand lever control all four brakes. The steering unit is of Marles design with spring spoke steering wheel, the controls for the ignition, dimming, horn and traffic signals being placed above the wheel.

Suspension is on orthodox lines, semi-elliptic springs being employed for both front and rear axle; and Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers are fitted all round. The chassis frame, which is of part box section with tubular cross bracing, is of very rigid construction, the rear end being underslung below the rear axle. Chassis lubrication is effected by means of a grease gun to independent nipples, which are conveniently situated; and the petrol tank has a capacity of 11½ gallons, the fuel being fed to the carburetter by means of an electric pump; the reserve supply is operated by a tap which is immediately in front of the driver.



THE 12.70 LIGHT SALOON ALVIS, WHICH SELLS AT £435

Provision has been made for raising the road wheels from the ground with the minimum of effort, and a portable mechanical jack is employed which operates from each side of the car.

The dimensions of the chassis are as follows: wheelbase 8ft. 10ins., track 4ft. 2ins., overall length 13ft. 10ins. The chassis weight is 17cwt., and the weight complete with saloon body is 26¼cwt.

Outwardly the car presents a very attractive appearance, and the coachwork is beautifully finished both internally and externally. The bonnet is carried back right to the short scuttle, thus giving easy access to the motor, and the tools are housed in a large box under the bonnet. There is ample head and leg room to both front and rear seats, the seating position is very comfortable, and the forward vision is excellent. There is a built-in luggage locker at the rear, the spare wheel being carried in the lid, and Triplex glass is fitted to all windows.

The performance of the Alvis 12.70 on the road is undoubtedly good; its maximum speed is in the region of 75 m.p.h., but it appears to like cruising at 60 m.p.h. without any suggestion of being overdriven, and on third gear a speed in the region of 55 m.p.h. can be attained. The brakes, steering and road holding are excellent features of what is undoubtedly a high-grade car, and the suspension is admirable. The price of the complete vehicle, with four-door saloon body, is £435, or with drop-head coupé £445.

LEVEL CROSSINGS.—Observations recently conducted by the A.A. show that traffic on the most important roads in Great Britain is interrupted nearly 8,000 times daily between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. by the closing of railway level crossings. The A.A. figures show that on an average each crossing is closed to road traffic 20 times during the period of eight hours. On this basis the 4,560 crossings interrupt road transport 91,200 times between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. daily, a loss of 4,560 working hours if an estimate of three minutes is accepted as the average time which elapses between the closing and opening of the gates.



THE WINNER OF THE 1937 KING'S CUP RACE
Charles E. Gardner arriving in his Percival Mew Gull at Hatfield aerodrome after winning the race at a record speed of over 253 m.p.h.

IS SPORTING AVIATION ON THE DECLINE?

Reflections on the 1938 Calendar

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

A GLANCE at the calendar of sporting aviation events so far arranged for the coming summer suggests that this year is likely to witness a continuation of that decline which many critics have commented on during recent years. There is, in fact, only one major event yet announced: the King's Cup Race, which, to be held in July, is to consist of 20 laps, with landings every five laps, over a 50-mile course based on Hatfield. Thus, even this event might be considered to have been degraded in some degree, for on most previous occasions it has been designed to cover a fairly wide area of the British Isles and thus to assume the character of an all-country affair, rather than the status of a local fixture.

Whether this is so is a question with which we are not immediately concerned. What is of greater interest at the moment is whether the allegations of decline in sporting flying are well founded or not. Everyone agrees that among amateurs of all kinds the existence of sporting competition is a very desirable thing, and aviation cannot afford to lose a stimulus that can be of very special value to it.

One difficulty, of course, is what is meant by sporting flying. Some would limit its application to pure racing, others to competitions of skill, still others to rallies. The fairest way appears to be to include all these and any other events in which the predominating feature is some sort of friendly rivalry between private pilots.

On this basis, it is perhaps not easy to justify the assertion of a decline. On the contrary, the existence of so many flying clubs and of a large body of amateur pilots tends to make sporting flying more general nowadays than at any previous period. Right through the summer months all sorts of competitions go on; scarcely a week-end passes without some event or another: an arrival competition, a local display, an inter-club rally, and even racing. If all these events, large and small, were to be counted up, together with the many private competitions held between pilots, a very different impression might be gained of the strength of sporting aviation.

Undoubtedly, the notion of a decline arises from the gradual decrease in big international events. The Schneider Trophy contests are now no more: the Gordon-Bennett races have ceased: the French Coupe Deutsche has become, to all intents and purposes, a purely national affair, attracting little support from outside France. There is nothing in this country, nor probably in all Europe, to parallel the National Air Races of the United States. But the history of the Schneider Trophy alone witnesses that such events as these go very far beyond the true idea of sporting competition; and even the National Air Races in America can hardly be said to benefit the amateur. On the contrary, they tend to produce freak machines capable of being flown only by highly skilled professionals.

Many feel that sporting flying should, in fact, be confined almost exclusively to the amateur ranks. There should be nothing in it to encourage either the freak machine or the superlatively gifted professional pilot. The latter gets his chance in many ways: in long-distance record attempts, in international events such as the England–Australia race and the Damascus race, and so on. For the rest, it is better to see that sporting aviation does all possible to increase skill among private pilots; and, in this respect, our remaining great annual event, the King's Cup, may be said to have succeeded very well and to have avoided the extremes of the Schneider Trophy.

There is, too, another field of sporting aviation that receives comparatively little attention—gliding. Yet this continues to make progress. Some 40 clubs now exist in various parts of the British Isles, and already only four of these clubs have announced as many as nine different camps each of upwards of a week's duration. Since gliding is wholly a form of sport, and is, moreover, open to many to whom ordinary power flying would be too expensive, this fact alone should check the idea that sporting aviation as a whole is on the decline.

Nevertheless, there is no room for complacency. The popularity of flying can grow only through making the general public more familiar with it, and demonstrating what the average man or woman can do as a pilot. For such purposes, the bigger sporting event can do a great deal, and every effort to introduce new events into the sporting calendar is to be welcomed. This is a matter that concerns pilots more, perhaps, even than organisers. Several new races and competitions started in recent years have been allowed to lapse, partly, at least, on account of lack of entries. That is a state of affairs that pilots alone can remedy.

A point of importance is that the characteristics of modern aircraft make the organisation of spectacular sporting events perhaps more difficult. This year's King's Cup will provide an interesting object lesson in how far it is possible and safe to race standard machines on closed circuits. The days of pylon racing, at any rate with normal machines, are passed, and the conception of sporting flying is inevitably different from what it was in the Hendon days before the War.

Perhaps the present-day spirit of sporting flying is best seen at international rallies, which not only widen the competitive basis but provide a means of linking together private flying of many different countries. It is, then, to be hoped that the glaring omission in this year's calendar of such an international rally organised in Great Britain will be filled. The Lympne International Rally not only provided great sporting interest, but provided a means of repaying the courtesy that British pilots, who are constantly touring abroad, receive from the light-aeroplane movement throughout Europe.



THE GORDON BENNETT AVIATION RACE OF 1911
C. T. Weymann, who won the cup, rounding a pylon in his 100 h.p. monoplane



MODERN AIR RACING FOR ALL TYPES
An Aeroncn getting away at the start of the 1937 London—Isle of Man race



"THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTESTS ARE NOW NO MORE"
The beautifully conceived trophy which was won outright by Great Britain

MADEIRA, ISLAND OF FLOWERS

"Where the Humblest Cottage Sports the Royal Purple"



ONE OF THE GARDENS FOR WHICH MANY TOWNS OF MADEIRA ARE DESERVEDLY FAMOUS

WITH London weather left far behind and the capricious moods of the Bay of Biscay equally forgotten, the liner comes to rest in Funchal Harbour. Needles of fine rain fall in silvery showers on the passengers as they alight at the jetty, caressing their faces with soft touches of reassurance that the sun will be shining again in a moment. Picturesque flower-girls, in the well-known Madeira costume, surround each taxi or bullock-carro to press their mimosas, camellias, lilies, violets or roses on each newly arrived tourist.

Over the walls that hide the gardens of Madeira from prying eyes fall cascades of colour. Here are the purple splashes of bougainvillea, the keynote of the Madeira colour scheme. The humblest cottage sports this royal purple and it is only the botanically inclined who point out that it is a purple of leaf and not of flower. Bougainvillea is one of those exotics of the south seas brought to Madeira by an enthusiastic gardener, and it has taken so kindly to the climate and soil that it is regarded by most people as a native. It is not the only living thing that prefers Madeira to its original home.

Outside the hotel window, yellow wagtails are dipping and diving, and golden flashes of their plumage suggest their joy in finding sunshine overseas. From the branches of a pepper tree, a canary trills out his song, unmistakable in its cadence. This is no household pet escaped from a cage over the door, but a native. He lacks the bright colouring of a caged canary, and is far less beautiful to look upon than the yellow wagtail, but his song is incomparable. He is one of Madeira's commonest birds.

In every garden there is a profusion of tree ferns and palms and smilax riots everywhere. In the dripping crevices over the water tanks maidenhairs flourish, and beneath the trees asparagus ferns are as common as the polypodium in our lanes. Cannas and smilax are the commonest garden weeds and are as troublesome to the Madeira gardener as bindweed and couch grass are to us. Cannas, with their brilliant scarlet, crimson or orange flowers have no more attraction for him than the pink and white bells of bindweed have for us, when they flourish at the expense of more cherished blossoms.

In every garden also, whether of hotel, luxurious quinta or tiny cottage roses are growing. One seldom sees standards for obvious reasons. Bush roses are cut down several times a year to flower again as many times, climbers hang over pergolas, but are never trained over porches or up the sides of a house.

The reason for this is seen at once on examining any flower bush or tree. Myriads of ants are seen, hurrying up and down in pursuit of their lawful business. Ants are ubiquitous in Madeira. Though less in evidence during the winter months, it is too warm for their complete hibernation. Precautions have always to be taken to confine their activities to out-of-doors, where they may be seen but not often felt.

Some people resent the almost complete absence of wild flowers from Madeira, that is, in the neighbourhood of Funchal. For them it is not enough to see camellias and azaleas flowering in mid-winter, barberton daisies glittering in every border, fuchsias and geraniums rioting madly, heliotropes grown into bushes, the tender blue of Swan River daisies.

They can have wild flowers for the seeking, but they must take some trouble in order to find them. In late autumn, a seven-miles drive up the mountains will bring them to Camacha, where, by the way, they will see hedges of bright blue hydrangeas. There they must leave the car and plunge into the heart of the woods. When they have gone far enough, they will suddenly come on a scene calculated to take away the breath of the most blasé of flower-lovers—a sea of crimson belladonna lilies, dazzling in their splendour.



A WILD VIEW OF MADEIRA
The scent-covered, mountainous country at Cruzinhas



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN FUNCHAL
One of the well-known bullock sledges on the cobbles with the Pico Fort in the distance

Those who cannot restrain their possessive instincts but must gather armfuls of these seductive flowers had better beware, for the juice makes stains beyond the skill of the chemist to remove. So does the arum lily, for that matter, of which armfuls can be gathered rather nearer Funchal.

The ravine of S. Luzia, on the outskirts of the city, must be entered, and the levada (watercourse) followed upwards until the river bed below is seen to glisten in the sunlight with a mass of creamy white flowers.

Still further afield than Camacha, one may climb by devious paths to crags of rock where cinerarias hang perilously between earth and sky, or where mountain goats poise themselves as if pleading to be photographed against a background of yellow or white bush daisies. Here grow the sweet-scented lily of the valley tree and many wild heaths.

When tired out with the search for wild flowers, it is possible to return swiftly to the neighbourhood of hotels by tobogganing down one of the steepest roads in the world, whirling once more past purple bougainvilleas and orange bignonias cascading in riotous profusion over gleaming white garden walls.

L. F. RAMSEY.

BRIGHTER BUXTON

An Appeal to the Young Generation



BUXTON AMID SHELTERING HILLS 1,000FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL

JUST before Easter a dinner was held at the Spa Plaza Hotel, Buxton, to inaugurate a new era both in the history of the hotel and the famous spa. At that dinner a good many speeches were made—there were no less than nine—and none of them were short.

This may give the impression that the dinner was a dull affair, but the inference would be wrong, for the speeches were of a breezy order, and many of them were of the straight and to the point delivery and humour that one associates with the north.

The tenor of the speeches was all directed to one end, that Buxton should not only be famed for its "milky warm water so strikingly blue in colour," and the great benefits it confers on humanity by its treatments for rheumatism, gout and other ills, but that it should also be as highly rated for the beauty of its scenery, its social attractions, and the recreation it affords for those who are sound in body and able to enjoy them to the full.

A drive for a brighter Buxton has been initiated by its progressive Mayor and councillors, as is evidenced by the success of its musical festivals, its opera and modernised playhouse. A still brighter Buxton is visualised, one that will supply attractions which a Continental spa cannot rival, and which will, at the same time, conserve the interests of the clientèle who attend the spa for its curative properties. It is a great mistake to suppose that people who are not of sound health do not require entertainment; they need cheeriness more than anyone else. And they can come to Buxton to get it, together with the young members of their families who wish to follow active pursuits. It is in the furtherance of this object that Captain A. C. N. Dixey's enterprise in modernising the Spa Hotel is going to play its part, and of that more anon.

On the morning following the dinner, a party was organised to visit the establishments of the town. This party I did not join, but set out to explore the nearby country. And a very short walk indeed enabled me to do so. As a start to such an expedition a road called Green Lane sounded promising, and this I followed, past houses with attractive gardens, until a signpost was reached, which indicated a footpath through Grinlow Woods.

This seemed even more promising. The path led up through a thick wood, the sun shone gloriously through the burgeoning trees and the air was full of the song of birds. A couple of blackbirds searching for grubs in the fallen beech leaves inspected me solemnly as if debating whether to give approval to a stranger, and after having earned their approval, and having inspected them in turn, I climbed on and came to a grassy knoll upon which a seat had been thoughtfully placed for those the short journey might have fatigued.

Here was a small clearing shielded from the spring winds, and yet open to the full air of the hills, and if in summer time the sun was hot, it promised a cool spot, with a still cooler retreat at hand in the shade of the trees. The situation had been well chosen. In a vast bowl far below lay Buxton with the conspicuous dome dominating its famous Crescent. There was quite a bird's-eye view of grey roofs, splashed here and there with touches of red of the more modern residences on the outskirts. One could see how well sheltered the town is by the protecting ring of hills topped by moorlands patterned with Derbyshire stone walls.

With some reluctance I rose from the seat and progressed ever upward along the woodland path. Here and there on either side mossy boulders lined the track. A flitting among the branches overhead made me stand still and a coal tit looked down upon me with the same enquiring glance that the blackbirds had exhibited, then went unconcernedly about its business in the tree tops.

Eventually the path led out into the open where a stone wall (how scientifically these walls are made) enclosed the wood. A narrow passage flanked by massive pillars led out to a pond circled by irregular walls with high grassy knolls between. I did not know it at the time, but I was on the site of a pre-historic barrow.

Behind the hill on my right was the sound of Industry and dull explosions suggested quarrying operations in progress. In front was a wide stretch of moorland with a tower crowning the heights to which I had climbed. Under a wall some fowls were scratching and clucking, and meadow pipits were darting from one tuft of grass to another and soaring into the air for brief periods.

I walked on to the tower. It bore an inscription which announced that it was Grinlow Tower and stood on the site of a pre-historic barrow explored in 1894, and that particulars concerning it could be found in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of 1895.

Within the tower a spiral staircase leads to the top, and a stone walk protected by an iron railing runs round the rim. From this vantage point a wide view of the surrounding country is obtained; over the tree-tops beyond Buxton, over the dales and hills, beyond a deep valley, which, at the moment I gazed from the tower, Industry was filling with a dense black smoke. But as the smoke blew down the valley and away from the tower its presence did not foul the keen invigorating breeze that came across the hilltops.

That breeze banished all thoughts of Industry, of politics, of rumours of war—it was life itself. If Buxton can cure with its thermal waters, the air, I felt sure could do all to complete the treatment, and in itself restore jaded spirits. And if the breeze prove too strong when:

> There's sun on the heath with mist o'er the town,
> And the birds' song is heard from a sheltered bower,
> Then we can go to the shade of the wood
> Should the wind blow keen through Grinlow Tower.

The walk I have described may not be acclaimed as famous, not the sort that would be entitled to a poster saying "Come to Buxton and Walk to Grinlow Tower." But my feet had just led me to one of God's pleasant places. I left the Spa Plaza Hotel at about ten o'clock and, not having carried a watch, was surprised to find myself back in Green Lane and watching a couple of chaffinches in the roadside gutter before noon.

I had some time to spare in the sheltered pavilion gardens, where, if even their shelter is insufficient, you can retreat to glass conservatories; and doubtless a forthcoming reform will be to renovate these interiors where red plush seats sound a note of a bygone era.

Even in these days country walks and picnics are not démodé. In fact youth goes afield in search of the disappearing countryside, and what country in the whole of England can eclipse the beauty of Buxton's surroundings? There are excursions to the land that has been preserved for all time through the National Trust—to Dovedale, Miller's Dale, the Manifold Valley, to Cheedale, Monsal Dale, Bakewell, Castleton, Haddon Hall, and Chatsworth. What a vision of scenery and historic connections these names evoke!

And when youth returns from its energetic expeditions, or from its golf on the Buxton and High Peak or Cavendish courses, or from its lawn tennis, riding or other energetic pursuits, its vitality is far from exhausted. That is what Captain Dixey has realised in redesigning the Spa Plaza Hotel. So far the whole of its ground floor has been modernised with cocktail bar and lounge, French restaurant, floor for dancing, and spacious dining rooms. A programme of entertainment, cabarets, dances and treasure hunts during Easter week showed how youth can be served in the hotel itself. What more in scenery and amusement can the Continent furnish.

But as we are not all young there is another side to be thought of, and that is catered for by solid comfort, and by an excellent cuisine and cellar for those who fish or cannot disport themselves. There are over 200 bedrooms in the hotel and a staff capable of catering easily for a house full of guests. "Brighter Buxton" should be well served by this new venture, and make the younger members of a family who want entertainment insist on accompanying parents who go to the spa for reasons of health or the quieter forms of recreation.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



"FROM THE OUTSIDE THE INN BELIES ITS AGE"

MR. WASHINGTON IRVING wrote well when he said that "there is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease." An easy, graceful welcome is, of course, one of the signs of a well-run inn, but it is not always met with to-day. There is no doubt, however, that Washington Irving would be well pleased with his greeting at the White Horse, Shere.

This old Surrey inn is 600 years old and there is every reason to believe that it was once used as a church guest-house. It is a remarkable building and, except for the new wing which was added 34 years ago, the original structure remains. From the outside the inn belies its age. You can see at a glance that it is not modern, but there is little to make you expect such a splendid old interior.

The house has no foundation, the mud walls being built round oak beams which run through the house from top to bottom. No nails or ridgeboards have been used in the construction, while many of the beams are of odd shapes. In all probability they were brought up from Shoreham by barges, for most of them are ships' timbers.

One of the first powder factories in England was founded at Chilworth years ago and barges which took the powder to the coast would sometimes bring back timber on the return journey to save coming back empty-handed. One of the interesting points about the beams at the White Horse is that despite their age there is absolutely no trace of the death-watch beetle. Now these beams, before their use in the construction of the inn, had a thorough immersion in salt water. Is it possible that salt water keeps the death-watch beetle away? I do not pretend to know anything about this insect, but it would be interesting to have the views and experiences of readers.

These old oak beams go right through the house and have no footings. You leave them on the ground floor and meet them again in the bedrooms upstairs, where all is in keeping with the character of the house. The beds, while comfortable, are Victorian in design and give one that delightful feeling of living in the world of yesteryear. There is, too, the most extraordinary little sitting-room leading off one of the main bedrooms. It is only just possible to stand upright in it.

From the dining-room chimney you get some idea of the monstrous chimneys which our ancestors knew. In fact it has been necessary to build another and smaller chimney inside the original one, the space saved upstairs by this alteration being used for a cupboard which is tucked away neatly in one of the bedroom walls.

The proprietor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Askew, take a real pride—as they may well do—in their old inn. Provided people call at a reasonable hour of the day Mr. Askew told me that he was always willing to show them over the White Horse. I think there is little doubt that once you have seen the place you will want to stay there. It is surely sufficient recommendation to know that certain Americans always reside at the inn when they cross the Atlantic. As their friends are also being told about the charms of the White Horse the number of oversea visitors is on the increase. Many of them may scan with interest the sketchbook kept by visitors since 1884, and no one would be surprised to find artists returning to this lovable haunt year by year.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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(Continued on page 1024)

BRIDGE

PLAY OF NO TRUMPS

Some Elementary Points

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

THIS week I am giving some No Trumps hands which illustrate mistakes in play which are made by beginners and sometimes by others more advanced.

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

Score game all. Z is playing a contract of Three No Trumps. A leads the 3 of Spades, and when Dummy's hand is exposed on the table it looks easy for Z to make his contract and overtricks. It *is* easy.

But Z missed it by winning the first trick with the 10 of Spades!

He led his King and then Knave of Clubs. B, winning the second round with the Ace, returned a Spade. Z played small, A won with the King and led another Spade, and Dummy was dead!

Actually five tricks are to be made in Clubs, provided Z puts up his Ace of Spades on the first round and then clears Clubs. Nothing then can prevent him entering Dummy with a Spade. First precept: Beware of taking a trick too cheaply. It may prove dear, and on hands of this nature be sure of preserving the entry in Dummy by unblocking yourself. Sometimes you should do so even at the risk of losing a trick.

The second hand is also instructive.

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

Z is playing Three No Trumps. A leads the Queen of Spades. Here again Z's task is not very difficult provided he takes the right view of the situation. Winning either the first trick or the second, as if A is allowed to make the Queen of Spades he is likely to continue Spades. Z must at once extract the Ace of Diamonds.

Actually in play Z won the first trick with the King of Spades and led the Knave of Clubs and took the finesse. B, winning with the King, returned a Spade. Z refused. B then led a Heart. Z played small and A, winning with the King, led a third Spade, and Z failed in his contract.

Z's vital mistake was leading Clubs before establishing his Diamonds. The point to recognise here is that as soon as the Ace of Diamonds is extracted the "sting" is taken out of whatever hand possesses it. And it must be removed before Z goes for his Clubs.

My third example also illustrates manipulation.

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

Score game all. Z the dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
Two Clubs	Two Spades	Three Diamonds	No bid
Three No Trumps	No bid	No bid	No bid

A led the Queen of Spades. Z, winning with the Ace, led the Queen of Diamonds and finessed.

B took with the King and returned a Spade, which Y won with the King. Z now made his four winning Diamonds, then led a Club from Y and finessed. A won and made his Spades, defeating the contract. This was, of course, shocking play.

Z can make his contract without difficulty, however the cards lie. His right course is to lead the Ace of Clubs, followed by the Queen of Clubs. This insures five tricks in the suit, which with two Spades, a Diamond and a Heart gives Z the rubber. The proper play of this hand is not a matter of argument. It is true that if A had the King of Diamonds Z might do as well. But he had no need to risk it. By the line of play indicated he could see a certainty.

BRIDGE CONGRESS AT BEXHILL

Under the auspices of the British Bridge League and the Bexhill-on-Sea Corporation a Bridge Congress will be held at Bexhill from May 6th to 9th. An attractive programme has been arranged, including Open Pairs Contests, County Teams of Four and Rubber Bridge.

The semi-finals of the National Pairs Championship and the Gold Cup will be played during the Congress.

There will be a Golf Competition on Sunday, May 8th, and the proceedings will be closed with a Congress Dance on Monday night. The presentation of trophies and prizes will be made by the Mayor of Bexhill.

The Congress is open to all comers, whether members of the British Bridge League or not. No money stakes are allowed. An inclusive sum of 10/- covers entry for all events. Particulars and entry forms and programme can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. R. Foote, De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill-on-Sea, or from the Tournament Manager, British Bridge League, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT MARGATE

PLAY in this congress—the fourth of the series—was started on Wednesday, April 20th. There are no fewer than 203 competitors—a record for a congress in this country—and 22 tournaments are being played.

In the Premier Tournament there are six British representatives—Sir George Thomas, Bart., Miss Menchik, C. H. O'D. Alexander, P. S. Milner-Barry, R. Gobencbek and E. G. Sergeant—and four foreigners—Dr. Alekhine (France), R. Spielmann (Austria), V. Petrow (Latvia) and K. Böök (Finland). At the end of the fourth round Dr. Alekhine was leading with a score of 4 points. Spielmann and Böök had each scored 3 points.

A game from the first round of the Premier Tournament.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. R. Spielmann.	BLACK. Miss Menchik.	WHITE. R. Spielmann.	BLACK. Miss Menchik.
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	11. P takes P	B to K 2
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	12. Kt to B 4	Castles
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	13. B to Q 3 (d)	R takes Kt (e)
4. P to K 5	K Kt to Q 2	14. B takes R	Q takes Kt P
5. Q Kt to K 2(a)	P to Q B 4	15. Castles	Kt to B sq
6. P to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	16. B to K Kt 5	B takes B (f)
7. P to K B 4	Q to Kt 3	17. Kt takes B	Q tks Q P, ch
8. Kt to B 3	P to B 3	18. K to R sq	B to Q 2
9. P to Q R 3 (b)	P takes K P (c)	19. Q to B 3	Kt takes P (g)
10. B P takes P	P takes P	20. Q tks Kt, ch	Resigns (h)

(a) This move was played a good deal in off-hand games by the late Mr. Barn. White prepares to play P to Q B 3 and P to K B 4 to support his centre against Black's attack by P to Q B 4, &c. He has, however, difficulty in developing his King's side.

(b) An old move, the object of which is to prevent a subsequent B to Kt 5, ch. If, instead, 9. P to K Kt 3, then 9. . . . P takes Q P; 10. B P takes P, P takes P; 11. B P takes P, B to Kt 5, ch; 12. Kt to B 3, Castles; 13. B to K B 4, B to K 2; 14. Q to Q 2, P to K Kt 4 with advantage to Black. A game Abapin v. Marôczy (Vienna tournament, 1908), was continued as follows: 15. Kt takes Kt P, B takes Kt; 16. B takes B, Kt takes Q P; 17. Castles, Kt to B 6; 18. B to K 3, Kt takes Q; 19. B takes Q, P takes B; 20. B takes Kt, Kt takes P and Black eventually won.

(c) Black exchanges pawns prematurely and so allows White to get a splendid post at K B 5 for his Queen's Knight. 9. . . . R to K 2 is much better, *e.g.*, 10. Kt to Kt 5, Castles; 11. B to Q 3, P takes K P; 12. B P takes P, P takes P; 13. P takes P and Black has a good game.

(d) Not Kt takes K P because of R takes Kt followed, if Q takes R, by K Kt takes P, or, if P takes R, by B to R 5, ch and K Kt takes P with a fine attack.

(e) Already Black is in difficulties. If Kt to Q sq or R 4, then Q to B 2. Unfortunately, however, she does not get sufficient compensation for the exchange she now sacrifices.

(f) This hastens the end—but there is no satisfactory move.

(g) If 19. . . . Q to B 4 (to prevent the mating combination that follows the text-move), then 20. Q to B 7, ch, K to R sq; 21. Q to R 5, P to K R 3 (if 21. . . . P to K Kt 3, then 22. R takes Kt, ch, K to Kt 2; 23. R to B 7, ch and mate next move); 22. R takes Kt, ch, Q takes R; 23. Q to Kt 8, Q to K Kt sq; 24. Kt to B 7, ch, Q takes Kt; 25. Q to R 7, mate.

(h) After 20. . . . R takes Q there follows 21. B takes P, ch, K to R sq; 22. R takes R, mate.

TOURNAMENT AT LODZ

THE following game was played in the eleventh round of the recent tournament at Lodz.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Petrow.	WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Petrow.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. P to B 5	Kt to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. P to Q R 4	Q R to Kt sq
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. B to R 3	R to Kt 3
4. Q to Kt 3	Kt to B 3	17. K to B 2	K R to Kt sq(d)
5. P to K 3	P to Q 4	18. B to Kt 4 (e)	R to Kt 7
6. P takes P (a)	P takes P	19. K R to K sq	B to B 5
7. B to Kt 5 (b)	Q to K 2	20. P to R 5 (f)	P to K B 4 (g)
8. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt, ch	21. P to B 4 (h)	Kt to K 5, ch
9. P takes B	Castles	22. K to B 3	P to K R 3
10. B takes Kt (c)	P takes B	23. P to R 3	P to Kt 4
11. Kt to K 2	B to R 3	24. P takes P	P takes P
12. Q to B 2	Q to K 5	25. P to R 4 (i)	B takes Kt, ch
13. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	Resigns (j)	

(a) With this move White starts a peculiar system of development which gives him the inferior game in a very few moves. Either B to Q 3 or P to Q R 3 is preferable.

(b) Threatening Q takes B.

(c) The natural sequel to his 7th move, but not good. It leaves him behind in development and with a Bishop that has very little scope. Black's Bishop, on the other hand, comes into action at Q R 3 and commands an important diagonal with tremendous effect.

(d) Much better than B takes Kt followed by R takes P.

(e) White is already at a loss for a satisfactory move.

(f) Not 20. Q R to Kt sq because of 20. . . . R takes R; 21. R takes R, P to Q R 4. The text-move is played to prevent P to Q R 4.

(g) Threatening 21. . . . P to B 5 followed if 22. P takes P, by 22. . . . R to K sq, winning the Knight, or, if 22. P to K 4, by 22. . . . P takes P; 23. P takes P (if B takes Kt, then P to K 6, ch), Kt takes P, ch.

(h) After 21. B takes Kt, P takes B. White is still in difficulties, *e.g.*, 22. P to B 4, R to B 7; 23. Q R to B sq (or 23. K to B 3, B takes Kt, ch; 24. R takes B, R takes P), R to R 7; 24. R to Q R sq, R takes R; 25. R takes R, R to Kt 7; 26. R to K sq, R to R 7.

(i) White is helpless. If 25. P to Kt 4, then 25. . . . P takes P, ch; 26. P takes P, P to B 4; 27. B takes P, Kt takes B; 28. P takes Kt, R to B sq, ch and wins.

(j) After 26. R takes B there follows 26. . . . P to Kt 5, ch. A very good game by Petrow.

END-GAME STUDY

By W. VOLLMER.*

WHITE (3 pieces): King at Q R 8, Queen at K B sq, Pawn at Q B 4.

BLACK (6 pieces): King at Q Kt 3, Queen at Q B 6, Pawns at Q B 2, Q B 3, Q 3 and Q R 4.

White to play and win.

* *Neue Leipziger Zeitung*, 1933.

PROBLEM No. 3959

By P. G. L. P.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q R 4, Queen at K Kt 4, Bishop at K B sq, Knight at Q R 2, Pawns at K B 2, K 3, Q 4, Q 5, Q B 5, Q R 5 and Q 6.

BLACK (4 pieces): King at Q B 5, Bishop at K R 8, Pawns at Q R 3 and Q 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* Second Hon Men., British Chess Problem Society, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3958

1. Q to B 4, Any move; 2. Q, R or B mates.

BRITISH CHESS FEDERATION.—This year's congress of the British Chess Federation will be held in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, from August 8th to August 19th. The programme will include the British Championship Tournament, the British Ladies' Championship Tournament, a Major Open Tournament, and First, Second and Third Class Tournaments. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. L. P. Rees at 88, Aubyns, Redhill, Surrey. The latest date for the receipt of entries is July 15th.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 462

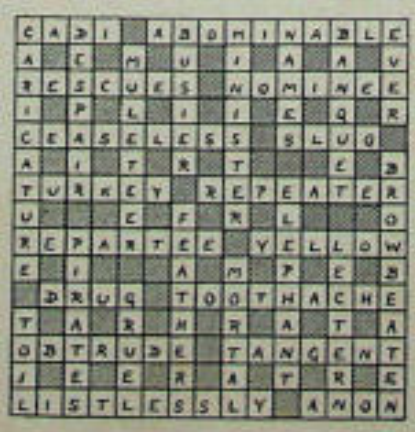
ACROSS.—1, Organised (anag.). 6, In short, a thoroughly efficient department. 10, The car is there, but it's hard to find. 11, Indigestible coolness. 12, Lives by his wits. 13, "You are a lot of scoundrels," Edward cried (hidden). 14, A favourable condition for Satan's approaches. 16, The higher the better. 18, Heard at tea time. 20, Plates. 22, On the level? 24, They disagree. 26, A dog in the tea caddy. 27, One of the guardians of the treasures of the earth. 28, Steal the stale slate. 29, "Sweet are the uses of ——" (*As You Like It*).

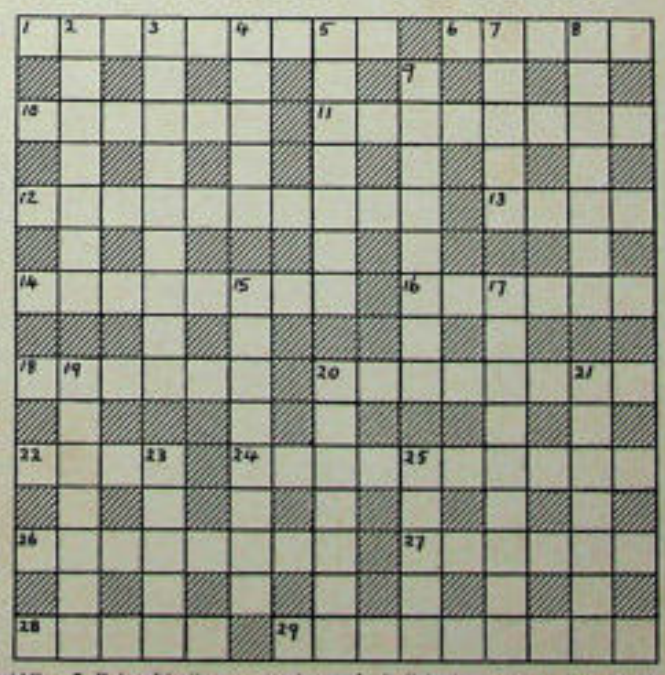
DOWN.—2, Decreed and went back. 3, Wanting in spirit—through having too much? 4, The men did not think that they had ever seen a finer trap (hidden). 5, He sees a dog in the middle. 7, Raise objections concerning mud. 8, Gain the mastery. 9, A sign of the Zodiac. 15, Assist the progress. 17, $3x+2=15$. $4x+7=9$. 19, Clear away. 20, Indeed, Sir! 21, Being this is of importance on the stage. 23, A standard of hardness. 25, "Like an —— in a dove-cote, I fluttered your Volscians in Corioli" (Coriolanus).

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. 461

Published April 23rd





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Parasites in Sticklebacks. Our biologist reports that the creatures sent for identification are specimens of the parasitic worms known as *Schistocephalus dimorphus* (Crepel). This class of worm belongs to the parasitic flat worms, and is rather similar to a tapeworm. The specimens you enclosed are the larval forms which are frequently found in the body cavity of sticklebacks, while the adult forms are found in birds which have, presumably, eaten the sticklebacks. These creatures are not food for trout, but just parasites which have been introduced by the sticklebacks.—*M. A. M., Scotland.*

How to Preserve Baits.—The most common preservative for prawns and minnows is what is known as 2½ per cent. Formalin. To make this, get the ordinary commercial 40 per cent. formaldehyde (which can be obtained at any chemist) and use one part of formaldehyde to fifteen parts of water. This will give you a 2½ per cent. formalin mixture. Glycerine can also be used with formalin and, in the opinion of some men, gives better results, as it does not make the bait quite so stiff and also is said to preserve its sheen. One formula for preservation with glycerine is formalin (as above) one part, glycerine six parts, water twenty parts.—*C. H. W., Bucks.*

What is a Schelly?—The Ullswater Schelly is a form of whitefish (*Coregonus stigmaticus*). Over in Canada, whitefish form an important article of commerce, and indeed are delicious eating, and fetch a good price. Even over there, however, they are not usually fished for by sportsmen, and are mostly taken when they come into the shallow waters to spawn. There are several sub-species of whitefish in many waters of the British Isles. In Loch Lomond, for example, they are known as Powan (*C. clupeoides*), the scientific name calling attention to their herring-like appearance. These fish are often called freshwater herrings, though they do not belong to the herring family, as they have an adipose fin. In Ireland whitefish in Lough Erne are called Pollan and in Wales, Gwyniad. The Vendace from the English Lake District is also a closely allied species.—*R. B. C., Cumberland.*

Country House

Disposal of Grass Clippings.—Grass and hedge clippings, weeds and vegetable refuse of any kind can be made to rot quickly by sprinkling with Adco reagent, as each layer is piled on to the heap. Instructions are given by the makers. Alternatively, calcium cyanamide would be effective if mixed at the rate of 1 lb. of the fertilizer to a watering-canful of water and sprinkled on to each 50lb. layer of fresh waste. In about two months' time the heap should be well rotted, when it can be dug into the soil as manure. If even a short time heap is objectionable, the clippings could be spread out to dry after cutting and then burned, though this destroys nearly all the manurial value. Clippings may also be used as a mulch to protect plants from drought, afterwards being turned into the soil or burnt as desired.—*F., Tonbridge.*

Aphis on Peach and Nectarine in the Greenhouse.—Cheshunt compound is a fungicide designed to prevent "damping-off" disease of seedlings, and is unsuitable for use against aphis. To destroy aphis and other sucking insects, a "contact" insecticide which kills on touch, or a "fumigant" which liberates a gas poisonous to insects is necessary. For peach and nectarines it is best to spray with a 6 per cent. standard tar oil wash, such as Abolene, from December to January, when the trees are completely dormant. As it is now far too late for this treatment, however, a spray containing nicotine should be used. This will kill off the pests immediately without the slightest risk of harming plants or spoiling their appearance; and there are several excellent proprietary nicotine insecticides on the market. Care should be taken to throw a fine mist-like spray, so that it comes in contact with every insect. Repeat a fortnight later when any eggs which have not been destroyed are hatched out. If attack is advanced so that the pests are concealed in the rolled leaves and cannot be easily reached by spraying, then use a greenhouse fumigant, such as Abol Nicotine Fumigating Shreds, McDougall's Insecticide Fumers, or Cymag. This will effectively clear the house of aphis, black fly, thrips and other pests.—*A. M. B., Reepham.*

Cricket

Bradman as a Captain.—Bradman, contrary to your opinion, has proved himself a captain of the highest order. This is a random example: on the second day of the vital third Test match of the 1936-37 tour, he took the unusual procedure in a played-to-a-finish Test match of declaring his first innings closed, and sent England in to bat on the difficult wicket; again, in Australia's second innings he sent in his lower batsmen first, thus enabling Fingleton and himself to set up a record later on the, by then, easy wicket.—*M. K., Leeds.*

Garden

Apples Sent for Identification. Large specimen, Lord Derby; smaller one, Newton Wonder.—*A. B., Notts.*

Grass Carpets.—We find there are two people who supply these, and one referred to concerned Messrs. Hartley, whose address is Greenfield, near Oldham, Lancs. They will send you on request a booklet called *Scientific Lawn Making* and two samples of their invention on receipt of a postal order for 1/-; or if you send them a postcard they will supply an illustrated folder and small sample free of charge. The other firm which advertises these sheets is Messrs. Lewis, of Market Street, Manchester, who will also give details and a sample on request. We note that the latter firm gives some idea of price and that the sheets (3ft. by 2ft.) are sold at from 5d. to 8d., according to the nature of the soil on which they are to be laid.—*C. P. F. B., Whitgarish.*

Kennel

Dog in Quarantine. No relaxation can be made in any circumstances in the quarantine period. Every dog coming into the country from abroad must be segregated for six months in approved kennels, which usually charge about 12/6 a week. You must apply to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1, for a licence to land the dog, and they will send as well a list of approved kennels.—*J. M. B. M., Kenya.*

Tapeworm.—It is rather difficult to know how to advise you about getting rid of the tapeworm in your springer spaniel, as you have tried a number of remedies. We can only suggest the old-fashioned remedy of freshly powdered areca nut, the dose of which would be one grain for every pound the dog weighs, probably about 40 grains for your bitch. Fast her well before giving the dose. Do not give a meal after the morning of the previous day, and then administer the medicine early the next morning. This would be better given in a capsule, as dogs often vomit after taking it. Two hours later give a dose of castor oil.—*G. M. K., Cheltenham.*

Naturalist

Flies Identified.—The fly received is the stable fly or biting housefly (*Stomoxys calcitrans*). Very common in stables and occurs in houses, especially in the country. We should advise a free application of eucalyptus oil to the exposed parts.—*G. B., Brook Street.*

Bees Identified. The bees received are burrowing bees (*Andrena fulva*), very common in gardens; as you say, on lawns and paths. An egg is laid at the bottom of the burrow, which is stored with food by the parent as a supply of food for the larva (grub). It pupates in the summer and remains as a pupa throughout the winter and the bee emerges in the spring.—*J. B. M., Worcester.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Poisoning of Woodpigeons.—The four woodpigeons, which were picked up in the woods, were in prime condition. The appearances of their internal organs suggest that death was due to poisoning, probably by strychnine. For an accurate diagnosis a chemical analysis of the viscera would be required. Our service does not include analysis for poisons, but at the special request of a reader we can arrange for this to be done on payment of the analyst's fees. The usual source of strychnine is poisoned bait laid for the destruction of crows, rooks, magpies, woodpigeon, and other enemies of the corn-grower, sheep-farmer and keeper.—*J. A., Northumberland.*

Acute Heart Failure in Birds.—We have received two interesting examples of birds dying from failure of the heart, probably due to some excessive physical exertion, since their bodies were in good condition and revealed no evidence of infectious disease or physical injury. One was a two-year-old cock racing pigeon which, a few hours preceding the owner finding it dead, had been in the best of health. The second was a cock budgerigar which was caged with three hens. From the condition of his sex-glands it would appear probable that his three consorts had overtaxed his vitality. Two hens are usually sufficient for a robust young cock budgerigar under the very best conditions of management; inexperienced aviculturalists should provide only the one hen to a cock. More commonly heart failure in aviary birds results from a sudden fright. We have known canaries and other species of finches to die in the hand of a stranger who was lifting them out of their nest or cage. Usually in such cases the right chamber of the bird's heart ruptures; the same type of rupture occurs in hunters, steeplechasers and race-horses which suddenly over-exert themselves.—*F. W., Bucks; E. H. B., Norfolk.*

Bacillary White Diarrhoea.—From two correspondents we have received chicks which have died within a week of hatching from the highly contagious germ infection, B.W.D. Usually the disease arises within a brood of chicks through some of the chicks being born of germ-containing eggs which have been laid by diseased hens. The infection spreads rapidly through the brooder, so that within a week from 30 to 60 per cent. of the brood may have been picked up dead. There is no known curative. It is a mistake to rear the survivors, since a proportion of them carry the germ, and though appearing in good health they are capable of transmitting the disease via their eggs or droppings. Thus, when B.W.D. has been diagnosed the entire brood should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned. All litter, droppings, remains of food and grit should be burned, and the interior of the brooder should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. Movable metal parts of the brooder should be boiled in water. The hens from which the infected chicks derived should be blood-tested in order to find the reactors or carriers, which should be destroyed.—*A. B. C., Clovelly; F. M., Anglesey.*

Travel

Visiting the West Country.—As regards fishing in the Torridge, we think you would like the George Hotel at Hatherleigh. The hotel owns a salmon beat on this river and also ten miles of trout and salmon coal fishing on the rivers Torridge, Lew and Okement. The Devon brown trout, averaging three to the pound, show good sport. It is also possible to go otter-hunting with the Cheriton and Tetcott Hounds from this hotel. Hatherleigh, of course, is a fairly quiet rural village, but you cannot help being attracted to the Old George Hotel. It probably dates back 700 years. As regards the Exe, we would recommend the Fisherman's Cot at Bickleigh Bridge, near Tiverton, in the heart of rural Devon. In the valley of the Usk there is the Clytha Arms at Llangobion, which has salmon and trout fishing from both banks for about one and a half miles. Rods and hotel accommodation are limited, and application needs to be made well in advance. There is also the Brecon Castle Hotel at Usk. On the Gloucestershire Coln there is a delightful little fourteenth-century inn at Fairford called The Bull. The proprietor owns two miles of the fishing, and for many years now this section of the Coln has maintained a high reputation for the weight and the fighting qualities of its fish. Thanks to scientific weed-cutting, the fish are real risers to the fly. The water is periodically restocked with 1lb. trout. Every form of dry-fly fishing is at the disposal of guests at The Bull. The May-fly usually arrives about May 23rd and goes on well into June. Although the hours of meals are specified at this hotel, the needs of anglers are catered for. Fishermen may have their lunch sent to the riverside, and while dinner is served at 7.30 p.m., no unwilling or hurried service awaits those who arrive later. While you are in Gloucestershire, you might well enjoy a visit to the Old Swan Hotel at Minster Lovell. The inn is 500 years old and owns the fishing rights of a mile in the Windrush. The countryside around these two Gloucestershire rivers—Coln and Windrush—is absolutely superb. As regards otter-hunting with Mr. Varndell's Crowhurst Otter-hounds we would recommend Ye Old Dorset Arms Hotel at East Grinstead. In the eighteenth century, the Dorset Arms was a noted posting house at which every distinguished traveller on the London—Brighton and Eastbourne Road pulled up as a matter of course. Amongst the notabilities who habitually patronised the hotel in those days were Lord Liverpool, a frequent guest when on his way to visit his seat at Buxted, and Lord Seymour, who had a passion for illumination and seldom went to bed with less than 30 candles burning in his bedroom. You may like to know that the Crowhurst Pack hunts the rivers Rother, Cuckmere, Ouse, Adur, Arun, Medway, Eden, Darenth, Stour and Rover. The waters are from very clear, rapid trout-streams to heavy, muddy water. Floods rise quickly, but subside quickly; in most places banks are high and rivers do not overflow. The Master's address, in case you wish to write to him, is Berrylands, Copthorne, Sussex.—*A. E. B., Delaware.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed: and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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THE FIELD

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Photograph by Walter Stoneman

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING

He is wearing the uniform of Air-Marshal. Last Tuesday His Majesty, in opening Scotland's Empire Exhibition, warmly congratulated the organisers on their work

"The Sporting and Dramatic News"

says

"There was the same effortless silence and calmness at 70 m.p.h., only one's vision of the flying road and the hum of the tyres marking a difference from the dream-like gliding of the car at 30."

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



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THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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CONTENTS

RE-PLANNING OUR LAWN TENNIS	1093
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL	1093
SCOTLAND'S LEAD TO THE EMPIRE	1094
RE-DISCOVERING SCOTLAND	1096
THE CLYDE FROM LANARK TO THE FIRTH	1097
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: SUSSEX BY THE SEA	1098
GOOD POLO AT DUNSTER	1100
ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS	1101
HOW THE CLASSIC SITUATION STANDS	1104
BRADMAN "OBLIGES" AT WORCESTER	1105
BIRD LIFE IN GALLOWAY	1106
GIANT SILK MOTHS THAT CAN BE BRED IN ENGLAND	1107
HERTFORDSHIRE TROUT	1108
SHOCKING TACTICS	1108
THE PIKE	1109
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING	1110
FIFTY YEARS AGO	1110
IN THE SALE ROOM	1110
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK	1110
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Sheep Tick; Shooting as Hungary; National Defence of our Scenery	1111
IN THE CITY	1116
NEW BOOKS	1118
SPECIAL TRIALS FOR THE SIX-METRES	1120
NATIONAL 18-FOOTERS	1120
THE LATE COLONEL DUNCAN F. NEILL	1120
A PLEA FOR "BLOOD"	1122
WALKER CUP GOLF	1122
THE GLOBE FLOWERS	1125
AMENITY WOODS	1125
THE HERBACEOUS BORDER	1126
KENNEL BEDDING	1126
CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING IN DENMARK	1129
ONE OF AGRICULTURE'S WORST FOES	1130
SOUNDNESS OF DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION	1132
DOWN THE GRAND GIRONDE	1134
A LAND OF YESTERDAY FOR TO-DAY	1137
CARDS AND CHESS	1141
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1142

EMPIRE PUBLICITY

ONE of the most encouraging statements made recently from a national point of view concerns the World's Exhibition to be held in New York in 1939. It is to the effect that the space taken by the British Empire is greater than that of any other foreign nation taking part. Considering the space the British Empire occupies on the earth's surface the reply might well be made that this is not a matter for wonder, while representatives of other countries might be inclined to add that financial resources also make the display purely a matter of degree. Be that as it may, it is a refreshing sign to see the Empire, in modern parlance, being "put on the map." And if it is a good thing to have a front seat in New York it is no less important for the Empire to be advertised at home.

There are many people in this country inclined to take the Dominions and the Colonies very much for granted, and any opportunity is to be warmly welcomed which gives publicity to the benefits they confer on those who are entitled to claim British citizenship. One has only to gaze at a fruiterer's shop or enter any large store in this country to be appreciative of our national blessings. We have the privilege of consuming food and wearing clothes that do not bear the brand of "substitute"; benefits which could to mutual advantage be shared by other nations which, for reason of politics, pursue a policy of self-sufficiency.

His Majesty the King last Tuesday opened an exhibition extending over an area of 175 acres which is in every sense a remarkable achievement. As Sir Steven Bilsland remarks, it is no little effort for a country with a population of a little over four millions to put forth. Such a statement, however, might be characterised as modest in coming from a Scot, for we look to Scotland for prodigious feats just as much to-day as we have done in the past. And if Scotland has such a comparatively small population within her own borders she has peopled the Dominions and the Colonies with sons who have in no small measure helped to make the Empire which her exhibition is celebrating. Even in these days when our export of man-power overseas is less than it should be, and we feel certain less than it could be, Scotland, says Mr. Walter Elliot, can point to having sent nearly 500,000 of her people overseas since 1921. That in itself is an export which justifies some return.

Not the least important of all the exhibits at Glasgow are those of the home country. The Government, through its various Ministries, has staged displays which outline the industrial life of the nation. The part played by science in heavy industry is demonstrated for the public. The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries demonstrates the results of research in dairy farming, animal feeding and breeding, in disease control, and in land and crop improvement. Forestry is represented, including a display of birds and beasts of the forests, while one of the most interesting exhibits is that dealing with marine life and freshwater fish, including the life history of the salmon. We wish the Empire Exhibition the success it so well deserves after its great send-off.

A CRICKET MUDDLE

ON June 25th Sussex begin a three-day match against Kent at Tunbridge Wells. On the same day they begin a three-day match against Cambridge University at Hove. How is it to be done? Obviously the county cannot field two first teams. Equally obviously, the best team will go for the County Championship match against Kent. Hitherto the Universities have played the counties on equal terms and the matches have been considered first class. Some of the counties have before now introduced reserve players against them, but this is the first time that a match has been openly given second-rate status, and it seems unfortunate, to say the least, that Cambridge should have agreed to such a fixture. It is said that no other opportunity for a match against Sussex was available. In that case a match against some other county would have been preferable to a make-shift affair of this sort.

THE "FIELD" MOTOR YACHT TROPHY

On Monday, June 20th, the entries close for the *Field* Endurance Test for cruising motor yachts, which will be held on July 1st and 2nd over a 156.5 sea-mile course in the Firth of Clyde. For the last two years there have been strong entries for this event, but unfortunately from one point of view, if of value in the nature of a "test," the weather has not been so kind as to enable the competitors to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the course, and last year only four out of twelve starters were able to finish. With the Empire Exhibition in full swing a record entry is anticipated, and it is to be hoped that a strong challenge will come from the South to endeavour to wrest the gold trophy from the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club, though it will be a stern task to get the keen Scottish competitors to part with it. The competition is for *bona-fide* cruising motor yachts with a mean speed of not less than 6½ knots, properly equipped for sea cruising, and it is run on a handicap formula. Intending competitors should write to Commander Robert Gibson, R.N.V.R., the hon. secretary of the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club, Glasgow, for entry forms and enclose a remittance of a guinea entrance fee.

FORM ON HARD GROUND

A remarkable feature of the result of the One Thousand Guineas is that the winner, Rockfel, began her career by being badly beaten in a selling race. The dam of the winner was also running in selling races at one time. In the Free Handicap at the end of last season Rockfel was placed 21lb. below Radiant, 17lb. below Stafaralla, 16lb. below Ann of Austria and 9lb. below Scotia's Glen. All those fillies she vanquished with great ease over the Rowley Mile last week, the only rival to put up a fight against her being the big upstanding Laughing Water, who was reckoned 4lb. better than Rockfel at two years old.

It can be said for Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Felstead filly that she had previously shown good form on the hard ground, running third in the Free Handicap and winning at Lingfield. While the going remains firm it is dangerous to leave out any horse who has indicated that he can act on the ground. A further case in point was the success in the Victoria Cup of the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, Phalos.

OUR FIT POLICEMEN!

For the first time the Middlesex Seven-a-side Rugby Tournament was won last Saturday by the Metropolitan Police. Their physical fitness was admired as much as their skill by a crowd numbered at 20,000; in the final the London Scottish, last year's winners, looked tired against the still lively police seven. Form in the competition turned curiously this year. The Harlequins, Blackheath and Richmond, usually strong contenders, went out in the first of the day's rounds; but St. Mary's Hospital gave the Police a hard fight in the semi-finals. Two of the Police seven—A. C. Jones and C. A. Pridmore—touched the heights of combined play, transcending even the scintillations of brilliant individualists like H. Lind, Cliff Jones and J. L. Giles. A thoroughly enjoyable tournament, once again.

FISHING IN THE MERRY MONTH

News of the Hampshire streams—their trout and well-being—should be available very shortly, for a full week has gone by since most of them opened their season. On the earlier-opening chalk streams of the Thames valley news has, on occasion, been rather discouraging; there has been plenty of water despite the drought, but fish, for some unknown reason, have been backward in condition, and hatches of fly have been distinctly wayward in making their appearance. Curiously enough on some of them the rise has been almost confined to the evening—something of an anomaly in April—but a cold north-easter such as blew consistently in the month's closing week probably kept the surface temperature too cold, while bursts of sunshine must have helped the weed to produce oxygen which seems to be connected in some at present mysterious fashion with the inclination of trout to rise. In May, however, the water will surely be warm enough to produce hatches earlier in the day and make amends, let us hope, for April's annoyingly unchanging countenance this year.

DROUGHT COCKS

On every windy steeple, from Dorset to the Forth,
Wind cockerels crow in chorus "It's North, North, North";
With never a drop to wet our wings or quench our golden throats,
We're singing the death-in-birth song of barley, wheat and oats,
We're singing the dying of rivers, and the parching of the wolds,
The sinking down of wells and springs, white water's last strongholds,
The drought and dust of parishes which lie beneath our feet,
Of weeds no longer streaming in a mud-caked dribbling leat,
The patient curse of farmers, who think of dripping eaves,
The shepherd's dog with hanging tongue, the curling up of leaves,
The spreading cup of green which turns to silver when its sold,
And last and, worst of all, we sing "We're so d——d cold!"

A. H. V. L.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THERE was not much to see. The land was almost as featureless as the sky, whose cerulean open fields had more of incident for the eye than the plain. Hedges were distant, trees intermittent and the green expanse differed between one area and another only by the succession of ridged grasslands to pasture. Those green billows were an epitaph of former cultivation; the rank common told the tale of former flocks and herds. Silence was now the husbandman, solitude the herdsman. Coarse grasses, ragged windowed hedgerows, crippled field-gates, choked ditches, reminded me of a dismantled abbey or long-deserted garden. It seemed that the place where I stood had been abandoned years ago by all its people, who had vanished like a cloud and left to me a weedy orchard, a rotting turnip clamp, the turf-ridged road, a lopsided gaping barn as a defaced script with which to piece together its history. To one who had "long been in city pent," it would have appeared a shrine; to the country man a graveyard.

Yet life, no longer channelled, was bubbling up from beneath the earth as a spring incomparably more powerful than the most devilish engines of mankind. The aged pear-trees in the deserted orchard shot up a fountain of flowers, while those of the wych-elms, golden-green, clothed the naked sticks in a dress as rich as the feathered cloaks of the Incas. Elm trees were filmed in a green haze, like the emanation of some inner light, while the first cowslips were sparks among the sere grasses by the hedge. Hornbeams, tough and grey or streaky white, hung their dips of reddish catkins from the sable twigs and pushed out infant leaves of lucid green among them, elegant closed fans that slowly opened. Nature had turned from crone into princess more magically than in any fairy tale. Bees hummed, sun shone, wrens burst with glee, but he who long ago had contracted an alliance with this domestic Nature, he was not there. She was renewed and yet forsaken, a goddess but a widow too.

The story of the husbandman is the history of civilisation, but the tragedy of England. He appeared, he stooped down, and when he straightened his back again, he presented Time with a birthday present that was unique—the English countryside. If for centuries this patient and modest figure was cheated, beaten and rough-used, still he was the corner-stone of the building. Some paused to look at the beauty he had made from the partnership; all acknowledged his utility. But in the end we decided that we could get along very well without him, and so, when I stood at the edge of the common and watched the sleeper wakening, there was no swain in corduroys to take her by the hand. There was a wild look in her eye which I did not like, because it was not a genuine wildness, but an artificial one. It was reversion, it was wilderness.

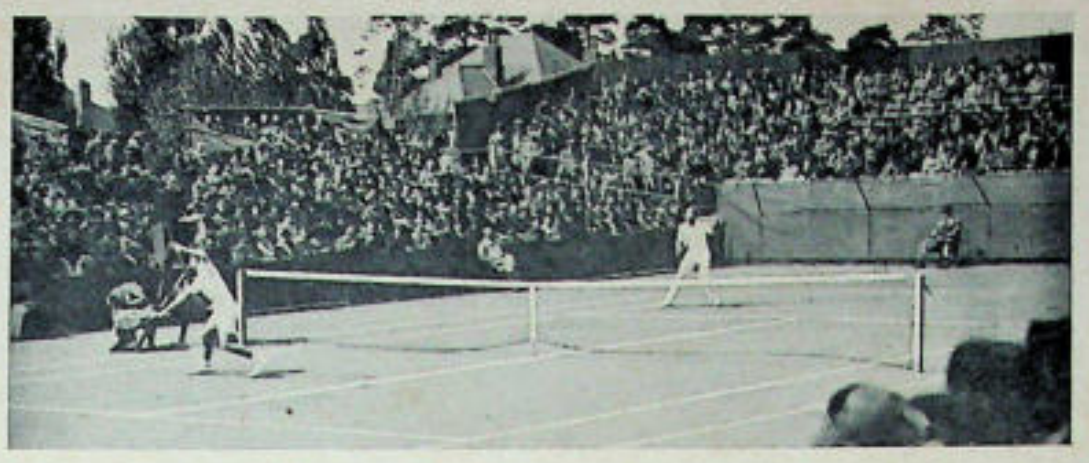
Wilderness is a queer word in an island of millions and millions. But there are two kinds of wilderness, one that is without and one that is within. It struck me that the second sort that belongs to cities is a consequence of the first that belongs to Nature widowed of man. It is a singular thought that the great Parables, being concerned almost exclusively with the life of the fields, the seasons of sowing and reaping, the sheep and the corn and the crops, with, in one word, husbandry, can no longer have any moving or pregnant meaning for us. They are like a dead language to us, since Christianity from its very source, at its crystal fountain-head, urges its teaching by way of the poetry, the utility, the intimacy of man's seasonal commerce with the earth. A glance at the Towneley, Chester, Coventry or other cycles of mediæval Mystery or Miracle plays demonstrates how close was the association between earth and heaven and unbroken the continuity of that bond from the foundation of Christianity onwards. In one of the Nativity plays, the shepherds bring a nuthook, a water-cruse, a flute, a sheep-bell and a milk-bowl, with a spoon, to the Babe lying in the hay, and, of course, the same interdependence between man and the land stretches back to the earliest Pagan rituals of Egypt, Crete and Sumer. All about me where I stood new life throbbed in every leaflet, in the very dust of the earth. But the sower no longer sowed, nor shepherds kept their flocks.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a description to an illustration of the Beagle:

"Few breeds are so beautiful in appearance as this cross between Foxhound and Harrier. Its very daintiness apart from its gentle and affectionate disposition should give it a wider popularity than it enjoys. It is largely used in Fox hunting. Height 8 to 9 inches."



AUSTIN'S DEFEAT AT BOURNEMOUTH

Kho Sin Kie, a Chinese player from Java, winning the final of the Hard Court Championships. He beat Austin 6/4, 6/4, 3/6, 6/3. With Austin absent a difficult task confronts our Davis Cup team

RE-PLANNING OUR LAWN TENNIS

Britain's Material for International Competition

GREAT BRITAIN'S team against Roumania in the first round of the Davis Cup at Harrogate this week-end is the best that extensive trials have revealed to the selection committee, but it is far removed in quality from the successful sides which were led by F. J. Perry and H. W. Austin. One old colour remains, F. H. D. Wilde. The others, D. W. Butler, C. M. Jones and R. A. Shayes, are new to the Davis Cup.

There was some surprise that E. J. Filby, the only actual "youngster" considered for selection, was omitted. The fact was that, although a player with numerous beautiful strokes, his match-winning ability was deficient. The same might be said of Shayes, but Shayes has more strokes and in several ways more promise than Filby. Jones won all his singles during the trials, and played well during the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth. On the other hand, the biggest win accomplished by a member of the team was the defeat of C. Boussus, France's No. 1, by Butler, who is reckoned primarily as a doubles player.

No one of the team reached the semi-final of the men's singles, though Butler might have beaten Sharpe in the previous round if blistered feet had not put him half out after the first set. Butler and Wilde were in the final of the men's doubles, where, in a manner not greatly to their credit, they were beaten by G. Lyttelton Rogers and Kho Sin Kie (who beat Austin in the singles final) after winning the first two sets. Butler and Miss M. Heeley were not seeded in the mixed doubles, but reached the semi-final. Reckoned as the match-winning standard, Butler emerged from Bournemouth as our best all-rounder. His principal assets are fitness and footwork.

As Butler is getting on for 30 years of age he cannot be placed in the promising youngster class. There are many in it but few who are available for international play. The problem is not so much to find the players as to find the players with the time. As long as so much time is required internationals must be either well off or subsidised, directly or indirectly. The available material would be increased a hundredfold if the recognised training grounds were one or two-day matches instead of tournaments.

When a player is "arriving" or has arrived, he or she is expected to tour tournaments. The immediate effect of the openness of the "international market," however, has been an increase in the number of entries to tournaments.

There was no evidence at Bournemouth that the intensive training of candidates for the Wightman Cup team which the L.T.A. adopted had produced any particular results. The match is to be played on grass, and I understand that trials of doubles pairs are to be made during the Surbiton Tournament, and possibly at Chiswick Park. This would not prevent the team being chosen beforehand. At present the best doubles player among those available for selection would appear to be Miss J. Ingram, who, with Miss E. M. Dearman, retained the ladies' doubles title at Bournemouth, but there are also Miss F. James and Miss K. Stammers, the Wimbledon champions of 1935-36, whom Miss Ingram and Miss Dearman beat in the final, and Miss J. Saunders and Miss V. E. Scott, whom they beat in the semi-final. There is also Miss R. M. Hardwick and Miss M. Whitmarsh, and Miss B. Nuthall can partner anyone advantageously. Altogether we may be said to be stronger in doubles pairs than in singles.

In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Little, Miss Hardwick ranks as England's No. 1, but she is not, at the moment, playing up to her place. Miss Stammers has lost power of stroke; Miss M. C. Scriven, who beat Miss N. Wynne in the Bournemouth final, is also playing with less power. Both, on the contrary, are showing increased tactical ability. Miss Scott has the equipment to become our best lady player both in singles and doubles; her ground strokes have improved, but her nerves affect her adversely for match winning.

We have not, in effect, the material to beat a U.S.A. team which includes both Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs, but as we have so many times been beaten when, on paper, we should have won the reverse result may be attained this year.

The presence of the Australian ladies' team, competing in preceding tournaments and in the try-out match with the selected Wightman Cup team at Manchester on June 30th, ought to be a contributory factor in the necessary tuning-up process. On the slow courts at Bournemouth, which made the conditions unsuitable for the exhibition of their best form, besides being "just off the boat," only Miss Wynne made an early reputation, and she was very variable. If weather conditions permit fast grass surfaces they will, in the ensuing weeks, be able to test our ladies fully.

What we lack most is the personality quality with which the American ladies are so amply endowed. This goes a long way both on court and in gaining the sympathy of the crowd. It is unfortunately the case that the spectators of a Wightman Cup match are generally more concerned with the players as Miss or Mrs. So-and-so than as the representatives of their country. They go to see, say, Miss Stammers v. Mrs. Moody, rather than Great Britain v. U.S.A.

The whole trend of the publicity of the game has been individualistic rather than national. In relation to an international match there is nothing resembling the spirit and interest which surrounds a cricket Test match. This year perhaps there will be more national interest than usual because of the open character of the competition for places in the team. This was certainly so in the case of the Davis Cup, and it is the more regrettable that we were unable to find a side which was likely to survive beyond the early rounds. J. E. COLLETT.

THE GROUSE MIGRATION INQUIRY

ATTENTION has already been drawn in these columns to the need for a scientific inquiry into the problem of grouse migration. For this purpose a comprehensive scheme of ringing is necessary, and it is also necessary to enlist the services of owners and lessees of moors and their keepers, in order that information of real value for the work shall be supplied. The importance of this work has already been stressed in the "Field" on more than one occasion. Indeed, its importance to owners of sporting properties, and to landowners generally, cannot be too strongly urged. But for any scheme of this sort a certain amount of initial expense—the provision of rings and instruction leaflets, the circulation of periodical reports and so forth—is inevitable. To meet this initial outlay a sum of £500 is needed, and, in view of the very great importance of the investigation, this sum should be readily forthcoming. The "Field" will be pleased to receive and acknowledge donations on behalf of the organisers. All donations should be addressed to The "Field," Field House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. 4. The secretary to the inquiry, Mr. C. E. Stewart, Writer to the Signet, will be pleased to answer any questions regarding the investigation.



MORE BRILLIANT BY NIGHT THAN BY DAY
The illuminated Fountain Court. The floodlighting of its Palaces, Pavilions, Waterfalls and Tower of Empire is one of the spectacles of the Empire Exhibition

SCOTLAND'S LEAD TO THE EMPIRE

The Work Behind a Great Enterprise

By SIR STEVEN BILSLAND, BART., M.C., Vice-President of the Exhibition

AS a Scot who has had some experience of public affairs in Scotland, I can testify at once that the Empire Exhibition being staged in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, this summer, is the finest and most imposing public occasion that has taken place in my native country within living memory. Even those most closely associated with the exhibition are a little surprised by it.

£10,000,000 exhibitions are not so very common in countries with a population of only a little over 4,000,000; and some of us, even now, can barely realise that the dream has become a reality. Of course, there were always those who said Scotland would pull it off; but few would realise the many problems of such a vast enterprise. Behind the scenes there were so many questions without answers. Would the public respond to the Guarantee Fund appeal? Would the Government build a pavilion? Would the Dominions and Colonies come in?

All these questions still remained unanswered only a little more than a year ago; to-day the exhibition is adequately financed, through a guarantee fund raised almost at once, and along its ten miles of avenues stand the pavilions of the United Kingdom Government, all the Dominions, and over thirty of the Colonies.

Even industry, which was known to be ready for a great exhibition, sprang a surprise, for it filled three vast palaces and overflowed into over fifty pavilions erected by individual firms. So, now that the work and the worry are over, and the public in its thousands is swarming over the avenues of Bellahouston, we are proud of the fact, not only that the prospect is gratifying, but that it is a much more expansive one than any of us would have thought possible a year ago.

Bellahouston Park is, in itself, a pleasant place. It is on the outskirts of Glasgow proper, near the busy suburb of Ibrox, and within ten minutes' bus run of the town. It is green from the entrance gates to the summit of its 170ft. hill, which rises from its centre; and there are trees both on the hill and on the level ground which surrounds it on three sides. Against this background we have built the exhibition. In the centre, rising from the crest of the hill, is the 300ft. Tower of Empire; and round the three level sides are the three main avenues from which all the lesser avenues branch. All told, there are more than a hundred palaces and pavilions.

To take even the principal ones among them and describe their appearance and their contents would make a catalogue of this article, and catalogues notoriously fail to give a real picture of the things they attempt to describe. Let me say simply that in the 175 acres of Bellahouston approximately forty governments or administrations have staged exhibits which show how their peoples live and what their countries look like, and that the leading firms of the Empire have brought to Scotland the best of their produce. The Empire has been condensed into Bellahouston, just as it was once condensed into Wembley; and on the same scale.

The easiest method whereby I can convey a true picture of the Empire Exhibition is comparison.



THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, K.T.
President of the Empire Exhibition

How does it compare in size, appearance and content with previous exhibitions? Content is easily disposed of: Bellahouston contains what Wembley contained, plus fourteen years of progress in architecture and commerce. Nor are we afraid of comparison by area: the Empire Exhibition of 1938 is as big as either Paris or Wembley. It is in appearance that the most complicated comparisons lie, for, although most exhibitions have similar objects, they vary enormously in architecture and lay-out.

Last year's Exposition in Paris is clearest in the public memory. In what ways does Glasgow vary from the Paris pattern?

First, Paris had the advantage of appearing to be very much bigger than it actually was. The bulk of it was ribbon development, one building deep, along the banks of the Seine; and the effect was wonderful. But against this advantage was sent the disadvantage of the human body's limitations. Beauty has a slender hold on the mind when the feet are sore.

Bellahouston can offer an exhibition in which no pavilion is more than seven minutes from the central point of the park; but against this is the fact that the exhibition is roughly square in shape and looks no more than its size.

Second, the entire conception of the architecture is different; and, again, there are advantages and disadvantages which cancel out. The most striking feature of the Paris pavilions was their variety. Architects from all over the world built them. Ideas from scores of minds lay side by side along the Seine.

Bellahouston has variety; but I should be wrong if I suggested that it even approached the tremendous heaping up of contrasts of Paris. That it does not do so is in one sense a disadvantage. But against that it has the advantage—shared, among previous exhibitions, only by Stockholm in 1930—of having a real unity. One architect designed most of the major buildings and the lay-out itself; and the plans of those buildings which he did not design had to be approved by him before work was started on them. One colour-scheme was devised for the entire exhibition, so that the hundred buildings, each of them coloured differently, fitted the pattern.

Third, Paris had the Seine. Bellahouston, a year ago, had nothing. Since then a lake and many huge fountains have appeared, between them making the biggest floodlighting and fountain display ever built in Britain; but Paris, you might say, had its fountains too. A river, I admit, would have improved Bellahouston; but lack of it has forced us to be ingenious and to build our own river. Bellahouston Hill rises from the centre of the park. It is steep, and crowned by a dense wood. So we have floodlit all the trees, and from them flows a series of waterfalls, floodlit from below, pouring downwards to the level ground and the pavilions. Flanking the waterfalls are banks of flowers, and flanking the flowers are two wide flights of steps, leading up to the trees and the Tower.

All of which goes to show that no two exhibitions have points of contact. It simply points to the fact that this summer the Empire is presenting itself to the world in a dress it has never worn before.

DOMINIONS AVENUE

Vivid Impressions of Empire Achievement

IN 1681 that great Scottish Jurist, the first Lord Stair, wrote: "Possession is attained symbolically where there is not use of the whole or a part, but only of a Symbol or Token."

So it is by the use of symbols that we can frame within the limits of one park a comprehensive tableau representative of that great family of nations which form the British Empire.

Figuratively, we can pass from the Highland clachan to the orange groves and vineyards of South Africa, from the glorious snow-clad Rockies of Canada across miles of golden wheat to the luxuriant forests of Burma, from the loughs and pastures of the Emerald Isle to the Antipodes: these and many other journeys we can make on our Magic Carpet, and at each point of call we shall find the same impulse of goodwill based on the vital bond of union, the recognition of a common kinship in that great heritage of British citizenship.

I believe that by many visitors the Dominions Avenue will be regarded as the finest and most satisfying section of this wonderful display.

There, side by side, stand five magnificent pavilions, Canada in the centre, flanked by South Africa and New Zealand, by Eire and Australia, each independent and bearing its own characteristics, but shoulder to shoulder.

Ranged along the broad red asphalt drive, with a pleasant outlook to the lake and the Colonial Avenue beyond, these pavilions present a spectacle of architectural beauty and contain one of the finest displays of culture and industry ever organised.

In common with the others, Canada's building is much bigger than anything she has constructed previously to represent her elsewhere. Her pavilion has great frontal curves and smooth straight lines, flat roofs and flat white walls, and is commanded by a tower some hundred feet in height. A visitor using the building for the first time is aware of something unusual, and then discovers, with a start, that there are no windows.

For illuminant she has called upon the resources of electricity. Her spacious halls are dim-ceilinged and dim-floored; while the various exhibit bays are flooded with concentrated light, throwing up the objects in the boldest relief.



A SOURCE OF EMPIRE
The Chief's Castle and the Lochan in the Highland Clachan



CONTRASTS IN ARCHITECTURE
South Africa's Pavilion on the model of the Early Dutch Settler's House and the massive modern note of Australia's building



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE GROUNDS AND THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING
Scotland and engineering go hand in hand, and the building which forms the background of the picture has a frontage of 470 ft. and covers an area of over 5¼ acres

In contrast to this treatment and use of light, Australia's pavilion is brilliantly lit. One might say, indeed, that light is an exhibit by itself, purposely arranged to give visitors a feeling of the bright skies and sunshine of that vast Dominion.

The New Zealand pavilion is ornate, the entrance flanked by two tall pillars adorned with Maori designs. Tree ferns and cabbage trees introduce at once something of the atmosphere of the country. South Africa, on the other hand, has chosen the display of a building typical of her own countryside. Her pavilion is planned on the model of an early Dutch settler's house. Its architecture is decidedly pleasing, and both exterior and interior give the effect of excellence of workmanship and solid well-being. Ireland's pavilion is designed with graduating lines and a bold simplicity.

All five have their own characteristics that are true to the story they have to tell inside.

The Dominions Governments have taken the greatest possible trouble in making their contribution adequate to this great occasion of Empire. In some instances, space has been let to private firms. The Governments themselves, however, have provided, in dioramas, photographs and models, a wide representation of every industry known to the countries concerned. The result is that industry is perhaps the most forward aspect of Dominion life.

But it must not be imagined for a minute that this means a mundane parade of machinery and produce. The representations have been made by and again, and when the pavilions have become as familiar to us as buildings in the city, I think we shall realise that the universal password is Fellowship. These pavilions are essentially of ourselves. They are emblems of the toil and genius of our forefathers and of our brothers. In this great exhibition it is a very real fact, running through the history recorded in these exhibits, that there is recurring evidence of the desire for increased friendliness and mutual helpfulness between the Governments and the peoples of the Dominions and the Mother Country.

So surely with this vivid and living tableau of active co-operation—Dominions, Colonies and Home Country—grouped round the central Watch Tower of Empire we are entitled to pray with the writer of old that "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." SCOTIA.

RE-DISCOVERING SCOTLAND

Glasgow as a Stepping Stone to the Country's Scenic Grandeur

DURING the next six months Scotland's Empire Exhibition will be a great gathering place for the peoples of the Empire. Estimates based on the figures at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901 put the probable attendance at this greater occasion at between fifteen and twenty million, and it must not be forgotten that the visitors who wish to see something of Scotland will find Glasgow an admirable centre for the purpose. It is the heart of the country's Lowland industrial belt and is within easy reach of the Highlands and Islands with their great variety of magnificent scenery and also of the pleasant Border country with its memories of Scott. Abbotsford is there to visit Largs, Rothesay (two), Gourock and Hunter's Quay (five).

A visit from Glasgow to Ayr and the Land of Burns can be made by train, motor bus and, on certain days, by sea. A mile from Ayr is the hamlet of Alloway, where the birthplace of Burns attracts thousands of visitors yearly. A short distance away is Alloway's "auld haunted kirk" and the Brig o' Doon which figure so vividly in the poem "Tam o' Shanter." Nearby is the Burns Monument, erected more than a hundred years ago mainly by the exertions of Sir Alexander Boswell, son of the biographer of Dr. Johnson." Ayr itself had intimate associations with Burns.



WHITING BAY, ISLE OF ARRAN, LOOKING TOWARDS HOLY ISLE
Steamers go from Glasgow through the lovely Kyles of Bute to Arran

the most ingenious devices; all the craft of the showman has been utilised. Thus, in the Canadian pavilion, there is a gigantic map made of wood with copper sheeting superimposed. This map is illuminated by electric light, and has a maze of buttons which can be worked by the visitor himself.

By the operation of one of these controls a threading electric pointer lights up the vast series of Canada's railways. Another control gives Canada's principal and minor towns, her universities, her agricultural lands, and so on. Children will take a delight in this huge map that makes a geography lesson such a thrilling experience. It is my belief that the map will make children of us all.

Eire, too, has a giant map of herself on the ceiling, and there is another on an end wall showing that country as a terminus of the trans-Atlantic air service. Eire, so long known as trusting almost entirely to her agricultural produce, is well forward in her display of industries such as aviation, electricity and textiles; while South Africa, known for her diamonds and gold, displays much else beside, such as wool, mohair, ostrich feathers, wine and fruit. In Australia's pavilion, as might be expected, emphasis is laid on farm produce; but there is a wide variety of other interests, particularly a large scale model of Sydney Harbour Bridge, and many smaller but vivid pictures of Australian scenery and sport.

There is, then, in each of these five pavilions, highly contrasting with each other as they do, a uniformity of purpose and a repetition of achievement. Canada, New Zealand and Eire underline transport; Australia and South Africa display their precious stones (opals worth £20,000 are on show from Australia) side by side with their dairy cream and butter, their oranges (South Africa has an orange bar), their native art and handicrafts.

Yet when the avenue has been traversed again and Dryburgh Abbey where Sir Walter and Earl Haig are buried. Melrose Abbey, too, and those much sung rivers Yarrow, Tweed, Ettrick, and also fair St. Mary's Loch.

Only an hour away from Glasgow is Edinburgh with which so much of Scotland's history is associated and where the ancient castle on its lofty rock looks down on Princes Street, and, almost at Glasgow's doorstep, is the city's great marine playground, the beautiful Firth of Clyde. A splendid fleet of pleasure steamers ply on its waters, and visitors to the exhibition should not miss the opportunity of having a sail. They may join a steamer at the Broomielaw in the heart of the city, and sail down the river, which will enable them to have a fine view of the Queen Mary's great sister ship, the Queen Elizabeth, now well advanced on the stocks in the shipyard of Messrs. John Brown and Co. at Clydebank. "Close ups" are also obtained of the other busy shipyards on the Clyde.

The Firth of Clyde may be reached more quickly by train from Glasgow to Craigendoran, Gourock, Wemyss Bay or Fairlie from which the steamers sail to the many popular resorts on the estuary, notably Dunoon, Rothesay, Largs and Millport. The sail may be extended through the lovely Kyles of Bute to the Island of Arran or up Loch Fyne to Inveraray, the capital of the Clan Campbell country.

A Clyde Navy Week is being held in connection with the exhibition from June 25th, and visitors to the firth during that period will have an opportunity of seeing the Home Fleet, which will be stationed at the Tail of the Bank off Greenock and Gourock. The Clyde yacht clubs have organised an International Fortnight this season to celebrate the exhibition, and a great fleet of yachts from all the British centres and from the Continent will compete. The racing extends from July 1st to July 12th, and the nine regattas will be held at

This pleasant town for fully a century has been the centre of racing under Jockey Club Rules. The most important of the meetings held there is the Western Meeting in September. Several race meetings are also held during the season at Edinburgh (Musselburgh), Lanark, Hamilton Park and Bogside, and all are within easy reach of Glasgow. In addition to Ayr, Troon and Prestwick are Ayrshire seaside resorts, popular for their fine sands and their facilities for golf. And, by the way, St. Andrews, the great centre of golf, is less than three hours' journey by train from Glasgow.

The magnificent scenery of the Highlands will make irresistible appeal to many who come to Scotland for the exhibition. A delightful motor run from Glasgow is to Aberfoyle, the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, and equally picturesque is that along lovely Loch Lomondside and on to Glen Coe, "the glen of weeping."

Instead of Glen Coe, choice may be made of the run by Loch Awe and through the Pass of Brander to Oban for the Western Islands, or by Loch Long through green Glen Croe, most typical of Highland glens, and up the Rest and Be Thankful and on to Inveraray. This year may be the last opportunity to tackle the Rest and Be Thankful with its present steep gradient and its corkscrew bend at the top. Progress is steadily being made with the construction of a new road through Glen Croe with a less sharp gradient and cutting out the bend at the top.

These are only a few of the many places of beauty and interest which visitors to the exhibition may take in their stride, so to speak, during their stay in Scotland, whether it is short or long. And as an indication of Scottish hospitality it may be mentioned that a considerable number of motor car owners have offered their services to take visitors runs at the week-ends, so that they make acquaintance with the scenic charms of Scotland.

J. AITKEN.

THE CLYDE FROM LANARK TO THE FIRTH

Beautiful Stretches by Stream and Loch



WOODED HILLS AND SHALLOW, LIMPID WATERS AT CROSSFORD, NEAR LANARK



CORRA LINN—FALLS OF CLYDE AT BONNINGTON, LANARK



SUNLIT SAILS ON A CALM DAY ON HOLY LOCH



SANDBANK AND ITS SHELTERING HILLS, HOLY LOCH



CLOCH LIGHTHOUSE, A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK OF THE FIRTH



THE ROLLING FOLDS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS
"Here and there great cultivated patches and small woods of oak and ash and hazel clinging to their lower slopes"

Great Shooting Counties

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

A County Which Furnishes Great Variety

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

WERE the natural amenities of any countryside the sole criterion of its game-holding capacity, then Sussex ought to be an all-round sporting playground. For it combines so many features of variety. The levels of the south-east, mainly marshlands and rough grazings, reaching out to the wooded heathy country of the Burwash ridge and Ashdown Forest. The Northern Weald, fairly well watered, with scattered woods of no great size, and gently undulating pasture-lands but little arable. The western area, more densely timbered and more hilly, with great tracts of heath and scrub towards the Hampshire border, and seawards marsh again, with richer pastures and more arable and root fields than are found elsewhere. Then almost equidistant from each other flowing southwards the Arun, Adur, Ouse and Cuckmere, their water-meadows broadening as they near the sea. East meeting west across the rolling folds of the South Downs, with here and there great cultivated patches and small woods of oak and ash and hazel clinging to their lower slopes.

Theoretically, at least, all sporting birds except, of course, "moor fowl" should find this type of country suited to their several necessities. Yet Sussex is too near the heart of things for their preservation to be other than adversely influenced by factors over which the individual has no control. The gradual extension of arterial highways, the grasping tentacles of speculative builders, and the process of what is comprehensively termed "rural development" are every year absorbing more and more game-holding ground. In several coastal areas wildfowling might still be the diversion that it was not long ago, if, in the words of the music-hall ditty of my younger days, "it wasn't for the houses in between." Then the break-up of so many of the larger properties, the enormous turnover of arable to grass, and the ever-increasing burden of taxation on the few big landlords who are left, combine still further to increase the complex problems of all who own or rent mixed ground.

In contrast to the pre-War era, the land to-day is split up into countless little shoots. And in the north and south-east areas, with which I am most familiar, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for every one which is properly keepered, there are half a dozen which are not keepered at all. With few exceptions the bigger properties, which have escaped the hammer, are in the hands of syndicates, who chiefly concentrate on pheasants, with the result that in many areas partridges are almost as extinct as the dodo. And this is, as regrettable as it might be, to a great extent preventible, for a goodly portion of East Sussex is *potentially* attractive partridge ground. The so-called marshes, stretching from the Downs to St. Leonards Forest, are so well dyked and drained that they are never water-logged, though there is always sufficient spongy moisture to attract every type of fowl from snipe to pheasants in due season. Arable is sparse, yet the lush grass, the great clumps of juniper and whins and belts of scrub, offer unexceptionable nesting sites for partridges. Even in the driest summer there is an abundance of weeds, dwarf clover and flowering grasses, harbouring a wealth of insect life, while ant and mole-hills are among the most conspicuous features of the landscape.

In a good year we have had 138 brace of partridges off approximately 800 acres; in 1934 the best day yielded 42 brace to four guns, but the last two seasons have been poor and bags have dwindled. Moreover, it is not easy to keep one's nesting partridges out of trouble, nor are wild pheasants, snipe or duck as plenteous as they were. For, as aforesaid, keepers are chiefly conspicuous by their absence on many of the little shoots into which this part of the county is divided, and vermin simply swarm. It is next to impossible to keep a small place clean or quiet unless one's nearest neighbours also do their bit, especially when the owner farmers are so hospitably inclined as to allow almost anyone who asks permission to incessantly disturb the countryside.

It is no uncommon occurrence for half the able-bodied population of an entire parish to turn out fully armed for an August *battue* against the luckless flappers. And I think most of the foxes in the South of England must come to Sussex for their honeymoons and, settling down there for the children's schooling, live happily ever after. Not long since, at a covert shoot, there were more foxes than guns interested in the pick up; we turned four out of a single beat, and I imagine that in places their numbers are almost as great a curse to hunting as they undoubtedly are to shooting men.

Conditions then have changed so much in recent years that had I leave (which incidentally I have failed to get) to publish records of representative estates throughout the county, they would be of little value for comparison with those of a more spacious era. Pheasants are still reared in goodly, and of late years steadily increasing, numbers, though the great bags of the past are definitely of the past. Most people (I am not referring to big properties like Goodwood, Petworth and Cowdray) seem to be content with around 200/300 birds at the first shoots and 700/800 in the season, though at Balcombe Place and Paddockhurst, two of the best pheasant shoots in Sussex, for details of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Latilla and the Hon. Clive Pearson, bags are considerably higher. On the former about 4,000 pheasants and 500 duck, and on the latter about 3,000 pheasants, are the annual average, and high fliers are the feature of both shoots. Paddockhurst is, in particular, remarkable for deep valleys, over which the birds attain such altitude that in the words of Mr. L. H. Miller, who manages the shoot, "On windy days in January most of them are untouchable." Woodcock breed on these estates, though not more than 25/50 are shot in a normal year. At Firle, Lord Gage rears something like 1,000; at Blackdown, where some years ago the average yield was round about 3,000, Sir E. Philipson Stow tells me that the syndicate to whom he lets the shooting do not get half that quantity. But there are a number of quite good little shoots in the Mayfield-Heathfield area, where wild bred pheasants show very pretty sport.

For some years I have shot in that neighbourhood, and although 150 birds are about the limit in a day, nearly every one is a skyscraper. Here, too, one finds great shaws of heather, bramble and bracken, from which it takes good spaniels to rout out the native pheasants, as well as now and then the rarer woodcock. A year or two ago we accounted for seven and ten 'cock on two successive days. And, since interspacing many of the coverts is low swampy ground, very often duck and snipe join forces with the pheasants to contribute their quota to a varied bag.



LOOKING TO FIRLE BEACON AND THE SOUTH DOWNS
"There is a wildfowl sanctuary at Firle where, on the low ground along the Ouse, Lord Gage's keeper is engaged in planting new screens and penning water"

There is little doubt that most people concentrate on pheasants and figuratively let the partridges go hang. The former are a safer proposition, especially for those who cannot afford experiments on land almost devoid of cultivation. Yet some within my knowledge have been well worth-while. For example, Lord Gage has told me that in recent years his partridges at Firle have never attained to 50 per cent. of their normal pre-War strength. Last year for the first time his keeper reared nearly 500 birds—the hatch was eminently successful, for a healthier lot of youngsters I never saw. And, since they were left in peace and only the wild coveys were shot into, this season opens with a brand new stock of fresh blood which, never having smelt powder, should be in first-rate breeding trim. I know of other shoots where on a smaller scale the same principles are being adopted, and, although the initial cost of an investment which comes into the speculative group may give the impecunious heartburn, the gamble is a "business risk" wherever partridges are dwindling to the point of extinction.

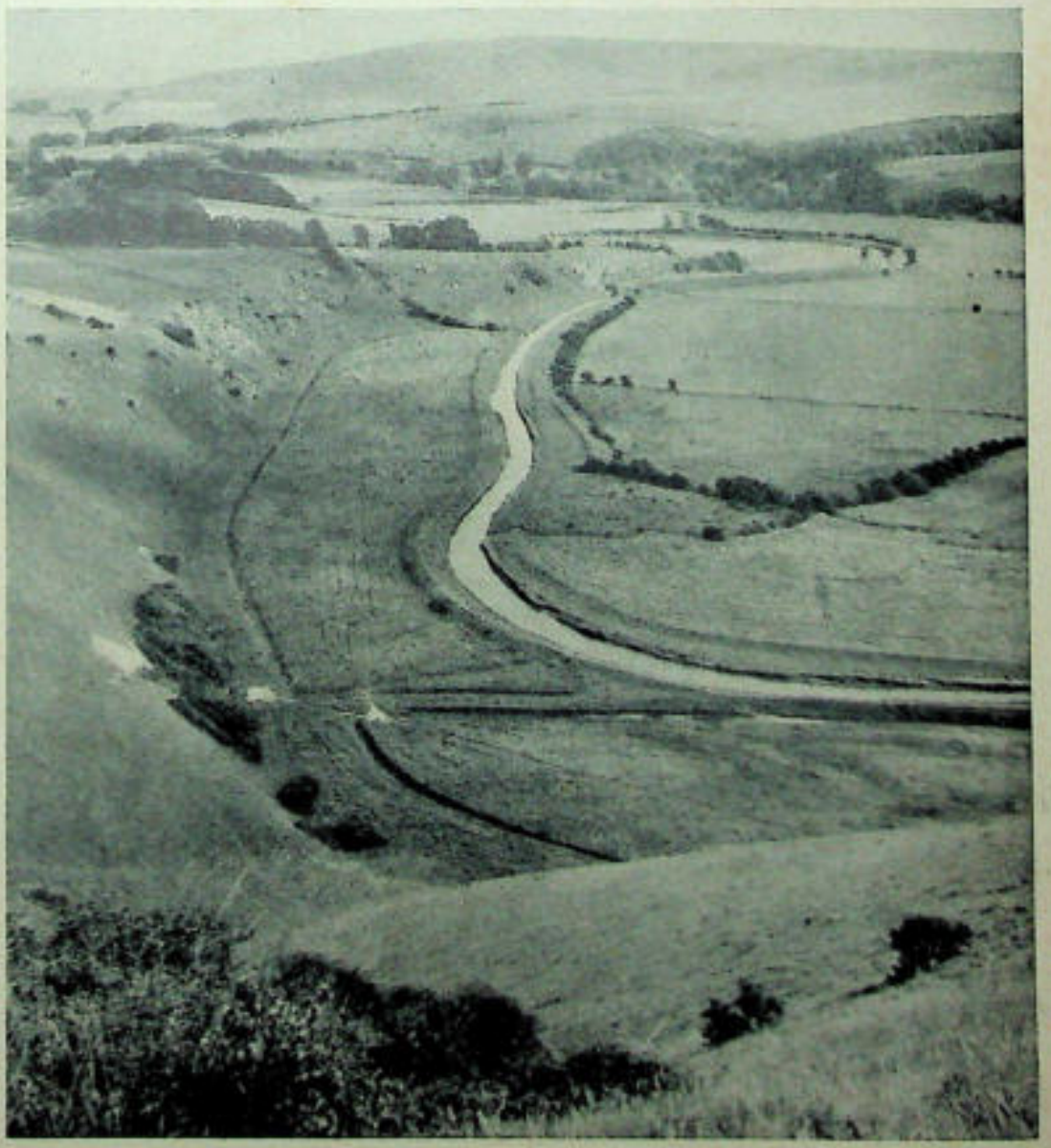
As a partridge country I do not think the eastern half of Sussex has ever held a candle to the west. But even in the Midhurst–Chichester–Arundel–Horsham area bags for the most part are nothing like they were some years ago. Sir Merrik Burrell, to whose kindness I am indebted for a good deal of information about a district with which I am rather imperfectly acquainted, attributes the decline to the decrease in arable cultivation as well as the partial break-up of the large estates. And what is true of partridge history at Knepp is very likely true of many another property. In the early years of the century about 30-50 brace a day was the average take-off walking up; a little later, in order to increase the population, Hungarians were imported, and a certain number of birds reared every year. These were not shot into in their first season, but kept purely as breeding stock, with the result that from 1906 onwards driving bags began to run from 100 to 150 brace a day and in a peak year once attained to over 190 brace. Then came the War and a gradual decline until now, in Sir Merrik's own words, "partridges are hardly worth while shooting."

Snipe and wildfowl play their part on many Sussex shoots, and I should imagine on the Knepp estate they might play a very big one. A few days before he kindly took me round Sir Merrik and his son had shot more than 60 duck in about half an hour, and when I saw the lake I was not in the least surprised. It is the biggest sheet of water south of the Thames—80 acres in extent—and is more like a very broad river winding across the meadows between Floodgates and Knepp Castle. It was simply stiff with duck of all kinds: mallard, teal in little clouds, wigeon and tufted, and I was told that in some years wigeon, in others pochard, and always teal remain to breed. There is not a hand-reared duck on the place, but snipe are less abundant than they were some years ago. Another wildfowl sanctuary is at Firle, where, on the low ground along the Ouse, Lord Gage's keeper is engaged in planting new screens and penning water. Here there are snipe in hundreds, as well as mallard, teal and wigeon, and when the process of reconditioning is complete this should make a really first-class shoot.

On the eastern levels of the county snipe and duck are scarcer than they should be, thanks mainly to incessant disturbance. But in the water meadows of the Ouse and Cuckmere (I do not know the Adur or the Arun), while one cannot get large bags, quite frequently one gets enough to make a day out very pleasant. These river estuaries, as well as that of the Rother a little north of Rye, used to afford a lot of scope to wildfowlers, but of recent years the ever-spreading encroachments of builders have virtually put paid to their account.

This is, I fear, a somewhat colourless survey of one of the most popular of English counties. But, as I have said, I am debarred from giving details past or present of conditions on the big estates. And on lesser shoots bags are insufficiently spectacular for those who like statistics, though in my humble view they are none the worse on that account. So, although my appreciation may appear, particularly in respect of partridges, a trifle pessimistic, I would not be construed as inferring that sport in Sussex is generally at a low ebb. It is difficult of illustration—that is all—chiefly because the county has been so broken up in the last 20 years that the vast majority of shoots, being small to medium, afford no starting comparisons on paper. But having had the management of two of this description and sampled many more, I can testify to the fact that there are numerous places in which one may get any day a mixed bag of around, say, 50 pheasants, half that number of partridges, a hare or two, a few odd snipe and duck, etceteras like pigeons, and any quantity of rabbits—not much to make a song about, perhaps, but good enough for those who do not think in terms of what our forbears called a battue.

The outlook is more difficult. To my mind the growing affection of the public for garden cities of bungaloid atrocity within easy reach of London constitutes a graver menace to sport than anything else. It is only by the public-spirited co-operation of the few remaining big landowners, and the expenditure of large sums of public money by the corporations of the coastal towns, that the South Downs are even now preserved from spoliation. Fortunately into the low country of the rivers and the extensive marshlands the speculative builder dare not venture for his pocket's sake, and hereabouts there is no reason to anticipate further encroachment upon sporting rights; though a cent. per cent. improvement might be made in shootings generally, if only the owner-farmers and small-holders could be roused to a keener appreciation of their own potential assets, and combine, not to give *carte blanche* to any "fool with a gun," but to lease their ground to individuals or syndicates who are prepared to spend a certain amount of money on its cultivation to the betterment of game.



THE CUCKMERE VALLEY FROM "HIGH AND OVER" NEAR SEAFORD
Although snipe and duck are scarcer than they should be, quite frequently one gets enough to make a day out very pleasant



PLAY DURING THE EXHIBITION MATCH BETWEEN THE JAGUARS AND THE GAUCHOS AT DUNSTER

GOOD POLO AT DUNSTER

Will India be Tapped for Westchester Cup Ponies?

IT looks as though the London season will again start late, but through other and almost unprecedented causes. Probably there has not been a drier spring in living memory. The grounds throughout the country are baked dry, and the young growth of grass has not yet begun. However, polo has started in the country earlier than usual, and by the time things begin in London it is probable that ponies will be fitter than usual, and everything points to a wonderful season. Of the visiting teams, Mr. C. Wrightsman's Texas Rangers have only just arrived, but Mr. R. Loewenstein's Gauchos have been in England for some time, and their ponies down at Minehead are just about ready for some hard polo.

This is an interesting team, and they look like being really good. For one thing they have Mr. Robert Cavanagh with them, and this young man bears the unmistakable stamp of the first-class player. Moreover, they play well together, and they are superbly mounted. Their ponies are looking wonderfully fit, and a more level lot I have seldom seen. So far they have been taking it easy at Dunster, but last Saturday they played an exhibition match with the Jaguars, who are also preparing for the season down there, and, although the game naturally was not played at top pace, it was fast enough to see what they are likely to be once they get going.

Apart from anything else it was a thoroughly good and enjoyable match, full of good polo, and the result, a draw at five goals all, was an entirely proper result. Considering that the Gauchos had not played together before, they combined remarkably well. Mr. Santamarina, riding his big ponies, is a very powerful hitter, and, in fact, their stickwork as a team was excellent. Mr. Hesketh Hughes, who has some really fine ponies this season, was in great form; and Mr. Cavanagh, though he certainly did not dominate the game, showed what a grand player he is. He has, however (or had in the game) a tendency to turn on or dwell on the ball, a practice which in fast polo is apt to bring a penalty.

Mr. Loewenstein, who has not played much first-class polo, went very well, and with such a No. 2 as Mr. Cavanagh behind him is certain to come on this summer. Argentine players do as a rule go exceedingly hard, and if you take a bump you take a real bump. However, polo is not a ladylike game, and they strike me as a very promising side.

The Jaguars did not have all their best ponies out, and their line-up with Mr. Keith Rous, Mr. Gerald Balding, Captain H. P. Guinness, and the Duke of Roxburghe at back is not, of course, their Open Cup formation. Mr. S. Sanford will then come in at No. 2, Mr. Balding drops back to No. 3, and Captain Guinness to back. With the magnificent string of ponies they have and the commendably thorough way in which they go about their business, these Jaguars ought to have another successful season.

Team work, both on and off the field, is essential to success, and these Jaguars leave nothing to chance. Of course, Mr. Balding, apart from his magnificent play, is worth his very formidable weight in gold as a captain. It would, I should say, be impossible not to improve after a season in the same team. I only hope that our international team will be managed with equal thoroughness. Presumably the Texas Rangers will be star team of the year, but both the Jaguars and the Gauchos should not be far behind.

Mr. Lowenstein's team has something over 40 ponies at their command, so they are certain of being mounted very well all through the season. Each man has the ponies that suit him, and each string is almost uniform in conformation and size. All of them are thoroughbred, all are fast, and the Argentine pony is invariably handy; he has to be. Generally speaking, the ponies are large, especially those of Mr. Santamarina, which average about 16 hands.

Of his, Paraguay, a chesnut outstanding in looks, is very fast, and, as many others in the string, has





ONE OF "THE GAUCHOS" AND HIS GROOM

"Mr. R. Santamarina (left), riding his big ponies, is a very powerful hitter," and (right) his groom Pedro, a picturesque figure, who seems to bring warmth and colour to our dismal English summer

played in the American internationals. Solde Oro, another chesnut, by Morfeo (by Craganour) is another beauty; and Mona Liza, a bay thoroughbred, took first prize last season at the Palermo Show. Mr. Cavanagh's ponies are rather smaller, but full of substance and quality. Maliba, a bay gelding bred by Mr. Duggan, is one of the best of a good lot, and is now in his third season. Perico, a chesnut, stands only 15.1, and is of what I should call a pronounced Arab type, especially about the head. Mr. Hughes will certainly be well mounted this year, and his string, though comparatively small, are sturdy, fast and well up to their work. Among them I particularly noticed Patroncifo, a brown gelding, bred by Mr. Martinez de Hoz at Chapadmalal: La Nalsa, a light chesnut of the typical Argentine type, and Tercio Pelo, a remarkably fast pony, by Morfeo, who played in the Argentine Open in 1936.

Mr. Loewenstein has a grand lot, too, and of the ones I saw play I was particularly impressed by Corde, by Luminari, a bay gelding; Pivé, a bay, who was played by Mr. R. Cavanagh in last year's Open Championship, a big, fast pony, who has won races; and Milonga, a bay mare, by Dark Emerald, who won a first at Palermo. Muchacho, a bay Chilean pony, is also an outstanding player of the game, if a trifle less showy than some of the others. All the ponies I saw (and that was 37) were a picture of health, and have benefited by the spell of fine weather after their arrival.

I mentioned that the Jaguars had an even better lot than last year. To begin with they have the Duke of Roxburghe's string of grand ponies, notably the famous La Vetie, Wazenden, and an Argentine chesnut mare called Brocade, who is in her second year, was imported by Major S. C. Deed (who brings over so many fine horses), and looks like an international pony. They had terribly bad luck in losing one of the best ponies in India, just after arrival—Spontaneous, a brown mare, who belonged to the Maharajah of Kashmir.

Notable additions to the string are Brown Sherry, an Australian brown mare with great galloping quarters, who was also purchased from the Maharajah of Kashmir. She was played for two seasons by Captain C. T. Roark, and was considered his best pony. She was also played by Mr. Balding in all the big tournaments last season in India. Another, Royal Mint, by Goldmint, is also a Wales. Mr. Balding considers this chesnut mare to be one of the best ponies, if not the best, that he has ever played. She was imported by Mr. R. Skene as a three-year-old for the Nawab of Bhopal. Mala Cara, a bay Argentine gelding purchased from Mr. E. Alberdi, is another notable newcomer.

I hear on good authority that there are to-day in India more really outstanding ponies than ever before. I believe some of these might be available for the Westchester Cup matches next year, and it will be interesting to see whether this prolific source will be tapped. In these matches no pony that is not of absolute top class can hope to live.

JEMADAR.

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The Radnor and West Hereford, Mendip, Tickham and Crawley and Horsham Meetings

SOME years ago a very popular music hall song began with the words, "It ain't a-gonna rain no more," and this is precisely what 99 out of every 100 persons is thinking to-day. One thing is certain—the 1938 Point-to-Point season will go down on record as the driest and hardest ever known. In the few instances where postponements have been ventured ultimate cancellations have so far followed. And, such was the fate of the Cotswold Meeting. This meeting was postponed from April 13th to the 26th in the hope that some rain might fall in the interval. But none did. The committee, therefore, had no alternative but to wipe out the fixture.

Tuesday, April 26th, was also the date allocated to the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire Hunt, and this meeting was carried through successfully in dry but rather dull weather. Entries were uniformly good, but runners were scarce. There is a certain atmosphere of friendliness about some of these smaller meetings, and I for one felt no stranger at Weobley. The course is close to the village and is oval in shape. The going in parts was quite good, but along the top, where two or three fences run parallel with a road, it was very hard. Wherever necessary, the jumps had been dug up. It was all over grass with made birch fences, some being jumped twice. The start was on the crest of the only real hill to be negotiated, and the horses raced downhill to the first jump, which was built up in the open. After coming over the line of jumps in the straight there was a right-handed turn beyond the ensuing jump and a small rise out into the country.

A little farther on the tiniest orchard I have ever seen was crossed. It was, in truth, a perfect example of what the Australians term our "one-inch meadows." Beyond this the course bore right-handed again downhill before the rising ground to the start was met, and so into the straight for the last time. The whole distance was given as about three-and-a-quarter miles. From the car parks an excellent view of nearly all the racing could be obtained. The dressing tents, tote, bookmakers and the paddock were well up together. The last named earns my special commendation for its roominess and the provision made inside for the "placed" horses after each race to repair.

The whole paddock was enclosed with stout pig wire netting supported by wooden posts; a strong timber rail was placed along the top and bore any amount of "leaning on." The names of riders were printed on the racecard and any alteration to these was shown on the number board. Regarding the number board I found a novel innovation. In the majority of cases the riders' names could be omitted, and this space was used instead for chalking up the names of the horses after each number. The winning post also had its number board, and the first three were signalled immediately after each race. The Worcestershire Point-to-Point Committee always follow this plan which, after all, has everything to recommend it.

On returning from my walk round the course I recognised from a distance Mr. E. W. W. Bailey's brown gelding Vizmah, with his grey mane and tail. He is a grand type of 'chaser and graduated from a hunt servants' horse to his present glories. The groom in charge told me he was to run in the Adjacent Hunts Steeplechase. I also took the opportunity of inquiring after his owner's gallant little mare Pucka Belle, probably the best point-to-pointer we shall ever see. It will be remembered that this mare went on from Point-to-Point racing to win the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, and was third in the Grand National a year ago. It was hoped to run her again this year at Liverpool, but she broke down and has now gone to the stud. If she produces anything half so good as herself Mr. Bailey will have nothing to complain about.

Vizmah had only three opponents in his race and his chance appeared to be outstanding. Just before the straight he was up with the leader, and going strong, but most unfortunately got a bad overreach, and was pulled up. This was terribly bad luck for Mr. Bailey, especially as the horse is in love with hard going. Mr. C. E. Edward's Tricoleur led into the last jump hotly pursued by Mr. L. F. Watts Owen's Makeweight, ridden by Mr. Scudamore. Tricoleur jumped first, Makeweight crashing just behind. The horse got up lame and his jockey badly damaged a shoulder. With the only real danger gone Tricoleur went on to win easily from Mr. B. Doughty-Wylie's Black Boy, the only other to complete the course.

There was another unfortunate ending, attended this time with fatal results to the favourite, to the race for the Hunt Cup. There were only two starters, Mr. V. R. Bishop's Pencombe Melody and Mr. J. T. Jackson's Brown Linnet. The two kept well together, Brown Linnet being just in front at the penultimate jump, where she fell and broke her neck, Pencombe Melody finishing alone. The same owner completed a nice double when Foxtrot V won the Nomination Steeplechase which, after a "Melody" was all as it should be! Miss D. Kent's Lune Valley, who created a surprise at the United and Teme Valley meeting (the mare was returned at 20 to 1) was second, and Mr. A. T. Brereton's Rantin Robin third.

Mr. G. L. Clay's Kookooburra seemed certain to be placed when he put his rider down at the last jump. His jockey kept hold of the reins and after being swung round as the horse made to gallop off, remounted, and cantered past the winning post





SOME OF THE PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS AT DUNSTER

Mr. R. Cavanagh (left), talking to Mr. Pockle and Mrs. Hughes, and (right) Mr. R. Collier, Mr. Phipps Hornby, Mr. Keith Rous, Mr. R. Santamarina, the Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. Gerald Balding

fourth, with both feet out of the irons. Kookooburra was then ridden back to collect his rider's cap, left behind in the excitement, only to find it already "retrieved" and on its way to the dressing tent!

The Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race was won very properly by the favourite, Mr. Ian Scott's Selina, who was followed home by Mr. B. Doughty Wylie's Flight. Mr. Tom Price's Redworm was third. Redworm had been first past the post in the Farmers' Race at the recent North Herefordshire meeting, but together with his sole companion on that occasion, Florame, was disqualified for going the wrong side of a flag. The Local Farmers' Light-weight Steeplechase here resolved itself into a walk-over for Mr. C. W. Jackson's Lukewarm, and so the day ended. After leaving the course I lingered for a while in Weobley, with its quaint black-and-white half-timbered houses and its air of old-fashioned tranquillity. To my mind it is a charming place and, I venture to predict, were the village better known, it would be the haunt of every artist in the land.

MENDIP

"ONE of the last, but one of the best." A friend of mine who has attended Point-to-Point meetings all up and down the country passed the foregoing verdict at the conclusion of the Mendip Hunt Point-to-Point

Steeplechases, held on Saturday, April 30th. I have no hesitation in endorsing his opinion. The meeting was held over a course on the Mendip Hills at Nedge, Chewton Mendip, about four miles out of Wells, on the main road to Bath, in fine weather. A fresh easterly wind blew over the hills, and the hundreds of city dwellers from Bristol, Bath, and Wells, got a free "tonic" plus a free day out!

There was so much that pleased me about the course, and also the management of the meeting, that I intend to start right at the beginning with the car parking arrangements. The "official" cheap enclosure was close to the entrance gate and within easy walking distance of the actual venue. Other motor vehicles proceeding either to the ten shillings or one pound enclosures, diverged after passing through the gate, and all possible confusion and traffic blocks were consequently saved. I fully realise the difficulties, sometimes insurmountable, in so placing the expensive car parks that a view of the racing is obtainable; but, at the same time, I have always felt that those people who have "paid up" at the gate are entitled to a park from where, at least, some part of the racing can be watched in comfort, and in wet weather, under cover.

The Mendip committee see this is done. The "ten bobbers" overlook an excellent view of a great deal of the course, and all of the first part of the straight, up to the last jump. The one pound park ensures a view of practically every jump, the start and, of course, the finish. This park is really a continuation of the ten shilling one, and commences on the landing side of the last jump. A very pleasing innovation was a "parade" before each race the whole length of the one pound park. I have not seen this done at any other meeting, but it adds enormously to the general interest and costs nothing. Perhaps other Point-to-Point committees will take up the idea.

Turning to the course itself the going was undoubtedly very hard. But that, after all, was a factor no committee, however painstaking, could possibly avoid. Tan had been put down at the jumps, and there was nothing frightening about the "landings." It was a good galloping course of about three-and-a-quarter miles; an excellent map was to be found in the centre of the race-card, which also contained the breeding of each horse entered, whenever known. The course was all over grass, with well and truly made fences of birch. There was one built up in the open; the first five were also the last five, and were the only fences to be jumped twice. The course had been "harrowed over," and was extremely easy to follow round with the eye.

The start was in the same field, but below and parallel with the winning post. There was a long run into the first jump which was followed by rising ground to the next. The course turned right-handed on the top and then downhill into the straight and past the winning post for the first time. There was a little more up and down hill out in the country before the fence in the open was met. From there the horses raced downhill, over a jump in the bottom, and then left-handed past the start on the homeward journey. The climb uphill, the second time round, found out the tiring horses, and it was from this point that most of the races were won.

At the risk of being considered fanatical, once more I give the greatest possible praise to the long and level run-in provided after the last jump. Any horse well placed at the final obstacle had every chance to prove himself.

The paddock—the parade ring they call it here—was of a good size and similar in construction to the one I commented on so favourably at the Radnor and West Hereford meeting. A particularly pleasing idea was the "flagged" entrance and exit, those in charge of horses finding their way in and out with the minimum of trouble. And now, to the racing. Entries were extraordinarily good throughout, a total of 90 being received for the six races. Runners, with one exception, were also good. Great disappointment was expressed when it became know that of the ten entries for the combined Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry and the North Somerset Yeomanry Regimental Team Race, only one, Mr. D. Worrall's Banbury, had declared.

After the "walk over" there was a long wait until the next race, the Members' and Subscribers', was due to be run. There was a field of eight, Mr. S. G. Thompson's Corinthian, pedigree unknown, being made favourite. Corinthian was always well placed, and others with a chance were Mr. T. D. Corpe's Landi (late Satan II), a winner over the course a year ago, Mr. P. R. Chiver's Lucky Jim, Mr. W. W. Payne's Melody VII, and Lady Wills's Mustard. Corinthian took a decided lead going up the hill the last time, but pecked badly at the jump leading into the straight and shot off his rider, who, fortunately, kept hold of the reins. After being "dragged" along some yards he managed to pull up the horse and remounted, with apparently every hope of finishing in the first three gone. But such is the uncertainty of racing. Landi, Lucky Jim and Melody VII all had a chance at the last jump, but Landi alone got over without disaster, and was an easy winner. Lucky Jim was the first to fall, and Melody VII, coming close behind, came down on top of him. Corinthian coming through to take second place. Lady Wills's Mustard was third. The rider of Melody VII was taken back in the ambulance, while the horse was led away lame.

The Mendip Nomination Race invariably fills well, and this year the entries totalled 29. The actual entrance fee is only 10/-, a further 30/- being paid at scale for starters, and so far as I could make out, there were no penalties. Fifteen horses were saddled including such well-known and proved performers as Mr. R. Glanville's Ballykeating, who won the race a year ago; Miss B. de Winton's Swallowford, ridden by that experienced race rider, Mr. G. S. Wood; Mrs. M. Coate's Poor Old Joe; Mr. E. W. Tory's Stage Coach; and Mr. W. F. Sellick's Fouquet. A proper cross-word puzzle for the betting man or woman! From a good start the field settled down, and coming past the winning post the first time the order was Ballykeating, Poor Old Joe, Fouquet and Stage Coach.

The eventual winner, Swallowford, was galloping easily in the middle of the field, now strung out. When the runners next came into view Ballykeating



A GOOD SAMARITAN

H. Jackson, first whipper-in to the Enfield Chase, gives Miss Wadeson a lift back to the paddock after she had fallen in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race

and Stage Coach had disappeared, and Swallowford had moved up to the leaders, Fouquet and Poor Old Joe being most prominent. Poor Old Joe fell at the penultimate jump and, I understand, broke a fetlock and was destroyed. He was by Somme Kiss—Aigrette, and had shown some useful form this season. Fouquet and Swallowford were now left out in front, the former jumping the last fence just in front. Swallowford, however, was still full of running, and responding to the call made by his rider, caught the other in a few strides, and went ahead to win easily. Mr. E. T. Hunt's Soldier Lad was third.

It is always acknowledged that the Mendip Nomination Race requires a lot of winning, and on Swallowford's previous form this season I make him out a very worthy winner to join the select company. It must be remembered, too, that the second is a real hard sort, winning the Open Race at the Dartmoor Meeting one day and at the Cattistock the next. He is by Grey Fox II—Soutoune. I heard later that at a fence hidden from my view Mr. W. S. Codrington's Ring II, came to grief and, it was said, broke a knee. Ring II had put up a gallant performance at the Craven Meeting the Saturday before, and was only just beaten in their Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race. Her owner is the very well-known Gloucestershire veterinary surgeon, who will know best how to put matters right. At the best it is terribly bad luck for her sporting owner.

There was a long delay at the start for the Adjacent Hunts' Farmers' Steeplechase. First of all Mr. W. H. Puddy's Dentist could not be found high or low, and had been declared as a runner. In the end the field were sent on their journey without him. While the search for Dentist was still in progress Mr. G. Chaldecott, who was to take the ride on Mr. D. Wheeler's Major, was in a dilemma as his saddle was still on his own mare, Bella II, whom he had ridden in the previous race, and who had come to grief out in the country and had made off for an unknown destination! A borrowed saddle failed to fit, but at the last moment the happy ending came and all was well. Major, a winner at the recent Avon Vale meeting, went a great gallop for three-quarters of the journey, but was not concerned with the finish.

The race was won by Mr. L. Clapp's Golden Knight. This is a young horse I have already had much to say about this season. He is only five years old, a rich bay in colour, and to my knowledge has won three races. He is by Golden Orb, and comes from the Blackmore Vale country. Golden Knight took an early lead, but was later given an "easy." His rider, who rode him with great judgment, sent him along again in the last three-quarters of a mile and was up with the leaders in the straight. Going past Mr. H. W. Dufosee's Drin Royal he drew away to win with a good bit to spare. Mr. A. T. Wickham's Ad Astra II was third. Golden Knight is a beautiful fencer and, provided he keeps fit and well should go on winning races for several years to come.

Mr. A. Brake's Surgeon Major, usually a really safe and good jumper, fell at the last fence. Five of the ten entries for the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies Race were saddled. All the early running was made by Mr. H. A. Tiarks's Castle of Comfort, and the mare was not joined in the lead until half the journey had been covered. Miss D. Bell's Margery Daw III took the lead in the straight and the race was over. Mrs. R. Giffard's Bridle Wise (Miss R. Giffard) was second and Mr. R. Chaplin's Nevel Star third. The first three past the winning post were numbers one, two and three on the race card. It seems almost superfluous to add that the winner was most beautifully ridden by her owner. All five horses completed the course and, so far as I know, there was no grief of any sort. The meeting concluded with the Farmers' Steeplechase, which was won from start to finish by Mr. W. Adlam's Kingsfurze. Mr. R. Glanville's Forest Queen was second and Mr. W. H. Middle's Red Rufus third.

J. R.

TICKHAM

GOING up Charing Hill on the way to Throwley, it was heartening to see the long string of horses, led by soldier grooms, that had just detrained from Shornecliff en route for the races, and, as the card showed, six of the eleven entries for the Royal Fusiliers' Race were Government chargers. It will be a sad day for the Army when the "G.C." is no longer present to take his part in these events.

The course over which the races were held was situated the same as last year, and an excellent location it is, for a full view of the proceedings is obtained from the top of the slope where the enclosures are placed, the horses going straight down the valley from the start, over five fences in line, before turning up the hill and coming round past the stands. Two circuits are made, all but three fences being jumped twice, the finish the second time round being just to the right of the enclosures and paddock. It might possibly have been an improvement to have brought the winning post further down the course and more in view of the crowd, and to have included one more fence after the seventeenth, this being the number of obstacles at present.

The fences themselves are all of plain birch, unfaced, and though not particularly formidable, are somewhat higher than last year, which is to the good. They were broad on top, but it seemed that some horses were inclined to go through the last foot, rather than stand back and jump. There is no doubt that horses are more inclined this way when the going is hard as at present, as they thereby minimise the jar of landing. There was, however, a good growth of grass in the bottom, where the going was best, but the top of the hill was somewhat bare, though the ground was smooth on the whole and free from that petrified poaching which is so unpleasant on some courses during a dry season.

A shower of rain, the first for weeks, just before the third race, made the downhill take-off to the fence at the bottom of the hill distinctly slippery, and horses were sliding into it the second time round. Had this persisted conditions might have been rather unpleasant, since a sprinkle on top does more harm than good, and nothing short of a 24-hour soak will have any beneficial effect at the moment.

A field of five went down to the start for the Members' Light-weight Race, but of these, only two went the whole journey. Some of them were jumping none too well, and Bold Boy seemed to dislike the going, though Mr. Osborne managed

to keep him with the leaders the first time round, after which he faded out. At this point there were only three of them in it, these being Fourposter, Mr. Reggie, and Merle, the first two having a slight lead. Out in the country Merle jumped awkwardly, in pursuit of the others, unshipping her rider, Mr. Bensted, after which Mr. Dean on Fourposter managed by hard riding to get home in front of Mr. Reggie, who was second, and was ridden by Mr. Gillett.

The Nomination Race produced a field of ten, and proved to be one of the best races of the day. It resulted in another victory for that good horse of Mr. W. L. Dawes, Youngtown, who is as yet only a six-year-old, and whose heart is evidently in the game. He should prove really outstanding next season. At the first fence, which has an up-hill landing, Summer Knight "took it by the roots," giving Mr. Gillett a nasty fall, and rubbing it in by rolling on him, fortunately without serious injury. Youngtown soon went into the lead, accompanied by Iron Fist, who appeared to be pulling hard at Mr. Freeman Jackson. Mr. Dean did not seem to be jumping too well for Mr. Pattulo, who however held him together for the greater part of the journey, after which he wisely pulled up. Popular Jack was going well with the leaders or a time, with Strathallan somewhat in the rear.

Coming round for the second time, Iron Fist was up with Youngtown, but came to grief two fences from home. Meanwhile Strathallan was beginning to come up, and it was now a race between him and Youngtown, the two jumping the last fence practically level. As on his last appearance, however, Youngtown proved himself dead game when called upon, and was ridden home to win in a close finish. Mr. Cameron's Star of Rheims was third. A lady asked me after the race (probably having backed "the other one") why Mr. Dawes's horses never seemed to fall. The answer is that they do, sometimes, but not nearly as often as most, for the reason that they and their rider knew all about the game.

The Royal Fusiliers' Regimental Race was won by Captain Rome's good-looking Skerryvore, who, though he appeared to be jumping somewhat stickily, made up lots of ground in his gallop. He and Mr. Archer's Tim were soon singled out in front; Iron Duke was going round faultlessly, and the rear was brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Parry Jones's gallant little grey mare Butterfly, whose genuine hunter appearance was accentuated by her old-fashioned cock tail, and was undoubtedly jumping the best of the lot. The first time past the stands Skerryvore went wide at the turn, and lost a lot of ground on Tim, but was in front again going down the valley, and eventually won, Tim being second and Iron Duke third.

The Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race produced the biggest field of the day, thirteen of the 20 entries going down to the start. Mr. Gillett, undaunted by his previous fall, took the lead early on on Silent Star, the field, however, going round together, with Stair, Jinker and Ruby VII all going well. Mr. Davidson, on Stair, was unlucky, however, towards the end of the race to have his saddle slip round, and Silent Star eventually won from Captain Kidd's Jeannine, with Mr. McGrath on Easter Boy third. Ruby VII had been giving Mr. Watney a good ride all the way, and a little waking up at the end might have brought her to more prominent notice. Unfortunately her rider had by this time lost his whip.

A field of five turned out for the Ladies' Race, and another opportunity was provided for three good horses, Snark, Querist and Mee Too, once more to test their respective merits. Miss Goodall rode the first-named, Mrs. de Winton was on Querist, and Mrs. W. L. Daws rode her own horse. These three were soon out in front, Mee Too making the running, with Snark lying second. Mee Too is undoubtedly a good horse, and usually sets the pace, winning his races by his ability to stay on at the finish, as he did on the present occasion. The second time round Snark had dropped back slightly, and Querist went up with the leader, jumping the last fence not more than a length behind. Mee Too held on, however, to win an exciting finish, as he had done the previous week, when Querist had run him even closer. These two horses are very evenly matched, but Mee Too always seems to have just that little bit extra at the end.

The last event of the day was the Farmers' and Members' Heavy-weight Races, run together. That grand old stager, Statesman III, belonging to Mr. Wright, made yet another appearance, and though he did not appear to be in quite his usual form, he again won his race. It is now two seasons since we saw him win two races on the same day, each time leading his field by two fences the whole way round. He is a horse of one pace, however, and when, on this occasion, he was headed by Mr. Gillett's Ballet Girl, one felt that he might have met his Waterloo. The old horse held on, however, and the two came at the last fence together. Statesman jumped it perfectly, but Ballet Girl hit the top and fell heavily, leaving Mr. Radbone to ride Statesman home to win, amid great enthusiasm. Major Metcalfe's handsome chestnut, Red Fox, who had been with the leaders all the way, was second, and Mr. Crowhurst's hunter-like Mr. Robert was third past the post, thus winning the cup for the heavy-weights. Thus ended a most enjoyable day's racing, admirably managed throughout, and one on which the executive and all concerned may be congratulated.

HOPLEAY.



"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT!"

One less fence to jump in the Nomination (Open) Race at the Enfield Chace Hunt Point-to-Point Races at Holly Hill Farm, near Potter's Bar

THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM

"NOTHING can be finer than the fact that the local Hunt Races are looked upon by all living in the countryside as the greatest gathering of the year: somewhere where farmers, keepers, ploughmen and their wives will be sure to meet their friends, and something that each will remember as a subject for jolly conversation during the next twelve months."

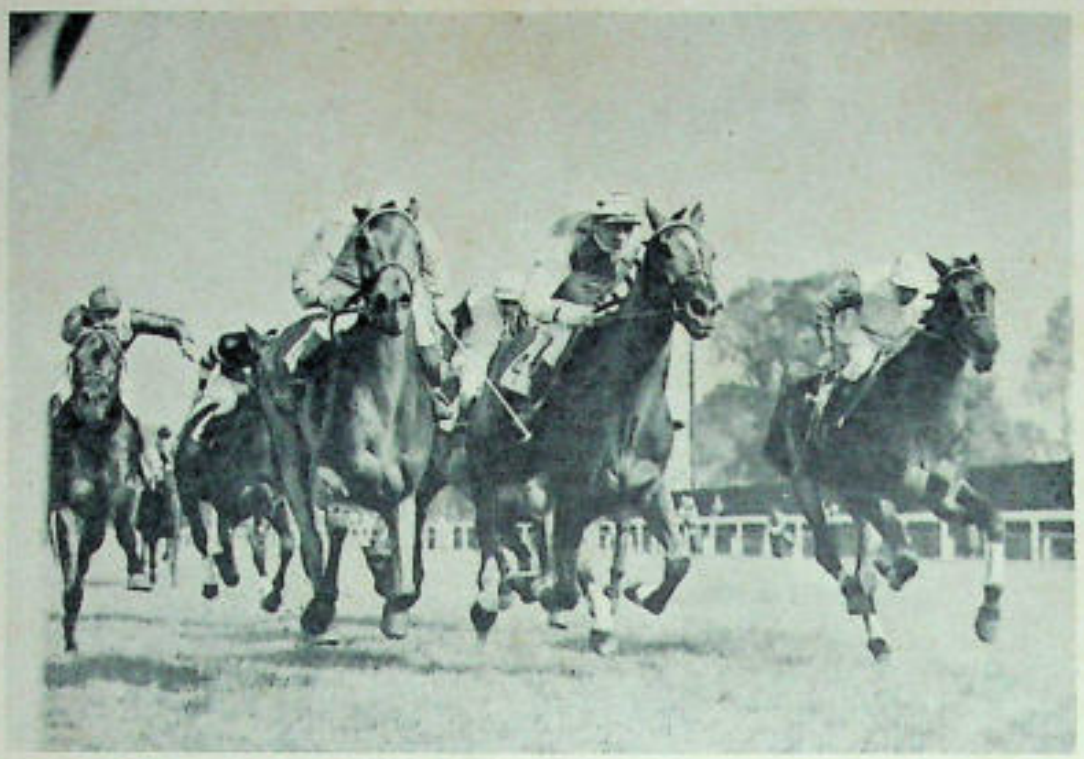
These words, written by the Master of the Crawley and Horsham, appeared in the *Field* a few weeks ago, forming part of an article that served as a timely reminder of the ideal that lies behind these meetings, and of which one is sometimes apt to lose sight. The sentence gives a very excellent indication of the atmosphere that prevailed at Littleworth on Saturday, where the proceedings had that happy, old-fashioned air that recalled the days when the Point-to-Point really was a family party.

The day was one of "impressions," mental thumbnail sketches made here and there, that afterwards formed themselves into a background reminiscent of waggonettes and farmers' gigs, despite the enormous concourse of cars; the number board erected against the wall of a barn; a group of youngsters round the huntsman's horse, with outstretched hands eager for tea tickets; the course itself, which had a refreshingly "natural" air about it, nearly every fence being built into an existing hedge, which would naturally be jumped out hunting, the quick forming the foundation for a facing of birch. The only "unnatural" feature had been necessitated by the drought which caused the abandonment of the Southdown meeting earlier in the week. At Littleworth the landing side of every fence had been liberally tanned, and the ample amount of grass on most parts of the course had good effect on the going.

The fences themselves were all excellently made; the "drop" over the water, to which horses came downhill, looked the most formidable, but they all seemed to jump well here, probably because the fence was sensibly big enough to make them jump out instead of skating over. The only criticism that could be made on the course as a whole is that some of the fences out in the country might certainly have been wider. It is not always safe to assume that the sort of field one gets nowadays will be sufficiently strung out at this point that not more than three or four horses will be jumping together.

One hears a great deal about "visibility" at these meetings, and on this occasion it must be confessed, it was not particularly good; the leaf which is now on had a good deal to do with this, and it was not really possible to see all that went on out in the country. "*Were I a h'eagle,*" as

(*Continued in col. 3, page 1104*)



AS SEEN FROM UNDER THE RAILS

Two furlongs from the finish of the Paradise Stakes at Hurst Park. Bonnet (2nd), and Real Estate (No. 14), are in the lead, while between them, behind, is Knole Star (winner), with Valerian III (third), extreme left, and Mahalebbi extreme right

HOW THE CLASSIC SITUATION STANDS

Derby Prospects of the Winner of the Two Thousand

IN the opinion of the majority of racing people the Derby on June 1st will be won by Pasch. They declare that he won the Two Thousand Guineas so decisively that none of the colts who finished behind him is likely to reverse the placings at Epsom. A minority of critics remain sceptical as to the Beckhampton colt's prospects in the Derby.

These sceptics say they do not like Pasch's conformation, declaring that he has an appearance of weakness behind the saddle. They hint that he will probably develop a "will of his own," as has been the case with many horses in the past who show the white of an eye. Further, they predict that he will be seen to less advantage if the ground becomes soft, as it may easily do after a prolonged period of drought.

Despite these various "ifs" and doubts Pasch has settled down into a strong favourite for the Derby, and if all goes well with him he is likely to start at a very short price. Two Thousand winners have frequently been disappointing at Epsom, but at Beckhampton Manna and Cameronian were trained to win both events by Mr. Fred Darling, as was Galtee More by his father.

One as sanguine as anybody as to Pasch's success at Epsom is Gordon Richards, who, after the race for the Guineas, expressed to us the opinion that his mount would have won with another 7lb. on his back. The jockey dilated at some length on the greenness shown by the colt on the Rowley Mile, and declared that he could not perceive what is to beat him in the Derby.

Fred Darling is hardly less optimistic. He believes he trains a colt of uncommon brilliance, and one, moreover, who has all the requisite qualifications for the Epsom course. All through the winter students of racing form mainly agreed that Portmarnock and Scottish Union had the best chances in the Derby, or if either of those colts was not the winner it would be one of the Aga Khan's colts. Few considered the possibility that a then unknown colt might be equal to beating the lot. One of the exceptions no doubt was Fred Darling, who, at the time he was big deep-sea fishing off Miami early in the New Year, must have been wondering how his Blandford colt would shape when put to the test.

All last year the Beckhampton trainer was hopeful that Pasch would prove to be something out of the ordinary, and it was a blow to him when the colt met with an accident on the Downs. Momentarily it was feared that Pasch had split a pastern. Had the mishap been of that gravity we should probably not now be writing of his conquest in the Guineas or of his prospects in the Derby. Fortunately, the mischief was only to the pastern joint, and yielded to treatment and a long rest.

Darling says: "We could have run him in the autumn, but it was considered prudent to put him by for the coming season." Thus it was not until the Coventry Stakes at Kempton on Easter Saturday that Pasch made his first appearance in public. Something of the promise he had shown at home was already known, and he was second favourite in a strong field. In the Kempton race he stared about him repeatedly, but he was receiving 15lb. from Tahir and Unbreakable, and was so superior to the opposition that, in spite of his obvious interest in the surroundings, he won almost in a canter.

It was a most impressive performance, and those who trusted the form were not surprised when he won the Two Thousand with something to spare. And now the question is, exactly how good is Pasch? There is reason to suppose that he may be the best horse we have seen since Bahram. But before going to this length prudent folk are waiting to see what he does at Epsom. One thing is perfectly clear—his lightness of action should be just the thing for the Epsom undulations. There is no reason to suppose him to be lacking in stamina.

The Blandfords have a marvellous record over the mile and a half at Epsom, and by his obvious ability to do himself justice "on the hard" Pasch is a typical member of the family. On the other side of his pedigree Pasch comes out well. Pasca, his dam, is by Manna, a Derby winner, and her dam, Soubriquet, was by Lemberg, another Derby winner. Pasch's great-grandam was Silver Fowl, one of the greatest brood mares of her time. From the breeding standpoint, then, Pasch can be pronounced well qualified for the Derby.

Mr. H. E. Morriss, who it is expected will be home from Shanghai in time to see his colt run at Epsom, bought the first of his classic winners at auction, but he has the satisfaction of having bred Pasch at the Banstead Manor Stud, Cheveley, Newmarket, which he formed at the close of Manna's racing activities. Soubriquet he purchased when the late Sir E. Hulton's stud was disposed of in 1925. No less than 12,500gs. was given for her. At the time the mare was in foal to Gainsborough, and the produce was a colt called Tom Peartree, who won a race at two years old and did not score again.

Following a barren year, Soubriquet produced Pasca after having been served by Manna. This filly won twice in her first season in training. Pasca's second foal was Pascal, a winner last season, and the third of her produce is Pasch. Soubriquet has also been responsible for Tai Yang, who won the two races for which he started, and has had a full subscription at the Banstead Manor Stud for the past two seasons at a fee of £198. It will be realised, therefore, that Soubriquet has not proved an expensive mare even at the great sum given for her.

Pasch does not run again until the Derby, but Scottish Union and Portmarnock will probably have a race if rain comes.

POINT-TO-POINTS (*Continued from page 1103*)

Jorrocks once exclaimed, I should then be able to describe the racing in all its phases, but as it is, I can only give my impressions as they occurred, which, after all, may be the best way of commentating any day's sport.

There is a certain thrill and excitement about a field of horses going out into the blue, and reappearing at a later stage of their journey, which is quite in keeping with the old Point-to-Point. Bill's gone! Harry's horse is loose! What's happened to *him*? Rumour and speculation is dispelled by the sight of a muddied figure, surrounded by sympathetic small boys, plodding slowly homeward from the country, cap in hand. "The old horse hit that fence a hell of a crack, and we went for six."

The most dramatic moment of the first race, the Members', was staged at the finish, for Captain Hornung, on that good horse Gaickster, came in first past the post with both leathers gone, and had only just passed the judge when he and his horse parted company. As it was, he won comfortably from Mr. Burrell's More Dust and Mrs. Gregson's Simonswood, ridden by Mr. Egerton, and to whom Gaickster was giving a stone. These were all in the light-weight division; Mr. L. K. Block, on Breeze, won the Challenge Cup for the welters.

The Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race resolved itself into a "match," only two horses going down to the start; these were Mrs. Cowley's Tommy King, ridden by Mrs. Merkel, and Mrs. Maxwell's Lady Golightly, ridden by Miss Winifred Hilder. A very good match they made of it, too, both going round in real ding-dong style, and this admirable exhibition was one of the brightest "impressions" of the day. Both horses were jumping faultlessly as far as I could see, all the way round, Lady Golightly slightly in the lead most of the way. Three fences from home, when they were coming straight towards us, they appeared to be jumping side by side, and Tommy King now made his expected challenge, and went ahead by several lengths. Lady Golightly came again, however, and going up the hill to the finish had the race well in hand.

A field of thirteen lined up for the Nomination Race, and all got away well after one false start, during which Denton was so intent on blowing his field away that he went away himself without them and had to be recalled. Having got going they went at a rare bat, but trouble was in store for some of them, for, coming in from the country the first time round, there were three or four loose horses amongst them; enquiry elicited that someone had fallen at the fence behind the farm and had brought down three others with him, among them being Mr. Freeman Jackson on Iron Fist, and Mr. O'Donoghue on Jointly Barred. Mr. Jackson escaped with nothing worse than "an earful of tan," as he described it, but Mr. O'Donoghue had a nasty toss, being concussed and finishing his journey on a stretcher. In the meantime Mr. Calvert on Philanderer had been going really well, and was in the lead most of the way, followed by Mr. Duncanson on Querist. Over the last few fences Mr. Chamberlayne on Strathallan began to put on steam, but had left it too late, and although running on at the finish, could only get into third place, Philanderer eventually winning from Querist.

The Hunt Farmers' Race produced a field of six, and I particularly liked the look of Mr. Covell's Caspian as he went down to the start. There are certain horses, I think, who strike one immediately, long before one can analyse their points, with the impression: "I should like to ride him myself"; and I think this is no bad criterion. Caspian was prominent during most of the race, but eventually finished third, tiring towards the end, and jumping his last few fences, it must be confessed, in rather slovenly fashion. Mr. Wadey's Cock Robin and Mr. Christensen's Nautical Nymph were with him all the way, and though for a time it looked anybody's race, Cock Robin eventually stayed on to beat the other two.

For the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race I decided to go to a vantage point out in the country, but by waiting for the numbers to go up, an operation which again took a considerable time, I missed my object. Before I reached my chosen venue, the rattle of hoofs warned me that I was too late. I was rewarded, however, by one of those sudden, unexpected glimpses that, like the sight of hounds hitting the line out of covert, leaves an unforgettable picture. Framed in the trees, the field came into view as they jumped a fence, and streamed across the foreground in a swiftly-moving frieze, eleven horses, chesnuts and bays, spaced in the length of a cricket pitch, the jackets of their riders making a brilliant and variegated splash of colour in the sunlight.

They disappeared over the next fence, led by Mr. Heslop on Chalice, whose beautifully rhythmic stride seemed to set the tempo for the rest. It was a sight that would have delighted poor Gilbert Holliday, and one which he had so often loved to depict. Here was the epitome of Point-to-Point, forming the final impression of the day; Chalice won her race.

HOPLEAF.



THE SCENE OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER
The Australians batting against Worcestershire during the first match of their tour

BRADMAN "OBLIGES" AT WORCESTER

Offensive Tactics Our Only Policy Against Australia

By NEVILLE CARDUS

ON Saturday the Australians made their début at Worcester. The home captain won the toss and put them in to bat on an easy wicket, and 11,000 people thus were given a chance to see Bradman, and, of course, Bradman obliged. Possibly he "overdid it," as they say; he scored 258 in four hours fifty minutes, and at close of play the Australians were 474 for six.

If the Worcestershire captain asked Bradman to bat first for any save public-spirited reasons, he was optimistic to the length of folly; surely he did not really think the Worcestershire bowlers would be helped to overwhelm Bradman by aid of "moisture" in the pitch? The old comic picture by Phil May comes back to mind, and herewith I change the dialogue to suit any occasion on which a cricket captain puts the Australians in first—except to "assist" a Saturday gate:—

INMATE: "What are you all doing here?"

COUNTY CAPTAIN: "Playing Bradman and the other Australians."

INMATE: "Who's batting?"

COUNTY CAPTAIN: "They are. I won the toss and asked them to bat first."

INMATE: "Come inside."

Worcestershire for a long time bowled excellently last Saturday; they will be one of the best bowling teams in the county championship, especially when they get away from the heart-breaking perfection of the Worcester wicket. But Bradman scored his double century according to an obvious plan. First of all, he made only 54 in two-and-a-quarter hours. During this period, he was subjecting the attack to a cold-blooded scrutiny. Then, having completed the inventory, he put his foot on the accelerator of his machine. Without palpable effort, and certainly without an abrupt changing of gear, he proceeded to score 100 in sixty-five minutes.

The grim fact is that even while he was scoring a hundred in an hour, several members on the pavilion were chafing at Bradman's ruthless restraint, and asking why he would not "go for the bowling" and enjoy himself.

Bradman can make a hundred runs in an hour without taking a risk, without once straining the range of his strokes, without fuss, or any hurry whatever. All that happens when Bradman decides to score quickly is that the wheels of his wonderful mechanism achieve more revolutions in a given time. The organisation of the machine—the wheels and their axles and the entire balance of the whole—remains undisturbed. Send him a good ball when he is 220, after he has hit three successive long-hops for fours, and he will be as watchful as ever, and play it as though it were his first ball. He is the modern batsman *in excelsis*, as much an expression of the age as the newest car, aeroplane or ribbon-road.

This is not to deny that his batting possesses a kind of beauty. But in true beauty—the beauty of a Woolley's cricket, or a McCabe's—some elements of strangeness, even of insecurity, should enter. We are thrilled by a Woolley and a McCabe because we know they are conquering difficulties, avoiding disaster. At any minute, we feel, they might get out.

Bradman does not suggest for a moment that an innings by him hangs on the lovely slender golden thread of a sporting chance. His cricket is firmly riveted; its span is strong and sure—like that of the great bridge of Sydney. ("For thine is the Harbour, the Bridge, and the Bradman, for ever and ever, Amen.") When he was 23 on Saturday, a quick ball from Crisp reared suddenly and Bradman flicked at it, and was nearly caught at the wicket. Here, I think, is the only chance for our bowlers; exceptional speed near the off stump, with an outswing, and a good length—once or twice I have seen these qualities disturb for a moment the eternal complacence of Bradman. (Also, maybe, a flighted leg-spinner would give him especial cause for thought—heavens, we must catch at any straw, at any ghost of a hope!)

One thing is certain; the short ball, even the slightly short ball, is merely fuel for Bradman. He is the greatest back-foot batsman of all time—consequently it is stupidity itself to bowl short at him. He should be compelled to reach forward—though I do not know how such an act of mesmerism is to be performed on him. Still, as Pooh Bah said, "one might try."

Bradman hit 33 boundaries from the Worcestershire attack. He graciously deigned not to hit 68. I thought he would give his wicket away after reaching 150. Perhaps he then tried to get out and could not. The other Australians were overshadowed—he did bestride their little world like a Colossus.

But Fingleton, in an innings of 41, proved his quality. He is as good as Woodfull, with more strokes. Like Woodfull, he has no back-lift—yet he can drive and cut with a freedom Woodfull never, or seldom, knew. Badcock scored 67, and helped Bradman in an enormous stand for the fourth Australian wicket. It was not a typical innings; critics, who took a poor view of Badcock, on the strength (or weakness) of it, will shortly be sorry they spoke. Badcock is a grand stroke-player; we have no young batsman in England as good as Badcock.

Clearly, this Australian team is powerful. It contains Bradman and McCabe, two of the finest Test match batsmen of cricket's history. Also it contains O'Reilly. When O'Reilly first visited England he was watched for a few overs by Frank Chester, our incomparable umpire. And Chester at once made up his mind that O'Reilly was the best bowler of his style since Sydney Barnes. To-day O'Reilly is a more dangerous man than was the O'Reilly of 1934. He has got his "googly" under command (and Barnes did not have *that* trick up his sleeve); also he has increased the spin of his going-away ball. He may miss the accuracy of Grimmett at the other end; our batsmen may be free to play for safety against O'Reilly, and to get runs from the other bowlers. Let us profoundly hope so.

Ward and Fleetwood-Smith, both prodigious spinners, are match-winners one day and not so good the day after. The pace of McCormick is furious for a while—but he is not certain to "last." I believe that much nasty work with the new ball is expected from Waite, who can cause a vicious late swing—leg-stump to off.

Only one policy is worth a moment's consideration against these gifted cricketers. Offence, always offence. Ruin will fall on the poke and push of the batsman too timid to move out of his crease. Ruin will fall on the bowler who timidly pitches short. I hope that the Selection Committee will not dither with our young players. If a Compton or a Washbrook or an Edrich is worth a place in the first Test match he is worth a place in at least the first three Test matches.



"WITHOUT PALPABLE EFFORT HE PROCEEDED TO SCORE 100 IN SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES"

The Gun Month by Month

BIRD LIFE IN GALLOWAY

A Plea for the Protection of the Buzzard

APRIL is almost gone before one can realise that the grey geese have left us. The greylags left Galloway this year at the time of the full moon, about April 17th, and the last stragglers departed with a great clamour at dusk a few days ago. Two years ago I saw the first lot go in broad daylight, and they made no more ceremony of it than a business man who catches the early train to town. It was about half-past seven in the morning on April 21st, and the flight I had been watching was nearly over. For more than an hour they had been flying in from the river to feed on the merse, and good feeding it was, for it had been a fine spring and the grass was deep green and succulent. Every few minutes another little lot would come in and pitch with a great flapping at the out-skirts of the growing pack.

A straggling line of about twenty appeared, swung on the wind, bunched, and came sailing down to alight. But when the leader was no more than a foot from the ground they suddenly changed their minds and the flapping took an upward direction. Amid a deafening clamour they rose skywards in over widening circles until they looked no bigger than pigeons. Then they set their heads to the north, formed a narrow V, and gradually disappeared from sight. I could follow them for miles through the glasses, like a length of grey cotton against the blue sky and white cumulus clouds, and always their voices came back to me as music from an infinite distance. I do not suppose that they stopped before they reached Iceland.

There is an irrational quality of mystery about this flight, this long passage through the silent skies, high above the rivers and towns, and the green fields and moorland places, and all the creeping ways of men. Then the wide grey spaces of the Atlantic and the first sight of their home. Perhaps there is a sudden clamour of recognition when the familiar ragged outline of Iceland appears on the horizon.

Dr. George Grinnell gave a beautiful description of snow geese on migration:

"As one rides along under the warm October sun, he may have his attention attracted by sweet, faint, distant sounds, interrupted at first and then coming gradually nearer and clearer, yet still only a murmur; the rider hears it from above, before, behind and all around, faintly sweet and musically discordant, always softened by the distance, like the sound of far-off harps, of sweet bells jangled, of the distant baying of mellow-voiced hounds. Looking up into the sky above him, he sees the serene blue far on high flecked with tiny white moving shapes, which seem like snowflakes drifting slowly across the azure sky; and down to earth, falling, falling, falling come the musical cries of the little wavies that are journeying to the southland."

At the full of the September moon the greylags and the wigeon will return with a fresh generation to face the formidable and ever-increasing battery of armaments which awaits them; until one year the rivers and the towns they pass over will be alien, and the music of the wild geese and the roar of their rising wings will be no more than a legend to us.

We shall not see the grey geese again until the autumn, and the loss is not only the wildfowler's.

Every morning, winter and summer alike, I am waked by the calling of my own little flock of wild geese, which comprises a dozen or so different varieties. It is a very humble little collection, but to me there is a very particular sort of thrill each morning when I hear the greylags calling at dawn. The harsh, clanging resonance still conjures for me, as it did when I was a small boy, strange pictures of far islands and the surge of alien tides in wild places, still black glacier waters, or illimitable Asiatic swamps. I have never visited any of these places, which helps, perhaps, to preserve for me the romance of them.

A few days ago I went to the merse, where the greylags and I spend much of our time in the winter months. There was little but gulls and shelducks and redshanks calling, calling, with that sweet little trill which is so unlike the harsh alarm note. Redshanks' nests were everywhere, and a colony of black-headed gulls were beginning to lay among the cockles and tussocks at the merse edge.

Every year all these eggs are laid, and every year they are swept away by the spring tides. It has probably gone on for hundreds of generations, but the birds never learn their lesson. A few may escape this year, for it has been an early season, and not a few of the redshanks will have hatched. On April 12th I saw more than 20 broods of young mallard on a nearby loch, and within an area of 60 sq. yds. found seventeen mallard's nests, mostly near to hatching. Pheasant's nests, also, were early, and clutches have been more than averagely large. In such an exceptionally dry spring as this great havoc has been done among the eggs by the rooks, who have been near to starvation. The surface of the ground is burnt hard and cracked, and insect life has worked deeper underground in search of moisture.

Great damage, too, will be done by the ravens in moorland districts, for many young grouse will be out of the shell before the young ravens leave the nest, and the vegetation does not afford the cover usual at this time of year. In Galloway, grouse were beginning to sit in the middle of April, and full nests of partridge eggs were found at the same date. But it has also been a very early year for young rabbits, and they are now so plentiful that the stoats, for once, may not be tempted to taste of forbidden fruit.

The black-backed gulls seem more plentiful than ever this year, and have done great damage among young lambs and game eggs. Might we not have certain regular sanctuaries for the larger gulls, and keep them only in small numbers elsewhere? In sea-girt moorland districts the problem has become more than a sporting one. Young lambs are killed—their eyes pecked out, leaving a peculiarly horrible death. Lambing ewes are attacked and not infrequently die with their lambs as a result. The big gulls are fine birds, and should be preserved within limits, but I would suggest that at present these limits are exceeded through lack of any concerted action.

The buzzard, on the other hand, does not always receive the enforced protection he deserves. "Do not stoop to pull up your socks in a melon field," runs a Chinese proverb, "or you will be accounted a thief." A buzzard, unfortunately, frequently stoops to pull up his socks within sight of a keeper, who does not stop to inquire what he is picking up. In many places he is thus quite unjustifiably accounted a thief.

This country of Galloway is among the most important of the buzzard's last strongholds, and a neighbour of mine saw last year more than 30 buzzards on the wing together. But here, too, keepering traditions die hard, and the buzzard looks too fierce to get a light sentence.

A few years ago I tried, rather unsuccessfully, to take a series of photographs at a buzzard's nest, and during the entire time only one young grouse was brought to the nest—and this may have been dead when it was picked up.

In the Lake District buzzards are reputed to be plentiful, but the numbers are in reality comparatively small, in spite of enthusiastic private efforts to enforce protection. It is to be hoped that such efforts may be extended to all those places where the buzzard breeds, and that he may continue to flourish as he does in this country of windy, sunny skies, and spring snowfields—the Kingdom of Galloway.

GAVIN MAXWELL.



THE KILLER IN EMBRYO
A young black-backed gull at the surest age of innocence



A NEWLY-FLEDGED YOUNG BUZZARD PREPARING TO TAKE OFF

QUARTERING AT FIELD TRIALS

An authority on Field Trial work has a few words to say which deserve attention. He writes as follows:

"Good quartering cannot be too strongly insisted upon, where the corners and margins of the fields are the surest find for game. In a recent field trial the dogs in a stake would often race together into the wind, before casting outwards, leaving whole areas on the flanks unexplored. The ground over which they should have run is then cut into and spoilt, the game left behind on either flank having been disturbed. A judge, out of consideration for the dogs, does not care to bring them back and run it over again, yet he knows that it is these corners and margins under the hedges that will give him the best proof of a dog's ability and cleverness in finding and pointing game. Fresh ground consequently has to be broken into, leaving half the field behind untraversed.

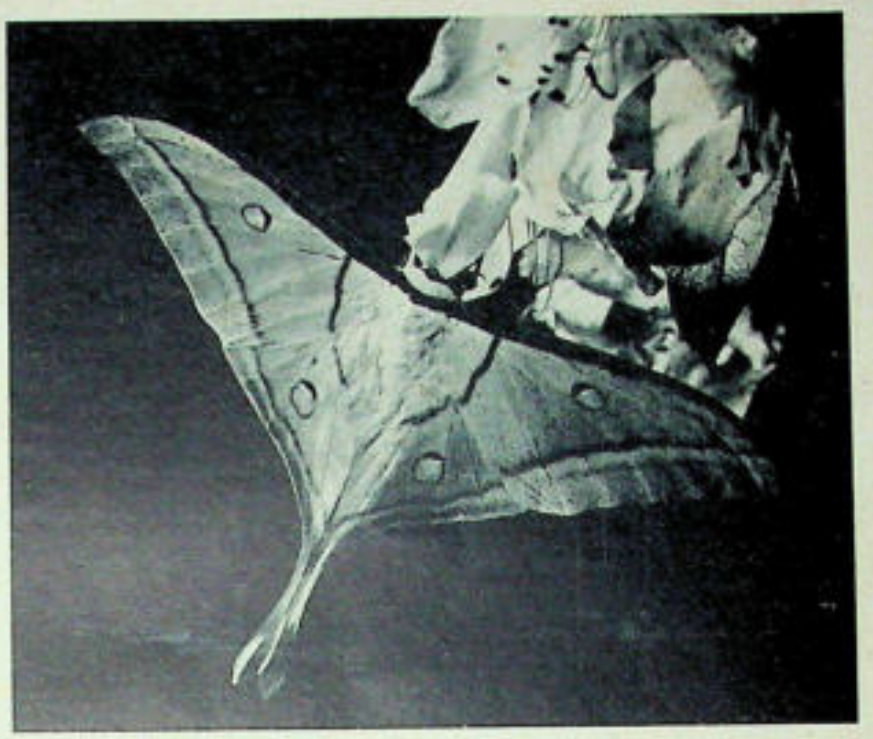
"It is doubtful whether this erratic running is not a more serious offence than a good honest flush dead in wind. It certainly does more harm. It would not be the correct procedure when shooting over dogs, being both unproductive to the bag and wasteful of the ground. Two dogs, run together, should make their first cast in opposite directions, and the wise dog will sink the wind on this first cast, going to the corner of a field, if within his compass, and, having gathered the corner, will then sweep round and cross in front of his handler, with a clear field in front of him."

GIANT SILK MOTHS THAT CAN BE BRED IN ENGLAND



THE ROBIN MOTH OF NORTH AMERICA IS MOST BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED IN VARIOUS SHADES OF BROWN AND THE EYE SPOTS EDGED IN DELICATE PINK.

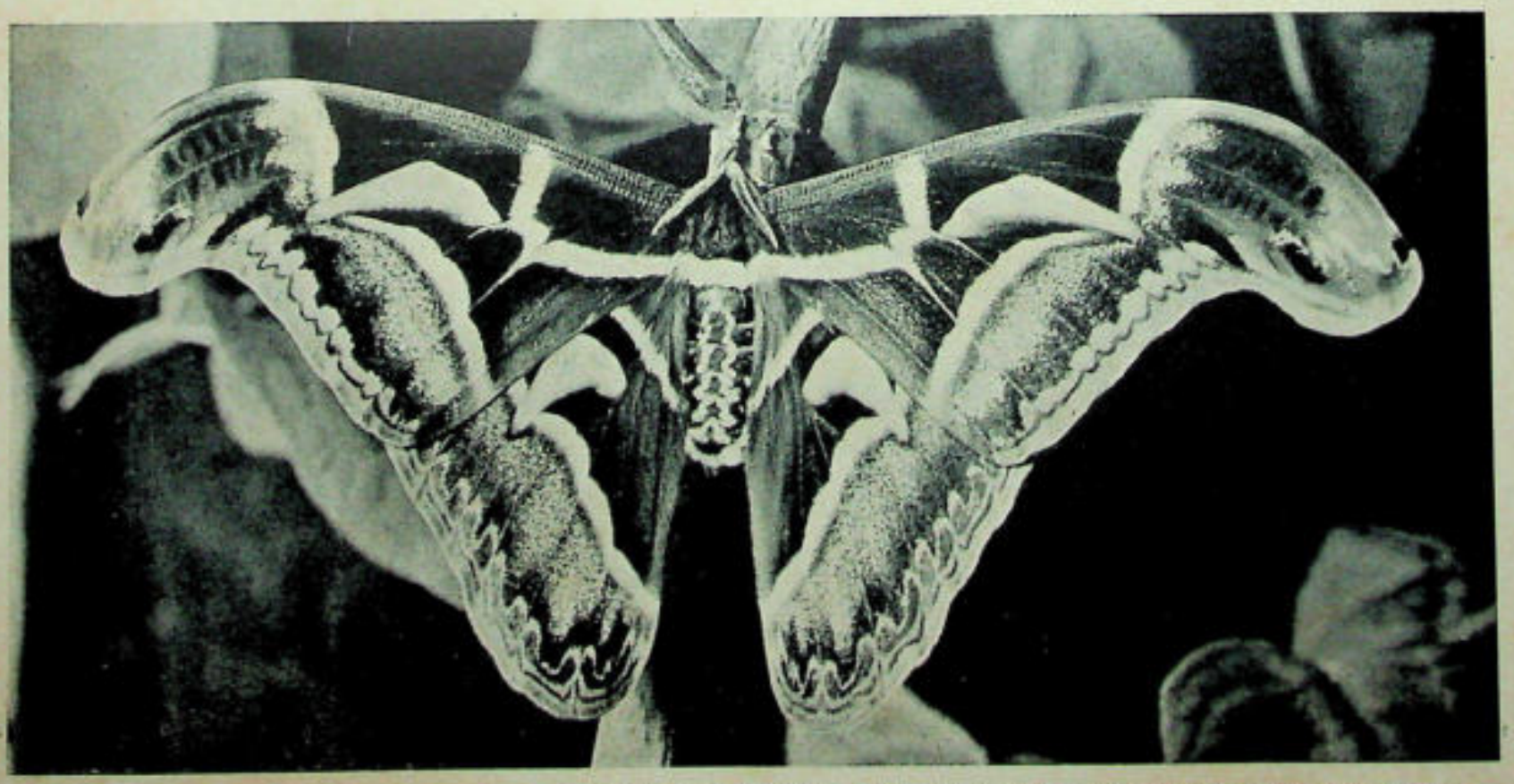
THE majority, and certainly the most handsome, of the silk-producing moths of the world fall into a group called the Saturnidæ. Most of this family have a distinct eye spot on one or both pairs of wings, so perfect in some species that the glare of light on the cornea is even imitated, giving a ringed effect. These eye spots undoubtedly are a means of protection, as all the moths of this family have large plump bodies that would make a tasty meal for any insect-eating animal or bird. When they are at rest, with fore-wings drooped down over hind wings, the eye spots are naturally covered and the insect looks like some inanimate object, but immediately they are disturbed they raise and expand their wings, exposing the eyes, giving to the intruder the impression that some animal has woken up. There is one more rather interesting point about the *atlas* moths. The two eye spots on their fore wings are placed in such a position that they resemble the eyes of a snake, and it appears they have evolved a use for this resemblance, as when the moth is disturbed it always begins a slow swaying movement of the wings, which looks very like the expanded angry hood of the Indian cobra. Most of the various species can be bred in this country, and the Naturalist Editor will be pleased to answer questions from anyone interested.



THE MOON MOTH IS A SUPERB CREATURE FOUND IN INDIA, SIAM, THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO AND NORTHERN AUSTRALIA



THE NORTH AMERICAN SILK MOTH WHICH IS QUITE EASILY REARED IN ENGLAND AND WILL FEED ON OAK, WILLOW, PLUM, PEAR, APPLE, OR HAWTHORN



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WON A FIRST PRIZE IN OUR PHOTO COMPETITION RECENTLY. IT IS OF THE ATLAS MOTH, WHICH IS THE LARGEST SPECIES IN THE WORLD. THE BEST RACE COMES FROM THE HIMALAYAS, AND THE FEMALES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO MEASURE A FOOT ACROSS THE WINGS

HERTFORDSHIRE TROUT

I—A Persistent Olive Taker on the Lee

By H. D. TURING

"LATER," said the invitation, rather surprisingly, "we might see if we can wangle a brace of trout from the Lee." It was not, in fact, a river that was the main object of the expedition, but a lake; one of those hidden lakes in Hertfordshire, made as the main feature of a "country gentleman's pleasaunce" a generation or two back, when Hertfordshire was still in the depths of the country and scattered over it were those "places" which made eighteenth-century England into a garden, and life for the well-to-do a leisurely affair of shooting and fishing with an occasional visit to London, far enough away then to necessitate something of a journey to get to it. Nowadays, after a century of decay, more or less, these attractive pieces of water, made as often as not by widening one of the chalk streams which run down from the Chilterns, have been resuscitated and stocked, usually with rainbow trout, and can provide fishing of no mean order, though in many of them, unfortunately, no attempt has been made to clear out the silt with the result that fly is scarce, and the fishing inclines to the "chuck and chance it," which, for many of us, takes the edge off the sport.

The lake itself—an inspection combined with a few casts should anything happen to be rising—was not likely to prove of any great interest, apart from its future possibilities; but the Lee was another matter. Were there still trout in the Lee? My mental picture of the Lee—as its Conservators spell it, and they ought to know, though maps and anglers alike more usually render it "Lea"—was of a placid and rather sluggish stream, constrained by lock gates and a cinder towpath, a dark and rather evil-looking water whose scum-bedecked surface was rarely disturbed save by the wash of a mechanised barge; its silence broken only by the spasmodic hum of a circular saw hidden among those cubist-inspired piles of timber which seem to remain for ever undisturbed—though presumably one or another of them must be removed at some time or other.

Indeed, there seemed to me to be two Lees: one, the willow-girt stream which Walton visited that "fine fresh May morning," or, to be exact, the second day thereafter; and the commercialised stream which to-day runs by Hertford and Ware. And I was decidedly inclined to echo Walton's own remark about it: "Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabouts." To visit it with a fly rod on trout fishing intent seemed to me a decidedly optimistic proceeding. Of the upper Lee I knew nothing save that it ran out of, or rather through, Luton Hoo, which had a reputation for pike some thirty odd years ago. But again, one does not connect Luton and its hats with trout fishing. Otherwise a recent incursion into March's *Jolly Angler* had made me aware that in 1831 most of the river was "private or subscription water which in the upper parts is one guinea per annum." Presumably a guinea was a more substantial sum a hundred years ago than it is to-day, but March does not seem to have fished the river "much above the Rye House water," so one is left in doubt as to whether the guinea-per-annum water was a trout or a mixed fishery.

But though the suggestion in the letter had come as a surprise it was nothing to the surprise I got when I saw the river itself. Some miles below Luton we dropped down a by-lane into the river valley to find a perfect chalk stream meandering through water meadows, to all appearances as remote from any centre of commerce as a Hampshire brook. Though the reedbeds had encroached on what must once have been a substantial stream 30yds. across, the water had sufficient flow to keep a bright, gravelly shallow clear of their invasion, and though the day was too sunny for fish to be adventuring on the clear run, it was obvious that here was a place where any well-conditioned trout might select to dine when a declining sun veiled the bed of the river with its slanting rays.

I made the usual inquiry about the hatch of fly, and was assured that the fish behaved just as in the southern chalk streams: "as picksome as any Hampshire trout." A few minutes later, my host having departed downstream, I found myself looking eagerly for a rise in a typical chalk stream winding through typical water meadows. I use the term generically, for I doubt if the meadows had been "drowned" within the memory of living man—not of the younger generation anyway. The runnels had ceased to exist except as shallow depressions in the grass, which, incidentally, became annoyingly apparent as I hurried upstream in pursuit of a dabchick's "rise." The sluice gates had so embedded themselves in the banks that it took a careful inspection (while releasing a fly from a splinter) to distinguish them from sections of camp shedding.

About the middle of the might-have-been water meadow the stream took a sharp turn, forming one of those cross-cuts where the current, baffled by the corner, decides to change banks as it were; and in the run a trout was rising at regular half-minute intervals; one of those attractively easy casts which lures the angler into loosening his net even before the first throw is made. Had I paused to take a glance into the past, so to speak, instead of rushing on my fate, I should no doubt have studied the surface current with attention before launching an attack. As it was a Greenwell was cast from almost directly behind the fish and was promptly carried, gut and all, by an errant current across the nose of the fish, which as promptly went down.

And it was only when the rippling current ceased to register any sign of ring that I remembered I had been defeated countless times before by one of those deceitfully-easy places where one can stand almost directly behind one's fish. Probably it is that the gut is too easily seen. In this case it had been swept across the fish's nose, but even if one is sufficiently crafty to avoid that particular error, the chances, I find, of rising a fish under these apparently favourable circumstances are exceedingly small. If one casts slightly to the upstream side the errant current takes the fly across the tail of the fish, if on the downstream side it removes the fly a couple of feet to one side with a horrid drag caused by the turn of the current under one's own bank catching the gut.

A short excursion upstream produced a trout just sizeable which, however, was basketed in the hope that it might prove one half of the brace I had been brought there ostensibly to wangle. But a glance downstream showed that my former antagonist had recovered from its fright, and was again on the rise. Here, then, was a second chance. After some manœuvring, a position was found from which a fly could be cast to the fish at an angle, so that there was less chance of the gut being seen before the arrival of the fly. A tentative cast with the same Greenwell showed that it could be done, and done without putting the fish down. The question remained: what was this persistent feeder taking?

I do not know if other men suffer from the same disability, but I find it the most difficult thing in the world to see what a fish is taking. Generally I have to fall back on the deductive method, watch the surface near the bank to see what fly there is for it to take, study the grass blades for possible resting insects, and then by a process of trial and error arrive at a conclusion. At all events, I can generally find out what it is not taking. In this case the trout saved me a lot of trouble by rising and absorbing a light olive in full view. My offering of a new and lighter-coloured Greenwell, however, was treated with contempt, as was also, I regret to say, a gold-ribbed hare's ear, a rough olive, a tup, a blue upright, an iron blue, a red quill, an orange quill and a half-stone fished wet in the hope that the fish was taking an interest in the nymph as it rose to hatch. Yet the trout fed steadily, not always picking olives off the surface, but coming up with a persistency which suggested that it had found what it wanted, and had decided to reject all substitutes—natural or synthetic.

Approaching twilight found me with the original Greenwell again on my cast which had put down another trout rising in the dead water formed by the eddy below and east from the original stance directly behind my olive-feeding fish; and at that moment it rose again. Without moving I made the identical cast with which I had first scared the fish; the fly and gut swept gently across its nose and the trout rose and took the Greenwell as if it had been awaiting the chance all the evening.

On the morrow I made a post-mortem with a pleasant feeling of impending evidence which would support the view that nothing but an imitation of an olive would have caught that fish. It contained five freshwater lice, four shrimps, half-a-dozen snails, a worm, the remains of two small fish, one olive, and an assorted collection of half-digested larvæ of a very small size which I was unable to identify.



TROUT FISHING ON THE LEE
The reach here shown is a little below the water described in the article

SHOCKING TACTICS

By ROBERT HARTMAN

ONE way of enjoying a clear conscience is to divest it, every now and then, of the deposits of the past, and then to start again. What follows is a divestment, and it is written not so much for the benefit of the reader as for the purification of the writer.

Purism is an admirable quality. Indeed, a man who can look in the face a 3lb. trout, which has not risen for five years, and feel no temptation to throw it a worm or a Mills' bomb is something more than admirable; he is fit company for the hierarchy of angels. His strength lies not so much in his ability to resist temptation—after all, anyone can resist temptation by merely keeping away from the river—but in the fact that for him temptation does not exist, even when its tail is showing above the surface. How many years of abnegation and self-discipline must be served before this spiritual plane can be reached it is not for me to say; I am but starting my apprenticeship. It starts, in fact, at the beginning of the next paragraph.

I had been asked to fish a trout stream of unparalleled clarity and renown as the guest of a club of unparalleled purity and distinction. It was an honour of which I was justifiably proud, and I looked forward to the day with an impatience which was tempered only by thoughts of my



WADING IN THE KENT

In spite of the numbers of trout taken each season the Kent, controlled by an Association, still gives good sport

unworthiness to fish with men who knew none but the highest and driest angling principles, men to whom the word nymph meant no more than a picnic in the woods or perhaps a week-end at Deauville.

But the day when it came proved a disappointment, though it started well enough. Breakfast in the clubroom was eaten in waders. There were three of us, and the conversation ranged at will from the dark to the medium olive. The sun was shining through the window and on to the marmalade, striking fire within its golden depths; there were no papers and no letters; and the walls of the room were lined with magnificent stuffed specimens which seemed to say, "See how purism pays."

It was not until I had reached my allotted beat that I realised how unpropitious were the conditions. The sky was cloudless, the sun was doing its best to make the water boil, and not a sign of a fly was to be seen. I remember standing in the shade of a tree for an hour or so with eyes fixed on the water, and then saying "unpropitious" to myself as I moved on to explore the remainder of the beat. Eight hours later I was still saying "unpropitious," but I had caught a fish.

I found it in a narrow carrier which was hidden from sight between high banks of flowering reed. A suspicious movement in the water—it was not a rise—had warned me that here at last was a fish which was not asleep on the bottom, and a few minutes later I pulled it into the net. Very ungraciously it weighed 1lb. 15oz., and, do what I would, the spring balance refused to give me another ounce. That was my solitary success, indeed my only cast, of the day, and as evening advanced and thoughts of dinner supervened I walked through the meadows towards the clubhouse, keeping at a respectful distance from the water.

Imagine my surprise when, upon rounding a bend of the river, I saw one of the club members facing downstream. And not only was he facing downstream, he was fishing downstream! Sooner would I have believed that the river had started to flow the other way than that what I saw was true. But the river still flowed gently southwards, and across it the member's line stretched to sink beneath the surface, while he waggled the tip of his rod, and then repeated the hideous process. So absorbed was he in his task, so completely had Beelzebub, king of wet flies, claimed him for his own, that my presence was unnoticed. Had I stayed there longer I believe that I should have fainted; instead, I faded quietly away and rejoined the river after making a detour.

As though directed by the finger of fate, I struck the river again where it was being fished by the other member with whom I had breakfasted earlier in the day, and as I live this is true: he, too, was facing downstream! The back of his head, easily distinguishable from the front, was pointing to the north. You could, as the saying goes, have knocked me down with a feather; and that, in fact, was what the member did, for, in the back cast, his salmon fly passed so close to my ear that I fell over in avoiding it.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were there," he said, and with a quick flick of the wrist he cracked off the evidence of his shame. When I had regained my feet he was trying to push stout lake gut through the eye of an 000 female pale-watery spent spinner. But I knew him for what he was, a clay god with feet of mud, and silently I turned on my heel and made my way back to the clubhouse, looking neither to the right nor to the left, except just once when a water rat made a noise like a rise.

The three of us met again for dinner, and it so happened that the conversation turned to fishing and the day's lack of sport. "I wonder," said the first member, "what would happen if one fished this river with a wet fly?" "It couldn't be done," said the other. "You'd get hung up in the weeds all the time."

"Surely," I observed, "no one would want to fish so peerless a chalkstream with anything but a strict imitation of the natural floating fly. It would be sacrilege." And as I said the words my thoughts flew back to the little carrier hidden from view between high banks of flowering reed, and to the fly, a teal and green, with which I had caught the only fish of the day.

There. My conscience is now clear again.

THE PIKE

An Episode for Experts

A BOY of fourteen, having cycled many miles for a day's fishing, sat under a tree by a deep pool left by mining operations, happily watching a big float—rod balanced on a low crotch, he was comfortable in the knowledge that if a big perch took the immense worm he had impaled on an outsize hook, he could afford to take the advice of the collier friend who had lent him the tackle, and "give 'em plenty of time."

He had caught several small and one sizeable perch, and was lounging happily back munching a sandwich, when the float disappeared with such a rush that "giving him time" never arose, for the fish had obviously taken charge.

The rod was grabbed, the reel, old and rusty, such as wicked grown-ups lend to boys, wheezed and groaned as it unwillingly gave up line, and then—a moment's check, for all the short line was out. The top bent double for a split second; then all went loose—that tragic moment which every fisherman knows whether he be on the Evenlode or a canal in Staffordshire. The only redeeming feature was that the cast had broken just where a split shot had been bitten on, so that recriminations from the lender of the tackle were unlikely, as all that was lost was one perch hook. The farmer leaning over the gate diagnosed the trouble. "I doubt me," he said, "that one of they pike took your wum. A line like yorn wudden hold he."

It wudden.

The next time the boy approached that pit he was accompanied by a man whose walk, blue-scarred face and general mien proclaimed him a collier to every seeing eye—and the collier is a very Skues where pike are concerned. He even eats them. This time the pair had real tackle—a big long-handled net, a huge wooden reel full of heavy line, and a short stubby rod with a top length as thick as a hefty poker, not to mention a can of live bait. The barbarous business began by fastening a float of vast dimensions some 3in. above a fearsome triple hook, and a champagne cork 6ft. or 8ft. above that. Next a dace was taken from the can, and one hook of the triangle neatly slipped under its dorsal fin; a score or more yards of line were wound off the reel and coiled carefully clear of obstruction, and then the collier swung the whole affair into mid-pool with a neat underhand flick.

They both sat down to wait, the man in characteristic fashion on his heels, and the boy on a root, knees hugged to chin in watchful ecstasy. They did not have to wait long, for a fat dace was an unaccustomed delicacy in that pool, one minute the big float was poised, and the next it had disappeared. A restraining hand kept the boy down. "Let un swallow it," said the man; "three minutes by the watch." Sometimes both floats were on view gliding slowly across the pool, sometimes only the champagne cork. "Time," said the man, and gave a mighty heave at the rod, so that the line came out of the water like a long and feathery icicle.

Landing the pike did not take long. How would you like to pull against a line attached to a vicious hook embedded in your intestinal tract? The fish weighed 5lb. and to a boy used to perch of 6in. or less it appeared to be of sturgeon-like dimensions.

That was 40 years ago, and I have only taken pike by live baiting on two occasions since, and liked it less each time.

E. MOORE DARLING.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

BURGUNDY is the English name of a part of France which has been in turns a Duchy and a Province before it was cut up at the time of the French Revolution, in 1789, into a number of smaller *Départements*. Burgundy is also the name given to the wines made from grapes grown in the vineyards of Burgundy. There are red and white wines of Burgundy, mostly still wines, but some are sparkling.

Burgundy is not the name of a *type* of wine. It possesses a strictly geographical meaning, and it has no business to be used in connection with other wines than those of Burgundy. Unfortunately, there is no recognition of this fact by the law of England, and, in this country, anybody is free to call any wine by the name of Burgundy.

There are quite a number of well-meaning people in England who look upon port as a strictly teetotal drink, which must be a great encouragement to them to resist temptations to leave the ranks of the teetotallers. The same class of people, and a very large class they are, are convinced that any wine that bears the name of Burgundy must be of the deepest red, of great alcoholic strength, full of iron and fully blood-making; whatever vineyard or wine factory produces it is no concern of theirs. They drink it not for joy, but as a cure for anaemia. But there are others: there are people who love Burgundy, the real wines of Burgundian vineyards, because it has bouquet and body, flavour and charm which make fine wines worth far more than the money they cost to buy, provided the taste has been educated to a sufficiently cultured standard. To such people as these, the true wines of Burgundy are a great joy, not a medicine.

The wines of Burgundy are neither better nor worse than the red and white wines from other fine vineyards, but they are different, and the true lover of fine wine has as much affection for Bordeaux and Burgundy as if they were his son and daughter, different but both his own children.

WHITE BURGUNDIES.—The best known white wines, which come from vineyards once upon a time within the Province of Burgundy and now in the Department of the Yonne, are those of Chablis. They are light in colour, and they can be charming. But the best white wines of Burgundy are from vineyards of the Côte d'Or Department, first the Montrachet, many of the wines of the parishes of Meursault, Chassagne and Puligny. Farther south, in the Department of Saône et Loire, much white Burgundy is made, none better known than the wines of Pouilly and those of its twin parish, Fuissé.

RED BURGUNDIES.—There is ever so much more red wine than white made in Burgundy. The finest wines of all come from the northern half of the Côte d'Or Department, south of Dijon and north of Beaune. They are made from vineyards which cover the lower slopes of gentle hills which form what is known as the Côte de Nuits, vineyards of world-wide repute, such as Chambertin, Musigny, Richebourg, Romanée, Clos Vougeot, Nuits-St.-Georges and a number of others.

From Corton, in the north, to Santenay, in the south, at the southern limit of the Côte d'Or Department, there are more vineyards upon the slopes of what is known as the Côte de Beaune, and they produce even more wine than the vineyards of the Côte de Nuits, very fine wines, some of them, but very few quite up to the superlative quality of the others. It is from that part of the old Province of Burgundy that we get the red wines of Corton, Beaune, Pommard, Volnay, Chassagne and Santenay; wines which can be excellent, in good vintages. Farther south, from the vineyards of the Côte Chalonnaise and of the Côte Maconnaise, and still farther on, as we approach Lyons, from the vineyards of the Beaujolais hills, we are given a choice of cheap and exceedingly pleasant red wines.

The guarantee of authenticity—if of naught else—which the "Chateau-bottling" carries, in the case of clarets, is but rarely to be obtained in Burgundy. In the great majority of cases, one has to trust to one's own palate and the honesty of one's wine-merchant rather than the label on the bottle. But the fact that genuine Burgundy is so difficult to get makes the lover of it all the keener to find some.



All Our Yesterdays

"Good party last night, wasn't it?"

"Er — yes — I suppose so. Somehow I don't seem to remember things very clearly. I've got a vague recollection of somebody wearing a fez."

"Yes. That was you."

"Oh, I see. Tell me, Philip — do you remember me being dropped head downwards from a great height on to a concrete floor, by any chance?"

"Slight headache, eh?"

"Philip — I wish I had your flair for understatement. I feel as though I had lived on an exclusive diet of iron filings and broken glass for the last five years. What amazes me is that you seem to be so disgustingly cheerful and bright this morning."

"I know. It must be very exasperating. A gypsy warned me to stick to gin and lime at parties. So I always take the precaution of bringing my own bottle of Rose's Lime Juice. You may cock a sceptical eyebrow, Edwin — but it works."

"How?"

"Rose's Lime Juice is the latest thing in therapeutic agents. It restores the metabolic balance. In simple non-scientific parlance — suitable for a mind such as yours, Edwin — it prevents hangovers."

"Why in the name of Santa Claus didn't you tell me this last night?"

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of May 5th, 1888.

WHEAT Reserves of the United Kingdom. "There are few statistics and few estimates to indicate the wheat reserves of the United Kingdom. Probably on May 1st, 1888, some 8,000,000 quarters of wheat and flour might be reckoned as available. . . a quantity about sufficient for four months' frugal consumption, as nearly 26,000,000 are yearly required.

"Captain Warren's main argument (in a paper which he had read before the London Chamber of Commerce) was the opportunity commercially any one hostile power would possess to buy up the quantity of wheat on passage, and the secondary store abroad available for shipment. To safeguard such a position national granaries were recommended where a reserve sufficient for six months could be stored."

Recommendations to the M.C.C. of a sub-committee appointed to discuss the evergreen question of batsman versus bowler:

"(1) That the over shall consist of five balls. (2) That the bowler shall be allowed to change ends as often as he pleases, provided only that he does not bowl two overs consecutively in one innings."

IN THE SALEROOM

ON Thursday, May 12th, Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods are disposing of some interesting antiques, the property of the Right Hon. The Earl Beatty. They include porcelain, decorative furniture, textiles, tapestry, and Eastern carpets, and should be viewed by collectors as there are many pieces which should be obtainable at reasonable prices. Messrs. Sotheby and Co. are selling an extremely interesting collection of printed books on May 9th, 10th and 11th; these date from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, and include some rare works such as Bucer (Martin), *A Briefe treatise concerning the burnynge of Bucer and Phagius, at Cambridge, in tyme of Quene Mary*, 1562. To be sold on the same day, May 9th, is W. J. Grelot's *A Late Voyage to Constantinople, made English by J. Philips*, 1683; and first and other editions of Milton's works *Eikonoklastes* and *Paradise Lost*. Lots of particular interest to *Field* readers are 347 to 355, to be sold on May 10th, these being nine works of Izaak Walton including his *Compleat Angler*, *Life of Mr. Rich*, two *Lives of Donne*, *Wotton*, *Hooker*, *Herbert*, and the *Life of Dr. Sanderson*, first edition, 1678.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

ORNITHOLOGISTS from all over the world have gathered at Rouen for the ninth International Ornithological Congress, which opens on Monday. The congress is held every four years, the last being at Oxford in 1934. Many papers will be read and many subjects discussed, and among these subjects, I feel quite sure, will be that of the quail.

* * *

The diminution in numbers of quail has exercised ornithologists in this and other European countries for many years; many more years, indeed, than is generally supposed, for Montagu in 1802 was complaining, just as we are to-day, of the great decrease in the numbers of quail. So far as this country is concerned a sub-committee of the British section of the International Committee for Bird Preservation was set up in January, 1936, and as the result of their efforts the Quail Protection Bill became law in December of last year.

* * *

The quail, which is a diminutive sandy-buff partridge, winters in Africa and migrates northward to its breeding grounds in Europe. At least that is the information you will find in the books. But it has been believed in some quarters for some time that the quail nests in Egypt.

* * *

Since Admiral Lynes and the Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain visited Egypt in the spring of 1935 local interest in this question has been aroused. Up to that time all that could be said was that there were several authentic clutches of eggs in collections (the late Mr. Row being responsible for several taken during and immediately after the War). But many old inhabitants interested in the question had never heard of quail nesting, and enquiries among the fellahine and the netters almost always produced the reply that though it had been known to occur it was very rare.

* * *

Since that date a few clutches have been found and a few young birds have been reported by the netters. Now, owing to the kindness of a friend who is an authority on Egyptian birds, I am able to give some definite information (which has not been published before) about the nesting of quail in Egypt. This information is in the hands of Russell Pasha and Dr. Kadry, and no doubt a proper investigation into causes and numbers will be instituted.

* * *

Jennings Bramley Bey informed my friend that numbers of quail have nested this year in the crops at Mariant, and he has a number of quail chicks alive and thriving in captivity. He estimates the number of nests at one per acre, but he does not, unfortunately, give an idea of the area over which this nesting population extends. He does, however, give the following definite records (all for March 13th at Borg el Arab on the north coast west of Alexandria): one nest with twelve eggs and another with eleven, a nest containing the shells of eleven eggs, a nest with six young, and a hen with three young just able to fly.

* * *

Well, that is definite enough. More interesting, I think, than the records are the reasons—if a mere man can ever interpret correctly avian actions. I confess that I personally have no constructive ideas on the subject. I am quite ignorant on the subject of quail, since I have never seen a quail's nest and only once seen a quail, and that was in Hampshire. But my friend, who does know local conditions and does know the quail, gives credit to the weather.

* * *

Exceptionally heavy rainfalls occurred in Egypt this autumn and winter and especially on the north coast, with consequent luxuriance of the barley crops and wild flora. Combined with this has been a late spring. He thinks, therefore, that a combination of a late spring, good crops, and an absence of hot winds from the south (as has been the case this year) induces quail to nest before (or rather, surely, without) migrating. It is, of course, well known that they are paired, as a rule, before leaving Egypt even in normal years.

* * *

Of one thing I am quite certain: we do not as yet know very much about the effect of weather on birds and bird movements, even though we are beginning to learn something of the movements themselves. But whatever the reason the fact that quail do nest—and in considerable numbers—without leaving Egypt is a point of very great importance to ornithologists generally.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHEEP TICK

SIR,—I have read the article on "The Tick Menace in Sheep" with great interest. The facts as stated are exactly as I have found them, although in a very small way, here.

The only hirsel where the sheep tick is to be found on the Duke of Portland's grazings at Langwell is on Borgue Ousdale, where the bracken grows very thick and strong, and also along the banks of the Ousdale burn, where the birch trees grow. The sheep tick makes its appearance here each spring, and by dipping the sheep regularly and in proper season the tick has been kept under, and no damage has been done by them for years.

The sheep are all dipped four times a year, whereas the compulsory dipping regulations issued by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland are only two dippings during the year, namely, August and November.

The sheep here are dipped first in April, and then in June, with anti-tick dip, which kills the tick at this season. Again in August and November with a winter dip, which keeps the skin clean and free from vermin, and helps the growth of wool.

The "anti-tick" dip used during April and June is the "Derris" dip mixture, which is poisonous and has to be carefully handled. I find that lambs about a month old are more apt to be attacked by the tick than older sheep. The tick generally fixes on the neck of the lamb, and if not checked carries on until the affected parts become a cluster of sores.

I have never seen any signs of the tick on the sheep at the Wagg or Braemore, so I am of the opinion that the bracken and birch wood at Ousdale are the causes of the tick appearing there.

During the stalking season ticks are found on both stags and hinds. This year I caused rabbits to be examined as they were brought in by the trappers to ascertain to what extent they might be affected by the tick. There was no appearance of tick on the rabbits. On the other hand, when we were heather burning on Carterfield about the middle of March this year, we shot a hare which, when examined, was found to be partly covered with ticks. We came to the conclusion that this hare must have come from a distance, as there were no hares seen on Carterfield this winter.

I think there is no doubt that when the sheep get badly infected with ticks, this causes the disease known as "Louping-ill." The tick is apparently doing more damage to sheep stock, where a large area of bracken exists on the grazings.

I have for several years dressed the cattle at Langwell and Ousdale with a "Derris" dip for the prevention of warbles, which has proved quite effective, and allows the stock to graze more peacefully. When dressing the stock, I dress them, the legs below the knee, as I understand the insect crawls up the leg to reach the body, and then settles on the animal's back, where it causes much pain and discomfort, and the animal cannot reach it.

Yours faithfully,

Portland Estate Office, Berriedale, R.S.O., Caithness. GEORGE KING.

A BATTLE OF ROWING STYLES

SIR,—I read Mr. Tomlin's article on the Boat Race and its "wider issues" with great interest, but, while I feel some diffidence in challenging the statements of a first-class oarsman, I think he has overlooked one or two facts.

In the first place, Mr. Fairbairn never told anyone to row a short stroke with no body-swing, and if that is how Cambridge rowed they were not truly representative of the new style. Mr. Fairbairn aims at a combination of body and legs without stiffness, "shoulder-catching" or excessive length at the expense of "life." This was achieved by the Pembroke Stewards' four and, I gather, by the Zürich eight, and the orthodox brigade promptly claimed these crews as their own disciples.

Secondly, Mr. Tomlin implies that there was never a battle of styles in the 'Varsity race before 1938. The fact surely is that there has not been an orthodox Cambridge crew since 1933. Although the great 1934 crew rowed on fixed pins and were coached by Mr. Haig-Thomas, no one ever called them orthodox. Right up to the day of the race the critics, while admitting their phenomenal speed, accused them of being slow into the water, rushing their slides and various other sins.

A complete Fairbairn triumph was seen in 1935, Mr. Tomlin's own year, when Cambridge went over to swivels and had Pembroke and Tideway coaches. Oxford were very heavy and strong, and the critics were at least as confident of a Dark Blue victory as they were this year. Cambridge were small and light and considered below standard.

The weather conditions for the race were Oxford's, but Cambridge sailed through the head wind and rough water to gain one of the easiest wins in Boat Race history. The following year the race was won by a protracted spurt at 38 on the outside of the Surrey bend, an effort for which no orthodox crew would have the necessary flexibility.

Another point which those of the old school conveniently forget is that swivel rowlocks, used by the last two Oxford crews, were for years as fiercely condemned as the other features of the new style.

The future will tell us if Mr. Tomlin's faith in orthodoxy is justified. We must, I suppose, expect the Oxford college crews to race away from their Cambridge rivals at Henley this summer; but, somehow, I do not think they will!

Yours faithfully,

Burton Road, Derby. B. T. C. HARRISON.

SHOOTING IN HUNGARY

SIR,—I have read the article by P. R. G., "A Partridge Shoot in Hungary," which interested me very much, as I am a Hungarian. I am very glad to see your statement at the end of this article, as it otherwise would throw a bad light on shooting in Hungary and would keep other sportsmen from going there to enjoy partridge shooting.

I, myself, have a shoot in Western Hungary, which district, at the time being, is perhaps the best in the country. I have also shot in many different places in the country, and have much experience, so a few hints would, perhaps, be welcome to the English sportsman who wishes to shoot partridges there.

I was struck by the amazingly low result published in the above-mentioned article. It is certain that the last season was the very worst there for all game, owing to the exceptionally heavy rainfall in spring and early summer. This low result, however, cannot be put down to weather alone. The shoot must have taken place in Western Hungary (four hours' drive from Vienna), and there were too many partridges even last season on the average shoot to justify such a bad bag. It cannot be traced to the lack of skill in shooting either, as there are two-and-a-half cartridges to one bird shot, which might be taken as the average on a partridge shoot. It may very likely be due to the unfavourable weather when the shooting took place, but may, perhaps, also result from the fault of the Hungarian agencies, who sometimes do not choose the shoot very conscientiously, and usually over-estimate the bag obtainable, as they usually estimate what a party consisting of first-class shots may accomplish.

Then the method of shooting also influences the bag enormously. It is certain, that on the average, about half of the bag can be obtained by driving, as if the method adopted is walking-up. This has its explanation in the usually long strip maize-fields, which are difficult to drive, as the birds mostly run, and all get up in the very end in one pack or fly back over the beaters. Then, naturally, it requires more skill in shooting to hit driven partridges well. The usual method in Hungary is to walk the birds up, preferably against the wind, and it can give very good sport, getting many birds swerving back with the wind over the other guns, and, besides, it yields bigger bags. When walking up, you always try to drive the birds into a field suitable to be driven (if it is square or very big), which can be easily done. There are then many birds in it, and if they are driven over trees they will give excellent sport.

I can only advise that the method of shooting should be specified when asking for the bag obtainable. If the bag is not guaranteed no claim can be made if a lower result is obtained, as it is usually not the fault of the owner of the shoot, who naturally makes a bad business. But it may be the fault of the agencies, who over-estimate the stock. It is therefore advisable to have the obtainable bag guaranteed.

The time of the shooting also causes considerable difference in the bag. Hungarian partridges, unlike English ones, are fully grown by the middle of August, and will fly just as well as in September. But far more birds can be shot in August, as the maize—the main cover—is then still green, whereas it dries in September, causing a loud noise when the beaters walk in it; the undergrowth is reduced in September and consequently the birds run in front of the line and get up at the end of the field, usually out of shot. So it is more advisable to shoot them in the second part of August. The bag will be much better and the sport just as good. Usually it is not too warm then, anyhow not worse than a usual summer weather in England.

May I say in conclusion that there are very many shoots in Hungary where an average shot can get about 30 brace daily for his own gun, in favourable conditions; even 50 brace or more, provided he uses two guns. I should also like to add that there are no political troubles whatever in Hungary to keep people from going there and enjoying good sport for comparatively little money.

I should be glad to help anyone who wishes to shoot in Hungary if he would let me know.

Yours faithfully,

74, Oxford Terrace, London, W. 2. E. STUDINKA.

NATIONAL DEFENCE OF OUR SCENERY

SIR,—The spoliation of England has often, and seemingly in vain, been called bad taste, bad morality and bad citizenship. Now it looks as if it may turn out to be downright bad business as well.

Fifty years ago there was no money in scenery unless it could be felled, ploughed, mined, dammed or blasted. Even the builder preferred a nice flat dull plot to develop. But the amazing post-War growth of the tourist industry has revealed—only just in time—that the most profitable way of exploiting scenery is to leave it unspoiled. And since the tourist traffic may be worth £50,000,000 annually to a hospitable country, it is not surprising that many European nations, anxious to balance a sadly tilted Budget, not only offer the visitor 9d. for 4d. by means of travellers' cheque books, but vigorously advertise their mountains, lakes, forests and monuments in an almost blatant parade of their seductive powers. England, as usual, lags behind—or ogles more demurely. But, unfortunately, she does not merely sit resigned like Cinderella while others like Jezebel paint their faces and look out of sumptuous windows in Regent Street and the Haymarket. No, England does her best to appear as hideously unattractive as possible, to destroy what other countries proudly display and jealously preserve. For instance, in Germany, surely the least sentimental of present-day European countries, every ancient building, whether palace or cottage, is protected by the State as a national asset. Brunswick boasts of its 800 medieval houses, photographs them for leaflets and guide-books, and shows them to the visitor as something he would have to come to Germany to see, whereas we in England tear such marvels down and put up some garish cinema or chain-store in their place. These German half-timbered houses are no lifeless museum specimens, held together by iron straps, declared unfit for human habitation, and preserved only by some doting antiquarian in profitless vacancy. They are part of the national existence, kept in excellent repair, bright with fresh paint, and obviously inhabited by people who take a pride in their heritage. Why are we, in comparison, so lamentably uncivilised in our local feeling and our Government action?

The result of our indifference or Philistinism is costing us millions yearly, because not only do foreigners shun our devastated country, but our own people go abroad in search of the beauty, the quiet, the history and romance that are vanishing from our islands. One day we shall suddenly realise that we have nothing left to show the visitor, nothing that he could not see in Detroit or Fray Bentos, and that we look derelict, characterless and despoiled. Already the *National Trust News* for March, 1938, quotes from a letter sent by two subscribers: "As England seems to be so considerably spoilt to-day we have both decided not to holiday here in future, but to go abroad instead."

Let our politicians and our electorate, and even our hardest-headed industrialists, take timely warning. Our national revenue cannot afford to lose the £50,000,000 that foreign tourists are estimated to spend yearly over here, still less the uncalculated greater sum which our own people will take abroad with them when they can no longer bear to pass their holidays in Britain. This argument, at least, is not the plaint of sentimentality preoccupied with regrets for yesterday—which is the only interpretation some people can put upon resistance to vandalism. This is an affair of hard cash, and, as such, may appeal to those interests which are deaf to all else.

And the remedy? Protest and agitation seem powerless. The Press is full of indignant letters, and whole books are published daily in defence of country landscapes. There are some who demand a Ministry of Amenities, forgetting that all the wisdom, goodwill and experience which such a Ministry would need already exist in the persons of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. That is the body which should be entrusted with the task. Only it lacks funds and powers. The quickest way to implement the defence of our scenery would be to endow the C.P.R.E. with an income of about £250,000 a year—which could be raised by a tax of only ½ per cent. on the tourist traffic. Such a tax has been levied in France for a long time, and does not appear to have done the tourist industry any harm. We might well copy the idea and apply the revenue to saving the source of the income.

Yours faithfully,

London, N.W. R. A. FIDDINGTON.



"REQUIRES ONLY A TABLE NAPKIN UNDER ITS WING"
(See letter "Ringed Plover")

BEDALE POINT-TO-POINT

SIR,—Your editorial comment on the Bedale Point-to-Point will be very interesting to all those who, like myself, attempted to jump the course.

As you say, we are all at liberty to refrain from riding, but the Point-to-Point season is so short that we are prone to take risks which we should not do if there were more opportunities to ride.

I think the question that is worrying most of us is how is it possible for such fences to be passed as satisfactory by the National Hunt, who are in charge. The first three fences, which were the only ones that many of us got over, were solid and immovable, the birch was standing out against the horse instead of sloping away, and the rails at the back were right up to the tops. Any horse which so much as touched them was brought down.

There was also the additional difficulty that the hoof marks made last year in the heavy going were still there, and horses had trouble in keeping their feet. We certainly went rather fast in the first race, but there were so many runners that most of us wished to get away out of trouble. The theory that the hard going was the cause of the débâcle is amply disproved by the results at Hurworth, where only about four horses fell at the meeting.

I hope that this letter will not be taken as attaching any blame whatsoever to the Bedale Point-to-Point Executive, who are always exceptionally anxious to do everything for the benefit of competitors at their meeting.

Yours faithfully,
Darlington. A. J. LASCELLES.

THE "GREEN FLASH"

SIR,—Your Cornish correspondent, Mr. Ernest Heath, may be interested to know that it is not necessary to be on the coast in order to see the "Green Ray"; it may be seen over hills provided that they are sufficiently far off, say 10 or 20 miles (the distance probably depends on how high the observer is). Furthermore, it may be seen at sunrise, for I once saw it at 7.50 a.m. The essential point is a perfectly clear sky where the sun sets (or rises).

This brilliant "Green Ray" is undoubtedly due to refraction; as the sun goes below the horizon, the last ray of white light has to pass through a very large amount of the earth's atmosphere and is refracted: the violet, indigo and blue disappear first without being noticed, the green which lasts about one-tenth of a second follows, and I sometimes imagine I see a yellow after that—the red does not show.

Yours faithfully,
Carmarthen. J. F. THOMAS.

SIR,—This phenomenon can be seen anywhere where there is a clear view of the sunrise or sunset, and there is no haze. The difficulty at sunrise is to be looking at the exact spot where the edge of the sun will first appear. A calm sea is the ideal horizon in either case, and the flash is much more frequently seen in the tropics because the sun rises and sets much more perpendicularly there. It has been seen twice on the same evening—once when the sun went down behind a low bank of cloud and again when the sun came out below the cloud and "set in the sea."

The effect depends on the different refractibility of the rays of light. The red and yellow rays being the least refracted disappear first; the green, blue and violet rays, being the most refracted, are seen last; and blue and violet being comparatively weak are swamped, so to speak, by the brilliance of the green, and consequently the flash is of that colour.

The important conditions are a clear atmosphere on the horizon and a sharp edge to cloud or sea.

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, Truro. C. NICHOLSON.

RINGED PLOVER

SIR,—"B. V.-F." in his always interesting "Naturalist's Notebook," recently described some observations of the ringed plover and its habits. Most people familiar with this charming species will agree about its "passion for decoration" at the nest, but as "B. V.-F." observes, these birds have no liking for uniformity. In my experience, clutches of eggs placed in mere depressions in the ground, without any attempt at nest-making, are not uncommon. It has struck me that these undecorated homes are usually found late in the season, when the birds, presumably, are in a hurry and have not time for elaborate architecture. I enclose a photograph taken last August showing one of these bare nests. I think the picture further illustrates "B. V.-F.'s" apt description that the ringed plover reminds him of a "fat, middle-aged waiter."

One feels that the bird in the photograph requires only a table napkin under its wing!

Yours faithfully,
Orrest Foot, Windermere. M. S. W.

GROUSE AND GRIT

SIR,—I have often wondered if there is anything approaching a uniformity of the quantity of grit in the gizzard of each grouse. One would imagine that in adult birds the number of particles of grit necessary to keep the gizzard in a healthy, active condition would need to be about the same. I have dissected the gizzard of half-a-dozen grouse shot on three separate districts in Kintyre—two from each moor—and I have found a remarkable disparity in the contents of the gizzards as the following table will show:

No. 1 ..	1,000 grains	No. 4 ..	400 grains
„ 2 ..	921 „	„ 5 ..	375 „
„ 3 ..	493 „	„ 6 ..	500 „

In this connection it is interesting to note that the district numbers 1 and 2 were sprayed with artificial grit, which probably accounts for the difference in the number of grains. It is further of great importance to record that the birds on the sprayed moor were more numerous and in better condition last year than were the birds on the unsprayed districts. They were also entirely free from disease. The increase of birds on this estate, plus their immunity from the lethal action of the strongylose parasite, are not, to my mind, a mere coincidence; probably some other factor may have contributed to protect the stock, but my candid opinion is that the health and increase of the grouse population in this area were mainly due to the birds having a plentiful supply of serviceable grit.

Yours faithfully,
Campbeltown. N. MORRISON.

SHOOTING PIGEONS IN JULY

SIR,—I should like to endorse Mr. Fowler's protest. I suggest that there is a distinction between killing vermin and shooting birds for pleasure during the nesting season.

The attempt to salve one's conscience for the cruelty of the latter, by pretending that one is doing the former seems to me rather unpleasant.

Yours faithfully,
Dalskairth, Dumfries. V. R. BALFOUR-BROWNE.

USES FOR OLD BEDSTEADS

SIR,—Everyone has seen one or two old bedsteads used to stop gaps in hedges, but the accompanying snapshot suggests that such discarded furniture is sometimes deliberately collected. In one place, 25 bedstead ends have been put together to make a fence, while in another, twelve are employed to form a small stack yard. Some are iron, others are brass, the latter being now a pleasant blue-green with verdigris. When such numbers were obtained, I do not know; possibly troops were quartered in the locality during the War, or conceivably the bedsteads were bought as cheap hurdles from a scrap metal dealer. It was revealed at the Oxford Farming Conference a few weeks ago that a certain farmer, having found the commercial haymaking tripods too costly, had made some for himself—for 9d. each—from old bedsteads bought from a scrap merchant. Such ingenuity and resource as that deserve nothing but praise; yet it must be admitted that last year, when the value of scrap metal rose, some of us hoped that many old bedsteads would vanish from the hedges which they disfigure.

Yours faithfully,
Oxford. J. W.



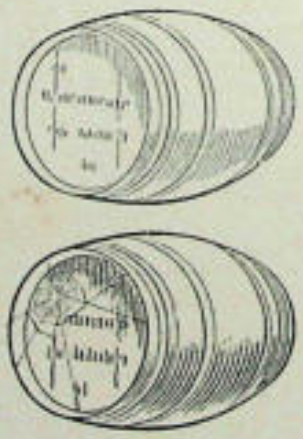
A DORMITORY IN A FIELD
(See letter "Uses for Old Bedsteads")

JOHNNIE WALKER

has waited a very long time for you

getting better

and better all the time



But *you* don't have to wait for your JOHNNIE WALKER

—Look for the famous square bottle and ask for Johnnie Walker by name



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PHOTOGRAPHING THE LESSER REDPOLL

SIR,—Either for good sport or as an exasperating test of patience let me recommend to your readers who may be so inclined to try photography of a winter flock of lesser redpolls.

Consider that they are seldom still for more than a few consecutive seconds, flying off at a tangent for no apparent reason. Lively, elusive, impulsive, irresponsible and mercurial are but a few of the adjectives that can be fairly applied to them. But the one chink in their armour is a charming disregard for man's presence.

Having found the necessary band of itinerant dancers one must locate a feeding ground that they appear to specially favour. Then "freeze" as inconspicuously as you can near by. If lucky and hopeful enough you may get just that outside chance of a snapshot which may show a return for the time spent at the game.

I send you a photograph, taken on March 17th, of members of a flock of a dozen birds which at least can be identified as redpolls.

Yours faithfully,

Harleston, Norfolk. F. N. H. MAIDMENT.

EARLY PAINTED LADY

SIR,—I have to report seeing on Monday, March 28th, near Hungerford, a Painted Lady butterfly. My view of it was of necessity brief, since I was on my way to the station, but was sufficiently clear to enable me to identify it. It appeared to be somewhat worn but may have been an early immigrant.

I am told by a responsible entomologist that the Painted Lady is not known usually to hibernate, or, if so, to survive the winter. Perhaps, therefore, its occurrence at such an early date is worthy of note. The indications were of a successful wintering.

Yours faithfully,

65, Warwick Square, S.W. 1. HUGH FARMER.

EARLY SNAKES

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. E. Johnson, mentions that he saw a grass snake on March 1st. On February 28th I saw a large adder basking in the sun in a coppice between Porlock and Minehead. My earliest date for an adder previously is March 14th (1924). I may add that my latest date for an adder is November 9th (1924), on a common near Weybridge.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

SIR,—One of your readers writes concerning an early grass snake seen on March 1st. It may interest you to know that I saw one on January 4th in the Ombersley Woods. It was lying on some dead grass and was very lively, and was seen by two other people with me. This is the earliest I have seen one.

Yours faithfully,

Keeper's Cottage, Seaton Lane, Ombersley, Worcestershire. G. MOORE.

THE HORN OF ULF

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of York Minster's most treasured possessions—the Horn of Ulf. It was given to the Minster about 900 years ago as the title deed to extensive property in East Yorkshire. As the Minster still derives part of its revenue from this source, one might well ask, "Who was Ulf?"

He was a Danish earl and brother-in-law of Canute. His three sons, apparently, had quarrelled ceaselessly as to which should succeed their father. Finally, the old chieftain settled the dispute by deciding to give all his possessions to the Church. Accordingly, he journeyed to York Minster and filling his largest drinking horn with wine, drank the whole contents at one draught (so it is said) and then placed the horn on the high altar as a legal conveyance of the "Land of Ulf."

The horn is 29½in. long on the outside curve and measures 5in. across the mouth. It is made of ivory, and is carved with Eastern devices which suggest that it was probably 1,000 years old in Ulf's day!

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. R. WOOD.

"GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES"

SIR,—With reference to the letter under this heading, we suffered from the same visitation about five years ago.

The whole household was awakened many times in the night by a very penetrating, high-pitched shriek repeated three or four times at intervals of about half-an-hour; this did not appear to come from any particular point. The next night nothing occurred; the night after we caught the offender red-handed; he was immediately deported. It was a large hedgehog which we had introduced into our enclosed garden a few days previously.

After searching several books on the subject we found a book which stated "that a hedgehog if separated from its mate or obstructed sometimes utters a cry of peculiar cadence."

We may state that this hedgehog could have been heard over 100yds. away. We do not wish to hear it again.

Yours faithfully,

73, Annandale Avenue, Bognor Regis. G. A. HARRIES.

SIR,—A few years ago I was walking home through this village about midnight after dining with friends when suddenly, and close to me, the most unearthly screams, crescendo and diminuendo, simply terrified me. Concluding that a woman was being murdered, I hurried along to knock up the village policeman, but as these terrible moans and shrieks became much worse it soon occurred to me that no human being would take so much killing, and that some animal must be really responsible.

A very knowledgeable sporting farmer told me the next day that there could be no doubt about it being a vixen. The puzzling thing to me is that dog foxes calling at night are well known, while this uncanny yelling seems to be exceedingly rarely heard.

Yours faithfully,

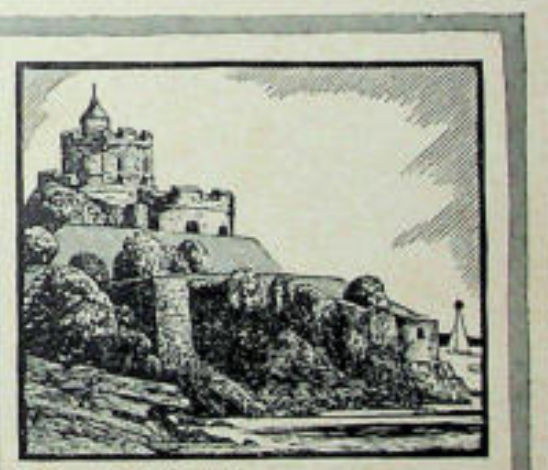
Bibury, Glos. A. SEVERN.



"THE ONE CHINK IN THEIR ARMOUR IS A CHARMING DISREGARD FOR MAN'S PRESENCE"
(See letter "Photographing the Lesser Redpoll")



A HORN TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD
(See letter "The Horn of Ulf")



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T.T. 1068

THE LAND AND THE NATION

SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence under the above title; however, I consider that it is equally important to obtain practical ideas on how to increase "the store of food in this island in case of war."

To me the matter should be looked at in a similar way as when troops went to the front line with "iron rations for a siege."

As our land will never supply all the food that we require, I consider crops should only be grown which are mostly perishable; wheat, for instance, should not be grown because this article of food can be stored for a year from countries producing "hard wheat"; this acreage would make a valuable increase in some food which is not an "iron ration." Every article of food which could be stored for a length of time, canned goods, &c., should be imported at once in vastly increased quantities.

Yours faithfully,
F. K. LOCK.

Grattans,
Bow, Devon.

TIT FEEDERS

SIR,—Your article and illustration of a device to feed tits is excellent, but one point has been omitted. It is fatal to hang any device for feeding tits with fat in a spot where the sun can shine upon it, as I know to my cost. Drops of fat do not adorn anything. Mortimer Batten's wooden bell feeder does not become so hot as a tin lid—but all are apt to become greasy and moist if the rays of the sun shine on them. It is a point worth mentioning.

Yours faithfully,
MADELEINE STEWART.

The Ladies' Caledonian Club,
13/14, Charlotte Square,
Edinburgh 2.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Birds marked * have already been reported in this column.

*CHIFFCHAFF.—April 17th, Norwich, Norfolk (H. F. G. Irwin).

*WILLOW WARBLER.—April 26th, Norwich, Norfolk (H. F. G. Irwin).

*CUCKOO.—April 20th, Bideford, Devonshire (E. C. Hope Hall). 24th, Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. Hardy). 26th, Rockcliffe, Cumberland (B. R. Perry).

*WRYNECK.—April 26th, Scraptoft, Leicestershire (J. G. R. Billington).



THE GRASSHOPPER WARBLER

*SWALLOW.—April 20th, Rockcliffe, Cumberland (B. R. Perry). 23th, Hans Green, Kent (James Justice).

*BLACKCAP.—April 27th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman).

*GARDEN WARBLER.—April 27th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman); Cadnam, Hampshire (M. O'Leary). 28th, Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham); Barton-on-Sea, Hampshire (J. J. A. Delius). 29th, Little Common, Sussex (Celia Raftery). 30th, Rye, Sussex (Mary Haik). May 1st, Fleet, Hampshire (J. A. Carr); Virginia Water, Surrey (A. Seeley).

*REDSTART.—April 24th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman).

*COMMON SANDPIPER.—April 24th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 29th, King's Weir, Oxford (John Adams). 29th, Droxford, Hampshire (J. Clark).

*NIGHTINGALE.—April 24th, Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. Hardy). 27th, Thorpeness, Suffolk (J. M. Gimson). 28th, Open Brasenose, Oxford (John Adams).

*GRASSHOPPER WARBLER.—April 26th, Burley, Hampshire (M. O'Leary, Mary Marsham). 27th, Richmond Park, Surrey (Cora Pawle). 28th, Thorpeness, Suffolk (J. M. Gimson); Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 29th, Amberley, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody); Petersfield, Hampshire (M. Glen, Mary Davy). 30th, Midhurst, Sussex (Elizabeth Longman). May 1st, Brackley, Northamptonshire (Mabel Duncan); Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire (J. A. W. Thomson); Weedon, Northamptonshire (R. A. Bullock).

*WHITETHROAT.—April 22nd, Camberley, Surrey (C. F. Capper).

*LESSER WHITETHROAT.—April 28th, Lechhampton, Gloucestershire (J. M. Hennessey).

*SEDGE WARBLER.—April 26th, Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham). 27th, Highland Water, Hampshire (M. O'Leary). 28th, Buckler's Hard, Hampshire (M. Montagu). 29th Amberley, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody); Hamble, Sussex (T. Thomas); Littlehampton, Sussex (J. C. Long); Felpham, Sussex (T. Hewetson); Guildford, Surrey (R. M. Jameson). May 1st, Thrapston, Northamptonshire (Jane Whatcher).

REED WARBLER.—April 27th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 28th, Burley, Hampshire (M. O'Leary); Holmsley Enclosure, Hampshire (Mary Marsham); Brockenhurst, Hampshire (M. Montagu). May 1st, Petersfield, Hampshire (Elizabeth Longman); Etchingham, Sussex (D. Cooke); Bodiam, Sussex (Mary Haik).

WOOD WARBLER.—April 30th, Oakleigh Enclosure, Hampshire (M. O'Leary). May 1st, Hen Wood, Oxfordshire (John Adams); Box Hill, Surrey (Cora Pawle).

SWIFT.—April 25th, Ringwood, Hampshire (Mary Marsham). 26th, Lyndhurst, Hampshire (M. O'Leary); Brighton, Sussex (C. Leach); Dover, Kent (H. Jennings Batchelor); Witney-on-Wye, Hereford (L. G. Collett); Burrington, Wiltshire (Mary Butler Stoney); Weymouth, Dorset (W. Gatehouse); King's Somborne, Hampshire (R. H. C. Baker). 27th, Petersfield, Hampshire (Elizabeth Longman, Gloria Bowman, Kathleen Ferguson, J. O'Connell, A. L. Abbey, M. Glen); Coombe Bissett, Wiltshire (Charles Urquhart); Tiverton, Devonshire (C. L. Foster); Hindhead, Surrey (H. A. Smith); Selsdurst, Surrey (Mary Rose). 29th, Wimsford, Somerset (Ann Le Bas). 30th, Wembley, London, N.W. (C. D. Young); Hampstead, N.W. (J. Sims, D. Hall, R. A. Colquhoun). May 1st, Mill Hill, Middlesex (J. Young); Edgware, Middlesex (N. C. D. Bennett).

TURTLE DOVE.—April 25th, New Milton, Hampshire (Miss A. L. S. Coulthard). 27th, King's Somborne, Hampshire (R. H. C. Baker); Burnhams, Buckinghamshire (Mrs. H. McKenna). 28th, Romsey, Hampshire (J. Baker); Picket Post, Hampshire (M. O'Leary); Linford, Hampshire (Mary Marsham). 30th, Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman, D. K. Harris); Horsham, Sussex (J. Gordon Daglish). May 1st, Henley-on-Thames, Buckinghamshire (J. Crosse-Mallett).

WHEATEAR.—April 24th, Rockcliffe, Cumberland (B. R. Perry).

HOBBY.—April 18th, Hans Green, Kent (James Justice).

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—We plead the case of two very poor gentlewomen, an aunt of 90 years old, and a niece of nearly 70. Owing to her great age the elder lady, though full of fortitude, is very frail and needs many little comforts, which she had in her happier days, but now can no longer afford, as she has only her Old Age Pension and a very small charitable grant. The niece is now too old to work, and has exhausted all her savings in helping her aunt, to whom she is devoted. Please send us £10 to help these two gentlewomen in the evening of their days.

"Sweet when the morn is grey"

C. S. Calverley



When the interests of bonhomie do not altogether coincide with those of wisdom, the morning after is likely to be a trifle grey.

It is then that the wise man reaches for his ENO's—adds a generous dash to half a tumbler of water and drinks it down. How refreshingly it tingles on the palate! How speedily it clears the head! How efficiently it cleanses and sweetens the system!

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IN THE CITY

THE Budget, as was to be expected in the circumstances, contained the now customary bitter pill, but stock markets, after a short-lived setback, reacted favourably, and prices have advanced in several sections. It is felt that by increasing the rate of income tax to 5/6 in the pound, and adding further to the taxes on tea, petrol and oil, the Chancellor has spread the burden of re-armament fairly and with a minimum of discomfort and uncertainty over industry and individuals. In welcome contrast to the circumstances of this time last year, it is possible to calculate yields and prospects in the normal way.

One concession, an increase in the allowance for wear and tear of plant and machinery, will come as a pleasant surprise to those concerns in the heavy industries, a large part of whose capital is invested in such fixtures.

Fixed interest-bearing stocks, such as preference shares and debentures, may, over a period, fall to levels at which the yield obtainable will counteract the increased deduction for income tax, and there is no doubt that investors who find that their expenditure is usually well up to their income will be looking for rather higher yields. Meanwhile, the political outlook in Europe is somewhat improved for the time being, but on the other hand the slump in America continues, and it is not clear that recession in this country can yet be checked. Investors should therefore continue to keep a fair proportion of their funds in short-dated gilt-edged securities, but, with the Budget out of the way, closer consideration may now be given to the merits of ordinary shares in companies which will continue to benefit by the heavy Government expenditure, and which are likely to derive increased profits from the inflationary forces at work in so many countries to-day.

Among such companies oil and gold shares are outstanding. Oil is a commodity which will be used in greater quantities year by year, even should industrial activity decline further. The small increase in the tax on petrol is unlikely to affect consumption by individuals at all seriously and any falling off in this respect will be more than counteracted by the army mechanisation and air force expansion programmes taking place in Europe to-day.

In the case of gold the price is now steady at around £7 an ounce and while there is the possibility that the price will rise, there is little danger of another gold scare, at least until the congressional elections in the United States have been held next winter.

GOLD COAST SELECTION TRUST, LTD.

In November this company entered the list of dividend payers with an interim dividend of 10 per cent. tax free in respect of the year ended March, 1938, and shareholders can reasonably hope to receive increasing returns over the next few years. The company was formed in 1928 to acquire, develop and float gold-mining properties in the Gold Coast Colony. In addition to its own large properties in the area the company now has substantial shareholdings in various other gold-mining concerns, amongst which may be mentioned Amalgamated Banket Areas, Ltd., Ariston Gold Mines (1929), Ltd., and Marlu Gold Mining Areas, Ltd. All of these companies are in the early stages of production, and they should prove to be increasingly valuable investments.

Gold Coast Selection Trust, Ltd., has a capital of £750,000 in 5/- shares, and in view of the probability of a further dividend this year the 5/- shares appear to offer scope for capital appreciation at their present price of 26/-.

Next week's article will give particulars of some of the leading investments in the oil market.

PACTOLUS II.

STARLINGS AT THE ZOO

We are very used to the starling here in London, and have come to regard him as something of a nuisance, and an ugly fellow withal. Actually—free from London's dirt—he is a very handsome bird and a working member of a very handsome family. If you do not think so, go and look at the starlings and mynahs in the London Zoo, now perhaps at their best and most of them busy with thoughts of nesting or duties of nesting. Some, particularly the green, glossy starling from North-East Africa, and the purple-headed glossy from West Africa, are exquisite; some are very rare, as, for instance, the bald-headed starling from the Philippines, who is an ugly fellow, and the Chinese starling, who is handsome if not beautiful. The starlings, like our English one, are mostly good mimics, but the mynahs are infinitely more amusing. The Nepal Hill mynahs talk really well, and always draw a large crowd; while the Chinese mynahs, although not so chatty, are very clever mimics. Unfortunately the mynahs are more fond of eating than talking, and sometimes one has to wait a long time before they will indulge in conversation.



AT THE SAVOY HOTEL LONDON

After All—

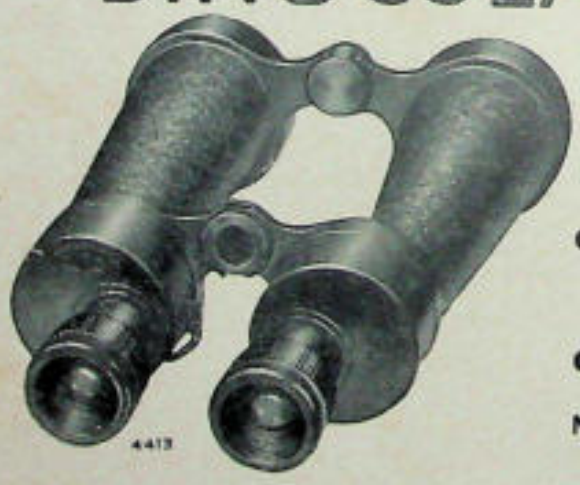
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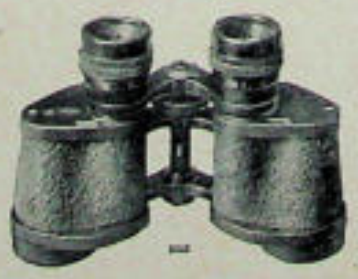
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"SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE AND SOUTHAMPTON"

APRIL has brought a book with the above title by a new author, Walter Thomson, who, by quoting Shakespeare himself, throws light into some of the dark corners of the Sonnets.

In addition to the Sonnets the book contains "A Lover's Complaint" and "The Phœnix and Turtle" (which poems the writer believes are more closely associated with the Sonnets than has hitherto been recognised); also the significant "Poeticall Essaies" by Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman and Ben Jonson.

The noxious homosexual fallacy and its alleged hero William Hughes are shown to be merely chimerical, and the 20th Sonnet loses its unpleasant implications when read in the meaning which its words bore when Shakespeare used them.

The writer believes that Shakespeare, in the last fourteen lines of "The Phœnix and Turtle," has pointed the way which leads to the disclosure of the personalities behind "Mr. W. H."

Mr. Ivor Brown writes:—"*I find your book profoundly interesting, and I think you have settled for ever the true meaning of Sonnet No. 20, and so cleared up a most unfortunate misunderstanding. The point of double authorship by Shakespeare and Southampton is one of general interest, and your book throws new and valuable light on one of the age-long literary problems of the world.*"

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New Books

AGRICULTURE AND DEFENCE

A Book to Make Every Englishman Think

At the moment the attention of the whole nation is focused on rearmament. Vast sums of money have been allocated to the various defence forces, and the rearmament campaign in all its branches has been speeded up. A Cabinet Minister has appealed over the wireless for volunteers to take their part in Air Raid Precautions and there has been a drive for recruits for the Regular and Territorial armies.

There is, rightly or wrongly, an air of urgency about all this. And while we are assured daily that we are not on the verge of war, we are urged and implored in the same breath to prepare ourselves just in case the forecast is incorrect. And that is wise.

But in one department of defence little or nothing—I rather think nothing—is being done. That department is food. Food, I think—and since I am quite a normal sort of man I fancy that my views on the subject are those of pretty well every normal sort of man—is as important an arm of defence as bombs, guns of heavy calibre, and infantry. Indeed, I feel that infantry without food are useless, and useless men cannot use bombs or guns of heavy calibre. Furthermore, I think that the next war—how very much I hope there will not be one—will be a war that affects civilian populations as much as it does the actual combatants. To some degree we shall all be combatants—every man, every woman, every child. Without food we shall be useless. If the tactics of any future war are to be the demoralisation of civilian populations, then a civilian population denied food will be the sooner demoralised than one with access to good food in plenty.

That, as I say, is what *I* think. I am aware that my views do not, apparently, coincide with those held by our leaders. And, of course, they are clever men with great grasp of affairs. There is, apparently, no need to do anything about food, though there is every need to do everything about bombs.

I am, therefore, extremely pleased to see that one man at least—and a man whose name will carry weight—has set out to rouse public attention to the weakness of British agriculture in view of the possible need for increased home production of foodstuffs. Lord Lymington does not paint a pretty picture; he could not if he were to paint a true one, and that he has certainly done. He shows how the farming systems of this country have changed during the past 60 years. He shows the ill-effects of makeshift methods—and much of our agriculture is makeshift to-day. He then goes on to estimate the possibilities of developing home production. He suggests that we have, even now, sufficient land to increase our cattle population by 60 per cent.; sheep, pigs and poultry by 100 per cent.; and wheat production by 20 to 50 per cent.; and he thinks that we could make this country self-contained with supplies of fruit and vegetables in sufficient quantities for everybody. Lord Lymington believes that much of this could be done in two years and all of it in ten years.

I have no doubt that he is quite correct. But it would need drive, and organisation, and statesmanship beyond the normal, to organise any such recovery in our agriculture.

This is a very good book. It should be read—I think it will be read—by every countryman. I hope it will be read by all those town dwellers who have the interests of their country at heart. And I hope it will be read by those who have the guidance of the country's agriculture and defence in their hands. CRAIGHT.

Famine in England. By Viscount Lymington. (Witherby; 7/6.)

HAPPY AERONAUTICS

Written in a pleasant, unsophisticated manner, this book neither makes nor pretends to make any great contribution to literature. However, in my opinion, it offers something of rather more immediate benefit to mankind—a story of struggles and difficulties successfully surmounted by two young girls, working together in perfect harmony, who found that the secret of conquest consisted merely in hard work carried through with light-hearted zest and a cheerful philosophy.

In a series of simple little anecdotes, related with a most refreshing, almost schoolgirlish, spontaneity of humour, Miss Pauline Gower tells of the struggles of herself as pilot and of her partner, Dorothy Spicer, as engineer, to make a living for themselves out of aviation. Her tales of life behind the scenes in an air circus make most delightful and interesting reading, yet between the lines you can glimpse some of the hardships they had to endure.

For example, quickly tiring of the daily change of hotels and cheap boarding-houses on their constant travels, they invested in a caravan—a "home-from-home" as their owners called it. "It was a genuine old gypsy caravan—discarded by its owner as no longer fit to do service on the road." The next season, when they were beginning to make joy-riding pay, they invested in a brand new caravan. "On wet days we found it no longer needful to put glasses and jugs all round the inside to catch the drops of water coming through the roof."

For five summer seasons they worked together with their "Spartan" 'plane, giving joy-rides to some 25,000 passengers, and it speaks well for their proficiency that during all that time they had no serious mishap. At first, they neither of them had very much experience, but, young as they were, they quickly realised their responsibility to their trusting passengers. Now, between them, they possess just about all the licences it is possible to have.

Repeatedly asked what they thought of the chances of women getting jobs in aviation, a chapter is devoted to this problem. Briefly outlining the various branches open to women, the author remarks, oh, how truly, "We are not born with wings! We grow them at the cost of much pedestrian hard work!" I cannot give better advice to would-be women aviators than to read this book and learn by the experiences of two girls who have achieved what is really within the scope of all.

AQUILA.

Women with Wings. By Pauline Gower. (John Long; 10/6.)

THE LAND THROUGH THE YEAR

Those who have farming at heart cannot fail to have also at heart the Young Farmers' Club movement, on the initiative of which splendid organisation this book has been produced. The growth of the movement since its inception in this country between 1922 and 1924 has been both astonishing and gratifying, but it has brought with it surprisingly little in the way of the really useful literature for these young people which this book undoubtedly is. In itself it is a course of agricultural education for the young, for with this book and with the opportunities that most young farmers possess great progress could be made.

It is perhaps one of the strange inconsistencies of life that as our eyes grow older and become more dim, we seem to be expected (and indeed we ourselves endeavour!) to read more difficult, more involved, and perhaps more learned treatises in our efforts to become more erudite. How refreshing it is to read again, for a change, this larger print and this more simple, though by no means less authoritative, style that seems in these days to be reserved for those whose eyes (strange paradox) are no doubt better fitted for the stuff with which we tax our own poor vision.

The Best Open-Air Book reviewed in the "Field" during April was "Shepherd's Country," by H. J. Massingham (Chapman & Hall; 15/-)

There are over a hundred plates which have been well selected, and they cover a good deal of the ground themselves, although one wonders that there are no illustrations designed specially to assist the young in the stock-judging activities which have occupied so much of their time in the past. It cannot surely be, one asks half-facetiously, that they are already too proficient in this important sphere of farming activity? There is not space to consider separately any of the chapters except perhaps to say of the one dealing with woodlands that it certainly touches upon a subject which all young farmers should be induced to explore further. Of great advantage would have been, in this chapter, a short eulogy of trees themselves for their beauty as well as their utility. An introduction to the work of conservation which they perform and to the shelter which they provide with perhaps, most important of all, some admonitions against the woodland desecrations which one occasionally encounters among the very young, would also not have been amiss.

K. T. W.

The Farming Year. By Professor J. A. Scott Watson. (Longmans, Green & Co.; 7/6.)

GOOD GOLF SIMPLIFIED

Every beginner quickly realises that golf is not an easy game. The majority of instructional books on the subject usually tend to make it more intricate, and lessons with many professionals all too often leave the pupil completely bewildered. He is taught to remember so many things he ought to do and, at the same time, many others he must not do. Kenneth Wilson, who has devoted many years to teaching and lecturing on golf, has realised that most of the familiar warnings and tips are useless. In his book, *To Better Golf in Two Strides*, he sets out a simple method which anyone can follow with beneficial results.

He is original and provocative. But his arguments are generally sound, even if many will arouse much controversy. He consigns to the "limbo of things to be forgotten such hoary catchwords as 'Straight Left Arm, Slow Back, Cocked Wrists and Head Still!'" He emphasises the importance of the golfer's psychology. "Your muscles normally react to the command of your *sub*-conscious brain . . . if, therefore, the brain interprets a meaning incorrectly, the sub-conscious physical reaction will be wrong." One example is given—the straight left arm. "The term 'straight' is so closely allied with the meaning of stiffness" that to think of this familiar advice is "positively dangerous."

The author offers players much consolation when he states that "there are only two bad shots in golf. Either a ball is foully struck, or it is hit in the wrong direction." If the former, "the body is at fault"; if the latter, the arms. These are important fundamentals of the author's system which will call for criticism and withstand any. "As the movement of the swing originates in the feet, let us go to the feet for the controlling movement." If he accomplishes nothing else, Wilson has drawn attention to the vital necessity of correct footwork in golf.

He has cut out the movements that occur naturally, and, instead, shown how the swing occurs, "reducing the production of a normal golf shot to only two main points." His book is well worth careful reading.

E. R. T.

To Better Golf in Two Strides. By Kenneth Wilson. (Published by Putnam & Co., Ltd.; price 5/-.)

THE LATE NORMAN BAYLEY SMITH

Many big-game hunters and sportsmen will have heard with great regret of the recent death in London of Norman B. Smith. He was a valued correspondent of the *Field*, and there is no big-game shot who is not familiar with his signature, "Mannlicher." His contributions were invariably practical and founded on real knowledge of the subject in question, for apart from being a cool and fine big-game shot he was an excellent naturalist and observer.

A reader whose signature will readily be recognised writes as follows in appreciation of his sterling qualities:

To his friends he will be remembered best for his fine sporting code with regard to moderation when on his many trips into Africa's hunting grounds. He invariably went for big heads, and told me that, after shooting the record lesser kudu he would never fire at another of the species. It is a pity more people do not follow such ethics when after big game!

Many of the letters he wrote to me deal with the measurements of lion skins, buffalo and antelope horns, and the best type of rifle, projectile and so on; but in some he would come back to the subject of game slaughter. He hated butchery.

On several occasions I tried to persuade him to write a book on his various adventures when hunting lion and buffalo, but except for an article in the *Badminton Magazine*, and other journals such as the *Field*, he never brought out a work on the subjects he knew so well. This is a pity, as he could have written an excellent volume on big game and natural history.

He was a member of the Conservative and Shikar Clubs, and was an original member of the latter. The original members are fast dwindling away, such as Selous, Stigand, Littledale, Millais and others.

When younger, "Mannlicher" was a most versatile player of games, for in a letter I got from him two years ago he told me of some of his feats. At Harrow he was captain of his house, and one of the leading athletes and players. When at Cambridge he was a fine billiard cue, and took part in many a steeplechase. In his last fifteen mounts he took thirteen first and two second prizes.

At rackets he was an expert, and was so good that he was handicapped ten behind scratch in Class A. Such proficiency meant that he had a quick eye and a flexible body, which no doubt was a great aid to him when he had a rifle or shotgun in his hand. Agility, too, is often of supreme advantage to the hunter when tackling dangerous game in thick cover, for a hunter must be quick and decisive on occasion if he is to escape disaster.

What I liked about his letters was the way he dealt with the finer points of a subject, and it is this attention to detail which distinguishes the expert from the ordinary run of sportsmen, for something small may often have a greater bearing on a question than a fact which is apparent to the veriest tyro.

One of the most interesting articles he wrote was a chapter on "Spooring Lions," which appeared in *Big Game Shooting in Africa* (The Lonsdale Library, 1932), edited by Major H. C. Maydon. Here we can read of several dangerous and thrilling experiences, one when he pluckily followed a lion into thick cover, and had to act coolly to get away without a bad mauling or worse.

His many friends will miss him, and will wish to tender sincere sympathy to his devoted wife and other relatives in their great sorrow. D. D. L.

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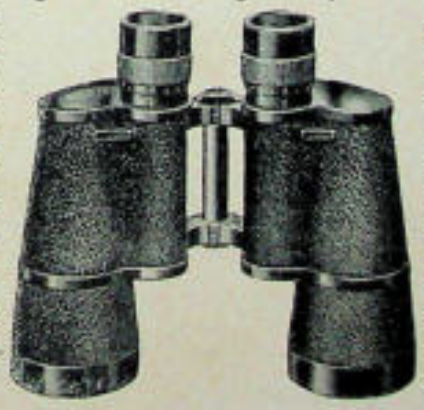
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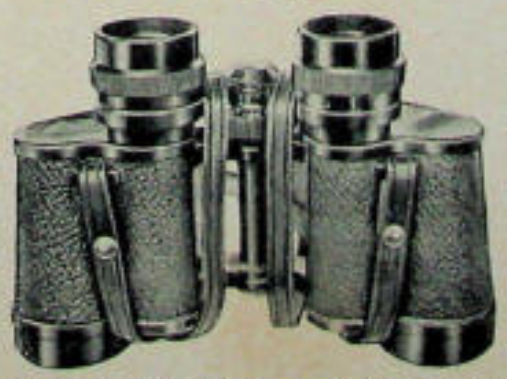
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YEOMAN (K 4) DISDAINS A TOW AND THE OTHER SIX-METRE COMPETITORS HAVE SOME ANXIOUS MOMENTS IN THE EBB TIDE

SPECIAL TRIALS FOR THE SIX-METRES

Conclusions from Preliminary Racing

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

NOW that one is able to sit down and study at length the finishing times, and the relative weather conditions which prevailed, for the seven preliminary races for six-metre boats, one cannot help admitting that, as regards relative merit in general, most of us are as much in the air as before. That such trials are desirable is self-evident, and the Royal Corinthian has done well to start this trial ball rolling. But where, even after seven good races, there still seems to be a fair measure of equality, one may ask if much information can be derived.

The contestants in this recent series were the same six ships each day. There were Mr. G. Glyn Terrell's new Farida, Mr. Aisher's Yeoman, Mr. Spriggs's Kyla, Mr. F. G. Mitchell's (Commodore R.C.Y.C.) Nona, which showed good pace last year at Torbay and elsewhere, Mr. G. Blaxter's Fiona and Mr. A. E. Lee's ex-Olympic champion Lalage. Here, indeed, was a fleet of varied renown and technique, and the courses which were selected for the trials were equally varied in order to test the ships thoroughly on every point of sailing. With an average of a nine-mile course there was a run and a reach and a beat and a triangular finish. Five of the races were held outside and two of them inside the river, and over the whole series the winds ranged from moderate steady breezes in the first few races, through light easterly winds to fresh or moderate again—to end up with a strong, gusty nor'-easter.

The table below shows the placings of the contestants in each race, together with a "points" total based upon "Thalassa's" scale (4 points for a win, 2 for a second and 1 for a third), and a "figure 'of merit" obtained by dividing this "points" total by the number of starts:

No. of Race.:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Points.	Figure of Merit.
Yacht.	Finishing Order.								
Yeoman	2	1	2	1	4	R(3)	2	21	1.86
Farida	3	3	1	R(1)	2	1	R(2)	12	1.71
Kyla	1	4	6	2	5	2	4	8	1.14
Lalage	5	2	4	4	3	3	1	8	1.14
Nona	4	R	3	3	1	4	3	7	1.00
Fiona	R	R	5	5	R	5	5	0	0.00

Notes.—R.—retired. R(2)—retired—dismasted.
R(1)—retired—broken stay. R(3)—disqualified.

On the basis of this tabular analysis it would seem that Mr. Aisher's Yeoman carried off the laurels, but only by quite a small margin, from the new "six" Farida. Into this reckoning must, however, come the fact that Farida had two retirements—one a dismasting—to Yeoman's one, so that, on balance, there may well be much less to choose between them than their naked "figures of merit" suggest. Yeoman certainly seemed to make very fine going in the moderate winds and even in light winds she was too fast for most of the fleet. Lalage put up a good "moderate breeze" show, however, and Farida's performance suggests that later in the season she, too, will show her heels in such winds. In the strong breezes both Farida and Yeoman showed admirable form.

It must be concluded that, although some information could perhaps be derived from these trials much more could be derived if similar trials could be held at intervals through the season, thereby providing standards of judgment *after* the Sixes have got into their normal racing stride. Even what has been obtained will no doubt be of use to the British-American Cup Committee to enable them to form an opinion of the relative powers of at least six of the available craft for the cup matches. General interest in further trials will grow progressively as more and more of our six-metre reserves are tried out in this way.

NATIONAL 18-FOOTERS

A Restricted Omnibus Class

LAST year, when discussing the trend of yacht-racing in the smaller classes, I remarked in these columns that it would be an excellent idea if the basic standard small ship sizes were to remodel themselves into regularised restricted omnibus classes. There was nothing particularly original in such a remark, for such a move would be the natural outcome of the success which had rewarded the formation of the National 12ft. Dinghy class. If 12ft. dinghies could achieve so much in such a short time, then what an opportunity must exist for a National class of 16 or 18-footers—so ran the train of thought.

And now we are on the high-road towards the establishment of a National 18ft. class of centre-board dinghies. With the National "twelves" well above the 300 mark in sail numbers, and with early sail numbers already booked (by the Whitstable club, I believe) for the new "eighteens," it really seems as if the post-War spate of individual One-design classes is coming to a natural end. Yachting opinion presumably is disposed to incline a little more than usual towards Y.R.A. views, and the reason for this change of front is because the Y.R.A. is doing something which meets with very general approval.

I am quite certain myself that in the past many an owner would willingly have owned a ship belonging to a Y.R.A.-sponsored class if he could have afforded it. But *there* was the "rub." By fixing a price limit of £50 for a National "twelve," and by regulating the new National "eighteen" so that a really first-class ship ought to cost—new—only about £125, the Y.R.A. has now sailed its ships within the ken of the average owner—and its reward will be a widespread response from the yachting public.

A factor which should make for great popularity for this new National class is its expressed *raison d'être*. Hitherto there have been countless types of admirable centre-board 18-footers here, there and everywhere around the coast. Each type, however, represented an individual One-design, with the result that, with few exceptions, inter-class competition on level terms was non-existent. Not only are there these varying types of 18ft. One-designs but actually within the limits of even one type there exist instances of minor sub-types. For example, I believe I am right when I say that along the north shore of the Estuary, in the home waters of those delightful Thames Estuary One-design ships, there are three or four kinds of local variation within that class alone.

What the new National class seeks to do is not to set up yet another class in addition to those already existing, but rather, by wise class rulings, to enable all existing 18-footers to race together on level terms as a class, and with the very minimum of restrictive modification in each type. For instance, there could be as a nucleus of this new class, perhaps, the 40 or more sail numbers to the East Coast One-design. There one has a very perfect type of half-decked, clinker-built 18ft. centre-boarder with moderate masting and an up-to-date sail plan. These ships are amazingly sturdy, are fast, comfortable and seaworthy, and provide perfect sport. A National class which did not include such ships as these would be a failure on the East coast, and yet, I understand, it will be possible, under the new National 18-footer class rulings for these E.C.O.D.s to race within this class with the mere addition of a spinnaker.

Clearly a restricted class such as this new one has every possibility of success and, in addition I hope, to drawing within its orbit all that is best in the existing varied fleets of 18-footers all round our coasts, it will attract to itself new "eighteens" built to the class. Indeed, we already have Uffa Fox at work with a fine broad-floored beamy half-decker.

It is possible, of course, that as this, the new class's first season, develops, various minor problems may arise, but such a bold brave start has been made that I think there cannot be any problem, however great, which cannot be got over in the interests of the general adventure. This new class is, I think, booked for as big a success as the National 12-footers—for the simple reason that it is supplying a long-felt need—an inexpensive Y.R.A. grouping for those owners who prefer something larger than a 12-footer but smaller than a 6-metre.

J. I.

THE LATE COLONEL DUNCAN F. NEILL

WITH the death of Colonel Duncan Neill British yachting loses a very prominent character. For upwards of 50 years his heart has been in the sport, whether it was in those far-off Clyde days when he raced his plank-on edge Daisie or his leg-o'-mutton-sail Minnie, or, later on, when he ruled the destinies of the Shamrocks. Every branch of the sport knew him, except, perhaps, ocean racing; and he, in his turn, knew every branch most intimately. Probably he will be remembered best as "owner's representative" in each of Sir Thomas Lipton's six famous Shamrocks. Probably never in the whole history of British yacht racing was there ever such an evenly matched pair as White Heather and the first Shamrock. In 1907 Mr. Myles Kennedy came out with his 23-metre cutter White Heather, and Colonel Neill raced Sir Thomas's 23-metre Shamrock against her in the following year.

Round the coast they went from regatta to regatta, one up and one down at the line all the way. There came that season where in 41 matches they were dead level at the end of it all—a result which, in the best interests of the game, went as far as anything to encourage a change of rule. Well will yachtsmen remember that perfect combination, Sir Thomas Lipton with his sportsmanship and spirit, Colonel Neill with his knowledge of the sea and ships and the whole business of yacht racing, Captain Sycamore with his "safe hands" for a wheel and with his iron nerve.

Sycamore may have steered the ship, and Sir Thomas may have owned her, but it was always "the colonel" who made success possible. On the one hand he bridged easily over Sir Thomas's lack of sea knowledge; on the other his knowledge of racing rules and tactics stood at Sycamore's elbow. In later years he dealt as faithfully and as surely with each successive Shamrock as he did with that first 23-metre ship.

He was always willing to race his ships anywhere at any time, and during the fifteen years in which he sat as a member of the council of the Y.R.A. his vast knowledge and experience was ever thrown in upon the side of sound policy. Indeed, it will be hard to imagine a full season without him, but the big ships seem to be gone and the "big" yachtsmen are going. During the War, as a sapper, Colonel Neill served in France, and the strenuous life of those days doubtless left its mark upon him. Lipton and Sycamore have preceded him, and now the last of that combination has finished his race—and a very precious chapter in the history of our sport has come to an end.

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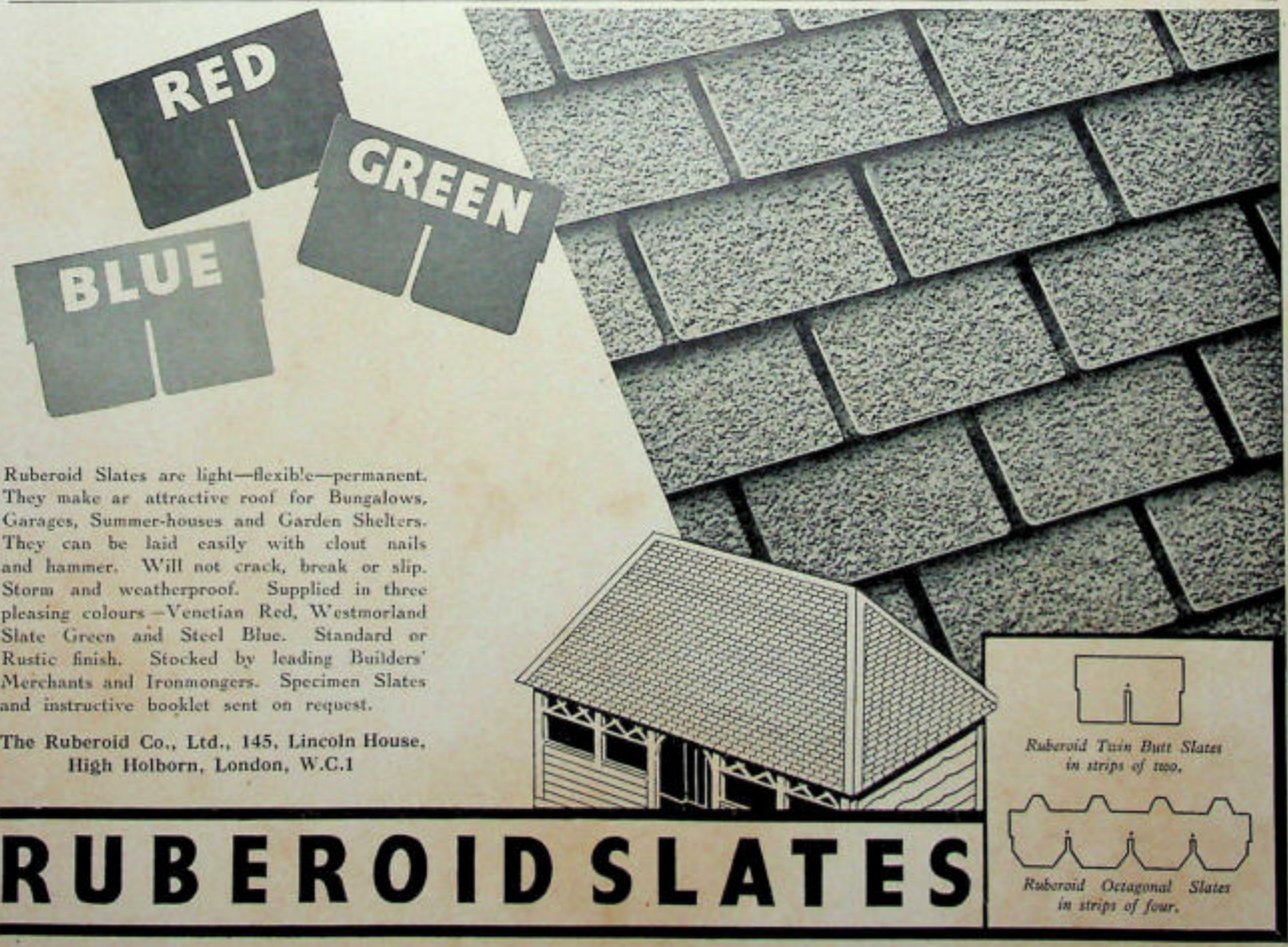
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A PLEA FOR "BLOOD"

Lady Wentworth's Remarkable Work on Racing Stock

"THOROUGHBRED RACING STOCK AND ITS ANCESTORS," by Lady Wentworth, being "the authentic origin of pure blood, many voices concerning the horses of the world, with additional chapters from the notes of the late Lady Anne Blunt (fifteenth Baroness Wentworth) and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, on the Arabian breed, collected, edited and enlarged, with a history of the thoroughbred racehorse and the horses of the East and West," is, as its title suggests, not merely a book, but a treatise. The volume is a monument to the industry and the knowledge of the author, covering as it does the history of the horse through the ages down to the present day; but though its bulk is formidable and its weight appalling, its contents are anything but the latter. It is, of course, a serious work, but it is so attractively and simply written that the veriest novice will read readily from cover to cover without finding himself in too deep waters.

In a foreword, the late Sir Theodore Cook mentioned the constant appearances of the names of Wentworth, Byron, Lovelace and Scawen, and of Wilfrid Blunt's father and grandfather, Francis Scawen Blunt. He called the author "a worthy successor to a great line of horse-breeders," and referred to "a plea for fundamental aristocracy of blood," which justly describes the book.

The author states in her Preface:

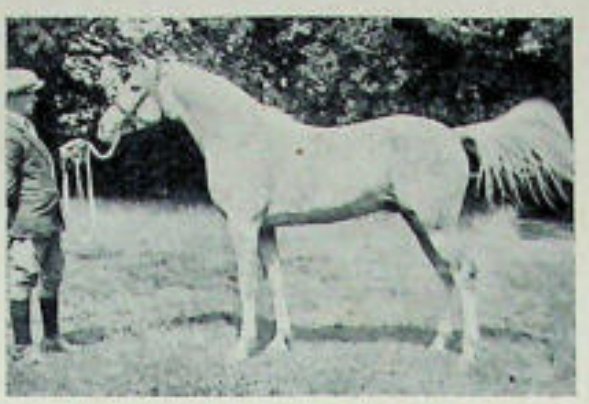
> "The immense work of covering the whole field of Oriental and European research has never yet been attempted as, however great the archæological research of previous authors, something vital has always been missing. Either they knew no Arabic and the Oriental side was closed to them, or the Arabic scholars knew nothing about archæology and the archæologist nothing about horses. Those who could tell us all about fossils of the *Genus Equus* were all at sea in judging living types."

The Oriental section is invariably missing from the works of Europe and America. All the missing sections have now been supplied by the papers of Lady Anne Blunt and Wilfrid Blunt, which provide a vast store of material which has been used as a quarry in which to find everything relating to horse history.

The author claims that hitherto "conclusions relating to the section of horse knowledge which deals with the Arabian horse, and on which rests the whole structure of the finer breeds, have been reached with insufficient data"; and that this book is an attempt to collect facts and deal with the special history of the thoroughbred and Arabian from the point of view of practical breeding. The Crabbet Park Stud is world-famous, and Lady Wentworth is almost certainly the greatest living authority on the Arab horse. Moreover, her chief study has been the question of type. If she may seem to make somewhat sweeping claims to those who may hold different views, these cannot fail to be impressed with the voluminous and authentic evidence in support. It is generally admitted that our thoroughbred horse stands alone, "the admiration of the world," and if he is immeasurably superior to that of its progenitors, it is no less true that the possibility of such development was due to the purity, beauty and quality of its foundation blood.

To review adequately such a work, as it deserves to be reviewed, would need considerably more space than is available in these columns, but certain points need to be mentioned. Primarily the author suggests that the fundamental division into two types—"cold"-blooded or the convex-headed "Northern," and the "hot"-blooded concave-headed "Southern," are not sufficiently appreciated in Europe. As examples, there are at the extremes the Tarpan or the Prjevalski wild horse and the Arab. The inter-breeding produces varying types, and the clue given primarily by the shape of the skull, with particular reference to the eye-socket, the jaw, and the bars. From this the thesis is developed with abundant proof.

From the seven great sires—the Markham Arabian; the Byerley "Turk," of whose line the mares had a great influence on the English thoroughbred; the Leedes Arabian, who is chiefly perpetuated in the male line; the Darley Arabian, in whose line are 112 Derby winners; the Alcock Arabian, progenitor of Mahmoud, winner of the Derby in record time; the Oxford bloody-shouldered Arabian; and the Godolphin Arabian—are descended the thoroughbred racehorses of to-day. The persistence of characteristics is, of course, well known, but the progeny of the Alcock Arabian is particularly in evidence. For one thing the persistence of grey in this line for 250 years is really extraordinary, and there is almost as close a resemblance between the Alcock, as portrayed by Wootton and Tetratema as between the Tetrarch and Mahmoud, especially with regard to



the quarters, apart from the colour. So may be traced through the centuries the same qualities, though, perhaps, not so obviously, through the great strains.

It is insisted that the "Barb" or "Turk" is a misnomer as applied to, for instance, the Byerley "Turk." It is argued that none of the so-called Barbs or Turk had anything but the pure Arab type of head. The dispute as to the Godolphin Arabian's genuineness is argued at length, and evidence from Lady Anne Blunt's papers to the effect that he was a well-known Jilfan Stamm El Bulad from South Arabia and of the Seglawi strain coupled with Osmer's description certainly suggest that the doubt was quite unfounded.

The early historical chapters mentioning E. Kelbi's Studbook (A.D. 786), compiled in the spacious days of Haroun-al-Raschid, are of entrancing interest, and it is shown how common but important errors have arisen through misreading of Arabic script. With regard to the Prophet's five strains "El Khamsa," it is pointed out that he, for one thing, was no horseman. There is no proof whatsoever of the existence of these strains, and the conclusion is arrived at regretfully that there is nothing in it. "The First Racing Scandal," from Lady Anne Blunt's notes, tells the tale of the nobbling of Dahés ("as luckless as Dahés"), the ancestress of the Darley Arabian, most famous of all Arabians whose blood created the English thoroughbred, causing innumerable wars and bloodshed. It shows that there are no new things—not even race-gangs—under the sun, and in support it is told that the first starting-gate is mentioned in A.D. 687.

With regard to the development of the English horse it is pointed out that the Arab strain has been constantly imported since pre-Roman times. The Tudors, notably Henry VIII, who caused all horses under 14 hands to be slaughtered in his mania for size, undid years of development, but a gradual renaissance began under the Stuarts, and Cromwell, during the Protectorate, imported Arabians. Then came the Restoration, and the "Royal Mares" of Arabian blood as opposed to the deteriorating but hitherto fashionable Cordova breed, and from them we came steadily to the modern thoroughbred.

The author stresses the importance of the female line in the chapter on Foundation Mares, and compares, in a table of classic winners, her classification with the Bruce-Lowe figures. Records of endurance and speed are perpetuated, since nowadays thoroughbred racing is confined to no more than three miles or so (may not this be the cause of many ills to come?), and the author points out that it is only within the last 50 years that there has been a marked discrepancy between the thoroughbred and the Arab in point of speed. At the present day there is an urgent need for a re-infusion of Arabian blood even at a temporary loss of speed, if the glory of our thoroughbred is to be preserved. Incidentally one notices that Eclipse never raced before five years old.

Due importance is given to the great racing studs of England; there are innumerable tables (the highest price ever paid was for an Arab, incidentally, the Karta filly—64,000 guineas), and there is almost an *embarras de richesses* in the matter of illustrations—if they were not all so good. Not only are there 388 plates and 21 colour plates and diagrams, but there is also a section of supplement plates which alone would make a book.

TWO EXHIBITIONS OF NOTE

Miss Molly Latham is at present holding an exhibition of her well-known paintings at Messrs. Arthur Ackerman's in New Bond Street. This exhibition is very well worth a visit by horse-lovers who are interested in good work. At the Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street, Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe's mural paintings of birds show great delicacy of execution and constitute another exhibition well worth a visit. The countryman up to London for the day could spend a very pleasant time seeing the work of these two artists, and the exhibitions are within a few moments' walk of each other.

WALKER CUP GOLF

A Test in the English Championship

IN the history of championships there are comparatively few instances of players winning on successive occasions. Last week at Moortown, Leeds, Frank Pennink added his name to this very select list. Although he did not produce the consistently sound golf he showed a year ago at Saunton the English champion certainly merited his success.

Pennink owes his success and prominence to his wonderful temperament. He is always calm and unruffled whatever the state of the match, so that in a tight finish he can produce a telling stroke just at the necessary moment. He keeps on trying, so that he is a very difficult man to beat no matter who his opponent may be.

No one has yet won a match-play event without at least one narrow escape from defeat, and last week Pennink, who began very indifferently, was hard pressed in two matches. At the critical moments his opponents made costly slips and Pennink escaped. As the meeting proceeded his play improved and his confidence increased, whilst the other Walker Cup possibles were beaten one by one.

The Moortown course, through no one's fault, was in a pitiful state. The long drought, cold winds, and a dread disease had rendered it almost unfit for competition play. Some considered the meeting should have been held elsewhere, but the conditions, however trying, were the same for all.

With the ball liable to kick off anywhere, the approach shots, in particular, were difficult to play. Excessive caution affected many a competitor's game and largely accounted for the unusually high scoring. Indeed, the majority of courses just now make first-class golf almost impossible, and whereas the handicap players are quite satisfied with the way the ball runs along, the scratch golfer finds the question of control a matter of luck and little else.

Finals rarely produce interesting golf, and last week was no exception to this rule. Pennink for once was shaky on the greens, three putting all too often, and missing many so-called "sitters." But Banks, the tall Yorkshire golfer, whose reputation has always been better appreciated in his native North than in the South, obliged by making many wild second shots, so that neither of them could establish a commanding lead.

Last week's championship was particularly interesting as six Walker Cup "possibles" were competing. Four—Pennink, Gent, Bentley and Crawley—reached the last eight, but only one figured in the semi-finals. Both a comforting and an encouraging result on paper. Yet their various displays were far from convincing. Except for one round Crawley was erratic—obviously upset by the condition of the course—and his play around and on the greens was indifferent, often poor. His long game is simply superb, but he keeps on frittering away strokes which would be asking for a crushing defeat if faced by an American amateur.

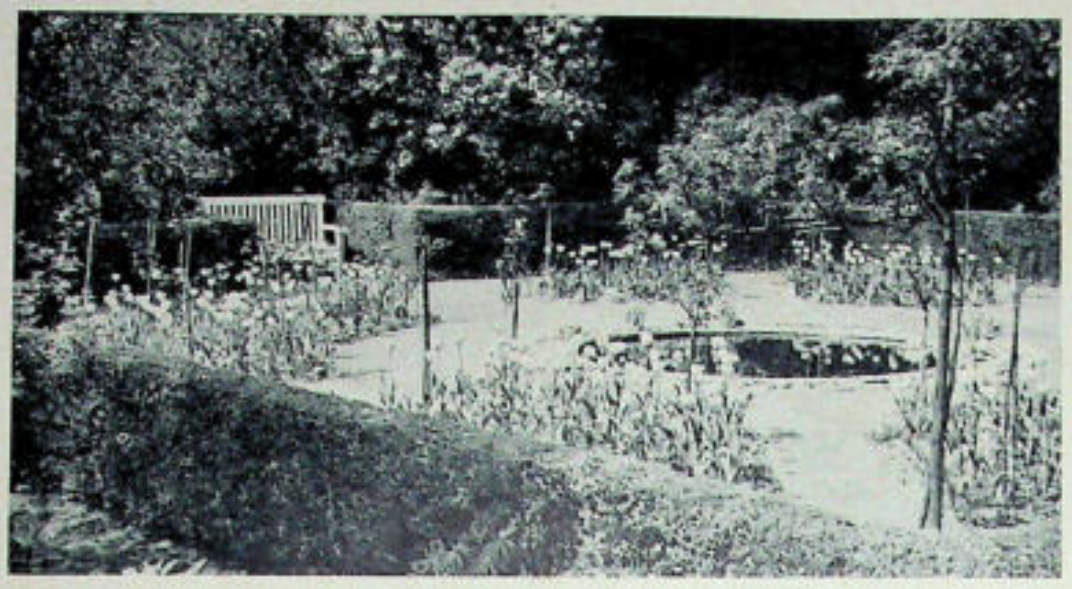
J. W. Butler accounted for Stowe and Bentley in successive rounds. This stocky "giant killer" made mistakes, but recovered in brilliant fashion to disconcert his opponents. Once he holed a pitch from the rough; on another occasion he chipped dead from the tough heather, so that first Stowe and then Bentley could not settle down and match his skill. Bromley-Davenport and Gent both lost four holes in a row, the former to Banks and the latter to Stretton-Cox, who does not pretend to be in the top class. Whoever they are playing, no Walker Cup possibles should suffer such a landslide, and unless they improve very considerably at St. Andrews their chances of selection are remote.

J. Graham failed to find his real form and was overwhelmed. With the date of the match with America only a few weeks away such a lapse is hard to excuse. One is tempted to wonder if the British nominees have been practising as much as they should.

The latest suggestion is that in future the English Championship should be decided by thirty-six-hole matches after two qualifying rounds, sixty-four players to qualify. It is further suggested that the leading eight players be "seeded" for the actual championship, as is done in the tennis tournaments. If this is brought into force it will be an innovation, for "seeding" is something frowned upon by golfers as a whole.

Many prominent players are supporting these drastic alterations, but they will not be carried out without stern opposition. They deserve a trial, but at the same time it should be remembered that this championship was primarily designed to encourage young amateurs, to give them experience in first-class match play.

E. R. TIPPLE.



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By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN the whole range of hardy moisture-loving plants few are so gorgeously effective in mass as the Globe Flowers, but they are not so commonly grown as they deserve, even where conditions are ideal for them.

Our native Globe Flower, *Trollius europæus*, is also a native of large parts of Europe, and in alpine meadows great sheets of them in flower are an unforgettable sight. For their habit of growth is dense, and against this background of abundant foliage the flowers look like a sea of golden balls. The colour of the flowers is a rich lemon yellow, and the so-called petals (they are really sepals) are curiously rounded and curved inwards, giving the flower the shape that has given the plant its popular name. The stems are so smooth that they feel as though they had been polished.

The handsomest of all Globe Flowers is *T. Ledebouri* Golden Queen, which grows about 4ft. high with magnificent golden flowers nearly 4in. across, their beauty being enhanced by the rich orange of the smaller petals and the conspicuous stamens. It has a long flowering period from June to late August. In the border it associates delightfully with *Geranium pratense*, especially the double-flowered kind.

All the Globe Flowers need a very rich moist soil, and unless they can be given these conditions they make a poor show. Their roots go deep and need to find abundant moisture and food, the latter preferably in the form of well rotted animal manure.

The Globe Flowers are remarkably cheap to buy in comparison with most showy plants, the majority being only sixpence to a shilling a root, and they are easily increased by division in spring or autumn. Raising from seed is naturally the cheapest method, but with one exception (*T. Ledebouri* Golden Queen) they are not so much uncertain as very slow germinators. Most species and hybrids lie apparently dormant for as long as a year to eighteen months, and one large grower advocates the following method. Fill a 5-in. pot about a third full of sphagnum moss and the rest clean sand. Sow the seed, covering it barely a quarter of an inch deep with sand, and stand the pot in a saucer of water until germination has taken place. Keep glass, which must be turned and wiped daily, over the pot and the saucer replenished with water when necessary. The seed of *T. Ledebouri* Golden Queen germinates fairly soon if sown as described in spring.

The Globe Flowers appealed to the skilled needlewomen of past centuries, and they figure frequently in specimens of their work. The Asiatic species were not introduced till the middle of the eighteenth century, and the showiest hybrids are modern. *T. asiaticus*, though not listed by many nurserymen, is well worth growing. Unlike *T. europæus* the stems are unbranched, the flowers are a richer golden colour and looser in shape, and the foliage is tinged bronze. It grows about a foot high, and is a choice subject for the rock garden.

The Chinese Globe Flower grows quite 2ft. high, and though it lacks the characteristic globe shape it is curiously attractive. Another Asiatic species, *T. patulus*, was described by William Robinson as "the handsomest hardy flower since the coming of the pontic King-cup," and he added: "It makes me regret my neglect of the Globe Flowers and resolve to plant a big group of them with this King-cup in a good place."

The easiest Globe Flower for the rock garden is *T. pumilo*. It grows about 6in. high, the form *T. pumilo yunnanensis* being rather taller growing with finely cut leaves. *T. acaulis* is another species suitable for the rock garden. This native of the Himalayas grows only about 4in. high, but the



THE HANDSOMEST OF THE GLOBE FLOWERS, GOLDEN QUEEN

flowers are quite 2in. across and are suffused brown on the outside.

The earliest of the border Trollius to flower is Empire Day. This flowers early in June, and is very handsome with its orange-stamened golden flowers on 2ft. stems. Few other early flowering golden flowers are so handsome. Newry Giant is rather dwarf in growth, but the flowers are immense. Feuertroll has orange-coloured flowers, and those of Gigantens are lemon yellow and very large. Goldquelle is much branched, and the flowers are a deep gold. It grows about 18in. high. Lichtball has noticeably stiff stems, and the flowers are a beautiful clear yellow. Although tall growing they are all self-supporting.

The Globe Flowers are usually grown in a border, but single specimens or even groups of half a dozen or so give little idea of their beauty, and cannot compare with bold groupings of these flowers in the position in which they do best, i.e. by the water side.

AMENITY WOODS

"WOODMAN spare that tree" is the platitude that causes the dismal desolation and decay so often seen in the older areas of woodland that are regarded as enhancing the amenity of the mansion or of the estate. This *laissez faire* policy has its root in the mistaken presumption that a wood remains in the same state for ever. It forgets that, like human beings, trees have a habit of growing old.

A wood goes through different ages. In the first place there is the young plantation where trees, carefully reared in the nursery are tended until established in three or four years' time. They then grow in competition with weeds until ten or twelve years later their branches interlocking form a dense canopy which excludes the light and suppresses the ground vegetation. Then commences the intense competition for existence and supremacy which, controlled by pruning and thinning operations, produces the long clean boles so sought after by timber merchants. Gradually the number of trees to the acre is reduced until in 60 to 80 years in the case of conifers and 100 to 120 years for hardwoods the rate of growth becomes so slow that it is more profitable to fell and replant.

In the case of amenity woods, where the aspect of profit is of secondary importance, the trees are subjected to further cleaning and thinning operations involving the removal of the dead, dying and suppressed specimens in order to give the dominant trees room to expand and the wood continues to consist of healthy trees all of the same age for about double the number of years mentioned.

Trees of all ages are found in a wood formed out of coppice with standards, and in this case if left the trees gradually suppress the underwood, the older and healthier trees gradually attaining the ascendancy and ultimately, if left alone, we have a wood consisting of certain dominant trees overshadowing a number of spindly, suppressed specimens with scrub growing in any open spaces.

In both cases inevitably decay sets in and the dominant trees go stag-headed and ultimately die, leaving no healthy young trees to take their place. Consequently there is nothing to be done but to clear, fell and replant.

With the present revival of interest in estate forestry the majority of enlightened landowners pursue or intend to pursue an up-to-date policy of clear felling and replanting the more remote woods, a policy which they would not for one minute consider applying to woods that are in close proximity to their houses, grounds or park. In some cases one can adopt the old dodge of leaving a strip of trees round the edge of a wood to be clear felled. When the young trees in the centre are high enough in about 20 years time the outer belt can be clear felled and replanted.

In undulating country this method is not generally effective, and the better procedure is to manage the amenity woods on the selection system. In order to enhance amenity a variety of different species growing together will generally be considered most suitable. The basis of the mixture will generally be hardwoods; probably if the soil is good it will be oak. For soil improvement beech is added on alkaline soils and on clay, whilst sweet chestnut is reserved for acid soils.

To give a touch of colour there is the red oak with its fine autumn foliage, the copper beech, the red twigged lime (not very successful in plantations), the slow-growing maples and horse chestnut, the gaskin and, around the edges, the various flowering cherries. For variety there is sycamore, ash on alkaline soils and the various elms. To act as nurses, to draw up the hardwoods and to add to the appearance of the plantation during its early life there is larch (on the better soils the European variety is preferred), Douglas fir, the spruce firs and the Scots and Corsican pines. Normally these conifers would be removed as profitable thinnings during the early life of the plantation.

By rigorously excluding rabbits with wire netting permanently maintained, and by making the later thinnings more frequent and carried out so as to leave open spaces at intervals, the trees will be encouraged to reproduce themselves by seed, and ultimately the wood will consist of trees of all ages and many species, of which the mature trees will be removed every few years.

To bring a neglected wood into this form is by no means difficult. In the first place rabbits must be excluded permanently. In the second place, the wood must be cleaned; that is, the dead, dying and the suppressed trees must be removed, leaving only healthy trees. In the third place, the oldest trees should be thinned in groups, not too many at a time and over a period of years. The bare spaces can then be planted artificially or allowed to regenerate naturally from seed shed by the neighbouring trees.

REGINALD DAVEY.



A GROUP OF AUTUMN FLOWERING PLANTS

The mauve Amellus Michaelmas daisies are in harmonious contrast with the white Japanese anemones

THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

Planning for an Autumn Display

WHEREVER the herbaceous border is to be planted, pegs should be put at the corners to mark the side lengths, and labels or pegs along the front of the border as well as at yard distances. A border has always to be thought of in "sections" just as much as in length. The actual transference, so to speak, of the plan to the border may be done by scratching the surface of the soil with a stick or by marking out the drifts or groups with sand or ashes. When planning and planting, the interest in the general shape should never flag and the planter should not hesitate in modifying the planned scheme if he honestly feels he can alter the good lines.

Contrasts are always interesting, the tall pinnacle-shaped plant like the Kniphofia may be grown close to the more dome-shaped plant like the Echinops or the Phlox. Drifts of a lighter colour into a deeper shade of that same colour are always fascinating; this is usually easier to carry out with blues, for instance, than with yellows or reds. Use the low plants to "wriggle in and out" of the taller, more stately perennials. They can often run back well into the middle of the border, and in this way look not only natural but attractive.

Some borders may be planned especially for a particular season of the year. There is much to be said for the September/October border, for instance, which may consist almost entirely of Chrysanthemums and Michaelmas Daisies. Our thanks are due to Mr. Ballard, the nurseryman of Malvern, for his many new Michaelmas Daisy introductions, and a perusal of his list will show many possibilities. Such a border might be combined with a spring or March/April border, and here all the early bulbs might be planted.

For particular places the winter border is useful. It may consist of grey-foliaged plants of Peonies in order to get the stem colour of winter flowering heats and of the two V's, Violets and Veronicas. Among the grey-foliage plants are the Thrifts, the dwarf Lavender, the Cotton Lavender and the Pinks.

Much has been written about discords, but it is seldom in nature that discords really "shriek." The musician finds a place for the discord in his composition, and the same thing may be said of the herbaceous border plan. The puce Pink will not look at its best next to the crimson, but then a pale colour will look much paler when planted next to a stronger colour. Blue is most useful, whether pale or bright, for it seems to give the effect of distance. It should always be planted away from the nearest view point for this reason.

The beginner should avoid the more obvious mistakes—like planting climbing roses at the back of the border, especially pink varieties, for the whole colour scheme can be lost and destroyed in this way. The planting of Lilies and Iris together is another fault which stands out when seen. The planting of the early flowering perennials in front of the late flowering varieties is another error commonly met with, for when the early flowerer is cut down a blank is left. If the garden architect can arrange that the late flowering plant is growing up and so covering a space just occupied by the early flowerer, the border never looks bare at any particular point, and, as a result, is specially attractive during the summer and early autumn.

The preparation of the border should be thorough because it may be expected to remain undisturbed for five years. Borders have been down for eight years, but this is only possible if certain ramping plants are divided and kept in check. No border should be down longer than three years where the soil is light.

In the case of the new garden the turf from the pasture should be removed and burnt because of the fear of wireworm. The soil should then be bastard trenched, and well-rotted manure dug in at the rate of one good barrow-load to 12 sq. yds. During this process care should be taken to remove all the perennial weed roots. These should be burnt and the ash added to the ground. In addition, sulphate of potash and sulphate of ammonia should be applied at the rate of 1oz. per sq. yd.

Time should be given for the land to settle down, and the actual planting may be done in the autumn or spring. In the heavy soils it is better to plant in the spring, and in light soils in the autumn. Some perennials like Lilies, Peonies and Iris prefer the spring planting.

A newly-planted border is apt to look a bit thin for the first year, and it is permissible, therefore, to interplant with biennials or to sow the intervening spaces with certain annuals. Summer flowering bulbs and corms such as Gladioli, Iris and Galtonia are sometimes used, and these should be planted sufficiently deeply so that they are not disturbed during a light forking over.

Those who dislike a mixed border may devote whole beds to one particular colour. There is the all-white border, the all red, the yellow or orange, and the blue border. Perhaps the easiest one to plan is the yellow, but the most popular is the blue.

Thought should be given to the surrounds before planting a one-colour scheme. An all-red border, for instance, looks hideous near a red bricked house!

Thus such a border may enhance not only the beauty of the garden itself—but it can add, in some fascinating manner, to the general attraction of the house.

W. E. SHEWELL COOPER, F.L.S., N.D.H.

KENNEL BEDDING

Comfort With Sanitation

"LET sleeping dogs lie," says the adage, but gives no indication as to what they should lie on if their tranquillity is to be maintained. Since a dog spends a large part of his life asleep, it is only reasonable that he should be provided with a bed that is warm, comfortable and sanitary.

In considering the comfort of the out-of-doors dog it is assumed that the kennel is well-built, draught-proof, and fitted with a raised sleeping bench. Hay should never for one moment be considered for bedding, since it inevitably harbours a variety of forms of undesirable insect life. In the majority of cases blankets or sacking are inadvisable, for they are not easy to clean; the dog, in its natural efforts to make itself a nest, scratches them into a creased and uncomfortable heap and eventually curls himself up on the top and gains neither comfort nor warmth. In addition, if the dog has come in from a day's work during which he has become muddy and wet there is bound to be moisture in his coat however carefully he may have been rubbed down before being kennelled.

Blankets or sacking take up this moisture without absorbing it, and in consequence, the dog spends his sleeping hours in damp bedding and acquires rheumatism or a chill. There is, however, an occasion when these materials are useful—when a bitch has young puppies, for at such a time no soft bedding should be given for the puppies get lost beneath it and the dam is apt to overlay them, with dire results. The sleeping bench of a nursery kennel should be covered with sacking or hessian firmly tacked down at the corners. This gives the sprawling puppies a grip for their feet and allows the mother to see the whereabouts of her children. The trouble of the frequent replacement of this bench carpet is only a small part of the work that is always essential to the task of puppy rearing.

To return to normal circumstances of the daily kennel life of an adult dog, there are the rival merits of straw and wood wool to be considered. There is little to be said against good, clean, straw except that the dried husks of the grain break away and make a great deal of mess. Properly prepared wood wool makes less litter, is warmer, and since it is generally prepared from pine wood contains natural disinfectant qualities that keep the dog's coat clean and free from parasites. Both straw and wood wool are apt to break up into chaff after a time, and no law can be made for the length of time they should stay in use without replacement.

To sum up, it can be seen that, on the whole, wood wool is the most satisfactory kennel bedding for adult dogs, being warm, sanitary and absorbent; but straw, provided it is of the best quality, makes a good substitute.

For puppies, unprotected straw or wood wool is not a safe bedding, for they have a habit of chewing it, either from pure mischief or because fragments have become mixed with their food; this unsuitable diet sets up intestinal and gastric troubles that can be very dangerous. In consequence it is wiser to bed puppies on a thin pillow made by filling a clean sack with wood wool.

The sleeping place of the house dog is a different problem. For them one of the raised beds made with an iron frame and tightly strung canvas floor are to be recommended, since they are easy to clean, keep the sleeping dog off the draughty floor; and fold flat when they are not required. Furthermore, they can be obtained in all sizes so that even the largest dog can lie out at his full length if he wishes to. One of these beds, covered with an easily washed or renewable blanket, provide the necessary comfort for the most luxury-loving house dog.

For small dogs who are privileged to sleep in their owners' bedrooms or in sitting rooms, one can obtain small raised wooden beds with walls on three sides to protect the occupant from draughts. Where these are used it is wiser to have them painted with washable enamel or a good varnish so that they can be cleaned frequently, for unprotected wood is inclined to harbour vermin and germs. Since one does not expect the small canine occupant of these wooden beds to sleep on bare boards he must be provided with a cushion of some sort, and this should be filled with a material that is easily renewable and once again wood wool is a good choice.

Feathers and down of any kind should be avoided, for they are an unsuitable and unhealthy form of dog bedding. Baskets and wicker work in all its forms should be barred as a material for dog beds, for the many cracks and crannies are not draught proof and provide a refuge for the dirt, germs and vermin that even the most carefully-kept dog may bring home with him.

S. M. LAMPSON.

MARKETING IN DENMARK

Changed Conditions Due to Changed British Policy

THE general agricultural depression which fell upon Europe in the 1880's, as a result of the flooding of the market with cheap grain from the prairies of North America, hit Denmark no less than other countries. Up to this time the basis of Danish agriculture had been corn growing, with relatively small subsidiary livestock enterprises, the surplus grain being exported. The new conditions demanded a reorganisation of the farming policy, and this took the form of more intensive cultivation coupled with the production, for export, of animal products, principally butter, bacon and eggs. This change was, of course, gradual, and did not attain substantial proportions until the co-operative movement had become fairly widespread.

The importance of this movement will be appreciated when it is realised that the land is largely in the hands of small owner farmers, and thus, that in order to provide a supply of products of a uniform high grade so essential in building up a prosperous export trade, some form of combination was imperative. That the policy was successful is shown in the following table:

EXPORT FROM DENMARK OF HOME-PRODUCED BUTTER, BACON AND EGGS.

	Butter. (metric tons)	Bacon and Hams (metric tons)	Eggs. (1000 gt. hds.)
1881–85 (yearly average)	15,630	7,040	478
1911–15 " "	99,420	128,880	7,596
1922	137,798	389,768	9,206
1925	138,356	199,681	8,900
1937	152,971	181,741	10,075

The principal market for these products is Great Britain, and statistics show that a steady increase in exports was maintained up to 1932 (the War years excepted). The recession since that date is due to the tariff and quota restrictions imposed by us.

concerns. Starting at first on a small scale the co-operatives are now by far the largest processing and marketing organisations, *e.g.*, 86 per cent. of all milk for butter-making is handled by co-operative dairies, and 85 per cent. of all bacon is made by co-operative factories.

Although each of the organisations which deal with butter, bacon and eggs respectively were built up independently and have remained unconnected they show a general similarity. Features common to each are:

1. The co-operatives and their co-ordinating organisations are run by the producers, aided by expert managers and Government advisors.
2. The quality of the product is rigorously supervised at frequent intervals, both by inspectors of the societies and by those of the Government.
3. Equipment and management are of a high standard.
4. Research is actively pursued, and the results obtained are rapidly communicated to members and utilised in practice.
5. The co-operatives pay according to quality as determined by the taste of the consumer. The producer in this way is kept in close touch with his market. Payment to members is made at frequent intervals at near market price, the difference being distributed annually after management expenses, &c., have been met.

Export of butter, on a small scale, began about the middle of the last century. Then, as now, the principal market was England. With the establishment of the co-operative dairy movement (1882), this trade received an impetus which has continued until the tariff of 1932 became operative. This is



DANISH BUTTER BEING PREPARED FOR EXPORT

through this organisation, matters of interest are readily made available even to the smallest producer.

The sale of the butter is usually arranged by the Co-operative Butter Export Associations, or through private export firms or foreign purchasing agencies. Payment to the dairies is made weekly



THE DANISH RED CATTLE ARE JUSTLY FAMOUS IN VIEW OF THE POSITION DENMARK HOLDS IN THE WORLD'S DAIRY INDUSTRY



THE WHITE LEGHORN IS VERY POPULAR IN DENMARK, WHERE THE EXPORT OF EGGS IS A VERY LARGE ITEM

It will be of interest to examine the system of production and marketing to see how these results, which it is no exaggeration to call spectacular, have been achieved.

Enclosure of the land in Denmark was carried out in such a way as to create a very high proportion of farmers and smallholders owning the land they cultivated. The existence of these had an important influence on the development of Danish agriculture, for they formed the backbone of the co-operative movement on which the major part of the progress of the last 50 years depends.

Although much of the soil is naturally rather poor, by improvement it has been brought to a high state of productivity, and 85 per cent. of all agricultural land is now under the plough. It is the practice to grow heavy crops which are fed to stock, thus yielding supplies of manure invaluable for maintaining soil fertility. At the same time, increasing amounts of artificial fertilisers and feeding stuffs were bought, forming no small proportion of the nation's imports.

Farmers everywhere are well aware of the part that marketing of their products plays in the successful conduct of their business. Whereas the large enterprise can usually secure a fair price, the small man must, at best, be content with an inferior return. To overcome this disadvantage the Danish small farmers turned to co-operation, pooling and standardising their products, and thus being able to compete on the market with the larger

shown in the table above. A few other interesting figures are given below:

	1870	1900	1934
Number of dairy cows	808,000	1,055,000	1,710,000
Average yield of milk per cow (lbs.)	2,870	4,675	6,800
Total milk produced (million lbs.)	2,337	5,310	11,475

Thus it is seen that parallel with the increase in export of butter, an improvement in the dairy herds took place, as shown by the increased yield of milk per cow. During the same period the butter-fat content of the milk also improved, rising from 3 per cent. to 3.65 per cent.

The manufacture of butter is the controlling factor in the Danish dairy industry, 80 per cent. of all milk being used for this purpose. As already mentioned, this is handled almost entirely by the co-operative dairies, of which there are over 1,400. Each dairy collects the whole milk from the farms and returns an equivalent amount of separated milk, after it has been pasteurised, for pig feeding. At the dairy each sample is inspected for quality (especially butter fat), and payment is made accordingly. The cream, after pasteurisation, is soured, made into butter, and packed.

The co-operative dairies are the base of the pyramid of the export organisation. These are grouped into 23 dairy societies, which again are members of three Provincial Associations, one each for Jutland, Funen, and the Eastern Islands. The associations together constitute the Federation of Danish Dairy Associations. It is easy to see that,

at a price fixed according to the Copenhagen butter quotation.

The reputation that Danish products enjoy in the foreign market has only been upheld by the maintenance of an unvarying high standard. In the case of butter, this is achieved by judging, weekly, samples of butter from the various dairies, and also by exhibitions held by the dairy societies, provincial associations, or nationally at monthly, yearly or longer intervals respectively.

The export of bacon to this country first reached considerable dimensions in 1891–4 following the closing of the German market for live pigs. The animals used were at first the native Danish breed, but later Large Whites were imported for crossing. Indiscriminate breeding from cross-bred animals led to loss of stamina and fertility. To correct this a new policy was adopted in 1896. Separate breeding centres were set up, those of the native breed for production of sows and those of Large Whites for boars. For bacon production first crosses are employed. Throughout two aims were kept in view: (i) high fecundity and stamina; (ii) quality of carcass, the latter obviously directly dependent on feeding. Numerous feeding experiments have, accordingly, been carried out with a view to finding the most suitable ration to give the carcass desired by the English market. To-day the basis of this ration is cereals, largely home-grown, with skimmed milk added to make up the protein. Thus dairying and bacon production are interlocked.

Bacon, like butter, is chiefly produced in co-operative factories, of which there are 62. Each draws its supply of pigs from farmers who contract for a period of years. Payment is made according to quality and weight of carcass, narrow limits being set to the latter. Veterinary inspection by Government officials both before and after slaughter, ensures that only healthy animals are used.

The various factories are linked through the Association of Danish Co-operative Bacon Factories.

The production of, and export trade in eggs made rapid strides following the establishment of the Danish Co-operative Egg Export Association in 1895. Producers are linked into collecting "circles" which supply the seventeen packing and grading centres, these only permitting eggs of the highest quality to be exported. Each egg is stamped in such a way that it can be traced to its source, and since inspection is carried out frequently both at the packing centres and during transit to the foreign market, it is readily possible to uphold the standards set.

The usual breed kept is the White Leghorn, but Rhode Island Reds and Light Sussex have also been introduced. In order to maintain high egg-yield and stamina among the flocks, breeding centres are maintained for the supply of eggs for hatching, day-old chicks and breeding stock.

In conclusion, it is of interest to note how the Danish agricultural industry has met the changed conditions due to the new British policy. Agricultural production was at a maximum in 1931–32 when the home market absorbed only 12 per cent. butter, 30 per cent. eggs, and 15 per cent. bacon produced. Since then butter export has fallen by 11 per cent., bacon by 53 per cent., eggs alone showing a small increase. Drastic reduction in the number of livestock has accordingly been necessary, this being coupled, in the case of cattle, with the eradication of tuberculosis. To-day 90 per cent. of herds in Funen are free from the disease, and those of Bornholm are 100 per cent. free. Pig production is controlled by the Government, the numbers reared being determined by the British quota plus home consumption. In allotting permits, the small farmers receive slightly preferential treatment, the larger farmer being encouraged to increase his corn acreage.

L. H. Williams.

ONE OF AGRICULTURE'S WORST FOES

The Spread of Bracken and the Cost

IF I were asked to name a dozen of the farmer's worst enemies, high up on the list would come the brake fern or bracken.

Just why this insidious plant has come to occupy such large areas of grassland—mainly upland grazings—it is, perhaps, impossible to say. It is probably due to a combination of reasons, including the replacement of cattle by sheep; poor prices that have made intensive or "high" farming so little profitable that it has become almost impossible on large and naturally poor and bleak areas; and to some extent upland areas going out of arable cultivation.

It has also been suggested that a series of wet seasons before the beginning of the present century resulted in a widespread beginning of new centres owing to the favourable condition for the growth of the plant from spores—which are seldom found growing in normal seasons. Owing to the rapid growth of the rhizomes or underground creeping rootstocks, which extend in all directions, a new patch may, in the course of ten years, become a serious infestation, and a few patches may soon coalesce and cover many acres. Investigation has shown that the quantity of rhizomes below the surface of an infested area is amazing, and they form almost a solid bed of unbroken branched rootstock.

That such an extension has taken place is voiced from all over the country, though it is not possible to state the area now occupied nor the actual rate of increase. The area covered by bracken is, however, very large. The most trustworthy estimates known to the writer are those put forward by Professor Stapledon, who gives figures for certain areas. He states that there are in Wales alone 153,000 acres of bracken-clad country. As he believes that the proportion of hill country occupied by bracken in England and Scotland is no less than in Wales, he arrives at a figure of 1½ million acres of bracken-clad country in the uplands of Great Britain; and he judges that "at the very lowest one-third of this acreage is on potentially excellent grazing land, much of it on potential arable land, and a great deal of it on land that has in fact been under the plough in the past."

Such bracken-occupied land is—at least, so far as we have learned at present—useless to farming, and is, moreover, very injurious in various ways. It occupies land that would be better covered with herbage that will provide food for stock; it even ousts heather that in the uplands is so valuable for sheep and grouse; it serves as a hiding place for "struck" sheep, causing the shepherd much trouble; it is poisonous to cattle—possibly more than we know—and overseas work shows that horses and sheep may also be affected.

The brake fern is found in almost all parts of the world, and in many of them is regarded as a great curse, so that in most places war is waged upon it in an endeavour to eradicate it. Stapledon observes that it is "peculiarly sensitive to rigidity of climate and to elevation"; that in some districts and on some aspects it does not go above the 1,000-ft. contour, while in others it may go to 1,500 or 1,600 ft. though sometimes only in small quantity. Rainfall, aspect and prevailing winds appear to be largely governing influences. In a report by G. A. Currie, published by the Australian Council for Scientific and Industrial Research in 1936, it is said that bracken occurs in pastures subject to rainfall ranging from 20 to 100in.; and that "it thrives in shade, but can survive in quite open country on a wide range of soils."

In this country also bracken occurs extensively on different soils, and varying situations as regards rainfall, while it also grows very extensively under the shade of reasonably open woodlands as well as in open country, where it often appears in neglected pastures and in association with heather and gorse, one or other being dominant. It is true that in such associations bracken can add a glory and magnificence of its own.

But there remains the question of eradication. What can be done about it? It is unquestionable that something very definite is desirable in the national interest. Certain facts about bracken are known, and of these advantage should be taken as soon as possible.

Bracken is an invader of acid soils, and lime is regarded as almost inimical to it. Repeated cutting or crushing or other destruction of the young foliage exhausts it and leads to early and heavy reduction. Spraying with a solution of salt or sodium chlorate or sulphuric acid has been effective in destroying the cover existing at the time, but has not been generally accepted as likely to lead to eradication on an economic basis. It is generally agreed that in the uplands the cost of destruction must not exceed a few shillings per acre.

The use of bracken cutters of varying types, at the time the fronds are nearly uncurled, has been practised for many years, and sufficiently frequent cutting will eradicate the pest. Breaking the young fronds with chain harrows has also been successful. A year or so ago was introduced a steel-bar bracken crusher, and this also seems likely to be highly valuable, especially on rough and uneven ground.

The Scottish Department of Agriculture subsidises the purchase of bracken-destroying machinery by farmers; and the Ministry of Agriculture last year offered grants to county authorities for the provision of machines for demonstration purposes.

Land that has been cut over should be closely grazed when the bracken is severely reduced, and, when soil and situation warrant it, it may be given a dressing of lime or basic slag. When infested land comes under cultivation the bracken is destroyed.

H. C. Long.

RUNNER BEANS

RUNNER beans are easily grown, and normally they meet with a ready sale, especially when they are young and tender. They succeed best on the light loamy soils, because these warm up quickly in the spring. Clay soils are the least suitable, though even on such heavy land good crops have been grown with special winter preparation and heavy dressings of lime.

The best prices are always obtained for beans that are picked from "climbing" rows, as against those grown on the flat. In the former case the rows may be 5ft. apart, and in the latter case 3ft. apart, the seeds being spaced out 4½in. apart in the drill and thinned finally on good soil to 9in. apart. At the end of each row a dozen or so seeds should be sown in a group and these may be used when they grow for gapping up afterwards. Once the seed is sown the drills should be covered in and the land should be rolled. When grown on the flat 1½ bushel of seed is needed per acre, and when up poles or string only three-quarters of a bushel.

Various methods have been devised for providing structures up which the beans can climb. Some growers put in poles 9in. to 1ft. apart and they cross them at the top, passing a pole between the crossed tops and tying all these together firmly. They thus will resist any ordinary wind. Feathery twigs are then put among the plants to lead them up the poles. Other growers put in straight rows of bean poles and lash similar poles at the top running at right angles and parallel to the ground. Another system consists of posts and wires, one wire at the top of the post, say, 8ft. high, and the other wire running at ground level. From these wires strings are attached tightly, and it is up such binder twine that the beans grow.

On the whole, the earliest beans come from bush plants, but the crop does not last as long. The beans themselves, because they touch the ground, are usually curved or misshapen in some way and so do not compare with the long straight beans picked from the climber. In order to keep the unsupported rows bushy, the top of the plant is cut out directly the flowers begin to show. This stopping of the running shoots has to be repeated every ten days or the plants get into a tangled mass. It is normally done with the sickle or brushing hook.

Once the beans are through the soil should be cultivated frequently so as to keep down weeds, and to provide a moisture retaining dust mulch. The heaviest crops always result under moist weather conditions, and the flowers will not set if the soil is dry. Smallholders take the opportunity of mulching the rows with cut grass or chopped straw.

If the crop follows another that has been well supplied with farmyard manure, there should be no need to plough in dung. Some organic manure should be used in addition to the artificials and hoof and horn is popular. A good dressing, which should be applied a few days before seed sowing, would be 8cwt. of hoof and horn, 3cwt. of superphosphate, and 1cwt. of sulphate of potash. Finally 5cwt. of ground lime may be applied as a top dressing. Though there is no experimental evidence to prove it, it has been said that nitro-chalk gives better results than using lime alone, if applied at the rate of 1cwt. to 1½cwt. per acre when the plants are throwing out their first tendrils.

W. E. Shewell-Cooper.

AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS

"O GREATLY happy farmers, did they but know their own good fortune!" It is true that when that line was written Maecenas was engaged in persuading the soldiers of the revolution to return to the land, and that Virgil's contribution to the scheme was to invest the farmer's round with glory and nobility. Yet it is doubtful whether, even in the same circumstances, Virgil would have dared to write that line to-day. For, as a yeoman himself, he would have felt the succeeding problems and disappointments of the farmer's life too acutely.

The recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease was effectively quelled by the new department of the Ministry of Agriculture. But although the tumult and the shouting have died, the farmers are left to face a very considerable loss. The epidemic began on March 24th at Banbury market, and infected animals were conveyed to practically every county in England before the danger was realised. The general standstill order, imposed on April 4th, came at a most unfortunate moment, for the markets were at their busiest. Yet the results of that order, which was largely precautionary and designed to give the Government time to collect evidence, have justified all the inconvenience and financial loss which it caused.

But it is a disturbing reflection that an even worse outbreak may well occur next week and cause farmers a further loss. From the beginning of this year to the recent outbreak no fewer than 14,000 animals have been slaughtered, and no less than £262,000 has been paid in compensation. The possibility of discovering the cause of the disease would seem to be as remote as ever, and the variety of suggestions is a register of the extent of the failure. Almost everything from migrating starlings and imported maize to motor cars carrying a GB plate have been considered, but no convincing evidence has been brought forward. The only point on which these suggestions agree is that the disease may be imported from the Continent where, particularly in Germany, the position is much more serious than here. But this is only an explanation; what is wanted is a cure.

Hard on the heels of the disease came the sharp frosts, ruining many orchards and vegetables. The loss seems to have been greatest so far near Canterbury, where farmers were driven to lighting crude oil burners in their orchards. This proceeding may well have preserved a number of apples, but the grimy soot which a gentle wind blew into the neighbouring houses made the poor women of Canterbury cry, with Mr. T. S. Eliot: "What tribulation with which we are not already familiar?"

It seems safe to say that while a certain amount of irreparable damage has been done, especially in the Vale of Evesham, the orchards as a whole will recover.

Robert Colville.

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SOUNDNESS OF DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION

The Improvements in the Austin Fourteen Goodwood Saloon

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

IF ever a firm has truly deserved the success it has achieved, without doubt it is the Austin Motor Company. This success has been gained primarily because all the cars that have been built in this factory over a long period of years have been noted for their unfailing reliability, low cost of upkeep, and, moreover, they have always represented good value for money.

Maximum speed has never been of prime consideration in the past, and, therefore, considerable interest was aroused when the Austin Company announced towards the end of last year certain alterations to the Fourteen, with the object of improving its general performance and maximum speed, whilst still retaining its original smooth and economical running.

Outwardly the car remains the same, and externally the engine appears to be identical to the previous Fourteen, with the exception of a larger down-draught Zenith carburetter than that which used to be employed. The internal modifications include an aluminium cylinder head and higher compression, but what is of greater interest is the fact that the inlet valves are now larger than the exhaust.

I so well remember when the automobile movement was in its infancy, engine designers were principally concerned with the problem of dealing with the exhaust gases, and consequently many motors were built having exhaust valves larger than the inlets. In later years, however, it was found that it was far more important to introduce as much mixture into the combustion chamber as possible, and consequently the inlet valves were either of the same size or made larger than the exhaust. As regards the new Austin 14 h.p. model, the inlet valves are now one-eighth of an inch larger than the exhaust; previously they had both been the same size.

Due to great care having been exercised in designing the manifolding, carburation and new cylinder head, the petrol consumption has not been impaired; in fact, the car will still average between 24 and 25 miles per gallon, which is a very creditable performance. Other modifications include an improved type of vibration damper and alterations to the water circulation, consequently the motor now develops 46 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. instead of 38 b.h.p. at 3,400 r.p.m.

This additional power represents an increase of more than 20 per cent., which is considerable when it is realised that economy and smooth running have not been sacrificed. Maximum speed is now in the region of 70 m.p.h., but, what is more important, the acceleration has been vastly improved and the car is very lively.

The actual dimensions of the engine have not been altered, and the bore and stroke still remain the same—65.5 mm. and 84.6 mm. respectively; the R.A.C. rating is 15.96 h.p., and the tax £12 per annum. The usual very excellent four-speed gearbox is employed, top, third and second being synchromesh, and the ratios are as follows: Top, 5.3 to 1; third, 8.4 to 1; second, 13.2 to 1; and bottom, 20.3 to 1.



THE GOODWOOD FOURTEEN SALOON AMONG THE BIRCHES AT CLUMBER PARK, NOTTINGHAM

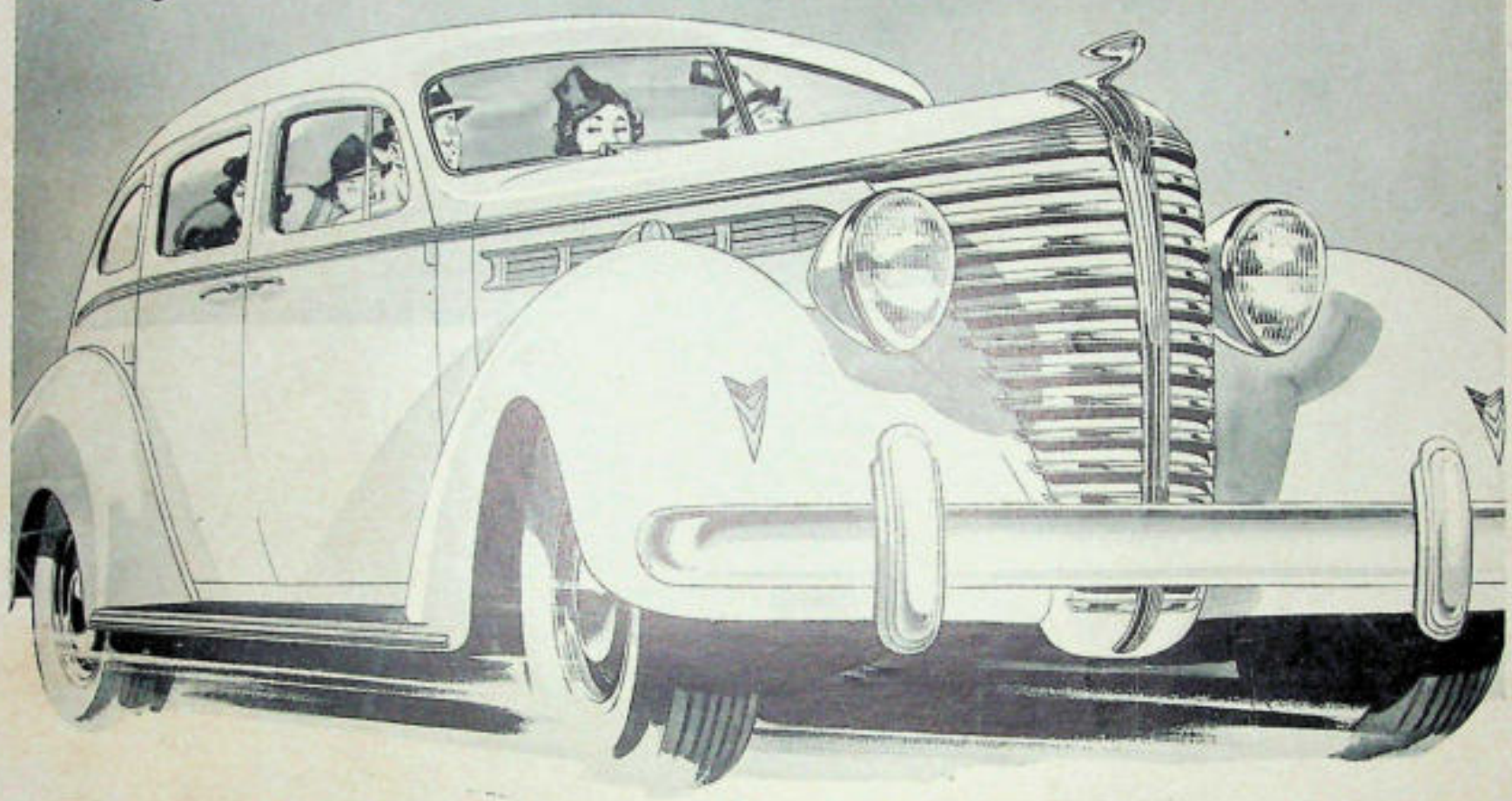
The other features of the car follow the orthodox Austin practice, which represents soundness of design and construction throughout. The coach-work is extremely well finished, and the back seats of the Goodwood saloon are the most comfortable that I have sat on for a very long while. The back squab and the cushion itself are both set at a perfect angle, there is ample leg room, and these points, combined with the centre armrest, afford the greatest degree of comfort. The steering column is adjustable for length of reach, the gear lever is just in the correct position and the forward vision is excellent.

I will readily admit that I was much impressed by the performance of the car on the road with its new power-plus engine. The motor starts up instantly and, when warm, ticks over very slowly and quietly; in fact, the carburetter could not be improved upon at either slow or high speed. She gets into her stride very quickly, and the car is so flexible that, even when crawling on top gear, she will accelerate rapidly without any fuss.

With four up, we climbed the famous Pebblecombe Hill, which has a maximum gradient of 1 in 6, on third gear, with plenty to spare, which is undoubtedly a very good performance for a car of this type. The Girling brakes are extremely powerful and smooth in action, and the steering, which is by worm and sector, is direct and positive. The capacity of the petrol tank is eight gallons, and this gives the car a cruising radius of close on 200 miles.

The price of the Fourteen Goodwood Saloon is £250, or the De Luxe model, which includes sliding roof, trunk and leather upholstery, &c., is £260. There is also a Cabriolet which sells at £267. The Austin Company are to be congratulated on introducing this new model, since, with its greatly improved performance, its comfort and low running costs, it should, without doubt, create a popular demand.

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DOWN THE GRAND GIRONDE

Across France by River and Canal

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

IF you look at the map of Europe, it is obvious that there are three ways of floating to the Mediterranean; for big ships the voyage is past Portugal and Spain and through the Straits; for small ships by inland waters, either (*a*) through Paris and Lyons, or (*b*) by the Gironde and its connecting artificial canals. In answer to a number of correspondents, I propose to offer practical notes regarding the latter.

The Garonne is a noble river which, after rising in the Pyrenees, flows through rich country, pastoral villages and farms, the towns of Toulouse, Agen and Bordeaux, below which it joins the river Dordogne, and then changes its name to the Gironde, finally emptying itself into the Atlantic. For at least six centuries the wine ships have been bringing their produce down this wide estuary to England, and Corduan rock at the mouth is the site of France's oldest lighthouse.

A fiercesome place, this meeting of river with ocean, when a westerly wind contends against the ebb; for the mouth is ten miles wide, the stream runs at most of four knots, and the obstructing sandbanks are frequently one line of breaking waves. There is likewise a tricky northerly set of tide, which has set many a good steamer ashore during thick weather.

But in fine, clear weather, with fair wind and tide, there is something thrilling as you make the entrance; identify the numerous buoys, beacons and lighthouses, and find the scenery rushing past like a cinema film. First comes that very southern-looking port of Royan, with its marvellous air, and everything about the place so resplendently white. The harbour dries out, but at low tide you have opportunity for studying the local barges and fishing craft. Opposite is the Médoc peninsula, whose sandy soil washed down from the Pyrenees, has made this region famous for its wines from time immemorial.

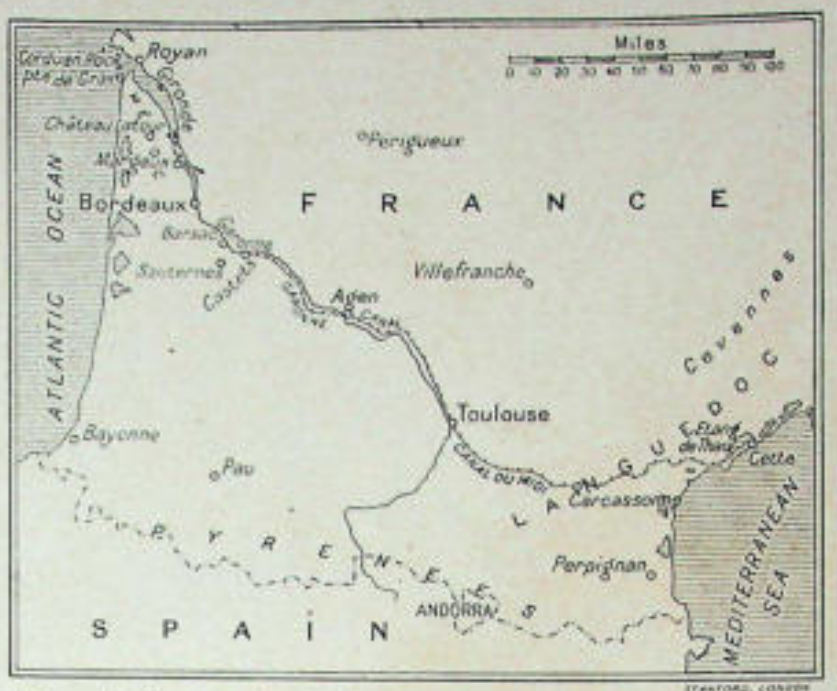
The amount of sandy expanse is indeed prodigious, and on the peninsula's western side the old port (where Zacchaeus, the New Testament publican is said to have landed with his wife Veronica and their servant Martial) has long ago been overwhelmed by the sand's encroachment. Recently at Pointe de Grave there has been erected an immense, plain, concrete monument to commemorate the arrival of the United States' armies into France during the Great War. This wide estuary provides a curious medley of the present and past, for a little farther up, nearly opposite Port Verdon—a harbour for liners that was opened only two years ago—you will notice some curious grottoes hollowed out of the cliffs, where fishermen have their habitation. Strange combination that cliff-dwellings should survive in the days of big steamers!

From here the chart reads more like a wine list, though the broad Gironde reminds one very much of the Scheldt, even to the mirages. The hurrying flood carries you past such old friends as Château Latour, Château Margaux, Mouton-Rotschild, and it is one long succession of vineyards with here and there a creek where the barges load up their huge barrels. These craft are sloop-rigged, with lowering masts, and some have motors; but for generations they have relied much on their working of these strong tides for fetching the hogsheads to the Bordeaux wine-cellars.

At times the river quite alters till it resembles the upper Thames with typical eyots separating the channel. Then at Bordeaux, 60 miles as it is from the sea, you find a busy port with docks and shipyards, and a span like unto our London Bridge. From here the pilotage becomes tricky, and progress is barred to all vessels with standing masts; but with the young flood there begins an impressive procession of tugs with lighters, motor barges, and perhaps a couple of yachts. Every mile becomes more interesting than the last, with poplars, waterside villages, and terraces of vineyards; for now we are passing through the famous Sauterne region, and over on our port hand rise the sun-ripened slopes which will produce the good white wine of Barsac.

Finally, at the end of 30 odd miles, we sight a wide lock ahead, turn in out of the current, and here is Castets, the gate which admits into the Garonne Canal. No more worry about tides or fogs! No need for charts or nautical almanacs! For most of 300 miles you just sit leisurely at the tiller and watch the country roll past—fertile fields, medieval castles, vast plains, hills and valleys, more vines and acres of tobacco plants, picturesque old barns, ancient churches avenues of tall poplars and (later) of cypress, arches of planes and pines; everything all golden, green, or blue; this is the environment that is yours for day after day.

At Toulouse and Carcassonne this waterway trends so far south towards the Spanish frontier that the distant blue Pyrenees become visible; at some little town you will even find a bull-fight. The people begin to look Spanish and to speak French with a different accent; yet there is the same courtesy everywhere, and no one seems to hurry in that land of sunshine. There is no denying the heat, even when under way, and the wind blows from ahead. It would be imprudent not to have some sort of awning improvised over the steersman, for the rays are intensely powerful, as we once found to our cost with a mild attack of heat-stroke. The best times for progression will be found between sunrise and 10 a.m., then between 4 p.m. and sunset. But anywhere around noon can be a little trying to us northerners. Contrary to what we expected, neither mosquitoes nor flies gave us much inconvenience.



It is from Toulouse—that Paris of the south, with noble streets and handsome shops—that you enter the Canal du Midi, which was created by that seventeenth century engineering genius, Paul Riquet, a man who could see far beyond his compeers. I would raise my sun-hat to this great man, who died just before his great work reached completion. Equally I hold in respect his successors who, under the French Government, keep these waterways, with their locks, in such perfect navigable condition. And, permit me to add, without charging even a stranger for the use thereof.

Some day, and perhaps in our own time, this Atlantic-Mediterranean short cut is going to be deepened and widened, so that steamers of fair tonnage need not go round through Gibraltar Straits. France will then have a kind of Panama Canal, which will not merely be a great saving in times of peace, but a most valuable route in any period of war. The modern demand for oil and petrol transport has already added considerably to the number of motor barges which carry several hundreds of tons in each cargo, not by barrels, but in bulk.

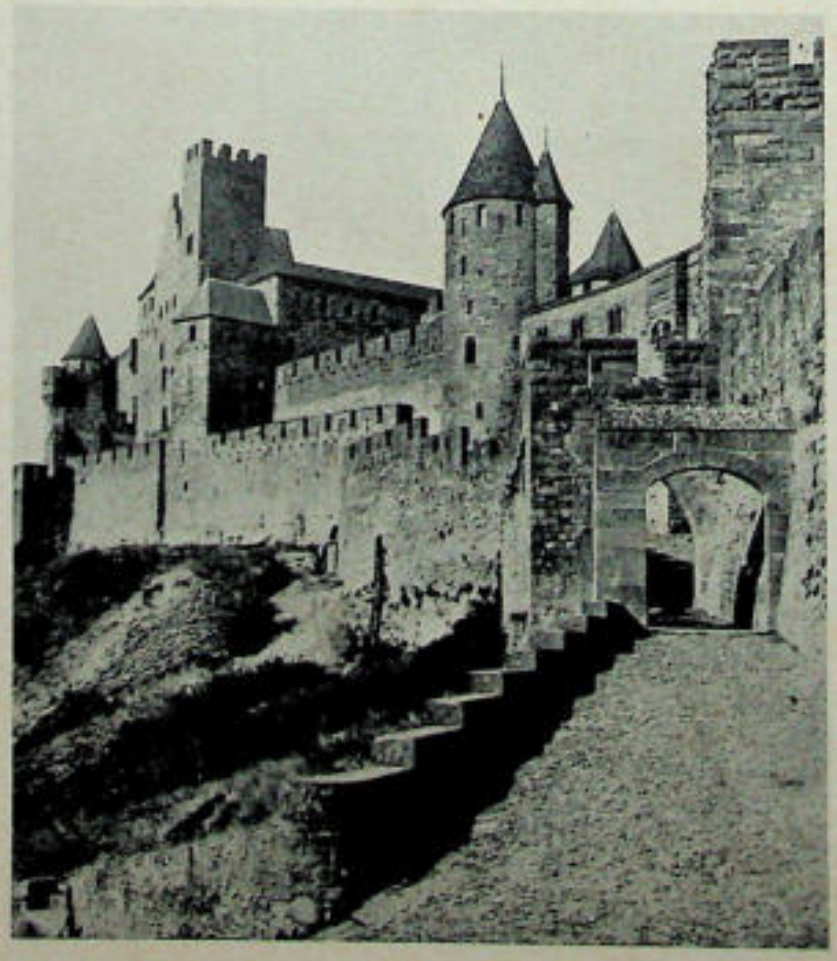
Through the Languedoc country, away from towns and cities, one passes towards the Cevennes among a simple and hospitable people, to whom the sight of a yacht is somewhat rare, and the arrival of an English craft a great event. What with the illimitable rolling plains between ranges of mountains, the scarlet-roofed houses and their dead white walls, the gardens and pergolas, the granite hills, the rows of stately cypress, the olive trees and the glistening water that twists all round the compass, you never experience monotony.

Then, at last, you become conscious of an incipient change. The mountains disappear, the hills flatten out into marshlands, the country reminds one of the Norfolk Broads, and you can almost scent the sea not many miles away. The fortified fourteenth century churches tell you that once upon a time the Saracens came ashore and invaded this neighbourhood, and the solitariness after all these centuries still continues.

A very few more miles of peaceful verdant canals and, with dramatic suddenness, you find yourself in a vast inland sea, a blue lagoon dotted with the ancient lateen rig; a sheet of water so long that (except for Mont St. Clair) you can scarcely descry the land lying some dozen miles away.

Now this is the Etang de Thau, which quickly becomes an angry mass of waves when the wind pipes up. Separated from the Mediterranean by a thin strip of sand, it is neither brackish nor fresh but salty and tideless. At the end you find yourself in a smaller *etang*, and then (most surprisingly) in a kind of Venetian canal, very narrow, spanned by low bridges that open, and quays with buildings on either side. Steamers from Africa are unloading Algerian wine, motor barges come along all the way from Paris and the Rhône—or even Marseilles; a big shipping port opens out, with broad basins, and over at one corner is the fishing fleet with their standing lateen yards like so many Arab dhows.

For this is the harbour of Cette, the whole Mediterranean lies immediately outside the lighthouse and breakwater; a new cruising ground, a new freedom of the seas, lies ahead, with the world's oldest civilisations, and the choice of a dozen nationalities. Egypt, Greece, the Aegean, Italy, the Adriatic, Tunis, Malta, Sardinia; we can sail for ever, now that the Gironde has suffered us to float across France.



THE EMBATTLED WALLS OF THE FINE OLD CASTLE AT CARCASSONNE

A LAND OF YESTERDAY FOR TO-DAY

Galloway and Its Associations with the Past

AFTER having enjoyed their visit to the Glasgow Exhibition, which will undoubtedly be the goal of many this summer, I would advise readers to pay a visit to Galloway, making a tour of Wigtownshire, the country of high hills, dark rivers, purple moors, lochs, green pasturelands and a wonderfully rugged coast line.

This, the south-west coast, is one of the most historic and beautiful districts of Scotland. Stranraer, a delightful old town at the head of Loch Ryan, is a charming place in which to stay, and would make a fine headquarters. It was on the shores of Loch Ryan that James IV is reputed to have rested when on a pilgrimage to Whithorn, and so enraptured was he with the scenery that he allowed his horse to wander, and only retrieved it after much damage had been done.

Quite near to Stranraer are some of the finest gardens in Scotland, renowned for their rare plants and trees, and on certain days these gardens are open to the public. Pines from such varied districts as the Himalayas, California and Spain are some of the trees that flourish, and in the grounds of one of the largest landowners there is a striking avenue of araucarias (monkey puzzle), a wonderful sight, which must surely be unique in this country. In the same grounds in early summer the rhododendrons and azaleas make a marvellous display.



Courtesy L.M.S. Railway

CASTLE KENNEDY AT STRANRAER SEEN FROM ACROSS THE LILY-POND



Courtesy L.M.S. Railway

THE PLACID WATERS OF LOCH TROOL SURROUNDED BY A VARIETY OF TREES

Portpatrick, an attractive small town built at the foot of hills, with an interesting past and a charming present, is only a few miles away from Stranraer. Here there are, as at Stranraer, splendid opportunities for bathing, fishing, tennis or golf, and for hill climbing for those so inclined. The harbour, which, in olden days, was an important port, is one of the most attractive sights along the coast, with the picturesque fishing boats and graceful yachts.

Near by is Dunskey Glen, considered by many to be the most charming of the lovely glens that abound in Wigtownshire. One of the great charms of this county is its variety. There are woods with luxuriant growth, wild moors with bog myrtle scenting the air with its fragrance, heather shading from light to dark, high hills shrouded in mystery, and dark lochs covered with white and golden water lilies.

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for its breeds of hornless black cattle, and the beautiful "belties," with the deep band encircling their bodies. These dark animals, feeding on the bright green grass, are a sight to rejoice the heart of an artist.

It is not surprising that Galloway, with its rich variety, has held such charm for artists such as Ford, Guthrie, Hornel, Sivell, Oppenheimer and Henry. All these have, in various types of pictures, faithfully reproduced the beauty of the country. There are still the little whitewashed cottages they have so frequently painted. They are often to be found on the moors miles away from any other house, blue smoke curling up to the sky the only signs in the far distance of human habitation.

It is pleasant to come suddenly upon the countrymen cutting peat, and to watch the huge turfs cut out and laid to dry in the sun. Peat is still, with wood, the chief fuel used by the cottagers in the country districts.

The ruins of the sixteenth-century Dunskey Castle, near Portpatrick, are situated, as were many of the castles in those days, right on the edge of the steep cliffs. It was a stronghold of the Adairs of Kinhilt, and was built on the site of a much older castle. Twin pillars of stone, with inscriptions dating from 600, are some of the most interesting archæological relics in the South of Scotland, and are to be found near Stoneykirk, a small village near Portpatrick; while driving along the Kirkcowan Road from Wigtown will be seen, standing in a field, one of the finest stone circles in Galloway.

Wigtown, built on a hill, is a royal burgh about 26 miles from Stranraer, and is particularly remembered as being the scene of one of the most tragic events in the history of the county. On May 11th, 1685, two women martyrs were tied to a stake within the floodmark near the mouth of the river Bladnoch and drowned for refusing to forsake the principles of the Scottish Reformation, and to take the Government oath abjuring the right of the people to resist. From the martyrs' monument, which was erected to their memory, and to those of others martyred at the same time, there is the finest view in the district. A little further on are the ruins of Baldoon Castle, the scene of Scott's tragic *Bride of Lammermoor*.

From Wigtown the visitor should go on to Whithorn, about ten miles away. He will drive partly across moor roads, and will pass the Old Place of Mochrum, with its two interesting towers, the older supposed to have been built about 1500. Kings and queens, with their retinue, and many other pilgrims, must have taken the same road, as at one time it was the fashion for high and low to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ninian at the Priory at Whithorn, which was founded in the twelfth century on a site associated with a much earlier church. There is a small museum near the ruins where a number of pre-Norman sculptured crosses may be seen.

There is a tiny church in ruins at the Isle of Whithorn supposed to be of thirteenth-century origin, and believed to be on the site of the original Candida Casa, built by St. Ninian in the fourth century; while St. Ninian's Cave is on the shore between the Isle of Whithorn and Glasserton. There are many other places of interest to be seen in this part of the world which cannot all be mentioned in a short article, but I feel certain that anyone who spends a holiday in Wigtownshire will return home refreshed in mind and body.

DAVID CAMERON.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE GEORGE HOTEL, AT CRANBROOK

FOR the best part of six centuries the George at Cranbrook has been a gathering place for locals and travellers alike in this picturesque Kentish town. You may recall that in the far-off days Cranbrook was a cloth town, the industry of weaving having been introduced by Edward III from Flanders in 1336. Like many of the old inns of this country, the George has sheltered monarchs and pilgrims, merchants and all kinds of travellers; and between the occasions of the more spectacular hospitality the hostel has gathered about it the richness of the social life of the neighbourhood. Readers will not need to be reminded that it is often in an inn that men have met and drank together and expanded a personal and political philosophy which they do not so easily voice outside its portals. I look back on many a good chat with local inhabitants in various inns all over England. Take him as you find him—often a countryman born and bred—and he will tell you many a good yarn, and expound many a theory on the evils of the changing face of England.

You cannot stop the hand of time, and it is therefore natural that the George has altered considerably since the day when Queen Elizabeth slept at the inn. That was a grand occasion in Cranbrook, and doubtless much celebration took place in the inn at eventide. It is said that the rich local clothiers laid for the Queen a carpet of their famous grey broadcloth, upon which to walk after visiting their factories, the whole way to Courseborn Manor, a mile distant. This carpet passed the doors of the George.

As you see it to-day this Kentish hostel occupies only a part of its original premises. Once it occupied the whole of that charming, red-roofed, red-tile-hung building that extends round the corner of Stone Street into High Street. The entrance to-day is naturally in the former street, though the coaches of yesteryear rattled into a courtyard which had its entrance in High Street.

As you enter by the heavy oaken door you come into a noble, lofty chamber with great moulded beams in its ceiling. Just above your head hangs a bunch of huge keys and what seems to be a fetter suspended from one of a row of hooks that once held hams and game and joints of meat. Naturally one's curiosity is aroused. What is the story which the keys could unlock? Actually no one seems to know, though legend has it that they were used when French prisoners were kept in the Parish Church across the way.

In that excellent book *Tales of Old Inns*, the writer says: "Now this French prisoner tale is an interesting one, for in a narrow corridor on the top floor of the George is a ceiling covered with curious black marks which suggest initials and dates. They are hard now to decipher, though "1760" seems clear, but tradition has it that they were made by French prisoners who were incarcerated at the inn. Further, in the little room at the end of this corridor there are remains of irons attached to a strong cross beam in the floor, and to this beam, it is said, the prisoners were manacled. Quite obviously there is a connection here with the Tudor Mansion of Sissinghurst, a short two miles away, for Sissinghurst was used during the Seven Years' War in the middle of the eighteenth century, as a prison for French captives, and maybe recalcitrant prisoners were brought to the George at Cranbrook for the attention of the local Justices of the Peace in the big first floor chamber, now divided into small bedrooms, which was known as the Court Room, in which you may see marks in the floor where it is said the Dock was fixed."

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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(Continued on page 1059)

BRIDGE

HASTY PLAY AT THE FIRST TRICK

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

FREQUENTLY in these columns I have emphasised the necessity of care in the play to the first trick and have pointed out the dire results which occur from failure to observe this simple precept.

After the first lead keep your fingers off Dummy and study the 27 cards before you. Do not be bustled by opponents into hasty play. Make a plan of campaign and, having made it, you can then play quickly, unless some unforeseen circumstances arise which cause you to alter your tactics. Many games are given away at the first trick. The removal of a certain card of entry from Dummy may prove to be of vital importance.

As an illustration consider the following hand from Club play:

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

Score game all. A the dealer. The bidding was:

A	Y	B	Z
One Spade	No bid	Three Spades	Four Hearts
Four Spades	No bid	No bid	Five Hearts
Double	No bid	No bid	No bid

A's double was not good. He could hardly hope to make a Spade. Presumably he hoped to catch Z over the Clubs and make three tricks in the suit if Z, holding the King, could be compelled to lead from it.

As you will see, A and B can make three tricks in Clubs if the suit is led immediately. But A did nothing of the kind.

He opened with the King of Spades, and when Dummy went down, Z, if he had paused for thought, had the opportunity of a lifetime. Being, however, one of those lightning players, he did not pause for thought, but blithely trumped the first trick with the 3 of Hearts.

He then led out his trumps and Diamonds, hoping to force discards. A stuck to his Clubs, and Z had to lose three tricks eventually. Actually, after the Spade lead Z can make all thirteen tricks.

All he has to do is to trump the first trick with the 8 of Hearts. Then as A and B have one trump each, the 5 of Hearts provides an entry. After the lead of the Ace of Hearts the Ace and King of Diamonds are made, and the lead is given to Dummy enabling the discard of three losing Clubs on the Diamonds. If Z had not been in such a hurry and given the matter a minute's thought he would have seen the importance of keeping the 3 of Hearts.

My second example is perhaps a little more difficult, but the correct play should be obvious enough.

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

Score game all. Z, the Dealer, bid Two No Trumps, and Y raised to Three No Trumps, A and B silent.

A led the 6 of Hearts.

Now forget that you know the hands of A and B and put yourself in the position of Z and determine how you would play. First of all, take stock. Z can see one trick in Hearts, two in Spades and two in Diamonds. He therefore needs four tricks in Clubs to make his contract.

To make all four Clubs requires finessing through B for the King, and, if B has the King twice guarded, two finesses are necessary. Z can see only one certain card of entry in Dummy the King of Diamonds. How can a second entry be created?

The answer is by throwing the King of Hearts on B's Ace. Note that on the 6 led the 5 should be played from Dummy. The play of the 10 is definitely wrong, and cannot help.

When on the Ace Z plays his King of Hearts he is incurring no loss, as it is obvious that he can make only one trick in the suit. If he keeps his King and plays low to the return of the Heart by B, A wins with the Queen and Z is forced to win the third Heart trick in his own hand.

By getting rid of the King the entry in Dummy is secured. Y wins the third round of Hearts, the finesse in Clubs is taken and when it succeeds Z enters Dummy again with the King of Diamonds and takes a second Club finesse.

Actually in play Z failed in his contract because he would cling to that obstructive King of Hearts!

CHESS

CONGRESS AT MARGATE

THIS congress came to its conclusion on Friday, April 29th. It was in every way a great success.

The first prize in the Premier Tournament was won by Dr. Alekhine, the World's Champion. He played some very fine games, and his success was well deserved. The second prize went to the veteran R. Spielmann (Austria), the third to V. Petrow (Latvia), and the fourth was shared by E. Böök (Finland) and P. S. Milner-Barry. Spielmann had the distinction of being the only player to go through the contest without defeat, and Petrow that of defeating Dr. Alekhine in a fine game.

The following table shows the results of all the games played in the Premier Tournament.

	Alekhine	Spielmann	Petrow	Böök	M.-Barry	Golombek	Alexander	Sergeant	Mrs. Menchik	Thomas	Total
Dr. Alekhine	—	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8
R. Spielmann	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8
V. Petrow	1	0	—	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	6½
E. Böök	0	0	1	—	1	1	1	0	1	1	6½
P. S. Milner-Barry	0	0	0	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	5
R. Golombek	0	0	1	0	0	—	1	1	1	1	4½
C. H. O'D. Alexander	½	0	½	0	0	0	—	1	1	1	4
E. G. Sergeant	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	1	2½
Miss Menchik	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	1
Sir Geo. Thomas, Bart.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	½

PREMIER RESERVE TOURNAMENT.—The final scores were as follows: Section A: E. Klein (Austria) 7 points out of 9, M. Najdorf (Poland) 6½, G. Abrahams and S. S. Rossolimo (Greece) each 6, P. List (Germany) 5½, A. E. R. Thomas 4, A. G. Cook (Mexico) and F. Van Seters (Belgium) each 3½, R. H. Wood 2½, and H. H. Cole 1½. Section B: S. Landau (Holland) 7½ points out of 9, G. Kolthoorn-ki (Belgium) 7, L. Prins (Holland) 6½, K. Opocensky (Czechoslovakia) 6, I. Kmoch (Jugoslavia) 5, W. A. Wisser 4, F. G. T. Collins 3½, L. C. G. Bowing 2½, A. Eva and L. Illingworth each 1½. Section C: G. Meyer (Latvia) and G. R. O. van Boeburgh (Holland) each 6½ points out of 9, W. A. F. Schelhaut (Holland) 5½, Fräulein Senja Graf (Germany), C. B. Heath and B. Reilly (Ireland) each 5, Z. Solmanis (Latvia) 4½, W. Shillcock 3, F. S. Jameson 2½, and B. J. Snowden 1½. There were four prizes in each section.

Another eighteen tournaments were played during the congress.

A remarkably fine game by Dr. Alekhine—perhaps one of the best he has ever played.

(*Queen's Gambit.*)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. E. Böök.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. E. Böök.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14. B takes B	Kt takes B (g)
2. P to Q B 4	P takes P (a)	15. Kt to K 5	R to B 2
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	16. P takes P	K to K 2 (h)
4. P to K 3	P to K 3	17. P to K 4 (i)	Kt to K B 3
5. B takes P	P to B 4	18. B to K Kt 5	Q to B 2
6. Castles	Kt to B 3	19. B to B 4	Q to Kt 3 (j)
7. Q to K 2	P to Q R 3 (b)	20. R to Q sq	P to Kt 3
8. Kt to B 3	P to Q Kt 4 (c)	21. B to K Kt 5	B to Kt 2 (k)
9. B to Kt 3 (d)	P to Kt 5 (e)	22. Kt to Q 7	R takes Kt
10. B to Q 5	Kt to Q R 4	23. R takes R, ch	K to B sq
11. B to K 4, ch	B to Q 2	24. B takes Kt	B takes B (l)
12. P takes P	P takes P	25. P to K 5	Resigns (m)
13. R to Q sq (f)	P takes Kt		

(a) In our opinion it is better for Black to decline the gambit.
(b) If P takes P, then R to Q sq.
(c) The best move for Black is probably 8. . . . B to K 2. If, instead, 8. . . . P takes P, then 9. R to Q sq and White recovers the pawn, e.g., (1) 9. . . . P to K 4; 10. P takes P; or (2) 9. . . . B to B 4; 10. P takes P and Black cannot play 10. . . . Kt takes P because of 11. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 12. B to K 3.
(d) This position occurred in the fifth game of the recent World's Championship Match. Dr. Alekhine continued with 9. . . . B to K 2, but after 9. P takes P, B takes P; 10. P to K 4, P to Kt 5; 11. P to K 5 Dr. Euwe obtained the advantage and eventually won.
(e) This is not good, but Black has already a difficult game. If 9. . . . B to Kt 2, then either (1) 10. P to Q 5, P takes P; 11. P to K 4 or (2) 10. R to Q sq, Q to B 2; 11. P to Q 5, P takes P; 12. B takes P, B to K 2; 13. P to K 4, Castles (K R); 14. P to K 5, with a good game for White.
(f) Beginning some really magnificent play.
(g) White is a Rook down and remains so for another nine moves!
(h) There appears to be an better move. It threatens Kt takes Kt.
(i) Preventing Kt takes Kt because of the deadly reply B to Kt 5, ch.
(j) If 19. . . . Q to Kt 2, then 20. Q to K 3 after which Black cannot play either 20. . . . Q takes P (because of 21. Q takes P, ch) or 20. . . . Kt takes P (because of 21. R to Q sq, threatening 22. Q takes Kt, Q takes Q; 23. B to Kt 5, mate).
(k) Black appears to be getting out of his difficulties.
(l) If Q to Kt 8, ch, then B to Q sq.
(m) If B to Kt 2, then Q to B 3, ch and mate in two more moves. If, instead, 25. . . . B to K 2, then 26. Q to B 3, ch, K to Kt 2 (if K to K sq then R to Kt 7, ch, and wins); 27. R takes B, ch, K to R 3; 28. Q to R 3, ch, K to Kt 4; 29. Q to K 3, ch, and mate in three more moves.

A BRILLIANT FINISH

IN a game played in a tournament for the championship of the Ukraine the following position was reached:—White (Koremar): King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q 4, Rooks at K sq and K Kt 3, Bishop at K R 6, Knight at Q 5, Pawns at Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q B 2, K B 2, K Kt 2 and K R 2; Black (Polak): King at K Kt sq, Queen at K B 4, Rooks at K B 2 and Q R 3, Bishop at Q sq, Knight at Q 3, Pawns at Q R 4, Q Kt 2, Q B 2, K B 3, K Kt 2 and K R 2. White to play.

White now finished off the game in brilliant style as follows:

WHITE. Koremar.	BLACK. Polak.	WHITE. Koremar.	BLACK. Polak.
1. Kt to Kt 4	P takes Kt	5. R to Kt 8, ch	K takes R
2. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2 (a)	6. R to K 8, ch	R to B sq
3. Q to Q 5 (b)	K to B sq (c)	7. R takes R, mate.	
4. R takes P	Q takes Q (d)		

(a) If 2. . . . B takes Q, then 3. R to K 8, ch, R to B sq; 4. R takes P, ch, K to R sq; 5. R takes R, mate.
(b) Threatening R takes P, ch.
(c) If Q takes Q, then R to K 8, ch, followed by R takes P, ch and mate in two more moves. If P to K Kt 3, then R (Kt 3) to K 3. If K to R sq, then Q takes Q.
(d) If R takes R, then Q takes Q.

PROBLEM No. 3960

By H. JO. BERNARD.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at Q 2, Queen at Q B 6, Rooks at Q B 4 and Q Kt 4, Bishops at K R sq and K 7, Knight at Q 2, Pawns at K R 2, K Kt 3 and Q Kt 3.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 4, Bishops at Q Kt sq and Q B 3, Knight at K Kt 8, Pawns at Q B 2, K 3, Q Kt 3, K B 4 and K R 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

*Chess, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3959

1. B to R 3. If 1. . . . B takes P, then 2. Q to K 6, &c. If 1. . . . K takes P, then 2. Q to Kt 8, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to Q 7, then 2. B to B sq, ch, &c. If 1. . . . B to K 5 or B 6, then 2. Q takes B, &c. If 1. . . . B to Kt 7, then 2. B takes B, &c.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. Q to K Kt sq, ch, P to B 4; 2. Q to K R sq, P to Q 4 (if P to B 3, then Q to R 7); 3. Q to B 6, ch, P to B 3; 4. Q to R 7 and wins.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—Negotiations for a match for the world's championship between Dr. Alekhine and J. R. Capablanca have failed. There is a possibility that Dr. Alekhine may play a match with S. Flohr.

U.S.A. CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—A tournament for the championship of the U.S.A. has recently been held in New York. S. Reshevsky (the holder), who went through the contest without losing a game, retained the title, the narrow margin of half a point separating him from R. Fine. These two players met in the last round and drew. Had Fine won the game, he would have obtained the championship.

TOURNAMENT AT MONTEVIDEO.—During March Dr. Alekhine took part in a tournament at Montevideo with fifteen of the leading South American players. He went through the contest without defeat and finished first with a score of 13½ points.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 463

ACROSS.—1, Flies made of spice and feathers. 8, A worm is a covering to a girl. 9, An airy letter comes to earth. 12, This head is an architectural ornament. 13, "Men learn to hate their ——" (Browning). 14, In your eye perhaps. 17, A famous 11 down may be seen here. 18, This mollusc is composed of everything surrounded by muddled policemen. 19, Mind its horns! 22, A wild fruit with bestial head and a point for a tail. 24, The vice of Republics according to Longfellow. 25, Hard or soft, inflated or solid, large or small. 26, "To —— the rascals naked through the world" (*Othello*). 28, I sat and ate presumably. 31, A Sea Lord possibly. 32, "Nigh hat shape" (anag. 2 words).

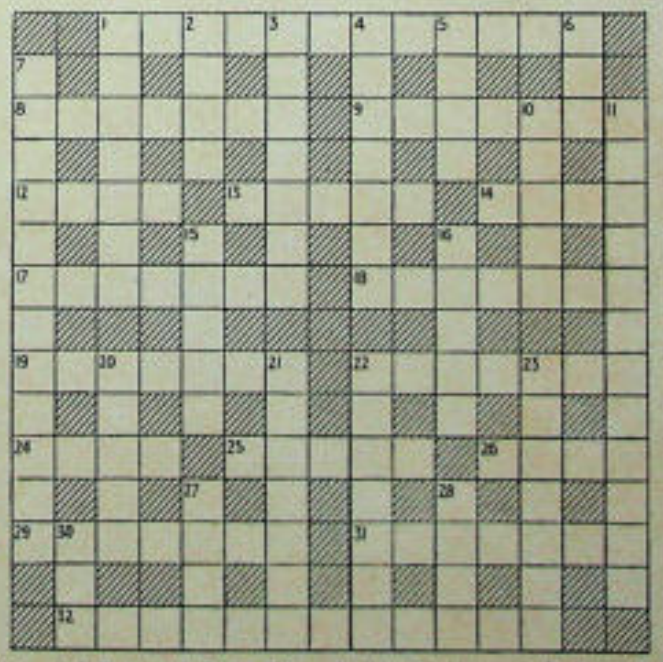
DOWN.—1, Ian is a gentleman. 2, "Outvenoms all the worms of ——" (*Cymbeline*). 3, Bustle over hairpins. 4, Followers of George Fox. 5, River Goddess. 6, It is spoils down. 7, North Country Mecca. 10, You may stop here. 11, "Fools the apes" (anag.). 15, Concerts. 16, Black or brown possibly. 20, Tweed or colour. 21, A jellyfish full of beer. 22, This lady is having her wardrobe spring cleaned at the moment. 25, A condemned insect but impenetrably hard. 27, Might be part of your window or your uniform. 28, Irritable poems. 29, This car is on show.

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. 462

Published April 30th

G	R	A	N	D	I	O	S	C	■	A	D	E	P	T
■	E	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	R	■
S	C	A	R	C	E	■	C	U	C	U	M	B	E	R
■	E	■	V	■	R	■	U	■	O	■	U	■	V	■
A	D	V	E	N	T	U	R	E	R	■	R	E	A	L
■	E	■	L	■	■	■	C	■	P	■	■	■	I	■
I	D	L	E	N	E	S	S	■	I	D	E	A	L	S
■	■	■	S	■	X	■	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	■
G	O	S	S	I	P	■	D	E	N	T	U	R	E	S
■	B	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	A	■
E	V	E	N	■	D	I	S	S	E	N	T	E	N	S
■	I	■	A	■	I	■	I	■	A	■	I	■	N	■
C	A	N	I	S	T	E	R	■	G	N	O	M	E	S
■	T	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	N	■	S	■
L	E	A	S	T	■	A	D	V	E	R	S	I	T	Y



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Aviation

The Segrave Trophy.—The trophy is presented by private subscription to commemorate the achievements of the late Sir Henry Segrave. It is awarded annually by a committee to the British subject who, in their opinion, accomplished the most outstanding demonstration of the possibilities of transport by air, land and water. The latest award was in 1936, when the trophy was won by Miss Jean Batten.—*W. G. K., Headingley.*

Country House

Eradication of Convolvulus.—Although convolvulus, or bindweed, is extremely difficult to eradicate by ordinary methods, severely infested land can be effectively cleared by applications of sodium chlorate. Most weeds succumb to applications of 1cwt. to 2cwts. per acre, but convolvulus needs about 5cwts. per acre for its destruction, or about 35lb. to 40lb. for the 100 sq. yd. plot. Half of this total quantity should be applied now, and half three months later, by spreading the dry material over the surface and digging it in. Treatment will poison the soil for a time, but the sodium chlorate eventually decomposes. After a year has elapsed, potatoes, cabbages and peas may be grown, and in the second year other garden crops. Sodium chlorate is non-poisonous to man and domestic animal, and safe to handle. Care must be taken, however, not to allow its solution to contact with materials like wood and clothing, as these will be rendered dangerously inflammable when the water has evaporated. Sodium chlorate is sold in 28lb. tins, costing about 14/6 each, which makes treatment for convolvulus rather expensive. The surplus from the two tins required, however, may be used to destroy weeds on the garden paths, dissolving the chemical in water at the rate of 6oz. per 2-gallon watering-can, and sprinkling it over each 10 sq. yds. of surface. Supplies in Liverpool district may be obtained from: Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Ship Canal House, King Street, Manchester.—*R. V. F. C., Liverpool.*

Kennel

Northern Ireland.—You may take a dog into Northern Ireland and bring it back again without undergoing any formalities.—*A. T. W., Crick.*

Coats for Dogs.—You should be able to get coats for your dachshunds from any place at which kennel necessaries are sold, but if you are unable to obtain them in South Africa you could certainly get them from Spratt's Patent, Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, E.C.3. The price would probably be about 10/-, or perhaps a little more.—*W. H. H. C., Maritzburg.*

Enlarged Milk Glands.—It is not at all unusual for a bitch that is not breeding to have a secretion of milk some time after she has been in season, and unless the glands are attended to there is a danger of the formation of tumours. The udder should be rubbed gently with camphorated spirits. In the case of your basset bitch, however, the trouble has gone further. Try if it is possible to soften the lump by massaging with warm salad oil and then drawing off some milk. If this is not efficacious, the only alternative to a permanent enlargement is an operation.—*H. J. L., Hampshire.*

Legal

Liability of Shooting Tenants.—The Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923, gives a tenant the right against his landlord to compensation for damage by "game"—deer, pheasants, partridges, grouse and blackgame"—but no claim can be made thereunder unless the damage exceeds 1/- an acre and due notice is given. If the right to shoot is vested in a shooting tenant the landlord will be entitled to be indemnified by him against claims to compensation. The rights under the Act are independent of the right to compensation where an unreasonable number of pheasants, &c., have been brought on to the land.—*R. A., Newark.*

Position of Servants.—Even the Rent Acts do not protect a servant allowed to occupy premises as one of the conditions of his or her service or employment. The widow occupying your cottage and working for you would be in the same position as a cook living in your house. If the widow refuses to do her work you can dismiss her forthwith and have her removed. If you want to get rid of her for some vague reason—*e.g.* because you don't like her much—give her the calendar month's notice to which any domestic servant is entitled (given at any time in the month), or pay her the extra month's wages in lieu of notice and then get possession.—*C. J. E., Shrewsbury.*

Miscellaneous

Joining the Royal Air Force.—With regard to the question of the possibility of your joining the Royal Air Force in this country, it is difficult to give you any definite advice, and all we can do is to indicate the position. It would seem that the only chance of your being able to obtain a commission in the R.A.F. is by applying for a short service commission, in which service four years are spent on the Active List and six years on the Reserve. You are too old to obtain a permanent commission in the ordinary way, i.e., by obtaining a cadetship at Cranwell Training College, but there are a limited number of opportunities open to those with a short service commission of obtaining a permanent commission. If you wish to obtain a commission it is clear that you should concentrate on the possibility of obtaining a short service commission. In the case of applications from India or the Colonies the Air Ministry forward certain papers including a form indicating the medical requirements, which should be filled up by your medical man in India and returned to them. In order to avoid any delay in your application for these papers, we have asked the Air Ministry to send you the requisite particulars, so that if you decide to go further with the matter you could supply the medical information required. The Air Ministry would then be able to say whether you were up to the medical standard required, and if this proved to be the case they would invite you to attend before the Selection Committee. It would then be for you to decide whether you would care to come to this country for that purpose, with the possibility of your being selected for a commission. As we have stated it is difficult to advise you as you may or may not pass the Selection Committee. The position is that candidates are still being enrolled for the short service commissions, and the fact that you have been to a public school and possibly have been a member of the O.T.C. would be in your favour. On the other hand, a candidate is usually required to have obtained an educational standard equivalent to matriculation, or at least to have passed the school examinations. We are afraid that we could hardly advise you to relinquish your present occupation on the off-chance of obtaining a commission, but, of course, if you were visiting this country on leave it might be worth while making an application. Apart from the short service commission mentioned, the only possibility of a commission would be if you were particularly well qualified for one of the professions such as accountancy, as there are certain openings in the accountancy and stores branches. Otherwise there only remains the non-commissioned ranks and you are too old to take the apprenticeship course at Halton, which is the best way of entering the service in that direction.—*P. H. T., A., India.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease of Waterfowl.—The following post-mortem specimens, received from five different sources, illustrate some of the diseases to which waterfowl are susceptible. A brahma duck, one of several found dead on the same lake, had been picked up in an advanced state of emaciation. Its illness was due to infection of the lungs and windpipe by the gapeworms, *Cyathostoma bronchialis*. This disease is spread through the worm-containing droppings of infected waterfowl; consequently some of the in-contact fowl have probably contracted gapes. The fowl should be housed, the floor of the house being covered with a thick layer of sawdust or peat-moss litter. By means of a hypodermic syringe 1 *c.c.* of a 5 per cent. watery solution of sodium salicylate should be introduced into the windpipe of each duck. The hypodermic needle should be inserted through the skin of the neck into the windpipe, pointing downwards towards the chest, and the dose should be introduced quickly to prevent suffocation. The treatment should be repeated after an interval of seven days; on the ninth day the birds should be liberated. During the course of treatment the sawdust should be removed each day and burned. A severe inflammation of the bowels, due to infection by three different species of thread-worms, caused progressive loss of flesh and death of a goose, one of a flock of 20 which were turned out each morning to graze in the fields. The flock should be housed on sawdust, each goose being given two "Nicotine Compound Pills" (Willows Brand). A second dose of two pills per bird should be given on the seventh day, and on the ninth day the flock should be turned on to clean ground. The flock should not be grazed on the infected fields for at least twelve months. A wigeon drake died of hardening (cirrhosis) of the liver. It had been ailing for a long time, and the original cause of its illness was no longer evident; possibly eating some deleterious food or a sub-lethal dose of a poison may have been the cause. Chronic inflammation of the bowels and liver through injudicious feeding is a common cause of ill-health among most of our species of ornamental and wild ducks. A Carolina drake, after a good feed on animal and vegetable food from the lake, came on to the bank at feeding time to gorge herself with maize, wheat and oats. The proventriculus or digestive stomach was so greatly distended with food that it compressed the heart, resulting in death from heart failure. Conversely, another duck was received for examination, the cause of death being starvation. There was no disease found to account for the duck's starvation, and from the owner's history it would appear that the bird had been bullied by some of its fellows. Some owners of waterfowl appear to regard kitchen scraps and "any old stuff" as suitable for the addition to a little barley meal and thirds in order to make a good duck mash. Waterfowl should be fed on the best quality mashes and corn; kitchen scraps, potatoes and boiled vegetables should be put on the manure heap or the fire, not into the duck food troughs.—*G. L. R., Surrey; H. T., Solop; L. E., Hants; J. M., Dorset; H. B. M., Prebleshire.*

Rowing

The Toss in the Boat Race.—The results of the toss over the last eighteen years is as follows:

1920. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by four lengths.
1921. Oxford chose Surrey. Cambridge won by one length.
1922. Cambridge chose Middlesex. Cambridge won by four-and-a-half lengths.
1923. Oxford chose Surrey and won by three-quarters of a length.
1924. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by four-and-a-half lengths.
1925. Cambridge chose Middlesex. Oxford waterlogged.
1926. Oxford chose Surrey (President C. E. Fitman). It was stated that Ambler, the Cambridge President, would have taken Middlesex in any case. Cambridge won by five lengths.
1927. Oxford chose Surrey. Cambridge won by three lengths.
1928. Oxford chose Middlesex. Cambridge, with Letchworth at stroke, won by 34 seconds (ten lengths).
1929. Centenary race. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by seven lengths.
1930. Oxford chose Surrey. Cambridge won by two lengths.
1931. Oxford chose Middlesex. Cambridge won by two-and-a-half lengths.
1932. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by five lengths.
1933. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by two-and-a-quarter lengths.
1934. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by four-and-a-quarter lengths.
1935. Cambridge chose Surrey and won by four-and-a-half lengths.
1936. Oxford chose Surrey. Cambridge won by five lengths.
1937. Cambridge chose Surrey. Oxford won by three lengths.
1938. Cambridge chose Surrey. Oxford won by two lengths.

P. K. P., Westerham.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

THERE was a very large attendance at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository on Saturday last, the principal attraction being the dispersal of the Grafton Hunt and Mr. G. Beale's private horses. Some quite good prices were realised; the top figure was paid for Mr. G. Beale's bay gelding Athersone, which went for 250gs., and several others made over three figures. The sale throughout was very satisfactory, as will be seen by the following principal prices: Property of Mr. John Upton: Mettleman, 35gs.; Puppy, 50gs. Property of Mr. H. Sturdy: Pilot, b g, 70gs.; Rufus, ch g, 125gs.; Stanley, b g, 125gs. Property of Mr. E. Chinnery: Marvel, ch g, 50gs.; Patch, br p, 31gs. Property of Mr. H. Read: Stella, b m, 32gs. Property of Miss R. Ravenscroft: Black mare, 31gs. Property of Mr. K. J. Price: Rowlandor, b g, 44gs. Grafton Hunt horses, the property of Mr. G. Beale, M.F.H.: Miss Finchale, b m, 125gs.; Pallbon, b g, 120gs.; Prudence, b m, 70gs.; Happydays, ch g, 60gs.; Whitelegs, ch g, 115gs.; Professor, ch g, 105gs.; Foston, d g, 37gs.; Sunny Jim, b g, 40gs.; Chester, b g, 75gs.; Pioneer, gr g, 60gs.; Whitsun, b m, 31gs.; Seawell, ch m, 50gs.; Greyleg, d g, 45gs.; Rex, b g, 31gs.; Remus, br g, 31gs.; Nonsuch, ch m, 36gs.; Bracken, ch m, 50gs.; Jubilee, gr g, 39gs.; Susan, b m, 35gs. Mr. G. Beale's private stud: Boston, b g, 135gs.; Ebony, bl g, 43gs.; Athersone, b g, 250gs.; Trilby, b m, 105gs.; Harborough, b g, 78gs.; Brackley, ch g, 125gs.; Brigadier, br g, 80gs.; Mayday, br m, 34gs.; Preston, b m, 60gs.; Debenair, b g, 100gs.; Lady Furious, br m, 76gs.; Black Beauty, bl m, 65gs.; Cornelius, b g, 50gs.; Nanette, bl m, 36gs. Property of Mr. R. A. Murless: Rigg 'Oss, br g, 36gs. Property of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles: Will o'Wisp, b m, 42gs. Property of Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Shaw Stewart: Sportsman, ch g, 49gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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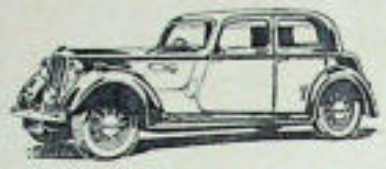
JAMES BRUEN IN PLAY AT ST. ANDREWS

Just eighteen years of age, he is the youngest golfer ever chosen for a Walker Cup match. Very powerful (he weighs 14 stone and is 5ft. 10½in. in height), he maintains a firm grip throughout the stroke and, as can be seen, has a pronounced follow through. He equalled Bobby Jones's 68 for the course (only beaten by W. Nolan with 67), and his score of 282 for the four rounds compares as follows with Post-War Open Championship figures at St. Andrews: 292 by Craig Wood (U.S.A.) in 1933; 285 by R. T. Jones in 1927; 296 by Jock Hutchison (U.S.A.) in 1921

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THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL . . . 1159
A FRESH WALKER CUP OUTLOOK . . . 1159
POULTRY AND THE NATION . . . 1160
BLANDFORD AND HIS FAMILY . . . 1162
TRADITIONS OF VOLUNTARY SERVICE . . . 1163
AUSTRALIA'S STRONG BATTING SIDE . . . 1164
ROUND THE WICKETS . . . 1164
THE THIRTY-SQUARE METRES . . . 1165
WILD BOAR AND WOLF HUNTING IN POLAND . . . 1166
FIRST GAMES IN LONDON POLO . . . 1167
ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS . . . 1168
STOCKING A STREAM WITH FRY . . . 1170
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: CUMBERLAND . . . 1172
THE PROBLEM OF FORMATION FLYING . . . 1174
OBSERVING MAMMALS IN THE FIELD . . . 1177
INVITING RETRIBUTION . . . 1178
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 1180
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 1180
IN THE SALEROOM . . . 1180
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK . . . 1180
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Mechanical Principles of Rowing; Shooting Pigeons; Fishery Development on Lough Derg . . . 1181
IN THE CITY . . . 1186
NEW BOOKS . . . 1187
CONSTRUCTING A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL . . . 1191
HERBACEOUS BORDERS IN BLUE . . . 1192
A NEW DOG FROM GERMANY . . . 1192
"THE MOST AMAZING AND UNORTHODOX CAR" . . . 1194
WHERE PRIVATE FLYING STANDS TO-DAY . . . 1196
PEAKS AND SNOWFIELDS . . . 1199
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 1201
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 1202

FIGHTING THE BUILDER

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the preservation of our rural amenities. We hear a great deal about the necessity of supporting the National Trust, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and a number of similar societies. And that is all good.

This journal has for long drawn attention to the need for such support, and has, in many instances, drawn attention to particular areas in danger of destruction at the hands of the speculative builder. But we doubt very much whether this present system of voluntary societies existing on voluntary subscriptions is really efficacious. Of what it has done in the face of great obstacles we have evidence; but their scope is certainly not wide enough, and naturally only outstanding instances of spoliation can be dealt with. The dice are loaded, very heavily loaded, in favour of the speculative builder, a man who is all too often without any æsthetic taste, with little knowledge of his trade, and an over-weening desire to get rich quick by any means in his power. And day by day our countryside is ruined.

A case in point is that of the main Romsey—Ampfield road in Hampshire, one of the most beautiful stretches of wooded road in that once beautiful county. The land on each side was for sale, and a public subscription was raised to save it. The majority of the subscribers thought it had been saved. A strip, but a few yards wide on each side of the road has been saved; behind that strip, which will in no way form a screen, houses will appear and a beautiful stretch of a road has lost its beauty.

Now there are a number of local societies for the preservation of rural Hampshire. One at least had a chance to show its mettle here. There are any number of people who would subscribe to save beauty spots (and a number did in this case), and who would subscribe gladly. But the builder won in this case. He could have been beaten. That he won is no credit to any member of the committee engaged in raising the money to save that stretch. And the builder generally wins—unless the site is one that has an appeal for the whole country.

Something has got to be done. Protest and indignation (the press is full of both) is not enough. Money, power, and in particular, more energetic membership of councils is needed. And, in this connection, a letter appeared in our correspondence columns last week with a suggestion that deserves serious consideration by every Englishman and particularly by those whose business it is to govern the country no less than the towns in it. The suggestion was that the C.P.R.E. should be endowed with an income of £250,000 a year raised by means of a tax on the tourist traffic.

In addition to that income we would suggest that it should be given power to act in urgent cases. But the most essential thing—without which money and power mean nothing—is energy. It is just this lack of energy which gives the speculative builder his chance.

SAVING OLD COTTAGES

WHEN Sir Kingsley Wood moved the second reading of the Housing (Rural Workers) Amendment Bill, which continues for another four years the assistance given for the improvement of country dwellings, he deplored the fact that full advantage had not been taken of the provisions of the earlier Acts. As the benefits become more widely known it will be realised that they represent the salvation of many cottages which are an essential part of the beauty of our villages and which are threatened with destruction if they do not comply with modern standards of comfort and sanitation. In opposition speeches a vision was not lacking of a possible alternative should these old cottages disappear; the construction of rows of factory-like dwellings which would add yet another eyesore to the landscape. Happily this has been foreseen, as evidenced by the Ministry of Health's intention to issue a circular to local authorities on the design of new houses. This circular will also include a section dealing with the reconditioning of old houses in order to achieve the best results, and it is to be hoped that its recommendation will meet with support.

NEXT WEEK'S EMPIRE NUMBER

This issue, with a cover bearing a coloured portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, will also contain three colour plates: The Lion Rock, Piha, New Zealand, by Lamorna Birch; Elephants Bathing, by the famous German animal painter, Kuhnert; and the North Irish Horse, by Colonel Granville Baker, D.S.O.

Among the issue's literary contents there will be an article by the Earl of Clarendon, K.G. (formerly Governor-General of South Africa) on South Africa's National Parks, and articles covering shooting, fishing, sailing, farming and natural history in all parts of the Empire. There will be a special article on the exhibits in the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, fully illustrative of its unique character.

TREE BEACONS

Since the Men of the Trees first put forward the idea of planting Tree Beacons to commemorate the coronation of King George VI a great many sites have been chosen. That at Portsmouth is the first civic beacon on War Office land. This beacon is 400ft. up, will cover between two and three acres, and will contain some 6,000 trees. The shield will be outlined by Corsican pines and Monterey cypress. Among the other trees will be ash, chestnut, sycamore, birch, Norway maple, wild cherry, and various berry-bearing species to provide food for birds. The first actual planting was carried out in February, but much remains to be done and cannot be done without the support of everybody in the neighbourhood. In these days of rural destruction it is indeed pleasant to find a large urban centre making such provision as this, and we very much hope that Portsmouth's example will be followed by other large towns and cities, and particularly those in which industry threatens to swamp the arts and all individual talent. For the Men of the Trees, to whose energy so much is due, no praise is too high; but the beacons once planted must be protected by local enthusiasts. And of these there are as yet all too few.

WILL RACING STOP?

Unless the drought breaks soon, it seems inevitable that racing will have to be abandoned; no grass is growing naturally, and watered grass will very soon fade and fail if the watering ceases. And cease it must if no rain comes, for there will not be enough water to spare thousands of gallons a day (which is what it will come to) for watering racecourses. If Jupiter Pluvius were an owner or trainer this nonsense of no rain would no doubt cease at short notice.

INDUSTRY AND RURAL AREAS

It is with very great distress that we learn of a proposal to develop Ford on the Arun as a commercial site. This is not the sort of question that should be left to the local councils (who are naturally attracted by increased rating values), nor should it be left entirely to the Minister of Defence. Ford is certainly not an ideal site for a munition factory, since it is within three miles or so of the five fathom line. But in any case such a scheme as this will make the urbanisation of the whole coast from Portsmouth to Newhaven complete—and that not so long ago was a beautiful stretch of coast. This is precisely the sort of scheme that should be given to a distressed area (of which we still have plenty) and not to a rural area, where it will but accentuate agricultural unemployment and farming depression (of which we have already more than enough). To suggest such a scheme for Ford savours purely of uncontrolled and irresponsible commercial exploitation. It is a credit to no one, and we very much hope that it will raise a storm of protest.

TROUT FROM THE CHALK

This year, it must be admitted, chalk-stream anglers are having the best of it. After a gloomy and embittered April the sudden burst of May sunshine at the end of last week gave some of our trout streams a chance to show what they could do in the way of fly hatches. By an hour after midday one little stream, in places, was veiled with spinners dancing like pegtops in the sunlight as if the clock had been put forward some six hours into the cool of a midsummer day. These streams of ours which draw their substance from the chalk—and they extend far outside Hampshire—are a great standby in spring droughts. While the rods of moorland and mountain look anxiously at the misty hilltops, hoping for that clear outline which foretells a downpour and a spate in the valleys, the fisher of the chalk stream goes forth careless and confident, knowing that his stream will fill its banks and that the clean gravel runs will be peopled with shadows no matter how bright and unpropitious be the day.

AT THE END

When at last we come to the end of our courses
And, winners or losers, have passed the post,
Then we who have owned and loved good horses
Of all our comrades shall miss them most.

And, unless he may meet in the fields of Heaven
The dear starred faces and steadfast eyes,
Not all the gifts to be gained and given
Will gladden his heart when the horseman dies.

When we find our way through the final shadows
To the quiet lanes at the back of the stars,
As we pause at the gate of the golden meadows
May the Pearl of them all look over the bars!

W. H. O.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IN all traditional country crafts, methods, processes, materials, tools and their titles will be found to differ from county to county, and this is to be expected when the local life developed its distinctive styles and workmanship in close dependence upon the natural products of its particular environment. So, when my thatcher arrived from his corner of Buckinghamshire, his first job was to take his bill-hook and split out the "sprays" (pegs), which are the "spar-gads" of Wessex and the "buckles" of Worcestershire. In the latter county, they are of withy, but of hazel in Norfolk and Bucks, more lasting, though less flexible. When country life was a reality instead of a survival, the splitting of the saplings into varying lengths and thicknesses was done by an apprentice. The stoutest are the "binders," which attach the straw to the rafters; the medium size the "runners" ("stretchers" in Worcestershire), which are exposed in two parallel lines with shorter crossing spars between to hold the straw firmly in place and the smallest the sprays, whose short end holds down the runners and long end pierces deeply into the straw. In these pinched days, the thatcher has to perform all the donkey work himself, and even for thatching my tiny "Hermitage" he took all day doing it. He could not help being a craftsman even in these elementary preliminaries. He had a way with him, effortless, almost unconscious, in resting the spars on his knee-pads for the finer splitting, the paring and thinning and the notching of the sprays to make them easier to twist into pegs. He worked as though his ancestors were guiding his strokes.

The next thing was to ted the heap of wheat-straw into a convenient pile, each layer having a bucket of water thrown or rather twisted over it. As Henry Best said in his *Farming Book* of 1641, "the wette strawe ecucheth better, and beddes closer." Then with both hands he drew out "yealms" and laid them one by one diagonally into his "jack," so as to prevent the bundles mixing. Here again he was doing 'prentice work, for Henry Best's "thacker" always had a man "to drawe out the strawe and make it into bottles," just as he had another for serving him with loads on the roof. The "jack" is simply two curved horns of wood attached to a butt and cut straight out of a hedge when, during hedge-laying, the thatcher spies a growth convenient for his purpose. When ten to a dozen yealms have been stacked into the jack, its arms are drawn together by a chain attached to the ends opposite the stock; up the ladder he climbs, load on shoulder, and hitches it by the chain to the ladder-top.

The thatching itself is done in sections, but always from the eaves to the roof-ridge so that, when each section is completed, you can see along the edge the yealms sloped neatly one above the other like the strata in a rock-series. Tucking would be as fit a word as thatching for the actual process, since each yealm is tucked into its neighbour beside it and the "binder" stretched over them, its end being pushed through the cord of the finished section. Slipping the binder under the ladder to hold it in position, the thatcher then threads the cord, tarred to keep the mice away, to his iron needle, a Goliath 2ft. 8in. long with iron loop at one end and eye at the other. He digs it into the straw, pulls it by a neat twist free of the cord, rethreads it *under* the straw to pass round both rafter and binder and tightens and ties the cord. In Henry Best's days, the "bandes" were made of "haver(oat)-strawe" in a double plait twisted ready for the "thacker" by the men who threshed the corn.

Before the "runners" are attached, the straw is carefully combed layer by layer by a rake without a handle to rid it of weeds and the "flag," trimmed with the "paring-knife" and tidied up with the shears. The shears that snip off the ears of corn are identical with sheep-shears, but the "paring-knife" is a shortish scythe with, oddly enough, a handle parallel with the blade. This deadly-looking but peace-loving weapon is also used as a saw for levelling off the straw at the eaves, and the shears once more put the finishing touch by clipping off the loose ends and projecting pieces. "Sprays" in large numbers are hammered in with an oaken bat, both within the thatch and on its surface, so that their sizes are various, the smallest being driven in where the cross-pieces ("crossers" in Worcestershire, "pattern" in Bucks) intersect. So the work reaches its accomplished, dexterous, finely adjusted end, and I murmur to myself Ben Jonson's happy line, "Still to be neat, still to be drest," as a kind of verbal libation to the whole.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of a shooting accident: "—— was accidently shot while duck shooting. . . . An operation was performed and the bullet was extracted."



THREE OF THE CHOSEN WALKER CUP TEAM, SHOWING THE PHOTOGRAPHER HOW THEY DO IT

From left to right: A. T. Kyle, who went round in 68; H. G. Bentley, who went round in 69 and beat Andrew Jamieson by 10 up; and J. J. F. Pennink who recently won the English Championship for the second year in succession

A FRESH WALKER CUP OUTLOOK

Encouraging Golf at St. Andrews

FOR the Walker Cup match to be played at St. Andrews on June 3rd and 4th, the following eight golfers have been chosen to represent Great Britain: H. G. Bentley, J. Bruen, jun., L. G. Crawley, A. T. Kyle, J. J. F. Pennink, G. B. Peters, C. Stowe and Hector Thomson. J. B. Beck, the captain, makes the ninth name, and one other selection will be made after the Amateur Championship in order to bring the list up to the usual number of ten. Eight singles and four foursome games are played with the Americans, so that all may participate in the contest if the selectors so desire.

For once there will be little adverse criticism regarding the side. The selectors had a difficult task to perform, and, if they were harshly criticised for some of their methods, they have some consolation in knowing that the result of their labours meets with general approval. Bentley, Crawley, Peters and Thomson all played in 1936, whilst Beck participated in the Walker Cup match of 1928. The others are now British internationals, and owe their places not only to their playing records but to their brilliant golf in last week's trial matches.

The result of the trials was more encouraging than even the greatest optimist could have expected. There were some disappointments, but generally the players sorted themselves out, and their performances left no doubt as to who should be chosen and who should not. Indeed, it can be said that if they only reproduce such form in the actual match the prospects of ending the weary succession of American victories are distinctly good.

James Bruen, the eighteen-years-old Irish champion, completely overshadowed the others last week. He surprised everyone by going round the Old Course off the back championship tees with a score of 68. This round has been classified among the finest ever played at St. Andrews. If there were some who considered this to be just a fluke—anyone who knows the Old Course appreciates that its subtleties prohibit flukes of all kinds—Bruen confirmed his position by accomplishing the next three rounds in 71, 71, 72. This made a total of 282 for four successive games played under conditions every bit as trying as a championship by one who was boy champion only two years ago! In consequence, he has been hailed as the "greatest discovery in recent years," as "another Bobby Jones," or as "one certain to follow in Henry Cotton's footsteps."

Bruen has at his command all the essential shots. He is not limited in his game as are so many leading amateurs. He can play or pitch, or pitch and run, a half shot or a full-blooded forcing stroke like a professional. Whilst he is not as attractive to watch as other great golfers, Bruen's swing is above reproach. He is tremendously strong, and wields a 15oz. driver as easily as if it were a feather-weight club. His hands are exceptionally large—a characteristic feature of most champions—and his firm grip, maintained throughout the entire swing, is an example to everyone. He seems destined to reach great heights, for his temperament is sound; he is not likely to be disturbed by all the praise that has come to him so suddenly.

How far he will go remains to be seen, but I am convinced that he will be a success next month. He is not yet another Jones, but he has the finest possibilities of any amateur to-day.

Frank Pennink was obviously tired after his strenuous time at Moortown, but, even so, he beat McRuvie, Lewis and Ewing, who played ten years ago at Pine Valley. His selection was certain in any case. Crawley was another who justified himself. He won the Spring Medal with a 73 on the day previous to the trials, and then totalled 291 for the four rounds, overwhelming Lindsay, beating Gent by three holes and Kyle on the last green. He showed a welcome return to his old form, and his short game in particular was more accurate than was the case at Moortown.

The former Amateur Champion, Hector Thomson, accomplished a great "come back." Last year he suffered from the strain of over much competitive play in 1936, and then hardly played at all. He was swinging the club in his old immaculate style, and with each successive round gained more confidence.

Bentley was not among the original list of sixteen "possibles," and he showed that even to have thought of omitting him was a mistake. His approximate aggregate for the four rounds was 294—a score that indicates the quality of his consistent golf—and he was quite merciless to Andrew Jamieson, who suffered two unfortunate days, never once touching his real form.

Bentley, as I have said before, is an adept at the short game, and accurate approaching and putting is particularly important at St. Andrews. It should be remembered that ten years ago he was the only British golfer who did not lose his single—he halved with George Dunlap.

Knowing that your selection depends on practically one match is far from encouraging to competitors in a trial or so-called "practice" game, and anyone would be pardoned at being upset. But not so Kyle. After being beaten by Crawley and then facing a deficit of eight holes by Thomson with one round to play, this young Scot, now resident in Leeds, equalled Bruen's 68, and was only beaten by four holes. Against Thomson's consistent play—he gave away very few chances—Kyle fought right up until the end, holing several long putts for halves after his opponent had laid iron shots and pitched close to the hole. That is the spirit that is needed when opposing the Americans.

The British team is a young one made up of the best amateurs in the country, who at present are playing at the top of their form. They have dispelled the gloom which has surrounded amateur golf in this country for so long when no one expected them to do so. Let us hope that this early promise will be carried out to its fulfilment—a first British Walker Cup victory.

E. R. TIPPLE.



POULTRY AND THE NATION

The Industry as it was and as it is To-day

EVEN so recently as the early 1930's, when poultry or eggs were mentioned in the House, the courageous honourable member who (having more vision than the rest of his brethren) undertook to sponsor the interests of the farmer of poultry, usually found his questions or statements greeted with titters of laughter and asides of "Chickens! why bring *them* up here?"

It is indicative, however, of the increasing grasp of the importance of poultry to the nation, on the part of politicians in general, that no fewer than 200 questions on matters of importance to the poultry industry have been asked in the House within the last eighteen months, and further, that the Government have shown their anxiety for the security of the industry by the setting up of three Government Committees within three years to explore, first, the conditions of marketing of poultry products in this country, and in Great Britain as a whole, and, more recently, the methods of supply of stock replacements with special reference to the reduction of poultry mortality.

And now the *Field* has invited the poultry industry to state its case in a series of articles entitled "Poultry and the Nation." As an integral factor in the planned rotation of crops and stock on the mixed farm, the importance of poultry is fully realised by the majority of successful agriculturalists to-day. Its economic importance to the nation as a vast industry (almost as valuable as the wheat, oat and barley crops combined) giving employment directly and indirectly to approximately a million people not only in the country but also in industrial areas where essential poultry farm equipment is manufactured, is possibly, however, not so widely understood.

On the other hand, no one can fail to appreciate the importance to the nation of an industry which supplies the British larder with over 12,000,000 cwt. of the most highly nutritious and easily digested meats it is possible to procure, and over 4,500,000,000 of the most easily cooked and nutritionally economical item used in the menu of every meal of the day—namely, table eggs.

Even from the point of view of National Defence, it can be claimed that poultry or eggs could be more easily stored and more rapidly replenished than any other form of protein foods, and, further, that such foods can be produced (and, indeed, during the 1914–1918 war were produced to the extent of 25 per cent. of the output for the whole country) in private gardens and on ground adjacent to the habitation of the consuming population.

It may be wondered whence this industry has sprung, and, also, where it is chiefly to be found.

Within the memory of many people to-day poultry-keeping was only a much despised affair of the farmer's wife—despised by the farmer on account of the bird's natural propensities for finding both its food and roosting quarters at his expense, but persisted in by the wife on account of the very welcome ready cash or credit on the provision account, which she received for the eggs. At the same time, thousands of other people were keeping poultry in small numbers, chiefly in their back gardens and purely as a remunerative hobby. In 1877 the Poultry Club was formed for the encouragement of the breeding of better poultry; an interest was aroused in exhibitions of standard-bred live poultry, and at the same time the productive possibilities of the hen began to receive more attention.

This was expressed in the inauguration of the first laying test in 1897, which ran for sixteen weeks of the winter months. To the surprise of most poultry-keepers, the average of 33 eggs per bird was recorded for the sixteen weeks. Out of this small beginning eventually sprang the largest laying test in the world, known as the National Egg Laying Test, and now situated at Milford, in Surrey, and catering for over 3,000 birds from all over the world. After the War, the character of the industry changed, and not only was there an enormous increase in the number of birds in the country, but there were also great changes made in the methods of farming poultry. The general farmer, taking as his object lesson the financial success of his wife's barndoor fowls, began to explore the potentialities of an increased income if birds were kept under conditions of housing, feeding and management more comparable with his other farm stock. And he found that these better conditions paid. He discovered, as also did the hobbyist keeping fowls in his garden and the pioneers of the first laying trial, that the hen's extraordinarily high rate of production (even in those days much greater than any other farm animal) could *apparently* be relied upon to increase in proportion to the attention given to her breeding and the amount and quality of food she consumed. And so it was that after the War men and women in every walk of life said to themselves: "If ten hens in my back garden can make a profit of £2 10s. each year, I shall go and live in the country and keep 2,000 hens, and earn my own living at £500 per annum."

So great did the attractions of poultry-keeping prove that in six years the number of fowls on specialist holdings of over one acre increased by 125 per cent. Poultry-keeping was no longer a hobby. It could claim to be an industry sheltering not only those who had "inherited the land," but ex-soldiers of all ranks, and ex-townspeople of all grades of society, many of whom saw in poultry farming a chance of satisfying their desire for a life in the country.

These newcomers into the ranks of poultry farmers and the development which was then taking place in poultry-keeping on the mixed farm were responsible for creating an urgent and very considerable demand for stock. Development in the breeding of poultry for stocking the new farms claimed for the industry as pioneers in this art many men who had been successfully breeding poultry as a hobby or as a means of supplementing or replacing their meagre income in the times of depression in the colliery and cotton industries of Lancashire. The increase in the poultry population of that county in ten years was, in fact, 138 per cent., and to-day one-tenth of the whole population of the county is to be found between the Mersey and the Lune.

In other parts of the country the industry developed in varying ways. Local conditions, the breeds kept by the more experienced poultry-keepers in the district, local markets and even the type of labour available, influenced the growth and the aspect of the industry in each district. The sunny slopes of the Sussex Weald, with its local white-fleshed breed, its windmills producing finely ground oats, and its proximity to London markets, naturally became the nursery of the table-chicken business. The sandy soils of Lancashire, already carrying numbers of breeding farms and a huge consumer population, favoured rather the production of egg-producing breeds, and, on account of the smoke, the black variety for preference, while the wheat-growing districts of the Eastern Counties developed heavy breeds of good ranging powers which would, with little supplementary feeding, produce eggs from free range for the nearby London markets.

In all this development, however, it soon became apparent that it did not follow that, because a certain profit per head had been made out of a few hens under back-garden conditions, the profits from a flock kept under industrial conditions would be in the same proportion. The consequence was a desire for more knowledge of the hen herself, and for information on methods of feeding and housing as practised by successful farmers.

While, fortunately, some true educationalists in the science and practice of poultry husbandry responded to this demand the situation also provided golden opportunities for numbers of self-styled "experts" having no real technical or practical experience to give advice on every aspect of poultry farming, and, further, to point out to those not yet bitten with the idea what a pleasant and remunerative out-of-doors life a poultry farm offered.

Newcomers into the industry, with no previous experience of breeding, themselves became distributors of stock, often produced from immature birds which had been reared under artificial

conditions of mass production and had been fed for rapid growth rather than the promotion of health and stamina.

And so this important industry began to get out of hand. The hen was exploited by those who regarded her merely as a money-making machine—and things in general began to get out of place.

Breeders began to carry commercial egg flocks and rear the cockerels for table, because the commercial egg farmers had themselves turned breeders. There was overlapping all round, and with it began the loss of stamina which later led to the onset of disease.

Disease began to be a real menace about five years ago, when the population of the industry was at its height. Unfortunately, soon after that a rapid rise in prices of foodstuffs, and increased dumping of foreign eggs (both factors over which the industry can have no control) added considerably to the financial burden, and drove poultry-farmers to seek even cheaper replacements and cheaper methods of feeding and management, which in turn led to still further trouble. Debilitated and diseased stock, high feeding costs and low prices for produce soon formed a vicious circle from which, in many cases, especially where there had been high capital expenditure on plant, there was no escape, and thousands of poultry-keepers were, from this time, forced out of business. Those who are holding on to-day are chiefly those who farm in particularly favourable economic conditions—for example, in connection with mixed farming, and those who have followed a definite policy.

Specialising on one aspect of poultry farming only, so that the production costs are cut to a minimum and the whole attention is given to the job in hand, has proved the only road towards economic recovery in many cases. The world conditions which have been responsible for the rise in the price of foodstuffs and the International agreements which have made possible the dumping of foreign eggs must unfortunately be the affair of the Government, and the remedy for matters of this kind is always slow.

Specialisation in the poultry industry has meant the appearance of the specialist breeder, who farms only the most carefully selected and pedigree stock under the best possible conditions of natural range, so that his birds will carry such reserves of vigour and stamina as will justify their purchase for the purpose of grading up in health and production the flocks of the commercial breeder. This man, working still on free range, and allowing all his foundation stock to be reared under out-of-doors conditions, selects his birds with the utmost care, and concentrates on maintaining large flocks of healthy hens of good average flock production mated to high fecund males for the purpose of hatching commercial eggs.

In many cases, hatching eggs from such flocks now go to specialist hatching plants, commonly known as hatcheries, there to be hatched and distributed as day-old chicks to the commercial egg farmer, or, on the other hand, to be partly reared before being marketed.

Specialist table poultry producers, working on commercial lines, also chiefly draw their chicks from similar sources, but in this case the hatching eggs come from commercial matings of birds specially selected for good body conformation and flesh qualities. On the other hand, many commercial breeders to-day are still their own incubatists, and market their products direct to the commercial egg and table-chicken farmer at varying ages.

This specialist commercial egg farmer may be the general farmer running his layers over his pastures, or he may be the owner of an entirely intensive plant for the production of eggs or table chicken. Intensive and artificial conditions have proved to be economically sound where they are used only for this purpose, and where the replacements of stock are drawn from sources of supply having the health and production history for which this scheme of specialisation provides. It is where there is overlapping and commercial egg flocks are used for breeding that trouble ensues.

So now we have an industry worth £30,000,000 centred round the humble hen—the little farmyard Cinderella which in her "jungle" days only laid about 30 eggs in her life; an industry which in its turn is of vital importance to the provender, milling, timber and wire-netting industries: an industry which has bought world-wide reputation as breeders and very comfortable wealth at one time to men who had the vision to develop very carefully along sound lines.

Brilliant scientists, economists, eminently successful breeders of other farm stock, highly qualified veterinary workers, successful business magnates, retired professional workers, and practical sons and daughters of the land have all been attracted into this romantic industry and are now taking their share in shaping it for its future welfare. A department of the Ministry of Agriculture has been established to deal with its affairs under the direction of a Poultry Commissioner, a National Institute of Poultry Husbandry has been set up, and a scheme of poultry education and advisory work has been undertaken by almost every county council in the country. Scores of national and local poultry societies have been successfully run for many years; large-scale experimental farms, co-operatively and privately owned, have supplemented the research work carried out at the National Institute, and the industry has participated in six international poultry congresses and exhibitions held in different parts of the world over a period of eighteen years.

And yet, at present, this industry is suffering an almost intolerable economic burden, with, up to the present, no real promise of relief. Unfortunately, the organisation of our industry has not kept pace with its growth. While the National Farmers' Union caters for the poultry-keeping general farmer, the specialist poultry-keeper is the concern of the National Poultry Council, a central representative body consisting of delegates from all affiliated national and local societies. Even so, a very small proportion of the industry is represented in either organisation, and this is undoubtedly one of its weaknesses.

Following on specialisation in the industry, there has been a tendency towards the formation of societies to deal with the industrial interests of a specialised section—thus we have the formation of the National Federation of Accredited Breeding Station Holders, the Table Poultry Producers' Association, and the Chick Producers' Association of Great Britain, and it is conceivable that in the near future there will be built one great national organisation on county branch lines, but with its independent sections dealing with the specialist industrial interests.

In order to put the picture of poultry and the nation clearly before the reader, the most important aspects of the industry will each be dealt with by one who has been prominently associated with that particular branch. Thus, in next week's article, the economic importance of the industry will be dealt with by Mr. Stanley Street-Porter, J.P. No one is better qualified to write on this aspect than he. It was he who took such a prominent part in the successful application to the Government for the setting up of the committee under the Merchandise Marks Act which resulted in the order for the marking of all foreign eggs.

picture of prominent people in the industry and their achievements or their contributions towards organisation and the work of the National Poultry Council is to be in the hands of Mr. P. Hedworth Foulkes, who, with Mr. Street-Porter, was one of the founders of the Council.

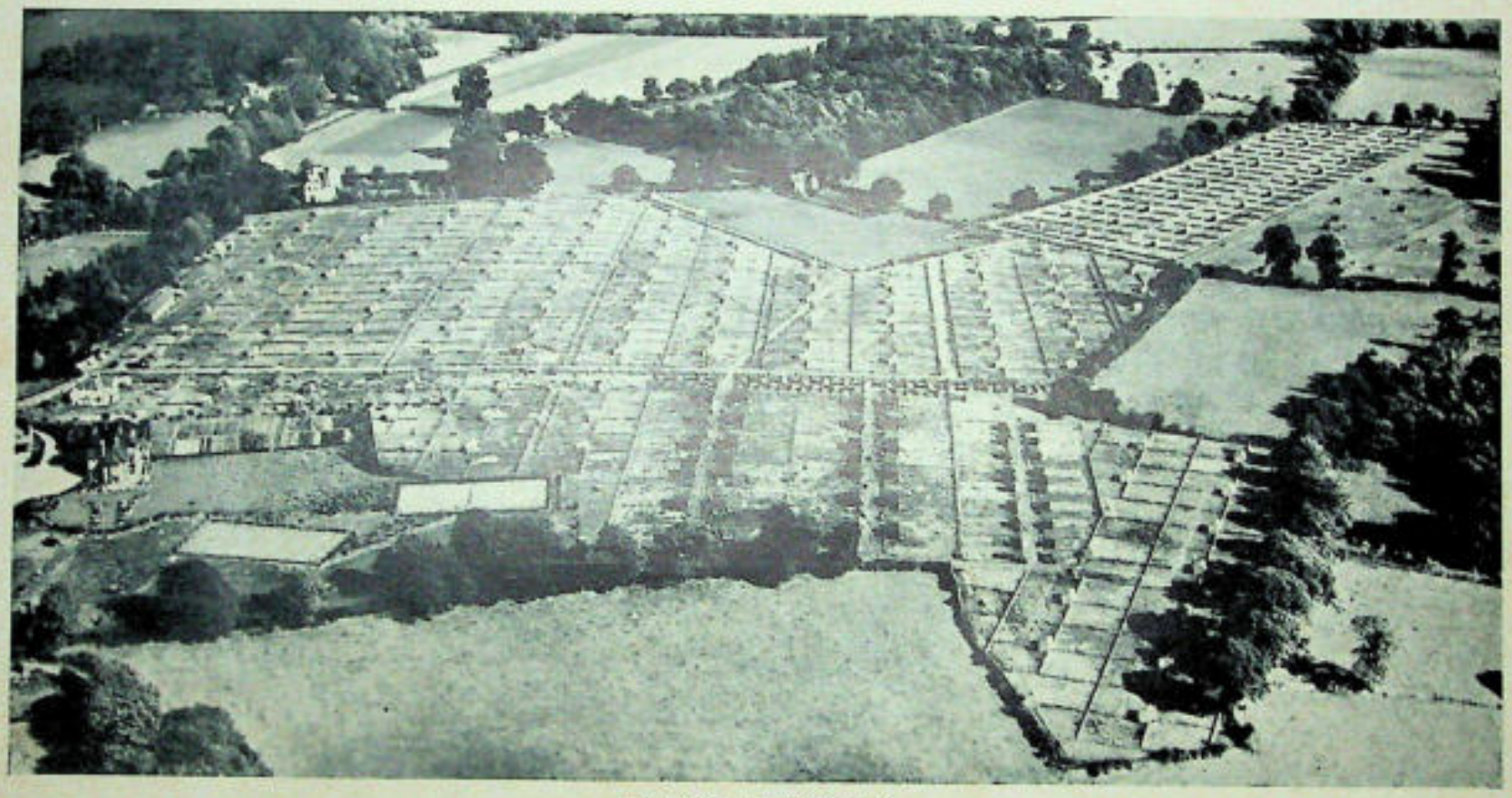
"Breeds and Breeding Practices" is in the hands of Captain R. L. Charteris, one of the most successful breeders of both light and heavy breeds, whose stock does him equal credit on the show bench and in the laying trials.

Mr. G. G. Belfield, who was a member of the recent Technical Committee and is one of the largest distributors of stock replacements in the country, will deal with this subject himself, and Mr. T. H. Turney, a general farmer who runs one of the largest commercial breeding stations in the country in conjunction with his general farm, will discuss methods of rearing conducive to stamina.

The relation of poultry to the general farm will be described by Mr. A. K. Speirs Alexander, who has had wide experience both as a breeder and commercial egg farmer under general farm conditions, and the commercialisation of table egg and chicken production will be dealt with by Mr. F. C. Bobby, who, in addition to being well known for his research and experimental work, is now in charge of one of the most modern commercial plants in the country.

Education and research is fortunately in the very capable hands of the Director of the National Institute of Poultry Husbandry — Dr. Chas. Crowther—and the series will end with an article on the products of the poultry industry, written by Miss Eunice E. Kidd.

GEORGE.



A MODERN BREEDING FARM
The layout of Mr. Y. Watanabe's farm at Cobham, Surrey



A DERBY CANDIDATE WINS AT KEMPTON

Mr. J. A. Dewar's Troon (Gordon Richards up) winning the Ypsilanti Plate from Longchamps and Headley Lass

BLANDFORD AND HIS FAMILY

Famous Sire Who May Provide Another Derby Winner

JUST over three years have passed since Blandford died of pneumonia at the relatively early age of sixteen. This week his name is found at the head of the list of the winning sires of the year, and if his son Pasch does all that is expected of him the famous Swynford horse will probably wind up as the champion of the present season.

It is thanks mainly to the winner of the Two Thousand that Blandford owes his present position of supremacy on the list; but he has been credited with a number of other winners, and several of his three-year-olds look like doing well in due course, notably Pound Foolish, who has all the makings of a colt of the best class. In the season in which his death occurred Blandford served a number of mares, so the last of his offspring are now two year-olds.

Lord Astor was fortunate enough to send two mares to him and secure a foal from each. One is Pigling Bland, a colt from Soloist, and the other is Point Blank, a colt from Point Duty. Bloodstock breeders can do with strokes of fortune of this type, as they get their full share of disappointments. Lately, for example, Lord Astor has lost a foal by Windsor Lad out of Point Duty. One of the leading breeders, Mr. J. A. Dewar, is not too well satisfied by the fact that of ten foals at his stud this year no fewer than nine are fillies.

The chances are that Blandford two-year-olds will do well this season. We have seen several of high promise in various stables, and as recently as last week-end his son Diadoque won in handsome style at the first time of asking, beating Mahboub, a much-talked-of brother to Mahmoud. Diadoque goes back to Diadem, who unhappily left only one daughter to carry on her line. Pasch has settled down into a strong favourite for the Derby, and unless anything unforeseen occurs he is unlikely to be challenged in that position. Like most of the Blandfords he does not seem to be adversely affected when the going is firm, and it is safe to assume that the peculiarities of the Epsom track will have no difficulties for him. The successes in the Derby of Trigo, Blenheim, Windsor Lad, Bahram and of Blenheim's son, Mahmoud, show that the Blandford tribe is singularly well adapted to the Epsom course.

Further, close up on the maternal side of Pasch's pedigree are the Derby winners, Manna and Lemberg, so we have to agree that the Beckhampton colt is particularly well bred for the task which confronts him on June 1st. That the Blandford blood is of incalculable value to the British Stud is obvious. More than any other branch it has kept alive the line of Isinglass and Swynford, and it is doing much to counter-balance the almost overwhelming influence in modern breeding of the Bend Or and Hampton lines. It is to be feared that the St. Simon male line continues to lose ground, though there are few important pedigrees in which that great horse's name does not appear more than once.

Fortunately, Blandford left a number of high-class sons to go on with his good work. Blenheim has been the most successful of them. Trigo has scarcely achieved so far the success which appeared to be marked out for him, though his record is gradually improving, and the four-year-old Senor, winner last week of the Ormonde Stakes, has lately brought him to the front. What we are all curious to see is how the offspring of Bahram and Windsor Lad will fare when the test of the racecourse is applied to them, which will not be until next season. We imagine it is proper to describe Bahram as the best of all the Blandfords, because he was never beaten, and not even Mr. Frank Butters, who trained him, could say precisely how good he was. At the same time it has to be borne in mind that Windsor Lad was winning races at four years old, whereas the other retired from training when he was three.

In appearance Bahram is the more elegant, but Windsor Lad was a colt of powerful physique, and when we saw him at the Beech House Stud at Cheveley a week or two ago he gave every promise of making up into a stallion of considerable grandeur. Bahram has the initial advantage at the stud of having received the pick of his owner's mares. On the other hand, Windsor Lad is serving mainly those mares which public breeders are sending to him.

To judge by the mares visiting this horse which we saw in the Beech House paddocks, including Mumtaz Mahal, it can be declared that Windsor Lad is having every chance so far as the quality of the matrons is concerned. Both young stallions began their stud work in the same season. Which will be the first to go to the head of the list?

Monument's success in the Kempton "Jubilee" reminds us that Sansovino has also played his part, though not in such remarkable fashion as Blandford, in carrying on the Swynford line. It is strange that nobody took a liking to Monument when he came up at the Newmarket December Sales. With so good a racing record he could not have been expensive at the reserve of 5,000gs. which, it is understood, was placed on him. Surprisingly enough no breeder acquired him as a stallion, and that has proved a fortunate thing for the Duke of Marlborough.

Already this season the horse has won for him a £2,500 stake, and there may be other good prizes to come, as Monument has certainly improved rather than gone back. So actually he is worth more to-day than when he was led out of the ring unsold in December. The result of last week's Chester Cup is striking evidence of the value of castration in the case of some horses. So long as he was entire Mr. Grundy never won a race. Now that he is a gelding he begins by carrying off one of the most important of the season's long-distance handicaps.

J. Lawson has found him quite a different horse to train this year, and though we do not lose sight of the fact that his victory on the Roodee was gained under bottom weight, we think there are further successes in store for him. Mr. Grundy has added one more to the astonishingly long list of triumphs gained in long races by the offspring of Son-in-Law, who at twenty-seven years old has still been an active force at the Terrace House Stud this season.

Subsequent events have shown that there is not the slightest reason to regard the classic form as being below the average. Cave Man and Pactolus, both well beaten in the Guineas, were equal to winning in good style at Chester. The first was served by a long pull in the weights with Sir Laurence Philipps's good colt Challenge, but he is by no means at full maturity and one is prepared to see him go on improving. His sire Mannarcad, sold to go to Hungary, now looks like making good.

Pactolus is serving to bring posthumous honours to Pharos, and honours to Middleham, whose trainers have been harassed by the long-continued drought.



GOING BACK TO AMERICA

Kelsboro' Jack, who has been in England for some time, going aboard the ship "America Trader" at the Royal Albert Dock



THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH KING GEORGE AT BOLTON ABBEY

TRADITIONS OF VOLUNTARY SERVICE

The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Harlech

SINCE the last issue of the *Field* was published English public life, and country life in particular, has lost two men, both born to high position and great possessions, who enriched by their character and their sense of duty the tradition of voluntary public service. In these days, when this tradition is assailed in part by Transatlantic methods and to a greater extent by the authoritarian system, the example of such men as the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Harlech are well remembered.

Victor William Christian Cavendish was the son of Lord Edward Cavendish, and nephew of the famous Hartington, afterwards eighth Duke of Devonshire. He inherited to the full the characteristics of his family, and his resemblance—to some extent in appearance, to a much greater extent in personality—to his famous uncle were marked. Slow in mind, tenacious in principle, essentially simple, oblivious of the outward magnificences of Chatsworth or Devonshire House, above all loyal to his associates and to the Whig principles which had been the sheet anchor of his family for more than two hundred years, Hartington was regarded by the British public as the embodiment of honesty and common sense in public life. It was to this tradition as well as to his vast estates that Mr. Victor Cavendish succeeded in 1908. And indeed, he was in many ways the heir of his uncle's character. "He is most like me: he will do well," Hartington had said of him as a child. For he, too, was imbued with the traditions of public service: he, too, was outwardly slow in mind, though he took in a great deal more than many people endowed with more surface brilliance thought possible, and he, too, was the epitome of sturdy British common sense.

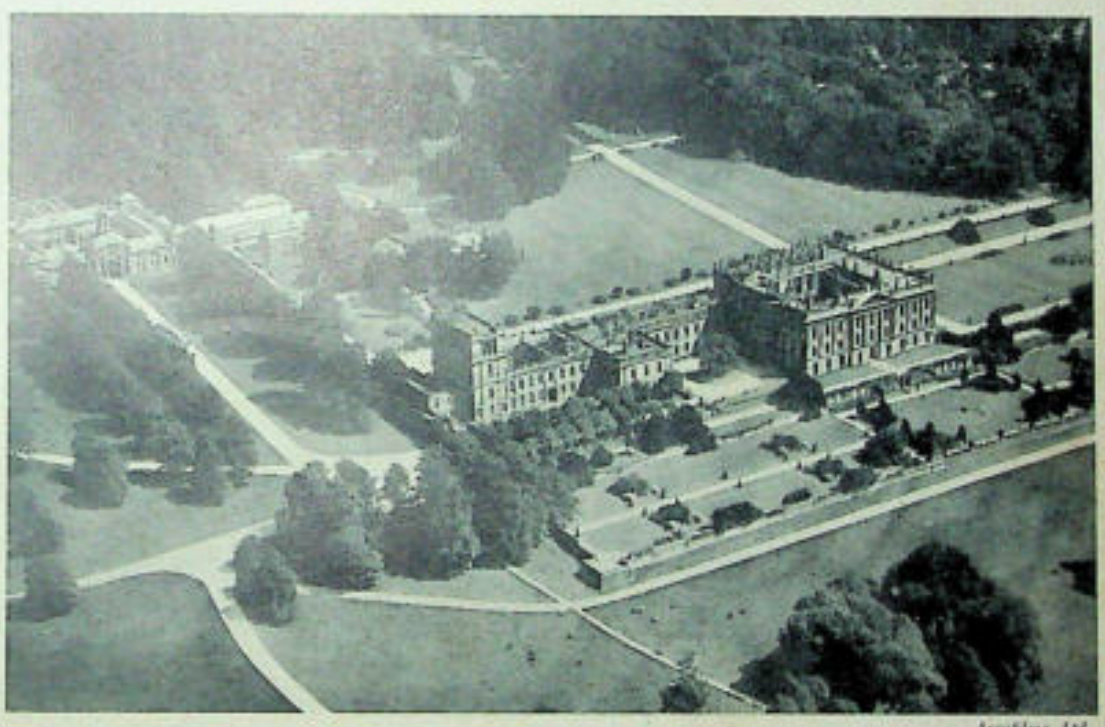
He accepted, and continued to hold, a number of public offices which can have had small appeal to him, not because he had any political ambition, but rather because it was his duty to do so. In 1916 he went to Canada at a crisis of the War, not because the outward attractions of vice-royalty had any appeal to him—after all, his own homes were palaces far more splendid than most of the capitals of the Empire have to offer—but because he felt he could not refuse. In the same spirit he took office in Mr. Baldwin's first administration—the final break with the Whig tradition—and here it was that with neither ostentation or parade he backed the great Wembley Exhibition to the extent of half a million pounds from his private fortune.

But it was in the country that he found his greatest pleasure, and it was, indeed, tragic that in 1925, when he found himself at last freed from public office, his health should have failed him, and that thenceforward illness should have clouded his life. Soon after his accession to the Dukedom he announced that he would live as much as possible at Chatsworth, and he took a keen and active interest in the management of his estates. Although a member of the Jockey Club, he was not a devotee of racing—the great passion of his uncle's life—and shortly before the War he gave up his stable. But he was a keen fisherman and an equally keen game shot, and Lismore and Bolton Abbey allowed him to indulge in these sports to the full. There can, I suppose, have been no more delightful place to live in the world than the Irish estates of the Dukes of Devonshire. To-day in changed conditions, they are shorn of much of their glory, but it was to Lismore that the Duke turned when freed of office in 1925, and here he was seized by the illness which clouded his later years.

He continued, however, to shoot or to be present at his shooting parties till the end of his life. At Bolton Abbey he entertained King George V on many occasions at the beginning of the grouse-shooting season in what is probably the most delightful "lodge" to any moor in the kingdom. The shooting at Bolton Abbey has been much improved of recent years by judicious management, and 4,000 brace could be expected in a season. The Duke had far too much common sense to make shooting the be all and end all of life—who could imagine him, even given the necessary quickness of mind and eye, as a "professional" shot?—but he thoroughly enjoyed the Bolton Abbey shooting parties, surrounded by the members of his family. And at Chatsworth, too, his covert shooting was first-class, and some big bags were made.

Chatsworth was in the fullest sense of the term the Duke's home, though with his usual public spirit he threw it open to the public on certain days in the week. With his farms, his gardens, his livestock—in 1932 he was elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England—the interests of an innumerable tenantry and the calls to local public appearance and local duties, he occupied himself almost to the end of a life which was a pattern to those who inherit great possessions and desire to be worthy of them.

A man of different character in some respects, but endowed with an equal sense of public duty was the third Lord Harlech, one of the great landowners of the Welsh marches, and one of the most gifted game shots of the generation that is now passing.



Aerofilms, Ltd.

CHATSWORTH FROM THE AIR



Elliott & Fry

THE LATE LORD HARLECH

If he was not on a level with the Ripons, the Stonors and the Rimington Wilsons, he was certainly not far behind them. Besides this he was an enthusiastic and finished fisherman, and in earlier days a good rider to hounds. Although his position in the social order was not perhaps comparable with that of the Dukes of Devonshire, his family have held their great estates for nearly 500 years, and for more than 50 years he had lived upon them, accepting the unrewarded responsibilities of the country gentleman. The County Council, the Territorial Association, the Bench, the county membership, the local hospital—such duties are neither profitable nor glittering, but it is to men of his stamp who readily accept them, that country life owes so much. It is safe to say that there was no duty either to his tenants or to his neighbours that this generous-hearted and kindly man would have shirked. His long experience and his matured common sense was at their disposal unreservedly in a world that must have had many more amusing and more tempting things to offer him.

It is not to be expected that a changed world will continue to find a place for exactly the mode of life to which men like the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Harlech were born—though it is incidentally a fact that they both adopted the administration of their estates to modern conditions—but it will be a great loss to this country if the tradition of public service they represented loses its vigour. It is good to think that in each case their name is carried on by a worthy successor. PEREGRINE.



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SATURDAY, May 7th, was one of the coldest days I have ever known on a cricket field. I was reminded of a drawing made by Phil May to commemorate the Jubilee of W. G. Grace. Phil depicted the "Old Man" standing on guard at the wicket in the familiar aspect—whiskers and M.C.C. cap, and the left toe up. But also he depicted cover-point wearing wicket-keeper's gloves. Phil sent the original of the drawing to "W. G.," who thanked him for the honour, but added: "Why is cover-point wearing the wicket-keeper's gloves?" And one night soon afterwards "W. G." was pulled out of bed by the arrival of a telegram which said, simply and succinctly, "To keep his hands warm."

All the Australian spin bowlers must have felt the need of gloves or something during the first few perishing days of May. Our summer—as Charles Lamb once remarked—has set in with its customary severity. But the dry weather has at least given the Australian batsmen the firm wickets which suit their strokes. The side is bound to be powerful in batsmanship. Last week at Leicester, Bradman was not playing, and McCabe was out for a "duck," and Fingleton scored only 34. Yet, at close of play, the Australians, as usual, were 243 for two wickets. Badcock and Hassett performed a brilliant partnership of 183 in an hour and 50 minutes; it was unbeaten at half-past six, and I think it must have been nearly the finest exhibition of stylish cricket achieved by two young Australians since Victor Trumper and Clem Hill made their names at Lord's some 39 years ago.

The impressive fact about the batting of Badcock and Hassett was the mastery of technique displayed by each. There is usually the hint of inexperience in the most gifted young man's batting—for instance, it is possible to see, or to sense, where a shrewd bowler would find out the immaturities of a Compton or an Edrich, no matter how brilliantly these two promising cricketers happen to be playing at the time. But Badcock and Hassett last Saturday, for all their brilliance, did nothing that was not experienced.

Badcock was 40 minutes making six. Then he smashed the Leicestershire attack to the tune of 100 in two hours. He is a dynamic batsman who, in some way, reminds me of Hendren, just as Hassett reminds me of Sandham. Badcock, even when he is merely defending against a good ball, suggests a scoring stroke somewhere at the back of his mind. He is always busy. Hassett is a batsman of poise, of balance. He plays in an invisible top hat. He is never awkward. He can drive powerfully without obvious effort—simply a free swing and a follow-through. On good wickets he is likely to score many delightful hundreds.

The Australian batting is certain to be strong, but, so far, there is a doubt about the bowling—though in these early and frigid days spin-bowlers have scarcely been able to use their fingers. The interesting point is that most of the wickets taken by the Australians have been taken by the spin-bowlers—Ward and Fleetwood-Smith. Cold weather cannot be blamed for the mix-up in McCormick's run to the wicket, or for O'Reilly's poor form up to the moment of writing. McCormick will probably have got his action in order, more or less, before these lines are printed—if he has not, there will be trouble, for habit breeds habit. McCormick at his best is the fastest bowler of recent years; in an inter-State match last year his pace left even Bradman with no time for any but a stroke done by reflex action. The Australian attack will suffer if he is unable, in the Test matches, to prepare by bombardment a way for the infantry led by "Sergeant" O'Reilly.

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Gover and Watts could make little impression, it was the M.C.C. pace bowlers, Smith and J. W. A. Stephenson who ran through Surrey for 67. However, the wicket changed then: analysis of the subsequent play shows that five batsmen alone made big scores in the two innings of 336 (M.C.C.) and 460 (Surrey)—and they were batsmen of acknowledged parts, Edrich, Compton, Gregory, Squires, and Barling. So it was not, after all, so very extraordinary that big scores followed small, and Surrey, putting up a score that has only been beaten in the fourth innings four times in England, came within six runs of snatching a victory.

W. R. Hammond, playing this season as an amateur, is obviously our reply to Bradman, and we may take it as a good augury that he began the season so finely against Hampshire and Derbyshire. Hampshire's bowling may not be severely hostile, and the chief merit of Hammond's 112 was that it nearly enabled Gloucestershire to win a match which they lost only in the last over by five runs. But Derbyshire's bowling is a different proposition, and if spectators saw a Hammond less brilliant than he can be, his 237 was a fine fighting innings scored at a time when B. O. Allen alone could give him anything like adequate support. Gloucestershire have come, perhaps, to rely a little too much upon Hammond's batting, just, as they have upon the bowling of Sinfield and Goddard, and Hammond is called upon for a good deal of bowling as well—he opened the bowling in both innings against Hampshire. The risk of possible staleness is here apparent and to be guarded against.

It is already evident that bowling is again likely to be a problem with most counties—and no one can explain its vagaries. Worcestershire were not at all a bad bowling side last season, yet first the Australians and then Lancashire made runs freely against them. On the other hand, they tumble out Sussex, with their strong batting, for 77. Then again, Kent have five Essex batsmen out for 71, and have subsequently to fight out an innings realising 450. In this Essex innings P. Smith had one of those sweet successes that come to all bowlers now and then, clouting the ball all over the field with rare abandon. Nichols, who made 163, is no slow scorer as a rule, but Smith, going in No. 9, overshadowed him in making 103.

Each season brings its crop of new players, and there seems to be some promising material among this year's vintage. In his first match for Hampshire the Rev. J. W. Steele, played chiefly as a fast bowler, proved a decidedly useful all-rounder, with scores of 44 and 29 not out, and seven wickets for 144 against Gloucester. In the same match a new wicket-keeper for Gloucestershire very nearly won the game for them with an innings of 90. Sussex, in their first match, brought in J. Oakes, who led off with 51 against Somerset. He is a brother of C. Oakes, and the team that day contained four pairs of players of similar name—the brothers Langridge, Parks and Oakes, and the two Cornfords, who are not related.

Early matches against the Universities teams might suggest that both Oxford and Cambridge are unusually weak this season. F. I. W.

THE THIRTY-SQUARE METRES

Points About the New Class of the Season

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

As this new sailing season gradually draws closer and closer one cannot help noting the increasing comment in contemporary columns upon our new 30-square metre class. The slack season of winter has produced eulogies of the new type's sea qualities and speed. There have been reports of new craft built to the rule; of existing craft being bought from Scandinavian owners in readiness to sail out the coming season.

We learn that in this, their first season in British waters, the class is to send two home-built representatives—Waterwitch and Sea Swallow—to do international battle in the United States. There is already in existence a Thirty Square Metre Association, with a potential fleet of fourteen or fifteen, with strongholds in the Solent and on the Clyde. And as this tide of report grows one is, I think, justified in wondering just what magic must lie in a "Thirty" to enable this new class—new and untried that is to say, as far as British waters are concerned—to acquire so much prestige in so short a space of time.

The "Thirty" hails from Sweden, where, in its native Scandinavian waters it has, under the *nom de guerre* of Skerry Cruiser, been for years a most popular class. To us over here it comes as sheer novelty and quite probably there will be comment and enough when the class is first seen at work. Visibly the characteristic is a long lean hull, one may almost call it a large hull, complete with cabin-top and overhangs. This hull is driven hard and well by what is relatively a very small area of canvas, which, abaft the mast, is disposed in a high, narrow sail, shaped very much like a bird's wing. I only hope that long-shore criticism has advanced somewhat since that May day in the '90's, when, at first sight, Britannia's bow was dubbed a monstrosity for the simple reason that it embodied innovation.

These "visible" characteristics of the "Thirty" represent a Swedish solution to the racing-design problem which has confronted yachting men for many a long year. Over here at one time the solution was held to lie in defining a racing size either in terms of tonnage or length, and then fitting her with as much racing canvas as she could carry decently. The rulings and restrictions which subsequently narrowed the problem for class after class were designed to prevent well-intentioned abuses of the principle.

Sweden seems to have faced this problem in precisely the opposite way. There the sail area was fixed as the definition of the Skerry class, and the designer's task was to fit to that sail area the fastest hull, regardless of size or tonnage, that this fixed sail area could drive. It seems to me that such a solution was more kindly to the designers and to the scientific-minded for, in its crude form, this Swedish method allowed unlimited scope for the swift evolution of a fast hull form. Just as with our own approach to the problem, however, the Swedish authorities have found it necessary to check unwise freakish development by imposing restriction after restriction until, to-day, only a very limited amount of variation can exist between hulls designed for these 30-square metre boats.



MOOSE, A SUCCESSFUL THIRTY-SQUARE METRE, WITH MR. JOHN S. LAWRENCE AT HER TILLER

In this limited form the "Thirty" has of late found adverse critics who have compared it adversely with 6-metre boats and Dragons. No criticism based upon the length of overhang can, however, hold water, for in actual practice the for'ard overhang of a "Thirty" is several inches less than that of a "Six," and is practically the same as that of a Dragon. Probably the small narrow inboard sail plan gives the impression of an overlong bow, but measurement will reveal the illusion.

It is as a rival in popularity to the International 6-metre boat that much of the comment both favourable and adverse, is being levelled, and a comparison of data between the two types is, therefore, of some interest.

To begin with, a "Six" seems to be generally about 23.5ft. in length on the waterline, whereas the "Thirty" will in all probability be between 28ft. and 29ft. In sail area the "Six" spreads 450 sq. ft. to the new type's 323. In displacement the "Six" should probably be double that of the "Thirty." Then, again, the latter is a three-hand ship, and, perhaps the most important point, it ought not to cost more than £750 or so as compared with the present price of upwards of £1,000 for a good 6-metre.

These are all very useful points of comparison, and from them one deduces the fact that in the "Thirty" an owner should have a habitable light displacement ship. As to her seaworthiness, the present hull design of the class differs little from the 22 sq. metre Vigilant, which Uffa Fox sailed from the Solent to Stockholm and back. Admittedly it was the redoubtable Uffa who did this thing, and to do it he had her rigged with a slightly shorter and, I believe, a straight mast for the job. But she made her passage with a light heart, and if that is not some testimony of seaworthiness I doubt if such a thing can exist.

The speed of a "Thirty" as compared with a "Six" seems to arouse all the worst in the critics. Some would have us believe that the turbulent chops of the Solent will sound the death-knell of the new type; others aver that under all conditions the "Thirty" can in comfort leave a "Six" behind her. Actually, no racing craft that I know of is fond of a steep weather-going popple, and in Baltic waters, where they have had the chance of comparing the prowess of both types, they find that each has her weather and "her day."

Viewed dispassionately, it must be admitted that there is almost certainty that in the "Thirty" we shall have a light, fast and habitable sea-worthy little racing ship. But we also have that in the older-established 6-metre, and I sincerely trust that enthusiasm, for the new will not herald an eclipse, even partial, of the older favourite.



STRAIGHT CUT RIDES WHICH DIVIDE THE FOREST INTO BLOCKS

WILD BOAR AND WOLF HUNTING IN POLAND

By SIR ALEXANDER ROGER

WITHIN 24 hours of London, and very much less than that by air, is a country of immense game resources, primeval forests, vast marshes, mountains and plains. I refer to Poland, where I have recently enjoyed the privilege of being the guest of Polish sportsmen: surely the most hospitable and delightful hosts to be met with anywhere.

In this country there is sport to be had with both rifle and gun of a character of which many British sportsmen seem to be unaware. The big-game list includes elk, red deer, roe deer, fallow deer, chamois, mouflon, wild boar, wolves, bear and lynx, which provide various forms of still hunting, calling, stalking and driving. At the present time, however, chamois, and, of course, bison, are entirely protected.

For the gun, the Pripet marshes in the province of Polesie yield wildfowl in almost unbelievable numbers, and on many estates there is partridge and pheasant shooting of the best. Woodcock are common in the whole eastern part of the country, and capercailzie and blackcock are shot in the spring in the usual Continental manner.

My own experience has so far been confined to hunting the wild boar and wolf, but I am already determined that these interesting and pleasurable experiences shall serve merely as an introduction. It has been my good fortune to have enjoyed the best of Highland deerstalking and other sports, but I want to go back to Poland to stand again in the snow in the solitude of vast forests and wait for the great *solitaire* boar which there attains its greatest size.

Both wild boar and wolf are hunted in the depth of winter when the tracks in the snow indicate their movements and whereabouts. The cold can, indeed, be intense, but properly clad in the sheepskins and furs of the country, and warmed, too, by the excitement of the chase, one is hardly conscious of the extremely low temperatures. On some of the vast private estates bags of over a hundred boar are sometimes obtained in two or three days' driving, but my first experience was gained in a State forest, where some ten rifles contributed to a far more modest total. The principles, however, are the same and the enjoyment no less.

Following a night spent in a forest lodge, where we slept four and six in a room, a long sleigh drive brought us to the scene of the day's sport. Meanwhile, the foresters, or guards as they are called locally, together with such extra men as were required to make up a party of between 40 and 50 beaters, had preceded us by some hours and taken up their positions in silence ready for the first drive.

The rifles are posted on a straight broad drive so that one can see one's neighbours on both sides, but I admit that during the last drive of the day, in a failing light, with shots being fired all around, and an uncertain knowledge of the exact position of the beaters, I felt more inclined to seek the shelter of the nearest tree trunk than to attempt any shooting. However, the day ended without human fatalities, and at the finish I could hold my head high, for had I not slain my first wild boar!

The actual shooting is anything but easy. Snap shots are all that can be expected, and my ordinary deerstalking rifle, a Mannlicher, proved by no means the most suitable for the purpose. The Poles use short double-barrelled rifles which handle like shotguns, and with these they snap at running boar in the same manner that we at home shoot bolting rabbits. Some of the crack Polish shots—and there are none better—are amazingly skilful



SIR ALEXANDER ROGER WITH HIS FIRST WOLF
The picture gives a comparison of the size attained by these animals

and will kill boar after boar with single bullets through the heart.

Following the day's sport the evenings were most entertaining and wholly delightful. There is a courteous charm and an ingenuousness about the Poles which makes them most pleasing and amusing companions. Never shall I forget one veteran sportsman, whose home and estates are in the Carpathians, relating to the assembled company how many great stags and head of other game he had shot there. He concluded the recitation of his game list by adding in tones of triumph: "And I have shot five Bolshevists and sabred two."

My first wolf hunt was under different circumstances. Six of us were guests of the owner of a large irregularly shaped estate situated on the frontiers of Lithuania and Russia, some 40 kilometres in length by 20 kilometres in breadth. We lived in our host's mansion, which had been entirely rebuilt after the Bolshevist invasion of 1921, and enjoyed all the amenities of civilisation, including the best of food, perfectly prepared. Our host, a former colonel in the Imperial Russian Guard, directed all things, including his household and his sport, in the grand military manner. His forest was divided into blocks of square versts or kilometres, and, through the agency of barbed wire, a relic of the revolution, each block was in telephonic communication with the house. Breakfast-time saw him, therefore, at the head of the table receiving reports on the telephone from the guards of the various blocks, who had been out since dawn in an endeavour to locate where a wolf or wolves had lain up.

Wolves are nowhere abundant, but reports that morning were favourable, and eventually a decision was reached as to which block offered the best chance of success. Orders were given and we were quickly bundled into a sleigh with a ride of two hours before us. Meantime the guards were silently surrounding three sides of the block with ropes to which red rag is tied. If all goes well this may prevent the wolves breaking out, but they are extremely elusive and cunning and the chances of success are always very doubtful.

When at last we arrived at the block each rifle was dropped from the sleigh at his appointed stand with an enjoinder for absolute silence. A small fir tree afforded some cover to my own position, and behind this I settled myself on a shooting stick to await the commencement of the drive. No other gun was in sight, and no sound broke the absolute stillness of the forest in front of me, dense and black against the snow.

I knew I should be lucky if I even caught a glimpse of a wolf, but beginner's luck was mine in full measure, for the beaters had hardly moved off to the accompaniment of horns, pistol shots and continuous shouting when a large dog wolf broke cover almost in front of me, offering a relatively easy shot. Congratulations were showered on me as I underwent the ritual of blooding by having the wolf's blood smeared on me with a hunting knife to the accompaniment of an incantation in Polish.

In wolf hunting the actual shot presents the usual hazards, but the whole procedure is fascinating, and success calls for organising skill and woodcraft of a high order. In this the Poles excel. They are a nation of foresters with a deep love of the chase and a rare understanding of wild life. Their field sports are conducted with a picturesque ritual handed down through generations, and they are never so happy as when sharing these pleasures with others.

I was fortunate in weather. Sunshine and glorious sunsets, moonshine and wonderful night effects. Hard, dry snow, forests, sleighs, bounteous hospitality, and plenty of exciting sport; all combined with a glamour and romance which it is difficult to believe exists within a day's journey of London.



SETTING OUT FOR A WILD BOAR HUNT

FIRST GAMES IN LONDON POLO

The Rangers' Impressive Form



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT RANELAGH

By the time these notes appear the London polo season will be well on its way (provided the weather does not intervene) and we shall have seen all the high-handicap sides in action at Hurlingham and Roehampton in the Whitney Cup Tournament, save for Captain B. J. Fowler's Gezireh team, composed of officers on leave from Egypt, who, very wisely, are giving their ponies a little extra time in which to get fit before they enter the arena.

That wet week-end at the end of April gave the London grounds just that little tonic they needed after an extraordinarily dry spring, and they are all looking splendid. At Hurlingham, by dint of persistent watering both grounds are in excellent order and last Saturday in a practice match between the Rangers, Mr. C. B. Wrightsman's team, and Captain A. H. Barclay's Edmundsbury side, the No. 2 ground, as I thought, played wonderfully well; not in the least slippery and as true as true could be. The Wimbledon ground is still very hard, but it has been so much improved during the winter that this year it is quite worthy to accommodate important polo. The new Drax ground, a little further on on the Kingston By-Pass, will be a godsend, as it will take a considerable overflow and already is quite playable.

Many improvements have been carried out at headquarters, notably a really splendid open-air school, enclosed and measuring 50yds. by 25yds., with a sand floor and a convenient little balcony for watching the work, and an improvement to the trotting ring. In the gardens a most decorative rock garden has been made in that waste corner near the river, and everything looks as charming and welcoming as it could be. Additional stabling to accommodate 72 ponies has been built with the object of putting up the ponies of the teams who come up to London to compete in the Inter-Regimental, so that henceforward things will be very much easier for them. A huge gallows-like erection in a secluded spot with six ropes, each with a noose, depending from it caught my eye. To my question whether this had been put up for the eventual execution of the Selection Committee if our challenge for the Westchester Cup fails, I received the frigid answer that this was a device for drying out the water hoses which would prolong their life. Incidentally the Selection Committee will have met while this issue of the *Field* is in the hands of the printer and it is possible that there may be some announcement of their deliberations at the end of this week. Their task is formidable, for there are so many *desiderata*, but they are certainly hard at work, and I have great hopes that a plan of campaign will shortly be formulated.

At Ranelagh the grounds are looking in splendid condition and, as usual, the stabling is quite full up with Mr. Wrightsman's ponies, the Jaguars, the Gauchos, Aisdean and many others, and there is every expectation of another brilliant season. One unhappy note, however, mars the joyous anticipation of what is to come, and that is the deeply regretted absence through illness of Captain F. A. Gill. Ranelagh without "Gillo" is not really Ranelagh. Until his return, to which we all look forward eagerly, Captain Leslie Harris will manage the polo and also carry out his duties as official umpire.

A great improvement has been made at Roehampton during the winter, and that is the building up of a bank on either side of the No. 1 ground which will afford a much better view of the play and give much needed additional seating space. The Richmond Park ground was to have been officially opened on Wednesday of this week, and at Roehampton the grounds are looking and playing very well indeed. Here, again all available stabling has been taken. It does not seem to me that polo is such a dying game as some Jeremiahs would have us believe.

Mr. Charles Wrightsman's team will, I should say, be the outstanding team of the season. They arrived rather late, in fact, Mr. Aidan Roark, their No. 2, has not yet come, and so we did not see them playing together until last Saturday. Although the opposition was not very strong, and it was in any case only a practice game, I confess that I was very much impressed by them and their ponies. Of course, they have Mr. Cecil Smith with them, and he, by himself, is a host. In addition, there is Mr. Tyrrell-Martin, and judging by the form he showed the reports I had heard from time to time, that he had improved his already excellent polo, are entirely justified. They say, too, that Mr. Roark is playing extraordinarily well, and in view of next year's challenge his performance will be watched very closely. Playing in front of Mr. Smith, he will certainly have every chance to shine, for he will, in addition, be playing excellent ponies. Mr. Wrightsman, needless to say, is magnificently mounted, and he goes as hard as anyone does. Moreover, he keeps well up, as a No. 1 must do, and he seems a very accurate shot at goal. In that practice game I saw I was particularly impressed by the excellent combination of the Rangers and their tactics. A team so well drilled will take a lot of upsetting.

Mr. Wrightsman has a really grand string of ponies, the ranks gleaming with internationals and some others who are likely to be found arrayed against us at Meadow Brook. Several we have seen here before in the international series at Hurlingham in 1936. These are Sadie Thompson, a brown mare played by Mr. Stuart Iglehart; Be Idle, a bay Hawaiian mare; Pamfrita, a chestnut gelding bred by Mr. Nelson in Argentina, who was played by Mr. Eric Pedley and was awarded the prize as the best playing pony in America in 1934. Also played by Mr. Pedley on that occasion were Pichon, a chestnut Argentine pony, old now but bearing a great record, and Bocha, another Argentine, a big chestnut gelding of really grand quality, who is one of the best of a good string. Played by Mr. Wrightsman is Dynamita, a roan Argentine mare, rather light but remarkably fast. She is, to look at, of the old traditional type of Argentine rather than the modern thoroughbreds who are indistinguishable from any other thoroughbreds. Beauty Spot, a lovely heavy-weight brown Texan mare, played by Mr. Smith, takes the eye at once, and so does Bonny J., also from Texas, whom Hanlon, Mr. Wrightsman's stud groom, is inclined to believe to be the "star turn" of the outfit.

Mr. Tyrrell-Martin is to play a number of the Argentine ponies brought over by Major N. W. Leaf last winter, and they, too, are a most likely lot. One, Hermit, a young brown gelding, five years old, by El Rayo and of the Craganour line, is a big fast horse, bred in the mountains, up to any weight and reputed to be very fast. Moujik, another brown gelding, hails from Chapadmahal, where he was bred by Mr. Martinez de Hoz, by Jolly Eyes, and is of a grand stamp.

Pending the arrival of Mr. Roark, Major Leaf is playing for the Rangers, and several he played last Saturday impressed me greatly. Of these Halo, a young bay mare and own sister to Hermit, is extraordinarily fast. Naranja, a dark chestnut mare decorated with white spots, is very handy and was played by Mr. Luis Duggan in the Argentine Championship, and so was Japonica, a brown mare who also looks to be exceedingly good.

It is good hearing that the Duke of Gloucester intends to play regularly this season, and his ponies are stabled at Ranelagh. He is, I understand, to play for the Rangers in the Medium Handicap tournaments.

JEMADAR.





THE RANGERS AND EDMUNDSBURY TEAMS

The Rangers team is (left to right) Major N. W. Leaf, Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. C. B. Wrightsman

The Edmundsbury team is (left to right) Mr. J. N. Morrison, Mr. H. W. Hibbert, Captain A. H. Barclay and Captain G. J. Kidston

ROUND THE POINT-TO-POINTS

The United Hunts and Old Surrey and Burstow Meetings

THE first Monday in May is Farmers' Day at Lingfield Park, for to this steeplechase meeting fourteen Hunts in Kent, Sussex and Surrey are invited to ask their farmers; the proceedings accordingly take on the air somewhat of a glorified Point-to-Point, though with all the comforts and amenities of a regular race meeting. The Hunts concerned are: The Mid-Kent Staghounds; and the Old Surrey and Burstow, Eridge, West Kent, Tickham, Surrey Union, Lord Leconfields, East Sussex, Southdown, Chiddingfold, Ashford Valley, East Kent, Crawley and Horsham and Cowdray Foxhounds, and the Brighton and Brookside and Romney Marsh Harriers.

This scheme of hospitality was, I understand, incorporated in the charter of Lingfield Park at the request of various landowners when the old Edenbridge Races, which served the same purpose, were abandoned. In the early days some 700 would be invited, and it is probable that the originators never visualised to what dimensions the thing would grow; the number now exceeds 3,000, which is testimony to the popularity of the meeting. Masters of Hounds have a busy time beforehand in dealing with applications, and there is no doubt that everyone enjoys himself. Conversation in the bar, before racing begins, is a mixture of farming and hunting, and the whole atmosphere amply bears out that sport and agriculture go hand-in-hand.

The course itself must give a thrill to the Point-to-Pointers, even though they may be accustomed nowadays to riding over some that very nearly approximate to the "park" standard. Here, however, is the real thing in steeplechase courses, with fences of such ample width that everyone gets a sight of them, which is not always the case at Hunt meetings. Point-to-Point form, on the other hand, is somewhat discounted by the difference in the distances, two miles, or two-and-a-half, being a different matter to three-and-a-half. Lingfield Park is one of the most attractive courses in the South of England, with its wide-terraced stands, leafy surroundings and spacious paddock, surrounded by tall trees. The whole course is in view from the stands, and the last four fences are in line with the finish.

Four of the six races on the card are confined to subscribers and farmers of the above-mentioned Hunts; of the remaining events, one is a hunter 'chase, open to any recognised Hunt, and the other is a 200-sovereign handicap steeplechase. There was a slight falling off, compared to last year, in the numbers of entries and runners, but there was some really good racing, and the going, helped by the rain of the previous day, and the ample amount of grass on the course, was good.

The first race, the Lingfield Hunters' Steeplechase, confined to the Hunts mentioned, and run over 2½ miles, attracted nine runners, of which Mr. Rogerson's Surrealist and Mr. Langford's Pendeen Point, both ridden by their owners, were the most fancied, the former being a hot favourite. Surrealist went into the lead early on, but the conspicuous yellow and claret of Miss D. Blunt's Gin and It, ridden by Mr. R. Dunne, were also prominent most of the way. Mr. Gee's Insect was soon seen to be running loose, having parted company with Mr. J. Goodall, and at the second fence into the straight the first time jumped across Mr. Gaselee on Tessa, causing the mare to swerve so badly that her rider became unstuck. Mr. Gaselee remounted, however, and went on in forlorn pursuit. Surrealist won easily by fifteen lengths from Pendeen Point, with Gin and It a bad third. Royal Procession was fourth.

The Gone Away Hunters' 'Chase, a three mile event, had a field of seven, which included such good horses as Mrs. FitzGerald's Hardy Annual, second at Aintree in the Foxhunters' 'Chase, and Mr. Davy's Bachelor's Folly. Neither of these proved the winner, for Hardy Annual hit the fence hard at the open ditch and gave Mr. R. Gordon a nasty fall. All the rest finished, and the result was a surprise win for Mr. A. H. Osborne's Caricaturist, ridden by Mr. Holman, who drew away two fences from home, to win by five lengths from Bachelor's Folly (who was conceding 14lb.) with Caramel II eight lengths behind; Comedian, Cyclamen and Bluebeard finished in this order.

The three-mile Handicap Steeplechase may blossom under a new name each year, and this time it carried with it the Abergavenny Cup; it seems, however, to be an established tradition by now that it should be won by that grand old horse Southern Hero, who despite his thirteen years and giving away a stone to his nearest competitor, again won for Mr. J. V. Rank in convincing style. I heard a little time ago that the old fellow was thought to be getting tired of racing, but if that was the case he has certainly come back to it with all his old zest, and the perfection of his fencing was a joy to watch. He is a "strong" ride, undoubtedly, but what a feel he must give you! Ridden by D. Morgan, he took the lead from the start, and though at one point he was headed by Red Eagle, he again went ahead, and coming down the straight he held the lead, to win by four lengths from the latter, with Bashful Boy, ridden by E. Vinall, third two lengths away. It was a grand race to watch, and an education to see these star performers skimming through the tops of their fences and making up ground in a way that made the Point-to-Pointers look like timber jumpers.

The United Hunts Plate, a two-mile race, produced the biggest field of the day, eleven going down to the start. Mr. W. L. Dawes rode an admirable race on Youngtown, and was cheered home to win by a vast contingent of his supporters from the Mid-Kent and Ashford Valley country. At the last fence he looked back to see Mr. Petre on Talisman close behind him, but Youngtown, who is always game at the finish, held off the latter by three lengths. Mr. A. Chamberlayne was third on Wainscot, six lengths behind, and Mr. Duncanson, on Mr. Searamanga's Tale Teller, who had been prominent in the early stages, finished fourth. Youngtown was leading practically all the way, and as far as I could see was never headed.

Ten went to the start for the Farmers' Race, and here again it was interesting to see Point-to-Point horses running over two miles. Conditions seemed to favour Mr. Pattullo's mare Hawthorne, who ran so well at Eridge recently, but it was soon evident from her swishing tail that her thoughts were not on racing to-day; she was jumping slovenly and was disinclined to gallop, and eventually came down out in the country. Mr. Barkaway's Chelmsford, a tubed horse, ridden by Mr. Evatt, was a hot favourite, and going away well in the lead he eventually won by the comfortable margin of eight lengths from Mr. Gillett on Silent Star, with Mr. Harris's little mare Easter Vixen, ridden by Mr. Symonds, four lengths away. Mr. Sankey's Snark, who usually gets into the money, this time could do no better than fourth.

The Skeynes Plate, three miles, open to farmers and members of the Hunts already mentioned, was won in sensational fashion by that wonderful mare, Duty Paid, who was ridden over her last three fences by Mr. Freeman Jackson with her saddle somewhere back over her loins. (I must here apologise for a slip I made recently, when I inadvertently referred to Duty Paid as a horse.) The mare is really a grand performer, and I think I am right in saying that she is unbeaten in Point-to-Points this season. It was a fine race between her and that good horse of Mr. Dawes's, Mee Too, who also has made his reputation this season, and a better race one could not wish to see.

Coming to the last fence there was little between them, and although the mare, quite understandably, seemed to land awkwardly, she forged ahead to win by eight lengths, a really fine performance both on her part and that of her rider. It appeared that the saddle had begun to slip during the last time round, and that Mr. Jackson had pushed it back out of the way, riding bare-back for the rest of the journey. Fortunately the weight cloth had not come adrift, and he was able to weigh in.

Each season generally produces one or two outstanding horses, and they and their riders are popular favourites whenever they appear. In this connection Mr. Freeman Jackson with Duty Paid, and Mr. Dawes with Mee Too and Youngtown, can undoubtedly be placed top of the poll in Kent.

OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW

THIS meeting, held at Marsh Green, near Edenbridge, under National Hunt Rules on Saturday, May 7th, formed an excellent wind-up to the season of Hunt races in this part of the world. This meeting is regarded as one of the major events, and always attracts an enormous crowd of sightseers, and a list of entries that is testimony to its popularity. One hundred and sixty horses were entered this year for the six races, and the number of starters was correspondingly satisfactory. The executive can always be relied on to cope with any conditions that may arise, and to provide a first-rate course from every point of view, and the effects of the drought had been dealt with, as far as jumping was concerned, by a liberal "salivating" of the landing sides by the local fire brigade, and a subsequent dressing of tan.

The fences are all models of their kind, beautifully made, and this year somewhat wider than last. Even so, some of the big fields that went caused congestion at the first fence, despite its width of 50ft. From its solid appearance one would not think it possible for any horse to bash a hole right through it, but when an irresistible force meets an immovable body something has to go, and by the time the 20-odd runners for the Nomination Race had finished with it the first time round, a gap right down to the ground appeared in the centre, someone having taken it literally "by the roots." It is a long time since I have seen so many horses "run spare" at a meeting such as this; the finish of this particular race resembled nothing so much as an exhibition of circus "liberty horses," no less than six passing the post minus their riders.

The Adjacent Hunts Farmers' Race opened the proceedings, and proved a day out for the West Kent Hunt, the first four horses past the post belonging to farmers in this country. Mr. Victor Hollamby's good little mare Super Haine (by Haine—Supermare) vindicated her reputation of previous seasons by beating Mr. Barkaway's Chelmsford, who has two Nomination Races to his credit, besides having won the Farmers' Race at Lingfield. For the first two miles the latter was right out in front, with Super Haine, Easter Vixen and Hawthorne leading the rest of the field. A mile from home, however, Chelmsford began to come back to his horses, and was beaten at the last fence. Super Haine going on to win fairly easily, with Mr. Harris's Easter Vixen third, and Mr. Pattullo's Hawthorne fourth. This was a popular win for a hunting farmer who is well known with three local packs.

The Adjacent Hunts Steeplechase had sixteen runners, and proved a really good and fast-run race, with some surprises and disappointments. Everyone was sorry to see that Mr. Dawes's well-known horse Mee Too was not in his usual form; he never really got going, and was eventually pulled up. Another good horse, Mr. Langford's Talisman, was unlucky to slip up at the turn, giving his rider a nasty fall. Mr. Hornung's Gaickster, a beautiful mover, ridden by Mr. Hislop, was going well all the way, and he, with Mr. Brooks's Philanderer and Mr. Eve on Crusader's Star, were always there.

At the last fence it looked like Gaickster's race, knowing his propensity for finishing, but Mr. Eve, who rode with judgment throughout, came at just the right moment, and out-jumping Gaickster, got home to win by several lengths. Mr. Ryan Price's Thelmond II, a good looking horse who covers a lot of ground in his stride, was third. I have mentioned Crusader's Star in previous notes as not having had the success he deserves, and I was glad to see him win this race.

The Members' Race was the occasion for yet another appearance of that fine old veteran of Colonel Robinson's Band Leader, who was fencing with all his old felicity, though he has lost some of his speed. The old horse went round faultlessly, and finished third, behind Mr. J. V. Rank's Destrier, ridden by Mr. Hislop, and Mr. Kirkness's Bladebone. Pendeen Point had been going well, and was up with Destrier coming round the last bend, but was by this time a tired horse, and, hitting the penultimate fence hard, gave Mr. Langford his second fall of the day. Ocarina, who eventually fell out in the country, had been making up a lot of ground the second time round.

The Nomination Race, which carries with it the Harewoods Challenge Cup, presented by the chairman of the Hunt Committee, Mr. T. H. [illegible] attracted an enormous field, 22 horses going to the start. They came at the first fence in a phalanx, and the result of their charge has been told. More casualties were to follow. [illegible] town over-jumped himself at the open ditch, landed sprawling, giving Mr. Dawes a heavy [illegible] and crushing one of his ribs. Mr. Dawes has a wonderful record this season, and it was to be regretted that misfortune should overtake him on the last day. Meanwhile Mr. Langford on Cyclamen was setting the pace, well out in front, followed by Mr. Rank's Perfect Boy and Mr. Harry Jackson on Duty Paid.

Captain Lathbury's Copper Kettle came down at the water, and I heard afterwards that the horse had injured his back—a good horse this, who won recently at the Garth. Cyclamen was the next to go, and Duty Paid and Perfect Boy were now left to fight it out. They came round the bend at a terrific pace, and Perfect Boy hit the fence and fell, leaving Duty Paid the task of standing up and steering clear of loose horses to win. Needless to say, she and Mr. Jackson did it, and were cheered home, followed by six riderless horses, Youngtown leading the string. Mr. Strutt on Kilmar and Mr. Comerford on Hack Glass threaded their way amongst them to fill second and third places.

A field of seven turned out for the Royal Artillery 'Chase, and of these Mr. Slade Powell's Golden Gem (Whaddon), Mr. G. B. Williams's Hyde Park (Bicester) and Major S. Williams's Black Jake (Garth) were soon singled out in front, and kept well together all the way. A rather slow-run race was won by Golden Gem, the other two finishing in the above order.

HOPLEAF.



MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS
A portrait of the late Colonel W. W. Wiggin and Hunt servants

MOLLY LATHAM'S HORSES, HOUNDS AND RIDERS

THE work of Miss Molly M. Latham is well known to "Field" readers as a number of her paintings have appeared in our pages. She has had pictures in the galleries of Bond Street before, and visitors to the Horse Show at Olympia will no doubt remember her exhibits last year. The present exhibition at Messrs. Ackermann's Galleries, 137, New Bond Street, London, W.1, is the most ambitious display of her very pleasing work which has so far been seen. It is in every way representative, for not only are many of her hunting portraits and groups shown, but also pictures of racing, coaching and studies of bloodstock in the paddocks and hounds on the Welsh hills. The latter of this versatile collection show her in her happiest vein with full scope for her ability to place her subjects in a setting which conveys a genuine country atmosphere. But Miss Latham's portraits, particularly that of Lady Leconfield, are convincing, and her knowledge of horses is such that she can paint an animal that is alive on the canvas. Her works show a quality which should carry Miss Latham very far.





LEFT: LADY LECONFIELD ON HER FAVOURITE HUNTER, PHILIP. LENT BY LADY LECONFIELD. RIGHT: "PEBLO." LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY MR. R. E. PRITCHARD





LEFT: MARES AND FOALS AT WOODHAY STUD, NEWBURY. RIGHT: "WELSH HOUNDS." LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY MR. WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, M.F.H.



WADING THE AVON AT FORDINGBRIDGE

The Hampshire Avon in addition to its fame as a fishing water is now the scene of notable research work by the University College, Southampton

STOCKING A STREAM WITH FRY

Experiments as a Guide to Results

THOUGH the controversy over methods of stocking with trout seems to have died down in the last year or two, the *Field* frequently receives inquiries from correspondents who want to try stocking their waters with fry, and who ask what is the best method of doing it. Should they, for example, make artificial redds and sow them with eyed ova, or hatch the ova in a box or small hatchery and thereafter put in the young fish as alevins or fry; and where. It is not intended to discuss here the question as to whether fry or older fish should be used, because it is assumed that anyone contemplating stocking with fry intends to do so in a suitably clear, well-aerated water, where the fry will have few enemies and a good chance of survival.

Actually, the only real information of "comparative" value as yet available is contained in Mr. John Berry's reports of the remarkable investigations which have been going on for some five years on the Hampshire Avon. Among them is one with trout fry designed to solve this very question of the best way to stock when artificially-spawned ova or fry are to be used. The experiment takes the form of two double sets of pools, each pair being made as nearly alike as possible, with an equal flow of river water, and of stocking one pair with eyed ova and alevins respectively, and the other with unfed fry (alevins just about to start feeding) and with fry which had been fed for three weeks before release, and which were therefore presumably in a position to take advantage of the food supply after the good start they had had in the hatchery.

Unfortunately for the last two years this experiment has proved abortive; in 1936 because eels got into the ponds, and in 1937 because the exceptional winter flood in Hampshire deposited a coating of mud on the ponds and choked the young fish. So one has to turn back to 1935 to get any definite information. In this year there seems no doubt that the bias turns in favour of the "nearer to nature" side of the experiment, that is to say, the eyed ova and unfed fry did better than their competitors in their respective experiments. Not only was the survival rate noticeably better: 24 per cent against 18 per cent. in favour of the eyed ova; 28 per cent. against 16 per cent. in favour of the unfed fry; but the average length of the fry was also better in each case.

Dr. Berry calls attention to the risk of accepting these figures as working hypotheses, since many repetitions of them should be made before any reliable data can be established; but in themselves they are interesting. It would seem, for example, that the eyed ova and alevins were put out on the same day, which would mean that the alevins were the earlier-hatching part of the batch, though not very much earlier necessarily; yet it was the ova that did better in the long run. Many years ago Professor Knut Dahl was able to show that big eggs produced quickly-growing trout, irrespective of the type (slow or fast-growing) of the parents' stream, but apart from this discovery there is no information as to what causes good growth in early life except the food supply.

In the report (which is No. 3 of the series, Avon Biological Research) some discussion takes place on the different types of food which developed in the two ponds, the quicker-growing fish came from the pond which developed shrimps, while the slower growers seem to have found snails the dominant food on their side of the stream; and it is suggested that the active life necessitated by catching the shrimps may have inculcated also a more avid feeding habit and consequently a quicker growth.

If the need for activity be accepted—pending further enlightenment—as a working basis, it would seem that the best of all methods of fry stocking (if it can so be called) is to sow eyed ova on the point of hatching very carefully in a gravel-strewn rapid stream, particular care being taken that it is not a reach in which mud is likely to be deposited. It is fair to say, however, that sowing eyed ova has been reported several times as giving no appreciable results. This may be due, of course, to a bad locality being selected; and, on the other hand, it has been observed that fingerling trout grow better in fast water than slow, so the theory has something to recommend it. It is notable, perhaps, that in the Avon experiment no attempt was made to bury the ova in any form of artificial redd. They were simply sown on the surface of the gravel, but they were fenced.

H. D. T.

DAPPING

The Use of Small Hackle Flies

DAPPING among bushes with a diminutive fly and fine tackle, though a really delightful and fascinating method of fishing for trout, has not been exploited nearly to the extent that it deserves. In most books on angling the whole subject of dapping is dismissed in a few words, and the advice usually given is to use shotted 2x gut with a natural fly, bluebottle, greenbottle or grasshopper. Such a crude method of angling for sporting fish makes but little appeal to the average fisherman, for it is very little higher in the scale than fishing still water with worm or maggot.

On the other hand, if a small-sized artificial fly is used, the sport is at once raised to a much more satisfactory level. With a 00 or 000 fly it is necessary to use 4x gut, in order to avoid stiffness in the attitude of the little hackle as it sits upon the still water. A big shot is most objectionable; it reduces delicacy of the connection between rod tip and fly, and if a fish is missed, causes entanglement of the tackle among the twigs above the rod point. Two-and-a-half to three feet of Hewitt stained gut, with the point 4x, is the most suitable tackle, and it should be unshotted.

In the course of years of experience it has been found that the smaller the fly the better the chance of its being taken confidently. The lure is dropped on to still, clear water, and the trout has therefore every opportunity of examining it at leisure before taking. It is an undoubted fact that under such conditions it is easier to deceive the fish with a very small fly, and the best results have been obtained with 000. The most killing method of presentation is with the hook point and lower hackles below, and the upper hackles above the surface film.

It is here apposite to mention that small hooks of different makes are not produced to a fixed standard. Length of shank and width of gape are the measurements by which a hook should be gauged. Some 000 hooks are longer in the shank and about the same gape as other makes of 00. With the long shanked 000 hooks it is necessary, when tying a quill hackle blue upright, to put on two and sometimes even three small hackles tandem, for the most killing pattern is that which has the hackling about half the length of the shank, and quill the other half. With a short-shanked hook one hackle is usually sufficient.

Dapping is essentially a sport for the hot summer months. On even the best of days the intervals between catching trout are necessarily long, so that one must never expect such large bags as when fly fishing in spring in the ordinary manner. Two or three brace of trout caught by dapping mean that one will have had a number of interesting and exciting incidents, while the fish will average heavier than those caught by casting in the open water. Dapping is a leisurely and deliberate affair. The angler first seeks for a good fish, and, having discovered one, waits until it is far off on its beat, with its head turned away, before attempting to get into position.

A steady hand and coolness are necessary. The steady hand to prevent excessive quivering of the fly when it is dropped on the water. Coolness so that the strike may neither be made too soon nor too hard. However steadily the rod is held, the pulse will prove sufficient to agitate the fly; this movement, if not overdone, is attractive to the fish. To avoid sagging of the line between rings, a bit of grass stalk just above the gut, or a short length of valve tube pushed on to the top ring will serve. Inconspicuous clothing and slow, deliberate movements are the recipe for stalking trout. Even where a grass bank drops straight into the water, without any intervening covert, it is often possible to creep up to the edge, and rise very slowly into a sitting position, without alarming the trout.

One of the great advantages of dapping over ordinary casting is that the trout is usually in plain view, and therefore one can avoid offering the fly to small fish. A ruffle or bad light which prevent one seeing into the water, takes away most of the pleasure of dapping, but such conditions have to be put up with at times. It is then that small fish may prove troublesome.

In some parts of France dapping with natural insects is much practised, and the local fishermen use very long rods. A long rod has the advantage of enabling one to keep better out of sight, and reach further out. A very light 14ft. roach rod was thoroughly well tried for dapping; it proved a very awkward tool among thick bushes, especially so when it came to landing a fish. A light 9½ft. or 10ft. trout rod is infinitely handier and pleasanter to use. It seems rather superfluous to add a warning that the angler should guard against striking too hard, but when using 4x gut it is remarkably easy to leave a fly in a trout.

When a good fish is hooked on only 3ft. of line, a long sudden leap away is most dangerous, and dropping the rod point will not always save a smash. Gentle tactics are a mistake in a pool full of snags, the fish should be hustled to the utmost. Good 4x gut will stand a lot of steady pulling, and there is no casting to weaken knots. A net with oval wood ring, and very long handle is a necessity to the dapper, for in summer the water is often a long way below the top of the bank.

A motionless angler amid bushes is a temptation to things that bite, so a liberal application of dope to face and neck, as well as the usual pipe or cigarette, is indicated.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.



At the Opera you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like



GUNS RETURNING FROM THE RIVER DRIVE OVER THE EAMONT ON MR. R. E. HATTERSLEY'S EDEN HALL SHOOT IN CUMBERLAND

Great Shooting Counties

THE COUNTY OF MIXED BAGS

Cumberland and Its Variety of Sport

OFTEN when Cumberland is spoken of it brings to mind first a picture of bare, rugged hills and steep valleys—clouds hurrying across stormy skies, and rain—the Lake District. The land of Rogue Herries, uninviting, cold and snow-clad in winter, where a few Scotch sheep manage to eke out an uncertain living. In summer, perhaps, a few short months of sunshine—but who can say which months these will be! Then it is the playground of the hiker and the picnicking motorist from the great industrial cities of the Midlands and the North. Others, followers of rod and gun, know it vaguely as part of England they speed through by train or car when they are intent on grouse shooting in the Highlands of Perth or Inverness in the sunny days of August, or when they are bent on slaying salmon in one of the delightful, rocky, peat-stained little rivers of Scotland in the spring months.

Yet the Lake District only covers a comparatively small part of Cumberland. To the extreme east of the county we have the Pennine chain, and between these and the Lake hills lies the beautiful Eden Valley and surrounding fertile ploughland and farmsteads, some 30 miles long and half as wide, with the River Eden running through it—with its wealth of tributaries falling into it, a paradise for the follower of rod and gun, where every form of shooting can be obtained from grouse and blackgame to geese, duck and snipe, and all within four-and-a-half hours' comfortable travel from Euston Station.

Few counties possess such a variety of sport for the keen shooting man who enjoys alike the pleasure of a good day at driven grouse and blackgame, pheasants or partridges, and who is equally keen on those rambling days when two or three guns go out together and walk hillsides and bracken, patches of arable land and rough heather, bog and spinney, working two or three good spaniels, and when evening comes may count seven or eight varieties of game in the bag, from woodcock, blackgame and grouse to snipe and duck, partridge and pheasant. But he need not look for four-figure bags at pheasants such as are attained in the southern counties, nor 500 or 600 brace days at grouse such as some of the best Yorkshire and Scotch moors sometimes yield, because there has never been the same outlay of money to rear pheasants on this scale, nor extensive Euston systems and care taken over the partridges. In the case of grouse moors, there is no doubt that many of them have been greatly neglected since pre-war days, vermin has had much too free a time, and the sheep stints have been exceeded to a great extent by the farmers. Even so, bags do not compare unfavourably with many of the well-known driving moors, 100 to 200 brace a day being by no means uncommon, and in pre-war days bags up to 300 brace were not phenomenal.

One of the more notable moors is Geltsdale in the north-east, a moor of some 12,000 acres having four beats and giving four days' driving, and it shows a bag of over 1,200 brace in a fair season, 100 to 150 brace in a day being quite usual during the early weeks. To the south of this lies Croglin, a moor of some 6,000 acres and yielding a bag of anything up to 600 or 700 brace in a good season, the guns expecting to kill 70 or 80 brace a day the first few days.

In 1912, when it was being shot by Mr. Demetriadi and under the management of a very good keeper named Proud, 1,500 brace were killed off it, and one day 88 brace were shot in one drive, when the guns all ran out of cartridges as they had not expected so much shooting. One interesting feature about this moor is that mole draining was carried out on parts of it some nine or ten years ago, and the drains have worked perfectly and have improved the heather on the beats thus treated. The advantage of these drains is that young birds cannot fall into them and get drowned. Croglin Moor has been well looked after, and burning has been carried out at intervals when possible and wherever necessary.

Following the Pennines on down the eastern boundary of the county the next moors of note are Ousby, Crossgill and Priorsdale. Of these, which run to about 5,000 acres each, Crossgill is the best as it has at least had a little trouble expended on it for part of the period 1912 to 1932, when the writer took it on lease with Priorsdale. Pre-war bags were: 1909, 407 brace; 1910, 482 brace; 1911, 567 brace; 1912, 583 brace; 1913, 829 brace; 1914, 730 brace (in eight days). I have also a note of the old keeper's that 1,000 brace was shot by eight guns in a fortnight's shooting over Crossgill, Tynehead and Yad Moss at the beginning of the season 1907. Also that one day in 1913 eight guns shot 274 brace of grouse on Crossgill in four drives.

In addition to the birds shot on Crossgill in these years, between 200 and 300 brace a year were netted. The netting rights have since been bought out, and during the years 1933 to 1937 between 450 and 500 brace a year have been killed, and now that proper draining, heather burning and vermin killing is being carried out a gradual increase in the yearly bags should take place. Some of the older flankers on these moors say that bags of 120 brace or more were commonly made in a day on Ousby in pre-war seasons.

Mention should be made of the woodland on part of Priorsdale, which runs to about 350 acres and is from October onwards the home of the blackgame bred on the surrounding moors, which in some years are very numerous. In 1935 we killed 178 and in 1936 135, in the proportion of about three cocks to one hen. For many of the grouse drives, and for the blackgame later in the season, the guns stand in gullies and under the hill edges and the birds are driven over and give wonderfully sporting shots, adding great variety to the usual low straight-at-you birds common on the less undulating Yorkshire moors. Several new lines of butts have been put in for this purpose. The best day's bag made in recent years was on Priorsdale on August 23rd, 1935, when 139 brace were killed by eight guns after 81½ brace had been killed on August 13th, and 79½ brace on August 16th, making a total of 300 brace in three days in August.

Foremost of the grouse moors to the north of the Lakeland hills is the well-known Forest of Skiddaw, owned by Lord Leconfield, and this has been carefully looked after and vermin kept down. Skiddaw runs to about 3,000 acres, and usually gives three or four days of about 70 to 80 brace a day, the record for one day, made many years ago, being 180 brace. There are also two other smaller moors joining Skiddaw, also owned by Lord Leconfield: Fould's Brow, which gives two or three days up to about 50 brace in a fair season, and Fellside, which has yielded up to 140 brace in a season, but which has gone back a great deal in recent years owing to the farmers over-sheeping it.

The interesting experiment of fencing in an acre or two of heather here and there after it has been burnt has been carried out and has proved very successful, and I feel sure it is the only way to combat the problem of over-sheeping and preventing the heather from being torn up by the sheep as fast as it grows. In many instances attempts have been made to get the farmers to agree amongst themselves to keep within their stints, but never with any success. First one puts on a few more, then another, and so on until the

ground is often carrying twice as many sheep as it should. This fencing-in plots at least saves a little heather for grouse only, and it is interesting to see how fast it comes on when protected in this way.

Before leaving the grouse-shooting resources of the county mention should be made of the Solway Moss, which lies just inland of the south coast of the Solway, and where 100 brace—which was the limit placed on it when let—was once killed in a day, and the second day, after an extension had been obtained by the tenants, 40 brace were shot in the morning and 36 brace of partridge on the adjoining ground in the afternoon. The Solway Moss lies on the Netherby Estate; at one time one of the best shooting estates in England, it extended to some 30,000 acres and took in the best duck shooting to be had anywhere. In 1902 King George V, when Prince of Wales, shot at Netherby and about 5,000 duck were killed, a bag of 1,317 being made in one day. The partridge shooting was also very good and bags up to 200 brace have been shot, 125 brace having once been shot out of two turnip fields, in eight short drives. Hares were also very numerous, and the keepers sometimes used to have to shoot them to reduce their numbers before the three days' coursing meeting could take place, often killing 200 or more in a day.

Perhaps the most notable, certainly to many the most fascinating, pastime is the goose shooting on the north-western boundary of Cumberland—the south coast of the Solway Firth. Few other counties can boast goose shooting, and no other place where barnacle, greylag and pink-footed geese collect in such large numbers as they do at times on the Solway, exists on our coasts. Here there is both punt gunning and shore shooting; flighting at dusk and dawn. The well-known sanctuary of Rockcliffe is the clearing house of most of the geese which visit the British Isles, greylag and pinkfeet collecting in great numbers in October before pushing on south, and again in February and March on their return northwards.

It is also the southernmost limit of the barnacle geese, which do not travel south of the Solway, but stay there throughout the winter. Rockcliffe Marsh lies between the tidal portion of the Border Esk and the Eden and extends to about 2,000 acres, and very large bags have been made there. It is a privately owned and strictly preserved marsh.

Woodcock, snipe and duck are to be found in considerable quantities in many parts of the county, and particularly in that surrounding the valleys of the Eden and Eamont, where most of the shooting



THE WEIR ON THE EDEN AT ARMATHWAITE

manors and estates lie and where the most delightful mixed bags are obtained walking and driving—early and late in the season alike. A very liberal amount of plough and cultivation helps to produce a good natural stock of partridges, and the small valleys with which the country is closely intersected lend themselves to very interesting driving and often high birds, and in many cases coverts have been well laid out on hillsides to produce good high pheasants.

Woodcock are sufficiently numerous for it to be worth while going out and walking rough ground, heather, bracken, &c., specially for them from November onwards. Very pleasant days can also be had on the edges of the moors walking snipe in September, and in October and November along the small valleys and watercourses on the low ground, ten or twelve couple being no unusual bag to two guns. In the past season two small rough shoots in the Eden Valley respectively killed 87 and 137 mallard and teal—all, of course, wild-bred birds.

Of the shooting properties in the Eden Valley, perhaps the best known is Eden Hall, which has in recent years usually produced in the neighbourhood of 400 pheasants on the first covert day, and last year, when over 4,000 were put down, gave a day of about 669 birds. Not far from this is Skirwith Abbey, which takes in some nice partridge ground, and where nowadays about 1,500 pheasants are reared and shot. At Lazonby Hall, another well-known estate which covers some 6,000 to 7,000 acres of the most attractive mixed shooting in the valley, they usually expect to kill 100 woodcock a year, and a few brace of grouse figure in most bags up to the end of November. One side of the shoot is bounded by the river, where wild-bred mallard and teal are often numerous, particularly in hard weather. The partridge shooting is well cared for and good, and there are many cleverly placed coverts which provide the highest of pheasants. Mixed bags of 300 to 400 head are not unusual.

At Barrock Park, an estate running to some 2,600 acres, the present owner, Colonel James, informs me that he kills about 170 brace of partridge in a fair season, but shoots very lightly and probably could double this bag without detriment to stock.

Of this 2,600 acres about 600 acres are under grass, the remainder being mostly arable land and coverts. Usually about 700 pheasants are reared and about the same number shot each year and there are some particularly good stands—notably one called Nebsteps, where even the best shots flatter themselves if they average one in three. Another estate, which covers about 9,000 acres and which gives some excellent mixed bags including



GROUSE BUTTS ON BARONWOOD PARK, LAZONBY

woodcock, grouse, duck and snipe, is Brackenburgh Tower.

In this part of the county bags of between 50 and 60 brace of partridge have been shot in a day, while 30 to 40 is more usual. But then, the partridge is not given the care and attention it is on the Norfolk manor, as usually the Cumberland keeper is working hard for a mixed bag, and the only measures he has time to follow are the exchange of a few hundred eggs and the killing of vermin. However, some of the best partridge ground is embraced by the estates of Hutton and Holmehill; and on the latter, where Major Salkeld himself takes care of a beat, 62½ brace were killed in a day in 1936.

Moving over into the Lake District, at Keswick, we have undoubtedly the best pheasant shoot in Cumberland—Lingholm, Lord Rochdale's shoot. Owing to the contours of the ground and the coverts having been planted expressly for the purpose of showing pheasants well, it is one of the finest shoots for high birds in England, and many well-known shots are usually among Lord Rochdale's guests. During the last two years no birds have been reared, but previous to that about 3,000 pheasants were shot each year, days of from 600 to 800 birds being usual the first time over, and bags up to 1,200 have been shot in a day. Between 60 and 100 woodcock are also killed each season on this shoot. There are very few partridges, as the ground is unsuitable owing to lack of cultivation.

In the south-west of the county in the neighbourhood of Seascale and Wasdale we again have some good pheasant shoots, notably Irton, which was shot without any rearing being done all through the War and yielded about 2,000 wild birds a year. At Muncaster Castle there are some exceptionally fine stands at the home coverts, and Sir John Ramsden usually turns down about 1,500 pheasants and shoots about 1,000. On these shoots also, owing to the hilly nature of the country and the placing of the coverts, some of the finest possible stands are obtained. Similar bags have in past years been obtained at Ponsonby Hall, but little rearing has been done on this estate recently.

R. N. BURTON.



Guy B. Farrow

KNOTS DRIFTING LIKE A GREY CLOUD ACROSS THE ESTUARY

THE PROBLEM OF FORMATION FLYING

Some Element of Telepathy and Much Sensitiveness

MANY observers must have pondered at one time or another over that everyday phenomenon of nature—the perfect synchronism of mass-movement among a group of animals.

Some of the many instances of simultaneous movement among birds are familiar to everyone; less familiar are those of the small waders—knots, little stints, dunlin—in whom these flight-exercises reach their acme of spontaneous unanimity, in swift complex evolutions of sharply-angled turns and stoops executed simultaneously, at perhaps 50 miles an hour, with the exactitude of a Guards regiment on parade.

How do these flocks perform their evolutions with such perfect uniformity? Are we to imagine that the flock is a well-drilled company, moving in line or column at command? Hardly, I think. It is possible to believe that any one bird has the intelligence to convey its commands to several hundred other birds, with such speed that on the hypothetical order, "wheel to the right," the outer ranks change direction at the same instant as the inner. Could every bird decide spontaneously to execute the same movement at the same moment? Such a concerted thought could never occur in a flight of birds, unless stimulated by some immediate danger apparent to all at the same instant.

We can, however, approach this problem from another standpoint, and treat it partly as a form of subconscious awareness, and partly as a sensitive alertness of one bird to the actions of another, interpreted with a celerity beyond human emulation or appreciation, but in keeping with what we know of the hypersensitive nervous and physical reactions of a bird. One has only to watch a bird for a few moments, more especially one of the smaller species, to be impressed by its vivacity, mobility, and swift reactions to external stimuli. It is not, then, surprising to learn that the normal temperature of its body varies, according to its species, between 100° F. and 112° F., and that the blood-stream is maintained at this human fever-point by a respiration more intense than that of any other organised body. It is thus possible to appreciate that a bird is an entity whose whole life is governed by nervous reactions of an acuteness and a rapidity that are perhaps beyond our true conception.

One might expect that in a flock of, say, 50 birds, it would often happen that more than one bird would change direction at the same instant. When the lapwing indulges in aerial exercises, the flock quite frequently splits into two or more sections, presumably from this cause. But in the swifter, more complex evolutions of tiny waders, such division is unusual. The reactions of small birds are so rapid, their immediate response to one another's actions so unquestioningly faithful, and their perception of time so acute, that coincidental directional changes by individual members of a flight are almost impossible. To a bird, perhaps a second, as we know it, might represent sixty well-marked divi-ions of time, so that, to all intents and purposes, one individual's change in direction must always precede another's by some margin of time.

That a bird should always follow the lead of another with implicit regularity is to be expected, for in nature an animal pays strict heed to the actions of its fellows. If a bird observes, or *senses*, that another is changing direction, instinct bids it do the same. Generations of mutual reliance have bred in the bird the instinct to imitate its fellows without hesitation. On such unthinking obedience depends the safety both of the individual and of the species. Nature does not permit second thoughts.

The lapwing is a wary bird; observe it when it takes off into flight. Before mounting into the air, it runs a few feet with great wings outspread. Those nearest to it do the same, and the movement spreads outwards very rapidly, so that the actual take-off of the flock impresses one as being simultaneous. Yet so swift is the adoption of the first bird's action that, when the flock takes the air, those birds furthest away from the observer when on the ground, are still furthest away when in flight—for the birds naturally move away from the watcher—but now form the van.

It is on these principles, I think, that perfect co-ordination of flight-movement is attained; but, since the birds have a flying-speed of at least twenty-five miles per hour, in the case of the slowest species mentioned, the starling, the slight difference in the timing of individuals is imperceptible to the comparatively slow-registering human eye. Thus in these united evolutions on the wing, a bird turns, and the movement is "anticipated" by those birds nearest to it. The particular evolution is adopted by the rest of the flock, who *sense*, rather than follow, the direction of the turn with a swiftness that deludes the human eye into interpreting the whole movement as one concerted action, which indeed it is, according to our measurement of time.

In these flight-movements, then, there may be a subconscious anticipatory awareness current among many hundred birds in a single flock, but without the slightest consciousness on the part of the originator of a particular movement that the remainder of the flock will be influenced by its change of direction. In the really large flocks of starlings, containing a thousand or more birds, we can see how the awareness, or *sensing*, spreads. As the first hundred or so approach the roost, they swoop down upon the trees, followed in their turn by the remaining sections of the flock, when they reach that position where the first section had gone down, so that there is one continuous swooping on to the trees that, for the moment, deludes one into thinking that all the birds swooped at the same time.

This large-scale performance of the starling holds the secret, I think, of those perfectly executed flight-movements of the ten, twenty or five hundred small waders whose swifter flight and more skilful manœuvres are too rapid and precise for the human eye to follow the evolving of the figure, as it can with the larger flocks of starlings. But if the observer chooses to concentrate on the mechanics of a flight-movement, and does not allow his æsthetic appreciation to distract his attention to detail, he will note, when a flight of dunlin dip down to the water and up again, that all the birds do not dip at the same instant, as his eye for beauty bids him believe. In precisely the same manner of the flight of starlings stooping down on the roost, there is that same pouring down and swooping up of the dunlin. If it were possible to "fix" a flight of waders, when those in the van had reached the culminating point of their upward movement, we should find that the rear units of the flight were about to begin their downward movement. The column of birds would represent a concave flight, with individuals stationed at all points of the arc. There is a drug that accelerates the perceptive powers of the mind. It would not need to be speeded up very greatly to enable it to follow the individual movements of a flight of waders. A slow-motion film of an actual evolution should show the slightly different positions of the units of a flight.

Studying knots, pre-eminent at concerted flight, one sees how this type of flight as a movement of pleasure may have come about, for, being shy birds when in flocks, they are continually rising from the mud as a flight, with thus a continual invitation to move to another spot, or to circle about their immediate feeding ground, in concerted flight; in the very doing of this the breaking into flight may, from being a necessary corollary to alarm, become a concerted movement of pleasure. In these flight-movements the knots continually skim the mud, spreading out and seeming about to alight, without doing so, time and time again; to alight finally, uneasy, watchful, upright; perhaps to take off again in a second or two, with but a single impulse.

This mass-sensitiveness, found in divers animals, has been responsible no doubt for the superior intelligence ascribed to many of them in their possession of leaders. Certain of the larger and warier birds, such as geese, may seem to appoint definite watch-birds at their feeding grounds, but close observation shows that outlying birds are merely so by accident. Far from rising in a pack at the instigation of a leader, grey geese, when disturbed, tend to move off in great and small detached gaggles, with much disintegration during flight.

Many observers claim that the older and wiser ganders form the spear-heads of their flight-chevrons; but it is obvious in actuality that the wild goose, like many other birds, reacts to the easier flight conditions to the leeward of a companion, where there is less wind resistance, so that naturally the stronger fliers tend to get pushed forward into the van of the flight. Observation of the flying formations of geese, ducks and swans, lapwings, gulls, starlings and a host of waders, shows the spearhead of the chevrons and flights to be in a constant state of flux, as first one leader and then another drops back into the shelter of the flock, isolating another bird in the van.

The conception of organised leaders can be ruled out, so far as birds are concerned; their incredibly swift flight-movements are controlled by a mass-sensitiveness of perception, drilled into a remarkable cohesion of flight-order by ages of immediate obedience to flock laws, with some element of telepathy.

B. R. PERRY.

This England . . .



The Lambourn Downs overlooking Letcombe Bassett

DEEP in rural England you may yet find innocently pagan celebrations of the coming of May. But the last great maypole in a city was that erected in the London Strand in 1661. So great indeed that to raise it "twelve seamen were commanded off a boord, and brought their cables, pullies, and other tacklins." (This same pole, being in decay, was acquired by Sir Isaac Newton in 1771 for the support of what was then "the largest telescope in the world" at Wanstead.) Though we dance no longer in the streets of our cities the sense of rejoicing is still in the May air. And one old custom have we kept, that in the re-born liveliness and new fatigues of May, we still do call for Worthington — full-bodied, hearty, that old companion of English merry-making.

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OBSERVING MAMMALS IN THE FIELD

Some Hints for the Novice

FEW people, comparatively speaking, seem to pay much attention to the study of animal life in this country; yet there are many who devote a considerable time to ornithology. Perhaps the latter science claims more devotees owing to the fact that birds offer better opportunities for observation on the whole, since they can be watched in the open; while mammals, with few exceptions, are nocturnal or at least crepuscular in their activities, hiding themselves in thick cover during the daytime.

They are, nevertheless, well worth studying, not only on account of their interesting habits, but also because they provide more scope for research, especially as regards distribution.

The *Chiroptera*, or bats, for instance, supply a good illustration of neglect; their distribution in the British Isles is still imperfectly known; while the range of the water shrew, to quote another example, is probably by no means fully investigated. Bats are notoriously difficult mammals to observe in their natural surroundings, however, since they seek out the most inaccessible retreats where they lie hidden by day; while it is certainly not an easy task to identify the different species on the wing at dusk as they hunt among the shadows for insect food.

A few kinds may be recognised without difficulty, especially the larger species. The narrow-winged noctule flies high over the tree-tops, dashing headlong with falconlike speed after some beetle; while the rarer serotine bat has a heavier flight, and relatively broader wings. Both these species have a 14-in. wing span and can hardly be confused with the heavily-built greater horseshoe—their only rival in size—which flaps somewhat sluggishly amongst thick undergrowth only a few feet from the ground. But it is almost impossible to describe the flight of our smaller species, which, apart from the common pipistrelle, whose dark, flickering shape is easily discernible even to the novice, can only be identified on the wing after years of practice.

The majority of our mammals are shy and retiring in their disposition, and are not slow to detect the unwelcome intrusion of a stranger into their affairs. Moreover, they have an acutely-developed sense of smell, as anyone who has watched badgers, foxes and deer will agree.

Badgers are among the most fascinating of animals to observe in their natural state. A moonlight night is most favourable for the operation, while June, July and August are the best months. During this period, when the nights are short, "brock" will leave his hole fairly early in order to find sufficient food to satisfy his hunger before daybreak. At other times of the year, when the cover of night lasts longer, badgers will often wait until it is pitch-dark before venturing forth on their hunting expeditions.

To watch these wily animals you must climb a convenient tree overlooking one of the entrances to the sett; but be sure that the wind is blowing towards you away from the hole, otherwise the badgers will scent your presence and remain underground while danger threatens.

The least sound, too, will disturb them, although I have found from personal experience that they are not particularly keen-sighted. One badger of my acquaintance once ventured within a few feet of me as I stood in the fork of a sycamore tree only a few feet from the ground. It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience to see a whole family of these animals, both young and old, playing together in the bracken at close range.

Foxes, although proverbially cunning, are easier to watch than badgers. They may be seen often enough in broad daylight, sunning themselves on some dry bank; and occasionally, whilst sitting in a sheltered spot, I have observed them engaged in their natural pursuit of hunting, quite unaware that their movements were being carefully noted. Here again one must be careful to sit facing the direction from which the wind is blowing, for a fox has keen powers of smell and, unlike the badger, is also extremely sharpsighted. A sudden movement on the part of the observer will send the animal dashing for cover.

Foxes are not slow to realise when a hunt is taking place in the district, and on one occasion I remember seeing an Exmoor specimen crawling uneasily along the hillside to a small larch plantation, where it took refuge for a few moments. After a little while the fox crept out from its temporary hiding-place, and made off in search of a more remote sanctuary. The hounds were at least two miles away, but the animal was undoubtedly aware of their presence. This illustration will serve to show how careful an observer must be to allay all suspicion, otherwise his quest will be in vain.

Red deer in the few places where they roam in a truly feral state are very difficult mammals to approach. The slightest sound will alarm them, while their sensitive noses have an uncanny power of detecting the presence of a human being. It is best to be concealed near water where deer are in the habit of quenching their thirst. The "slots" of these creatures in the mud beside a pool or stream will reveal their favourite drinking places, and I have found that both dawn and dusk are the most suitable times for observation.

When feeding or drinking, one of the herd—usually a young animal—will stand on guard to warn the others of danger; provided one does not frighten the sentinel by a sudden movement, the remaining deer will behave quite unsuspiciously and can be watched at fairly close quarters. Personally, I prefer to observe red deer at 50yds. range, never less; one cannot be absolutely certain, sometimes, how the wind is blowing or how much of one's scent is being carried in the wrong direction.



A BADGER SETTING OFF FOR HIS NIGHT'S EXERCISE

Rivers and lakes which are well stocked with fish will attract otters, but unless these creatures are heard calling, one may quite easily overlook them. The otter enters the water noiselessly, and often enough betrays its presence only by a slight ripple on the surface. A good vantage-point for observation is a bridge or high bank at a point where the water is not too much overhung by tall trees or bushes, thus obscuring the sky's reflection.

In such a spot one may confidently expect to see otters at eventide, while the sight of a trout or lordly salmon being dragged to the bank for consumption is an experience to be highly appreciated.



AN EVENING STUDY OF RED DEER

This photograph was taken in Scotland and shows some of the deer aware of the photographer but unafraid

Of the smaller mammals which one may look for practically anywhere in the countryside may be mentioned weasels, stoats, shrews, voles and mice. These creatures frequent overgrown banks, old ivy-covered walls and such-like places. It is a good plan to sit down quietly near such a spot and wait to see what happens. Perhaps a tiny needle-sharp squeak will proclaim the presence of a shrew (which, by the way, being insectivorous, is not a rodent), and a moment later the creature may be seen running nimbly along the bank or climbing up the stem of some creeping-plant. Possibly it is being hunted by a stoat or weasel, and with a little luck you may see the attacker running forward with leaps and bounds after its quarry. Such sights are not uncommon, but the observer must be prepared to wait patiently in a motionless state, often for some considerable time. The art of remaining in a statuesque position for long periods is not easily acquired; but once mastered you will find that even shy animals will soon venture quite close. The ubiquitous rabbit is especially oblivious, it seems, to a stationary object, even if a human one; and these rodents will play round your feet quite fearlessly, until or unless you move involuntarily.

MICHAEL BLACKMORE.

INVITING RETRIBUTION

How Nemesis Took Her Revenge for an Angling Felony

IN the early days of summer a few years ago there had been a small hatch of duns each morning on my own water, so when I was invited by a friend to fish his stretch higher up the river, I made up my mind to get away soon after breakfast and make a day of it. I knew that he had a sprinkling of very large trout, and I was glad of the chance to see what one of them looked like on the bank.

Unfortunately, the day I chose turned out bright and sunny and very hot with not a cloud in the sky, and the cattle swishing their tails in what shade they could find. No day to be dry-fly fishing, so by half-past eleven hope of finding a feeding fish had almost gone, and I was a very hot and despondent angler sitting in shirt sleeves on the bank wondering how to while away the hours till the sun went down, and there might be some chance of an evening rise. The river was slow and unsuitable for sunk fly, and it was too much of an effort in the heat to prospect with a dry fly.

A little later, wandering along the bank on my way back to the place where I had left my sandwiches, I spotted the father of all trout lying glued to the bottom on a patch of gravel. It was in about 3ft. of water, 2yds. out from the bank with the sun shining straight into its eyes. I could see every spot on its body. Luckily it had not seen me, though I had not been walking with due care and attention, so I got into a comfortable position and launched the attack.

Three quarters of an hour later the trout was in the same position and had not flicked an eyelid at anything I had been able to offer it. Another half an hour and we were still *in statu quo*, but the impetus of the attack was sadly diminished and in fact spent.

I realised that the trout had bested me, but just could not leave it with all the honours of war, so climbed on to the bank and crawled along till I was lying flat opposite it. I then carefully pushed the rod point into the water meaning to give it a gentle tap on the snout. As I brought the point forward to do this it opened its mouth and bit the end red agate ring so surprisingly hard that I felt the jar in the handle, and still it did not move. I retired a little to consider the position. Was ever an angler put in such a situation before, with a trout showing the bad manners to retaliate to what, after all, was a friendly gesture, by trying to bite the end off his rod?

Obviously something had to be done about it.

In my fly box was a fair-sized fly, so I took off the cast and tied the fly to the end of the line and drew it back to the top ring giving me a miniature gaff which seemed a suitable weapon for the occasion. Once more, and this time with felonious intent, I crept forward.

I have often wondered since if a burglar, just as he is taking the best silver teapot, is stricken by his conscience as I was at that moment? If he considers what he is doing and carries on—as I did. That trout was in need of a sharp lesson. In spite of lack of experience, I handled my weapon with no little skill and secured a hold somewhere above its tail. I was expecting all sorts of fireworks, but not a bit of it, even a hook in its tail did not appear to cause any worry.

Again I drew back on to the bank and steadily increased the pressure until I dared not bend the rod any further. I did this twice, but could not move the fish.

The adventure was rapidly becoming a fiasco, so I walked 10yds. up stream, lowered the point of the rod, and, taking the line in my right hand, gave it a couple of smart tugs. This woke the fish up with a vengeance, and away it went down stream, taking 25yds. of line before the hook came away, leaving me dithering with excitement and a sense of relief that, after all, I had not to knock it on the head.

But I should like to know what it weighed!

So ended the morning. Most of the afternoon was spent under a tree trying to keep off many venomous insect pests. Six o'clock found me at the bottom of the stretch with hope renewed; and nine o'clock at the top without having seen the sign of a fly or a rise, very exhausted and ready to go home.

I was standing on a wooden bridge and had taken off my cast and fly and was dismantling the rod preparatory to leaving when there was a good rise under the bank above me. I put everything together again and made a most disgraceful cast in the semi-darkness which must have badly frightened any trout. Cursing myself for a fool I again took off fly and cast when there was another rise.

I again prepared for action, tied on a large Silver Sedge and, taking more care, was taken first cast. It was nearly dark, I could not see the weedbeds, and I was feeling hot and tired after nearly twelve hours at the riverside, so I hustled that fish as it had never been hustled before and got it to the bank. When I bent down to get it out I touched it with the side of the net and, as it made a dash for freedom, I realised that it was too big to go into the small net I was carrying.

I hurriedly dropped the net as the trout was fast going under the bridge below me, where it would certainly have been lost, but very luckily got on terms again and eventually got it out. It weighed 4lb. 6oz. on the scales of the nearest cottage. It still holds the record for the water and its replica is on the wall as I write.

I thought that the god who controls the destinies of fishermen had relented and most handsomely forgiven me for the trick I had played on the trout of the morning, but the day was not ended yet.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I got home and sat down to the cold supper which had been left for me on the dining-room table. I was still very excited over my big fish and, in the absent-minded way one occasionally does these things, I wrenched the stopper from a bottle of lager standing in front of me, poured the contents into a glass and took a long draught. By some gross error on the part of the domestic staff the bottle did not contain lager but paraffin!

On the remainder of that night I prefer not to dwell except to say that at three in the morning the doctor assured me over the telephone that I was unlikely to die, though I was not feeling too sure. It will be many years before I forget that paraffin, but I hope it will be still longer before I forget those two trout, and, on the whole, I think I am well in credit on the day. PETER.

[A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, Mr. E. C. Keith published a book, *Trout in Norfolk*, in which he described the water on which our contributor's exploit took place. How the idea of converting a course-fishing water into a trout stream first occurred, the tricks Fate played on the little band of enthusiasts who undertook its conversion, their early failure and final success, makes particularly good and informative reading for anyone who has similar problems to face.—ED.]



AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER ON A NORFOLK RIVER
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THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

WHAT is Hock? Hock is a name given in England to all the wines of the Rhine. Why Hock? Nobody knows, but the books tell us that it is an abbreviation of the name Hochheim, a small and old town surrounded by vineyards overlooking the River Main. Not that the origin of the name really matters much nowadays. What is more important is to remember, as every freshman learns when he goes up to any one of the old Universities with a wine tradition in the background, that Hock is a white wine that comes out of reddish, thinnish, tallish bottles.

But where do the wines come from which come out of those tapering red Hock bottles? They come from vineyards which were first planted by the Romans, on the banks of the Rhine, nearly two thousand years ago, vineyards which may be divided into three main groups known as the Rhinegau, Rhinehesse and the Palatinate.

RHINEGAU.—The Rhinegau vineyards occupy on the right bank of the Rhine a stretch of hilly ground from Rudesheim to Rauenthal. Above and below both these places there are other vineyards entitled to claim that they also belong to the Rhinegau, but they do not produce wines of the same excellence, and they are much better left to the people who produce them.

Rudesheim is practically opposite the old town of Bingen, and its vineyards are laid in tiers along the steep hill, the spur of which has stood for many centuries the full force of the rushing waters of the Rhine. The village of Rudesheim itself is near the river, on the first step, as it were, of the giant's stairs planted with the Riesling grape. A wine which bears the name of Rudesheim and no other, may be good enough for iced soda water in the summer, as a cooling drink, but that is all.

If the wine has any claim to distinction it will bear, besides the name of Rudesheim, that of the vineyard from which the grapes came to be pressed and to make the wine. It may be a Rudesheimberg, for instance, the name of the largest if not of the best vineyard of Rudesheim; or it may be a Rudesheimer Schlossberg, Roseneck, Bischofsberg, Engerweg, Bergbraunen, Muhlstein, all of which are names of different Rudesheim vineyards. The same applies to all the other villages and townships of the Rhinegau, Rhinehesse and Palatinate: all the better-class wines which they produce bear the name of their own individual vineyard as well as that of the village of their birth.

Leaving Rudesheim, if we turn our back to the North Sea and face Switzerland, we come to the little village of Geisenheim, where some very good Hocks are made. They come mostly from the Geisenheim vineyards known as Steinacker, Katzenloch, Lickerstein, Rothenberg, Decker, Morschberg, Kirchgrub and others. Then we come to the village of Winkel, the best-known wine of which is that from the vineyard called Hasensprung. The next little village near the Rhine is called Mittelheim; then there are the larger ones of Oestrich and Hattenheim. Beyond Hattenheim there is Erbach, chiefly famous in the vinous annals of the world for the Marcobrunnen, or springs of St. Marcus, which have given their name to the vineyards stretching from Hattenheim to Erbach, vineyards which are divided between half-a-dozen owners, one of whom is Prinz Friedrich Heinrich of Prussia, whose castle, Schloss Rheinhartshausen, close by, is one of the show places of the district. Its name appears upon the labels of some very fine Hocks from Marcobrunnen vineyards. Beyond Erbach, we come to Eltville, once a much more important town than it is to-day.

If, instead of keeping to the low level road and those villages near to the Rhine, we were to go up into the hills and visit the vineyards and proud estates watching from a superior angle the fleeting waters of the great river, we would first of all go to Johannisberg, where there is a village—*Dorf Johannisberg*—and a castle—*Schloss Johannisberg*—both with fair vineyards around them, all of them bearing names of their own.

The Schloss Johannisberg is the property of the Metternich family, and their name appears upon the label of all the best Hocks sold from their estate. Then there is the Schloss Vollrads, a fourteenth-century castle belonging to the Matuschka-Greiffenklau family.

The Kloster Eberbach, where the Cistercians built an abbey in the twelfth century, is the centre of the Steinberg vineyards, which have produced some of the most famous Hocks of the great classical vintages. There is also the little village of Kiedrich, where the Counts Elyz have a vineyard known as Sandgrub, which produces some very fair Hocks. Lastly, there is Rauenthal, two of the best-known vineyards of which are those of Steinnacher and Burggraben.

(To be continued.)



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FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of May 12th, 1888.

ROAD Surface. "The contract price for re-paving Regent Street was 5/4 per sq. yd., and the total area was 16,000 sq. yds. To cover this space no less than 650,000 blocks of pine were needed, the weight of which came to 984 tons. The whole work was completed in about a month."

Waste Lands. "The amount of land which has gone out of cultivation of late in the realm is the result not of monopoly, nor of injudicious rack-renting, but of the influx of foreign food supply produced from untaxed soils; while in Britain the soil pays an average of perhaps 4/- and upwards in the £ towards public burdens before an ear of corn can be gathered from it."

Salmon Flies. "We talk of colours, of red, claret, blue, green or yellow, as though these things were seen by fishes as we see them in our fly books. A fish never sees a fly with the light shining on it, but through it; and always through a coloured medium."

IN THE SALEROOM

A COLLECTION of masonic relics being sold at Sotheby's, on May 18th, includes many items which the craft seldom have an opportunity of acquiring: Jewels, including an important collar by Thomas Harper; rings and watches; a set of candlesticks from Grand Lodge; a rare, dated tumbler, enamelled by William and Mary Beilby, Newcastle-on-Tyne; porcelain and pottery; and a very fine Chinese bowl.

Puttick & Simpson are holding an interesting sale at 72, New Bond Street, on May 20th, of antique firearms and other weapons. Uncommon pieces are a pair of Highland eighteenth-century all-steel pistols by Murdoch; an Italian seventeenth-century festooned wheel-lock piece, French and English sporting guns of the eighteenth century, and a German sixteenth-century boar-hunting gun.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

MY post—it is always most pleasantly varied and exciting to go through, ranging as it does from the most scurrilous abuse through every form of question to the cruder types of flattery—contained this week a letter from a reader in Caithness. He was thinking of forming a naturalist library, and what would I suggest?

* * *

It would be nice if one day some one asked me an easy one. There were no particulars in this letter—nothing to show whether he was rich or just well off, no hint as to any special interest. An impossible question, in fact, and short of a catalogue of all the books on all the many branches of the science, together with a list of all the many periodicals devoted to particular branches, with a hint that he might take his pick, unanswerable.

* * *

But the question is interesting. Leaving out of account the handbooks, which to a serious student are essential, just what would you choose to fill your shelves? You would want, no doubt, books that were accurate and at the same time readable, in addition to your reference books. What would you choose?

* * *

I have spent a long time thinking about this. And I am no forrarder really. And yet, you might well say, books on natural history just pour from the presses. It should not be so very hard. They pour, true enough, but very, very few seem to me to be of much value, either from the point of view of literature or that of naturalist interest. Pictorially most of them are excellent, but one wants to read as well as look.

* * *

I have had a look along my shelves. I am still shuddering at the money [illegible]ed (and in many cases I shudder, too, [illegible]ey the publishers have wasted), but the[illegible]me that are well-thumbed, that I have read many, many times, and will undoubtedly read many times again. All Edward Selous's books, and in particular *Realities of Bird Life*. Not easy to read, any of them, but absorbingly interesting and just packed with minute observation and detailed facts. Selous should certainly have a place, and an honoured place, in every naturalist library.

* * *

And then—next door to one another—I see Warde Fowler and W. H. Hudson. Warde Fowler is completely out of fashion, and I think that is a pity. Some of his ideas have been proved wrong in the light of recent knowledge, but nothing can damage the beauty of his prose—and, anyway, he was not as wrong as all that. And then W. H. Hudson. Hudson is not out of fashion, probably never will be. And Hudson, who was once very kind to me when as a small boy I was interested in the capture of newts and spiders, and so forth, was a very great field naturalist and wrote lovely prose. But Hudson in many of his works was very sentimental, and his sentimentality sometimes spoils his observation. Of his books the most thumbed is *Far Away and Long Ago*, and that book ranks, I think, with the best in any language on natural history.

* * *

Next comes Henry Williamson's *Tarka the Otter*. I do not know how many times I have read that book, or how many times I have picked it up, and opened it at random and just read with unabated delight a passage I had already read a hundred times, or two, or three. Henry Williamson must know as much about our wild animals as any living man, and he can put that knowledge down in the most delightful form. You may read him and gain knowledge each time you do so; or you may read him with your mind locked and allow your senses full play. It does not matter how you read *Tarka the Otter*, you will be the better for so doing.

* * *

And next on my general purposes shelf (there are a number of books I have no room to mention here), comes the late Viscount Grey of Falloden's *Charm of Birds*. This is quite as thumbed as *Tarka the Otter*, for of its type it is *the* book of birds. There is much knowledge in it, but more appreciation. And that is the secret of the book. It is also, I think, the secret of a proper study of natural history. Natural history can be very dull, ornithology can be its dullest branch, and some men seem to delight in making it dull. To my mind, while I would not encourage inaccuracy, the fact that a bird may be a particular sub-species or that one bird may have a longer hind toe than another, is certainly of no more importance than the æsthetic pleasure they bring to the discerning eye. The author of the *Charm of Birds* knew that, and for that reason, if no other, he has a place of honour on my shelves.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES OF ROWING

SIR,—It cannot be said that all is well with English rowing, when we see so many different styles advocated: when we find our best races at Henley going abroad it is surely time to take stock and see if our methods cannot be improved. For what is style? It is the correct application of weight and strength to get the best advantage in propelling the boat. And this depends on mechanical principles which are seldom, if ever, analysed.

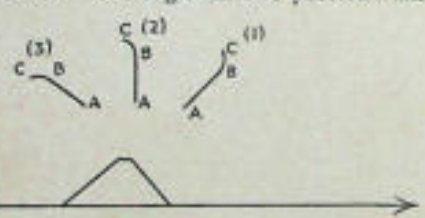
Naturally, the result is not good, and we cannot be surprised when we find that these different styles are introduced not on sound lines but haphazard.

I will take the question of the slide which, from 8in. or 10in., has now lengthened out to 16in. In either case the forward position is the same—up to and level with "the work," *i.e.*, with the thole of the rowlock. As a result the slide at the end of the stroke is 8in. further back in the case of the 16in. slide, and this is obtained by bringing the heels 8in. nearer to the slide in the forward position. We should thus expect to get a longer stroke by 8in., but this is not so. With the heels so close up to the body when forward, the body is doubled up, and it is naturally not possible to reach so far forward as if they were 8in. further away. And if we estimate this difference at 3in. it leaves a nett extra length of stroke of 5in. for the 16in. slide.

Now, if we look into this we shall find that we have lost 3in. in the forward position and gained 8in. at the finish, and the question is, What is the effect of this on speed, good or bad?

To examine this we have to consider blade-pressure. It has been established, and can easily be seen by anyone standing on the tow-path that in an eight or four the neck of the blade is quite stationary in the water, except for a movement directly out from and in towards the boat. It is the top of the blade which is torn through the water, and we can see the positions at different parts of the stroke in the accompanying diagram.

In this the three positions of the blade A, B, C, are shown—the forward, middle and finish. The blade can be considered to consist of two parts. First, the straight portion A to B, its width increasing from 2in. at A to 6in. at B. This portion is 22in. long. Second, the curved portion at the end, which is 6in. broad and may be taken as being inclined at an angle about 30 degrees to A B. Its length is 8in. Although the two portions differ



so much in length, since A is stationary, the pressure on A B and on B C is about equal and, therefore, each is half the whole pressure. Looking at the diagram it will be seen that the pressure at B C is directly astern and, therefore, wholly effective in the position marked (1), while A B at an angle of 45 degrees is only exerting about one-half of the pressure on its face in the direction of motion. Thus the whole effective pressure in the forward position is about three-quarters of the whole blade-pressure.

When the blade is opposite the rigger as in (2) it is A B which is entirely effective, and B C is only effective up to, say, 50 per cent. Still the total effective pressure in the direction of motion is three-quarters, the same as in position (1). When, however, we come to position (3), which is the finish of the stroke, we find things very different. A B exerts only 50 per cent. of its pressure effectively, while B C is entirely non-effective, the pressure on it serving only to press the water towards the boat. Its total effective pressure, therefore, is merely one-quarter.

We thus get the actual value of work done at different parts of the stroke. In the first half the effective pressure is three-quarters of the whole blade pressure, while after the blade has passed the rowlock the effective pressure rapidly dwindles down from three-quarters to one-quarter. So that by losing 3in. of the first part of the stroke we lose so much of the most effective part. But not only this. In the doubled up position which is necessary with so long a slide it is quite impossible to get hold, quickly, of the water with the blade. The water is merely *slapped* and the oar does not get its hold till it is nearly opposite the rigger. In this way most of the best part of the stroke is lost.

Again, at the other end, we hear much of "the hard finish"; of "wheeling the oar in to the chest." At this time the worth of the stroke is practically nil in any case, and the "hard finish" is merely tiring the weak muscles of the biceps to no purpose. The only muscles to be used in rowing are the strong muscles of the loins, back and legs. No biceps will stand this "wheeling" process some 600 times in 20 minutes over a tideway course, or even 250 times in 7 minutes at Henley.

Yours faithfully,
Oxford. A. G. SHORTT.

EARLY PARTRIDGE EGGS

SIR,—We found both our first English and "French" partridge eggs on April 13th—an unusually early date in this neighbourhood for an English bird, especially as found in the middle of an outside beat, entirely composed of grassland, where there is no grit, and where I do not feed.

The finding of the "French" bird's egg is interesting, as although I always have plenty of French birds on arable and poor grass, only one "Frenchman" has been seen or killed in the last fifty years on *this* beat, which is good meadow and pastureland, and where, during a good day, in 1935, when four guns killed 58 brace, no "French" birds were seen or killed.

Probably the eggs of both birds were laid some days previous to April 13th, as they were in separate pheasants' nests containing several pheasant's eggs.

Yours faithfully,
Bestborpe, W. COAPE OATES.
Newark-on-Trent.

WHITE-SPOTTED BLUETHROAT

SIR,—Some of your more ornithologically-minded readers may be interested to note that I passed a pleasant hour this evening (April 15th) observing a male white-spotted bluethroat (*C. s. cyanecula*, Wolf—Coward). I do not know any other species that has the same ultramarine throat and breast, darker at the edges, and superbly bright in the sun. The white crease—brilliantly white—at the bottom of the blue throat is only visible when the bird assumes an upright position. Bordering the blue breast is a broad, shaggy band of dark chestnut, cut off on either side by the pale fawn of the belly, which is lightly streaked in darker fawn. And, for the rest, the bird is a typical bluethroat: pale supercilliary stripe; pink legs; robin-coloured back, with those same yellowish upper-tail-coverts; and the flash of copper above and beneath the spread tail in flight, though not so bright as in the Norwegian bluethroat. No less secretive and elusive than the latter, this white-spotted bluethroat flits to and fro between a marsh drain and a pile of wreckage, with the flight of a robin or a titlark; and when at rest, the thin tail is continually jerked sharply up and down.

At the head of the Solway, here, there is an extraordinary narrow channel of migration that skirts the edge of the saltings, cutting across two salmon rivers. At exactly the same spot, on a narrow strip of marsh at the edge of the river, I have seen this year: water pipits, stonechats, wheatear (three times), black-tailed godwit and bluethroats.

Yours faithfully,
Rockcliffe, RICHARD PERRY.
Cumb.

CHILDREN'S RIDING PONIES

SIR,—I am directed by my Council to express the hope that you will very kindly give prominence to the fact that the Society is anxious to compile for the information of mare owners, &c., a list of pony stallions in all parts of the country suitable for siring children's riding ponies.

It is hoped that all owners of suitable stallions will be good enough to communicate with me with a view to the preparation of a list of stallions to be distributed to members of the Council and to be available to mare owners. Not a few letters have been received from owners of mares who are anxious to find the services of stallions within a reasonable distance and, naturally, the Society is most anxious to help them.

Yours faithfully,
The National Pony Society, F. H. BADGE.
12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.

FISHERY DEVELOPMENT ON LOUGH DERG

SIR,—As so many of your readers are regular visitors to Lough Derg during the dapping season, which is due to start very shortly, may I, through your columns, draw their attention to this association.

Sponsored by the Electricity Supply Board, which, through recent legislation, now virtually owns the fishing rights on Lough Derg and its tributary rivers, this association has been formed in the interests of anglers. There are branches at the four great fishing centres—Killaloe, Portumna, Mountshannon and Nenagh, and the association is controlled by an executive committee of representatives from each branch—all experienced and enthusiastic fishermen, with Mr. Liam Forde, director of Shannon Fisheries, as chairman.

Fish wardens have been appointed, and an intensive campaign against pike and other natural enemies of trout is being waged. Re-stocking by means of hatcheries and the importation of fry is also on the programme.

Applications for membership, as well as suggestions from those who have had experience in fishery development on a large scale, will be welcomed. All correspondence should be addressed to the undersigned.

Yours faithfully,
R. G. FORDE,
Hon. Sec., Executive Committee, Lough Derg Fisheries Development Association.
Brewery House, Nenagh,
Co. Tipperary.

NILGIRI TAHR

SIR,—In a recent issue of your paper appeared a letter from Messrs. Van Ingen of Mysore together with a photo of a Nilgiri tahr head measuring, if I remember rightly, 14¼in., and asked if it was a record? In your Editorial Note to the above, I think you stated that you thought it was a record. Whether you intended this as a record for the Nilgiri species or for tahr generally is not, however, clear.

I have always understood that a 17½in. head shot by Bourdillon in Travancore some 50 years ago is the record, and I believe it is in the Travancore Museum. Fletcher in his delightful book, *Sport in the Nilgiris*, published in 1911, mentions heads of 13¾in., 12⅞in. and 15¾in., shot by himself and his friends, and says Blandford refers to a 17in. head, and adds that the record is 17½in., and I fancy refers to the Bourdillon head, although he does not say so.

My best "saddlebacks" shot in 1892 on the Plateau Peermaed, Travancore, were 14½in., 14¾in. and 13¾in., and the dimensions of heads which were hanging up in the Bleak House Bungalow, Peermaed in the same year and shot by Maltby, were 14¾in., 13¾in., 14in., 14¼in.

Yours faithfully,
Marnhull, W. GAYE.
Dorset.

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"A SMALL MAUVISH WHITE FLOWER, VERY EASILY OVERLOOKED"
(See letter "A Wild Crocus")

A WILD CROCUS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I thought might interest your readers. It is of the wild crocus, *Romulea columnae*, which is the only British species of this small plant, and the Warren, Dawlish, is the only place in which it grows, bar the Channel Isles. It is a small mauvish white flower, and very easily overlooked, growing really no higher than the short turf in which it is found. The photograph is about four times life size.

Yours faithfully,

Pentland, (Miss) R. WALTER.
New Road,
Teignmouth.

EARLY BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Owing to the exceptionally fine warm weather during the whole of last March, combined with the general mildness of the winter, butterflies of various species have appeared in many parts of the country, not only those that regularly hibernate, but those that emerge from the chrysalids, as well as that migrate to our shores in the later spring, usually arriving during May.

From many correspondents in different counties I have received reports of the occurrence of several kinds seen on the wing, in many cases much before their usual time.

Lord Bolingbroke has kindly informed me of his interesting observations regarding the appearance of Red Admirals he has noted at Lydiard Tregoze, North Wilts, which were undoubtedly hibernated specimens, as early each year Red Admirals have been seen in the same locality, and have been found hibernating. In all, Lord Bolingbroke has recently seen five; the first one on March 20th, others on the 22nd and 24th. The first was captured; three were on the wing simultaneously, while the fifth frequents the bank of a stream some quarter of a mile distant. The three daily haunt the same place, which is a drive, bordered each side by a wide verge of ground flora, consisting of celandine and stinging nettles. Mr. J. F. Thomas wrote to me on March 28th, saying: "This morning, brilliantly fine with N.W.2 wind, I was walking under an inland old red sandstone cliff at Langharne, Carmarthen, facing south, and saw four species of butterflies: several small Tortoiseshells, four Peacocks, a small White and a Painted Lady." After reading through the relevant parts of your *Complete Book on British Butterflies*, I rather fear that you will consider it to have been "mistaken identity" (respecting the Painted Lady). Captain T. Dannreuther sends me word that the Painted Lady (*Vanessa cardui*) was seen at Penzance on March 3rd, and two specimens were seen arriving at the Start Lighthouse, tired out, on March 26th. Also other *V. cardui* were reported during the month. All these would be hibernated individuals.

Lord Bolingbroke, when writing me on April 7th, says: "I have just this moment seen a male Orange Tip flutter past the study window." And the Rev. Blathwayt tells me he saw, also, a male Orange Tip on March 31st in Dorset, which is fully a month earlier than is usual for its appearance.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, F. W. FROHAWK.

SIR,—I have been immensely interested to read in the *Field* of the innumerable abnormally early appearances of migratory birds.

Might I point out that equally extraordinary is the early emergence of a large number of our spring lepidoptera, the most remarkable of these being as follows: The Orange Tip (*Euchloe cardamines*), two specimens seen on March 31st and one on April 1st. The Purple Thorn (*Selenia tetralunaria*), during the third week in March—this insect was not seen by myself, and so I am not able to give the exact date. The Frosted Green (*Polyploca ridens*) on April 1st.

All these insects are at least a month in advance of their usual date of emergence.

Yours faithfully,

Larkfield, C. E. S. HICK.
Bracknell, Berks.

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that on April 10th I saw a Painted Lady butterfly flying near the River Towy here, and on the following day I saw four more Painted Ladies flying about with a Red Admiral on the top of a small hill about 400ft. up, and also near here. All the butterflies were in excellent general condition, but had the slightly dulled appearance seen in butterflies that have hibernated through the winter. I should be interested to hear whether the recent hot weather has induced the butterflies to arrive very early in this country, or whether the mild winter has enabled those I saw to live in hibernation since the summer.

Yours faithfully,

Llwynybryn, J. E. RICHARDS.
Llanegwad,
Carmarthen.

SIR,—I think that the following early dates for butterflies are perhaps worth recording: Brimstone.—March 5th, Savernake Forest; March 6th, Farnham; March 11th, Farnham (several). Comma.—March 11th, Farnham; April 6th, Porlock; April 8th, Porlock (two). Speckled Wood.—April 3rd and 10th, Porlock. Orange-tip.—April 6th, Porlock; April 20th, near Taunton.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

CORMORANTS NESTING

SIR,—On the south coast of Cornwall on March 23rd I saw at least three cormorants' nests on which the birds were sitting, with three eggs each. Is not this very early for cormorants to be nesting? I was also delighted to see three ravens sitting on their nests.

Yours faithfully,

Cotlands, J. W. DEW.
Horsham, Sussex.

A PIED WOODCOCK

SIR,—In response to the letter of Mr. Helmut Schröder in your issue of April 16th, recording a pied woodcock shot on the Isle of Islay and asking for information about similar specimens, I may mention that among the large collection of albinos and other colour variants of British birds in this department we have a remarkable woodcock, of which I enclose a photograph; from this it will be seen that the bird has even less pigment than Mr. Schröder's. A shadowy suggestion, in very faint brown, of the typical plumage-markings may be seen on a few parts of the wings and body at close quarters, but in general appearance the bird is white all over. This specimen (which bears our registration number, 30.425) was shot at Talybont-on-Usk, on January 14th, 1914, by Mr. C. Davies, of the Pandy Hotel, Tonypandy. It was presented to this museum in 1930 by Mrs. Davies.

Examples of this degree of albinism among woodcock must, one imagines, be extremely rare. No question arises of any of the present whiteness of the bird being due to fading after long exposure to light, since I have a photograph taken of it in the fresh state, before mounting, in which it appears exactly as it does now. The bird has been mounted with glass eyes resembling those of the normal woodcock, and not pink; no information can now be obtained as to the actual appearance of the eyes in the flesh, but the woodcock was set up by a well-known Cardiff taxidermist who is hardly likely to have made an error in this respect.



"IN GENERAL APPEARANCE THE BIRD IS WHITE ALL OVER"
(See letter "A Pied Woodcock")

Another abnormally-coloured woodcock in the National Museum of Wales collections (registration number, 34.345) is mainly of a very light cinnamon colour with somewhat darker patches on head, back and tail, the absence of pigment being particularly noticeable in the primaries of the wings. This specimen was shot in the Llangynwyd district, near Maesteg, Glamorgan, on November 8th, 1893, and was presented to the museum by Mrs. R. W. Llewellyn, of Baglan Hall, Briton Ferry, in 1934.

Yours faithfully,

Department of Zoology, COLIN MATHESON.
National Museum of Wales,
Cardiff.

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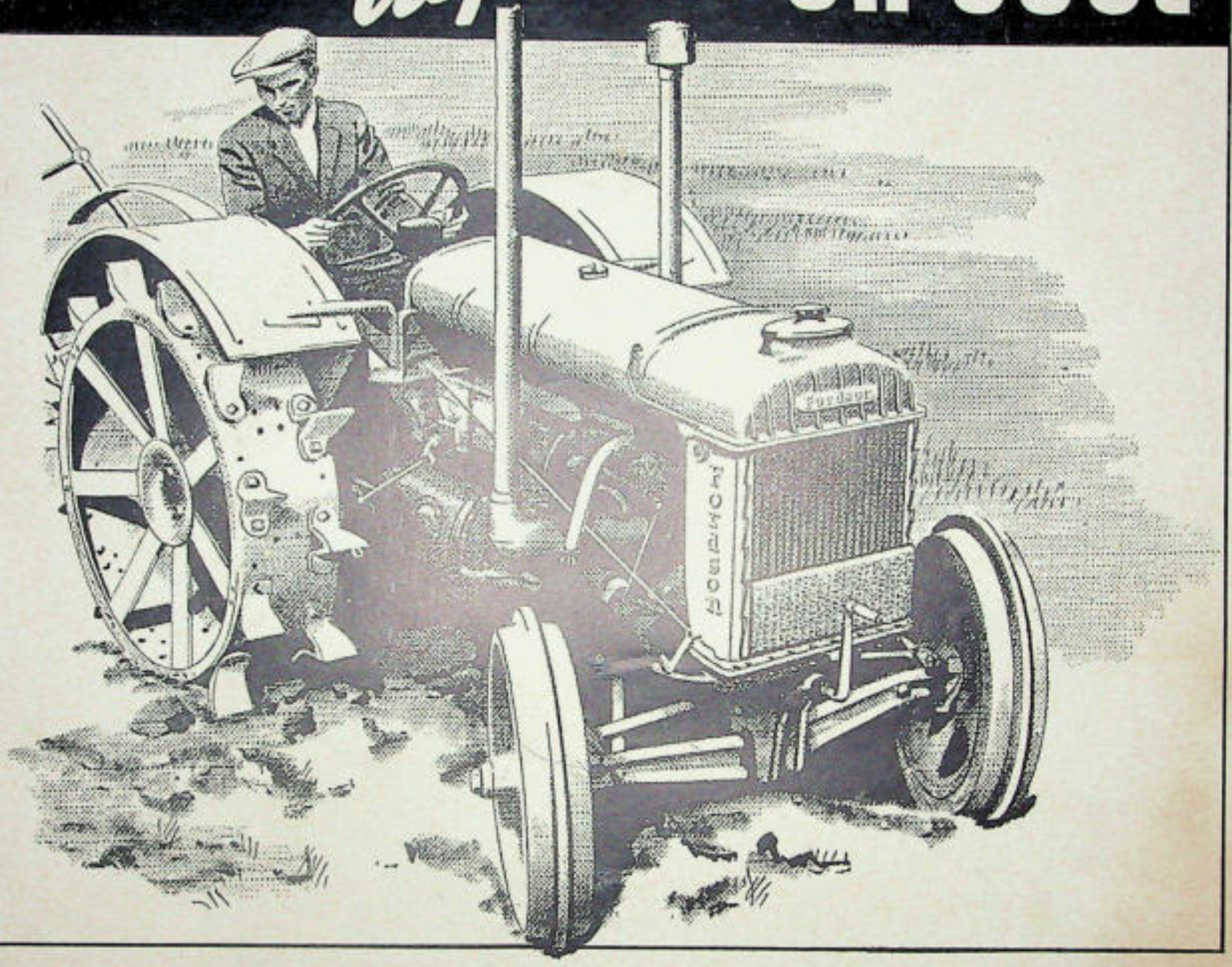
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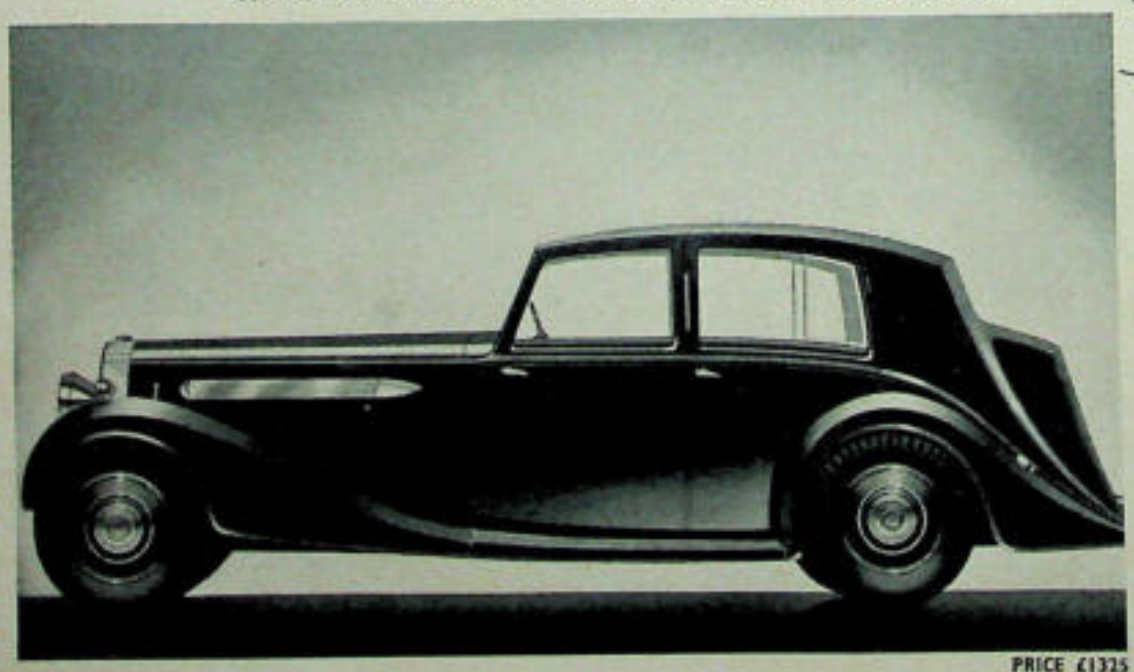
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THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

SIR,—In August of last year you published a letter from me telling of a pair of pigeons which built their nest and hatched out their young on the spare bed of a dormitory in my House in which eight boys were sleeping. The pair hatched on that occasion still fly round and have already made repeated attempts to get in and nest as their parents had done, often with partial success, but we have felt that one experience of that sort, interesting as it was at the time, has been quite sufficient!

This year, however, two robins, encouraged apparently by the success of the pigeons, have nested and hatched out a brood of three in the front-door letter-box! The story of their enterprise is as follows: On

Saturday, February 26th, the box was discovered by the house porter to be full of dead leaves. Suspecting nothing, he took them out and threw them away. On

Sunday, February 27th, the process was repeated by birds and man alike. On

Monday, February 28th, when I went to lock the front door at about 11 p.m., I noticed a letter in the box half buried underneath a mass of leaves. It seemed a little strange as there were no other leaves in the porch nor had there been any wind during the day, but, knowing nothing of what had already happened, I thought no more about it and cleared the box as the porter had done. On the following day,

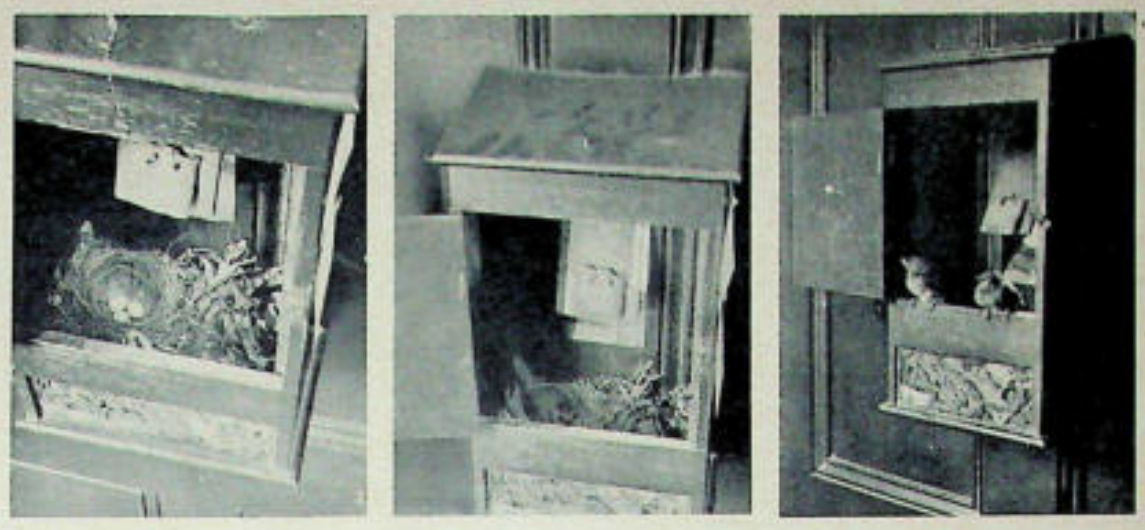
Tuesday, March 1st, more leaves appeared. The porter now began to suspect what was happening and kept a look-out. In due course a robin flew straight into the box with a leaf in its beak, and the truth was out!

We decided that it was up to us to reward the courage and persistence of the birds, so we fixed up a provisional receptacle for the letters and put up a notice asking the postmen and others to refrain from using the ordinary box.

The birds then proceeded to complete what was actually their fourth attempt at a nest. In a week or so it was finished and beautifully lined with wisps of dry grass and with bristles which they pulled laboriously out of the front-door mat. The fact that 36 people were living in the House, 33 of them being schoolboys, and that there was a constant passing in and out of the front door and, as constant, peepings into the nest, did not seem to worry the birds at all.

For a fortnight or more from the time of the completion of the nest nothing very much happened. The birds only paid occasional visits, and we thought at one time that they had deserted, but eventually on

Tuesday, March 22nd, an egg appeared, to be followed by two more on successive days. The hen then began to brood intermittently, remaining on the nest for several periods of about an hour during the day and going off at night. This continued for two days until on



"HATCHED OUT A BROOD OF THREE IN THE FRONT DOOR LETTER-BOX"
(See letter "The Force of Example")

Saturday, March 26th, she came on to the nest between six and seven in the morning and settled down to serious business, remaining throughout the night for the first time. On

Tuesday, March 29th, the school broke up for the Easter holidays, so that she was now left in comparative peace. During the week-end of

Sunday, April 10th, the young were hatched and by

Sunday, April 24th, they were beginning to fly.

It is a curious coincidence that in the case of the robins, as of the pigeons last year, the brooding should have taken place during school term and the hatching-out during the holidays when the boys were away.

I am enclosing a series of photographs, illustrative of the various stages, in case you may care to publish any of them.

Yours faithfully,
College House, E. VICTOR TANNER.
Weymouth.

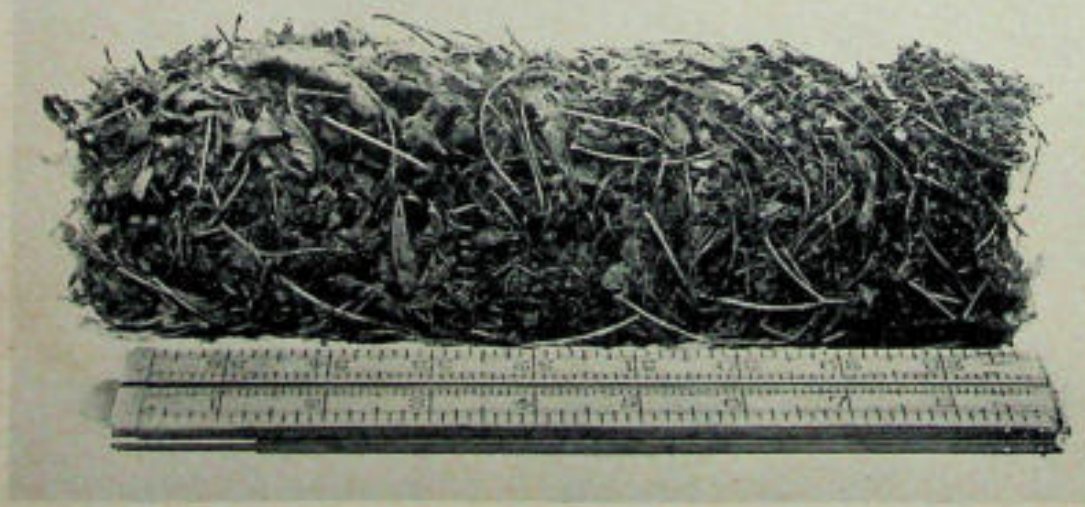
WRENS' VAIN ATTEMPT

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the foundation of a nest that a pair of wrens tried in vain to build. It was found in some woodwork, when the end of a lambing-shed was being removed for extensions.

Our shepherd, who is much interested in birds, told me that he had seen the wrens carrying building material into the hole which led to a narrow space, vertical, and very deep. As the wrens worked, the foundations of the nest seemed to sink deeper and deeper, he said, till at last the birds gave up the attempt. When discovered by the joiners the material had sunk almost to ground level, though the hole was rather more than shoulder high.

The nest, apart from affording a fine instance of the perseverance of these tiny birds, is of interest chiefly on account of the material that has been used. It is composed of hundreds of bits of dead leaf, mostly skeletonised. And there are also many of those round black spots that are to be seen on dead sycamore leaves.

Yours faithfully,
Highfield, G. N. SPINK.
The Row, Hunmanby.



"A FINE INSTANCE OF THE PERSEVERANCE OF THESE TINY BIRDS"
(See letter "Wrens' Vain Attempt")

SHOOTING PIGEON

SIR,—I have read with interest the Duke of Roxburghe's letter in these columns in criticism of a statement of mine occurring in the Gun Month by Month series for April.

I would suggest, however, that there is some misunderstanding, the phrase removed from its context has lost its original meaning. I used the words "comparatively poor shots," setting pigeons shot over decoys as against pigeons coming in to roost—*not* against any other bird or beast, and did not intend to imply the latter comparison.

Personally, I think that pigeons are almost always sporting birds; but surely to the average man a right and left at pigeons coming in to roost is more satisfying than a right and left at the same birds when they are about to alight within 30yds. of him, as at least 60 per cent. of pigeons properly shot over decoys will be.

I do not always kill these latter, but when I do they give me less satisfaction than the high ones.

Yours faithfully,
Wigtownshire. GAVIN MAXWELL.

RUGBY RECORDS WANTED

SIR,—As hon. assistant secretary of the Bowdon Rugby Union Football Club, I am endeavouring to compile a record since its inception in 1877.

As I have not the minute books for the period 1889–1903, I am finding difficulty in getting accurate details for these years, and if anyone should know the whereabouts of these books or could give me any information about the club at that time, I should be greatly indebted to them.

Yours faithfully,
Princes Chambers, JOHN DUKE.
26, Pall Mall, Manchester 2.

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Have you, as a host, ever thought which liqueur people like best? Just ask for a few opinions and you will find that Kummel is by far the most popular. This is not surprising when you realise that apart from its attractive flavour it is an exceptionally fine digestive.
When ordering Kummel it is worth bearing in mind that Bolskummel, as the original Dutch Kummel is called, is Double-Distilled from the finest caraway seeds in the world. Lucas Bols first discovered this liqueur nearly four centuries ago. To-day, Bolskummel is still made from his secret recipe.

VERY DRY
TO SUIT THE
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PALATE



GONE TO GROUND

SIR,—I congratulate "M. B. B. S." on his letter, with which I agree most heartily, particularly the last paragraph. There are occasions on which one *must* dig, when the keeper or loafers are on the spot; if you do not dig they will, and with far more cruelty. When I have to d g I have the fox knocked on the head directly they can get him out, the dead fox is put back into the mouth of the earth and the hounds are cheered on. The hounds do not know they have not drawn him themselves, as only the leading hounds could get at him in the hole in any case, so everyone is satisfied. There is less cruelty in this than digging out a rabbit, for after all a fox can keep his end up against the terrier, but a rabbit cannot against the ferret. The best solution is to take hounds away when they mark as quietly as possible before the blood-thirsty people are aware of it.

Yours faithfully,
Kent. H.

SIR,—I endorse every word written by "M. B. B. S.," more especially his references to the indiscriminate slaughter of foxes which have gone to ground.

Digging has done and is doing more harm to foxhunting than any anti-blood sport crusade could ever accomplish; it justifies the opponents of fox-hunting and alienates many of its supporters.

Yours faithfully,
Greywell Hill, DORCHESTER.
Basingstoke, Hants.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Birds marked * have already been reported in this column.

*WHEATEAR.—March 23rd, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). April 3rd, Litton Water, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon).

*CHIFFCHAFF.—March 20th, Henbury, Gloucestershire (G. H. John Fursdon).

*SAND MARTIN.—March 19th, Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire (G. H. John Fursdon). April 6th, Dulverton, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon). 10th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy).

*CUCKOO.—April 22nd, Blagdon, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon). 29th, Hinwick, Bedfordshire (Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. B. Orlebar).

*WILLOW WARBLER.—April 7th, Exeter, Devonshire (G. H. John Fursdon). 14th, Burford, Gloucestershire (E. W. Hendy); Taunton, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). May 5th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).

*SWALLOW.—April 4th, Dulverton, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon). 5th, Newton Abbot, Devonshire (G. H. John Fursdon). 8th, Hinwick, Bedfordshire (Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. B. Orlebar). 11th, Dunster, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). 13th, Swinbrook, Gloucestershire (E. W. Hendy). May 2nd, Norwich, Norfolk (H. F. G. Irwin). 3rd, Killiuch, Co. Down (Major Elliot Workman).

*HOUSE MARTIN.—April 12th, Exe Valley, Devonshire (G. H. John Fursdon). 29th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). May 3rd, Ellenheim Lake, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*BLACKCAP.—April 4th, Tiverton, Devonshire (G. H. John Fursdon). 8th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy).

*GARDEN WARBLER.—May 5th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull); Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy).

*RING OUZEL.—May 5th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).

*YELLOW WAGTAIL.—April 23rd, Barrow Gurney, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon).

*WHITE WAGTAIL.—April 23rd, Barrow Gurney, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon).

*REDSTART.—April 30th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy).

*NIGHTINGALE.—April 7th, Hinwick, Bedfordshire (Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. B. Orlebar). 29th, Chew Valley, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon).

*WHITETHROAT.—April 17th, Aylesbeare Common, Devonshire (G. H. John Fursdon). 23rd, Blagdon, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon). 25th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). 30th, Norwich, Norfolk (H. F. G. Irwin); Rockcliffe, Cumberland (B. R. Perry). May 4th, Bideford, Devonshire (Captain E. C. Hope Hall).

*GRASSHOPPER WARBLER.—April 23rd, Exmouth, Devonshire (Mrs. A. Holte Macpherson). May 4th, Iffley, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*LESSER WHITETHROAT.—May 5th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). 8th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*WHINCHAT.—April 28th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). May 7th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*REED WARBLER.—May 7th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*WOOD WARBLER.—May 5th, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy).

*TREE PIPIT.—April 18th, Otter Valley, Devon (G. H. John Fursdon). 23rd, Blagdon, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon). 25th, Wootton Courtenays, Gloucestershire (E. W. Hendy).

*COMMON SANDPIPER.—April 8th, Exe Valley, Devonshire (J. H. John Fursdon). 22nd, Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy). 23rd, Blagdon, Somerset (G. H. John Fursdon).

*HOBBY.—May 8th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams); Picket Post, Hampshire (M. O'Leary).

*SWIFT.—May 2nd, Hendon, N.W. 4 (B. Vesey-Fitzgerald); Honiton, Devonshire (Dr. E. S. Cardell). 3rd, Blenheim Lake, Oxfordshire (John Adams). 4th, Hans Green, Kent (James Justice). 5th, Weybridge, Surrey (Hugh A. Carroll); Bideford, N. Devon (Captain E. C. Hope Hall).

*TURTLE DOVE.—April 30th, Elstead, Surrey (Mrs. A. Holte Macpherson). May 4th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 8th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

*WHIMBREL.—May 4th, Hayling Island, Hampshire (J. A. Filson).

*SANDWICH TERN.—March 30th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).

GARGANEY.—May 1st, Holy Island (B. R. Perry). 7th, Sandford, Oxfordshire (John Adams).

LITTLE TERN.—May 1st, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman); Burton-on-Sea (H. A. Nutter); Yarmouth, Isle of Wight (John Haviland); Ythan Estuary, Aberdeenshire (A. F. McBean).

BLACK REDSTART.—May 5th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).

SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.—May 5th, Cerne Abbas, Dorset (G. K. Yeates); Rockfield, Monmouthshire (Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Charrington); Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire (M. Louis); Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire (H. E. Mills); Burley, Hampshire (Mary Marsham); Romsey, Hampshire (M. O'Leary); Sway, Hampshire (A. Foley); Holmsley, Hampshire (J. J. A. Delius); Linford, Hampshire (D. Penrose); Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman, Kathleen Ferguson, A. L. Abbey, J. O'Connell); Haslemere, Surrey (Mary Davy); Droxford, Hampshire (J. Clarke); Arundel, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody); Etchingham, Sussex (D. Cooke); Alfriston, Sussex (S. R. Mayall); Tonbridge, Kent (Mark Seymour); Pewsey, Wiltshire (A. Haycock); Coombe Hay, Somerset (D. A. D. Purefoy). 6th, Box Hill, Surrey (H. Munns). 7th, Newbury, Berkshire (R. D. Johnson). 8th, Whipsnade, Bedfordshire (B. A. Taylor, Mary Taylor, C. Johnstone, H. A. Jervis). 9th, Wimbledon Common (H. E. Balcombe).



A LARGE MOTH IN THE BEAK OF A COCK SPOTTED FLYCATCHER

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—A brave old woman, fighting age and poverty alone, frail with her 83 years, and only one eye, is still doing her own work in the miserable lodgings where she lives. We appeal to readers to give us £13, and we will send her 5/- weekly for one year, for at present she has only her old age pension. She cannot even light her fire until the afternoon, because her coal would not last the week. If you are sitting by a bright crackling fire, do please write us a cheque and bring some warmth to this poor old soul.

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4/- extra per two dozen half-bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half-bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

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IN THE CITY

OIL SHARES

LAST week attention was drawn to the excellent prospects of the oil industry. Here are particulars of two of the leading concerns in this section.

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO., LTD.

This company was discussed here in July last, shortly after the accounts had been published for the year ended December 31st, 1936. Within the next few weeks the results for 1937 will be made available, and it is certain, as far as anything can be certain in investment matters, that a very satisfactory increase of profits will be announced.

The total profits for 1936 were £9,624,434, and after the payment of royalties and all other expenses there was a balance of £4,537,259 available for ordinary dividends. This figure was equal to 36.7 per cent. on the £13,425,000 of ordinary capital then outstanding, and a payment of 25 per cent. was made. At the same time a capital bonus of 50 per cent. in ordinary shares was made by utilising £6,712,500 from accumulated reserves. This distribution increased the ordinary capital to its present figure of £20,137,500 out of a total capital of £32,843,752.

In 1937 the company produced 10,167,000 tons of crude oil representing an increase of nearly 25 per cent. over the 1936 production of 8,198,000 tons. As, in addition, oil prices were 10 per cent. higher on average than in 1936, there is every justification for expecting that the profits in 1937 were a record. The higher tanker rates will not affect the company, for it owns its own tanker fleet. It is considered probable that earnings will be maintained on the larger capital.

The interim dividend has been maintained at the same rate as in the two previous years, namely, at 5 per cent. If a final payment of 20 per cent. is made as in 1936 (for 1935 it was only 10 per cent.), then the yield at the current price of 80/- will be £6 5s. per cent. This is not an unsatisfactory return, and the earnings yield should be between 9 and 10 per cent.

SHELL TRANSPORT AND TRADING CO., LTD.

This company was established in 1897, and ten years later joined forces with the Royal Dutch Co. The group now forms one of the largest oil-producing and distributing organisations in the world. Output in 1936 amounted to over 28,000,000 metric tons out of a total world production of 247,000,000 tons, and figures recently published show that in 1937 the group further increased its production to over 31½ million tons. The greater part of this production is carried in the group's own fleet, the loading capacity of which, at the end of 1936, was over two million tons.

The company is in a very strong financial position, and the table below shows how profits have advanced in recent years:

Year.	Receipts.	Earned for Ordinary dividend.	Ordinary stock. Earned %.	Ordinary stock. Paid %. Tax free.
1931 ..	£2,603,670	£1,757,259	7.3	7.5
1932 ..	2,705,048	1,861,457	7.7	7.5
1933 ..	2,790,969	1,948,035	8.1	7.5
1934 ..	3,852,601	3,007,475	12.5	12.5
1935 ..	5,067,195	4,221,246	17.5	17.5
1936 ..	6,034,499	5,183,456	21.5	20.00*

* Also 20 per cent. capital bonus.

An interim of 7½ per cent. tax free has already been declared, and it is expected that 1937 earnings will enable the company to repeat the final dividend of 12½ per cent. tax free on the capital as increased by the 20 per cent. bonus last year. In this event the ordinary stock will yield £4 14s. 2d. per cent. net, or nearly 6½ per cent. gross at the current price of 85/-. The accounts and final dividends are usually made known early in June.

PACTOLUS II.

THE APPETITES OF SNAKES

One of the young boa constrictors recently born in the Zoo has eaten one of his brothers slightly smaller than himself, as a result of both trying to swallow the same dead mouse. A snake's teeth are recurved, and so the prey, once seized, is swallowed automatically (together with anything living or dead that is attached to the other end), since each time the animal opens and closes his jaws whatever has been seized is forced a little further down the throat. This mechanical form of feeding has led to many a tragedy, and one near-tragedy that turned to comedy. Some years ago two king snakes started to eat the same rat from opposite ends. They met in the middle and the larger one went on swallowing (as he had to do) and engulfed the smaller. The tail of the latter, however, was seen sticking out of the mouth of the former by the keeper. Massage was applied and in due course the swallowed was rescued from the inside of his friend. That a small thing like that does not worry a snake was soon apparent, for having had a bath he proceeded within an hour of his return from the grave to eat two dead rats.

New Books

INDIA AND ITS FISHING

A Comprehensive Book For Every Indian Angler

IT is to be hoped that the desire to produce "something different at any cost" is not going to become a habit with angling authors. Recently we had a volume on one of the newer types of salmon fishing in which instruction was given by means of a long conversation on the river bank; now Colonel Masters has gone a step further, and boldly invited the shade of Walton to accompany him on his imaginary fishing trips to Indian waters, and provides long conversations with the master (who in this book has become the pupil) in order to explain "how it is done" with modern equipment.

To speak frankly, it is not a happy method of approaching the subject. It is not easy to follow instructions given in this colloquial manner. For some time one is left in doubt as to whether this is intended as an informative book on angling, or whether it is written as a sort of parody on *The Compleat Angler*—and the picture of Walton is not the lovable character of the father of angling one gets from his own classic; rather it depicts him as something of an old fool; but perhaps the author has taken his cue from Byron's "quaint old cruel coxcomb."

But apart from his unfortunate choice of a medium, Colonel Masters has had a good idea in providing a comprehensive book on Indian fishing. It is a long time since any such volume was produced and the older classics have now become largely out of date, not only on account of the preservation of fishing waters, but more still on account of the evolution of modern fishing tackle. It is no longer necessary to take a tarpon-fishing outfit to India to catch mahseer.

A good deal of the book is devoted to mahseer fishing. This is but natural, for mahseer in India may be said to take the place of salmon in more northern climes, and the comparison is not necessarily in favour of the salmon either. This powerful carp, which loves to inhabit torrential waters, can probably give better and more exciting sport than can be had with salmon anywhere outside Norway, perhaps. But the valuable part of his book lies more, perhaps, in the information he is able to give about lesser-known species of Indian fish—murral and goonch and seetol, to mention only three—fish of the slower-flowing rivers and the "tanks," some of them, which, until comparatively recent times have been "nothing accounted of" by English sportsmen. They may be regarded, perhaps, as equivalent to our coarse fish, though the mahseer itself is technically such. Possibly one ought not to include the goonch in the catalogue of angler's fishes even to-day: "about the most unsporting fish that India produces. When hooked he goes straight to the bottom and stays there, absolutely immovable, until the line breaks." The explanation seems to be that, though it inhabits fast water and is a predaceous fish, it has some means, not yet fully understood, of holding on to stones on the bottom, an ability which it naturally uses to defeat the angler's purpose.

In addition to the indigenous species there are also, of course, both European and rainbow trout, which have been introduced successfully in suitable waters, though the author has comparatively little to say about them, explaining that he is "puzzled to know why it has been introduced when you have here the king of fishes, to wit, the mahseer."

The best feature of the book is the excellent series of drawings of Indian fish made by the author, very clearly limned, with evident care to portray the correct number of scales. Information about any particular species, however, is very difficult to find as no index is given, nor are there even any subject-headings to the chapters; so one has to look up the picture of the fish first, and then hunt through the nearby pages of text to find the information among the conversation which is going on. It is fair to say, however, that, when found, the information about the habits of the fish and its appearance are usually pithy and informative. H. D. T.

The Compleat Indian Angler. By John Masters. Illustrated. (*Country Life*; 10/6 net.)

HUMOUR AT THE TILLER

IT'S good—this book of Mr. Boyle's. I will admit that the word *Burlesque*—"(*a*) tending to excite laughter; a ludicrous representation"—is used in a definition of *Ridiculous* and that *Ridiculous* appears in an explanation of the meaning of *nonsense*; but I cannot persuade myself to describe *Sailing in a Nutshell* as nonsense.

Greater understanding of the difficulties of yachtsmen with a sound knowledge of seamanship and a little navigation has not gone to the making of many technical books. Mr. Boyle has certainly experienced many of the vicissitudes which come, at some time or other, upon those who move over or through the water in small boats—and he laughs at them all.

I'm still chuckling over the things in his book. I grinned when I saw the jacket; then I read the introduction and laughed; and, as I spasmodically read on I remembered the many sailing acquaintances to whom had come embarrassing moments—they also must read and enjoy.

I shall be surprised if this book is not found among the literature of many cruisers—motor or sail, small or large. And I cannot imagine that it will ever be at hand among old magazines on the club-room table unless some well-meaning secretary chains it there.

Although the sailing man will undoubtedly extract the most fun from *Sailing in a Nutshell*, there is good value in it for everyone. Some, there may be, who will



RAVEN'S NEST AT MINE WORKING
(*From Bird-watching Days*)

think the illustrations, by the author, are the most humorous part of the book. That will be thinking a lot. C. W.

Sailing in a Nutshell. By Patrick Boyle. (Arthur Barker; 5/-.)

ESPIONAGE AND REVOLUTION

EVENTS have followed so rapidly one upon another in Russia, that the early days of the Revolution and of Bolshevism already seem to belong to the overcrowded loft of history. One of the earliest—and one of the best—accounts of that great revolution came in *Red Dusk*, and now the same author gives an account of his own work.

He was head of the British Intelligence Service in Russia. As such he became an agent in the Cheka, the dreaded secret police, a soldier in the Red Army, and a Communist. These disguises he switched about with bewildering rapidity, and in the switching more than once saved his life. This is a story of courage and endurance in the face of ever-pressing danger; a story full of thrills and relieved by human touches rather in the Scarlet Pimpernel manner; a story lit by a devotion to and a faith in Russia which that country seems strangely able to compel and strangely able to shatter—but not in the case of Sir Paul Dukes.

Actual facts are few, but the atmosphere of the times is reproduced most forcefully. There is an epilogue reviewing the past and looking to the future, which is sanely and quietly written. Sir Paul Dukes is of the opinion that Russia has changed "infinitely for the better," and he speaks with a knowledge that cannot be questioned.

It seems a pity (but no doubt there are many good reasons) that the author who undoubtedly knows more about Russia of the Revolution than any other living Englishman should have withheld so much of his knowledge. Perhaps we shall have another and larger book? A. C. N.

The Story of St. 25. By Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. (Cassell; 15/-.)

ADVENTURES WITH BIRDS

THE authors of this book stress in their preface that they are amateurs. Now there are amateurs and amateurs. The authors belong to the first-class—namely, good amateurs. There is nothing in this book that is inaccurate (though I must confess that in a long experience of the stone curlew I have never come to think of him as a cruel bird with baleful eyes) and there is much that is of great interest. The photographs, judged by modern standards of bird photography, are not outstanding, but they are true to life and true to the surroundings of the bird. The writing is charming, and the book is very easy to read. If this book were intended as a serious contribution to ornithology it could be criticised without end, but as it is obviously not so intended, but rather is expressly written for those who have no great scientific knowledge but a very great love for birds, it is impossible to praise it too highly. I, at any rate, thoroughly enjoyed every page of it. B. V-F.

Bird-watching Days. By A. W. P. Robertson and R. D. Powell. (Collins; 7/6.)

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTEBOOK

MR. E. W. SWANTON, curator of the Educational Museum at Haslemere, has made a book of *Country Notes*, taken at random from his experiences. His interests are various, ranging from plant galls to charcoal-burning, and so the book is not monotonous; but his delight in making lists—of flowers mentioned by Shakespeare, "organisms" in the museum's field, snails, "baneful" plants and many other things—at times becomes a little insistent, though the book does not pretend to be more than notes. Sometimes he is too sweeping in his conclusions; for instance, on drumming woodpeckers, he says that two letters to *The Times* "showed conclusively that the noise is produced by rapid percussion." One of these was about a woodpecker which drummed on "pieces of bark," and the other about one which drummed on the metal covering of a wireless aerial. It would seem likely that a woodpecker hitting a "piece of bark" would make no noise at all, and that one hitting a wireless aerial would break its beak. He also says "the yaffle drums, but less frequently." Is this his own experience? If so it is extremely interesting.

Mr. Swanton writes with authority on fungi, and

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"Confound it sir... why wasn't I told before?"

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interestingly on "witches' brooms" and "fairy rings." But he is at his best as an antiquarian. In a chapter on yew trees he says that in Richard II's time "all servants were required to practise at the target on Sundays." Other amusing quotations come from "An Old Recipe Book." For example, to make "A Great Restorative," "Take 4 quarts of water, two vipers, one quart of snails, break ye shells and take them out on one pound of Erringorrut, 3 ounces of Isinglass," &c. Almost anything could be made from a "Sirop for a Consumption" to "Long bisckakes"; snails were the most important item.

The best chapter in the book is a "Nature Calendar"; this is really first-rate and tells of the most interesting things to look out for, day by day—flowers, fungi, birds' nests, fish, snakes—nothing is omitted, though, of course, in the space everything cannot be treated exhaustively. It is interesting when, say, an orange-tip appears on March 23rd (as one did this year) to see what the normal date is; he chooses May 5th; or when a turtle-dove comes on April 18th (as this year) to look and find 26th as a normal date. And it is amusing to see a flower or fungus mentioned in the calendar on a particular date, and then go and try to find it. Here is a pleasure that continues year by year. C. W. P.

Country Notes. By E. W. Swanton. (Langham, Haslemere; 5/-).

OLD-TIME RECIPES

BOOKS of country recipes are numerous, and those compiled from old books are, as a rule, disappointing for they have neither the flavour of the sources from which they are taken nor are they of much practical value in these days, when there is little time for complicated processes. Mrs. Romanné-James has, however, compiled a book that is a pleasure both to read and to dip into, for it contains recipes she has gathered through many years from country folk who used them, and in some cases had used them for generations. Apart from the recipes themselves, which range from those of medicinal interest to farmhouse wines and invalid cookery, there is a wealth of herb-lore which makes delightful reading.

How many people are aware that annual radish feasts were commonly held in this country, and that the last took place at Levens? The feast there is said to have arisen out of the rivalry between the families of Levens Hall and Dallam Tower as to which should entertain the corporation, and Levens eventually carried the palm.

One of the most interesting and practical chapters is that entitled "Ways of Keeping Fruits for Months to Come," the recipes in this all being from a book written by the authoress's great-grandmother. The cosmetic, herb tea and sweetmeat recipes are also from the same source. The jam recipes are excellent, notably an old recipe for strawberry jam, "which keeps the flavour admirably and also preserves the colour of this lovely fruit." E. S. R.

Herb-lore for Housewives. By C. Romanné-James. (Herbert Jenkins; 6/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A charming account of some nature adventures in Surrey is to be found in *My Woodland House*, by Cherry Kearton (Jarrolds; 7/6). Excellently illustrated, this is in every way a happy and refreshing book.

The May issue of *Discovery* contains articles on Polar Exploration and Arctic Navigation, a New Medical Discovery, and a review of Mysore's Mediæval Sculpture, in addition to many others of interest and importance.

Taking Guildford as his centre Mr. L. Cullinson Morley in *Companions into Surrey* (Methuen; 7/6) has walked the countryside, paying particular attention to the historical and literary connections of that lovely district. This is a book that will greatly enrich explorations on foot or by car.

Few travellers over the downs, fields and marshes of Sussex have not met, and passed the time of day, with shepherds and their flocks. In *Shepherds of Sussex*, by Barclay Wills (Skeffington; 6/-), they can be met again, and from them you will learn much of the countryside and its ways.

Those who read *The Country Child* will find in Alison Uttley's *High Meadows* (Faber & Faber; 8/6) the same charm, the same deep knowledge of country things and country people unfolded again. The book is simple and leisurely, but it brings to reality that deep country peace which none but a true countryman can have experienced.

Essex has been somewhat neglected as a tourist ground, which is undoubtedly a good thing for the county. In *Companion into Essex* (Methuen; 7/6), Herbert W. Tompkins has written so charming and at the same time so well-informed a guide to the county that we feel Essex will soon become very well known indeed. For the residents, and Mr. Tompkins's, sake we hope the tourists attracted by this book will be of the right type. For them there is a welcome; for the others—well, Mr. Tompkins should not have written so very good a book.

NETS FOR HORTICULTURE

THE practice of using netting for the training of peas and beans is much on the increase. It saves a great deal of trouble, and is far less unsightly, especially for sweet peas, than sticks and twigs which harbour all kinds of garden pests; nets, in fact, are almost invisible until decorated by the plants they are to support. And not only is netting of use in this way, but also for training young plants in borders (by means of wide-spaced horizontal squares spread over the beds) and also for supporting and holding back plants which are inclined to become unruly. Much labour in tying and staking is saved, and the result is far more pleasing as there is no interference with the natural growth.

There are nets for all purposes in the flower and vegetable garden, not to mention the protection they afford when made into complete cages for safeguarding fruit bushes and strawberry beds. And another great advantage is the ease with which the nets can be rolled up and stored away at the end of the year until further required. As illustrative of the many uses to which nets can be put, a booklet issued by Messrs. W. James & Co. (Dept. J.), of the West Country Net Works, Bridport, will be found helpful to gardeners, and also in another direction, as instancing every purpose in which a net plays its part in games and sport. Nets supplied by this firm are of the highest quality, as they should be, backed by the experience of 150 years.

OF INTEREST TO GOLFERS

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The seating capacity of these trains is strictly limited, and early application for reservations should be made to the organisers, R. G. Bonsor and Co., Ltd., 15, Mark Lane, E.C. 3 (Mansion House 1177), or to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 318, High Holborn (Tel. Hol. 0217) or 78, Cheapside (City 0446), from whom further details can be obtained on receipt of a postcard or telephone call.

As an advertising enterprise Spalding's supply a very useful little article in the form of a vest-pocket or vanity bag leather telephone directory for regularly used numbers. It is sent free to users of their "Needles" Topflite ball on application to Spalding Bros. (Dept. F), Putney, S.W. 15.



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The Country House

CONSTRUCTING A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL

Points About Site and Design

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

A PRIVATE plunge pool or small swimming pool is becoming a popular feature in many gardens. The design and construction of these small pools has improved considerably in recent years and, owing to the increased demand, the costs of construction are considerably lower than they were a few years ago.

WATERPROOF PLASTERING.—This can be carried out in two or three coat work, and should be not less than ½in. total thickness.

SPRINGBOARD.—This should be of teak, and covered with coconut matting or similar material to ensure a non-slip surface.



AN INFORMAL SWIMMING POOL WITH A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN SHELTER, COMBINED WITH CHANGING ROOMS
Note the use of chains in place of hand rails and the tall Thuja hedge for protection

It is desirable to make the plunge pool as unobtrusive as possible, and a sheltered spot should be chosen where bathers will be afforded shelter from prevailing winds and also a measure of privacy. The worst place, however, would be close by a wood or near overhanging trees, where large quantities of leaves could fall into the water. A careful study of the site will indicate which is the most suitable position for the pool.

It should be remembered that a considerable amount of excavation is necessary, up to 10ft. at the deeper end, and the disposal of this excavated material should also be taken into account. Frequently the soil and rock excavated can be utilised for making a rock garden or a shrub bank. Soil that is not waterlogged is the most suitable, but almost any soil is good provided it makes a secure foundation and is solid enough for excavation to be made without resorting to shuttering supports during construction.

The size will, of course, depend upon the use of the swimming pool. If this is simply for plunge purposes 40ft. by 20ft. would be a reasonable size. For those who wish to use the pool for swimming practice a suitable length is 100ft., a third of 100yds.

The construction of the pool itself will be in reinforced concrete. A brief specification would be as follows:

REINFORCEMENT.—Reinforcement should be approximately equivalent to ½in. M.S. bars at 12in. centres both ways at front and rear face of wall. Cover not less than 1in.

SCUM TROUGH.—This can extend all round the pool, but if cheapness is the first consideration it can be constructed at one end only. It can be constructed *in situ*, but this method is not always a first-class job owing to shuttering difficulties. Is usually built up from pre-cast units in cement, faience, faience and cement or faience and tile. andard sections are available.

AERATOR.—Aeration consists of giving the filtered water new life and sparkle by breaking it up and releasing the gases which are carried on with it. This could be constructed some distance from the pool, forming a useful garden feature, the water being returned to the pool by separate inlets.

Around a swimming bath it is important that a non-slip material should be used. There are many kinds on the market. One of the most pleasing is the teak lattice-work grating. This can be about 4ft. wide, and used in conjunction with random square paving and grass.

Water can be an expensive item unless there is a free natural supply available. Where company's water is used a small circulating pump can be installed to force the water through the aerator In connection with the aerator a simple filter could be devised to clean the water before being aerated.

Where a swimming pool is likely to be used by many persons it may be necessary to introduce some method of cleaning the water. There are various processes by which this is done. The most common is the use of chlorine or chloramine. This has two disadvantages, one is that it is costly and the other is the objectionable smell.

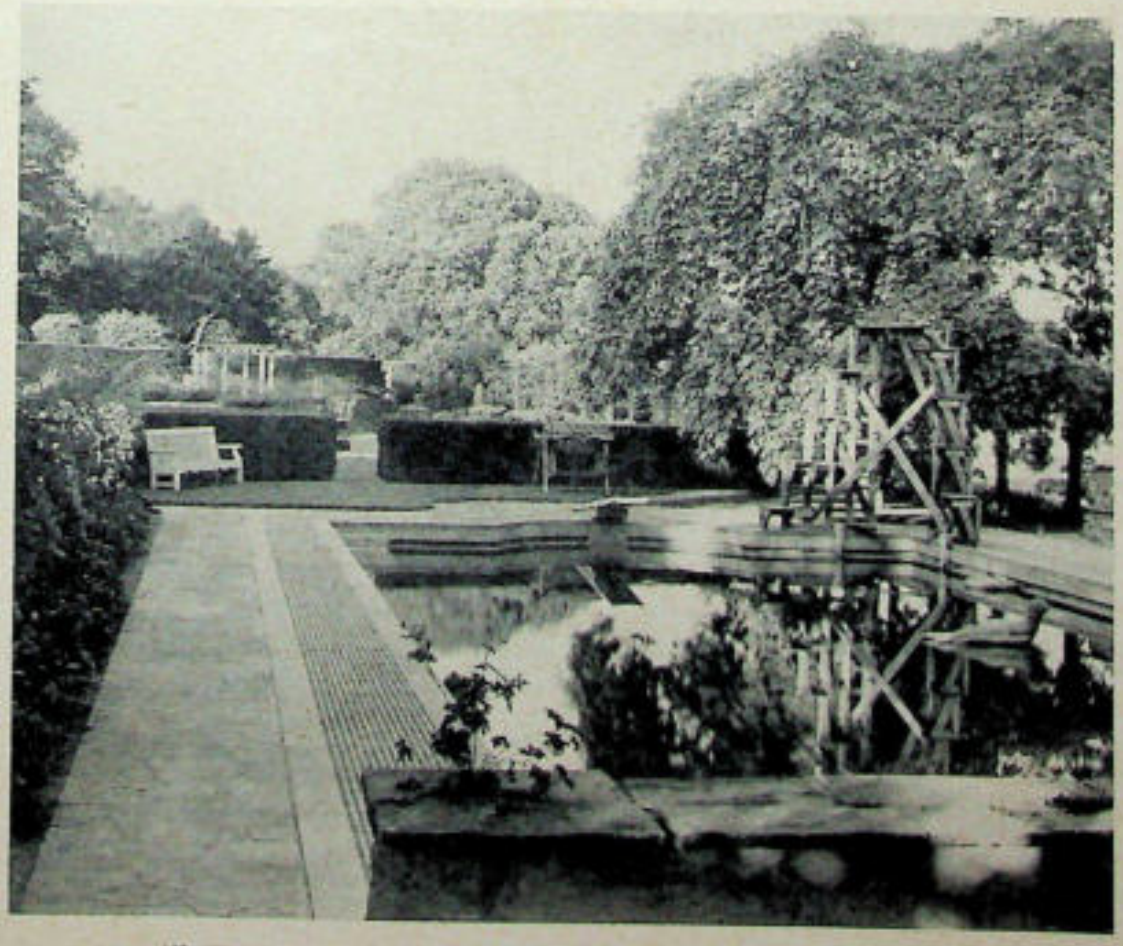
Another method is the use of ozone. This is made by a machine and charged into the water through a special apparatus. Apart from the initial cost of the apparatus the running costs are low. With electricity at 1d. per unit, the approximate running costs for a bath of 50,000 gallons capacity works out at 1.25d. per hour; and for a bath of 500,000 gallons at about 7d. per hour. Another method is the Rayzone, the use of ultra-violet rays, and the most recent method is the use of Biofilter, the method of using bacteria and a system of sand filters. Where only a few people use the pool these elaborate methods of filtration are not necessary.

Where the pool is near the house bathers would probably prefer to dress for bathing in the house and simply walk to the pool, but if it is some distance away an ornamental shelter will be necessary.

It is certainly advisable to surround the pool with evergreen hedges or banks of evergreen shrubs, but the trees employed should not be too high as it is desirable that all the sunshine available should be accessible to the pool.

The informal type of swimming pool is more difficult to construct, and, therefore, more expensive, but sometimes the small informal plunge pool is more suitable for an informal garden lay-out.

There are now several coloured paints that can be used for painting the lining of the pool; blue or a mixture of green and blue makes one of the most suitable colours. The coping and surrounding materials, however, should harmonise with the rest of the garden.



AN ATTRACTIVE PRIVATE POOL WITH SEVERAL FEATURES TO COMMEND IT
In particular, the teak surround for bathers and the unusually placed diving stage constructed of a material in harmony with the surroundings

HERBACEOUS BORDERS IN BLUE

Making a Fine Display in Early Summer

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMIDST the wealth of spring flowers and the triumphant beauty of the Tulips, heralding the approach of summer, there are comparatively few blue flowers, and perhaps that is why we are all appreciative of the lovely masses of blue in the herbaceous borders in summer; notably early summer, when the Delphiniums, Lupins and Irises are in their splendour.

During recent years the hybridists have, fortunately, devoted more attention to producing really blue Delphiniums rather than lavender and pinkish mauve varieties. The garden public have been quick to appreciate their efforts for Blue Gown, Mrs. P. Nelke and other beautiful blue-flowered varieties are universal favourites. Blue Gown is, I think, the pick of all, but Lady Eleanour comes a good second. Her rich sky-blue petals have, it is true, a flush of lilac, but from a little distance it is her wonderful blue that catches every eye, and, moreover, she has a very long flowering period, quite six weeks. The Russell hybrids bid fair to oust all older Lupins from the border, but those who like a true blue Lupin should not leave out both rather steel blue and contrast well with the warm colourings of the other July border flowers. *Echinops ritro* is the best of the Echinops, and the Eryngiums are nearly as popular. The latter, however, are not so accommodating as the Echinops. They need a well drained soil and once planted should never be disturbed. Increasing them by division is not very satisfactory, the best method being to raise from seed sown in May in a box of sandy soil in a cold frame.

The Nepetas are invaluable, though *N. Mussini* is, perhaps, too popular. *N. grandiflora*, a native of Persia and an old garden plant, is one of the finest blue-flowered border plants. When well established it makes a bush quite 4ft. across and quite 3ft. high, and through the summer is continually haunted by bees and butterflies. The variety Souvenir Andre Chaudron is far less attractive. *N. nervosa* grows about 18in. high, and the flowers are lavender blue. The blue-flowered Linums are as valuable as the Nepetas, especially *L. narbonnense* and *L. perenne*.

Amongst the coarser growing plants useful for



AN ALL-BLUE HERBACEOUS BORDER HAS A RESTFUL CHARM

Saxe Blue. There are many blues amongst the Irises, but not blues that can compare with those of the Delphiniums and Lupins; with the exception, however, of Blue Danube, the colour of which is such a rich blue that it is suggestive of Anchusas. It grows 3ft. high and is vigorous. Amongst the later flowering kinds, there is Realm, an intense blue with a conspicuous golden beard. It grows nearly 4ft. high and in mass is very striking.

Anchusas, flowering somewhat earlier than the acknowledged queens of the summer border, are omitted by many on account of the untidy foliage after flowering. I think it is a good plan to interplant them at the back of the border amongst Michaelmas Daisies and Heleniums, &c. The Anchusas then make a rich background for the early summer flowers, and their foliage is soon hidden by that of the Michaelmas Daisies, &c. In any case, they are far too good to omit. If they were less "common" and easy we should appreciate them at their real value.

The Campanulas are amongst the pick of the blue-flowered plants, even regarding them solely from the point of view of colour. *C. persicifolia*, Telham Beauty, with its wide open powder-blue bells makes a lovely picture, but needs to be planted in big groups. The newer Pride of Exmouth is not quite so tall growing. Another first-rate true blue is that of *Cynoglossum nervosum*, which is now becoming very popular. It grows about 18in. high, and its Forget-me-not-like flowers are a fine gentian blue. This native of the Himalayas is very accommodating and succeeds in any good soil.

The Echinops and Eryngiums afford very different blues to those of the flowers mentioned. They are the back of the border are *Symphytum peregrinum*, which grows about 5ft. high, and is so vigorous that a group of three makes a fine effect. The giant Lettuce *Lactuca Bourgaei* is another tall-growing plant. In good soil it attains 6ft., the foliage is effective and the lavender-blue flowers are produced on branching heads. For a dry border or bank the Catananches are excellent. The best is *C. caerulea* which grows about 2ft. high. The long stemmed flowers are produced from June to August and they can be cut and dried for winter like Everlastings. The Catananches are easily raised from seed or increased by division.

For the front row it strikes me as odd that the Chinese Balloon flower is not more commonly grown. Like the annual Delphinium Blue Butterfly, it is such a rich blue that it makes the perfect foil for Gladioli. The shape of the buds is so peculiar that it has given the plant its popular name. Platycodon is one of the plants that resents disturbance, and is not seen at its best till well established. It is perfectly hardy and does well in any good well-drained soil. It is easily raised from seed sown in boxes this month in a cold frame. The compost should be a well-sifted sandy soil. The box must be kept moist and shaded. When about 2in. high transfer separately to other boxes or singly to pots filled with sandy loam, and when well rooted transfer to their flowering positions in late autumn.

For late flowering the finest blue amongst the Asters is, I think, Royal Blue. It stands out from all others in the border. The common Aconite is unduly despised though groups of it in rich moist soil are very striking. The grandest Aconite is *A. Wilsoni* Barkers Variety. This grows 7ft. and in mass it is magnificent.



Fall

STURDY ROTTWEILERS

A New Dog From Germany

By A. CROXTON SMITH

ANYONE who introduces a new dog to the British public is entering upon a task the end of which is uncertain. After studying the alien breeds that have come to us in the course of the present century, I am compelled to confess my inability to say what is likely to captivate the popular imagination.

The few Alsatians that came to us before 1914 gave no indication of the giddy heights that were to be reached after peace had been declared, and soldiers, sailors and airmen were allowed to resume their normal pursuits.

As it happened, a number of shrewd men, who had seen the fine work done on the French and German fronts by these dogs, decided that there was an opening for them here, and they proceeded to run them with a good deal of ability. The controversy started over their name succeeded in focusing attention upon them, and we now know that the one chosen—Alsatian wolf dog—was only one-third correct. In their origin they had nothing to do with Alsace, and the word "wolf" was equally unsuitable as they neither came from the wild animal nor were used in guarding the flocks from its depredations. The misnomer served its purpose, however, as people who would have shunned a German shepherd dog accepted willingly the same animal under the guise of Alsatian wolf dog.

In introducing a breed much depends upon the human element, upon the manner in which its supporters organise themselves, and the publicity they obtain for their protégées. There is always room for a new breed that comes with decent credentials.

Germany has a number of varieties of sheep and cattle dogs that are unknown in Great Britain. From the blending of three of them the Alsatian was produced. In parts of the Reich bordering on Switzerland, a cattle dog in common use is known as the Rottweiler.

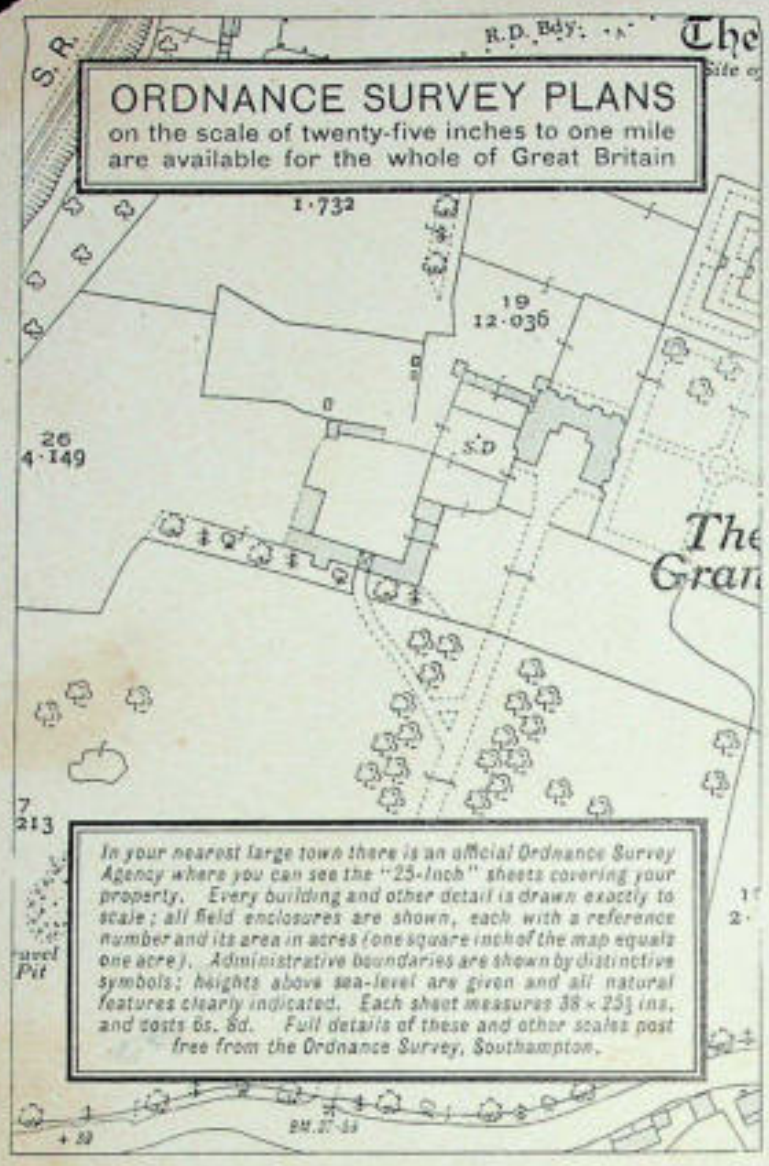
Mrs. Phil Gray, a clever lady who has shown her ability with Alsatians and the Pembrokeshire Welsh corgis, is now endeavouring to make its merits known, and is trying to persuade us that it is worthy of a place among the 80 odd breeds that are now recognised by the Kennel Club.

Before means of transport by rail had reached their present state of perfection, German farmers were in the habit of driving huge herds of cattle over long distances to market, and Rottweilers were used as their assistants. For this purpose dogs that were strong, sensible and hardy were needed. The small Border collies that do so wonderfully with sheep would not have had weight enough to handle a mob of unruly steers. The Rottweiler seems to fill the rôle to perfection.

Of medium size—roughly about as big as a Labrador, but probably somewhat heavier on account of his strong bone—he is built on lines that are solid and substantial, stands squarely on his feet, and has capacious ribs and powerful loins. His wide skull looks to contain plenty of brains if expression counts for anything.

In this respect, however, we are not asked to take his mentality on trust. Many tales are told illustrative of his intelligence, and the German police are now using the breed considerably for work that cannot be done by fools or mediocrities. It is said that German farmers often affix their purses to the collars of Rottweilers when going to market, considering them safer there than in their pockets.

Our friend is not exactly the product of a beauty parlour, but looks to be essentially an outdoor dog, capable of putting up with any weather. In his smooth black and tan jacket he has a homely, friendly look, but he gives the impression of one that would not be easily rattled. Mrs. Gray has started well by getting some of the best stock available.



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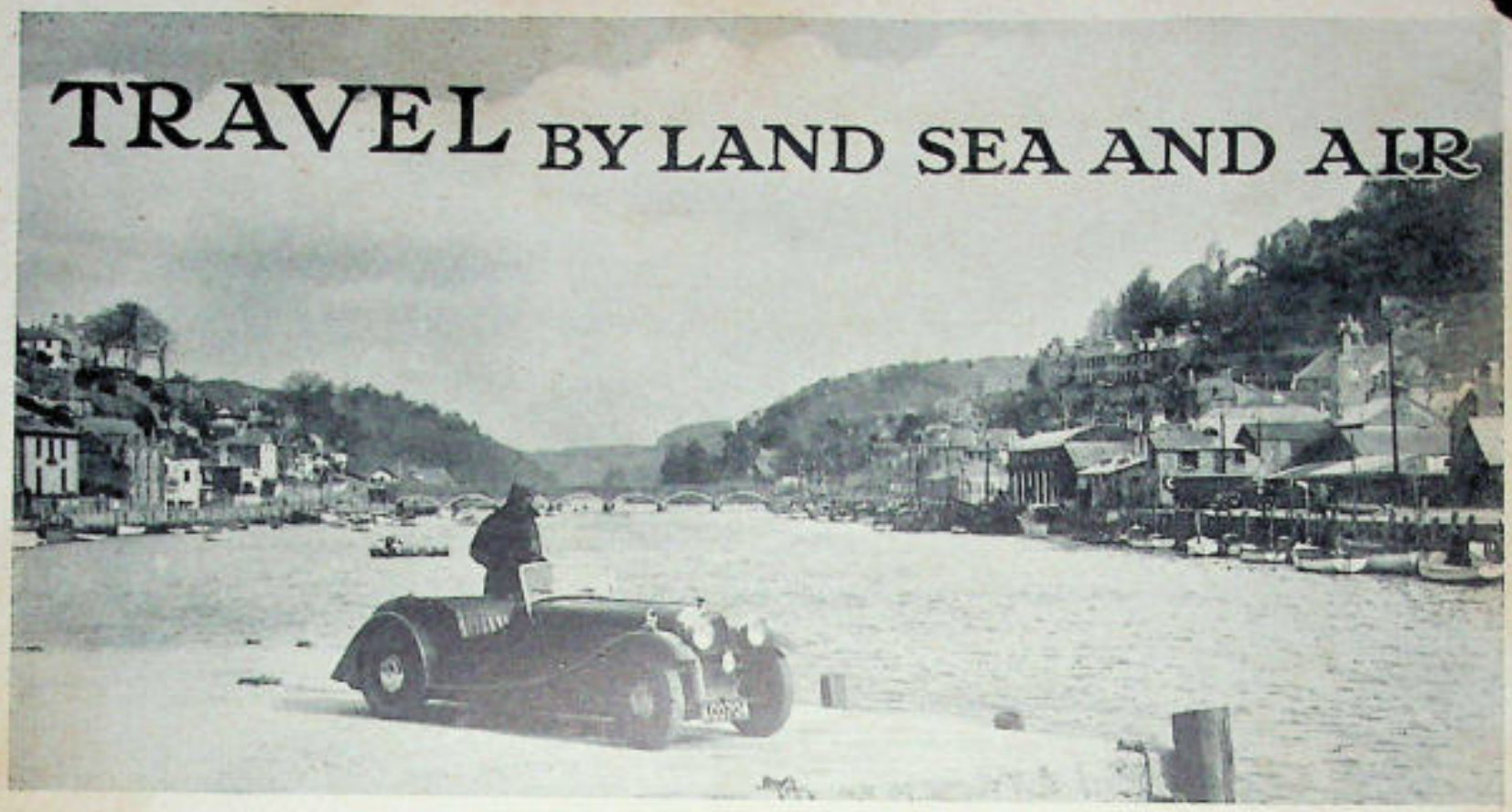


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"THE MOST AMAZING AND UNORTHODOX CAR"

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By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

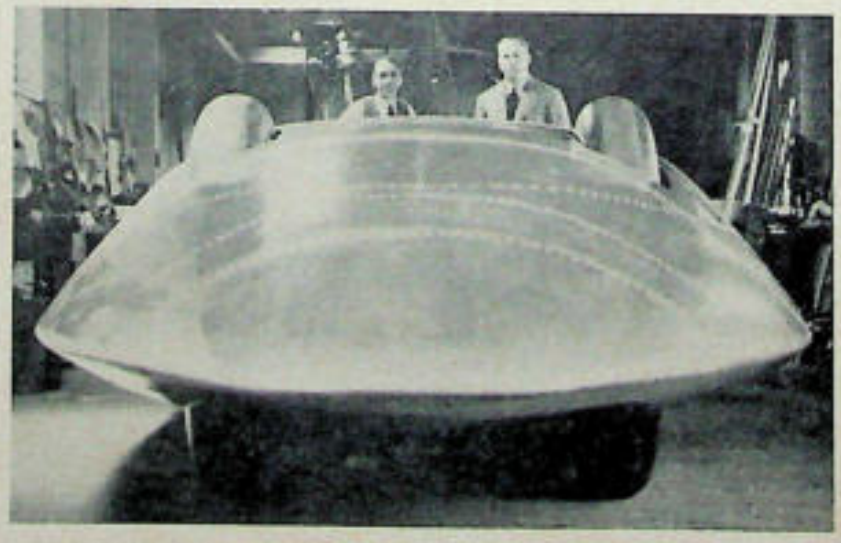
QUITE the most amazing and unorthodox car that has ever been built for an attempt on the world's land speed record is the new two-engined Railton, now nearing completion. It has, of course, been designed by my old friend, Mr. Reid Railton, who was also responsible for rebuilding the Blue Bird in 1931, and again in 1935, when we eventually succeeded in reaching our objective of 300 m.p.h. later that season.

I have, for many years, had the greatest admiration for Railton, whom I have always regarded as a genius, and this he has now proved himself to be, by producing what undoubtedly can be looked upon as a Wonder Car. This vehicle has been built for Mr. John Cobb, the well-known Brooklands driver, who still holds the lap record for the outer circuit of the track, this feat having been accomplished on another car, which was also designed by Reid Railton.

One of the greatest difficulties which has always confronted the designer of a world's record breaker has been that of weight; but, in this instance, Railton has very ingeniously solved that problem, and has built a two-engined car of 2,800 h.p. with a total weight of only 3 tons. This works out in the region of 2.8lbs. per b.h.p., which is phenomenal, and as the proportion of power to weight is such an important factor in relation to acceleration, speed, and durability of the tyres, it speaks wonders for the general lay-out and design of this new vehicle.

The achievement is all the more remarkable when it is realised that the engines employed are two supercharged twelve-cylinder Napier Lions, which were originally designed for an aeroplane some years ago, and which develop their power at comparatively low engine speed.

If money and time were no object whatever, the designer would tackle this task from a completely different angle, and he would build a special high-efficiency type of engine so constructed that it would fit into the form of body that had previously been designed; one which in the wind tunnel had proved itself to be the perfect aerofoil, offering the minimum of resistance. The motor would be constructed to give off the required quota of b.h.p. necessary to propel that vehicle at a given velocity, and would develop that power at a high engine speed.



THE REAR VIEW OF JOHN COBB'S WONDERFULLY STREAMLINED CAR

By adopting these methods it would be possible to design a very powerful car that was comparatively light in weight, and one which possessed a remarkable power-to-weight ratio, but at the same time it would prove a very costly undertaking. In case I have not made my point quite clear I should mention that when an engine develops its maximum power at, let us say, 3,500 r.p.m., the transmission, frame, and consequently the axles, &c., have to be of much more massive construction than if the same power was developed by another engine turning at double that rate of revolutions. Consequently, when a slow-running engine is employed the weight of the complete vehicle is necessarily much greater.

Railton has, however, very ingeniously got over these difficulties, and has saved weight in a number of different ways. For example, he has discarded the usual clutches, of which, in the ordinary way, there should be two; instead he has incorporated a free wheel device to enable the driver to change gear. By so doing he has saved, I presume, at least 1,000lb. of weight. Then again, there is no chassis frame as we know it, but, instead, he employs a single rectangular steel girder, which forms the centre or backbone of the car, each end of which is flattened out.

The two engines are situated one on either side, and in the centre of this girder, and are supported on outrigger brackets. Each engine, which is supercharged, has twelve cylinders of the broad arrow type and develops 1,400 h.p. to 1,450 h.p., so the total power available is not less than 2,800 h.p. Each engine has its own gearbox, and the single gear lever operates both boxes simultaneously, the same applying to the two throttle levers, which are also synchronised.



THE READPIECE IN POSITION

There are no brakes on the wheels, but there is a water-cooled transmission brake fitted to each gearbox, and, in addition, there is a wind brake built into the body of the car.

The engines face opposite directions and are set at an angle to the axis of the car, the one in front driving the rear wheels only, and the one behind the front pair of wheels.

There is no radiator, but for cooling purposes a large tank is employed holding 75 gallons of water which is cooled by ice, the temperature being thermostatically controlled. A perfect unbroken streamlined front is thus obtained, which would have been impossible had the radiator not been eliminated.

The driver sits right forward in the nose of the car, and he is entirely closed in, a kind of streamlined conning tower being placed over his head as soon as he is in position. The front wheels are independently sprung by means of coil springs and rubber discs, and are fitted with a differential for steering purposes; the rear wheels, however, have no differential, neither are they sprung independently of each other.

(Continued on page 1196)

25/30 H.P.

"Once again I have to report that the perfect car has again been perfected. The latest example is definitely better than that of twelve months ago. I have tried hard to discover where the difference arises. Outwardly the two chassis are identical but the new one is definitely an advance on the old . . . .

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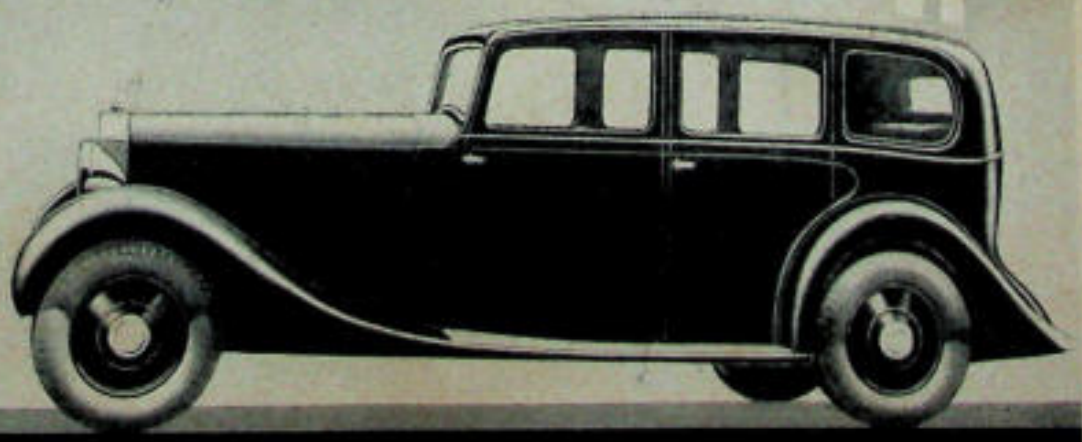
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A crab track is employed, the front being 5ft. 6in., and the rear only 3ft. 6in., and the reason for this narrow rear track is to reduce the width of the back of the car for streamline purposes.

Only single wheels and tyres are employed all round, the size being 44in. in diameter, and all are completely cased within the body. The petrol tank holds 18 gallons of fuel, more than sufficient for making a run in one direction; the oil tank contains 15 gallons of lubricant.

The panel-beaten aluminium body is a work of art indeed, and completely encases the whole chassis. The top half is made to lift off to enable the wheels to be removed quickly, affording also ready access to all working parts. To remove the body is a matter of seconds only, and it can be lifted easily by six men, three at each side; the idea is most ingenious and solves many difficulties hitherto experienced with special cars of this nature.

It is impossible to forecast the maximum speed of this new car, but judging by its light weight, power, and low resistance I should not be surprised if it eventually succeeds in putting up the record to 360 m.p.h., or even more.

George Eyston's car, the Thunderbolt, weighs about 7 tons, and is equipped with two Rolls-Royce engines, which develop approximately 2,400 b.h.p. each, and although he has 4,800 h.p. as against Cobb's 2,800 h.p. his power-to-weight ratio is not so favourable, and his wind resistance is greater; in addition he employs six wheels, with twin tyres at the rear, eight in all, which will absorb a great deal of power.

As both men will be competing for the world's title on the Bonneville Salt Flats during July and August, this year it will be of great interest to see which vehicle proves to be the faster.

WHERE PRIVATE FLYING STANDS TO-DAY

Problems Raised by New Conditions

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

RECENTLY a deputation representing the Royal Aero Club, the General Council of Associated Light Aeroplane Clubs, and the British Gliding Association, waited on the Under-Secretary of State for Air for the purpose of drawing attention to the growing difficulties with which the private-flying movement in this country is having to contend. Like many other activities, private flying is not remaining unaffected by rearmament, and it was the deputation's aim not merely to state the problems raised by new conditions, but to suggest practical ways in which the clubs could contribute to the great national effort.

These questions are of such importance to private flying as a whole that they deserve the widest possible publicity. That it would be nothing short of a calamity if the flying clubs should close or be forced materially to restrict their activities will be generally admitted by all interested in the progress of aviation; and it is good to note that those chiefly concerned on the administrative side are fully alive to the dangers.

There are two ways in which private flying is being chiefly affected. The R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, with its facilities for free training, has become a very serious competitor in that it is naturally attracting a large number of young men keen on flying who might otherwise have become pupils at the clubs. Thus, an important section of potential recruits is being diverted from them and natural expansion is thus being checked. The other is that the demands of R.A.F. expansion generally are not merely absorbing the available supplies of trained flying and ground personnel, but are making it necessary to pay increased salaries to existing staffs in order to retain their services. These two causes combine to make the outlook far from cheering: on the one hand, an important source of new members is being diverted, making the clubs' financial position less healthy; on the other, the clubs are being forced to face additional expenditure in order to keep going.

To overcome these difficulties, the deputation suggested that additional subsidies should be provided and that week-end training should be given at their aerodromes and by their instructional staffs to candidates for the R.A.F.V.R. awaiting their call for the full course of training. It was also pointed out that existing club personnel could be of service in emergency provided assistance were given, since holders of "A" Licences, if carefully selected, were capable of giving good assistance to Army co-operation flying in daylight defence practices.

All these matters are of great importance, not merely from the point of view of ensuring the future of the clubs themselves, but from the standpoint of utilising every available resource as a guard against emergency.

It is true that the various R.A.F. reserve schemes are building up an essential pool of pilots to call on if need should arise, but, in the main, they appeal only to the younger men, and there is everything to be said for keeping in full practice those older men—say in their thirties—who, in time of war, could undertake flying duties. The creation of such a reserve of pilots who could be fitted into the military machine with minimum training was one of the original purposes of subsidising the clubs; and it is important that it should not now be forgotten.

Obviously, the only way to ensure its realisation is to protect the clubs from competition that affects their membership and to provide satisfactory assistance financially to make certain that full efficiency is maintained.

There is, too, another way in which the preoccupation of the industry with rearmament is adversely reacting on private flying. The production of new small types is being decelerated, and it is in fact doubtful whether the market for the private owner is not actually smaller than it was two years or eighteen months ago. This point was referred to by the committee, which urged that the question of subsidy for ownership should be considered. At first sight, the need for this may not be obvious; but it must be remembered that the light aeroplane has made considerable contributions to aerodynamic knowledge, and the progress of aircraft design—as witness that the light aeroplane of to-day with an engine of 150 h.p. has a performance at least equal to and in many instances superior to that of military machines of three times the power of twelve years ago. Some of our most successful commercial types have, too, developed as the result of experience gained in construction machines for the private pilot.

That stagnation has been virtually reached in private flying and private ownership, and that a definite setback may be expected, was proved by the report of the Royal Aero Club for 1937. In that year, 981 pilots' certificates were issued, as compared with 1,144 in 1936; the 1937 figure was, in fact, little better than that for 1935. The total number of Air Ministry "A" Licences issued in 1937 was 2,458 as against 2,447 in 1936, indicating an absolutely negligible increase, if, indeed, it can be considered for practical purposes, an increase at all.

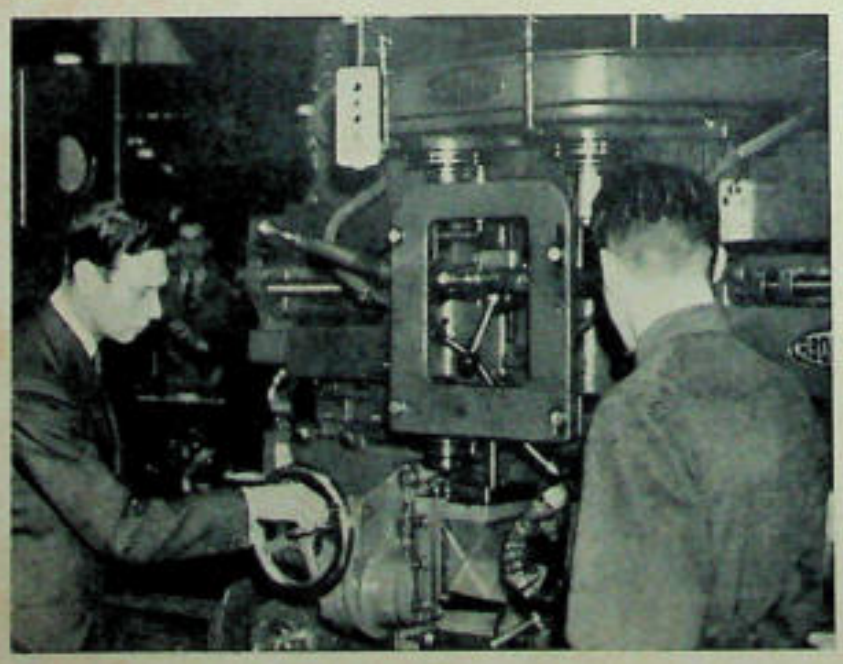
It is clear that the clubs are, in fact, facing something that might not inappropriately be termed a crisis. The present year may well witness an actual decline in activities, especially in view of the augmented and accelerated military expansion scheme.

No one can view this state of affairs with equanimity. It is not that a form of sporting activity is threatened; in conditions such as those obtaining to-day that might be regarded as excusable, however it might be regretted. From the national point of view the clubs have an importance far beyond that of their sporting and social operations. They are a potential and valuable source for training pilots for emergency outside the framework of reserve schemes, and for keeping pilots in practice.

In particular they offer a means of capitalising the flying capabilities of men over 30, whose value in emergency would not be negligible. These potentialities can be realised to the full only by lifting the burdens of insecurity and rising costs from the clubs and, indeed, of assisting them so that flying can be cheapened and its appeal made more general.



A VARIETY OF AIRCRAFT AT HESTON AIRPORT



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"Like many other activities, private flying is not remaining unaffected by rearmament"

PEAKS AND SNOWFIELDS

The Nearest Climbs to London

By C. F. MEADE

WHEN we consider Switzerland as a holiday resort, it is well to remember Arnold Lunn's saying that the determination to worship only at altars unprofaned by the vulgar is the sure sign of a little mind, and that one must not expect the sacrament of beauty to be reserved only for the elect. He goes on to explain that the critic of Switzerland who professes to be revolted by the crowd of sightseers, and yet submits to them in Venice, would find, if he gave his attention to Switzerland, that the mediæval spell of beauty still lingers in the lesser towns such as Morat, Burgdorf and Romont, and that it has remained undiscovered by the crowd.

Probably most mountaineers would agree that the building of Alpine club-huts has been a triumph of Swiss efficiency. The Swiss Alpine Club, in its building policy, has wisely refrained from exploiting every beauty-spot by dumping an hotel upon it. The club has, on the contrary, confined itself to erecting genuine huts which are excellent in every way for their purpose, but do not vulgarise the landscape as hotels would do. In one respect, however, this policy has the defects of its good qualities, for it has resulted in Switzerland being more backward than the Eastern Alps in providing for the spring skier.

Owing to the club-huts being on more ascetic lines than they are in Austria, they usually have no caretakers, except occasionally during the brief mountaineering season in summer. If more of these excellent Swiss huts could be provided with caretakers during the spring and early summer, they would constitute a great attraction for skiers, who in increasing numbers are beginning to appreciate spring expeditions.

Certainly no one, however anxious he may be to get good spring ski-ing, cares to begin and end every day's excursion by carrying his skis for several hours on his back. Nor is every skier happy to carry a heavy load of food up to an empty hut for perhaps a week's stay, and to do all the cooking for himself when he gets there. The popularity of the Britannia hut near Saas, which is kept open with a caretaker in it, is proof of the need felt by spring skiers.

People who want an economical holiday, or whose time is limited, sometimes ask what are the nearest Alpine climbing centres to London. There are plenty to choose from. Apart from centres such as Bonneval-sur-Arc, Vald'Isère, Pralognan or Chamonix, which are all in France, one of the nearest Swiss centres is Champéry, in the canton of Vaud, at the foot of the Dents du Midi, that beautiful snowy wall of rock-peaks that is admired by countless tourists on the Lake of Geneva. The amount of climbing is limited, but the village is within seventeen hours of London, and the peaks of the Dents du Midi, as well as the Tour de Sallière, can be climbed from it or from the Salanfe Alpe in the next valley.

Further in point of distance, but still only 20¼ hours from London, is Adelboden, a great ski-ing centre and summer resort in the next valley to Kandersteg. The latter is the last station before the entrance to the tunnel, nine miles long, that gives access to the Rhone Valley. It is only 20¼ hours from London, and in its neighbourhood you may visit the Oeschinen See, that perfection of Alpine lakes, or you may climb the shining ice-peaks of the Blumlisalp and its satellites. For walkers there is the delightful expedition over the Gemmi Pass with the sensational descent to Leuk on the Rhone.

Another easily accessible climbing centre, though with only one summit of more than 10,000ft., is the summer resort of les Plans, well known for its Alpine garden, and only six miles from Bex.

The fact is, however, that the more important climbing centres in Switzerland are very little farther than those that I have mentioned. Grindelwald, for instance, is an easy journey, and it is tempting to stop in lovely Thun on the way, and take the route across the lake. At Grindelwald are the immense snow-peaks and icefields of the Bernese Oberland, and rock-climbers, by crossing a pass to Rosenlaui, will find plenty to do among the celebrated Engelhörner. Again, Visp, the junction for Zermatt, is not very far from London, and Zermatt is less than two hours beyond it by mountain railway. Also Saas, Arolla, and Mauvoisin are in the same district as Zermatt, and the last two are even nearer to England. Saas is the centre for two great glacier groups, the gigantic Mischabel peaks and the Fletschhorn massif. Arolla, although it has fine ice-climbs that are rather less gigantic than those at Zermatt, also has expeditions that are more suitable for beginners. The three last-named centres have one great advantage in common, for they can only be reached by a bridle-path.



LOCARNO ON THE PLEASANT WATERS OF LAKE MAGGIORE

Of course, at more distant centres there is also plenty of good climbing. The icefields of the Bernina range are only less extensive than those of the Bernese Oberland, and the journey is made by the Engadine express to Pontresina. If rock-climbing is required, there are the peaks of the Val Bregaglia, a few hours from Pontresina, rivalling those of Chamonix in the boldness of their outlines, and the difficulty of the climbing that they provide.

Finally, the exhausted mountain climber can find ideal relaxation in the Italian-speaking canton of Ticino. This is the canton that contains the greater part of the Lake of Lugano, and the northern end of Lake Maggiore. After climbing in the Engadine it is easy to take the express to Thusis and follow up the head-waters of the Rhine to Hinterrhein, only a few hours below the glacier from which the great river takes its source, beside the Zapport hut, which is the centre from which the various fine peaks of the Rheinwald group can be climbed. From Hinterrhein the San Bernadino high-road will take the climber over into Italian Switzerland to the St. Gothard railway. Beyond Bellinzona the line divides, leading westward to Lake Maggiore, and eastward to the Lake of Lugano.

Maggiore, the biggest of the Italian lakes, claims to be the most beautiful on account of its background of high mountains. From the southern shores the great peaks of Zermatt are to be seen, but the Lake of Lugano is a serious rival in beauty, and Lunn complains that thirty-seven writers have compared its charms with those of the Bay of Naples.

Certainly life on these warm southern lakes affords the most delightful contrasts with the sterner joys of mountaineering. It is the charm of Switzerland that it possesses climates to suit every taste and constitution.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE DINING ROOM AT THE GEORGE, CRANBROOK

LAST week I discussed the fact that the George at Cranbrook had probably been connected in some way or other with the Seven Years' War in the eighteenth century. I also mentioned that Queen Elizabeth once slept at the inn when she visited the cloth-making factories in Cranbrook.

To-day the bedroom she is said to have occupied adjoins what is known as the Court Room or Great Chamber, in which prisoners were once brought before the Justices of the Peace. The Queen's Bedroom is of medium size. It is said that Elizabeth received some of the rich local clothiers at the George on the occasion of her visit, and doubtless the room used for the reception was the adjoining Great Chamber.

You will find that the George of to-day is reminiscent of these old times. Almost everywhere in its walls, huge and massive oak timbers are to be seen. Probably the most striking features are the main staircase and the open hearth in the dining-room. Of these a writer has said:

"The staircase is really fine. Of oak, with heavy balusters, it runs from entrance hall to the top of the house, graceful, shallow-stepped and easy of ascent. The open fireplace in the dining-room is remarkable for its size. It is 10ft. wide, spanned by a giant oak beam 13ft. and more in length. There are other open fireplaces in the house telling of comfort rare in early days. There is one in a narrow passage leading to the new bathrooms, and another in a jolly little timbered bedroom, Number 6."

You will find that the George has its fair share of old furniture. Oak chests, a pleasing array of old copper utensils in the hall, and a fine Coaching, or "Act of Parliament" clock by a local craftsman, Thomas Olive, remind us more of the coaching days than of the twentieth century. The inn was, of course, quite a well-known call for the coaches. In the seventeenth century the roads were quite impassable in the winter. One writer records that in the Weald of Kent, in which Cranbrook is situated, it was customary in the autumn to plough them up, and lay the top soil in a half circle to dry. In those days farmers employed oxen, and in some parts they ploughed right across the highway, while not the slightest attention was ever given to the repair of by-roads. There was practically no drainage, no direction posts, and no milestones, and often the only real indication you had that you were on the road was by seeing the deep wheel-ruts that seared its mud. Waggons were simply hauled along by main force.

So we may rightly assume that the passenger arriving at the George by the London coach in the winter would, over the inn fire, tell a tale of adventure and hardship. Waiters were probably waiting at the door in readiness to assist him with his hat, shawl and coat, if the coach's halt were a short one. Game pies, cheeses and cold meats were doubtless ready to hand, while the George has ever been noted for its cellar.

To-day these cellars are typical of the spaciousness of the old inn. They extend far beyond the limits of the present premises and go to prove that the shops now adjoining were once part of the George. Here, you will feel, is an inn with a history.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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(Continued on page 1148)

BRIDGE

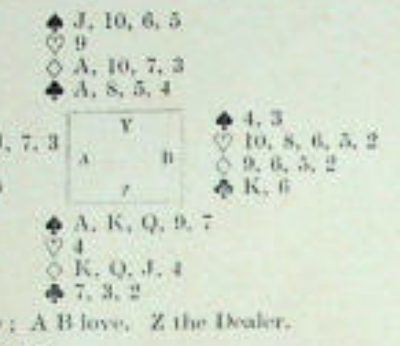
THROWING A KING

A Point in Defence

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

THE following hands, which occurred at London Clubs, provide object lessons in play :



Score Y Z game ; A B love. Z the Dealer.

The bidding was :

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Three Hearts	Three Spades	Four Hearts
Four Spades	Five Hearts	Five Spades	No bid
No bid	No bid		

The bidding requires little comment. It is an open question whether Y should bid Five Spades or double Five Hearts. But on his hand the bid of Five Spades cannot be condemned as the game and rubber looked likely and better than a penalty, and A and B were not vulnerable.

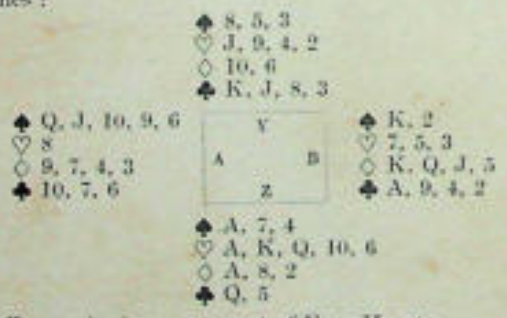
A opened with the King of Hearts, and finding a singleton on the table led Queen of Clubs at trick two. The Ace was played from Dummy, B playing the 6. Z could not be sure of his contract, as he had two losing Clubs in his hand.

After taking two rounds of trumps exhausting A and B he made four tricks in Diamonds, then led a small Club. B had to win with the King, and now had nothing to lead but a Heart, on which Z discarded his losing Club and ruffing in Dummy made his contract game and rubber.

Now, as you will see probably at once, B was the culprit. Z ought to have been one down and must be one down provided B throws the King of Clubs on the Ace at trick two.

While B could not, of course, foresee the exact issue, he should have realised that A's lead of the Queen was almost certainly from a sequence of Q, J, 10. He must, therefore, get rid of his obstructive King at the first opportunity. This is a point in defence which is worth noting. Poor players hate throwing Kings or Aces but sometimes it is necessary.

The second example is on somewhat similar lines :



Z was playing a contract of Four Hearts.

A led the Queen of Spades and Z had to avoid losing two tricks in Spades, a Diamond, and a Club. Actually B played the King, and Z, winning with the Ace, took three rounds of trumps and then led the Queen of Clubs. B put up his Ace and led a Spade.

After making his two Spades A led a Diamond and Z was one down, losing altogether two tricks in Spades, a Club, and a Diamond. Now Z could have made his game and rubber, by passing the first Spade and winning the second. In this case he could have confined his losses to one trick in Spades, a Diamond, and a Club.

If B had not played his King at trick one, Z should hold up the Ace to exhaust B. But thinking the King might be single, Z played his Ace at the first trick, which cost him the game.

Mark that a discard of a Diamond on Y's winning Club does not help Z. But if he had been able to discard a Spade it would have made all the difference.

The play then goes thus : Z wins the second trick with the Ace of Spades. After three rounds of Hearts, he leads the Queen of Clubs. If B wins with the Ace he has now only Diamonds or Clubs to return. If he leads a Diamond, Z puts up his Ace, plays Clubs, and gets a discard of a Spade and thereafter loses only a trick in Diamonds.

The play of this hand is particularly interesting. I figure it out that if Z does not take the first Spade trick with the Ace of Spades, he can make his contract against any defence. If he takes the first trick, he cannot.

The point, however, is that B, by the play of his King on the Queen led, not only unblocks but induces Z to win the first trick.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT MARGATE

A game from the third round of the Premier Tournament.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. R. Gokandeck.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. R. Gokandeck.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	17. Kt to Kt 5	B to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	18. Q to B 2	P to B 4 (d)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	19. P to Q 5 (c)	Kt to K 2
4. P on K Kt 3 (a)	P to Q 4	20. P takes P	B takes P
5. B to Kt 2	Castles	21. R to Q sq	Q to K 4
6. Kt to B 3	P to B 4 (b)	22. B takes P	P to K R 3 (e)
7. B P takes P	Kt takes P	23. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
8. B to Q 2	Kt to Q B 3	24. Q to B 7 +	K takes B, etc
9. P to Q R 3	Kt takes Kt	25. R takes R	R to K sq
10. P takes Kt	B to B 4	26. B to B 3 (g)	P to R 3
11. Castles	P takes P	27. R to Q 6	Q to K 4
12. P takes P	B takes B	28. Q to B 4, ch	K to R 2 (h)
13. Q takes B	Q to K 2 (c)	29. R takes P	R to Q B sq
14. Q to Kt 2	R to Q sq	30. Q to K B 7 (i)	R to B 8, ch
15. K R to B sq	Q to Q 3	31. K to Kt 2	Resigns (j)
16. P to K 3	R to Kt sq		

(a) This is only very infrequently played. (b) B to B 2 is the move most in favour at the moment.

(b) Black should first play 6 . . . P takes P, e.p. (1) 7. Kt to K 5, P to B 4 ; 8. P takes P, Q to R 4, or (2) 7. Q to R 4, P to B 4 ; 8. P takes P, Kt to B 3 ; 9. Castles, Q to R 4.

(c) White is a move ahead in development and has open lines for an attack on the Queen's side.

(d) This move enables White to force open the diagonal from his Q R 2 to K Kt 8. P to K Kt 3 is, perhaps, to be preferred, in spite of the "holes" created at Black's K B 3 and K R 3. White would reply to P to K Kt 3 with Kt to K 4 and Kt to B 5.

(e) A very strong move. If now 19 . . . P takes P, then 20. B takes P, ch, Q takes B ; 21. R to Q sq, Q to K 4 ; 22. Q to R 2, ch, B to K 3 ; 23. Kt takes B, R takes B, ch ; 24. B takes R, K to R sq ; 25. Kt to Kt 5 with a winning attack.

(f) Not 22. . . . B takes R, ch ; 23. B takes B, B takes B because of 24. B to Q 8, mate.

(g) A great post for the Bishop. K Kt 2 is left free for the King, if necessary.

(h) K to R sq is better.

(i) Threatening 31. R takes P, ch, K takes R ; 32. Q to R 5, mate.

(j) He is two pawns down and has a bad position. If 31. . . . Kt to Kt sq, then White can play 32. B to B 5, threatening 33. B to Kt 6, ch, K to R sq ; 34. Q takes Kt, ch and mate in three more moves.

The following game shows some fine play by Dr. Alekhine.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. B to Kt 5	Kt to B 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. B to Q 5	Q R to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	18. Kt to B 4	P to R 3
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3	19. B takes Kt (g)	B takes B
5. Castles (a)	B to Q 2	20. Q to B sq	K to Kt 2 (h)
6. P to B 3	P to K Kt 3	21. Q to K 3	Kt tks R P (i)
7. P to Q 4	B to Kt 2	22. R takes Kt	B takes Kt P
8. P takes P (b)	P takes P	23. Q R to R sq	R takes B
9. B to K 3	Kt to B 3	24. P takes R	B takes Kt
10. Q Kt to Q 2	Q to K 2	25. K R to Q sq	R to Q sq
11. P to Q Kt 4 (c)	P to Kt 3	26. Q to K 4	B to Kt 6
12. P to K R 3 (d)	Castles (K R)	27. R to Q 2	Q to B 4
13. B to Kt 3	P to Q R 4 (e)	28. Kt takes P (j)	Q takes B P
14. P to Kt 5 (f)	Kt to Q sq	Resigns (k)	
15. P to Q R 4	Kt to Kt 2		

(a) Alternatives here are B takes Kt, ch (to be followed by P to Q 4) and P to B 3.

(b) White is playing to reduce the scope of Black's King's Bishop and to create a weakness at his Q B 4. It seems to us, however, that White should not give up his pressure on the centre so early. Dr. Alekhine has recommended here B to K Kt 5, which was played against him by the late F. D. Yates at the New York tournament of 1924.

(c) Temporarily preventing Castles (K R) because of the reply B to B 5. However, the move weakens White's Queen's side, a fact of which Dr. Alekhine soon takes advantage.

(d) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5.

(e) Beginning an attack on White's weakened Queen's side.

(f) P to R 3 is better.

(g) If B to K 3, then Kt takes B with a good game for Black.

(h) If 20. . . . Kt to Kt 6, then 21. Q takes P followed, if 21. . . . Kt takes R, by 22. Q takes P, ch, K to R sq (and B to Kt 2 became of Kt to Kt 5) ; 23. Q to R 6, ch and White draws by perpetual check.

(i) With this move Dr. Alekhine starts a fine sacrificial combination.

(j) This loses at once. 28. Q to K 2 is better, but after 28. . . . Q takes Q ; 29. P takes Q, R takes P Black, with three pawns for the exchange, has a winning game.

(k) Both Rooks and the Knight are attacked.

A lively game from the sixth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. R. Spielmann	WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. R. Spielmann.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Kt tks P (g)	P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13. Q to R 5, ch	Q to B 2
3. B to Kt 5	P to B 4 (a)	14. R tks P, ch (h)	B to K 2
4. Kt to B 3 (b)	P takes P	15. R tks B, ch (i)	K takes R
5. Q Kt takes P	Kt to B 3 (c)	16. B to Kt 5, ch	K to B sq
6. kt tks Kt, ch	P takes Kt (d)	17. B to R 6, ch	K to Kt sq
7. P to Q 4	P to Q 3 (e)	18. Q to Kt 4, ch	Q to Kt 2
8. Castles (f)	B to Q 2	19. Q to B 4, ch	Q to B 2
9. B to K sq	Q to K 2	20. Q to Kt 4, ch	Q to Kt 2
10. P takes P	Q P takes P	Drawn.	
11. B takes Kt	B takes B		

(a) Schliemann's Counter-Gambit. It is extremely risky and is hardly ever seen nowadays.

(b) The best reply.

(c) If 5. . . . P to Q 4, then 6. Kt takes P, P takes Kt ; 7. Kt takes Kt, Q to Kt 4 (if 7. . . . P takes Kt, then 8. B takes P, ch, B to Q 2 ; 9. Q to K 5, ch and wins) ; 8. Q to K 2, Kt to B 3 (if Q takes P, then Q to R 5, ch) ; 9. P to K B 4, Q takes B P ; 10. Kt takes P, ch or Kt to K 5, ch, with advantage to White.

(d) If 6. . . . Q takes Kt, then 7. Q to K 2, P to Q 3 ; 8. P to Q 4 and the King's pawn falls.

(e) In a game Brinckmann v. Kieninger, played in a tournament at Ludwigslaufen in 1922, Black played 7. . . . P to K 5, which White refuted in fine style as follows : 8. Kt to Kt 5 (threatening Q to R 5, ch), B to Kt 5, ch (if at once P takes Kt, then Q to R 5, ch, followed by B takes P, ch, and wins) ; 9. P to B 3, P takes Kt (there was nothing better than Castles) followed, if Kt takes B P, by R to B 2) ; 10. Q to R 5, ch, K to B sq ; 11. B takes P, Kt to K 2 (if B to K 2, then B to R 6, ch, followed by B to B 4, ch, and wins. If, indeed, Q to K sq, then Q to R 6, ch, followed by B to B 4, ch, and wins) ; 12. B to Q B 4, P to Q 4 ; 13. B takes P and Black resigned for, if Q takes B, then B to R 6, ch, followed by Q to K 8, mate.

(f) The *Handbook* gives the following line of play as advantageous for White : 8. P to Q 5, P to Q R 3 ; 9. B to K 2, Kt to K 2 ; 10. Kt to R 4, P to B 5 ; 11. B to B 5, ch, K to Q 2 ; 12. P takes P, ch, P takes P ; 13. P to Q B 4.

(g) Beginning a bold sacrificial combination.

(h) If 14. Q takes P, ch, then 14. . . . K to Q 2 ; 15. Q takes R, B to B 4 and White is forced to draw by perpetual check (16. R to Q sq, ch, K to K 3 ; 17. R to K sq, ch, K to Q 2, &c.).

(i) A further sacrifice. However, Black can avoid disaster and the game ends in a draw by perpetual check.

PROBLEM No. 3961

By Dr. A. KRAEMER.*

WHITE (7 pieces) : King at K Kt 4, Queen at Q 6, Rook at Q B 7, Bishop at K Kt sq, Pawns at K B 4, K B 5 and Q 7.

BLACK (9 pieces) : King at Q sq, Rook at Q Kt 5, Bishop at K R 5, Knights at K Kt sq and Q R 2, Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q B 3, K Kt 4 and K Kt 7.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Baler Nachrichten*, 1932.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3960

1. Q to R 8. Any move ; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

BRITISH BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—This tournament was held at the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club from April 25th to April 29th. The holder, A. R. Buff, of Leyton County High School, retained the title.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—The Gastineau Cup (Championship) Tournament of the City of London Chess Club has been won by E. G. Sergeant.

CAPABLANCA v. DR. EUWE.—We understand that a match of 12 or 14 games between J. R. Capablanca and Dr. Euwe will be played in Holland next Christmas.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 464

ACROSS.—1, May be testing a car on the cricket pitch. 8, A nasty crawling mathematician. 10, A bird in your boots. 11, Spike. 12, Double you in colour. 14, Envious and maybe seasick. 15, Finished if declared. 17, Every son needs go in him to become one. 20, Bird caught in tajoint goes back at a fast pace. 23, Slow return after hunting. 24, Living ones suffer more danger from ridicule than from bullets. 26, Long legs may follow him. 29, Keep it away from the wicket. 30, They may be on your sleeve. 31, Cheese. 32, The secret of many games.

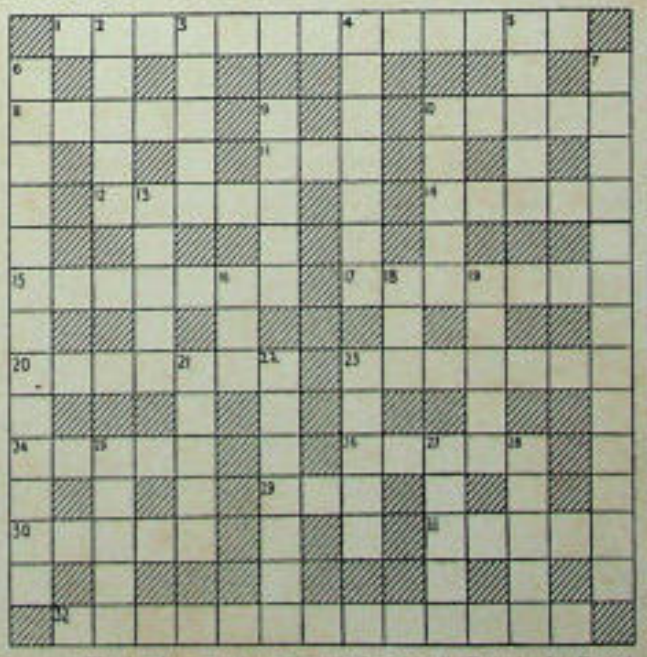
DOWN.—2, This tree, when in human computer, is something in the city. 3, This is worth an upset. 4, "Against ill —— men are ever merry" (*Henry IV*, Part II). 5, Slip fifty into one side. 6, Out shooting this is my leg letter card. 7, On a land grant I find this great race. 9, "Blood only serves to wash ambitions ——" (Byron). 10, Rage is here if you hire. 11, That is in a mouse. 16, Yawn cut short. 18, You do. 19, Though confined the underground can feel ? 21, Elects leaving you and me in. 22, This bird can put away a lot. 23, Umpire. 25, This dance upsets the horse. 27, Order him away and he may tie this. 28, Some horses ascend in time.

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. 463

Published May 7th

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Tropical Fish in Distress.—The temperature of 86deg. is the maximum to which tropicals are usually subjected. We should be inclined to bring this down to nearer 70deg. than 80deg.—the range is usually between 63deg. and 80deg. Another feature is that all uneaten food should be removed from the aquarium, as, with the high temperature, fermentation of uneconsumed food soon takes place and much carbon-dioxide, with other gases, is produced. Proper circulation of the water should be maintained to prevent pockets of water over the maximum establishing themselves. If the aquarium is near a window a sheet of glass between it and the window would prevent cold pockets being formed.—*L. F. H., Surrey.*

Garden

Sod from Lawn sent for Inspection.—Judging from appearance some fertiliser has been used in excess, but it should be sent for analysis. Send to Tell Lawn Dressings, Buxted, Sussex.—*H. H. R., Bleasfoot.*

Crown Imperials not Flowering.—It is impossible to say what is wrong without seeing the plants and knowing more about the conditions. These plants sometimes take two or even three seasons to get established. The heads should never be cut down after flowering. If cut, the plants frequently fail to flower the following season. Planting the bulbs on their sides to prevent moisture accumulating between the scales is sometimes effective when those planted in the ordinary way have failed.—*R. T., Dingwall.*

Kennel

Sealyham or Lurcher.—An advertisement in our columns would probably bring you a communication from someone who has a lurcher puppy for sale. There must be any amount of such dogs, and many of them are clever rascals, too. You might possibly obtain a small Sealyham puppy from Captain R. S. de Q. Quincey, The Vern, Bowdenham S.O., Herefordshire, or Colonel A. F. Nicholson, Gunside, The Park, Leek, Staffs.—*M. R. A., Worcestershire.*

Pointer Dog.—You do not say if your friend wants a working pointer or one for showing. You might be able to get a good young dog bred from the best working strain from Mr. H. Mitchell, Box Tree Cottage, Bradford; Mr. A. S. Balding, Dalside, Willaston, Wirral, Cheshire; or Mrs. M. Holt, Menaifron, Dwyran, Anglesey. Owners of show strains are Mr. T. H. Moorby, Stainton Kennels, Nelson, Lancs; Mr. A. Eggleston, Appleby, Westmorland; or Mrs. Macdonald-Daly, Woodley House, Brough, East Yorks.—*Messrs. C. & Co., Hull.*

Legal

Trespassing Dog.—You tell us that your dog has been giving trouble on neighbouring property and that you have been warned by the gamekeeper that he may take measures against the dog if it is again found trespassing. However, the law on this matter reads as follows: "A landowner can justify shooting a dog which is trespassing upon his land if it is necessary to save game and other animals in peril at the time. Accordingly, he can shoot a trespassing dog to prevent it from killing rabbits in a warren, deer in a park, domestic fowls, and hares, but if the dog has already killed his property so that there is no other peril he cannot shoot it. Where it is necessary to kill the dog to save game or other animals, the landowner is not to be deterred from that mode of protection by mere considerations of the relative value of the game or animal protected and of the dog shot. A man might shoot even a valuable greyhound which was chasing a hare if the hare was in peril."—*A. H., Farley Green.*

Damage by Bees.—In reply to your complaint, we quote the law: "A person who keeps an animal of the tame class must take reasonable care to manage and control the animal when the circumstances are such that it is likely to cause damage to the person or property of another. If he fails to take due care, he is liable for any damage caused by the natural and probable consequences of his failure, including damage due to any mischievous propensity which he knows his animal to possess."—*C. D. G., Glasgow.*

Miscellaneous

Food of Pheasants.—The maximum amount of wheat that 2,000 pheasants might consume from the time they leave the rearing field to the suggested date of February 1st would be 19 tons. In practice, however, this amount would be considerably less than half, and for three reasons. Wheat is not often the sole food supplied to pheasants. There would be a supply of natural food which would mean the birds would eat less from the keeper's bucket. Two thousand pheasants, even if no organised shooting had taken place, would not be two thousand pheasants on February 1st, there would be losses from vermin and straying.—*J. K., Dorset.*

Price of Ivory.—John K. Gilliat & Co., Ltd., held the second auctions of the current year on April 27th and 28th, when the total of 40 tons was offered. There was a good attendance of buyers, but demand was somewhat restricted, some 11½ tons remaining unsold, with the result that prices declined, slumping badly in some instances. Medium sizes of soft ivory met a fairly steady demand and sold at a decline of about £2 per cwt, averaging £45 to £50 per cwt. Large tusks, however, were neglected and were quoted £6 to £10 lower. Candidates for hard ivory were about on a par with soft, with medium £2 to £4 down, averaging £30—£40 per cwt. Rhinoceros horns: Sales were effected at 26/- to 27/- per lb.—*L. M., Southampton.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

A Poached Pheasant.—A melanistic x *P. torquatus* cock had been picked up dead. The cause of death was a broken neck with strangulation. The appearance of the wound suggested the probable cause as a poacher's snare. The body was in prime condition.—*T., Sussex.*

Red Mite Infection.—The letter accompanying the body of a fowl stated that three others had died during the week. The cause of death was loss of blood due to the attack of red mites. These tiny insects invade the skin, usually about the head and neck, during the night and, when gorged with the bird's blood, retire into crevices in the walls or floor of the fowl-house, where they remain during daylight. Hundreds of these mites may attack the one roosting bird. This fowl was very lousy and was also heavily infected with air-sac mites. The evidence conclusively proves that the fowl-house is in need of a thorough spring-cleaning. If it is an old wooden structure we advise its destruction by fire. If it is worth preservation the litter and droppings should be cleared out and burned. The entire interior should then be scorched with the flame of a blow-lamp and scraped; all fittings, such as perches and nest-boxes, should be similarly treated. Then the interior and the fittings should be scrubbed thoroughly with hot soda water and soft soap, to each gallon of which one cupful of paraffin has been added. The exterior should be creosoted.—*F. S. D., Notts.*

Bowel-Worms of Partridges.—Partridges from two estates were found to have died of the widespread thread-worm infection of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis. We received the emaciated body of a partridge from a third estate with the information that it was one of a batch of Hungarian partridges imported two months previously. Its death was due to inflammation of the bowels produced by the round worms, *Ascaridia compar*. Probably the bird was infected with the worms when admitted to the estate. We have frequently drawn attention to the danger of importing disease, and we take this occasion again to advise estate owners to keep their newly imported birds in quarantine pens for at least four weeks. The birds should not be liberated until samples of their droppings have been examined by a veterinary pathologist and have been declared free from parasites. Intelligent folk always invariably have horses, cattle and dogs vetted before purchase money is paid down; a procedure which has proved its value as a means of controlling disease. Many dominion and foreign governments require the veterinary certification of birds which are due for export from this country. If English-bred partridges must pass the veterinary examination before they can be exported, why should not similar precautions be taken with all species of birds imported into this country?—*J., Berks; A. J. P., Cornwall; C. S., Cumberland.*

Shooting

Record Bag of Woodpigeons.—The record bag of woodpigeons shot to one gun on one day is 467 by Mr. Cecil FitzHerbert at Abbey Leix on December 1st, 1911. Thirteen days later Mr. Arnold FitzHerbert shot 351 at the same place. Mr. Cecil FitzHerbert fired under 700 cartridges. There have been a number of records of over 300 to one gun, but mostly in Ireland. The greatest number of which we have any record for Scotland is 228 shot by the Earl of Southesk, at Crimonmoghet, Aberdeenshire, on September 9th, 1897, and Mr. A. M. Chance, 131 in two hours at Bonnar Bridge, Sutherland. Abroad, Lord Londesborough killed 370 to his own gun on January 20th, 1863, in Egypt. These are the highest numbers of which we have record, and it would appear, therefore, that your bag is a record for Scotland.—*R., Kelso.*

Cartridge Tests

Your "Star" cartridges contained 28½ grains of a foreign smokeless powder, cork and felt wads and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,087ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were even and averaged 54 per cent. (30in. circle, 40yds. choke barrel). These cartridges should give satisfaction, and we see no need for loss of confidence; they certainly should kill well at any normal range. Although it is an excellent plan to employ hot or even cold water when cleaning out barrels after shooting, it is certainly not necessary providing they are well cleaned and a good gun oil employed.—*Napier, Fairford.*

Your pale blue cartridges contained a full 39 grains of Schultze powder and 1⅛ oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,076ft. per second with recoil slightly above normal. Patterns (30in. circle, 40yds. full choke) were even and averaged 68 per cent. Maximum pressure developed 2.40 tons per square inch. Your violet cartridges contained a full 39 grains of Walsrode powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,097ft. with considerably heavier recoil. Patterns were even and averaged 59 per cent. Maximum pressure developed, 3.28 tons. Although the average velocity of the blue was slightly below that developed by the violet, they certainly could not be classed as weak; they have the advantage of much lower pressure and considerably less recoil.—*C. H. B., Bristol.*

Stable

Fertility of Mares.—The stallion is not to blame, as the development and nutrition of the fertilised ovum is the mare's special province. The mares are either affected with infectious abortion, or there is some deficiency in their diet during the gestation period, possibly of vitamin E and minerals.—"*S. Rhodesian Farmer.*"

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

THE following were the principal transactions at last Monday's sale at Knightsbridge.

POLO PONIES.

Property of Captain S. A. Watt: Copper Alley, br pony, by Goldcourt, 76gns.; Little Vixen, ch pony, by Rocket, 65gns. Property of Colonel R. G. Ritson: Dolly, b pony, 150gns. Property of Captain E. C. Kidd (The Royals): Pittance (1929), gr pony m, by Tarzan—Marie Trespass, 240gns.; Pinfall, bl/br pony, by Fantasy, 50gns.

HUNTERS.

Property of Mr. E. Scoffer: Gr g, 64gns. Property of Captain J. D. Welch (24th Regt.): Corinthian III, ch g, by Corbridge, 105gns.; Soldier, b g, 57gns. Property of Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, M.F.H.: Blue Boy, gr g, 70gns.; Seagull, gr g, 51gns. Property of Mr. E. Asa Thomas: Piggy, b g, 67gns. Property of Mr. W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H. (North Cotswold): Sussex, gr g, 70gns.; Skylark, gr g, 175gns.; Petworth, br g, 160gns.; Thornton, b g, 70gns.; Guinness, br g, 70gns.; Goodness, br g, 185gns. Property of Mr. F. W. Rickett, M.F.H.: Nip, b g, 51gns.; Grey Boy, gr g, 55gns. Property of Mr. E. A. Merckel: Gorry, b g, 51gns.

Leicester

BUSINESS was again brisk at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Ltd., Leicester Repository, on Saturday last. The catalogue was a full one, and included four Hunt Studs, which were disposed of at satisfactory prices, several making over the three figures. Appended is a return of the principal prices realised: Property of Captain H. Harbord: Dixie, gr g, 55gs. The South Shropshire Hunt horses, the property of Major W. S. Gatacre: Beauty, bl m, 86gs.; Bas Church, bl g, 88gs.; Oliver Twist, b g, 100gs.; Charlie Lock, br g, 56gs.; Nugget, ch g, 74gs.; Quicksilver, br g, 85gs. Property of Mrs. J. W. D. Evans: Zephyr, ch m, 70gs. The Ledbury Hunt horses, the property of A. W. Strickland, Esq.: Adare, b g, 130gs.; V.A.D., b g, 86gs.; Curate, b g, 63gs.; Tiger, ch m, 100gs.; Molly, bl m, 61gs. The Blankney Hunt horses: Syston, 110gs.; Weaver, 100gs.; Foxglove, 73gs.; Pytchley, 145gs.; Kilkenny, 100gs.; Whitefoot, 96gs.; Peppermint, 76gs.; Sailor, 62gs. The Tedworth Hunt horses, the property of Sir Gordon Ley, Bart.: Ascot, b g, 94gs.; Grey Goblin, gr g, 95gs.; Overflow, b g, 54gs. Property of Mr. R. E. Pickett: Oldfellow, b g, 150gs. Property of Mr. J. R. Stedman: Juniper, gr g, 115gs.

Cheshire Hunt Kennels

A VERY successful sale of the Cheshire Hunt horses, the property of Major A. S. Casey, was conducted at the Kennels on the 4th inst., by Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade, Ltd., of Leicester. There was a large company, and satisfactory prices were realised: the top figure was given for the chesnut gelding Raymond and bay gelding Leicester, each making 300gs.; whilst the chesnut gelding Rufus went for 200gs. The following is an official return of the sale: Clarissa, b m, 78gs.; Paris, ch g, 110gs.; Perseus, bl g, 100gs.; Melrose, b g, 80gs.; Kite, b g, 80gs.; Hagen, ch g, 60gs.; Raffles, b g, 56gs.; Faust, r g 135gs.; Oliver, ch g, 100gs.; Dawn, b g, 66gs.; Raleigh, b g, 105gs.; Raymond, ch g, 300gs.; Leicester, b g, 300gs.; Rufus, ch g, 200gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

VOL. CLXXI. No. 4456. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1938 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 5D.



W. A. Rouch

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

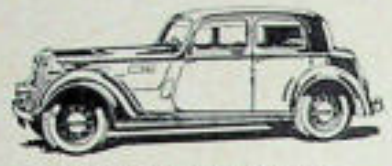
This picture shows Prince Arthur in the uniform of the Royal Scots Greys, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief, and in which he formerly served. He was Governor-General of South Africa from 1920 to 1924, and has travelled in many parts of the Empire.

Capt. G. E. T. Eyston
says
(in "The Sunday Pictorial")

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THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1231
HANDICAP YACHT RACING 1233
REBUILDING THE EMPIRE BY THE CLYDE . . . 1234
THE FREE HANDICAP 1236
FAMOUS COLTS NOW LOST TO RACING 1238
THE CLIFTON-ON-TEME POINT-TO-POINT RACES . 1238
ADSDEAN TAKE THE WHITNEY CUP 1239
THE ECONOMIC IMPORTANCE OF POULTRY . . 1240
IRELAND'S MOUNTAIN TROUT 1242
THE WREN OF THE RIVER 1243
A GREAT YACHTING OCCASION 1244
THE SECRET OF BRADMAN'S SUCCESS 1245
ROUND THE WICKETS 1245
THAT HOLE IN ONE 1246
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: TYRONE AND FERMANAGH 1247
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK 1250
WHEN THE BLACK MARLIN STRIKES 1253
THE FATE OF NEW ZEALAND'S BIG GAME . . . 1256
HOT WEATHER SKETCHES 1258
SOUTH AFRICA'S GAME RESERVES 1262
IN SUDAN AND WALES 1264
BIG GAME OF NORTHERN RHODESIA 1267
HORSE AND SPEAR IN EAST AFRICA 1268
SALMON IN NEWFOUNDLAND 1269
SNOW TIME "DOWN UNDER" 1271
THE LAST STAND OF THE MUSK-OX 1272
ON TREK IN SOMALILAND 1275
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY 1276
ORIENTAL TRAPS AND TRAPPERS 1279
BIRD GOSSIP IN A KENYA GARDEN 1280
SETTLEMENT IN TANGANYIKA 1282
TARPON IN LAGOS HARBOUR 1284
NOVICE IN WONDERLAND 1287
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1288
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1288
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1288
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Record Giant Eland; English Thoroughbred; Dry Fly in Impossible Weather; &c. 1289
NEW BOOKS 1295
PEONIES FOR SPLENDOUR 1297
GAME AND FORESTRY 1297
LAWNS FROM PASTURELAND 1298
HUNTING OF GREAT QUARRY 1298
THE BATH AND WEST AT PLYMOUTH 1300
THE 25 H.P. SUPER SIX WOLSELEY 1305
BY CAR TO THE CONTINENT 1306
"ISABEL II"—AND POLLY 1310
CARDS AND CHESS 1313
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1314

METHOD AND MEADOW BROOK

ANOTHER challenge for the Westchester Cup is due next year at Meadow Brook, and the splendid performance of the Hurlingham team in the last series in London two years ago, when the Cup was so very nearly regained, has revived British hopes. Already the selection committee have made some commendable moves. They have appointed Major N. W. Leaf as pony manager for the team and intend to appoint a non-playing captain, a very necessary official, though it will be most difficult to find a person to fit the position in every respect. During the past winter the nucleus of a string of ponies has been collected from Argentina, Australia and elsewhere, so that it seems possible that the mistakes of the past may not be repeated.

Next year, however, the Hurlingham team will have to play on the other side of the Atlantic and certainly against a more formidable combination than that of 1936, organised and trained to a hair, both as regards men and ponies. They will probably meet a 39-goal side, playing the cream of the Americas in the matter of ponies. On present handicaps the Hurlingham team is unlikely to exceed 32 goals, so that the odds are against them to the extent of seven goals. Nevertheless, with the memory of what has been achieved by many famous regimental teams in the past by patient schooling and combined practice, there is no cause for despair. A well-drilled team who know each other well, and their ponies better, may accomplish wonderful things. We saw this in 1914, though polo conditions are very changed to-day. It is admittedly true that any four international players should shake down together at short notice, but, judged by American standards, there is a notable shortage of such players in this country at the present time.

It may be argued that "there is lots of time," but even so this season affords an excellent opportunity to give the "probables" some match-play practice and to judge of the quality of the ponies collected for them. But no hint has so far been given that anything of such a nature is proposed. The short and strenuous London season, indeed, makes such a project difficult, but in the circumstances surely something should be done? So far as can be judged, all the players who have a reasonable claim to consideration are playing in London at the present time. Moreover, Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. Roberto Cavanagh, two great players, are members of visiting teams and, with them and six probable British players, a game or games, which would be not only informative but a great "draw" for the public, could no doubt be arranged, even at a trifling expense to the London programme. Surely each of the London clubs could be prevailed on to stage one such game? It is hard to see what is the object of collecting the nucleus of a string of ponies, and keeping them entirely out of first-class polo, thereby preventing the players who will eventually ride them getting to know them. No doubt the new "Master of the Horse" and the Selection Committee have this in mind.

Once the committee has made its selection of its "possibles" and "probables" it is to be presumed that the non-playing captain will be at once given sole command. Whatever one may feel, politically, as to the virtues or demerits of a dictatorship, it is an incontrovertible fact that dictators do get things done.

THE LINNEAN SOCIETY

ONE hundred and fifty years ago the Linnean Society of London was founded "for the Cultivation of the Science of Natural History in all its branches and more especially of the Natural History of Great Britain and Ireland." In 1802 the society was incorporated by Royal Charter with an indefinite number of fellows. In 1904 an additional charter was obtained, which limited the number of fellows and increased the council from fifteen to twenty members. And so the society remains to-day. Glancing down the list of presidents from the first—Sir James Edward Smith, F.L.S.—to the present—Mr. John Ramsbottom, O.B.E.—one reads one famous name after another, and the same holds true of the list of secretaries. But that is to be expected, for every distinguished British (and many foreign) botanist and zoologist has been a fellow of the society. In the society's rooms at Burlington House is housed the library and the collections of Linnæus himself, and in the society's rooms many papers of the greatest importance have first been read. Here in 1858 Charles Darwin gave his first sketch of the theory of Natural Selection, and a letter was read from Alfred Russell Wallace, who was also a fellow of the society. From its inception down to the present day the objects for which the Linnean Society was formed have been faithfully observed. And to-day its dignity and authority stand as high as at any time in its century-and-a-half of illustrious work.

CHANGES AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

Born the eldest son of a peer, a position formerly considered fortunate but now the most favourable way of suffering political eclipse, Lord Harlech, who had the confidence of the whole Colonial Service, is removed from office. To those interested in the Fauna Conference which opens before the end of this month this is particularly sad, as the new Secretary of State can hardly have his brief read before the work of the conference is finished. Fortunately, Mr. MacDonald has the reputation of being a young and active administrator, and it is not likely that he will view with complacency the present rather dismal situation of wild life in our Colonial Empire. Its future is in his hands far more than that conventional phrase usually signifies. To explain it with a distinctly more homely one, "when father says turn we all turn" in the colonial service.

DAVIS CUP EXPECTATIONS

Great Britain is playing Yugoslavia at Zagreb this week-end in the third round of the Davis Cup. The winner of the tie may reasonably expect to reach the final of the European group. With the exception of R. A. Shayes, our showing at Harrogate against Roumania was not reassuring, but with D. W. Butler playing the other single instead of C. M. Jones, who displayed plenty of tenacity but little punch and was dropped, we need not despair. Butler's activity and fitness should match that of F. Puncec and J. Pallada, and he might pull off one single.

Either of the Yugoslavians, strangers to the hustling Shayes, may fall before his destructive and versatile volleying before they have got the hang of it. Thus, as seemingly ever, everything may depend on the double. If this should be the case, F. H. D. Wilde and Butler will have to be much better than they were at Harrogate in order to win. As to surprises, Shayes, in his new capacity as an apparently possible successor to F. J. Perry, has the chance of a lawn tennis lifetime to put himself definitely on the map, and to bring a rather derided Great Britain unexpectedly back, by winning two singles.

IZAAK WALTON'S COTTAGE

News that Izaak Walton's cottage, which he bequeathed for charitable purposes to the Corporation of Stafford, has been again burned down will raise in anglers' minds, in addition to their regret at the loss, a certain feeling that there has been some lack of care in its proper preservation. The cottage stood on the banks of the Meece—or Shallowford Brook, which many men consider to have been the stream Walton had in mind when he expressed the wish to "Loiter long days near Shawford brook"—but it is not far from the railway line, and it may be that the fire, which is said to have started in the thatch, originated in a spark from a passing train. But surely there are means, nowadays, of fire-proofing thatch? Regret at the loss will perhaps be a little mitigated by the realisation that the museum really contained nothing at all intimately connected with Walton himself. Walton's marriage chest is in Warwick Castle; his creel (if it is genuine), in the Fly-fishers' Club. It is to be hoped that the cottage will be restored. At all events, the site is still left to us.

TRENT BRIDGE

(Opened by William Clarke, May 23rd, 1838)

A hundred years! How young (it seems to-day)
Was that green England, callow in her play,
A lost Arcadia, artless and unknown,
Young as a girl one year upon the throne!

There stood the inn, and there the River Trent
Strolled by, mute witness of a great event,
Of William Clarke, who—in his craft sublime—
Set the ball rolling down the pitch of time.

All England throngs—All England was his team—
This same lush carpet, when the pennons gleam.
Here scores mount up throughout the afternoon;
Here trumpets sound for that first joust of June.

There ranged rough benches, where to-day the stands
Give back the echoes of applauding hands.
One moves among them, spectral but austere,
Tall-hatted, grave, Old Clarke—the pioneer.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

HOW hardly the craftsman dies! Everything for a hundred years and more has conspired to extinguish him from the face of the land. The Enclosures took away from him his little bit of land that he would harrow, till, sow and reap when he had done his day's job up at the farm or in the church or at his bench or anvil. The machines substituted automatism for inherited skill of hand and eye. In the latter part of last century he had to live on a starvation wage. The drift of the young men to the towns deprived him of apprentices to be trained, of sons to be indoctrinated. Commercial values and a general depreciation of quality in output bore heavily on a man whose business was the work and not the price. The crushing dominance of urban tastes, standards, values and desires put diffusion in place of local vitality, the crowd in place of the family, mass-production in place of home-made products, and these and every other modern tendency were united in undermining his status, squeezing out the demand for his services and taking the heart out of him. Yet my thatcher, a craftsman every inch of his sturdy thickset frame, had by some mystery of resistance brought time to a standstill. Its waves had gone over him like the sea over plutonic rock. There was no sign of erosion in the man.

When he had finished thatching the "Hermitage" in my orchard, so called in honour of Gilbert White's, I said to him, "Do you know what a dolly is?" Did he?—he never even bothered to answer, though the nearest dolly on a thatched roof was 60 miles away, and that only in one direction. What symbolic shape, form or image would I like? "No," I said, "I leave that to you," and so he made me, all out of plaited straw, an exquisite old-time spinning-wheel that now crowns the centre-piece. Nobody before had ever made him a request so fantastic, and he must have conjured the answer out of the deeps of folk-memory. But he was the traditional master-man, not only by the deftness and artistry of his hands, but by the conditions of his daily life. From his young manhood upwards he had been a thatcher, instructed by his father, and I personally have never met with a single craftsman whose craft had not been handed down to him by family inheritance. In his parish church stands an elaborate tomb of 1595, exhibiting by figures of four sons and five daughters that pride in prolificacy which our ancestors made no attempt to hide under a bushel. The family name was the same as his own, and it would make an interesting contribution to social history if the names of the few authentic craftsmen who survive were examined with a view to testing their continuity in village annals. Nearly all those I know bear names that appear in parish registers centuries old, and their stability is mainly derived from two factors, a specialised family tradition in craftsmanship, and small ownership in the common fields of the village community. Did my thatcher also belong to a family like Tess's Durbeyfields?

He earned his living by piecework, making 11/6 a square (100ft.), but the price fell so low—4/6 a square—in the depression of 1901 that he was forced to migrate to London and drive a team of horses. He lays off work at the end of the afternoon and goes home to attend to his dozen pigs, thus faithfully following up the tradition of the old-style master-craftsman who cultivated his strips in the open fields. His associations with the land were memorially close. He had been the last man in the whole region to use the threshing-flail, and he presented me with a collection of most curious antique agricultural implements—a pronged turnip-pecker, a barley-spiker for ridding the barley of oil on the threshing-floor, a haybond-twister and a sheep-shears unique of its kind. On the back of one blade is engraved the shepherd's name—Shepherd Walter Wilkinson—on the other is the portrait of a ram in low relief. A century ago, this shears was found by his father embedded in the straw of an ancient barn he was re-thatching.

Patiently, even buoyantly, he puts up with the vexatious obstacles changed times have strewn in his path, the absence of apprentices, the shortage in wheat straw, its entanglement in bindweed, the scamping of the work from lack of time and other evidences of decay. But imperturbably he walks out of the past into the present and, to keep him company in the foreign aspect of things, brings the past along with him.

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Theodora racing in the Coronation Regatta

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A Call for Necessary Action

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THE all-important problem of handicap racing has once more been brought prominently to the fore by a pertinent letter from Mr. H. M. Crankshaw which is printed elsewhere in these pages. He implies very rightly that to-day handicap racing has not the sound and healthy basis that it should have and such a statement from such a source compels attention.

In order to get handicap racing in its proper perspective with regard to yachting in general, let us examine the position of the handicap class. To my mind the class exists to permit occasional racing for yachts which belong to no established class or to different established classes. Within the scope of this definition must lie craft of every size, tonnage, rig and shape, all to be levelled up in terms of achievement by a handicap. This sort of thing has always found a place in British yachting. Indeed, before the days of the Rating Rules, this was the only form of sport that existed.

When rating came into its own one by one various "classes" were built up, and with the development of this specialisation handicap racing took upon itself another function, that of providing sport for yachts of all sizes which for one reason and another no longer competed in the regular races for their class. All this was logical evolution, but the really significant factor in those years of change was that, whenever class racing generally and the "big class" in particular fell upon hard times, handicap racing held the fort, keeping interest and skill alive until, the wheel turning its usual cycle, a new big class or a genuine revival set in. The clearest possible example of this lies in the story of the immediate post-War years when handicap racing for the big yachts alone made it possible for yachting to withstand the economic storm. Out of the handicap work of those lean years sprang the sport of to-day.

Further proof of the tremendous importance of the handicap fleet is to be found in the way it literally represented first-class yachting in the years which preceded the coming of the 23-metre yachts. And, if all this be considered too ancient a piece of history, there is last year's Coronation Regatta at Torbay to be remembered. There Theodora and her attractive sisters formed the *pièce de résistance*, the big class, of an important meeting—and they raced on handicap. I mention these things here to suggest that the material importance of a sound and vigorous handicap class to British yachting is very great indeed—and, to-day, once again the sport lacks a vigorous big class, for, excellent though the "Twelves" are, I do not think they can hold the fort for long. Nowadays, moreover, another factor tends to make the handicap fleet even more important than ever—and that is the growing intensity of class racing. Not every owner can spare the time in these busy days to participate in every regatta, to sail in every race both week-end and mid-week. Indeed, the pressure of big-class racing has become a whole-time job. For the ordinary owner some other less strenuous outlet must be found and it can lie in handicap racing.

These points are stressed here in order that the due importance of a vigorous handicap class at the present time should be quite clear. And yet when a distinguished committee of experts put forward to the Y.R.A. council a unanimously agreed plan for reinstating the handicap fleet at this critical juncture of yachting history, the Y.R.A. council rejected this plan and, as Mr. Crankshaw has put it, offered "nothing tangible in return."

It is my belief that the handicap fleet could flourish and should flourish and would be encouraged to flourish if the points set out by Mr. Crankshaw were adopted. Quite obviously with a "mixed bag" fleet of entries there should be some division of that fleet into classes. This was always done in the past and could with the greatest of ease be achieved in the present. Obviously, as ocean racers have discovered, one cannot for ever go on racing slow cruisers against ex-racers and expect interest not to flag. The entrants must be divided upon a fair basis into the "naturally slower" class and the "naturally faster" class—call them A and B if you will. The actual classification might well be achieved upon some system of debits and credits similar to that adopted in ocean racing this year.

As to the handicap itself, the elements of a time correction must always be governed by size and hull form and sail area with, be it noted, some niche found for actual performance. The time correction due to the usual dimensional factors is not difficult to determine, and when adjusted in the light of the results of practical performance, experience can (and does) produce remarkably close handicapping. Care is needed when including a performance factor, however, because one does not wish, as happened in years gone by, to over-penalise the ship which is really and consistently well sailed by increasing her handicap with every victory she records. Yet some adaptation to League football practice is desirable, and success in a race might well find its reflection, as is contemplated in the ocean racing classes, in an adjustment of the credits upon which classification is based.

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AN AUSPICIOUS SEND-OFF TO THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION
The great concourse of visitors in the Fountain Court adjoining the Pavilion of Industry and Canada Pavilion

REBUILDING THE EMPIRE BY THE CLYDE

An Architectural Triumph at Bellahouston

By J. E. SEWELL

I AM tempted, after long and arduous explorations of Bellahouston Park, to write, simply and solely, about the Exhibition Lion. He looks down upon you from every point of vantage when you go to Glasgow—a magnificent lion, a lion who defies heraldry and natural history in one superb gesture, inviting yet at the same time challenging. He is young, eager, athletic. He has learnt, heaven knows how, to curve his paws in such a way that, if you feel friendly, you may interpret his posture as one of whole-hearted welcome, and, if you are soured and critical, you may feel that the "dukes are up," and that Scotland is ready and anxious to deal with all objections. He is, in fact, the perfect symbol of the British Empire at the present stage of its evolution—a much better symbol, incidentally, than those middle-aged and smugly cheerful beasts who, in golden weariness, guard the portals of the United Kingdom Pavilion. He is alert, confident and ready for anything, and he typifies the whole spirit of the Empire Exhibition.

There have been more costly exhibitions, and exhibitions which have given a more comprehensive picture of the thing which they set out to exhibit. To attempt to expound the British Empire in 175 acres is to invite complaints on the score of omission, and even £10,000,000 is a small enough sum to spend on telling the world exactly what it owes to the Commonwealth of Nations who are on parade at Bellahouston. But it is a good exhibition—better in many respects than any I have visited in the past fifteen years—and it does present, in a style which is both splendid and simple, the ideals and achievements of the Empire.

It is worth while generalising for a little before one begins to analyse one's particular impressions, because Bellahouston's success, which, at the moment, seems fairly assured, depends to a very great extent on general design rather than on startling incidentals. I am told that Mr. Thomas S. Tait, the supervising architect, thought the whole thing out on a wet Sunday afternoon . . . perhaps the most productive wet Sunday afternoon that Glasgow has ever known. For Bellahouston is an exhibition which will neither stagger nor exhaust you, and yet leave you with the impression that you have seen something rather important, and beautiful and exciting. The buildings are grouped on three sides of a long hill shaped like an upturned boat. The famous Tower stands at one end of the hill, and the other end has been converted into a huge restaurant built like part of a ship. Between them, ornamental cascades pour down on either side, flanked by steps. On the south lie the Dominions and Colonial Pavilions, on the west are the United Kingdom Pavilion and the Palaces of Industries, and to the north are the Scottish Pavilions, the Palace of Art and "An Clachan," a valiant and remarkably successful attempt to transpose the atmosphere of the Western Islands into a Glasgow suburb. Here is a natural "lay-out" for an exhibition, and full use has been made of the opportunities. The buildings are, on the whole, modernistic—refreshingly free from that wedding-cakiness which is the generic style for this sort of effort, yet never falling into the ponderous austerity which gave Wembley its self-conscious importance.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE EMPIRE TOWER FROM THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS

Steel and concrete are, in fact, mercifully out of the picture—partly because rearmament in the past ten months has made fixed-time contracts with the steel-works difficult to obtain, partly because—it should have dawned upon everybody long ago—timber and asbestos are not only available, but by far the best material for impermanent building that is known. I do not mean by this that the Exhibition conveys any impression of hastiness or improvisation. But it certainly has a suggestion, in its light and airy style, of the "baseless fabric of a vision," at which all sensible exhibitions should aim.

The use of colour is exemplary. Young Gordon Tait, the son of the architect, has been given a good deal of responsibility in planning the range of pastel shades which would unify the whole without running the risk of monotony. Blues, pinks, browns and yellows are nicely commingled so well that when you find the G.P.O. Pavilion, swearing lustily at everything in sight with something which is nearly, but not quite, pillar-box red, your first sensation is one of indignation. Later, you realise that it is the only discordancy among a hundred pavilions, and your respect for the colour scheme is enhanced. It will be a very dull day indeed when the sun does not appear to shine in Bellahouston.

Night effects are more obvious, except for the illuminated cascades and fountains, which are strikingly beautiful. From the crest of the hill the water pours down on either side through a series

of pools, over glass weirs, beneath which are concealed the many coloured lamps. At the Royal Fountain on the north side of the hill programmes of illuminated fountain-falls in changing colours—"organ-pipes," "crown," "feathers," and many others—are operated. The effects are lovely and fascinating—not, let us admit, as breath-taking as those at the end of the Reina Cristina avenue with which Barcelona thrilled the world a few years ago, but immeasurably the best that have been seen in the British Isles. They leave one wondering why so rich a means of noctural decoration remains so little exploited. Perhaps England has never really understood fountains, and Scotland may teach her.

These are the general impressions of Bellahouston which you might gather from an observation-balcony of "Tait's Tower," standing 300ft. tall in a block of concrete weighing 3,200 tons, which is buried in the eastern spur of the hill. Remaining on the crest, you may explore the Treetops Restaurant at its base and dine, with 399 other people, at reasonable cost, among the branches around which the building has been erected. More exclusively and expensively, you may eat at the Atlantic Restaurant on the western spur, and imagine yourself at sea in a luxury liner—unless your eye happens to catch the huge granite monolith which juts out of the foc'sle to commemorate the King's visit to the Exhibition site last year.

For a detailed examination of the best that the Exhibition has to show, you cannot do better than arrive at the Paisley Road West entrance and go straight to the Palace of Art, which lies behind what will be, in a few weeks' time, Glasgow's loveliest rose-garden. This is the only permanent building of the Exhibition, and its contents are worth a fairly prolonged inspection.

The Raeburns, especially "The MacNab," have already received adequate publicity. The Ramsays—thirteen of them—are also likely to provoke a good deal of admiration, the King's loaned pictures, "The Penny Wedding" and "Blind Man's Buff," are perfect examples of Wilkie's admirable combination of rhythm and acute observation, and, in the modern section, Sickert, Steer and John are well represented.

The Scottish Pavilions, historical and modern, come next, on either side of the avenue stretching westward—tall, dignified buildings in pale and dark blue. One of them presents, in a lively yet completely unaggressive way, exactly what modern Scotland represents to her own countrymen in social services—education, health, infant welfare, town planning, transport and housing. An outstanding exhibit is a relief model of Scotland covering 500 sq. ft., showing by an enormous number of tiny models the road, rail, shipping and air routes, power-stations, wireless stations, lighthouses and many other features. In the historical pavilion a series of furnished apartments illustrate the evolution of Scottish domestic town life. Priceless historical relics of the Covenanters and the Jacobites are on view, and in the Entrance Hall stands one of the artistic achievements of the Exhibition, the late Archibald Dawson's 25ft.-high statue of St. Andrew as a youth. It stands against a tall window in which a venerable presentation of the saint is etched on a diagonal cross stretching from corner to corner.

The Concert Hall, at the end of the avenue, is just a good concert hall, and need not detain us. Outside it is one of the most delightful statuary groups in the Exhibition, a fountain ensemble of a sea maiden surrounded by Disneyan water-monsters in bronze by Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson. But nothing very much matters in this corner of the Exhibition compared with the United Kingdom Pavilion. This is, by general agreement, the finest single building at Bellahouston. I make bold to say that it is also the finest official building at an Exhibition that has yet been seen in Europe.

It has a gracious formal dignity which is never pontifical, and its white elegance conceals its enormous size simply by making you think of other things. As I have suggested, the golden lions seem to me a little unfortunate, as does the large formalised Britannia at the other end of the building. But these are easily forgotten, and Mr. Herbert Rowse, the architect, must be congratulated on a really splendid achievement.

The contents of the building are worthy of its Four great halls open into the long gallery which runs the whole length of the building. In the first is the Fitter Britain display, organised by the Ministry of Health. Here, the most imaginative exhibit is the "mechanical man," an ingenious model which interprets the working of the human body in terms of machinery. Mr. A. Barney Seale's colossal group, "The Perfect Family," stands at the end of the hall. Next is the Coal Hall, with its working model of a mine, and a fascinating series of exhibits showing the by-products of carbonisation. In the Iron and Steel Hall is a large model of an up-to-date blast-furnace, and demonstrations of the work of the physicist and chemist in the production

STATELY BY DAY, IMPRESSIVE BY NIGHT



THE UNITED KINGDOM PAVILION WITH THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVING ON THE DAY OF THE OPENING CEREMONY



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING FLOODLIT

of new alloys. The wheelhouse and chart-room of a cargo liner are on view in the Shipbuilding Hall, with an enormous amount of education in modern marine engineering conveyed by models. So much cataloguing of the contents of the United Kingdom Pavilion is only a perfunctory way of suggesting the breadth of treatment which has inspired the organisers. The pavilion is a place in which you could spend an entire morning with plenty of instruction and not a minute of boredom.

There are two Palaces of Industries and a Palace of Engineering, which will not admit of perfunctory treatment, but I must simply beg to be excused about them. They are magnificent, impressive and bewildering—all, indeed, that they should be, and rather better than one expects. But at exhibitions there is a mental weariness corresponding all too accurately to the nagging insistence of shoes which gradually and diabolically become too small for the feet they contain. Sufferers in both these categories may profitably betake themselves to the model of the Victoria Falls in the Pavilion of Southern Rhodesia and East Africa.

It is cool, dark and interesting. One enters from the sunshine into a long, dim gallery, one wall of which consists of tropical foliage. Through it, one watches a startlingly realistic cataract, 120ft. long and 14ft. high, roaring down interminably into a seething trough at one's feet. The cyclonamic sky changes as you watch, from pearly dawn to purple dusk. In the interval, shafts of sunlight build rainbows in the spray. When the stars come out, a little train buzzes about in what looks like the remote distance. It is all very childish and very delightful. The entire machinery was explained to me, with the staggering assertion that 25,000 gallons of water—real water—are hurled over the falls every minute. I can only believe and still wonder.

Canada's great pavilion dominates the southern section of the exhibition, with its 100ft. tower bearing the Canadian coat of arms. It is without windows—a daring innovation—and, except for its steelwork, built of Canadian materials exclusively. Commercially, this is probably the most effective of the Dominions pavilions. The wide range of Canadian products is fully illustrated in "shop-windows" and murals, and, perhaps for the first time, Englishmen will be brought to realise that the land of corn and furs is also important for its minerals. The most vivid of its exhibits is a huge illuminated map on burnished copper. You may press a button and find out from it everything you want to know, geographically, about mining centres, aerodromes, universities or mounties' outposts.

In the Australian Pavilion you will find a very satisfying model of Sydney's great bridge, a collection of Australian birds in a bush setting, a fine collection of fleeces and some excellent Australian wines which nobody in England seems as yet to know much about. Decorative timbers, meat and dairy produce are displayed, and in the gardens surrounding the Pavilion are tree-ferns which have been specially imported from Australia.

New Zealand's progressive social policy, as well as its agricultural produce, is fully demonstrated in its pavilion, with special emphasis on the way in which the Maori shares with the white men on equal terms. Cabbage-tree palms and New Zealand flax line the approach to the doors, which are flanked by tall Maori pillars. South Africa justifies her breakaway from the general modernism of the Exhibition architecture with a pavilion which is an extremely charming replica of an Old Dutch settler's homestead. One of the features on view here is Mrs. E. Hamilton Welsh's remarkable collection of native curios, including costumes, weapons, beadwork and many other forms of native craftsmanship. Gold and diamond mining, ostrich farming and wine-growing are vividly presented. In the Irish pavilion there is a magnificent gallery of the pictures of classic racehorses bred in Éire, and a general atmosphere of progress and expansion. It is the most ambitious publicity effort that has ever been made by the nation since its separate existence began, and there are Irish exiles, as well as Englishmen, who will find themselves a little bewildered at the transformation of Irish mentality which has come about in the last fifteen years.

The tour has begun to develop a certain purposeful speed, and it is time to stop. Half the exhibition is still unvisited—the churches, the Peace Pavilion—you should by now have heard most of the repertoire of its famous carillon—the extraordinarily ingenious I.C.I. Pavilion, the displays of the Crown Colonies and the Tea Pavilion, and dozens of others. But Bellahouston is impossible in a single day or a single article.

For its beauty, its interest and its completeness it deserves a visit from everybody who is interested in the Empire, presented not as a mere historical agglomeration which has lost its purpose in the modern world, but as a young, vigorous family, proud of its achievements yet eager to surpass them.

THE FREE HANDICAPS

"Mid-day Sun Was Placed 34lb. Below the Best"

EACH year there are two Free Handicaps. One for the two-year-olds and one for the three-year-olds of the year.

There is no question of entering for these handicaps, and no fee to be paid by an owner unless he accepts, but in either case there are qualifications imposed by the official handicapper before he handicaps a horse in either of these races.

The qualifications for a horse to be handicapped in the two-year-old race are—it must have run at least three times and shown sufficiently good form to justify its inclusion. The official handicapper may omit any horse that, in his opinion, has not justified its inclusion, and he does not handicap horses that would receive less than 6st. 7lb.; therefore, horses of selling class, even though they may have won their races, are not included.

The number that gained the distinction to be handicapped last year was 203. The race is run at Newmarket each year over seven furlongs. Mr. Arthur Fawcett, the official handicapper to the Jockey Club, is responsible for making this handicap.

As can be readily imagined, it is no easy matter to handicap accurately so many horses in the range 9st. 7lb. to 6st. 7lb. He therefore must strike a balance of each horse's form. The result is a most valuable guide to the capabilities of each horse during its three-year-old career this season. The race itself is of little importance, as usually few accept to run, and, as was the case this year, there were only thirteen starters. The reason for this is, many of the horses in this handicap are sprinters, their best distance being five furlongs, others are now being trained for races of one mile and more; others, usually those at the top of the handicap, are being trained for the classic races, i.e., the Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, or "terms" races, when they would meet other horses on more favourable terms than they would in handicaps.

All through the season, and particularly in the early part of the year, it is well worth noting whether any horse improves its position in the Free Handicap. It can be understood, Mr. Fawcett cannot see every race that is run. A horse may win by more in hand than the distance suggests. Again, the majority of two-year-old races are five furlongs, and it is not until late in the season that these youngsters run over a distance of six furlongs and up to one mile. A horse may never be able to win at over seven furlongs, and others that have only been placed up to a mile may be running on, and at the age of three will win at a mile and a half, or long distances.

So we must realise that this handicap is only a guide for races between five furlongs and one mile, and even then, as I have explained, a glance at the previous form with the horse's breeding will tell us whether it is likely to stay the distance of the particular race or not.

Really good horses have, in the past, won as two-year-olds over five furlongs, and as they progress have run over the much longer races. Bahram, the winner of the triple Crown, was a recent example. As a two-year-old he won over five furlongs, six furlongs, and as a three-year-old he won the Guineas (one mile), the Derby (one-and-a-half miles), and the St. Leger (one mile and three-quarters). So we find that the best horse can win at any distance. Bahram was placed top of the Free Handicap of his year. It is possible that the winner of this year's Derby and other classics may be at the top of the Free Handicap, or in among the first six.

There are, however, stables which do not run their two-year-olds very often, consequently they do not qualify for inclusion, and so we may find that this year the winner is not included. The excessive running of a two-year-old must interfere with its development, and there is always the grave risk of an injury when the joints are delicate. Very often a hard race may sour a two-year-old and spoil its future career, but, probably most important of all, much racing may stop its growth. A small two-year-old may win races, but if it is still small (by that I mean lacking in depth and width as well as height) it stands little chance against the well-developed three-year-olds, and so we find some horses, that have won races at two, never again gain that distinction because of this.

Much patience is required, of both trainers and owners, because it is very tempting to catch the early worm. A win is better than no win, the prizes to be gained in two-year-old races are tempting, and it may be the only chance.

In the early part of each season the best two-year-olds are not seen out on a racecourse. Usually they do not appear until Ascot or even Goodwood. Therefore a trainer may try and win with his moderate or bad one while the opportunity permits, and the earlier usually the greater the opportunity, and so the form is not, as a rule, reliable. By November it has sorted itself. In December the Free Handicaps are published; this saves us a great deal of trouble. A glance will tell us how each horse stands relatively to another, and so we only have to find out what is the horse's best distance, and watch for those that did not qualify either because they did not run often enough, or because they did not run at all.

Ramtapa is one that would have been in the Free Handicap had he run once again. He won the New Stakes at Ascot and was later third in the Dewhurst Stakes at Newmarket. On this form he is about equal to his stable companion Caerloptic, who was rated 15lb. below the top-weight Portmarnock, but it will be interesting to see whether he confirms that form when he is next seen on a racecourse.

Pasch is another example of being absent from the Free Handicap. He was backward as a two-year-old and did not run at all as such, but on his win the other day at Kempton and by winning in the Two Thousand Guineas, he can be said to be one of the best of his age.

Another that did not run last year as a two-year-old was Pound Foolish. He ran, however, sufficiently well in the Two Thousand Guineas to suggest that he may be one of the best of his age, and even credit Lord Astor with his first Derby winner. But it would be advisable to see where he finishes when next he runs before saying so.

The hard going has robbed us of seeing a large number of the best three-year-olds, and, therefore, many of these in the Free Handicap have not run; but it is interesting to note that the two-year-olds' form has not materially altered so far this season. The first six are Portmarnock, Scottish Union, Mirza II, Tahir, Radiant and Unbreakable; only 11lb. separates each of these horses.

All are colts, except Radiant, who is a filly and was rated last year the best of her sex. The Free Handicap did not work out so well in her case in the One Thousand Guineas (which is for fillies), as she was unplaced to Rockfel and Laughing Water, to whom she was conceeding 21lb. and 17lb. respectively in the Free Handicap; but I would hesitate to condemn Radiant until she runs again on softer going.

Time will show whether this order was correct or whether horses such as Colonel Paine (the late Golden Hair colt) would have displaced one of these. He only ran once last year when third to Portmarnock and Tahir. At any rate, it adds greatly to the interest of racing to watch the progress of these horses and see whether any of the newcomers such as Pasch is able to eclipse their past or present performances. It must also be borne in mind that some horses make exceptional improvement from two years old to three. So it may be found, as was the case last year, that Mid-day Sun was placed 34lb. below the best of his age. I think that this is very much the exception, but when the Derby and Oaks have been run there may be one or two that can be put considerably higher than they are at present; others may have fallen from their exalted positions.

Like the two-year-old Free Handicap, the three-year-old Free Handicap has qualifications. Mr. Fawcett has only handicapped these horses that have run three or more times, as three-year-olds, and only those that have shown some ability over seven furlongs and upwards. As this race is run over one mile and a quarter he has not included those horses which have run over five and six furlongs. Nor has he included selling class or horses that would receive more than 3st. from the best horse, but, like the two-year-old handicap, it is a most valuable guide for us all for races of a mile and upwards.

He has handicapped 130 horses. The first six in the handicap are Mid-day Sun, Solfo, Cash Book, Exhibitionnist, Goya II and Merry Mathew. It is interesting to note that none of these held that position in the two-year-old handicap of that year, and that Cash Book was the only one that did not qualify for inclusion. It was said very often last year that the three-year-olds were below the standard. That statement can best be proved this year when this year's three-year-olds will be running against these now four-year-olds and older horses.

Mid-day Sun was rated the best of his age, as I think he undoubtedly was, in spite of his defeat in the St. Leger, but I regret to learn that he will not run again. Those at the top of this handicap will be running in the weight-for-age and "terms"

(*Continued on column three, page* 1238)

FOXHUNTING IN THE FRUIT AND SHEEP COUNTRIES



THE WORCESTERSHIRE NEAR OFFERTON FARM

A picture from Mr. Meade-King's Exhibition which opened yesterday at the Greatorex Galleries, 14 Grafton Street, New Bond Street, W. We have seldom seen such phenomenal progress in the work of any young artist, and his hunting pictures, very satisfying at present, show infinite promise



THE COTSWOLD NEAR ASTON CROSS

Another picture from Mr. Meade-King's Exhibition of hunting pictures at the Greatorex Galleries which has colour, atmosphere and the genuine touch of one who has seen these things with his own eyes. Also at the Galleries is a complementary exhibition of delicate mural paintings of birds by Mr. Tunnicliffe: it is fascinating work, and grows on one



THE BECKHAMPTON STRING GOING OUT

"It is not to be supposed that the dry weather has caused Mr. Fred Darling less anxiety than other trainers"

FAMOUS COLTS NOW LOST TO RACING

Stud Prospects of Mid-day Sun and Solfo

WHEN the racing season began one of the most interesting questions was whether Mid-day Sun would live up to his best three-year-old form. The admirers of Solfo were looking forward to a successful campaign for him. Both these four-year-old sons of Solario have now run their last races, and the Turf is the poorer by their early retirement. The Derby winner is to stand at the Wyck Hall Stud, Newmarket, at 300gs. No statement as to Solfo's future has yet been made.

Few classic winners in our time have been the subject of so many differences of opinion as Mid-day Sun. Undoubtedly he had his peculiarities. These manifested themselves in his two-year-old days, and at one time the question of whether he should be cut was debated. Mr. Fred Butters was always a great believer in him, and it was due to his faith in his possibilities that the son of Solario—Bridge of Allan remained a colt.

Had the suggested operation been performed his name could not have appeared among winners of the Derby. It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened in that race in the absence of the Kingsclere colt. Surely the winner would not have been Sandsprite, whose subsequent performances have made us all wonder how he came to be placed second in the premier classic race. Looking through the records of the Derby it is curious to observe how many relatively moderate horses have achieved second honours in the race.

Both at Epsom and at Doncaster Solfo finished well behind Mid-day Sun, but on neither of those courses was Major Courtauld's handsome colt in the form he produced when beating Flares, Fair Copy and others in the Jockey Club Stakes. Thus at the end of the season the Jockey Club's handicapper, Mr. Arthur Fawcett, expressed the view in the Free Handicap that there was little to choose between them. Mid-day Sun was placed at the head of the Free Handicap for three-year-olds, Solfo being only 1lb. behind, so it is fair to describe them as the best of their age in 1937. Their respective careers at the stud will be followed with special interest, just like those of Windsor Lad and Bahram.

Not many of the best of last season's three-year-olds remain. Cash Book has taken up his stud duties in Turkey; Exhibitionnist has been mated with Mieuxcé, and Le Grand Duc has gone to Belgium. Such as Goya II., Chulmleigh and Sultan Mahomed have not been out. After winning a race at the Craven meeting Merry Mathew was eased in his work owing to the hard ground, Le Ksar is apparently too high in the handicaps at the moment, Perifox is still something of an enigma, and The Hour will not return to form until the going is softer.

On the other hand Senor and Phalos have both done remarkably good service. The former of these stays so well that he may have to be reckoned with in the Ascot Gold Cup. The experiment in that race of depriving the four-year-olds of the customary concessions of weight from the older horses will be followed with great attention. The reason for this change in the conditions of the Gold Cup and the Queen Alexandra Stakes is a little vague. Presumably it is thought that the four-year-olds have done so well in the Cup in the past that the older horses are entitled to a better chance.

Owing to the forbidding state of the going few changes of importance in the Derby situation occurred at the last of the spring meetings at Newmarket. The chief item of interest was the successful reappearance of Golden Sovereign. On his voyage from South Africa it was delightful for Sir Abe Bailey to have received the message that his colt had accounted for so substantial a prize as the Newmarket Stakes. It is probable that the opposition was moderate. The favourite Greenwich, who was a length and a half behind the winner, has never been considered quite of the true classic stamp. He has since been struck out of the Derby.

The merit of Golden Sovereign's performance at Newmarket centres in the fact that he was believed to be backward. In the normal way, therefore, he should be appreciably better when he runs at Epsom. In appearance it is difficult to find a fault with him. Just of the right size, he shows a great deal of quality and is perfectly turned. It will be recalled that he caused some little sensation as a yearling when offered at the Dublin Horse Show Sales, at which he made the record price of 2,700gs. He had proved a great bargain at that figure. Last season he won just over £2,000 in stakes, and his success in the Newmarket Stakes brought in not far short of that amount.

Again, it is not easy to pick a hole in Golden Sovereign's pedigree. His sire Monarch was a good two-year-old, and having won the Middle Park Stakes was one of the joint leaders of the Free Handicap of his year. His stud career has been passed in France, where, like Papyrus, Abbots Trace, Obliterate and a few others in this country, he is doing something towards carrying on the valuable Tracery line.

On the maternal side the Newmarket Stakes winner does more than pass muster. His dam, Flèche d'Or, is by that great horse Teddy out of Persistent, by Spearmint from Tout Paris, by St. Frusquin. Strange that nobody would give the reserve placed on Flèche d'Or when M. Leon Volterra sent her into the sale-ring at Newmarket in 1934. Lord Fingall was wise enough to buy her after the sale. He has every reason to be delighted with his purchase. Last summer he sold her yearling colt, by Scarlet Tiger, for 1,700gs. He has a yearling colt by the same sire to send up to Dublin in August. In addition, he has a promising colt foal by Limelight out of the mare, who has visited Orwell this season. Incidentally, Scarlet Tiger stands at Lord Fingall's stud in Co. Meath, and to judge by the quality of his early offspring he bids fair to do really well.

At the week-end the ominous news came from Newmarket that Portmarnock had been stopped in his work, being shin-sore after a gallop on the Limekilns a day or two previously. This misfortune threatens to interfere with the arrangement to send him for the Derby Trial Sweepstakes at Lingfield, and may not be without its effect on his prospects for the Derby. It is to be hoped there will be much better news of him by the time these lines reach the reader. Prior to the incident, Portmarnock had shown that he did not care for the conditions underfoot, and it was generally recognised that the prolongation of the drought was steadily diminishing his chance of winning the Derby, for which he was the winter favourite.

In the meantime Pasch has become a stronger favourite than ever. It is not to be supposed that the dry weather has caused Mr. Fred Darling less anxiety than other trainers, but it is at least in Pasch's favour that he has shown himself well adapted to galloping on the hard. Nothing in his brief public life leads one to imagine that he will fail to stay, though one has a lively recollection of the startling changes of form which the difference of the distance between the Epsom course and the Rowley Mile has brought about in the past.

THE CLIFTON-ON-TEME POINT-TO-POINT RACES

THIS meeting took place over the usual all-grass course at Netherwood, some four miles from Bromyard. To counteract the drought the course was made "rideable" by "pole-harrowing," a method which breaks up the surface of the ground, and there were comparatively few falls.

And now, to the course. It was, practically speaking, all right-handed with one exception on the homeward journey. The start was two or three fields "out," but was so placed as to allow of a good view from the hilltop. The horses raced towards one over the first fence, which in common with the others was made up of birch, and the penultimate one was built up in the open. No fence was jumped twice. After the first few jumps the course crossed a lane and then bore right-handed up the only real incline to be met. Another right-handed turn brought the horses back to the lane, which was recrossed and the homeward journey began. There was at least one more right-handed turn before the straight was reached.

The third and last jump was an open ditch, and it was here that Mr. S. F. Priest's Small Hours, travelling like a winner at the time, fell in the Clifton-on-Teme and Adjacent Hunts Race. His rider got a bad cut about the eye. A field of eleven had gone out to the post and after a false start they got well away, with Captain Alan Cadbury's Militant soon holding a small lead. The lane was recrossed before Mr. L. Clugg's Maureen joined Militant in front. The favourite, Small Hours, also moved up and Militant dropped back a little. When Small Hours fell Maureen went ahead to win quite comfortably from Mr. T. H. Jackson's The Nipper. Third place was filled by Mr. O. Symond's Billy Pringle, a good-looking youngster of six.

Twenty-four horses were entered for the Hugh Corbett Nomination Challenge Cup, and fifteen came into the ring. Mr. W. R. Tate's Sawfish, a six-year-old chestnut gelding by Spion Kop, was always just in front. Second home was Mr. O. Symond's Sonny's Halo, the winner of the Duke of Beaufort's (Open) Race at the beginning of the season. Mr. V. R. Bishop's Pencombe Melody was third.

The Clifton-on-Teme and Adjacent Hunts Race for a silver cup presented by Mr. G. C. Reinhold, was won by Mr. Tom Price's Redworm. Redworm has been a real trier all the season. There were six starters, and Mr. T. D. Jackson's Cavalier was up with the winner when he fell soon after recrossing the lane. Mr. T. L. Price's Fashion Maker was second, and Mr. C. D. Hunt's Barley Wine third.

For the Hunt Members' and Farmers' Race there were two starters, Mr. J. S. Clark-Davies's Jerry Builder repeating his success of a year ago and beating Mr. E. Mason's Fleeting Lass.

In the Farmers' Maiden Race favouritism was disputed between Mr. A. S. Read's Fizzer and Mr. "Bill" Morris's Master Billy. The outsider was Mr. C. J. Harper's Gay Girl. All three stood up. The winner—Fizzer—was always going "great guns," but Master Billy put in a very determined sort of challenge near home. J. R.

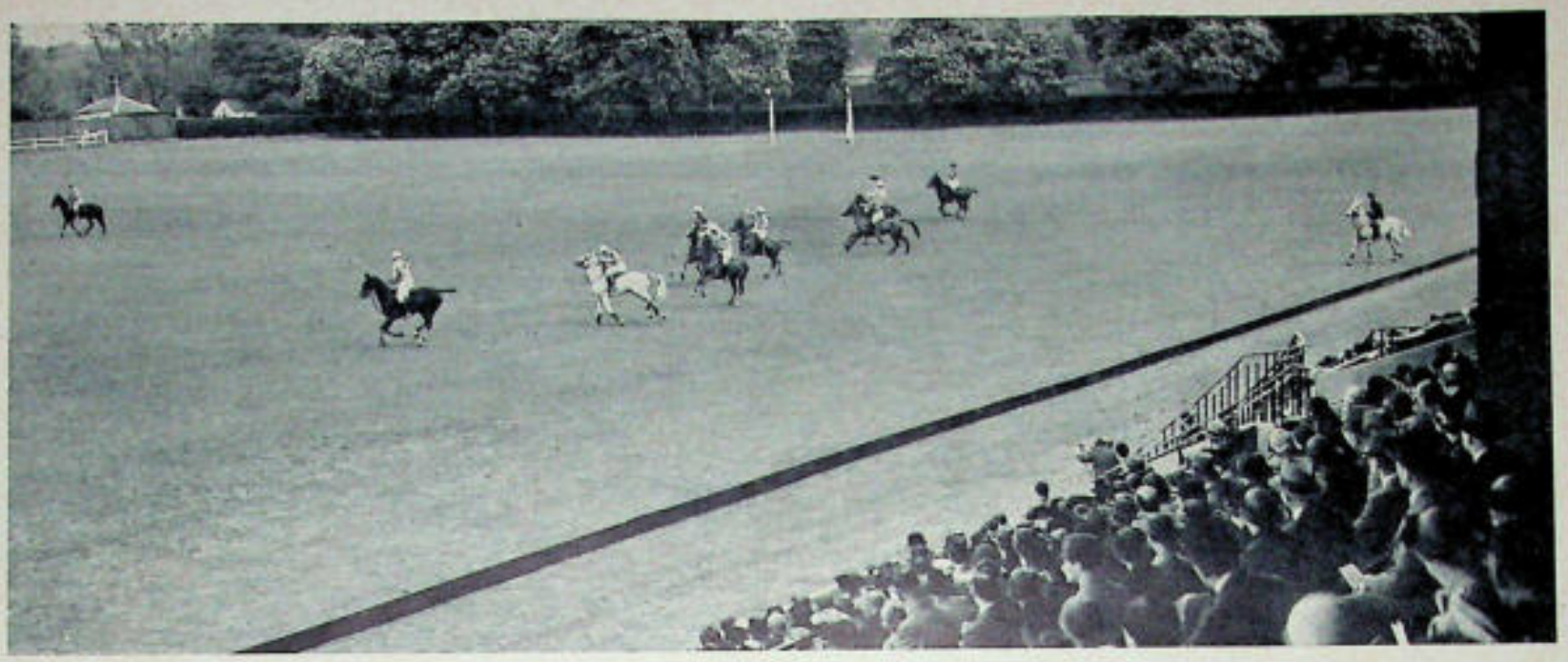
THE FREE HANDICAPS (*Continued from page* 1236)

races of the year, such as the Ascot Gold Cup, Eclipse Stakes and the many other important races to be decided in the season. Others in the handicap will run for the important handicaps at Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood, &c.

A reference to this handicap from time to time will show us whether our four-year-old has improved its position. Many have not been seen out, but of those that have it is of interest to note that Merry Mathew has certainly made the normal improvement from three years to four. Flag of Truce and Carlisle have both done rather more, especially the latter. Some three-year-olds, especially if they are big, do better at four years. Chulmleigh is a big colt, and he may well prove that he was a worthy winner of the St. Leger, and one of the best of his age.

As the season passes we can alter and bring up to date this handicap. It is worth while as a guide to other handicaps and "terms" races, besides of immense interest in watching the progress of any one favourite. To an owner the position of his horse in the Free Handicap is of great importance. Should it have been placed high in either of these handicaps, whether it runs again or not, it is a recommendation if that horse subsequently goes to the stud. To the trainer it is a reliable guide to the weight he may expect his charges to carry should he enter them for handicaps. The racing public rely on them and estimate the chance of a particular horse. Had you studied them before the flat racing started this season, I think that you would agree with me it would be difficult to criticise the position of any particular horse, but time will show whether that was justified.

ACOLYTE.



ADSDEAN BEAT COWDRAY AT HURLINGHAM

Mr. Lakin (4) is on the extreme left; next Mr. Samuel is taking a backhander with Captain Sanger in rear, Captain Morrison on his left, and Captain Dollar riding forward. The rear group is Mr. Robinson (left), Lord Cowdray turning up to take the ball, and Lord Louis Mountbatten on the right. In the centre of the grandstand is the Televisor, showing the light that failed!

ADSDEAN TAKE THE WHITNEY CUP

The Tightening Up of Polo Umpiring

AT the beginning of each new season we hear a good deal of complaint, especially from those who are home on leave, of the undue severity of the umpiring at the London clubs. It may be irritating to be pulled up for a technical offence which entails no real danger, and a game too much punctuated by blasts on the whistle is apt to be a game spoiled. That is all true, but it is none the less true that if minor offences are overlooked a general tide of carelessness sets in, and before you know where you are there may be a nasty smash and a player or a pony is badly hurt. Polo is a dangerous game, and the rules primarily were made to avoid accidents as much as to ensure fair play.

While he is on the ground the unfortunate umpire is too often regarded by the players as "No. 1 Public Enemy": he is nobody's friend and be sure that lots of kind acquaintances will be ready after the game to explain all the errors of which he was guilty. But consider his task. He has to keep with the game from the word "play" to the final bell, he must always be in place to see the line of the ball, and he must keep out of the way. He must remember the ten General Rules and the 26 Field Rules, with all their sub-divisions, the penalties for infringements; he must exercise his judgment as to the severity of the penalty to be imposed, and all the time he must keep his eye glued on the game wherever he may be. As Mr. Hincheliffe remarked: "If I was a sacred peacock with a hundred burnin' eyes in my shinin' tail I'd need 'em all at this job." Apart from anything else he has no leisure to see the game as a game, so his job is just hard work. The game of polo is entirely dependent on umpiring, and good, strict umpiring inevitably improves the standard of play. In England, excepting a distinguished minority whom it would be invidious to mention by name, the umpiring is not generally good. In America, on the other hand, it is of an almost uniform excellence. This may or may not account for the admitted fact that the standard of polo in most parts is distinctly higher than it is in these islands.

It has been suggested that at the beginning of every season one chief umpire should be appointed, and that his business should be to take in turn the London clubs so that a desirable uniformity might be achieved. The idea has much to recommend it, but in the meanwhile the London umpires meet at the beginning of the season and again at the end of it to discuss such points as have arisen and thus ensure that at least the three London clubs should have a distinctly uniform method of controlling the game. So far this season the umpiring has seemed good, and very little has been allowed to pass. That will result later on in a falling-off in the number of fouls committed, and the games will be pleasanter to play in and far better fun to watch. It is fatal to let any player think he can "get away with it." The addition of the 30 yards hit as Penalty No. 2 was intended to encourage severity for dangerous or deliberate fouls, the 60 yards hit (Penalty No. 4) being relegated to a minor penalty for lesser infringements. This should be emphasised to inexperienced umpires.

There was plenty of interesting polo in London last week when the season was begun punctually with the Whitney Cup tournament, although there had been some doubt whether the grounds would be fit for play owing to the protracted dry spell. Actually, the grounds seem to be in good order, though all were needing a heavy fall of warm rain to encourage the young growth. Both the two visiting teams fell by the wayside, and in the end Lord Louis Mountbatten's Adsdean team, the lowest handicapped side in the tournament (which is for teams of seventeen or better), beat Lord Cowdray's Cowdray Park team, from whom they received a start of 3½ goals, by 8½ goals to 6. Both these teams had been practising together at Cowdray for some weeks past, so that it was quite a family affair, and, as so often happens at the start of the season, two teams whose ponies are fit and the players in practice overcame strong opposition and won through to the final.

To Adsdean went the chief honours, for first they defeated the Jaguars, who had been hard at work at Dunster during April, and then in the semi-final round they overcame Mr. Wrightsman's Rangers, who for all their Mr. Cecil Smith and their magnificent ponies, became disorganised and were not the devastating combination we had seen before. Towards the end of the match the Rangers reshuffled their men and after that they could hope for nothing. Adsdean are a team who can always be relied on to put up a hard fight and their winter in Jamaica appears to have benefited both their ponies and themselves. Cowdray, after a grand victory over the formidable Gauchos, whose ponies, it seemed to me, lacked handiness, though their pace is remarkable, went on to beat Somerries House. In each of these ties they combined splendidly and got quickly off the mark. In the final, whether it was the occasion, or because of its being the first match on the Hurlingham No. 1 ground, there was far too much muddling and an incredible amount of missing, which might be ascribed to over-eagerness. In any case, Cowdray, after starting well, began to bunch, their forwards would not keep up far enough in the game and steadily Adsdean wore them down.

The Selection and Management Committee of the H.P.A. has appointed Major N. W. Leaf as pony manager to the prospective Westchester Cup team. Major Leaf was instrumental in bringing over a number of ponies from Argentina last winter to help form the nucleus of a string. These have now been moved from Osmaston to Hurlingham, where the Australian ponies brought over by Mr. R. Skene are also stabled, but whether they are to be played at all, or by whom, before the end of the season remains occult. Surely much necessary spade work could be got through during the present season and thus the bugbear of last-minute improvisations, which have in the past handicapped our teams, might be banished? Trial matches seldom give valuable data, nor do they produce good polo, but London season or no London season, some of our likely challengers ought to be given opportunity to try out some of these ponies in fast polo to see how they go.

JEMADAR.



CAPTAIN P. R. SANGER TAKING A NEARSIDE FOREHAND SHOT. MR. J. P. ROBINSON ON THE LEFT



Poultry and the Nation—II

THE ECONOMIC IMPORTANCE OF POULTRY

Need for Re-organising the Industry

By STANLEY STREET-PORTER

COMPARATIVELY few people probably realise the value of the poultry industry, either in relation to other branches of agricultural production, or its importance from the standpoint of food production and employment to the nation as a whole.

It was pointed out in the introductory article to this series that the estimated value of eggs and poultry produced in this country at the present time amounts to approximately £30,000,000 per year, a sum which, until the sharp rise in wheat and other prices occurred, represented a greater value than all the wheat, oats and barley crops combined, and is only exceeded by that of the livestock and milk industries.

If a register of poultry-keepers were compiled, it would probably disclose the fact that over 500,000 people kept poultry, either in large or small numbers. In addition to those either whole-time or partly engaged directly in the production of eggs and poultry, it has been pointed out that the industry provides indirectly employment for a vast army of skilled workers in the manufacture, sale, and transport of food, appliances, housing, incubators, brooders, wire netting, and other industries. Apart from the fact that poultry-keeping provides healthy outdoor occupation for so many people, it must be apparent that the industry is one of great national importance, and as such, is justified in demanding from the Government the same measure of protection and assistance as is contemplated for other branches of agricultural production, some of which are of considerably less importance to the nation as a whole.

In dealing with the present position of the industry and some of the ills from which it is suffering at the present time, one finds it necessary to reiterate what has been said in the introductory article with reference to an earlier period in order to appreciate some of the causes of its present troubles. In the years immediately following the War, helped largely by the prevailing low prices of feeding stuffs and comparatively satisfactory prices obtainable for eggs and poultry, a very rapid expansion of the industry occurred. During some of the worst years of agricultural depression, poultry-keeping undoubtedly proved one of the most profitable adjuncts to general farming. In addition to the expansion of poultry-keeping on general farms of the country at that time, a large number of people were attracted to the industry as a means of livelihood—many of them having little or no experience, and often with insufficient capital.

Such was the demand for stock during this period, that breeders were unable to supply from stock of a satisfactory standard of quality. Birds were sold as foundation stock by inexperienced breeders who, in their anxiety to obtain a footing in the industry, resorted to mass production and artificial methods. This had an inevitable result of gradually undermining the health and stamina of the stocks of poultry throughout the country, and of contributing largely to the amount of disease which is to-day one of the major causes of unsatisfactory economic conditions in the industry.

Following upon some years of comparative prosperity in the industry, the average price of eggs fell under pressure from increased supplies of home-produced eggs and excessive foreign imports, and from that time onwards the economic position gradually became worse; in spite, however, of gradually diminishing profits caused by an increase in mortality and the lower prices prevailing, the industry can be said to have been in no serious position of instability until the sudden increase in costs of feeding stuffs occurred towards the latter part of 1936; the position at that time was still more seriously aggravated by "the dumping" of a large volume of eggs from South America early in December of that year which caused an unprecedented slump in prices at a time when producers should normally have been receiving the highest price of the year.

The combined effect of an increase in feeding costs of approximately 30 per cent., coupled with the slump in prices referred to, gave the industry a bad "shaking up" from which it has never yet recovered.

During the past two years many people have been forced out of business, and many more at the present time are hanging on "by the skin of their teeth" in the hope that something may be done to improve the position and enable them to meet their liabilities and remain in business.

Production costs generally, quite apart from feeding costs, have continued to rise steadily; wages are higher, and appliances of all kinds are dearer. As against these increased costs of production, although at the beginning of the present year egg prices averaged slightly higher than for the corresponding period a year ago, a sharp fall occurred in March, and prices ruled for some weeks actually lower than in 1936, notwithstanding the fact that it is fairly safe to assume that the volume of home-produced eggs was less than in the preceding year at the same time. A study of the volume of foreign imports this year as compared with the corresponding period of 1936 provides ample evidence as to the reason for the drop in values.

It is no exaggeration to state that the position of those depending for a living on commercial egg production is one of great seriousness; unless costs of production fall (as to which there would appear to be little likelihood at present), or improved prices for eggs are obtainable, particularly during the months of highest production, thousands of producers will be forced out of business in the near future, resulting not only in ruin to the individuals concerned, but, it is submitted, eventually reacting against the interests of consumers, who will undoubtedly have to pay higher prices in the future in the event of any serious reduction of supplies occasioned by a collapse of the industry.

The seriousness of the present economic position cannot be overstressed, and it is to be hoped that the Government, in considering the terms of their promised "long-term" policy for the poultry industry, will realise the necessity of taking such action as will secure to home-producers the first place in their own market at a price level fair to producers and consumers alike, either by means of compulsory restriction or regulation of foreign supplies during the period of highest production, or, alternatively, by providing some financial assistance to the industry to bridge the gap between cost of production and the present uneconomic prices prevailing as a result of excessive imports.

The poultry industry may be said to be suffering from three main causes of depression, viz. :

1. The seriousness of the disease problem, which it is estimated is costing the industry at the present time a loss of not less than £4,000,000 a year ;
2. The uneconomic prices obtained for produce taken in conjunction with increased costs of production ; and
3. The lack of efficient organisation, both in regard to producers themselves, and particularly in regard to the disposal of their produce.

In regard to the disease problem, in view of the steady increase in mortality throughout the country, the Minister of Agriculture, in conjunction with the Secretary of State for Scotland, appointed a committee of investigation (known as the Poultry Technical Committee) "to consider the present methods of supply and distribution of hatching eggs, day-old chicks and breeding stock in Great Britain both generally and with particular reference to the reduction of poultry mortality, and to make recommendations for the improvement of those methods."

The report of this committee was published early in February of the present year, and has been favourably received not only by practically all sections of the poultry industry, but also, it is believed, by the National Farmers' Union, only a comparatively small number of those actually engaged in the industry have been induced to join any organisation designed for the purpose of protecting their interests. The industry has suffered severely in the past through its inability to speak with a united voice on behalf of producers generally, and on matters of national importance such as reorganisation of marketing methods, &c., there has too often been a lack of unity even on the part of those who constitute the organised section of the industry. The lack of a realisation of the need to put the "welfare of the industry" first, irrespective of any question of personal, local or party interests, has on occasions hampered progress. Until the industry realises the need for more efficient organisation and unity of purpose it cannot hope to successfully hold its own against other more highly organised interests.

There can be no doubt that some drastic reorganisation of marketing organisation is long overdue, but so long as the industry was fairly prosperous, and a ready market was available at satisfactory prices, producers, concentrating on the production side of their business, had not realised the need for any organisation designed for improvement of the marketing of their produce, but, under the steadily increasing volume of foreign supplies, the bulk of which were sold under a guarantee of quality and grade and could be purchased with confidence and without inspection by distributors,

Efforts have, on more than one occasion, been made jointly by the National Farmers' Union and the National Poultry Council to prepare a marketing scheme under the Agricultural Marketing Acts that would meet with the approval and support of producers generally, but although it is conceded that some form of reorganisation is necessary, there has been strong opposition from some sections of the industry to any scheme involving compulsory control of producers. Proposals for a scheme were ultimately agreed upon by the National Farmers' Union and the National Poultry Council, and tentatively submitted to the Minister of Agriculture towards the end of last year. After consideration of the proposals, the Minister asked the two national bodies to reconsider the matter with a view to dealing with the question under the powers of a single commission as recommended by the Poultry Technical Committee, instead of through a producers' board under the Marketing Acts.

Suggestions have now been agreed upon by a joint committee of the National Farmers' Union and the National Poultry Council following on the lines suggested by the Minister. These proposals would make it compulsory for all eggs to be sold by weight, or weight grade, right through to the consumer. Control would be exercised through distributors instead of through producers and would entail the registration of all dealers in eggs, and would, in fact, follow somewhat on the lines of



POULTRY IN THE GRAND MANNER

An aerial view of Thornber's farm, one of the largest in the country, showing their timber works, stock farm, rearing ground, hatchery and battery rearer

appointing Ministers themselves. It is anticipated to be the intention of the Government to introduce at a comparatively early date legislation to give effect to the recommendations of the Committee, which includes the establishment of a Poultry (Stock Improvement) Commission for Great Britain. The compulsory registration of all distributors of stock, hatching eggs and day-old chicks ; provision for an extension of research into the causes of poultry diseases, &c. Whilst it is not suggested that the carrying into effect of the committee's recommendations will automatically solve the disease problem, it should prove, even from the inception of the scheme, helpful in stopping the distribution of, at all events, visibly unfit stock ; by reason of the power which the commission would possess to cancel or suspend registration if on inspection the stock was found to be suffering from disease or in other ways be considered unfit for breeding purposes, and in course of time should materially help to solve the disease problem existing at the present time.

The Economic Problem has already been emphasised in the earlier paragraphs of this article.

Organisation.

Under this heading, were space available, much could be said ; for, despite all efforts by both local and national poultry societies, and the it soon became apparent that in order to successfully meet the competition from overseas, similar methods in regard to testing, and grading, of home supplies would have to be adopted.

The inauguration of the National Mark Egg Scheme was the first real move towards more orderly marketing. The scheme, which is of a voluntary nature, has unfortunately never had the support of producers which it deserved, but, although but a comparatively small percentage of the total supplies of the country are sold under "The Mark," the scheme has done much to increase the demand for guaranteed, graded eggs at enhanced prices compared with foreign supplies.

Many of the large distributive firms at the present time purchase their supplies on a basis of quality and grade, and this system is also adopted by the majority of existing egg packing stations. There remains, however, vast supplies of eggs which are marketed through a variety of channels in what can only be described as a chaotic manner. Through lack of selling organisation these eggs frequently cause "a glut" to occur in a particular centre, resulting in the price being broken and ultimately affecting the price at other centres. There is little doubt that during the glut period of the year prices are often unnecessarily depressed through competitive selling, much of which could be avoided under a well-organised system of distribution.

the scheme at present in operation in Northern Ireland. Negotiations are now proceeding with the various distributive and other interests concerned, and there would appear to be justification for the hope that at long last this much-needed reform may be carried into effect.

Whilst it is reasonable to assume that a more orderly system of marketing should result in a better demand for home produced eggs, this of itself will not solve the economic problem. In submitting to the Minister proposals on the lines referred to, the National Farmers' Union and the National Poultry Council have stressed the point that they consider it essential that the Government should take power under the proposed legislation to control imports, and that, either by the exercise of those powers, or in some other way, as part of their policy, ensure to producers a reasonable measure of protection and security for the future.

It is in the spring months of the year, when production is at its highest, that an increased price is needed, and this could well be secured without imposing any undue hardship on consumers whose interests must of necessity be considered and safeguarded ; but if the poultry industry—which it has been the purpose of this article to prove is one of great national importance—is to be preserved, some action must be taken to ensure to producers a better net return for their produce.



CLADY RIVER, COUNTY DONEGAL, WITH MOUNT ERRIGAL IN THE BACKGROUND

IRELAND'S MOUNTAIN TROUT

Where Tyrone Meets Donegal

WHEN I unashamedly declare that I would sooner fish for trout in little mountain streams than be allowed *carte blanche* on any salmon river, my closest friends most impolitely intimate that, if I am neither outraging the truth nor swallowing sour grapes, I must be going slightly mental in my old age. But, as I was born to the freedom of one of the best salmon rivers in the West of Ireland, there has never been as much reason to deplore the want of opportunity as the want of skill commensurate to its enjoyment. Even so, you find on mountain burns something that is lacking in great rivers. They are never the same two days together: they always hold the promise of surprise, and it is the greater variety of circumstance in which you play your fish in and out of rocks and submerged snags that constitutes their fascination. The more extravagant one's hopes, the greater the reaction to their disappointment. Perhaps that is why a blank day on a salmon river is blank indeed. But a hill stream never fails of interest of some kind to the nature lover.

There are two little rivers—the Finglen and Owenbeg—which gather in the foothills of the Sperrin mountains in Tyrone. It is rough going, nor do the trout average more than five to the pound, and for some years I fished the lower reaches of the Finglen, thinking it was waste of time and energy to go up any higher. Then one day I climbed about a mile up to a waterfall cascading into a long peat-bottomed pool, and discovered trout so hungry that they scarcely waited for the fly to touch the water. The specimen fish of that day was a little over ½lb., but there were several half that size, and my creel was quite full enough to make me most uncomfortably warm on the rough walk homewards.

One may get even more agreeable surprises. On a July day last year I set out to explore a charming little river, an offshoot of the Derg, with negative results until I fell in with a native. He explained that no one had ever caught a fish where I was casting tirelessly within the memory of man. "But come with me," he said, "and put this on," and he offered me a home-made fly rather like a black gnat with a splash of orange. "That'll rise them, surely," he asserted. And he was right. It rose more than trout, for to my extreme surprise in less than five minutes I was fast in a small grilse. Rod and tackle were far too light, but luckily both held, and thanks chiefly to the resourceful way in which my new-found friend tailed the fish, while clinging almost literally by the eyebrows to a shelving rock, I got a good deal more than I had bargained for.

This, perhaps, is the exception which proves the rule, that in Ireland anyway you never know your luck; although this borderland of Tyrone and Donegal is essentially a happy hunting ground for those who love the little waters. Within an hour's run of Castlederg or Pettigo there are scores of them: the Termon and its tributaries, the Eske and the Glendergan, and, for those who like a lazier type of fishing now and then, Loughs Derg and Eske, as well as numerous smaller mountain tarns. Lough Derg is one of the best free fishings in Eastern Donegal; trout average about 6oz., but invariably one gets fish of a pound and over, and in 30 years of intermittent fishing there I do not recall a blank day. With a soft southerly breeze two to three dozen trout are quite a commonplace, and much the same is true of Lough Eske, where the trout run a little smaller. But on a spate you will get an occasional salmon, and from June onwards more than an occasional sea trout in the River Eske though certain reaches of it, like the lough, are reserved in private ownership and permits must be applied for at the estate office in Donegal.

On all these rivers wet fly is the most effective method; on some a single fly fished upstream is particularly deadly. On most of them, and notably the Finglen, clear-water worming claims a lot of victims, and in the swift rock-bound pools a small fly spoon fished downstream will often get the bigger fish. Though, probably because there is a shortage of feed in the upper reaches of those streams, my own experience is that the little trout of Donegal will take almost anything from a centipede to a bluebottle.

Whatever fare he offers, the angler can be pretty certain of co-operation on the victim's part; if he fails to secure it, more probably it will be because he does not make himself invisible enough. Largely because he is accustomed to throw a long line, the stranger to the open bogs, with never a bush to camouflage his bulk, by standing well away from the stream and appearing as a shadowy monster to the keen-eyed little trout, loses a good many. Most pools are too small for any but the shortest cast, and in many places the length of line out should scarcely exceed that of the rod. And when the water is quite clear one's chances of success are largely measured by one's aptitude for imitating the contortions of "the serpent on its belly."

It is, however, a form of gymnastics that palls, especially in middle-age and towards the end of a long tramp in the hills, but assiduously practised it brings its own reward. Not always, of course. Every day does not bring those agreeable surprises I have mentioned, and even hill trout have their unresponsive moments. But at least the novice can take comfort in the reflection that, weight for age, they are considerably bigger fools than salmon.

GREY MONKEY.



ON THE ESKE RIVER, DONEGAL

CAN WE FOSTER WATER FLIES?

BY water flies I mean those flies so invaluable to the fisherman, which lay their eggs in a river; the eggs so laid produce caddis and free-moving larvæ as the case may be; it is known that at a certain time most of them rise to the surface, burst an envelope and appear as a fly. This is roughly what happens. A movement has recently been started to find out more about the eggs, caddis and larvæ in order to see if these cannot be protected and so more flies be produced. The more you explore this matter the more you find that scientific help is needed. Fortunately, money is forthcoming, and if some useful knowledge is obtained more money will be found.

So far as can at present be ascertained no scientist has gone into this matter with the idea of protecting eggs, caddis and larvæ, and so increasing the fly life in a river. It is true, thanks to many scientists, the various flies to be found on rivers have been classified, so that any angler who does not tie the flies he uses, can order any fly he requires, and is certain to get some kind of a representation of the fly he wants.

It would be well worth while to make all water keepers take more interest in fly life in the river under their care. Even in the year 1938 it would not be impossible to find a keeper, who, if you asked him "What happens to the larvæ when you cut the weeds?" might reply "I never thought about them." Should not such a state of things be altered? Surely fly life requires "keepering" as much as the fish life of the river.

One thing is apparent: that all fisheries, in any one river, are dependent on each other, seeing that many flies go a long distance up stream to lay their eggs, and it is important that the chosen place should be well cared for. Certain flies, say Grannom and Mayfly, have ceased to exist where formerly they were in evidence; there must be some reason for this; may not some of our duns go too? So is it not time to see what can be done in order to protect our water flies?

When a shortage of fly occurs it is put down to the weather; for instance last summer the floods in the previous winter were said to be the cause, whereas there were more larvæ on the weeds earlier in the season than later. There are apparently many happenings to the young life of a water fly; it would appear that the position an egg finds itself in affects the date when it will hatch. We have yet a great deal to learn about fly boards, how to work them, and whether the eggs laid on them do as well as those laid on weed or bottom.

C. E. PAIN.



THE COCK ALWAYS USED THIS STONE WHEN BRINGING FOOD TO THE YOUNG

THE WREN OF THE RIVER

Observations on the British Dipper



THE HEN FEEDING THE YOUNG AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOMED NEST

FEW birds are more fascinating to watch, or to photograph, than the handsome little black, brown and white dipper, as he stands on some rock in mid-stream dipping and curtseying to all and sundry, or reveals his unseen presence by a sudden burst of song, a startlingly beautiful and unexpected cadence amongst the bleak uplands, his summer home.

One scarcely needs to be told that the dipper and the wren are closely related. There is the same stumpy short-tailed appearance, the same cheerful notes, the same domed nest, although the dipper has not acquired the wren's peculiar passion for home-building on an extensive scale.

The pair of dippers whose portraits illustrate this article had made their nest in a grey stone wall on the bank of a stream in North Lancashire, and it was there that I spent two most interesting days watching them from a hide.

The first thing I noticed was the difference in size between the two birds, the larger—presumably the male—being also much bolder. The fact that each could be instantly identified made observation easy, as the movements of each could be followed with certainty. I have never before noticed any marked difference in size between the sexes, nor is any mention made of it in text books.

Birds are creatures of habit, and these dippers each had its own separate line of approach to the nest; the hen, the smaller bird, always alighting on the edge of the shingle, then flying to a small stone in midstream, her last halting place before reaching the entrance to the nest. The cock invariably flew direct to a stone below the nest, and then to the nest itself. This procedure hardly varied throughout the day.

The feeding periods, when the young received food almost continuously, were interrupted by intervals of rest, sometimes lasting as long as twenty minutes. I noticed that these rest periods were often heralded by the dippers playfully chasing one another for a few seconds—an abbreviated imitation of the nuptial flight—after which they both flew downstream together only to reappear when feeding time came round again.

Each had its own separate beat, the hen working the stream in the vicinity of the nest while the cock journeyed further afield in search of food. In this particular instance, they always worked downstream.

The dipper can scarcely be said to dive in the ordinary sense of the word. There is no forward spring, only a swift submergence. In the clear water of this brook the birds could be seen using their wings as underwater paddles, and clinging to the stones with their powerful feet. Whenever the hen made a capture she rushed to the shingle, and immediately beat her victim to death on a stone, afterwards carefully washing it before presenting it to her family.

I regret to say that one painful domestic scene occurred during the time I watched these dippers. Both birds happened to be working the same area, and both saw some particularly delectable morsel at the same moment. Father reached it first, but mother was not prepared to allow any poaching on her preserves. Like a fury she attacked him, a mass of squeaking, splashing, black and white venom, until he turned tail and fled round a bend of the stream, leaving her breathless but triumphant.

The food brought to the young appeared to be, in most cases, the larvæ of aquatic insects. Twice small fish figured in the menu, and once what looked like a green caterpillar. Nothing came amiss to the young dippers.

The outer covering of the nest—a particularly small one—was composed of dry lichen mixed with a few dead grass stems. The young dippers, hatched eight days previously, were covered in a scanty blue-grey down through which their primaries and tail feathers sprouted. They were rather hideous little monsters with ivory gapes and enormous yellow mouths.

One can understand the dipper's apparent ability to defy the laws of gravity by walking under water on the bed of the stream when one felt the grip of the powerful flesh-coloured feet of these youngsters.

I placed one on the palm of my hand to examine him, and his claws closed round one of my fingers with such a stranglehold that when the time came to restore him to the nest it was necessary to loosen his grip by force.

After feeding, both birds removed the droppings from the nest, but they were not eaten as is the case with most dippers. The cock often rested on a stone within a couple of feet of the wall of my hide, and once he pursued some aquatic creature along the very edge of the canvas.

Towards evening, the dippers hawked insects in the manner of a flycatcher, hovering in the air as they pursued their winged prey.

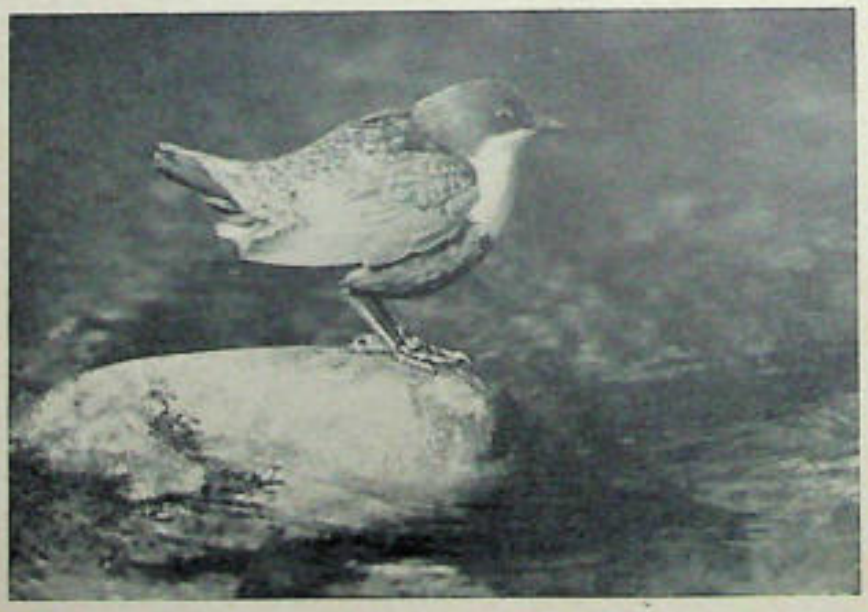
Besides the dippers, these two days of bird-watching yielded a variety of interesting sights. A tree creeper kept exploring the trunk of an adjacent willow, his black awl-like beak probing every nook and cranny in the decaying bark. A pair of curlew were nesting on the rush-grown pasture bordering the brook, and the derisive laughter of a green woodpecker sounded from a nearby coppice. Later I saw the bird.

A pair of wrens were house-hunting in some brambles, and it was interesting to compare their song with that of their aquatic relations—at times it was difficult to be certain which species was singing.

The dippers whose nest I photographed have bred in this particular spot for many years, the nest being constructed on one of two alternative sites, holes in the wall, within 6ft. of each other. Strange to say, they nearly always rear their brood successfully, despite the proximity of a public footpath.

These hours I spent watching the bobby, a local name for this feathered inhabitant of the stream-side, will always remain as some of the pleasantest of my many bird-watching memories.

GUY B. FARRAR.



THE HEN DIPPER ABOUT TO SET OFF IN SEARCH OF FOOD



THE COCK ARRIVING WITH FOOD FOR YOUNG

A GREAT YACHTING OCCASION

The Centenary of the Royal London Yacht Club

ON Wednesday in last week a great yachting occasion was celebrated by a dinner at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. It marked the completion of a hundred years by the Royal London Yacht Club. Among the many messages received by the Commodore, Mr. C. R. Fairey, who was in the chair, was one from His Majesty the King congratulating the club on its centenary, and one from H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, who is patron of the club.

Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Bart., Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was present to respond to the chairman's toast of "Our Guests," on the same night as the R.Y.S. dinner was being held, and among the many distinguished yachting personalities present at the large gathering were Lord Queenborough (Commodore, Royal Thames Y.C.), Major Sir Philip Hunloke (Rear-Commodore, R.Y.S.), Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Hussey (Commodore, Royal Southampton Y.C.), Captain Richard Hennessy (Commodore, Royal Victoria Y.C.), Mr. H. A. Andreae (Commodore, Royal Southern Y.C.), Major B. Heckstall-Smith (Secretary of the Y.R.A.), Mr. H. J. Davis (Commodore, Royal Temple Y.C.), Mr. Hugh Paul, Rear-Admiral G. S. Arbuthnot, D.S.O., Lord Waring, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. A. Sloane-Stanley (President, Solent Classes Racing Association), Mr. Algernon Maudslay, Mr. T. Thornycroft, Mr. W. B. Paton, the Hon. Mrs. Brownlow (Commodore, Lymington Y.C.), the Hon. George Colville (Commodore, Island Sailing Club), Lieutenant-Colonel R. Walker-Roylance (Commodore, R.C.C.) and Mr. C. Ratsey.

It may be remarked here that in its present commodore the club possesses a link between past and present. Mr. Fairey, who is ranked as one of the finest British helmsmen of our time, is remembered to-day as a would-be challenger for the America's Cup in a ship smaller than a "J" cutter. Sixty years ago the club's commodore was Mr. Astbury, who owned the famed Cambria and the Livonia and first challenged for the same cup.

With such continuancy, conditions and traditions the Royal London cannot help but flourish for another hundred years and more. As Mr. Fairey himself put it, our yachting is based on one generation passing its experience on to another, and there have always been young enthusiasts to carry on traditions with necessary modifications and no violent revolutions cutting away from the past. Some might be heard to say that our country might not exist a hundred years hence, but he was not one of them and had no fears for it or for yachting.

Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley re-echoed this optimism in speaking of the spirit which still survives in yachting and the thrill of sailing small boats in a breeze, and alluded to the limit having been reached in speed, masts and sails, so that history had repeated itself in a return to the smaller yachts while awaiting a wholesome class of bigger vessels. That same question of speed was referred to by Mr. Fairey, who said that we had improved upon it in light airs and could not go much further, however much we packed on canvas. Do we want speed? he asked in referring to Britannia and the fine spectacle she produced in a gale which dismasted Shamrock and half-a-dozen other yachts.

The history of the famous yacht club was especially dealt with by Mr. T. Thornycroft in proposing the toast of "The Club."

Its clubhouse to-day can be said to be the democratic social soul of yachtsmen in Solent waters. Ideally situated in the centre of the Marine Parade, Cowes, about 100yds. from the Royal Yacht Squadron, overlooking Cowes Roads, it is rightly famed as being one of the most hospitable yacht clubs in the world.

Before Londoners discovered the more spacious and sunny waters of the Solent, and yachting became the popular sport it is to-day, they used to do their boat-sailing on the Thames. The Royal London had its roots in a small boat-sailing community known as the Arundel Yacht Club when its headquarters were at "The Coal Hole," the Strand's "Crown and Anchor," the "Sussex," the "Caledonian," and so on.

The Arundel Yacht Club extended its area, and after seven years of increasing popularity and membership, took upon itself the more representative name of the London Yacht Club. The influence of the club grew amongst prominent City public men, and in 1846 the City of London Corporation, recognising the unique status of the club members in the life of the City, granted permission for the club to use the City Arms as its badge. Added to this singular honour, a few years later, in 1849, with the Dowager-Queen Adelaide's patronage, it was granted Royal Charter and privileged to use the Blue Ensign, bearing on the fly the City Arms surmounted by the Crown, to be worn on board members' vessels. Thus the Royal London Yacht Club was born.



COWES ROADS SEEN FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB AT COWES



MR. C. R. FAIREY, COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB

Flying the Blue Ensign, yachts of the Royal London naturally came into recognition by the Board of Trade and by Trinity House. In May, 1850, the Elder Brethren of Trinity House authorised yachts of the club to use Trinity House moorings at Blackwall; and the Board of Trade, in 1872, granted exemption to the yachts of the club from section 4 of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1871, which required the name of the vessel to be marked on the bows and the name of the registration port on the stern, and also that a scale of feet be marked on stem and stern. Obviously these markings would have been superfluous in the case of yachts, but permission of exemption had to be granted because the club used the Blue Ensign.

During these years strenuous racing between Greenwich and Tilbury and also above bridges was the order of the day and right down to the beginning of the present century the club organised its matches in Sea Reach.

In the early '80's, yachting became popular in the Solent, and the Royal London opened a clubhouse at Cowes. After a few more years, as yachting had practically ceased on the Thames, the club moved from London to Cowes altogether. Its clubhouse had been established in Savile Row, where the Y.R.A. meetings took place, and Mr. Thornycroft suggested that this was one of the reasons why the club's mess kit was so beautiful.

For the past 25 years the Royal London has continued to grow in influence and membership, and it now counts some of the most famous yachtsmen in the country in its roll of 300. The present Flag Officers are: Commodore, Mr. C. R. Fairey; Vice-Commodore, Colonel Sir Vivian Gabriel; Rear-Commodore, Mr. Hugh Goodson. The Secretary for the past 30 years has been Mr. Gerald H. L. Watson.

The Royal London holds some interesting trophies. Not the least famous is Commodore Bartlett's International Challenge Cup, value £250, for the 15-metres class. It was last won in this class at Kiel by Herr Ludwig Lauders, owner of Paula II, two months previous to the declaration of War. It was in Germany's possession throughout the War and was then recovered. Now the cup is fought for by the 12-metres classes (International), and won annually as a points prize for the best aggregate of points during the six races of Cowes Week.

Mr. C. R. Fairey, who believes in encouraging the beginner, has presented the club with six sailing sloops, ex-Bembridge sea boats, which members race from time to time, and which are at their disposal for a very small upkeep fee for the season, month, week or day.

Cowes would not be the intimate social centre it is for yachtsmen of our own and every nation if it were not for the unique services and hospitality offered by the Royal London Yacht Club. Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley referred to that hospitality when he said the Royal London had offered their premises to the R.Y.S. when a fire took place in the Squadron. He seemed, if anything, a little regretful that the Royal London could not have a fire and give the R.Y.S. the opportunity of returning the offer.



WHEN ENGLISH HOPES WERE HIGH

W. A. Brown (Australia) bowled by K. Farnes when the Tourists' total was only eleven. By the end of the first day of the M.C.C. match, however, the Australians had totalled 428 for 5 wickets, though one commentator hearing this said that "they must have been throwing their wickets away!"

THE SECRET OF BRADMAN'S SUCCESS

Bowlers Fail to "Draw Him Forward"

By NEVILLE CARDUS

AT Lord's last Saturday the gates were closed at 3 o'clock. The crowd was the largest, the most congested, I have ever seen at Lord's. Also, it was typical of London. Cabinet Ministers jostled with clerks; duchesses with counter-girls—men and women and boys and girls of all ranks and stations. And what had they come out for to see? Why Bradman, of course. He did not disappoint—he never does. No "servant to the public" is more certain than Bradman to give his best every time.

In the olden days, it is said, men in the West-End clubs used to leave in a body for Lord's when at lunch the news came that W. G. Grace was not out. Bradman was not out 68 at lunch last Saturday, and at 2 o'clock the St. John's Wood Road was a place of pilgrimage. Hundreds of sad souls were unable to get into the sacred place, so they stood outside and heard the applause. At close of play Bradman was 257 not out, and the crowd came away from him satisfied. "Marvellous" was the term of adoration.

I was lucky enough to get a taxi, and when I reached my club the taxi man asked me what was the score. "Australians 428 for five," I said. "Blimey," he replied, "they must have been throwin' their wickets away."

Except Bradman and the M.C.C. would have done well; they dismissed Brown, Fingleton, McCabe, Badcock and Hassett for 178. The attack and the fielding were excellent; I do not expect England in the Test matches will discover finer bowling than that of Farnes, Stephenson and Smith at Lord's last week. The wicket was a groundsman's masterpiece. (How absurdly we play into the hands of Australia's batsmen by making the sweetest and easiest of pitches for them!) But Farnes and Smith and Stephenson kept up all day a persistent onslaught, over after over of balls keen in length and speed from the ground. Nobody, save Bradman (and McCabe in an exquisite cameo), played the bowling confidently.

The day had its good signs for English cricket—of this strong Australian team only Bradman presents, as a batsman, an unusually difficult problem. The others are good, amongst the very best in fact; but (as the Game Chicken said) within the resources of science to double-up with one blow in the waistcoat.

Stephenson surely won his place in the England team. His medium to quick-medium attack nearly overwhelmed Bradman in the great man's first over. At the outset of an innings Bradman frequently seems to edge a late swinger. Probably the "bad stroke" is an illusion, for usually it flies through the slips on the ground, always on the ground. The spectator's eye cannot, no doubt, follow the swift adjustment in Bradman's technique. Still, it is the only way to trouble him, I fancy—the quick ball that leaves the bat, the best ball in cricket.

It is a compliment to Bradman to suggest that a Sydney Barnes is needed to defeat him. By the way, Barnes has recently expressed the opinion that Bradman is the best batsman in method and temperament he has ever seen. The same opinion was expressed to me years ago by Rhodes. You could scarcely name two old professionals harder to please than Barnes and Rhodes, two men more searching in their criticism. They both give the same clinching reason to support their opinion of Bradman (and, remember, they both bowled against Trumper, "Ranji," and the other old masters).

Bradman's unique gift, they say, is an ability to get closer to the ball than any other batsman ever has got, *for all strokes*. More important still—in fact *the* secret—he never "reaches forward." I have seen Bradman score thousands of runs, and not more than three times have I seen a bowler "draw him forward" further than he wished to go. He always plays late, off the back foot, except when he is jumping to drive, overwhelmingly over the ball. Nearly all the old heroes, the immortals of the Golden Age, played "out" at a good length, reached at it, body extended. Here is the *a priori* argument that they were not as good as Bradman—at least, not as hard to get out.



JUST ANOTHER BOUNDARY!

It is difficult to imagine an innings more comprehensive in technique than this of Bradman's at Lord's

I cannot imagine an innings more comprehensive in technique than this of Bradman's at Lord's against the M.C.C. Now and again he stepped on the accelerator, but mainly he scored 50 an hour, or thereabouts, without the slightest waste of energy, and without a hint of hurry. He has the means to score easily off balls which would force the greatest of his contemporaries to defend their wickets bitterly. He can glance to leg as brilliantly and as effortlessly as "Ranji" himself. Last week, he favoured this choice stroke more than he usually does—he was in a playful mood rather than in an aggressive one. He was lamed, too, by a ball from Stephenson which landed, first bounce, on the big toe in the first over Stephenson bowled at him.

All day long, he demonstrated once again that the bowler is a fool who pitches a length even a fraction of an inch short. James Smith was severely flagellated in one over for shortness—and to Smith's credit he did not flinch but learned his lesson. For the rest of the day, Smith received from Bradman the compliment of a close and serious attention—that is, when Don was not chatting affably to the wicket-keeper and to short square-leg. Smith has seldom bowled as consistently well as he did this day against Bradman. Beautiful fielding spurred the bowlers on to efforts and to toil which would have caused Thomas Carlyle to grunt out some sound of approval.

Stephenson should certainly be given his chance at Nottingham next month. I do not think that technically he is a much better bowler than several other cricketers who use the new ball in county cricket at medium-pace; but for the purposes of Test matches, preference should be given to character, other things being equal. Stephenson is a battery of vitality; he is too passionately fond of cricket ever to suffer stage-fright. He is hostile, whether bowling or fielding anywhere. And he can bat more than usefully. At least one Stephenson should go into any team, to stimulate and give heart. From the strictly technical point of view, I like very much Stephenson's going-away ball at the beginning of an innings. It is quick from the turf and keeps close to the bat and to the off stump.

I do not wish to depress my readers by joining the ranks of the optimists. I believe that we shall need to look carefully and for long to find a team strong enough to beat the Australians. None the less, I cannot think that our resources are poor while they include Hammond, Hutton, Edrich, Leyland, Paynter, Yardley, D. R. Wilcox, Farnes, Stephenson, Verity, Peter Smith (of Essex) and Compton, and we do not lack bowlers while we can call upon such as Hollies, Gover, Robins, "Jim" Smith and "Jim" Sims. What English cricket needs most of all at the moment is a captain and a bold policy. For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?

M.C.C. v AUSTRALIANS
At Lord's. May 14, 16, 17
Australians 1st innings 502
(Bradman, 278; Hassett, 57)

M.C.C. 1st innings 214
(R. E. S. Wyatt, 84 not out; Edrich 31)
2nd innings 87 for 1
(Edrich not out 53)

MATCH ABANDONED OWING TO RAIN

ROUND THE WICKETS

ALL praise for the new system of reckoning points in the County Championship if it produces such splendid finishes as we have had in recent matches. For myself, I do not give entire credit—or even major credit—to the new system. At best, it is only a new form of artificial stimulus, rather better balanced than its predecessors were. It has only coincided with a revival that was apparent last season. The new spirit is bred in the players rather than in the points, and recent results have reflected a realisation that it is better to win or lose gloriously than to draw tamely.

When did it last happen that in a week's play only one match was drawn? That was the refreshing record last week, when fourteen out of fifteen matches were won outright—and not on Lowlers' wickets but on wickets everywhere regarded as more favourable to batsmen. I should credit Middlesex with the best performance of the week in scoring 244 runs in 2 hours 25 minutes to beat Gloucestershire. This innings showed particularly the forcing abilities of Edrich, who commands surprising power for so small a player. Runs must usually be *made* against bowlers like Goddard, Sinfield and Hammond, and Edrich made 71 in an hour. The way in which Edrich, with 182 in the first innings, and Compton, with 163, dominated the Middlesex batting in this match was one of the most encouraging things seen this season.

In another fine finish, Yorkshire grit and determination came out strongly. Ilford is not an easy wicket on which to play the fourth innings—Yorkshire put Essex out for 80 in the corresponding match last year—and Essex, batting first this time, did well to score 327 and put Yorkshire out for 289. The keenness of the Yorkshire bowling from this point is reflected in the analyses of Verity (75 runs in 29 overs for five wickets) and Smailes (76 runs in 28 overs for three wickets). Essex had no bowler quite of their calibre to exploit a worn wicket, but made enough use of it to bring out the skill of Hutton, who, in making 93 not out, put Yorkshire on the road to victory. The new system of Championship scoring, by which Essex got four points for their first innings lead although they lost in the end, was well justified here, for Essex well deserved reward for their efforts.

When Wellard and Andrews are in good bowling form Somerset may surprise any county. The Somerset captain banked on them to get Worcestershire out for less than 260 in a little under four hours and made his declaration accordingly after F. Lee and Gimblett had made it possible by putting on 140 for the first wicket. For his enterprise, he was rewarded with a victory by 53 runs, Wellard and Andrews duly breaking the back of the Worcestershire resistance. If Gimblett played for Middlesex or Surrey he might by now have established himself as a batsman with a style of his own but probably not as an opening batsman. Going in first for Somerset, he carries a burden rather heavier than seems good for him in a side not specially strong in batting.

Woolley will be 51 years old on May 27th, and this is to be his last season in the Kent side, unless he can be persuaded into "just one more." Sometimes veterans linger in county teams longer than their form justifies. Woolley is still worth his place in the Kent side and can show the way to younger men. When Kent beat Essex last week in a match that came near to breaking the record for the highest aggregate number of runs, it was Woolley who paved the way in the last innings bid for 163 runs in quick time, with a spirited 53, including nine fours and a six. One noted regretfully that he was not put on to bowl in the long Essex innings of 450. Last season he came back a little as a bowler, taking several useful wickets. That smooth flowing action of his is still a model for any young left-hander.

Those who hoped to see a revival of off-break bowling when the leg-before-wicket rule was altered, to allow the dismissal of batsmen to balls breaking from the off, have so far been disappointed. The old school of off-break bowling has, it seems, gone dead out of fashion. Yet J. C. Clay, of Glamorgan, still takes wickets with his off-breaks and so did Jones (E. C.), of the same county, who had such meteoric success last season. On Saturday, in Glamorgan's first match of the season, Clay began with five Warwickshire wickets for 59, and though Jones did not get a wicket he had only 16 runs scored off ten overs.

While the M.C.C. struggled against the Australian attack on Monday, Walter Hammond hit up his fourth century of the season in the match against Yorkshire. For a change, Gloucestershire adopted safety-first tactics, and scored slowly all day. B. O. Allen, despite being unwell, defied the Yorkshire attack for two-and-a-half hours in scoring a useful 67. F. I. W.

THAT HOLE IN ONE

Skill or Luck?

IF few golfers ever attain a handicap of scratch, all players, no matter what their standard of efficiency is, can accomplish one feat that cannot be beaten—a hole in one.

To hole out with a tee-shot must be the ambition of every golfer, but it is something rather inexplicable when it does occur. It has been called "the perfect fluke," although those who have holed in one regard such a description as being grossly unfair.

The odds against success must be enormous. The hole is only 4¼ins. in diameter, so that luck plays a greater part in the performance than skill. One golfer, counting on his skill, was confident that he could hole out in one at a certain hole, but, although he played several hundred strokes one after the other, none finished in the hole and only a very few on the green. In 1932, at a course near New York, 217 professional and amateur golfers, who had all previously holed in one, were invited to participate in a competition the object of which was to deliberately accomplish this rare feat. Each player had five shots—1,085 separate attempts—and they all failed. It is recorded in the *Golfers' Handbook*, among a long and interesting list of curious incidents relating to this particular shot, that only 24 of the 1,085 shots finished within even 10ft. of the flag, and the nearest to the hole was 25ins.

The late Harry Vardon, who had more Open Championship victories to his credit than any other man, and who was regarded as the finest exponent of the game, only once managed to hole in one—in 1903 over a Norfolk course. If skill is the criterion Vardon should have performed this feat more often. A hole in one must therefore indeed be the "perfect fluke."

Even a good stroke is not necessary for this achievement. I remember, some years ago, when playing on a Welsh course, turning round to watch the players following our match as we left the short ninth green. It was basin-shaped, cut out of the side of a hill with the tee at the bottom. One of the players, possessing the most generous handicap possible, topped his tee shot. The ball scuttled along the ground, up the hill, over a low bunker, around the edge of the green, down the bank straight into the hole.

There are many recorded cases of players holing in one during championships, but Eric Fiddian, the former English title-holder, accomplished the unparalleled achievement of *twice* holing in one during the final of the Irish Open five years ago! In the first round he did the 128yds. seventh in one; then, in the second round, the fourteenth, measuring 205yds.! Yet he was beaten by Jack McLean.

To halve a hole in one would seem rare, yet this has been done on several occasions before reliable witnesses, according to the reference book. Holes have been halved in one in singles, foursomes and four-ball matches. In 1929 at Castle Bromwich two amateurs, playing as partners in a four-ball game, both holed in one in successive shots, and later in the same year at Stinchcombe Hill two local members, Miss Halsay and E. V. Hutton, each holed a tee shot during the game. This is the only record of two holes in one having been done during the same round of a mixed foursome.

During a friendly game James Braid holed a certain tee shot, but only got a half, as his opponent obtained a two and had a stroke. That was certainly bad luck, but the famous old golfer experienced an even worse blow when an opponent holed in one at a hole where Braid was conceding a stroke, so that even if he himself had holed his tee shot he would have lost.

"A hole is won by the side which holes its ball in fewer strokes than the opposing side"—so say the rules, but it could hardly be imagined that one golfer would be able to put down a nought on his card and be perfectly in order! This unprecedented incident occurred in 1934 during a Middlesex Alliance meeting at Northwood. D. Fraser, a 6 handicap golfer, holed his iron shot at the 150yds. fifteenth, where he received a stroke, so his net score was 0! Among the varied list of those who have obtained "ones" Alex. Duthie must take pride of place. So far as is known he is the only golfer who has holed in one at two successive holes. Playing in Vancouver in 1911 he took an iron off the first tee and holed out. The second was a 200yds. hole, slightly uphill, and Duthie took his brassie and again the ball finished in the hole. What a dream of a start to a round of golf, but we are not told how he finished that round. He would have been excused if he had taken 80!

"Sandy" Herd's record of nineteen holes in one is still unbeaten, although Braid has accomplished fourteen. One of Herd's many admirers has promised him a solid gold putter when he brings his total up to 20, but so far that extra one has proved elusive.

To Frank Mellers, a famous rifle shot, but, unlike Sam King, a mediocre golfer, goes the record of the longest hole in one ever achieved—the second on the South Course at Los Angeles, which measures 374yds. He was assisted, it is said, by a powerful wind—and, it should be added, by luck in no small measure.

There was a time when you could obtain countless gifts for holing in one, but these are now prohibited, yet two holes—one in this country and one in America—have been endowed and a cash sum awaits the player who holes his tee shot. E. R. TIPPLE.

OBITUARY

The Late "Steve" Fairbairn

ON Monday last came the news of the death, at the age of 75, of that valiant oarsman so affectionately known to all frequenters of the towing-path as "Steve," and his passing will leave a blank in rowing.

From the time when, at the age of nine, he represented his school in an under-twelve-years-of-age race in the United Public Schools of Victoria Sports in Australia, Stephen Fairbairn devoted his life to athletic pursuits. He excelled at swimming, played cricket and football for Geelong Grammar School first team, won the school athletic cup twice, and was chosen for his bowling in a cricket match in preference to George Palmer, who bowled for Australia the following year in the team which visited England.

On one occasion when put into the sanatorium as sickening for scarlet fever he slipped out of the window, joined in a paper chase and saw a football match in which his school was represented. The head master was so interested in the account he brought back that he overlooked the seriousness of the crime, though on one occasion, in discussing his pupil's elder brother, he remarked: "Tom, if all boys were like you no discipline would be necessary," and added, "Steve, if all boys were like you no discipline would be any use."

Such was the character of the irrepressible enthusiast who rowed for Victoria in the Inter-State boat race on leaving school, and who made such an impression on English rowing. Racing, shooting and all kinds of sport had a fascination for "Steve" Fairbairn, and he was a great raconteur.

Fairbairn's name will always be coupled with Jesus College, Cambridge, as having evolved what has become so well known as the Fairbairn Style and created such controversy in rowing circles. Fairbairn's ideal was to get as many men rowing as possible and to avoid drudgery. Whatever his critics may say of the style he evolved, he achieved his end in making rowing popular, and the Head of the River Race is a lasting memorial to his work. As a coach he undoubtedly has more winning crews to his credit than anyone else, and truly could it be said that he had only to look at the members of a crew to inspire them.

Fairbairn rowed four times for Cambridge, in the losing crews of 1882 and 1883, and the winning eights of '86 and '87. The race of 1886 was sensational, the Light Blues having been led at Barnes Bridge by two lengths, when they spurted at the end and won by two-thirds of a length. In the race of 1887 there was nothing in it at Barnes until the Oxford "7" broke an oar. At Henley Fairbairn raced year after year from 1882 onwards, in the Grand, Wyfolds, Stewards and the Goblets, and no man enjoyed racing more or could make others enjoy it as much.

The Late Mr. William Radcliffe

With the death of Mr. William Radcliffe, which took place at his house, Beech Court, Upper Deal, on Wednesday in last week, there has passed away one of the most outstanding figures of the fishing world. Both as an angler and as a writer on angling, William Radcliffe held a unique place. With his cousin, Mr. Harold Wilson, on their river in Norway, he established a record, still unbroken, by catching 1,352 salmon and grilse in 51½ days' fishing, all caught on fly. But it was, of course, his remarkable book *Fishing from the Earliest Times* which established him as the foremost authority on the history of angling in the estimation of fishermen and scholars alike. His book is the result of a life's study and research, founded largely on the result of his travels in Africa, Australia, America, the West Indies and Europe, which followed shortly on his call to the Bar. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol. At the time of his death he was engaged in revising his book for a third edition, containing a considerable amount of additional matter which he had been collecting despite his long illness. In William Radcliffe, the sport of angling has lost its greatest biographer.



A TYPICAL ISLAND ON LOCH ERNE

Great Shooting Counties

TYRONE AND FERMANAGH: THE VARIETY OF ULSTER BAGS

SINCE the "partition" in Ireland the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh are often referred to locally as the "border" counties by reason of their proximity to what is now known as Eire. Tyrone is described as the county of small hills, and in the valleys between are small bogs or lakes with rushy patches holding snipe according to weather conditions. Fermanagh is richly blessed with Lough Erne extending 40 miles through its boundaries. This beautiful stretch of water is one of the finest lochs in the British Isles and consists of two lakes, the upper and the lower, both studded with hundreds of islands covered with rich vegetation, many being beautifully wooded. Almost every variety of wildfowl abounds in and around its shores and at the southern end of the lower lake pheasant and woodcock find the islands attractive. One must, however, put aside the enticement of this area and proceed to the shooting estates in the counties of which there are more than is capable of being dealt with in one article.

Colebrooke, the residence of Sir Basil S. Brooke, the Minister of Agriculture in the Government of Northern Ireland, commands attention by reason of its renown as a woodcock shoot. It is unique in the care and attention given to the coverts, and at the present time extensive improvements are taking place as a result of the "tunnelling" adopted in the coverts where massed rhododendrons exist. About two years ago Sir Basil Brooke told us of the beneficial effects of this method in an article in the *Field*, in which he rightly stated, "if the bushes are thick and interlaced as only ponticum can be, it is necessary to cut tunnels about 30ft. apart to facilitate beating, and make openings where birds can settle." Many other improvements and alterations are in operation, the dense undergrowth in several places being thinned out. The sitka trees planted fifteen years ago at the Pine Hill beat are being thinned and branched two-thirds of the way for light and air.

The game records of the Colebrooke estate commence with the years 1856–66, and during that season five quail were shot; and in the following, a record of 200 hares is shown. Passing on through the years we find that in 1871–72 a record was established as follows: Partridge, 100; wild duck, 154; wigeon, 28; teal, 25; grouse, 172; and in addition, 90 pochard which were accounted for in one day. A cream-coloured snipe was shot in the year of Sir Victor Brooke's death, which took place in December, 1891. Sir Victor Brooke was the present owner's grandfather, and a most remarkable sporting personality. He was credited with many amazing feats, and later I will detail briefly what must surely be a record in connection with shooting.

Continuing the Colebrooke statistics, and coming to 1900–01–02, a record is found for wild duck in each of the seasons, when 202 and 203 respectively were shot. In 1906–07, woodcock again come into prominence, 106 being accounted for. From that date until 1917 no records were kept owing to the absence of Sir Basil Brooke abroad with his regiment and the incidence of the Great War. Woodcock totalling 167 were shot in 1920–21, and in



SENATOR J. PORTER-PORTER

1929–30 the largest bag for Colebrooke is recorded at 222. Pigeon totalling 956 were shot in 1935–36, and this also constitutes a record for the estate.

Excellent and enjoyable shooting was obtained during two days at Colebrooke when H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, in company with Colonel the Hon. R. Bridgeman, Captain the Hon. Harry Mulholland, Major Staniforth, Mr. R. O. Hermon and their host accounted for the following: Woodcock 150, pigeon 189, pheasant 103, snipe 32, duck and teal 17, hares 13, and grouse 3.

Colebrooke in the years 1890–91 held the record for rabbits shot, the total for the season being 4,251 to five guns. And now to relate the remarkable exploit of Sir Victor Brooke, already referred to. Shooting at Colebrooke on September 28th, 1885, with two guns, Major Lionel Brooke loading, he shot between the hours of 8.15 a.m. and 6 p.m., with an interval for lunch, 746 rabbits. Ninety-two were killed out of every 100 fired at, an average of 80 per hour, shooting alternately from the right and left shoulder.

Parkanour, situated five miles west of Dungannon in Tyrone, is perhaps one of the most beautiful estates in the county. It has been in the possession of the Burges family since 1770 and the present owner, Captain Y. A. Burges, J.P., D.L., gives much thought to the shooting. In extent Parkanour covers about 700 acres, of which 250 are planted, the older woods of oak and beech up to 130 years of age and the younger plantations mainly coniferous. The River Torrent runs through the property, providing a few fishable pools for trout. Captain Burges holds the shooting rights of a further 1,000 acres around the property partly as protection from poaching of straying pheasants, and partly to include some good ground holding snipe and wild duck, also a small grouse moor.

Since 1900 pheasants have always been reared except during the War period, and for the last five years 1,500 eggs and 100 wild duck eggs have been put down annually with the resulting bag averaging 700 pheasants and 80 wild duck. On principle a large stock is never left over. Woodcock are attracted to the coverts in addition to the birds that nest and 40 are generally shot each season, the best year being in 1928, when 76 were killed. Wild duck, wigeon, teal, snipe, grouse, partridge and hares are obtainable and golden plover are observed. Quail, according to some recently found records covering the period 1875–1880, were shot to the number of thirteen in 1876, and in 1878 three were accounted for.

Up to 1913 about 450 rabbits were killed annually, but since then they have increased enormously. A certain number of herons are allowed at Parkanour and pigeon are shot from the ground and two platforms in the trees. The best beats are the Cullenfad wood from which some of the birds come out of shot. The Douglas wood, which is driven across the drive into the Pinetum, provides some high swinging birds. Last year the retriever trials of the Ulster Gundog League were held at Parkanour, when excellent arrangements were made to facilitate dogs working under natural conditions and a plentiful supply of game was provided for the various tests.

At Fivemiletown, a quaint village where the Clougher Valley Railway runs through the main street, one comes to the fine sporting property of Mr. Mervyn Knox-Browne, Aughentaine Castle, where the shooting and other sporting rights extend over 12,000 acres, all preserved. The grouse ground is roughly 5,000 acres and the home demesne 2,000 acres, comprising woods, rough ground of heather and bracken and farm lands. Unfortunately most of the old shooting records have been lost, with the exception of the owner's personal game record

books, which only go back to 1893. The average of the past years has been 223 grouse obtained both by driving and over dogs and in later years 100 woodcock, 250 pheasants and 4,000 rabbits. During the past five years snipe at Aughentaine and, indeed, in many parts of the county have become scarce due mainly to the dry seasons and to the practice which has now become all too common of parties in motor cars driving all over the country and depleting the bogs and marshes.

One of the largest stretches of grouse shooting in Co. Tyrone is that owned by Lieutenant-Colonel R. T. G. Lowry, of Pomeroy, and situated in the Sperrin Mountains adjoining Co. Derry. It comprises the greater part of the Coneyglen and Glenark valleys and the heights run from 700ft. to 1,851ft. The extent is over 5,000 acres, excluding the shooting over a number of farms where the game rights are rented from the owners. Possibly owing to the number of sheep in this area the heather has greatly disappeared in some parts and this, together with the presence of foxes, ravens and grey crows, in spite of continuous and most successful measures taken for their extinction, has greatly reduced the stock of game. The presence of the heather beetle, too, has been troublesome during the past few years, and much burning has been resorted to. In the past up to 300 brace of grouse have been shot on this moor in a season. The bag in 1914 was 185½ brace and 114 hares. 1931 yielded 157½ brace. In 1932 and 1933, 136½ and 115 brace respectively were secured. Shooting over dogs is enjoyed at the commencement of the season and later driving becomes the system adopted.

I am sorry there is not more information available at the time of writing of the Slaghtfreedan shooting on Lough Fea. Slaghtfreedan Lodge is the last bit of the once great estates of the Stewarts of Killymoon of Regency fame. It is the property of Mrs. Pöe, and during the lifetime of her father, the late Colonel Sir Hutchinson Pöe, Bart., great shooting parties were held there, and over 450 brace of grouse were shot in the season, believed to be the record for Co. Tyrone.

In Omagh there lives one of the most interesting personalities in the sporting life of Ireland, Mr. P. J. O'Callaghan. Mr. O'Callaghan has lived a life with dog and gun, and few can compare with him in the knowledge of dogs either on the show bench or in the field, his particular breed being the native Irish red setter. In 1915 he formed a syndicate of sportsmen and took over the shooting rights of the Pigeon Top near Omagh, most of which was held by a noted shot, the late Major Rowley Miller. The syndicate was limited to ten guns, "all kindred spirits from many parts." From 1915 until 1927 the bag of grouse averaged 250 to 300 brace, then came the fox and the bag dropped to 150 brace, going up again from 1930 until 1936 to 200 brace. 1937 was the worst season experienced due to the dry weather and the foxes. On the Pigeon Top moors there is also good rough shooting around the fringes, pheasants are fairly plentiful, but hens are never shot. Duck, woodcock and snipe, also partridge in fair quantity, are accounted for, the latter be it noted are now "untouchable" until 1940. Mr. O'Callaghan is "foxes' enemy No. 1," and with his Lakeland terriers he has accounted for no fewer than 111 of these wily animals.

At Florence Court, the residence of Lord Enniskillen, the shooting has the advantage of being compact and convenient.

The grouse mountain adjoins the demesne and can be reached by riding or walking in less than half-an-hour, the range named Cuilcach is at the back of Florence Court, and to the south is an impressive and mountainous eminence called Benaughlin. The shooting area extends to between 1,500 and 20,000 acres, consisting of the grouse moor, which in good seasons yields a bag of 200 brace. There are usually about five days' covert shooting when the average bag amounts to 200 wild cock pheasants, 200 woodcock, and a like number of hares. The snipe bogs in a favourable year afford the shooting of from 200 to 300 snipe. Fallow deer are occasionally shot, and the rabbits accounted for average some 2,000.

Mr. R. O. Hermon, one of the best shots in the country, has an excellent shoot at Necairne Castle, Irvinestown, in Tyrone, not far from the town of Enniskillen. Its extent inside the demesne is approximately 650 acres, and on the outside some 3,000 acres of rough shooting, where duck, snipe, &c., abound. The average bag of pheasants here is probably the highest in the two counties, amounting to roughly 1,150 to 1,400 in the season. Mr. Hermon is the originator of the barrel as the ideal "platform" for shooting pigeons from the trees. Its use combines absolute safety and freedom. He contends that on an ordinary flat platform, no matter how well guarded by side rails, one's foot is apt to make a mistake at some time or another, whereas, standing in a barrel you are fully aware at all times of its limitations at the same time having absolute freedom for birds coming in any direction. An ingenious and at the same time a simple idea is adopted by Mr. Hermon to negative the sharp edge of the top of the barrel so that it can be sat or rested upon with some degree of comfort. It is to cut through, not diagonally, the centre of an old tyre of a "Baby Austin" and place it around the top edge of the barrel. You can then rest or sit without the sharp edge of the barrel making itself felt. Mr. Hermon holds the view that shooting pigeon from platforms in the trees is the finest aid to improving one's shooting as fast birds come at every conceivable angle.

Near the southern extremity of Lough Erne's lower lake is Belle Isle, owned by Senator J. Porter-Porter, a veteran sportsman whose activity does not seem lessened by the advance of years. The rooks at Belle Isle must either be very cautious or out of range if they would escape when Mr. Porter-Porter ascends to the tower of his residence.



(RIGHT) BELLE ISLE, THE RESIDENCE OF SENATOR PORTER-PORTER



CLARAGHEY WOOD, COLEBROOKE

In this manner he keeps his eye in for the game of the countryside, when the close season comes to an end. Belle Isle is situated on an island approached by a road over a bridge, and while pheasants are not reared to any great extent there are plenty of wild birds in and around the grounds, as well as on the islands convenient to the house.

Caledon Park, the estate of the Earl of Caledon, possesses many sporting attractions and pheasants to the number of 1,200 are turned down every season, the average bag amounting to 8/900. The several beats and stands provide excellent sporting shots, and a lot of credit is due to Peter Taylor, the headkeeper, who is probably one of the most knowledgeable in the art of showing his birds. He is also an exceeding clever handler of either a spaniel or retriever, and his services have been availed of on several occasions as a judge at field trials.

The shooting at Caledon is in the hands of a syndicate of which the principal members are Dr. Gray, Mr. Y. J. Kirkpatrick and Dr. W. Massey Burnside. The area covers approximately 10,000 acres inside and outside the demesne. Inside there are three duck ponds or small lakes, and when pheasants are not being shot excellent sport is obtained during "off" days. Last season a bag of 600 snipe was secured, and a goodly number of woodcock are shot annually.

Like other sporting properties in Northern Ireland, Caledon is bothered by foxes, and it is interesting to relate the method adopted by the headkeeper to combat this nuisance. He has three foxhounds in the kennels that are capable of running the fox to earth, where it is either dug out or bolted and destroyed. The hounds often hunt the fox out of the coverts to within range of a gun, and in this manner also "Reynard" is dealt with in a non-hunting country.

Other shooting properties in the counties include that of Colonel A. V. Gledstanes, at Fardross, Clogher; Ecclesvale, owned by Mr. H. Olphert, of Strathlomand, Omagh; Loughmacrory, owned by Sir H. H. Stewart, Bart. Beltrim and Gortin, the former property of the Cole Hamilton family, has a new tenant, the shooting here possessing a fine sporting record. Mr. W. Archdale, who is mostly in the Sudan, has a nice sporting property at Mountfield Lodge, adjoining Loughmacrory.

A. Dalziell.



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THE GANG OF TWENTY-THREE PRUNERS READY TO SET OFF FOR THEIR DAY'S WORK

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

The Lighter Side of Farm Life in Kenya

By OLGA WATKINS

I COCKED a sleepy eye at Jerogi. He had just come in with morning tea parked on a tray in one hand, shoes in the other, and a worried expression on his face. It was 6.30 a.m., but there was evidently already some urgent problem to be solved. He hesitated and sighed again.

"What is it?" I asked.

"These shoes don't match," he said, placing them by my bed.

"Nor they do," I agreed sleepily. One was a black house slipper, one a heavy farm brogue.

"It's very worrying," he went on. "I told cook you wouldn't wear them. Odd socks, yes! Shoes, no!"

"Are there any more about?" I asked brightly.

"Yes." He sighed deeply. "That's just it! There's another pair just like it in the kitchen."

"Bring them along," I suggested. "Perhaps I can solve it."

Jerogi went off cheerfully. The ways of the European are steeped in mystery. I dragged myself out of bed, wishing that all Kenya problems were as easy as that one. There are many ahead of one each day even on a small coffee farm such as ours, which is fully developed, well loved, yet certainly a distracting proposition.

The day had broken sunny and beautiful after a night of rain. Syce came up with the pony; cook let the ducks out. They waddled across the lawn, seven white ducks to meet the white pony. The grass was spread with a spangled sheen of raindrops, with blue blossom from the jacaranda trees blown into drifts here and there. It was peaceful in the garden. The day had not begun.

Phœbe Mary appeared, a black tyke at her heels. It must be exactly 6.45. Phœbe Mary is the manager, the only woman holding down a full-blown coffee manager's job in Kenya, and has put up with us for nearly nine years. She is very regular; she got wound up nine years ago, and has not run down since. If she were late we should send our watches into the post office for adjustment, for it would never strike us, the farm hands, or indeed P. M. herself, that she could be either late or early. She disappears into the workshop and in a few seconds there billows forth the most appalling smell. Carbide blue stone spray is in the order of the day. At the same moment a terrific noise rends the air, as of a lion and hyena joining in duet, but it is only Jacky, the veteran donkey, expressing his joy at another workless day stretching before him, for he has long been pensioned and now has nothing else to do except purloin scarlet dahlias from the borders and when chivied thence, with petals foaming from his mouth like drops of blood, he comes quietly up behind one, and brays suddenly and close.

The boys come up in twos and threes, and we each sort out our own. Phœbe Mary and I watch each other jealously over this. She has a nasty knack of snapping up a pruner of mine if one of her sprayers is on the sick list, and moreover possesses a suspicious mind backed by a retentive memory for the few occasions on which, having hunted for one of her team in sick bay, she has found him later coyly pruning coffee with my gang! I move off with 23 men. They each prune 40 trees a day, and there are 58,000 to be done in the first quarter of the year. But by mid-season the boys are well into the collar, and in an hour I move off on my rounds.



BABIES OFTEN COME LONG DISTANCES TO THE FARM HOSPITAL

The farm road is spattered with natives. Our head man, with a ruby velvet patch in the back of his khaki shorts, a red fez, and a twinkle in his eye, has been allocated to the manuring, a task that is very easily skimped, and the manurers are carrying eight-gallon baskets on their heads to do two trees.

In the six-acre block the trees are wet and black with spray, and there is the sound of pumping. The sprayers are now differentiated from the pruners by sack overalls. Gone are the days when the native solved the laundry problem, and much else, with a frilly bunch of pale green banana leaves thrust through a thong at his waist. Now they wear heterogeneous collections of garments, the main item being the hat. These vary from fezzes to battered sombreros, or my own year-before-last-garden-party hat, worn back to front or inside out: it is wonderful what an improvement this often is, especially with two cock's feathers stuck straight up in the crown. They take considerable trouble with their headgear, but have much of the essence of good dressing, for, once donned, they forget all about it, remaining completely unconscious of the effect achieved, or of the true inwardness of an unusually cheery grin from their employer.

Only on Sundays do the chrysalises become butterflies, and a bunch of real toffs cascade, smirking, into town. Yellow shoes, white trousers, magenta ties, these are the fashion, and brittle looking Homburgs sweep off in acknowledgment as we pass to church.

One regrets that this has to come, and perhaps that in the crass ignorance of one's own youthful days, years ago, one went part of the way to encourage it. During the War I was alone on the farm, but presently my mother was to pay me a visit. To me the natives were just bare, and brown and beautiful, but I had been brought up in the Edwardian tradition, which could be epitomised for most girls in the four words, "Mother might be shocked"—this being the *ne plus ultra* of regrettable occurrence. So I went into town and bought six pairs of cheap khaki shorts. These I brought back and displayed them triumphantly to those boys who came into contact with the house—it would be impossible to clothe the whole farm, of course. They were delighted. I had six volunteers at once. They were all raw from the reserves, and had seen the white man but on rare occasions, and then he had always appeared in garments that looked identical. This was promotion indeed.

I had, however, not counted on the native lack of observation, and was somewhat disconcerted later to see that they had all got into them hind-side-before, and were standing in a row buttoning each other up behind, rather as a string of school-girls in my day plaited each others' hair before a match. Time, I thought, would tell them. But, as so often happens in Kenya, it showed me instead. The back to front arrangement of the shorts had left an ample pouch in front, most convenient for storing oddments, and my syce and houseboys rapidly achieved figures uncommon to their sex. With continual squatting on their haunches, which is the native way of sitting, and the strain of the storage space in front, the inadequately Indian-sewn buttons flew, all except the one at the waist.

The general effect was most arresting, but would, I regretfully concluded, give my mother hysterics, whereas it was possible that she might accept bare brownness as part of the country. The decision was hastened by the fact that cook would pouch the dish-cloths, so that he could produce a clean one at any moment for a pernickety Memsahb; and even that did not please her! Within 24 hours the shorts had joined the limbo of many unsuccessful experiments in Kenya; and the only maternal remark was that life seemed much simpler out here.

Nowadays the up-country house-boys follow the coast fashion and wear kanzus, a flowing white Biblical sort of garment which looks very well. Immediately on my appearance after the first farm round, my breakfast comes in; it is part of the freedom of the country that except for the evening meal, each keeps to his own time.

(Continued on page 1255)



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C.F.H.



"ELEPHANTS BATHING." FROM A PAINTING BY THE CELEBRATED GERMAN BIG-GAME ARTIST, WILLIAM KUHNERT
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After breakfast for an hour one is deluged with a cataract of detail as one sets the household wheels in motion, for all the water and milk must be boiled, bread is baked and laundry boiled at home, the fuel and the lamps, the ducks and chickens have all to be swiftly dealt with.

Like most Kenya farms, we are still trammelled with the problems of the pioneers, and 90 per cent. of our work is but indirectly connected with coffee. There is a mile and a half of private road through the forest, and a bridge, both built by us, to connect us with the highway. We have our own water system rammed from the river, dig our own cesspools, do our own building, essay our own plumbing, run our own night-school and our own hospital. It has two small wards and a larger one for emergencies, and an outpatients' verandah. It takes an hour each morning for Phœbe Mary or myself. And perhaps as a necessary corollary we have our own cemetery.

A neighbour came back from safari not long ago, and found a dead native on her drive. She wrote in some consternation to the District Commissioner: "Dear Sir,—There is a dead Kikuyu on my drive; he appears to have been dead some days." The D.C. was away, but the A.D.C., having spent his novitiate in the Secretariat learning to write "To you, for disposal" in different guises, on any correspondence he had to deal with, replied: "Dear Madam,—It is the custom of the Wakikuyu not to bury their dead. I have the honour to be," &c.

This is supplementary to income tax, and seems simpler.

Just above the native quarters, after hospital, I come across Phœbe Mary kneeling on the ground, talking down into the bowels of the earth.

"Put it on at once," she is saying in the lingo, "or I shall cut your ticket." A dire threat, much worse it seems than that of sudden asphyxiation. Somebody working below ground, finding himself trammelled by the safety chain, has evidently slipped it.

I drop full length beside her, for I am bad at heights, and look down. Flashing white teeth grin up at us. Mugwala, sitting on his haunches, is chipping away below by the light of a smoky hurricane lamp. Ohidi, with the top end of the chain hitched twice round his body, takes his ease at the top until the bucket dangling at a rope's end has been filled with debris to be hauled up. We are digging out a new cesspool for the native lines.

Cesspools were unnecessary while Africa was just Africa, ten bushes or more to each native; but reverse this, as we have done in many places by closer settlement, ten natives to each bush, and cesspools become a necessity—each new one an adventure. Through chocolate-coloured loam, then red soil packed as hard friable rock, then murrem, then greyish soil marbled with white, a 25-ft. chunk 4ft. in diameter is taken out of mother earth, and what may one not find in the tight pressed soil deep down?

Cunning, she came over to see us about it. A cemetery is not the unnecessary luxury it might seem.

Our out-patients' verandah is occasionally crowded with sick, and sometimes is down to two or three. We do rather little really, though the list is long. We can deal with fever, coughs and tummies, can treat sores, burns, abscesses and inflamed eyes, and have at our finger-tips the common needs of babyhood, so that babies are often brought long distances for very little. It is perhaps as well that one has little time to dwell on one's own incompetence: silhouetted as it is against the twilight of 2,000 years ago, an almost Biblical setting of a goat-skinned people with their flocks and herds, the little candle of common sense burns as brightly as does the powerful arc lamp of scientific knowledge in the full glare of civilisation. The spirit of adventure is abroad, the eagerness to do is paramount; daily we attempt, and sometimes achieve, the impossible.

All and sundry drop into the little thatched hospital on the hillside, our own labourers and their families, any that have fallen sick by the way, many from the Reserve, and the gang from the forest near by that steals our coffee from the factory, uses our fencing as fuel, and makes highways across enclosed land, brings with child-like trust its babies to our dispensary that they too may prosper and continue to harass our border in the years to come.

When the depredations of this gang, who are mostly employed by the forest, get too heavy, we put them (with many misgivings over technicalities) into court, and the magistrate having convicted, a paternal government steps in and pockets the fine, although government is the ultimate employer of the culprits. A high authority once gave sympathetic consideration to the point that the fine should be allocated to pay some small part of the damage done; but there are more second thoughts than first in the Secretariat, and they decided to keep the fines, adding a rider that it was open to us to continue on the same principle to put their employees into court for any further damage done.

We have never found anything except obsidian blade-like implements comparatively near the surface, but young Leakey found sufficient foundation for a life-time's study of anthropology when he started digging not far away. Perhaps our eyes are too ignorant to see, and it is fairly dark. It is grim, too, down there, even with the car's steel towing rope hooked into one's stalwart leather belt, for the walls rise straight and narrow, all enveloping, high above one's head to the circle of light above. Yet a native will work at the bottom all day, and slip the safety rope whenever possible. Civilisation has not yet touched with its magic wand his dormant imagination.

From there I go back to the pruning again, and back by the compost heaps home. We have the great pits at every cross-road.

The true inwardness of a compost pit lies largely in the eyes of the beholder. To the labour it is, of course, mere cubic capacity to be filled in by chopped grass, manure, weeds, ashes, and sprinklings from sacks bought in town. To the scientist it represents a probably imperfectly balanced lot of nitrogen, phosphates and potash. To the management it represents, *tout simple*, next year's crop. But to a farmer, well rooted in the soil, it is a place of dreams. For therein lies buried everything he hopes to do, just as surely as the seeds lie buried in the garden. The new stone native married quarters, the playroom for the family, perhaps even some 'varsity fees of the future, four years of a young life centred round some quad at Oxford, lie dormant within the gigantic pit, that seems so insatiable at filling time, yet shrunk to nothingness by autumn, when its contents are ready to be carried to the fields.

The office work comes mostly in the evenings. Most Kenya farms have a secret Augean stable euphemistically known as the office. The books may be done nightly, the mails weekly, but the top layer is likely to be the disintegrated parts of the separator, and the whole thing will be as well and truly layered as a compost heap, with files somewhere at the bottom. Ours is a handsome affair, 8ft. by 8ft., mostly walled by windows that look across lawn and clipped hedge to coffee, and over coffee to forest much of which is primeval, and over the tree-tops to the hills, where the sun rises. The one unwindowed wall is plastered with charts of work and rain and manure and crops.

Twice a year we have an interview with our chartered accountants in a pukka Nairobi office, duly noting the spacious blankness of his desk, the handsome array of pens, pencils and fresh blotting paper, while he scrutinises with a frosty eye first the books we have brought in, then ourselves, as though marvelling how on earth we managed it. Last time he asked: "What is the G.O.K. column?"

"'God only knows,'" we said humbly. "We find it *very* useful."

"*I* should call it Sundry Expenses," he answered crisply.

"I wish our office was as clear as yours," I sighed.

"It's all a matter of filing. There is nothing in an office you can't file!" Confidently he asserted it.

So we tried it, but there seemed to be a good deal in ours that we couldn't. Blood slides, for instance, and pill boxes full of antestia bugs, and football bladders awaiting repair, and fourteen pruning knives, and the inevitable separator. We gave it up, deciding to our own satisfaction that the office, being part of the farm, must range as wide a vista as its view, much of which did not come into the town accountant's orbit; leaving to him, unenvied, his badge of office, a blank and spacious desk and lots of clean blotting paper.

Three days a week rations are given out: maize meal, salt, occasional meat or vegetables. It is in this line that much remains to be done, and is to form the basis of our next adventure.

Ration time is shauri time, when boys bring up their own private business. Olo wants to get his wife out of pawn: she came down unexpectedly from the Reserve, and the friend who paid her fare will not give her up until it has been refunded; she is young and attractive; I am given to understand the matter is urgent. 8/- please. Kamau says that a leopard in his village has taken three of his goats, and as these are part of a bride price he wants a week's leave to see about it. In the Native Reserves as in Paris, for most of the troubles, *cherchez la femme*.

For free evenings there is every sort of game within reach—tennis, hockey, squash, golf, and for the middle-aged and averagely weary there is ever the farmer's own special pastime, that of leaning over a gate chewing a grass, contemplating broad acres, a bunch of cattle, or the boys playing football. A relaxation that pays, for in that still hour is born knowledge of things to come, and of needs before they have arisen.

Sometimes I go and lean over a neighbour's gate, or he comes to lean over ours. So absorbed does one become that recently, with a friend fresh from London, I stood over long at my favourite vantage point looking across 50 acres of coffee that has been pruned and is now white with blossom. After gazing as long as she could, apparently at nothingness, she said:

"I suppose you play a lot of Bridge?"

I admitted that I didn't play at all.

She gazed at me in astonishment, and asked with horror: "Then what *do* you do?"

I thought that over. G.O.K. again. "God only knows!"

Which seems to be the only possible account that the countryman can ever render to the town, of either time or money.



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WHEN THE BLACK MARLIN STRIKES

Big Game Fishing in the Pacific



BRACED FOR THE FINAL EFFORT
Endeavouring to haul a five hundred pounder aboard

"I DOAN know for sure, but I think we catch a big feller to-day," Boy grinned cheerfully as we stepped aboard Minerva. Behind us the little village of Paihia on the shores of the Bay of Islands, N.Z., still lay sleeping beneath the morning mists. Away out beyond Tapeka Point the cirrus-studded sky was aglow with the first light of dawn. The launch purred contentedly as she awoke to the touch of her skipper's skilful hand. We backed away from the jetty, swung round, and a moment later were gliding out over the glassy waters towards the two small islands which marked the channel leading to the deeper water.

"Good for bait, too, this morning," our launchman continued, glancing up at the sky. "Wind's jes' right, weather's O.K., and your frien' is only out for the day. I like the 'one-day' man 'cause he always catches the fish, you see!" he smiled as he handed me the wheel and disappeared below to rummage for the rods and gear.

Following his directions we headed for Tapeka which marks the entrance to the inner bay. There, he informed us, we would surely make our catch of kahawai, a kind of mackerel weighing on an average from 4lb. to 5lb. Sure enough, by the time the rods were ready and we were off the point, our two spinners had each hooked a 5-pounder, and thereafter we were busily engaged pulling fish inboard until the bait locker was full. Then Boy took the wheel and headed out for the big-game fishing grounds an hour's run to the north.

Presently we felt the first long swell of the open Pacific sweeping to meet us as we emerged from behind the last of the hundred odd islands which together make up the great bay. The water was a glorious blue and clear to a great depth, and not a breath of wind ruffled the long oily swell. Already, though the autumn sun had only been up an hour, we had discarded our coats and smeared our arms and faces with a goodly layer of anti-sunburn mixture. As Boy seated us in the two swivel chairs in the cockpit, first Piercy Island and then Cape Brett showed up away to starboard, and we were on the outskirts of the fishing grounds.

For five minutes our instructor initiated us into the mysteries of swordfishing, for we were both novices, and then summed up briefly: "When he takes the bait, whatever you do, doan you put any check on the reel. Let him run out till he stops, and when he has been still for a second or two, then strike back hard with your rod. Remember, he takes that fish sideways-on when he first takes it in his mouth. He doesn't swallow it till he stops at the end of the first run, as a rule. Then he twists it head first in his beak and swallows it right down. You must strike at once after he has done that, 'cause as soon as he feels that there is something wrong he comes up to the surface and shoots out that bait jes' like a cork from a bottle."



SHIMMERING IN THE BLUE OF THE PACIFIC
This fish was photographed 30ft. from the launch and over two fathoms down beneath the surface of the clear, blue water

An hour passed by as we trolled along at about six knots. The teasers (lures) skipped and fussed along just ahead of the baits, for all the world as though they were being hotly pursued by the two kahawai. Another half-hour passed, and gradually conversation languished as the easy rocking of the launch and the warm sun lulled us into drowsiness. It looked as though our optimistic launchman had been over-confident. I roused myself and glanced round. He had left the wheel for the moment and Minerva was steering herself, while her skipper stood up near the bows gazing intently towards a huge flock of birds which were wheeling and diving above a school of fish a mile or more ahead. Then I looked again towards the skipping baits just behind and between the teasers, some 40ft. astern of us. Somehow or other they were different, though for the moment I was at a loss as to just what the difference was. Then I realised that it was not the baits, but the colour of the sea around them which had altered. It was no longer a clear limpid blue, but was shadowy, though the sky was clear enough. Abruptly the shadow changed, dwindled, then from just a vague blur, it again took definite shape as a gigantic black swordfish rose quickly from the depths.

"Fish-O!" I yelled in my companion's ear. He awoke with a great start, and for a moment I thought he was going to drop his rod. Then Boy was between us and peering intently astern. "Black Marlin!" He spoke in a tense whisper, as though he feared his voice might scare the fish



LEAPING 40FT. THROUGH THE AIR
After trying unsuccessfully to throw out the bait and hook, he commences a series of enormous leaps towards the open sea

away. "A beauty, too. Five hundred pounds in that chap. Whip in your teaser, sir. I'll look after the starboard one."

In a moment we had in the two lures and the baits were left alone, one on each side of the fish. It eyed first one, then the other. Then it dropped suddenly 40ft. or 50ft. behind them, and as abruptly shot up again on the other side. It darted through the water with an altogether amazing lack of effort, though we were trolling at a steady eight knots. Then, with a movement so rapid that it was difficult to follow, it twisted its head sideways while still swimming forward, seized my friend's bait in its beak, and disappeared into the depths from whence it had just emerged. Only the steady swishing of



THE END OF A TWO-AND-A-HALF HOURS' STRUGGLE
The launchman places a noose over the tail of a freshly caught striped marlin, preparatory to hauling it on board

the unchecked reel told that he was still carrying the kahawai. Presently the reel slowed down and finally stopped. A second, two seconds, we waited for our launchman's signal to strike.

"Now let him have it," he said. "Strike hard now with your brake on." Back came the stout tanekaha rod with a vicious tug, then back again twice. At the third pull the sea began to seethe and boil at a point about 100yds. directly astern, and a moment later the fish emerged. Out it came until it appeared to be standing on the tip of its tail, and all the time it was viciously shaking its head from side to side in a frantic effort to throw out the bait. Then it suddenly commenced to broach, leaping fifteen times in succession, and travelling at such speed that it appeared to do little more than just flick the surface of the water with its tail as it flashed by on our starboard side.

Several jumps were more than 40ft. in length, as may be seen in the photograph (the fish later proved to be just over 12ft. 6in. long).

Again he abruptly changed his tactics, and with 200yds. of the 500yd. line out, commenced a mad rush towards the open sea to the north, keeping just below the surface all the time. Three hundred yards were out in a second, then four. The stout tanekaha rod bent like a bow. The strain was terrific for the brake was applied, and the speed of the launch not nearly sufficient to keep up with the fish, though the engine was all out. It seemed that the seemingly frail 39-thread line with its breaking strain of 78lb., must surely snap.

"By cripes! I believe he's off! I doan know what weight that chap is, but he's too fast for us," ejaculated Boy, as he anxiously eyed the few remaining coils on the reel, which for the moment had ceased to revolve.

"Wind in, wind in as quick as you can!" he urged. "Doan you let it slack for a second, or he'll be off for a cert. Let me feel the line for a second," he continued. His practised hand pulled lightly on it for a moment, then dropped it with an exclamation of disgust. "I reckon he's off, but you never can tell with these fellers," he ventured. "But keep on winding in. He may be swimming straight towards us." Rapidly the slack came in until only 50yds. were out. Then abruptly the drum commenced to swish round again, the rod bent, the fisherman lay far back on his chair as he braced his feet against the combing, and the fight was on again. "He mus' have been swimming straight towards us," observed Boy.

And so the battle raged. Sometimes sulking, sometimes broaching and leaping high in the air, at others rushing out at mad speed for 300yds. to 400yds. at a time. For two hours the great fish fought stubbornly, and it was another 40 minutes after that before we had it alongside.

Then came the tussle to haul him inboard. It took us the best part of 40 minutes to drag him athwart the little after deck. By that time the sun was busily painting the sky behind Waitangi, the old British Residency, in a splash of colour which would have put any artist's palette to shame. Presently the friendly blink of the Cape Brett lighthouse high on its rocky perch behind Piercy Island commenced its warning signal as we swung round and headed for the Urupukapuka fishing camp *en route* for Paihia and home. As the shadows gradually lengthened the bubbles in our wake changed to liquid fire, pointing a blazing finger towards the great swordfishing grounds astern. Then through Hope Passage with its maze of little wooded islands, and up the Rawhiti Inlet to Urupukapuka cove, where the camp was ablaze with lights to welcome home its fishermen.

"Good work," commented the tall Scotchman who, besides being the manager of the camp, was also the official representative of the Russell Swordfishing Club. "Good work," he repeated, carefully adjusting the scales. "Four hundred and sixty pounds nett! One of the biggest this season so far. A launch from the Cavallis came in this morning with a six hundred and twenty-four-pounder, but this one's worth a wetting, I think. Come along up to the office, and we'll celebrate the second largest catch of the season. I'll make out your certificate, too."

"I told you so," Boy grinned cheerfully, as we drew in towards the Paihia wharf late that night. "You can't beat the 'one-day' man. He's always lucky. But remember Minerva and the opening of the season next December. Good-night, gentlemen."

JOHN CANNING.

FOR THE EXHIBITION.—Those who intend visiting the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow will be interested to hear of a special pictorial plan of the city on a scale of 5½in. to the mile which has been produced by John Bartholomew & Sons, Ltd. It is embellished with views of the principal buildings and places of interest. Printed on paper (1/-) or cloth (2/6) it not only makes a useful map for visitors, but is an attractive souvenir.

THE FATE OF NEW ZEALAND'S BIG GAME

Results of Mass Crop Protection

DURING my recent visit to Berlin two Austrian ladies asked me if I could give them any details of chamois stalking in New Zealand. Beyond warning them to be very careful before committing themselves with regard to any shooting at so great a distance from home, I was unable to be of any help. The report of the Department of Internal Affairs has now reached me which provides interesting reading for those who contemplate such a trip. The number of chamois actually killed is given as 2,971; whilst 2,765 thar were slaughtered, and "a termination of the menace these animals constituted is, it is thought, already in sight." 1,658 were killed at Mt. Cook, the remainder at the heads of the Rangitata watershed.

"Although the position with regard to chamois infestation is serious, this season's activities have, it is thought, gone a long way towards checking the spread, aside from the improvement in growth of vegetation which will undoubtedly take place in the Mount Cook reserves and the Rangitata, and there is reason to believe that effective control will eventually be effected."

One effect of this organised slaughter is that stragglers who object to being dealt with in the summary manner indicated and move to less dangerous quarters will return to their old haunts and can be dealt with in more accessible localities than those to which they were driven. It seems scarcely worth while for chamois stalkers to contemplate a trip to New Zealand.

But if the decimation of the chamois and thar was satisfactory, the position with regard to the red deer is even more so—28,770 were killed; which, with 11 pigs and 427 goats, brings the grand total up to 32,343; 11,744 skins were recovered. For the whole season ending May 31st, 1937, it is estimated that the final total will reach the figure of 34,944 animals killed and 12,131 skins recovered.

"A geographical analysis of the whole season's figures reveals that the operations on the eastern side and those on the western side of the main divide yielded the following results:

Eastern side (including Mt. Cook):

	Deer	Thar	Chamois	Goats	Pig
	21,579	2,765	2,898	381	—
Western side:	7,191	—	73	46	11"

The weather, unfortunately, was bad, which interfered with the hunters, who, in some cases, grew so discouraged that they were unable to dry the skins of the animals shot, and merely took the tails.

A small party, continuing last season's campaign, operated in certain parts of the Markarora and Hunter Valleys. This resulted in 700 deer being killed in the area worked during the preceding season, and "effectively 'cleaned up' these 'special winter quarters' of the deer."

Between the beginning of September and the beginning of December, throughout the area stretching from the heads of the Rangitata Valley on the east and the Whitcombe Valley on the west to the line of the Blenheim-Murchison highway, an attack was launched on the deer from 20 different points. From the low ground and foothills they were pushed forward towards the main divide by an increasing number of hunters, these tactics culminating in a concerted kill.



BENEATH THE SNOWS OF MOUNT COOK

This area in South Island is potentially a great sporting country

The parties then returned to their starting points to begin again, and by the time the eastern contingent reached their old ground there were more deer than ever and big "kills" resulted. Certain uninformed people have criticised the method of attack adopted by the Department. They can be reassured after reading the report. "To Departmental parties there is no inaccessible 'away back' country to which deer may escape and find sanctuary." Not even the smallest bit of country was left unvisited by the men concerned, who constantly met on top of the divide, besides traversing along it and crossing at numberless points.

Winter operations are being undertaken in various districts, and if the deer think they are going to have a respite now that they are compelled to move to "winter country" they will find they are mistaken.

Numbers of men offered themselves for the agreeable job of killing the deer, but difficulty was found in obtaining sufficiently experienced hunters. The rigorous conditions in Westland resulted in many leaving after a short time. The total number of skins sold during the year was 12,555. Private commercial hunters sold 1,699 skins to the department. It is nice to know that something was saved.

FRANK WALLACE.

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PLAIN TALES BEFORE THE MONSOON BREAKS



WALKING UP THE WATER-HOLES—THE NOON-TIDE TIGER



THE UNQUENCHABLE SHIKARI—STALKING MUGGER WITH THE SUN UP

Drawings by Maurice Tullock

SKETCHES OF HOT-WEATHER SPORT IN INDIA



PIG-STICKING, FIRST OF ALL THE HOT-WEATHER SPORTS



DOWN TO THE RIVER FOR A ROLL AND A "COOLER"

Drawings by Maurice Tullock



THE LION ROCK, PIHA, NEW ZEALAND. FROM THE PAINTING BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH

This picture was among the many fine studies of New Zealand scenery made by Mr. Lamorna Birch as a result of his visit to New Zealand in 1936. Some of the pictures are to be seen at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1

FINE OLD SILVER

The Hall-Marks on this handsome silver cup in the Victoria and Albert Museum indicate that it was made in London by John Eckfourd — a silversmith whose name is revered by all collectors — in the year 1722-3.



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CHAPMAN'S ZEBRA AND WILDEBEEST APPROACHING A WATER HOLE

SOUTH AFRICA'S GAME RESERVES

"The World's Most Wonderful Sanctuary of Wild Life"

By THE EARL OF CLARENDON, K.G.

IN the Union of South Africa there are a number of game reserves where animal life is closely preserved, and there is no doubt that the Kruger National Park, the largest of them all, can rightly be described as the world's most wonderful sanctuary for wild life.

This great park is situated in the north-eastern portion of the Transvaal; it has a length of some 220 miles, and an average width of 40 miles; its total area, therefore, is rather larger than Wales. The conception of inaugurating a game reserve originated in the year 1898 when only a comparatively small area of about 1,500 square miles in extent was proclaimed as such. Subsequently from time to time other areas have been added till to-day it covers a vast tract of land consisting of many thousands of square miles.

For some years there was a good deal of opposition to a project of this kind. What is the object of this? was a question frequently asked; others wanted to know why the Government was spending so much money on such an undertaking. But to-day it is realised throughout the Union of South Africa that by these means the great fauna of the country has been preserved from extermination, for game laws and close seasons were not at one time invariably respected, and the community has come to realise that it possesses one of the wonders of the world, as well as a unique holiday resort where experiences of a kind that cannot be met with anywhere else can be enjoyed.

The scenery is very varied, consisting of wild gorges, through which the various rivers flow, to open palm-dotted flats and dense thorn bush country, and away to the west tower the giant awe-inspiring peaks of the Drakensburg range of mountains which are visible from all portions of the park. The six principal rivers—the Crocodile, the Sabi, the Oliphants, the Letaba, the Pafuri, and the Limpopo—all afford delight with their crystal clear swiftly running streams which pass over sand and rock between reeds and forest-clad banks. In some of these it is entertaining to watch the antics of the hippopotami which frequent the deeper pools, and which can easily be approached and photographed.

The climate during the period when visitors are admitted, that is to say from June, or a little earlier, to September, is pleasant and not too hot, and there is, at that time of year, no risk of contracting malarial fever. The atmosphere is clear and dry for practically no rain falls during these months. Day after day the sky is deep blue, dotted with fleecy clouds, and the temperature varies between 75 degrees Fahrenheit in the warmest part of the day to a few degrees of frost at dawn.

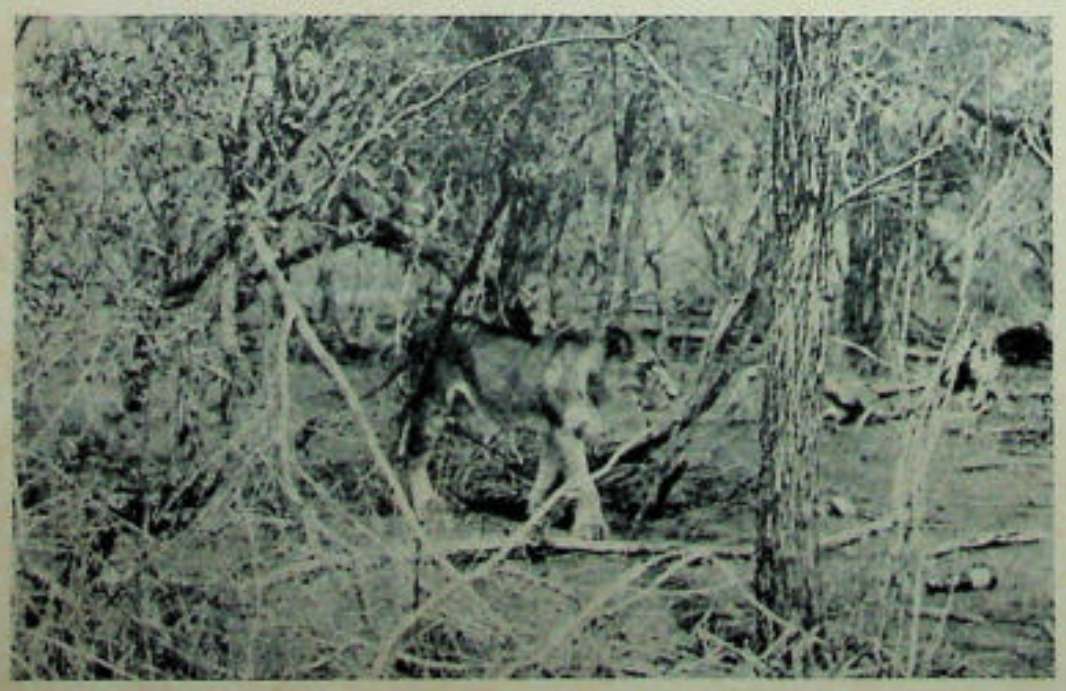
The rest camps are numerous; there are twelve of them in various parts of the park, they are beautifully situated in most cases close to the various rivers at which, if one is early astir, game can be seen at the hours when it usually comes down to drink. In this great reserve there is to-day probably a greater variety of wild life to be seen than in any area of a similar size in the world, and as there are plenty of roads in every direction anyone is unfortunate if, in a visit of a week or a little less, a great many of the various species are not seen.

All the largest game, as well as the greater antelopes, are to be found in various parts of the park, and the smaller buck, the most graceful of which is the impala with its lovely dark anklets of fur just above the hoof, exist in quite large quantities throughout. But, of course, the great attraction is the lions which are very numerous. The Warden of the park, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stevenson Hamilton, when last I saw him nearly two years ago, estimated that there were at least 1,200 in the reserve, and they can be and are seen constantly almost anywhere.

Few, I think, would believe that it is possible to see dangerous game and photograph it without incurring risk to life and limb, yet here, and for that matter in any of the other game reserves, you can, comfortably seated in a motor car, watch the king of beasts at play, at rest, and even hunting in search of his food.

I shall never forget the thrill I got when, for the first time, I encountered a couple of these great cats; they were lying on the road which runs from the eastern entrance of the park to the headquarters camp at Skukuza. We had entered the park at about 11 a.m., but not until late in the afternoon did we see any lions, then suddenly as we rounded a bend in the road there in front of us lay two magnificent males. We slowed down, pulling up quite close to the nearest one; neither he nor his companion paid much attention, they just turned their heads to see what was approaching them, got up quite slowly and lay down again in the road a few yards further on. My companion and I were thrilled at the sight of these two great creatures at such close quarters, for they were a magnificent pair, thoroughly typical of their species, and they gave one a lively sense of their immense power and strength.

We decided to remain and watch them for a



A LIONESS ON THE PROWL IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK



A FAMILY OF GIRAFFES ALL OUT IN AN AFRICAN RESERVE

while, but as the sun by then was getting very low we were unable to stop for long and were obliged to continue our journey in order to reach camp before dark. The car was started, but the nearest lion refused to move. There was nothing to do but drive on, and we almost touched his tail before he rose with a cross grunt to clear out of our way, and as he moved off his progress was greeted with shouts and screams from a troop of baboons which were sitting in the trees nearby to which he replied with a terrific roar.

The most remarkable thing about all the game in these reserves is their sense of security, they show no fear or distrust of motor cars or human beings, but once outside there is a very different story to tell, for the moment that lions, at any rate, cross the march, and enter the property of private owners where shooting is permitted, they are very shy and suspicious; indeed, one may travel along such roads or tracks as exist for days and even weeks on end and see none, and even when they are encountered they clear off very rapidly.

Up to this stage I have written only of the game to be seen and watched, but there is also a great variety of bird life from great birds of prey like the eagles, hawks and vultures down to minute little feathered folk with brilliant highly-coloured plumage, as well as many different kinds of game birds. Indeed, it may be said that a kind of paradise exists here for all bird lovers, for anyone interested in ornithology can spend a glorious holiday in this area enjoying at the same time a feast of amazing colours and hues, and I wish I had the space in which to enter into detail regarding them.

In addition to the Kruger National Park there are other smaller reserves where game is strictly preserved and protected. I cannot speak of them all in this article. I shall confine myself therefore to a brief description of the three principal ones, one of which is situated in the Orange Free State, the remaining two in the province of Natal. The small reserve in the Orange Free State lies near a small town of the name of Theunissen. It holds only two varieties of game—the blesbok, a dark brown animal about the size of a donkey, with short twisted horns and a white blaze extending from the forehead nearly to the nose, and the springbok, a much smaller buck light fawn in colour, a very graceful little animal, a representation of whose head is used as an emblem on the South African Railways, as well as at two points on the outside walls of South Africa House in Trafalgar Square.

Many of the farms are entirely devoid of all fauna. At one time there were great herds everywhere, but as the absorption of the land for farming operations grew the game on practically all the holdings was exterminated on account of the damage it did to the crops. The creation of such reserves as this has encouraged a number of farmers to restock their respective farms with small herds of the lesser game, and from this reserve small numbers of blesbok and springbok are caught and sent away annually for this purpose.

Turning to Natal, the two principal reserves are at Hluhluwe and Mkuzi. The Hluhluwe Reserve may well be described as the National Park of Zululand. Nature has been bountiful in her gifts to this reserve, and no one can fail to be impressed by the wonderful sub-tropical vegetation, and the ever-present expectation that, at any moment, one may get a glimpse of a huge rhinoceros, a buffalo, or a stately kudu. A quiet approach, too, to any of the river pools may reveal a fully-grown crocodile stretched out on a sandbank basking in the sun.

Here there is a small herd of the rare white rhinoceros, a huge, ungainly creature very like the black variety but with considerably longer horns. The camp is beautifully situated, high up on a saddle between two valleys, in magnificent hilly country, and from the little two-roomed bungalows which visitors occupy one can, if up and about in the early hours of the morning, frequently see in one valley a herd of buffalo, in the other rhinoceros, all feeding before retiring into the bush to escape the heat of the day.

The Mkuzi Reserve is a small one, rather off the beaten track, and visitors are obliged to bring their own bedding and tents as there is no hut accommodation; but the trouble involved in doing this is more than compensated by the chance of a sight of a nyala, a large species of bush buck, or a lion. The country is comparatively flat but no less interesting on that account, for the vegetation is varied and prolific, and the dense bush in the valleys is studded with fever trees—greenish-yellow barked, sinister and unhealthy-looking objects—which grow in districts where malarial fever prevails.

Before bringing this article to an end I cannot refrain from alluding briefly to an attempt which is being made in all this neighbourhood and throughout South Africa to exterminate the tsetse fly, a great pest which is a serious menace wherever it exists, both to cattle and game, and which inflicts a fatal disease called nagana on every animal it bites.

The method of trapping these flies is very simple and economical—a piece of canvas or rough sacking is stretched over wooden supports, and it is made to resemble the torso of a fair-sized quadruped. The section where the belly of any animal would be is left open, and the flies crawl in through this opening, never having the sense to crawl out again. In this way vast numbers are destroyed every year, and although they still exist in various parts of South Africa the number killed annually is so great that they are becoming rarer, and there is every reason to hope that eventually this pest will be exterminated completely. This trap is the invention of a Mr. Harris, who certainly deserves well of his country.

I should like to have referred briefly in this article to the beautiful flora which can be seen in all the reserves, but space does not permit. I can only say that botanists and all lovers of flowers can, and will, find much to gladden the eye and deeply interest them everywhere.

In conclusion I would add that all who are interested in the preservation of the fauna of the world, all who desire to study wild life in its natural surroundings, owe a very great debt of gratitude to the South African Government for the successful attempt it has made to protect and preserve these splendid creatures, thereby giving to posterity, and to all who in our time may wish to see them, opportunities of watching them in their natural habitat, and in a setting which provides unforgettable memories.



"THE IMPALA WITH ITS LOVELY DARK ANKLETS OF FUR JUST ABOVE THE HOOF, EXIST IN QUITE LARGE QUANTITIES THROUGHOUT"

IN THE SUDAN AND IN WALES

Observations on the Common Sandpiper

By J. B. BOWERS and S. M. TINSON

THE clear whistling notes of the common sandpiper must float through the dreams of many a fisherman and naturalist as he recalls his summer days on upland rivers and lakes.

The sandpiper is a bird of independent personality, an exception to the usual gregariousness of the wader tribe. I have watched him in winter on the banks of the Nile and the rain floods of the Central Sudan, where he is a common visitor. In January I have seen as many as 30 feeding along a mile of the water's edge, mingled with the black-winged stilts, ruffs and other waders, yet I never saw two of them that appeared to consort together in any way. When disturbed they would fly off with that clear staccato whistle and tremulous wingbeat, each in his own good time and in independent directions.

In spring on the moorland streams of Britain each pair has its clear domain, and on the Welsh Elan, where we spent many hours watching a nest, river and tributaries could be accurately mapped into sandpiper territories; usually a pair to about three-quarters of a mile on the favoured reaches. The sandpipers here, as usual, were oddly fearless of humanity, and I sat in a car, sheltering from the heavy rain and watched one feeding within a few feet of the wheels. He was having good hunting, repeatedly driving his bill into the softened turf and frequently pulling out fat grey grubs, probably cockchafer larvæ. He fed very much in starling fashion, seeming to prod at random, but either the grubs were very numerous or some sense told him of their whereabouts, for at every dozen or so of his soundings he would begin to dig frenziedly, and at once be rewarded with a grub. This bird was quaintly adorned with two little rings of wool or down just above his feet, reminiscent of the lion hair anklets commonly associated with Zulu braves. Whether he had entangled his feet in some sheep's wool or whether these bangles had slipped down at moulting from his thigh feathers remains a mystery; they seemed to fit quite loosely and not to grow on him.

All the bird books I consulted maintain that incubation is probably by one bird, one authority considering it to be confined to the male only. This was certainly not the case at the nest we watched. As often happens, there were great differences of temperament between the two birds, and in this case a very distinct difference of colouring. One, presumed to be the female, was generally paler in colour and had an indefinite almost white patch under her chin; in the other the speckled café-au-lait colour of the head merged straight into the creamy brown of the breast. The paler bird was extraordinarily tame, perched on the hide when it was first put up, and subsequently would walk with purposeful speed and silence straight to the eggs; only a loud shout from the hidden photographer would check her rush and give a momentary chance of an exposure. The other bird, however, always came on hesitantly, piping softly as if to give himself confidence, and the first click of the shutter perturbed him into running off a few yards to whistle an inquiring protest.



J. B. Bowers

IN WINTER IN THE CENTRAL SUDAN







Photos: J. B. Bowers

ON THE WELSH ELAN

The male (left) a darker bird, was always more nervous. The female (right) had an almost white patch under her chin and would brood contentedly, quite fearless of man

The two birds seemed to take about equal turns on the eggs, but as they were so often disturbed by traffic on the road a few yards away it was hopeless to time their shifts. Usually the sitting bird ran a few yards from the eggs, and then flew upstream to fetch the other. Returning together, they would land on a rock beside the river, and the one due for duty would run the hundred yards up the bracken slope to the nest, leaving its escort to fly away to the soft ground upstream for food and rest.

One afternoon, however, the unexpected happened. During a long wait of four hours in the hide there had been several exasperating disturbances from passers-by on the road, but each time the hen bird, who had been sitting, returned unescorted. Perhaps she had failed to find her mate. The last time she came she sat restlessly. Then the call notes of the cock were heard down below on the river. The sitting bird craned her neck and began to whistle softly in reply with all the reactions of excitement. Gradually the low whistling of the cock drew nearer. He was running up the bank towards the nest. The hen sat still, answering with little pipings in her throat, until he passed close in front of the hide, and ran straight up to the nest. The sitting bird did not rise until the cock stood close over her, then she slipped off the eggs, still whistling, and he shuffled down to brood. She had run only a yard or two when a car passed on the road and both birds rose and flew away, but the camera had done its work, and the photographer, a new enthusiast to the hobby, was rewarded with a picture that may well be unique, a record of the sandpipers changing guard.



S. M. Tinson

CHANGING GUARD

A picture that may well be unique showing the cock relieving the hen during incubation

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THE NORTH IRISH HORSE
FROM THE PAINTING BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL B. GRANVILLE BAKER, D.S.O.

THERE is a feudal sound about the term Militia. Not so much the Continental implication of the word, as introduced by Normans into Britain, but a more familiar, intimate meaning. The sense that moved the Saxon freeman to lift his 10ft. spear out of the corner it generally occupied, and trudge off to the appointed place where the fyrd of the Shire was wont to meet when the King called for their help.

Under one description or another men of the shires turned out in warlike array, some on horseback, some afoot; they were in all respects Militia. You find records of their doings in ancient chroniclers, of Lords of the Manor riding out at the head of mounted archers and pikemen on foot to take their part on the battlefields of France, or wherever it was the King's pleasure to do some hard hitting. Down to our time the Militia remained the foundation of the country's land forces, drawing its strength from a deep-rooted loyalty to the county by which it was administered.

There was great variety of Militia, all arms were represented, and of these the most picturesque were the regiments of "Horse." There were two of these, and it seems quite appropriate that they should rise from the soil of Ireland. The South Irish Horse were disbanded in 1922; the North Irish Horse still exists, but simply as a mere "cadre." Its life was a short one, perhaps it may not be described as a "merry one"; but it must have been happy seeing that it was spent in preparing for the day of trial.

How the North Irish Horse comported itself in the Great War stands recorded in the warlike story of our race. A squadron of the regiment was the first reserve unit to gain touch with the German hosts pouring into France out of Belgium. The glowing roll of battle honours marks the regiment's achievement. "Retreat from Mons," "Marne 1914," "Aisne 1914," "Armentières," "Albert 1916," "Messines 1917," "Ypres 1917," "Bapaume 1918," "Cambrai 1918" and "Selle," all landmarks on the road to victory, with many a gallant lesser action in between.

The training towards this success was sport in which the horse, as good companion, took full share. There was glorious competition between North and South Irish Horse for the cup presented by the Earl of Shaftesbury to the winner of the Army Point-to-Point. The North won it three times out of four occasions on which the race was run. Hard riding, hard fighting in sport and war, makes for happiness in a world that is further removed from peace to-day than it was when the North Irish Horse was formed immediately after the war in South Africa (of 1899–1902): the Gentlemen's War, as that conflict has been called by those who could contrast it with the Great War. Gentlemen of Ireland joined that body of Irish Horse as a matter of course, and devoted leisure time to hard training.

Now all that good is in abeyance, awaiting a return of sound sense to those who have authority in such matters. There is, officially, only a fragment left of the North Irish Horse, but what a foundation on which to rebuild! Here is the spirit of cavalry which is chivalry, ready to re-enter upon a sordid materialist world, the spirit in which Irish gentlemen excel; it is their birthright.



RED LECHWE ON THE KAFUE FLATS, NORTHERN RHODESIA

BIG GAME OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

A Country Still Unspoilt

By T. VAUGHAN-JONES

SINCE I first started work on the game problems of Northern Rhodesia, a very little while ago, I have heard so many complaints from visiting sportsmen and received so many queries from all sorts of people who all say they can find out nothing about this country, that I feel an excuse for setting out some of the facts culled from my several years' experience on the out-stations is scarcely necessary.

Northern Rhodesia, still unsophisticated and unspoilt, land of forest and great rivers, affords some of the best and most varied hunting to be had in Africa. For huge concentrations of game, massed herds of wildebeeste, zebra or lechwe, one may go to the open plains of the Kafue or the Bangweulu Swamps which compare with any for their multitude of head; but to obtain the best hunting it is really needless to view a thousand or more head at a time, impressive and interesting though such a sight may be.

Elephant, lion, buffalo—these names are commonplaces. Lion and buffalo are free for all to shoot without licence throughout the country, while in the Luangwa Valley and the Northern Province an elephant control organisation has had to be formed to protect the natives' crops from damage by the great numbers of these beasts. Tusks up to 60lb. or 70lb. weight are not uncommon, and with good luck something in the region of 90lb. might be obtained. The licence is cheap for a visitor; a special licence enabling him to shoot an elephant and a rhino as well as all the other game to which an ordinary licence entitles him costs £30, with an additional fee of £10 for each elephant shot after the first up to a maximum of four.

Anyone would be unlucky who could not bag more than 200lb. weight of ivory on a trip, and this measure of success would at the current local price of ivory almost pay the £60 for his licence to shoot four elephant, apart from anything else he might have shot under it. A successful hunt should at a conservative estimate produce well over 300lb. weight of ivory. These calculations are not intended to inspire any sportsman with the spirit of commerce, but there are, indeed, few of us who do not appreciate knowing whether or not we are likely to get any return on our outlay for a hunting trip. I may mention that as well as in the Luangwa and Northern Province areas, good elephant hunting is to be had in certain parts of the Zambezi Valley and in the Western Province.

Lion are widely distributed, plentiful locally, but may be met with almost anywhere. Buffalo, as I have already mentioned, may be shot without licence; they swarm in certain parts of the country, notably in the region of the Kafue River Hook and in parts of the Luangwa Valley, and incidentally some of the Northern Rhodesia buffalo have magnificent heads. Rhino, though generally rather scarce, are still fairly plentiful in certain areas of the Luangwa Valley.

Of big game that may be shot on an ordinary licence, costing the visitor £25, hippo may be found in all the lakes and great rivers; sable antelope and kudu are widely distributed throughout the territory and their much-coveted trophies can be obtained without great difficulty. Eland, roan, Lichtenstein's hartebeest, both the common and the Defassa waterbuck, and zebra, may be found anywhere; blue wildebeest, tsessebe, red lechwe, black lechwe and situtunga are common in their local habitats, though the last named is hard to find owing to the dense swamp vegetation it favours. Add to these impala, puku, reed-buck, oribi, klipspringer, and a variety of other small buck too numerous to list here, not to mention the so-called vermin, wart-hog and bush-pig, leopard and cheetah, and the hunter has for his £25 licence a variety of trophies, some of which he could get nowhere else—not only not so cheaply but not at all, for Northern Rhodesia has several species peculiar to itself.

Of the larger game the handsome black lechwe of the Bangweulu swamps cannot be obtained elsewhere; Cookson's wildebeeste is peculiar to the Luangwa Valley, as are also the Senga Kob (or Senga Puku) and Thornicroft's giraffe—but both these latter species are complete protected.

In a hunter's country birds and fish are rather taken for granted, but it is worth mentioning that excellent bird shooting and fishing may be had, particularly along the great waterways. There are several varieties of francolin, the helmet- and the crested guinea-fowl, sand-grouse in suitable localities; and in the big swamps of Zambezi, Kafue, Luangwa, Bangweulu, and elsewhere, a multitude of wildfowl congregate towards the end of the year—geese from the powerful spurwing to the daintiest pigmy, and various species of duck and teal in countless numbers.

There are in the rivers and lakes fish running to well over 100 lb. in weight; the largest no doubt has never been caught! The great perch of Lake Tanganyika must rank with the best, while some species of silurid (locally known as "mud-fish" or "barbel") grow to a huge size in the stiller waters, and though not real fighters give good sport by virtue of their sheer strength. Tiger-fish, quite commonly running to 10lb. or 15lb., may be found plentifully in most of the rivers of any size, and also in the lakes; they are, without exception, as game a fish as can be hooked in this world. Fish of the Tilapia family ("bream") are common everywhere, rather poor to play, but at any rate excellent eating. "Gorge-fish" (barbus) running to 5lb. or 6lb. or more give good sport, and are plentiful in the Zambezi, near Livingstone (the Victoria Falls), and in other strong-flowing waters.

Northern Rhodesia is a vast country with an infinite variety of choices—forest, hill, lake or river, swamp or plain—and the intending sportsman will naturally want to know to which part of the 290,000 odd square miles of the territory he should go, and how to set about it. For detailed information on any point he can do no better than write to the Game Warden or to the Director of Publicity, both at Livingstone.

For the sportsman who can afford the advantages of a white hunter and luxurious "safari," or "ulendo," as Northern Rhodesia has it, there are in the country several men of long experience willing to take responsibility for comfort, safety and success. For those who cannot afford, or who disdain, such assistance, there will be the advice and guidance of the Game Department and Publicity Bureau. It is proposed to open up some of the best game areas in the country for the benefit of sportsmen, while in the Game Reserves the lover of nature may find all the wild life he desires.

Many of the best game areas can be approached by car or lorry, but for anyone who has time to spare there is no joy like the old-fashioned ulendo with tent and carriers, barge and paddlers, a ubiquitous home; easy walking in the cool light of dawn, unhurried and unhampered enjoyment of everything beautiful and interesting, at night blazing logs and weary contentment. A comfortable ulendo should not cost more than 30/- or at most £2 a day, including servants and food, but not, of course, professional assistance; any accustomed to the bush and prepared to rough it could do it for half this amount.

Possibly the best season for hunting is in the months of August and September, when the grass fires have cleared much of the bush of hampering debris, and the game collects in herds near the waterholes and streams and near the sweet young grass which sprouts after the fires have passed. There is then no rain, and the nights are still cool, whereas by October the heat in the low-lying areas may have become somewhat oppressive. However, if one does not mind the heat and the early rains which come in November and December, good hunting may be had till the new year, by when the grass has begun to grow too long for comfortable walking, and with plenty of water everywhere the herds tend to break up and scatter through the bush.

The best bird shooting as also the best fishing coincides with the season for big game, though the wildfowl do not appear in their greatest strength till the close of the year, just before their dry-season haunts are submerged by the rain-swollen floods.

Health is a paramount consideration to the enjoyment of any trip, and the sportsman will be well advised even in the cold, dry season, to take with him a mosquito net and quinine; if he uses the former conscientiously he may never need the latter! With these two necessities and a third, common sense, one may travel the bush at any season and enjoy perfect health.

It is difficult to give in a short space an adequate idea of the country's appeal to the sportsman, but perhaps I have written enough to show that in Northern Rhodesia there are still great tracts of country where the wild animals hold their own; the meat is not always easy, but for the hunter there is waiting a true hunter's reward.

HORSE AND SPEAR IN EAST AFRICA

Kenya's Kadir Country

[Pigsticking is associated in the minds of most people with the United Provinces of India, which constitute "the shires" of a country whose "provinces" are as far apart as Calcutta, Baghdad and Tangier. Here we have an account of pigsticking in Kenya which we are sure the purists of hog-hunting—if there are such people—will read with interest.—ED.]

THE great rolling plains of East Africa, where the wart-hog roams, are indeed the hog-hunter's paradise. And if we are lucky enough to live in a district where oryx and wart-hog are found together, then we have little to envy our brother hunter of India, his tent clubs, and the glamorous sport they provide.

In Kenya and Tanganyika, hunting with horse and spear is done in a very informal way, but the sport itself loses nothing by it. We hunt in small parties as a rule, but often alone, our sole companion being then a mounted syce, who carries the spare spear, and whose particular job it is to keep the hyenas away when a rider falls and gets concussion. There are no beaters, no attendants, and no medicine chest.

Our mounts are half-bred Anglo-Somali ponies, the average height of which is 14.2 hands. Some people who want to do things in style use better bred and bigger animals, mistakenly I believe; for in the whole of Africa there is not a horse better suited to the pig-sticking game than the "progeny" as we call him. He is handy, sound, bold, and extraordinary sure-footed—qualities all inherited from his Somali dam—and quite fast enough in a country where there is no competition, and where, therefore, extreme speed is not essential.

A larger, well-bred horse will automatically lose in these precious qualities what he gains in pace. So give us a well-balanced, stout-hearted, smallish "progeny" to train for the game.

If he is of the right sort, staunchness will soon be acquired, and a few runs in rough, stony going, or in thorn bush, will teach him the advisability of looking properly after himself. That most dreaded enemy of the horseman in Africa, the pig and ant-bear hole, has to be jumped, and your progeny pony will quickly learn to do that. Eventually he will become exceedingly clever at it.

Amourette, a grey Anglo-Somali mare, bred on a Laikipia farm, is in that respect the most remarkable horse I have ever ridden. She carried me through some 95 runs this year, and, impossible as it may sound, did not give me a single fall. One derives an extraordinary pleasure, allied to an impression of entire security, from riding her full across, for instance, a patch of country which three or four sounders of wart-hog have selected for their quarters—or to sail down a very steep "nullah" with a boulder or a thorn bush every other yard or so, and to see her with ears pricked and eyes glued to the ground, pick her way without losing speed, twisting, hopping, travelling at times in a series of bounds in a manner that one associates with goats but certainly not with horses.

Of the many beasts that inhabit the African bush and plain, two only can be regarded as orthodox by the hog-hunter. These are the wart-hog and the oryx. The bush-pig and the forest-hog would be included in the list, did not their nocturnal habits and love of thick bush or forest make it highly improbable for the hunter to find them in rideable country.

Although for the scientist, the bush-pig (*potamochærus choeropotamus*) is, I believe, our equivalent to the Indian wild pig, for us hog-hunters, the wart-hog (*phacochærus æthiopicus*) takes his place.

The actions and reactions of Indian pig and African wart-hog are very much alike. Both are courageous, sturdy fighters, and run well. *Sus indicus* is probably the faster of the two, but *phacochærus* has a thicker skin and is harder to kill.

Although never found very far from water or cover, the wart-hog is a lover of open spaces, and his ugly grey-black silhouette is familiar to every African sportsman. Boars are armed with heavy and formidable looking upper tusks, frequently running to 10in. in length, those of the sow being smaller but sharper. Though a knock from these weapons will break a pony's leg, it is usually with the lower razor-edged tusks, which the animal brings into play by opening his mouth, that the damage is done.

The biggest boars, as is the case with most wild animals, are usually found alone. They are born warriors and sometimes very short in temper, regarding jinking before a horse as unworthy of their dignity, and coming in the moment they are overtaken.

There is some difficulty in spearing a charging wart-hog properly, as his huge and bony head, which he carries high when attacking, conceals the neck and shoulders. Besides, the hide is so tough that the sharpest spear often fails to penetrate.

A pursued boar will at times seek refuge in a hole entering it backwards after "braking" energetically for some yards with four feet stuck forward, and raising, in the process, a cloud of dust. But the hole is sometimes occupied by another pig, or worse, by a porcupine, and it is then a most comical sight to see the intruder shoot out of it like a cannon ball. The wise hunter will carry a few crackers, which will come handy if the pig does not leave his shelter of his own accord—which, by the way, he will often do if left undisturbed. Crackers work well. No pig will share a hole long with a good noisy, smoky one.

A type of cover the wart-hog usually makes a bee-line for, when alarmed, is the low thorny scutt which abounds in East Africa. It takes a bold, clever horse and a very thick-skinned rider to catch him then. Nothing lames a horse more easily than those sharp four-inch thorns, which will pass clean through the thickest polo boots and leave the rider shirtless, and more or less skinless at the end of a run. If your quarry manages to reach the thorns, it is better to admit defeat and look for another pig.

On the plains, numerous other animals, chiefly antelopes, are to be encountered. But some, like the wildebeest and the hartebeest, are too fast and have too much staying power to be overtaken and speared with the average horse; others, like the waterbuck, stick to bush and high grass. Both the roan and the sable antelope are provided with strong sharp horns, fight well, and would make interesting adversaries. But both are comparatively rare, and, as a rule, live in fairly thick bush. The same remarks apply to the greater and lesser kudu.

Thus, of the antelope tribe, remains the oryx, an open-bush dwelling animal, fairly common in most parts of Kenya and Tanganyika.

As far as hunting with horse and spear is concerned, no animal in Africa—excepting the large buffalo and rhino which no wise man will tackle with a spear—is more sporting than the oryx.

The oryx, to begin with, although not possessed of the stamina of either gnu or hartebeest, will give the hunter a very stiff run indeed; and when eventually he turns, he comes for his enemy with great determination. To kill the oryx single-handed is no easy job, and if the horse is to come out of the encounter unscathed, the greatest care is necessary. It is a well-known fact that the lion himself only tackles the oryx when everything else has failed, and there are authentical instances of the king of beast's career being ended by a well-aimed thrust of the stiletto-like 3ft. horns.

Yes, the oryx is a valorous opponent. I wish now to have the opinion of my Indian fellow hunters.

ROBERT MACCONNEL.





THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT RECALLS "SNAFFLES" FAMOUS "BEST VIEW IN EUROPE" PICTURE: THAT ON THE RIGHT SHOWS A WART-HOG CHARGE



AMOURETTE, A GREY ANGLO-SOMALI MARE

SALMON IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Some Suggestions for a Month's Holiday on Waters Accessible from St. John's

THERE are some 80 or more excellent salmon rivers in Newfoundland, offering a range of salmon from 5lb. to 45lb., and sea trout up to 10lb. in weight.

My own experience has been confined to three important rivers, namely, the Salmonier River and the Gander River on the east coast, and the Upper Humber on the west coast, but I have visited a number of others without fishing them, and am aware of the excellent sport they have to offer. My father, who for many years was President of the Game and Inland Fisheries Board, had either fished or visited practically every salmon stream in Newfoundland, and his verdict was that salmon in abundance were to be found in any river that emptied into the sea, except in a few cases where high falls were located at tide water.

I have known him to catch as many as 30 salmon in one day on the Little Codroy River, South Branch, and a brother of mine, at the age of twelve, landed 20 salmon himself in one day on the railway to Glenengles, about 150 miles from St. John's. Here are modern log cabins owned by Mr. Robin Reid, who has a high-powered motor boat and canoes, &c., and can supply accommodation and food at various pools on the Gander. Incidentally, the new trans-Atlantic airport of the Imperial Airways is now being constructed near the shore of Gander Lake. The salmon run up to about 18lb. and are very plentiful, and sea trout weigh up to 10lb., in fact the first fish I landed there gave me so much fight that I thought it was a 10lb. salmon, but it turned out to be a 6lb. sea trout. This river does not have many rods on it at any time.

It is an easy matter to obtain a motor boat and supplies at Deer Lake on the railway, and an hour's run up the Upper Humber River will bring one to the first rapids, where a good camp site, open fishing ground and plenty of sport can be found. At the foot of the ledges of the rapids is an excellent pool of fairly rough water bordered by a "steady" on the far side.

On the south coast, a few hours' run by motor car from St. John's, are the Trepassey River and the North-East and South-East Rivers of Placentia. They abound in salmon and sea trout, and many fishermen visit the North-East River. The remaining rivers of the south coast, of which there are about half-a-dozen major streams, are reached by coastal steamers, excepting Piper's Hole River, which is near the railway.

The Gambo and the Terra Nova Rivers on the east coast are crossed by the railway and consequently are readily accessible.

The greatest number of large streams with large fish are situated along the west coast, all near the railway, which will stop to detrain fishermen at almost any point they desire. Among these is Harry's River, which has a number of camps belonging to Mr. Dick Whittington at Spruce Brook on St. George's Lake at the head of Harry's River, where there is a commodious and comfortable log cabin, and using this as headquarters, Mr. Whittington can provide all arrangements for fishing all along Harry's River.

In general, good accommodation is provided anywhere within a mile or two of the best salmon pools in Newfoundland. Where not so, tents, canoes and supplies can be obtained either on the spot or at some convenient centre.



GAFFING A FISH ON A NEWFOUNDLAND STREAM

Fishermen's hotels in Newfoundland make a practice of supplying experienced guides who can cook, handle a canoe, or gaff a fish as may be required

Salmonier River. Such catches are not likely now, as the Salmonier River, in particular, being only two hours' journey by motor car from St. John's, is somewhat crowded with fishermen on occasions, but the streams a little farther afield are still more or less virgin waters.

On the east coast I have found that two flies, the Silver or Blue Doctor and the Claret or Yellow-bodied Dashwood, get excellent results. An artifice employed by my father was the use of a "dummy" drop fly (the dummy being a used fly, the barb of which had been broken off) together with a sound tail fly. The result of this is to lessen the danger of the drop fly running foul of submerged branches, stumps or rocks when a salmon has taken the other fly down to the river bed, and an indication of the right fly to attract the fish is obtained.

As several miles of motor road run parallel to the Salmonier River, it is easy of access and, except for one occasion when conditions were unusually poor, I have never fished this river without getting a "bag" anywhere up to 16lb.

To reach the Gander River one must travel by

I would aim my cast for the junction of the "steady" and rough water, but this necessitated my wading too far into the rough water, where the fish really were. So by retiring nearer the shore I found the salmon took my fly in the rough water, and as the pool was wide and long, I had plenty of room to play it, and could lead it in and "beach" it. I seldom use a net and never a gaff. Good flies for this river are the Silver or Blue Doctor, Jock Scott, Black Dose and Butcher.

By poling a canoe farther up the river and making the journey in two days the Big Falls are reached. Here the salmon school in large numbers, many making the attempt to jump the falls and some being successful. It is a thrilling sight to see a salmon leap 10ft. to 12ft., reaching the upper ledge of the falls and successfully fighting its way through the rush of the torrent at that point. As many as 200 salmon have been landed at the Fall's pool by a party of four in less than a week. The Humber River is the largest and most majestic river in Newfoundland, and the salmon are large in numbers and size, a number of 35-pounders having been caught there, and 45-pounders having been seen.

At a cost of about £65, including a first-class fare from Liverpool to St. John's and return, a fishing licence of two guineas, and accommodation, transportation and guides for two weeks, a very profitable month's holiday and sport can be promised, with no restrictions as to where one may fish or limit to the number of the catch.

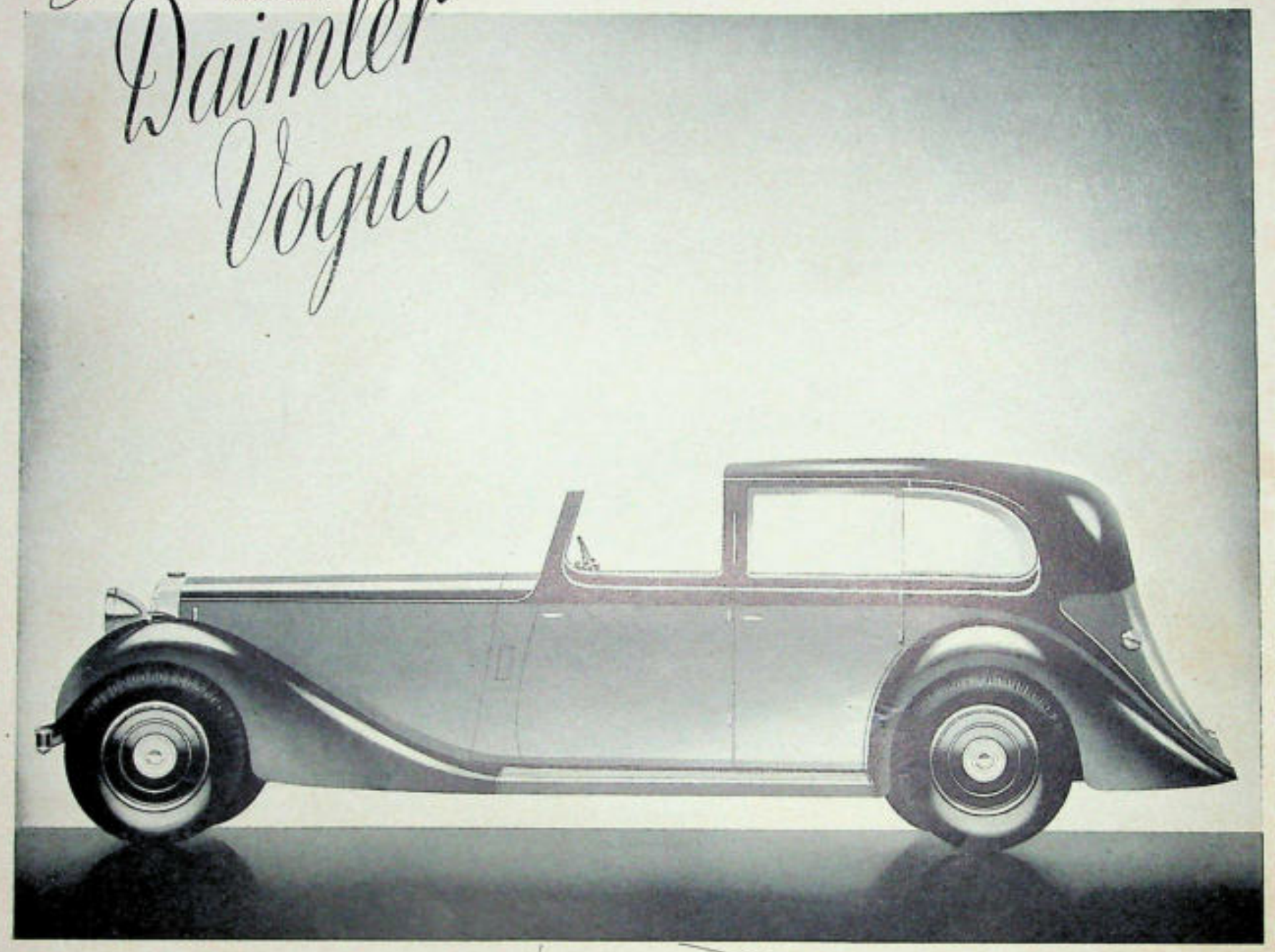
The lordly salmon haunts its natural abode. There are two ways of removing it therefrom; one by dragging the river bed with a net, which is, of course, illegal, and the other by making a connection with it by means of a rod, line, cast and flies, which may be a very elaborate and costly outfit or a very simple and inexpensive one, according to one's taste and purse. With plenty of line (at least 100yds.), and the right flies, the size of the rod is immaterial, but naturally a heavy rod is tiring. I find a light salmon rod or a stout trout rod sufficiently reliable and add to the zest of the sport by requiring extra skill in handling. The cast should be a light or medium weight, and the hooks from sizes 6 to 10 (single or double).

F. H. WINTER.

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ON MOUNT HOTHAM IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS, VICTORIA. THE NATIONAL SKI-ING CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE HELD ON HOTHAM HEIGHTS

SNOW-TIME "DOWN UNDER"

AUSTRALIA is better known as a land of summer sport than in connection with winter pursuits. There does exist, however, a considerable expanse of snow country in the mountains known as the Australian Alps, and there are several centres in New South Wales and Victoria where ski-ing is certain to be had from the beginning of July to the end of September.

The sport of ski-ing in this country, as with the rest of the world, has of late years gone ahead in amazing fashion. In a similar way the competitive side has developed in Australia, and ski races and jumping competitions are regularly held by the various ski clubs, culminating each year in the Australian Championships. These are held under the control of the Australian National Ski Federation and are open to all amateur ski-runners.

Last season ski-ing was at its peak, and Australians were fortunate in having at the championships in September two visiting teams, one representing New Zealand, and one from the United States of America.

The latter team included R. Durrance, already prominent in European events, and victor over such runners as Francioli, Prager (Switzerland) and Cochand (Canada) in America the previous winter. Durrance gave an outstanding performance in the slalom and was narrowly beaten in the downhill by von Glasersfeld, of the Arlberg Ski Club. He also won the jump, and was only beaten by the margin of two seconds in the langlauf by his compatriot, S. Bradley.

Durrance's style of running is revolutionary, approximating in "vorlage" to a jumper in mid-air. It will be interesting to see whether an American style will develop on similar lines, or whether it will remain peculiarly his own. There is no doubt of its efficacy as seen in Australia.

The New Zealand team were all young and promising, coming as they do from a country where ski-ing is only just establishing itself as a sport in itself, as apart from its uses in mountaineering. Last year the New Zealanders were beaten by Australia, but doubtless with their magnificent facilities they will soon turn the tables. At present, as far as ski schools and organisation are concerned, Australia has a few years' start. The results of 1937 Australian championships were as follows:

DOWNHILL.—1, E. Glasersfeld (Austria), 2min. 44sec.; 2, R. Durrance (U.S.A.), 2min. 49sec.; 3, J. Pattinson (Australia), 3min. 14sec.; 4, W. Pattinson (Australia), 3min. 18sec.

SLALOM.—1, R. Durrance (U.S.A.), 1min. 43sec.; 2, E. Glasersfeld (Austria), 1min. 50⅘sec.; 3, S. Bradley (U.S.A.), 2min. 3sec.; 4, G. Day (Australia), 2min. 8sec.

LANGLAUF.—1, S. Bradley (U.S.A.), 57min. 9sec.; 2, R. Durrance (U.S.A.), 57min. 11sec.; 3, G. Day (Australia), 62min. 43sec.; 4, S. Keaten (Australia), 65min. 42sec.

JUMP.—1, R. Durrance (U.S.A.), 225.6; 2, S. Bradley, 212.3; 3, G. Day (Australia), 179.3; 4, W. Annabel (Australia), 170.6.

In the teams matches Australia beat New Zealand by 400 to 357 points, and America easily beat both Dominions in a triangular match. V. G. W



WHEN THE SNOWS COVER MOUNT KOSCIUSKO IN NEW SOUTH WALES

THE LAST STAND OF THE MUSK-OX

Shots With a Camera Instead of a Rifle

By GUY H. BLANCHET

MANY years have passed since the cry of "ejeri" told the hunters, far out on the wintry barren grounds, that musk-ox had been sighted; and many centuries have come and gone since primitive man, in the Old World, destroyed the last of this strange and interesting species, on the sub-Arctic tundra of Northern Europe and Asia. To-day, the musk-ox are making their last stand: on the fringe of land between the Greenland ice-cap and the sea, on the Arctic islands, and in one locality of the mainland of North America. They are protected by law, in as far as it can be enforced, and by the remoteness of the sanctuaries in which they have taken refuge.

Nature fitted the musk-ox to withstand extreme cold, and to subsist where most animals would starve, and they have always lived under Arctic conditions, even to the barren plains left by the retreating glaciers. In spite of their hardihood, their habitat has shrunk from the sub-Arctics of the world to a few almost inaccessible ranges, and their numbers have dwindled to the verge of extermination. In the Old World, the only evidences of the existence of the musk-ox are bones, and the records in the cave dwellings of ancient man. These show that they were driven far south by the ice during the glacial period, and that they followed it northward in its retreat. Before the dawn of history musk-ox had vanished from the then known world. It was not until the seventeenth century developed a defence against this danger. They usually travelled in bands, and when attacked by wolves, they formed a circle, heads outward, presenting their lowered horns to the enemy. The wolves were powerless to break through this defence to the young and weaklings, their only chance was to pick off a straggler. Clever and effective as this defence was against their natural enemies, it almost led to their extermination when man appeared on the scene. Natives hunt with dogs, and musk-ox could not distinguish between dogs and wolves. When the dogs closed in, the musk-ox formed their defensive circle. The dogs yelped harmlessly about it, but they held the musk-ox until the slower-moving hunters arrived. Physically, they were no match for their formidable prey, but, without the need for either strength or courage, they could send their arrows, and later bullets among the herd from a safe distance. The musk-ox were powerless to meet this attack, and, perhaps, all were slaughtered. Through the ages and even to-day, musk-ox follow the same tactics and, although they are speedy and their safety lies in flight, the old instinct responds when attacked by wolf or dog.

It was about 1860 when commercial hunting of musk-ox for sleigh robes commenced, and for 50 years this became an important episode in the winter life of the northern Indians. The accessible ranges, at the edge of the woodlands, were soon swept clean, and the hunts were carried farther and farther out into the barren grounds. Vivid pictures of these expeditions have been preserved in the narratives of travellers who accompanied the Indians, sharing with them the incredible hardships involved, for an experience, a trophy or, in the interests of science, to gain a little new knowledge.



Photo: Dr. P. A. Taverner

A FINE SPIRIT—THE STRONG DEFENDING THE WEAK

The circle of defence proved to be effective against wolves, but was fatal for the musk-ox against human hunters

that they were discovered in America, in the vicinity of Hudson Bay. Kelsey writes of them in 1689, and in 1720 Jeremie gives a good account of their appearance and habits. Since then, they have been noted in the journals and narratives of most northern travellers. From these, we learn of their habits and distribution before the balance of nature, scarcely disturbed by the natives in the early days, was completely upset by commercial hunting.

Musk-ox are strange-looking animals, resembling both sheep and cattle. A big bull might stand 5ft. at the withers, and weigh upwards of 800lb. His shape is almost lost under a heavy coat of wool, overlain by long, dark brown hair, hanging down to the ground at his sides. This covering gives him a stocky, hump-backed, short-legged appearance and a grotesque effect is produced when he runs, by the waving curtains at his sides. Both sexes have horns, starting from heavy bosses across their foreheads and making sharp curves, tapering to points. These constitute their defensive and offensive armament. A fight between bulls is a butting match, but against their enemies, chiefly wolves, they can use the points of their horns effectively.

The story of the musk-ox provides a sad chapter in the history of the larger mammals. They are inoffensive animals, feeding on ground vegetation, and content to live in country of extreme barrenness. Before the appearance of man, their chief enemy was the wolf. Wolves have two methods of hunting. When their quarry runs, they attack from behind. With more formidable animals, like moose, buffaloes and musk-ox, that stand and fight with horns and hooves, they circle, forcing the hunted animal to keep turning to meet the threatened attacks. Ultimately, he may drop, spent with the effort and vertigo. The musk-ox

In 1919 a Royal Commission looked into the question of preserving the survivors. While the slaughter had been carried to extermination in the western part of their range, musk-ox were known to exist in the valley of Thelon River, which flows into Hudson Bay. This had been known as one of the favourite resorts of the musk-ox, and the district is particularly well suited, from its vegetation and topography, to support them. Some 15,000 square miles of this district was set aside as a sanctuary and, from observations made from time to time, musk-ox are thriving there. Perhaps in time, colonies will be sent westward to reoccupy the old ranges, along the Thelew ee choh and to the Coppermine.

Old musk-ox hunters speak wistfully of the time when they wandered about the great plains of the Barren Grounds. They tell of hunts at the caribou passes and of the fisheries of summer, but especially their memories of the musk-ox hunts of winter bring back the brave days of their youth. They forget the hardships that they endured and the starving times. Thinking with pride of their accomplishments, they say: "But we were men in those days." One of these old men, Black Basil, a Yellowknife Indian, was my companion on a journey into the former musk-ox country north of Great Slave Lake. He was revisiting country which he had not seen since his early youth, but his memory was clear as to the channels through the intricate waterways and the events which he had witnessed. At one place, he pointed to a hill and said: "There my father killed two musk-ox." We landed, and he led the way unerringly to where a few bones and horns were embedded in the moss.

Farther on, the blue range of the Arctic height of land came in view. Basil dropped his paddle and, gazing at the wide panorama, the days of long ago came back to him and he cried: "There, m'i's'u, are the musk-ox hills. When I was too young to own a canoe, I travelled with the women along those blue hills to meet the men at the pass of Tha na koei and always we saw musk-ox. Now I know that we shall see them." Basil became sad when we travelled many miles along the hills and by the lakes that skirt the meadows, everywhere we found the country to be destitute of life. Finally, far across the plain we saw a black object, that might have been a boulder, start to move, and Basil, wild with excitement, raised the old hunting cry, "ejeri."

The musk-ox hunts, as in the old days, are ended for ever, and it is well that they are; but perhaps a new, more intelligent method of hunting big game is suggested by an expedition that was made into the Thelon Sanctuary a couple of years ago. A party of sportsmen chartered an aeroplane and, after securing the necessary permission, they flew to the sanctuary and "hunted" until they found musk-ox. Then they landed among them, took photographs, observed them at close range—and even played with them. They had the excitement of the hunt and the thrill of the shot (with the camera, which requires more skill than a rifle and secures a more interesting trophy), and when they took their departure they left the musk-ox to continue their inoffensive life and to preserve the species for the future.



Photo: Dr. R. M. Anderson

IN HIS SUMMER COAT

The musk-ox, in his fur condition of early summer, and in certain poses is one of the strangest looking of the larger mammals of the world



AFTER THE HUNT

Returning to the outpost with the spoils

ON TREK IN SOMALILAND

Drought, Dero and Dibatag

BRITISH SOMALILAND offers to the sportsman of limited means a very interesting shoot. The two main trophies of this country are the beira and the dibatag, for these are not obtainable anywhere else at the present time. Of the other heads to be obtained, the lesser kudu as found in British Somaliland runs larger than he does elsewhere. Besides the foregoing, it is possible to bag greater kudu, oryx, gerenuk, klipspringer and Soemmering's gazelle and two species of dero, a small buck not unlike the Thompson's gazelle of East Africa. Of lion and leopard there are plenty, but they are very wary and difficult to get.

October and November are recommended as the best months for this shoot, as, in the highlands, it is cool by day and cold by night. Having landed at Berbera from Aden it is possible to stay at the Berbera Rest House. An English-speaking Somali who can run a safari can be engaged for Rs. 40 per month all found. As a great deal depends on this Somali, perhaps it would be advisable to consult the District Commissioner, Berbera.



A CAMEL CONVOY

Having found the right man, who will act as guide, interpreter and personal servant, the next thing is to repair to the bazaar to buy stores. It is possible to buy everything required for a safari in Berbera except actual camp kit and tents. Here a word about tents. Only one tent is necessary, and it should be as light as possible, for it is only required for warmth at night and in case it rains. A 60-pounder is quite good enough.

The stores, chop-boxes and canvas water bags purchased, the next thing is to proceed up country. The alternatives are: (a) To go to Burao for the beira and dibatag, with aul and gerenuk and dero thrown in; or (b) to go to Hargeisa for the other heads.

The Burao shoot offers two rare heads, so to the Burao shoot we shall go, going to Hargeisa if time permits, for many sportsmen have gone to Somaliland and failed to bag either beira or dibatag.

It is possible to hire seats in one of the many lorries owned by Somalis plying between Berbera and Burao. Burao is generally reached the same evening, where it is possible to camp or stay in the rest house.

At Burao a cook and cook's assistant can be picked up at Rs. 40 all-in for both. In the native town can be purchased empty petrol tins which will be used for storing water.

Now for the shooting grounds—dibatag first. Eik, 40 miles from Burao, is the nearest and best place to go for dibatag. There is no water at Eik, so it is necessary to carry this from Burao. The best plan is to hire a lorry and go out with enough water for a week. More water can be arranged for, as there are always natives going into Burao or lorries plying between the Ethiopian boundary and Burao via Eik.

At Eik a camp can be made and dibatag hunted from this camp. A local can be picked up who, for a couple of rupees, will act as shikari. The small Somali boys who tend camels, and goats, and sheep generally know more of the whereabouts of game than their elders. Rely on these little fellows, and go and hunt where they say that they are. If you find spoor and see a couple of dibatag stick to the area, and with a little patience you will get your dibatag, for these animals, once in an area, remain in it for some time. It is possible to find them mixed up in a herd of camels. This country is flat with low bush and grass, thick in places.

Having accounted for dibatag (and aul, gerenuk and dero) the next thing to do is to return to Burao in order to arrange for transport to get at the beira.

There are a good many places in which these shy little animals are to be found, but in all except one the water problem is acute. This one place is near the Woggar mountain and is called Gedais. It is possible to motor all the way to Gedais from Burao. At Gedais camels can be hired from the locals to carry one to other camps. It should not be necessary to go further than one day's foot march from water in order to make camp from which to get beira. Four camels at 8 annas a day should suffice. These camels should be retained for fetching water. The tins bought at Eik will still serve if kept in the wooden boxes in which petrol tins are packed; four tins to a camel.

The hunting for beira is in hills of a very stony and rocky variety. Here a word about footgear. Shoes are useless. Boots with crêpe soles are very good; so are chupplies of the Pathan pattern.



ORDERLY WITH DIBATAG

In the hills round the Woggar Mountain will also be found, with luck, greater kudu, lesser kudu and klipspringer. In the plains away from the hills will be found gerenuk and dero.

Beira are extremely shy, and there are not many of them. Their colouring makes them extremely hard to spot, far less shoot. They dislike the presence of humans. In choosing a hill on which to hunt them it is advisable to find a place which has not been grazed by goats and sheep for some considerable time. Choose a hill which stands on its own and work round it from the bottom to the top. Very soon, generally half-way up, will be found beira droppings, which will be on small scrapes on ledges or below a large stone or tree. Once you are certain that the hill holds beira climb to the top and spy downwards. This method has the advantage of silence. Walking round or up the hill is a noisy business. The writer has not seen many beira, for there are not many to see, but the ones he has seen were all by this method. Nothing succeeds like success.

As regards guns, rifles and ammunition for this Somaliland shoot. It is necessary for the sportsman to take all these with him, for none are obtainable in the country.

A shotgun and about 200 rounds of ammunition are essential for obtaining birds for the pot. If it is not intended to go after lion and leopard, a light rifle is all that is required of about .256 or .275 bore. It is useful to include S.S.G. cartridges for the shotgun, just in case of lion.

If there should be time left after the shoot upcountry, there is a shoot in the direction of Bulhar, which is west of Berbera, and on the coast. The road to Bulhar is a very bad one, but it is just possible for lorries. On the coastal plain near Bulhar are found oryx, dero and duck and sandgrouse. The dero deserve a special mention, for they are of a different species to those found up country.

G. D.



IN THE BEIRA COUNTRY

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Supayaulat and the Fate of Upper Burmah

"On the Road to Mandalay
Where the flyin' fishes play."

HOW many travellers to the East have been startled to find that Mandalay is hundreds of miles from the sea, and that flying fishes are as unlikely to be on view there as a No. 9 bus to the Bank. Thereby proving that Kipling has made a more lasting impression on our minds than the master who taught geography at our prep. school.

How came Kipling to make such a blunder? Was his incomparable knowledge of the Indian Empire mere bluff, or was he carried away by the euphony of the name of Mandalay and simply defied geography?

I think the clue to the riddle lies later on in the ballad: "And 'er name was Supi yaw lat, Jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen." If he knew the name of the last Queen of Ava, Kipling's old soldier must have been a member of the Expeditionary Force which sailed from Calcutta in 1885 to capture Mandalay. To him, the flying fishes of the Bay of Bengal, the old Moulmein Pagoda, and the paddle steamers of the Irrawaddy were all milestones on the road that led to the golden palace of Mandalay.

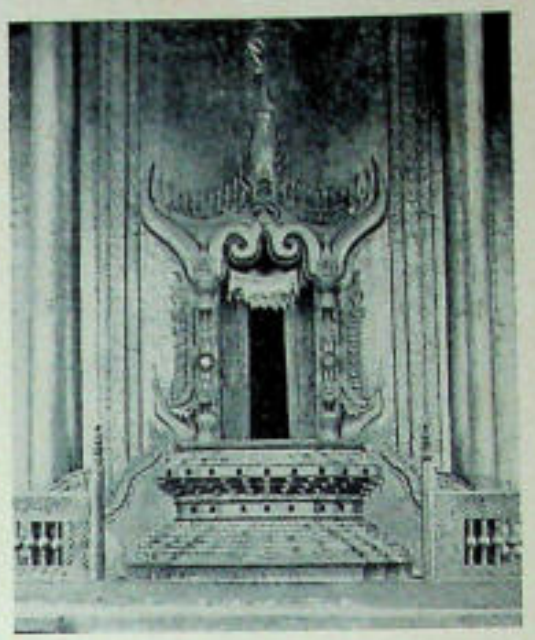
The verses catch the odd inconsequence so characteristic of nostalgia. The lack of sequence, the queer things one remembers, the much more important things one forgets. Practically everyone who has worked in the East suffers now and then from these fits of regret. The scream of a peacock on the lawn of the manor will bring one on, or the smell of burning cow dung in a bonfire at a farm. But I doubt if it is really the East that is calling us. More likely it is youth and romance and the ghosts of our dead selves. For most people go out East when they are young, and sit back and think about it when they are middle-aged and running to fat. Quite probably, Indians who have spent their salad days in Bloomsbury, suffer the same nostalgic longings evoked, perhaps, by the sound of a pneumatic road drill or the taste of stewed prunes.

But Kipling's soldier was exceptionally lucky. His dreams were much nearer the truth than those of the retired major who remembers Poona in '94 as a little heaven on earth. For the Burmah Expedition was romantic. Romantic and fantastic, and much more like war on the musical comedy stage than as it is waged in the cold light of reality. Who could fail to enjoy a campaign where victory was never in doubt, discomfort of the slightest, and where at the cost of twenty-one lives thousands of miles of a rich country were added to the British Empire?

Posterity has taken to looking at the annexation of Upper Burmah with a dubious eye. And just now, when opinion is divided on the question of recognising the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, it is interesting to remember the events that led up to it.

Lower Burmah had been in British hands since the second Burmese War of 1852, which added the Province of Pegu to the already ceded territories of Arakan and Tenasserim. The kings of the Alangpaya dynasty were a debauched and unprincipled lot whose sole idea of government was to extort all they could from their subjects, and, having bled them white, leave them a prey to famine and plague, as well as to the rapacity of marauding tribes of Talaings and Shans. Burmah under the Alangpayas was as war-racked and distraught as India under the last of the Moghuls, and the British stepped in in much the same way, except that they were practically unopposed. The resistance of the Burmese was invariably feeble. Cruelty and rapacity are not qualities which inspire followers to doughty deeds, and although the Burmese accepted the Divine Right of Kings as part of their religion, they showed no great desire to sacrifice their lives in defence of their despotic princes. And military exercises bored them, anyway.

So the Kingdom of the Alangpayas was pared down to Upper Burmah, where they continued to misrule in complete autocracy.



THE ORNATE CARVING OF KING THEEBAW'S THRONE AT MANDALAY



THE ARAKAN PAGODA AT MANDALAY WITH ITS AWE-INSPIRING GUARDIANS

The dynasty only produced one king with any idea of responsible government. This was Mindon Min, who reigned from 1853 to 1878. For an Alangpaya he was amazingly humane, actually allowing his male relations to live, instead of slaughtering them at his accession, which was the custom of his race. As a king usually had over a hundred wives, and his progeny was apt to be numerous, these massacres had been on the grand scale.

During Mindon's reign, Europeans flocked to his court. They were on the whole a rascally crowd, many of them fugitives from justice, and all of them out to make what they could, how they could, out of the simple Burman. Mindon summed them up as an unpleasant lot, and, though he could not resist the lure of the European goods and machinery which they introduced, he kept them out of his capital and only allowed them to exist on sufferance in a ramshackle town without his city gates. Of the British he was suspicious, which was not altogether surprising. He leaned on the whole towards the French.

When Mindon lay dying his principal queen, the Alanadaw Queen, a masterful lady, flung all the royal princes and their families into prison except Theebaw, whom by a trick she had proclaimed King. Theebaw was a drink-sodden weakling, entirely ruled by his Queen, the infamous Supayaulat, the daughter of the Alanadaw Queen. This energetic and determined woman took entire command of the government and, two years after Theebaw's accession, she ordered a grand pogrom of all the princes and princesses who had been languishing miserably in gaol since Mindon's death. Two of the princes managed to escape and fled to the British Resident, who shipped them across to Calcutta for safety. Much mud has been flung at the British for not preventing the massacre. The escaping princes certainly warned them that it was billed to take place, but who could tell how much substance lay behind their natural alarm, and if Britain could have summoned a force from India in time to prevent the massacre, would not posterity have believed that the possibility of a massacre was a trumped up excuse to invade the kingdom? When the slaughter became known, the British Residcat was withdrawn from Mandalay as a protest. Doubtless nowadays the League would be consulted and sanctions applied, but the dead princes would be no less dead.



THE GIGANTIC GAUTAMA IN THE KYAUK-TAW-GYI PAGODA AT MANDALAY

For six years Theebaw and Supayaulat reigned in the Golden Palace. A strange, sinister, romantic existence. A fairy story palace, with little Burmese ladies flitting like humming birds among the gilded pavilions. Playing childish games, dressed in rainbow silks, hung with diamonds and rubies. While in the prisons the victims of the tyrants' caprices languished, loaded with chains, or were clubbed to death, their dying screams drowned by the music of the royal orchestras.

But Supayaulat was a spendthrift. More and more money was needed to satisfy her whims. The country was bled white, and she turned to the foreigners. A treaty was prepared which virtually sold Upper Burmah to the French. News of it leaked out, and at last the lion stirred. England had felt compunction about annexing a kingdom which hung like a ripe plum ready for the plucking, but if she stayed her hand while the country was native ruled she would brook no other Power plucking the fruit. Theebaw brought matters to a head by demanding a fine of Rs. 230,000 from the Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation on the excuse that they had failed to fulfil their contract. Britain stepped in in defence of the corporation, and the world shouted: "See this nation which lifts no finger to prevent massacre, but calmly annexes a kingdom in the sacred cause of Trade."

The expedition sailed from Calcutta in October, 1885, and Kipling's soldier saw the flying fish and the Moulmein Pagoda, and made his way to Mandalay, practically unopposed by the comic opera army.

But even then the annexation was not a *fait accompli*. Lord Dufferin would have preferred a monarchy under British Protection if the Calcutta Prince had lived or if there had survived a suitable Prince of the blood royal. But Supayaulat had done her work too well. Only one or two infant Princes had escaped: to have set one of them on the throne would have meant a prolonged regency with all its attendant uncertainty and intrigue. And about annexation, there is no ring of hypocrisy. It is an honest, forthright word.

So Theebaw and his fatal Queen were exiled from Burmah into what might be described as genteel retirement. The Government knew that Supayaulat's plotting would never more disturb their peace. The Burmans were heartily sick of her extortions. Lord Dufferin was sorry to have to put an end to the romantic little kingdom, but in the world of to-day there is no place for a fairy story of ogres and princesses in distress.

V. E. BANNISDALE.

ORIENTAL TRAPS AND TRAPPERS

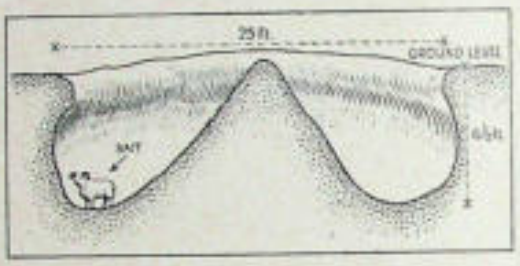
A Profession in Which Patience, Skill and Cunning are Paramount

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY

PROBABLY the first trap evolved by man was the concealed pitfall, dug in a game track, covered with leaves or grass, and often with vertical spikes set in the bottom of it. These traps, owing to the danger to human life and domestic animals, have largely disappeared, though they are still occasionally used in India to catch elephant. In this case the captive is fed in the pit for some days, until fairly docile; then helped out by gradually raising the level of the bottom with earth and branches, being roped before emerging. It is a cruel and wasteful method, as many of the victims hurt themselves irreparably in the fall, while others, apparently unhurt, die of "broken heart."

An interesting variant of the pitfall is used in Ladakh, the province of Kashmir on the edge of the Tibetan plateau, where wolves and snow leopards are so destructive to flocks and herds.

The last one of these which I saw was close to a herding place for sheep some 15,000ft. above sea-level, in the hills above the Indus. The pit was approximately 25ft. across the top and 6½ft. deep at the sides, which were much undercut so as to overhang at the top. The interesting feature was the centre, which was built up into a cone,



A SECTIONAL DRAWING OF A LADAKH PITFALL FOR WOLVES

the point of which was slightly lower than the edge of the pit. The shepherds told me that the wolf or snow leopard which jumped in after the live sheep placed inside as bait, could find nowhere from which to take off in order to jump out again. The overhang of the sides would prevent it clearing the top, and the slope of the conical centre would prevent jumping sufficiently high to avoid hitting the edge and falling back again.

Pheasants have a way of feeding up the crest of a ridge after a fall of snow; for the snow melts there first and affords profitable scratching for food in the softened ground. The local poacher, which in the Kishenganga Valley means every adult male, digs an oblong pit in the top of the ridge about 25in. long by 12in. wide, and 15in. deep. From both ends flexible twigs are laid above, closely parallel and nearly meeting at the centre; their butts held down by a crossbar and prevented from upward movement by another transverse bar about 6in. from the butts. Below the central slit between the ends of the two sets of twigs is scattered a little corn, and the pheasant, seeing it, cranes its head downward but cannot quite reach it; then slithers or hops in, the twigs bending easily downward, but the transverse bar preventing upward movement for a return.

The gun set to fire across a track on an animal breasting a taut line attached to the trigger is an old and well-known device, but it is not so generally known that there are, or were until recently, native shikaris in Central India who would offer their services to effect the demise of a particularly obnoxious tiger by setting a bow and arrow in the same way. The bow is a very powerful affair, and, when successful, the arrow has been known to completely transfix a tiger. Needless to say, there is a very great art in setting the trip-line so that the arrow hits the right place, just behind the shoulder, which needs not only careful study and thorough knowledge of the habits, gait and stride of tigers in general, but of that particular tiger.

Box or hutch traps are of much the same pattern, varying only, as a rule, in whether they have a falling door at one end or both. That of purely oriental and country manufacture usually has but one door, and is mainly used for catching the larger carnivora, particularly leopards. It has a chamber at the further end for the bait, a live goat being most often cast for this unpleasant rôle, and the trap is made as narrow as possible and mainly of heavy stones. It is curious that the narrower and more difficult it is to enter, within reasonable limits of course, the more likely is the trap to catch a leopard. Once in, however, it is by no means certain that the leopard will remain there, as they are wonderful at exploiting any weak place. One such escaped from a hutch trap in Rajputana, and none of us could discover how he had got out. We found him next day still within 300yds. of the trap, very cross but quite uninjured. I shot him, after some argument, and could discover no signs of his forced escape, except that his front claws were freshly split and worn at the tips. It was undoubtedly the same leopard, for he had been in a gin trap once before, and his tracks were well known.

Nets are a very popular method of taking game in the East, particularly the clapnet. The bait may be a picketed bird, whose flutterings attract a falcon from the sky, for hawking is still a much practised sport in India; or it may be merely grain for pigeons and doves.

Quail, of course, are netted in great numbers in many parts of the East, the usual procedure being to put out call birds overnight in cloth-covered cages hung on poles and set on the edge of cultivated fields. The wild birds collect around, attracted by the bubbling calls of the tame ones, and are driven into the nets in the early morning.

Blackbuck are often caught by attaching snares to the horns of a tame buck, which is sent forth from under cover to join a wild herd. The master buck of the herd rushes to fight the intruder, and, getting his horns entangled in the nooses, is caught by the owners of the tame decoy.

The Mogul emperor, Jehangir, writing in 1618, records that while he was indulging in this amusement at Karnal in the South Punjab the wild buck chased the decoy into the middle of a crowd of men, vanquished the deceiver and, having put him to flight, returned in safety to his own herd. The Moguls were great hunters and naturalists, sparing no personal exertion in the chase, and have left abundant and accurate written records of their observations.



A KAREN WITH HIS DECOY COCK AND SNARES

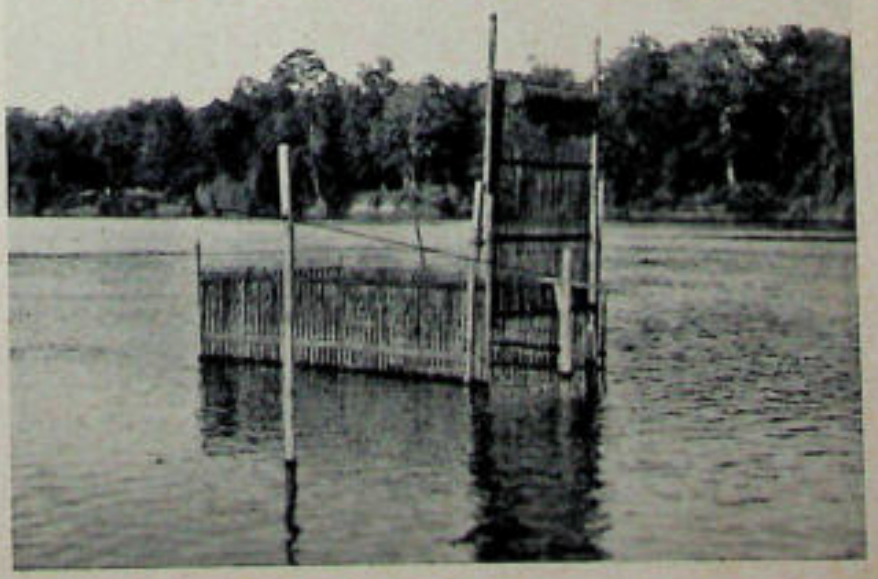
There is a South Indian trap used to catch elephant. It resembles a wheel without a hub, the inner ends of the spokes being pointed and sufficiently sharp to grip the elephant's leg just above the foot. The trap is placed over a hole in an elephant path, with a noose laid on top of it, the diameter of the noose being a little less than that of the wheel, and to this noose is attached a heavy log.

When the elephant steps on the trap his foot goes through and takes the wheel with it. The drag of the log tightens the noose on the leg and, by the time the elephant has got rid of the wheel, the log is firmly attached to him. It is then easy for the hunter to track up and overtake the elephant, either to kill or capture it.

The Mogul Emperor Akbar's historian recounts the capture of wild buffalo. They were attracted by a tame buffalo cow on heat, close to which the hunters concealed themselves, and noosed the wild bull as he passed. Personally, I would prefer to undertake the job with an elephant as the quarry, rather than tackle such an indomitably savage beast as a wild buffalo bull.

The really delicate art of trapping lies in the setting of a single fixed snare or springe, and the jungle tribes of Burma and Siam are past-masters in their use. In really thick forest, such as covers the hills of Western Siam, a gun is not as efficient a means of obtaining a meal as a springe, and the local Karens are marvellously expert in setting them. Though the forests abound in pheasants and partridges, yet, even on the rare occasions when they take to wing instead of running, they





SIAMESE TRAPS FOR BIRDS AND FISH

On the left is a Karen with the partridge he has called up and snared. The partridge comes to call and runs along the standing net but, on trying to pass through an opening, is snared from the top by a hanging noose. The other picture shows one of the simple but effective fish traps

seldom offer an opportunity for a shot. The Karen will sally forth, armed with nothing but his dah and a few springy twigs, and prepare as many nooses from jungle fibre, then perhaps have several victims in a couple of hours. Often there seems to be nothing to indicate the suitability of the places selected for setting the springes, and while berries are usually put down as bait, the attraction may be no more than a scratching of the soil with a bamboo spike. Yet I have gone out with a Karen, seen him set four springes on a little shady flat, and returned two hours later, having been completely unsuccessful with the gun, to find a peacock pheasant and a green-legged hill partridge dangling by their necks. The snares were reset, and, next morning at sunrise, another peacock pheasant and a brown-breasted hill partridge had been caught.

Springes are sometimes set on a gigantic scale, by pulling down a sapling; and I once came across a cow tsaine in Upper Burma, which had been caught and strangled in one. I have also heard, on good authority, of a tiger being taken in a similar contrivance.

The silver pheasant of that part of the world is not often caught in springes, but is decoyed by the crowing and wing-drumming of a tame cock of its species. The wild cock, excited by the sounds, comes running to fight the intruder on his beat, and is snared in nooses set around the traitor. Junglefowl are also taken in this same way, the decoy being usually a cock bred from a clutch of wild bird's eggs, set under a village hen.

The decoy birds go everywhere with their owners, carried in a cylinder made from plaited bamboo slung over the man's shoulder. Some of them seem to take a delight in drawing their wild brethren to destruction, and are extremely successful, so that they are highly valued; I saw one in the Lower Salween Valley for which the owner had paid 70 rupees (over £5), and it had got back its price in a year by the value of the wild birds taken by its agency.

One method of catching silver pheasant, quoted by Oates in his *Birds of Burma*, I tried myself in the hills to the west of the Upper Meping. When a call is heard, the characteristic drumming of the wings against the bird's sides is imitated by rapidly loosening and tautening a silk handkerchief between the hands. It was the month of February when I experimented with it, and was quite successful in bringing birds up to me, but found that it was essential to be well under cover to get a cock close up to one, as they approached most stealthily, while, to my great surprise, the first two birds which I "called" were hens, which makes it fairly certain that the drumming is not merely a challenge to other cocks, but also a mating call to hens.

Bird lime is little used in the East, except by professional catchers of birds for caging, and their operations are well worth watching. Usually it is an old ragged man with a straggly grey beard, wandering along under the big trees lining one of India's main roads and gazing up into the branches, who attracts one's attention. He carries a bundle of bamboo rods, each about 6ft. long and of varying thicknesses, while an attendant small boy has a bundle of small cages on his back.

Suddenly the old man will stop, peering into the topmost twigs of some neem or banyan tree, and, rapidly fitting the bamboos into each other to make a telescopic rod on the principle of the chimney-sweep's brush, pushes the slender bird-limed tip nearer and nearer to his quarry. A sudden dart and the rod is swiftly withdrawn, shedding component lengths, until the final section arrives with a fluttering lovebird or shama adhering to the tip. The bird is rapidly detached, its feathers cleaned of most of the lime, then thrust into a dark basket with a closed lid.

Of fish traps there do not seem to be many forms, apart from lines with hooks attached at intervals, set just below or at the surface of the water, which hardly come under the heading of traps.

Many of them are merely conical baskets set in the lower end of a diagonal weir, the fish being either driven into them by men wading in line, or carried into them by the current. This form of trap rarely catches fish of any great size, and is most destructive to fry, as is the wickerwork cage trap, on the lobster-pot principle, so common in the little dykes of the rice-fields of Bengal.

An elaborate variant of this cage trap is used by the Siamese on their big rivers after the rains. All these rivers are wide and sandy, the monsoon floods leaving sandbanks which shift nearly every year and form fresh feeding grounds for the fish. As the rivers fall in the dry season, and the depth becomes suitable, the local fishermen erect roofless cages made of bamboo slips stuck into the sand, about 6ft. long by 2½ft. wide, with a falling door held up on two uprights at the downstream end.

The door is weighted with a log, and the retaining peg is attached to a fibre line, carried along loops in the tops of a row of stakes to the shore, usually about 20yds. distant. In the bottom of the trap, which has a depth of water of from 9in. to a foot, are placed some well-foliaged green boughs. The fish work upstream at night in search of food, and, as day comes, push in under the shelter of the boughs. The owner of the trap comes along in the early morning, pulls the string which withdraws the supporting peg, and the door falls, imprisoning the fish; they are then removed by leaning over the sides of the trap, which are about 2ft. high.

I have seen fish up to 8lb. in weight taken out of these traps, which are beautifully constructed without a bit of metal in them, yet, so easy is the making of them to the constructor that, as the river falls and the depth at the trap becomes unsuitable, he leaves the old one to fall to pieces, not bothering to use any of the materials for a new one in deeper water, but constructs it all anew, except possibly for the log weighting the door.

I have seen the same principle used with the most primitive fish-traps imaginable, on the Ramganga River in Kumaon. These traps were merely baskets, rather like those used for carrying home purchases from an English fish shop. They were weighted with stones, filled with small green boughs and grass, then sunk in the river at some quiet spot, generally the slack water inside and below a bend. Yet fish up to 4lb. in weight were brought to us from them; all of them mahseer and not the more sluggish species, as one would expect.

Poisoning fish is, of course, hardly in the category of trapping, but I came across one form of it which is well worth recounting. I was camped by the side of a stream in Lower Burma, and my Karens asked me if I would like to see them catch some fish. They produced some jungle fruits about the size of a small plum, and, taking out the centre, put in a wad of chewed tobacco; I cannot say whether they added anything more, but I think not. Having prepared several fruits in this manner, they selected a pool likely to hold fish and threw in one of the fruits, which was promptly taken by a fish of about 1lb. in weight. Some 30 seconds later the fish appeared skating about on the surface of the water with its head out, and two of the Karens dived in and secured it. The trick was not always successful, for the next two or three fish all got rid of the bait before they could be captured, and in this case they seem to recover completely and immediately. The result of a dozen efforts was four fish averaging a little over a pound.

A large book could be written on the ways of catching animals practised in the Orient, but I will only refer to two more, which are, from the social position of the practitioners, as far apart as they very well could be.

The outcast criminal tribe of Sansis, which are a nomad nuisance, catch jackals by inserting a thorny branch down their holes and twisting it into their fur, the beast being then withdrawn to furnish the joint for the evening meal, with probably a lizard as entrée.

The other I think the most curious of all. The Emperor Babar used to amuse himself for hours, watching frogs which he had trained to catch sparrows!

MRS. RICKETTS, WHO IS THIS?

Bird Gossip in a Kenya Garden

By LORD BADEN-POWELL, O.M.

JUDGING from the talk I hear among the birds in my garden in Kenya I think there must be an elderly lady dove among them, known by the others—and there are dozens of them—as Mrs. Ricketts.

She seems to be a sort of matron among them, who knows everybody and everything, and is also very discreet.

So whenever a new bird alights in the tree where there is a dove one hears the dove call, "Mrs. Ricketts, who's this? Mrs. Ricketts, who's this?" and Mrs. Ricketts flies to her and apparently tells her in a whisper—for I hear nothing—who the newcomer is, and all about her.

This, for instance, is the conversation I have just heard among the doves.

A new dove arrived on the scene, calling out: "Hullo, Hullo, which is which. Hullo, hullo, which is which. Hullo, which is which." Immediately there were hurried calls from different trees: "Who's this, Mrs. Ricketts?" and before she could reply to all, the question was being repeated again and again from different directions: "Who's this, Mrs. Ricketts?"



"ALL FREE AND HAPPY IN THEIR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS"

Then a deeper voice (could it possibly be Mrs. Ricketts herself?) proclaimed, "She's a duchess, she's a duchess, she's a duchess"; at which at once there was a deferential silence. Suddenly the pause was broken by a shrill impertinent laugh of a small bird shouting: "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

Then comes a startled, "Mrs. Ricketts, who the ——!" and a sudden loud flutter of wings as a dove shoots headlong out of her tree, while a graceful hawk, with fierce eyes and talons, glides silently across the scene. A cheeky little twitter follows from a nearby bush, "Pitty-wee-we," followed by a loud "Tock. Pitty-wee-wo Tock."

You see, the garden is full of strange and jolly bird calls, not forgetting the bush cuckoo, or rather, cuckoos, because it takes two of them to make their call.

It sounds like "cock-cock-cock-cock," as fast as you can say it; but though it sounds as if it were called by one bird, actually one bird says the first "cock" immediately followed by the second bird with all the rest.

Now another bird chips in, calling: "Look, look, look, look, Daddy!" and the birds are as charming to look at as they are to listen to.

Here a dark one with sheeny blue-green back; here a yellow gold weaver bird; the black and white fly-catcher; and one which I call a robin because he has a red breast but with a long black tail, black and white wings and a yellow and black head, hopping about with all the friendly familiarity of the robin at home.

But the interest of the garden doesn't lie only in its birds, but also in its flowers. Brilliant scarlet and yellow cannas like huge tulips, masses of blue flowers like cornflowers, stately arum lilies, scarlet salvias, climbing roses, madonna lilies, all in profusion.

Overhead the trees also add their colour to the scene; the Nandi flame with heavy dark foliage, topped with huge blooms like so many ripe dark oranges; the graceful Jackaranda, whose leaves take the form of so many green ferns, decorated with masses of flowers just like bluebells in colour and shape.

Then looking between the trunks of these and the tall bare gum trees, we gaze into the far slopes of the great mountain from which Kenya takes its name. We look on the forests and gullies with the knowledge that here close to our civilised home are roaming wild elephants and rhinos, giraffe and eland, wild boar and deer of all kinds, all free and happy in their natural surroundings.

As I was retiring to bed one night this note was handed in:

> "There is a hyæna investigating your house; better shut your French windows when you go to bed."

Thus warned, had I been disturbed in the night, there was no need for me to ask: "Who's this, Mrs. Ricketts?"



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SETTLEMENT IN TANGANYIKA

A Year's Work in the Iringa Highlands

By LORD CHESHAM

THE basis of the scheme on which the European Settlement scheme in Southern Tanganyika is founded is that of co-operation and marketing facilities. The attraction of the scheme lies in the fact that the local demand greatly exceeds the supply of agricultural produce and that the scope of the scheme is limited by that available market. When the supply nearly equals the demand, no more settlers will be accepted, as over-production and consequent price-cutting must be avoided.

The country itself offers a perfect climate, low cost of living, natural amenities such as can be found in few parts of the world, and a remarkable absence of the pests and disadvantages usually associated with Africa, such as malaria, tsetse fly, drought, and locusts. It is, in fact, a country in which white people can live a really good life on a fraction of the income necessary to live a similar life in other parts of the world.

My previous visit to the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika drew to a much regretted close in November, 1936, and on revisiting the district in July, 1937, I was naturally anxious to see the spent annually on importing flour into the Territory.

I was present at a meeting of farmers called to organise the transport and marketing of wheat, which was attended by 90 per cent. of the producers of hard wheat in the district. At this meeting a Wheat Growers' Association was formed and suggestions were made for co-operative marketing. As a result an efficient organisation has been formed to manage and control this important side of the business. Before the end of my visit arrangements had been made for all the available wheat to be transported and sold at a fair price to the mill, which had itself sprung up, like a mushroom, since my last visit, in the town of Iringa. This hard wheat is in great demand and will play an important part in the settlement of that district. Other crops which were being harvested successfully were barley, oats, linseed, rye, maize and sweet potatoes.

One of the most apparent developments is, of course, the building of the Southern Highlands Club, which is intended to be of service not only to residents of the Southern Highlands, but also to



A POLO DAY AT IRINGA

On the left is Major John Dew. Mr. Jack Snape is on the right with Lord Chesham next him

changes and developments which had taken place during my absence. Many of these I was prepared for, having received letters giving more or less detailed descriptions, but I say frankly that I was not prepared for the immense progress all round which had taken place.

This progress is not confined to the Southern Highlands Estates, nor, so far as I could see, to any particular district, but it was apparent in the area generally.

Before I left the previous November, I had helped to choose the site for an aerodrome and residential country club, and I had had reports that the aerodrome was completed and in use. It was therefore very gratifying to be told by the pilot who flew me from Dodoma that the new aerodrome was "the best and safest in East Africa." Whether this is true or not, it was pleasant to hear that the experts, who had to use it, were at least satisfied. Certainly it looked grand from the air, and the pilot made a very comfortable landing.

Before landing, the pilot flew me over Iheka Farm, which the Southern Highlands Estates, Ltd., is running as a headquarters and supply depot for the settlers, and I was very much impressed with the brilliant colour effects of the 200 odd acres of wheat and other crops which were then on the point of being harvested.

At Iheka itself, development had proceeded apace. Some 200 acres of land had been put down to cropping and when I arrived the tobacco had been cut and was in process of being fire-cured in the barns and then graded; a good crop which subsequently showed a satisfactory return.

About 80 acres of wheat was harvested during my visit and gave excellent results. There is no doubt that this will be one of the main crops for settlers under the scheme and can play a considerable part in reducing the £43,000 which is



THE NEW CLUB HOUSE OF SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS ESTATES, LTD.

those Europeans whose job keeps them in less pleasantly situated districts of the Territory. The actual building had been designed, started and completed during my absence, and the result is really excellent. The club house is situated in a position commanding a really attractive view of the rolling country with blue mountains rising up in the far distance. Facing north-west, it is a veritable suntrap.

The aerodrome starts some 200yds. away from the club, and is, therefore, very handy for supplying food and fuel to visiting planes.

It is close on a mile long and some 80x wide, and the ground drops away at each end, a considerable advantage, I am told, for taking off even in the biggest planes. The surface is level and smooth, and so far no landing plane has crossed even the "half way" mark before finishing its "landing" and starting its "taxi" to the club end.

The large circle and "S.H.C." stand out clearly, and can be seen from the air for a long distance around.

Near the aerodrome the polo ground had been made, and was in full use. Full-sized, level, and with a beautiful surface, this ground compares very favourably with any other in East Africa and a great many in England. Games take place at least once a week from May to the end of November, six chukkers being customary, this naturally depending on the number of ponies available on that particular day.

The first polo day after my arrival filled me with interest. I was staying at Iheka Farm, some four miles away, and I was reminded of the preparations for a hunting day in England. "Boots and Saddles" and the usual bustle of getting the ponies off in good time with as much of the necessary equipment as could be remembered; boys being abused for forgetting that particular bridle, or the spare girths, or the "bwana's" favourite polo stick. Then a pause, and finally loading up the car with polo balls, more saddles, polo sticks, cutting whips, &c., and all the essentials which the syces had forgotten.

Arriving at the ground was a thrill. "Jack's" ponies were there already, and "Martin's" and the usual talk and criticism of ponies that goes on wherever polo players meet all over the world. Ponies and cars rolling up at intervals, greetings being exchanged, and gossip and news being swopped.

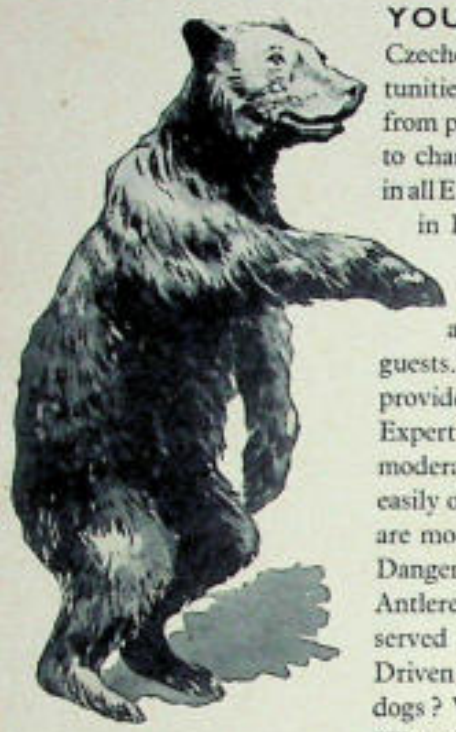
By round about eleven o'clock some ten or twelve players had arrived complete with ponies, and about twenty spectators had turned up to see the fun and exchange local gossip. Chukkers were arranged and off they went. Perhaps not the highest class of polo as played in London, and frequently a blind eye turned to over enthusiasm which would have incurred a severe penalty at Hurlingham, but it was really surprisingly good, and the keenness and genuine enthusiasm augurs well for the future. As one German enthusiast got off his pony after the last chukker he turned to me and said: "A day like this makes the time seem so long before another can take place."

Between the polo ground and the club house itself two hard tennis courts were in process of being made and, on the other side of the club, it was just possible to make out the first hole of the golf course. Laying this course out was intensely interesting to a layman like myself, who has never previously had a similar experience. Of course there was no golf architect available to give us the benefit of his experience, and the plans and alterations and re-alterations were innumerable and caused the most hopeless confusion in the minds of the natives who helped us and who had no idea of what we were even attempting to do.

At one moment we had eight very satisfactory holes designed and pegged out on the ground, the ninth was intended to bring the players back to within easy reach of the club house, but to our horror we found we had to make it just over 950yds. long to do this. So off we had to go again messing about our previous eight holes.

Anyhow, the result promises to be a grand course, the undulating grassland and various dongas providing many really fine natural hazards. Immediately in front of the club the ground slopes at first gradually and then more steeply down to one of the prettiest wooded dongas I have seen. The site for the swimming pool and squash court is on this gentle slope, very handy to the club rooms, and they will be completed next spring.

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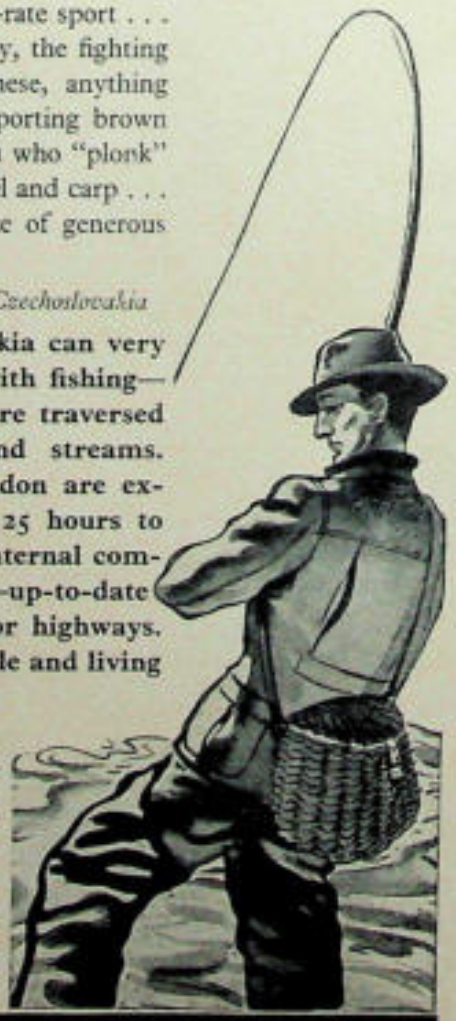
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TARPON IN LAGOS HARBOUR

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"BY FAR THE BEST LAUNCH"
The 30ft. twin-engined cruiser Aikygian, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Zarpas

WHILE many fishermen are probably aware of the sport available with Niger perch and tiger fish in the inland waters of Nigeria, very few seem to know anything about the excellent fishing which can be had in Lagos harbour and just outside in the open sea.

The season is roughly from December to April, when the water is clear, there being no rain to bring down the mud from the rivers that feed the creeks behind Lagos.

Among the fish to be had are barracuta, rock perch, jack, grouper, an occasional tuna, and, best of all, tarpon.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Zarpas, who own by far the best launch for this purpose, have come back from a leave spent tarpon fishing at Boca Grande and other places on the American coast, they have been able to teach us the correct methods of catching this most sporting fish, and this season, due to their methods, by far the best catch has been obtained; so far thirteen tarpon have been taken out of Lagos Harbour since January 1st, 1938.

The average weight of this catch is 120½lb., only one fish being under 100lb., and the best 170½lb. caught by Mrs. Zarpas on a 12oz. rod with 18-thread line in 1 hour 35 minutes. This is only 19lb. below the world's record for 18-thread line and is the world's record for a woman.

It has been found that the average time taken to land tarpon here is about three-quarters of a minute per pound weight of the fish.

The formula evolved in America for deducing their weight has been proved accurate to within nearly a pound in every case. It is:

$$\frac{\text{Length in inches} \times \text{square of the girth in inches}}{800} = \text{weight of fish in pounds.}$$

Most of the fish have been caught trolling at about 2 m.p.h. or slower with a Japanese feather bait and the tarpon seem to feed best in bright moonlight for about an hour after high or low tide, when there is not much movement in the water, either ebb or flow. The more fighting the tarpon can be made to do the sooner they are tired out.

Left to themselves they are inclined to make two or three long runs and then sound in deep water—the channel is about 40ft. deep. To overcome this they are "pumped" in until there is only about 20ft. of line left off the reel, then the boatman lets in his clutch, races the engine for about 15sec. and the tarpon, frightened by the white wash and general commotion caused by the propeller revolving at speed, goes off on another fast run, taking out anything up to 150yds. or 200yds. of line; he is slowly brought back by more pumping and the process is repeated until the fish, apparently tired out, comes up to the surface on his side; even then they are not necessarily finished. I have seen a tarpon come up on his side after an hour and a quarter and as he was being drawn in, on seeing the launch, sound again, take out about 75yds. of line and jump nearly clear of the water and fight for another quarter of an hour before he could be brought on board.

They are gallant fighters, and for the first ten minutes move through the water at a terrific pace even against a very strong brake, and are quite likely to jump clear of the water fourteen or fifteen times.

Of the other fish to be had at Lagos, barracuta are the commonest and, I think, the most sporting. They vary from 4lb. or 5lb. to over 50lb. A 6in. spoon seems to attract them better than other baits. This they take with a wild rush, making one or two very strong runs and then gradually come in with shorter runs. They are very good to eat indeed, a fish of about 15lb. being delicious.

Jack which run up to 28lb. are to be had in any quantity just outside the bar, where it is very pleasant to go on a calm afternoon. They are slow, heavy fighters, who, after one run, usually sound very deep, turn on their sides and are very reluctant to be pulled up to the surface; not a very exciting fish, but a tenacious one. They are not eaten by Europeans, but the natives like them.

In most of the rivers of Southern Nigeria Niger perch or Hausa, Giwan Rewa (the elephant of the water) are to be found. This fish is common to most rivers of Northern and Central Africa and is identical with the Nile perch.



A 152lb. TARPON
Mr. J. A. Maybon, late Chief Secretary of Nigeria, now Governor-elect of Northern Nigeria, took this fish on 24-thread line after 1 hour 35 minutes struggle

It is a very sporting fish which starts its fight with wild rushes, coming to the surface and jumping frequently, shaking its head out of the water in its endeavour to get free of the hook, which manœuvre is very often successful. They then invariably try to get behind some snag or fallen tree in the water or hole in the rocks on the stream bed and it becomes a trial of strength to keep them away from this goal.

In one of the pools at Olokemeji on the Ogun River there was a large dead tree lying in about 14ft. of water in the dry season; many fish have been lost there so at the end of this season it was decided to remove it with dynamite; after a successful demolition, the bag was found to be two small perch, another of 6½lb. and a 16ft. python who lived in a hole in the trunk.

The season is from December to March when the rivers are low and clear. The perch get into deep pools which are separated from each other except for a slight trickle impassable to a large fish.

They appear to be voracious feeders, and in a pool, say, 200yds. by 45yds. and 15 ft. to 20ft. deep, the food supply to anything up to three or four dozen perch, ranging from 6lb. to 60lb., must be, to say the most of it, scanty. At any rate, at the beginning of each season, when the rivers clear, they take most readily. The best method appears to be spinning with a dead bait.

At Olokemeji, where there are four excellent pools not more than four miles from a motor road, the bait is obtained by shooting at fish up to 10in. in length with a rifle from the road bridge. A shot placed within 4in. of the fish stuns them in 3ft. 6in. of water under the bridge, the local small boys being most willing to retrieve the bait having learnt that this is profitable.

We have found that the bigger the bait used the bigger the fish that will take it; in fact a 6lb. perch which had taken our bait was nearly eaten himself by another who subsequently proved to weigh 88lb., at least we imagine it must have been the same fish.

As was said, the season is when the rivers are clear and low, and considering that the perch therefore gets no help from the current, he is a very gallant fighter and would be very difficult, indeed, to catch in a fast running stream.

They are really excellent eating, and in a country where one relies on tinned food for a considerable portion of one's menu, good fresh fish is a godsend.

M. ARCH-BROWN.



FINE TARPON, BOTH TAKEN ON THE SAME NIGHT BY MR. ZARPAS
One weighing 151lbs. took 1 hour 40 minutes to land, while the other, of 142lbs. weight, took 35 minutes

NOVICE IN WONDERLAND

A Strange Experience With Elephants

NOT far north and west of the village of Roseires, on the Blue Nile, lies a belt of the more dense jungle of the Southern Sudan. Easily accessible from the Khartoum capital, the area offers a convenient and economical substitute for the more productive provinces of the Dinder and Rahad and the game-ridden forests of the south.

Having arrived at Khartoum with my regiment in the spring of this year, there was just sufficient time to plan a short trip before the hot weather set in, and before the rains should make the roads impassable. The arrangements were made throughout by my kindly host, a magnate of the Sudan Police Force, well versed in the country. His object was to visit his more distant police posts—mine, to see as much of the country as possible in the limited time of a fortnight, with a day and night in the forests of Disa, where everybody pauses to shoot a lion.

We travelled in comparative comfort—a Ford car—with baggage and servants in a lorry. Starting from Wad Medani and leaving the last race meeting of the year with regret, a few hours were spent with the Nile perch and tiger fish at Sennar Dam before we journeyed to Singa. A newcomer to the Sudan is amazed to see the flat yellow desert of Khartoum change to the irrigated cotton country of the Gezira, and later to bush scrub and undulations. Disa is but a day's bumping drive from Singa, and here for the first time one meets the dense foliage—large trees and almost impassable undergrowth of an African jungle. Much could be written to attempt to describe even these first 300 miles, so dull to local British inhabitants and yet so intensely interesting and unlike any other country in the world.

Suffice it that our caravan reached its grass hut destination on the west bank of the Blue Nile at Disa, at about 3 p.m., with four remaining hours of daylight. My host had a pressing engagement at Roseires, some 35 miles on, and, leaving me with a cook, a police orderly and a lorry, disappeared along the forest road.

By prearrangement the local sheikh appeared, and Novice, with a limited vocabulary of Arabic, managed to convey, mainly by gesticulation and hand-play, that a lion must be shot. The sheikh treated this as a matter of course: "Everybody shoots a lion; the thing was easy; of course I should shoot many lions."

We started at once to reconnoitre. After a lorry journey of three miles and a walk of one we reached the edge of a fair-sized lake, surrounded by dense undergrowth and trees. The sheikh was insistent in his choice of one particular tree, too small for my liking. This was the spot from which "all lions were destroyed," and no other would do. I had to agree, but I insisted on the comfort of India, with a charpoy—or rather angarib—and a leg and back rest and a cushion, and, leaving them to prepare, I returned to camp. Here I made the police orderly shoot a crocodile, and about 5 p.m. we started together, reaching the machan at 5.30.

All was ready. A goat had been tethered at a stake some 15yds. away. Building operations were complete. My orderly and I clambered into our tree, while the sheikh and his minions retired, with orders to return at dawn.

It was a calm, breathless evening, the twilight quickly fading and the silence of the jungle gradually giving way to the noise of insects and animals of the tropics. A little owl hopped in a tree above, crickets started their all-night carouse, while the lake rippled with the movements of crocodiles and resounded with the flack of the tails of a species of flat fish upon the water. The night grew darker, and one's eyes grew accustomed to shapes and distances. The unfortunate goat, alarmed at loneliness, bleated in a heartbreaking way; with the rising moon his every movement could be watched. My orderly shuffled and coughed, and I began to wish I had not brought him, though I appreciated his company. By 11 p.m. the moon had risen, giving a light by which one could almost read. I began to doubt the usefulness of my gigantic torch, fitted most capably to the rifle by the armourer-sergeant. Almost exactly at midnight a swishing, rustling noise became apparent 200yds. away, growing louder and accompanied by the sound of breaking twigs and undergrowth. No novice could mistake it.

Though I had never seen them in a jungle, I had no feeling of surprise when a herd of some 30 elephants came into view. They splashed with little ceremony into the lake, jostling each other and making a series of little squeals and a sort of contented purring, rumbling noise. They stamped the mud and squirted themselves with water. Amongst the herd were several well-grown calves; it seemed that sometimes they were responsible for little coughs and grunts. The sight from a distance of 30yds. was magnificent. It is strange that this privilege should have been given me on my "first night in Africa," strange that, with no preparation or even knowledge of any elephant in the vicinity, a tyro should be greeted with a view that the most experienced hunters may spend months to obtain. For ten minutes bathing continued, while the herd gradually worked towards me. I glanced up at the miserable trunk of my tree and drew my dangling feet on to the charpoy. My orderly was motionless. I wetted my finger: there seemed a faint current of air towards the herd.

Then suddenly there was a check in their movements, and the leader, a huge animal with comparatively small tusks, slowly approached the goat, swaying from side to side. With every detail of his expression lit by bright moonlight, he stood beyond the goat, facing me, with uplifted trunk, feeling the air. I tested the wind again. Then, without warning, his great ears stood out from his head, he stamped and gave a shrill, trumpet-like scream, lowered his trunk to a sort of curve, and charged from a distance of 15yds. straight at my tree.

I shall never know why he stopped. One good push would have felled my tree, and, like Humpty Dumpty, I should have been at his mercy. It was a paralysing moment, and it is strange that I was still able to note his every movement without stirring a muscle myself. He stopped short under my tree, with uplifted trunk. By reaching down I could have touched it with my rifle. In that position he stood, swaying about, snuffling the air.

There was time to see the rest of the herd disappear, with the exception of two, far more quickly and quietly (though I noticed a complaining rumbling noise) than they had arrived. They melted away with amazing speed, with a shuffling, ambling gait. The two other animals, both smaller than the first, only one of which was a tusker, took up a position one on each side of, and about 15yds. behind, my tree.

I glued my eyes to my first assailant, and in my ignorance wondered what could possibly happen next. If I should shoot (and, indeed, one could not miss) what would the others do? I had no elephant licence, though I knew I should be exonerated for self defence. I knew that, although the .375 Magnum was adequate, I had loaded with soft-nose bullets. I knew also that if I had to shoot my chance of a lion would be gone. I wanted a lion. I decided to wait and see, and in this extraordinary predicament my orderly and I sat immobile and wondering during what seemed an interminable night. The elephants also stood motionless, except for uplifted trunks and slightly swaying bodies. Beyond inquisitive snuffs and grunts they made no sound. Then, without warning, as if on sudden inspiration, the leader started to tear down some small branches from my tree. There was no choice. I should have to shoot and pray that one shot might prevail. I slowly brought up the rifle and, as I did so, he paused. I waited again, being really uncertain what the immediate effect would be. It was not till then that the impossible happened. The three elephants shuffled off silently into the night. The reaction was extraordinary. Neither my orderly nor myself moved a muscle for a good half-hour, although we exchanged glances. I now count him as one of my friends. My watch showed that the elephants had stood round the tree for about 75 minutes.

Happily, there was no further sign of the herd, and we sat watching the unfortunate and now thoroughly cowed goat, waiting for the morning.

At 5 a.m., as dawn was starting to break, I gave up hope, eased my cramped body, lit a cigarette, and had my first good morning cough. The noise of the fish and the movements of the crocodiles had ceased, and there was evidence of the early morning birds. I again noticed the little owl on our tree. His movements attracted firstly our attention and then our suspicion, and on looking down I saw three lions approaching the goat from under my tree. I shall not easily forget the sight of the goat—an abject and forlorn picture.

If I had moved the rifle the lions must have seen me. I pinched out my cigarette; then, as they advanced unconcernedly towards the goat, and with their backs to me, I was able to bring up the rifle. As I did so, one lioness, the largest of three not full grown animals, sprang on the goat from a distance of about 8yds., despatching it with a blow on the head and then breaking its neck with a rat-worrying shake. She gave an easy shot at this moment, and the torch worked admirably, the light spilling on the foresight and the spot focusing centrally on the kill. The other two lions vanished and I could not get another shot. Before descending from the tree a little later I put another bullet into the body just to make sure. She measured about 8ft. between pegs.



THE MACHAN AND THE KILL

In the photograph, taken from the machan in the early morning light, the elephant tracks may be seen. Where the lioness is lying are the marks where the bull stamped and charged my tree.

The lion incident was in itself enough to complete a good night, but it is so eclipsed by the elephant adventure that it hardly bears description. Local gossip confines such an occurrence to "once in 20 years." I was indeed lucky. It would be interesting to hear of similar concerted attacks, obviously led, controlled and ordered, and in such highly intelligent fashion.

More than a year later an officer of the Black Watch sat in the same tree over a goat similarly tied up. At 7 p.m. a lion arrived and sat watching the goat, but gave him no chance of a shot. At midnight some elephants arrived and splashed into the water behind his machan, departing immediately without molesting him. And later still the same night he shot a panther from the tree. It does seem that that tree carries luck! J. o. c. H.

[Machan shooting by night is more customary in India than Africa.—Ed]

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

CONTINUING from last week our tour of the Hock-producing districts, we come to the Rhinehesse, stretching from Worms to Bingen. Its vineyards cover a far greater acreage than those of the Rhinegau, but few of them produce wines of the same superlative degree of excellence, except in favourable vintages.

Rhinehesse does produce fine Hocks, but its chief claim to fame is that it has produced and "put over," as they say in the States, a wine known all the world over under the name of Liebfraumilch. The name originally belonged to the wines made from the grapes gathered in the vineyards of the Liebfrauenkirche, a church just outside the old city of Worms. Then the name was given to any of the wines from Worms vineyards, and even from farther away.

Now, according to German law, the name Liebfraumilch does not possess any longer any geographical significance. It is a generic name which may be given to any Hock up to the standard of the average quality of Rhinehesse wines. Hence the fact that there are so many different types of Hocks sold under the name of Liebfraumilch, some so much better than others, and some so much dearer than others. But there are still vineyards that belong to the old church of Liebfrauenkirche; there is still some wine made from their grapes, and such wine is sold, but *not* under the name of Liebfraumilch; it is sold as *Liebfrauenstiftstein* or *Kirchenstock*.

Although Liebfraumilch may be the best-known name of any Rhinehesse wine, it is not the best. The best wine of Rhinehesse is that of Nierstein, the village which lies beyond Oppenheim after you leave Worms. Oppenheim itself can boast some fine vineyards, and it is the home of some of the more important Hessian wine merchants. Its best vineyards are known as Kreuz, Saektrager, Daubhaus, Goldberg, Schlossberg and others. Oppenheim is, with Worms, the centre of the largest wine-producing district of Rhinehesse, comprising Alsheim, Bechtheim, Osthofen, Westhofen, Mettenheim, Dittelsheim, Dalsheim, Nackenheim, Dienheim, Bodenheim, Guntersblum and Nierstein—last but by no means least, since the wines of Nierstein are so much better than any of the other Hessian wines.

Not that every wine that bears upon its label the name of Nierstein is bound to be a fine wine. As a matter of fact, a wine labelled plainly "Niersteiner" cannot be anything else except a plain wine of no particular merit. All the wines of Nierstein worthy of attention go into the world under the name of the vineyard of their birth, be it called Hipping, Fuchsloch, Rehbach, Domtal, Orbel, Heiligenbaum, Findling, Glock, Auflangen, Pettental and a number of others.

Going downstream with the Rhine, we come to the vineyards of Nackenheim, after those of Nierstein, and then to those of Bodenheim and of Laubenheim, which lie close together. The country here is much flatter and the wine is not so fine, nor so expensive.

Beyond Mainz, a little farther, and as far as Bingen, there is a large expanse of flat country where vineyards are cultivated as well as orchards and other crops. Much wine is made from that part of Rhinehesse, but none of really fine quality. The same does not apply to the vineyards which grace both banks of the little River Nahe, from Bingen, where it flows into the Rhine, to Kreuznach. It is up this little valley that are situated the vineyards of Schloss Backelheimer, which produce a very pleasing Hock sometimes found in England on hotel wine-lists.



Kensington Gore

"Hawkins, the sticking plaster. I've cut my chin. My hand, for some reason, is somewhat unsteady."

"Very good, Sir."

"And while you're about it, Hawkins, you might get something to cure a headache. Enough to cure four men."

"I did not know we had guests, Sir. Where did the three other gentlemen sleep?"

"There are no other gentlemen. The hangover in question belongs to me. It is probably the fiercest specimen now in captivity."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. I myself am largely to blame. Knowing you were to attend last night's re-union, I had intended to lay in some Rose's Lime Juice. The matter unfortunately slipped my memory."

"What on earth are you getting at?"

"I was explaining, Sir, the therapeutic action of Rose's. A stiff glass, taken after a convivial evening, has the property of banishing these distressing mornings after — apart from which, Sir — it slakes the thirst in no uncertain manner."

"Hawkins, you're not romancing?"

"SIR!"

"Of course not, Hawkins, of course not. Slip out and order a case of this Rose's. Never mind about the sticking plaster. I don't think I'll need it again."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of May 19th, 1888.

SALE of the Oaks Estate: "It is meet and right that, on the eve of a Derby and Oaks from which all semblance of the intense interest attaching to their predecessors of 30 or 40 years ago has faded away, the estate near Epsom from which these two famous races derive their names should be offered for sale at the auction mart. . . . Unless the two great races which owe their origin to its former owner are soon buttressed with large endowments of added money, there will ere long be none to remember that such a place as 'The Oaks' has ever existed."

Rights of Way: "What will be the value of a grouse moor which is liable in the early days of August to be invaded by parties of tourists? With the desire to throw the most picturesque scenery open to the public all must sympathise; but it is absurd to say that, because a man's land grows heather, he shall be liable to an invasion of his rights, and a pecuniary loss which he would not be liable to if his land grew corn. The fallacy which underlies the whole argument is in ignoring the difference between a right of way and a recreation ground. It is one thing to admit the public to go along a defined track from one given point to another given point; it is quite another to permit them to rove at large over a whole mountain. The first does little or no harm to anyone, while the second may render property utterly valueless and destroy the prosperity of whole districts."

Australians v. Surrey: "The Surrey bowling and fielding were seen at their worst, the innings not ending till 363 had been scored. . . . The Surrey men could do little with the bowling of Turner and Ferris, and were twice dismissed in the day, making 89 and 120. The Australians thus scored a victory as decisive as that they gained over Warwickshire."

From an advertisement: "Chateau Margaux, 1876 vintage, Chateau Latour, 1873 vintage, Chateau Lafite, 1873 vintage, all 45/6 per dozen bottles; Chateau Brown Cantenac, 1873 vintage, 31/- per dozen bottles. All chateau bottled."

IN THE SALEROOM

IMPORTANT collections are now coming into the sale rooms, and Christies and Sothebys are clashing somewhat. On May 27th, with English portraits, some of the Heathcote heirlooms, in King Street, and the Comte de Renesse collection of antiques and pictures in Bond Street.

The Heathcote heirlooms include "Morning and Night," two of the set of four entitled "The Four Times of the Day," by William Hogarth. There will be keen competition for these two wonderful works, and eleven by William Owen, R.A., and five by Kneller, give an idea of the quality of the 54 pictures to be sold.

Space does not permit of treating the Renesse collection in detail, but mention should be made of the very fine French furniture of Louis XV and XVI periods; oriental porcelain; a Lille Tenier tapestry; and Dutch pictures by Maes, Mieris, Ostade and Wytman, including a lovely Still Life by F. Snyders.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

"HOW do you tell the difference between a cock and a hen common snipe, and a cock and a hen oyster-catcher?" That question was in my post this week. The answer is: You don't—in the air, at any rate. But I am not being let off so lightly. For my correspondent continues: "If, as I suppose, there is no certain method of distinguishing between the sexes in the air or away from the nest, can you tell me how to tell the difference by dissection?"

* * *

In many cases—as in the two species mentioned and in those others in which the sexes are coloured alike, and in nestling birds—it is possible to tell the sex only by dissection. In such cases, after the body is removed, you should slit up the right side and push the intestines aside with the handle of the scalpel. Having done this look carefully for the sexual glands. You will find them on the back above the kidneys, and in the male you will find a pair of yellowish (sometimes they are black) oval bodies, which vary very considerably in size according to the time of year.

* * *

There is not the slightest difficulty in finding them in the breeding season, for they are then very large. But at other seasons of the year it is not so easy and in birds that have been shot through the back, and particularly in nestlings, it is frequently impossible to find them at all. And there is also an additional difficulty. In young birds there is a pair of glands (known as the suprarenal capsules), and these will also be found at the top of the kidneys. So it is always wiser (even in the breeding season) to establish the sex by the presence or absence of the oviduct.

* * *

About the oviduct there can never be any doubt, although it is more easily found at the breeding season than at other times. It takes the form of a long curled tube running along the kidneys, on the left side. It is attached at one end to the gut and at the other to the rib above the kidney by a long and thin thread. This thread is always discoverable, but the end attached to the gut is severed when a bird is skinned.

* * *

In very small birds and in nestlings it saves a lot of trouble if you break the breast bone, remove the intestines, and put the body in a shallow basin full of salt water. The oviduct then floats, and you will see that it is attached to the roof of the body cavity by a sheet, which is very delicate, of membrane. You may often be in doubt as to the presence or absence of eggs; you can never be in doubt as to the presence of the oviduct.

* * *

So it is always better to look for the oviduct rather than for the testes. You can make mistakes about the latter; you can make no mistake about the oviduct, which is, of course, the tube down which the egg passes from the ovary and in which on its way down, it receives the shell, which is so greatly prized by certain people.

* * *

It may seem of small importance (to bird-lovers as opposed to ornithologists) whether the bird is a male or a female. And I must confess that, while I have some small interest in the scientific side of bird-watching (I am most certainly not an ornithologist) and a considerable interest in the science of nature as exemplified by one family of mammals, I get sufficient pleasure out of watching snipe and oyster-catchers (to take my correspondent's examples) without bothering which is the hen and which the cock. And while my interest in birds is certainly as great as the next man's, and while I spend much time in thinking about them and the problems they set, my love of them has not yet—and never will—attain the height when one shoots them in the nesting season just to see which is which. It has always struck me as a very fine commentary on human nature that, while we deplore the use of force to drive home the fact that we are right, there are many of us who would not hesitate to shoot a bird to prove ourselves right. And that is worse than the ignorance and weakness which impels certain men to shoot creatures (and particularly birds) which they do not recognise "just to see" what it is—or rather was.

* * *

I would rather see a bird alive and in full enjoyment of its beauty and its powers than I would see it in a glass case (though I admit the use of those glass cases, and admit the use of skins). But I do *not* think that the knowledge as to the sex of a bird is of no importance. It is frequently of the uttermost importance. And I do think that every man who pretends to study birds seriously should know how to tell the sexes apart. And for that you must know how to dissect a bird. B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RECORD GIANT ELAND

SIR,—I see that you have published in your paper for March 19th my photograph of the Giant Eland.

The measurements of this head just given to me by Rowland Ward, are: length 42¼in., girth 13½in., tip to tip 31⅛in.

As far as I as a zoologist can see, this forms the record of the eastern giant eland in Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game* bearing the scientific name *Taurotragus derbianus gigas*.

The previous record of this king of the antelopes is really a question between two heads, both of them measuring in length 41in., the one by Major Bettembourg, girth 12in., tip to tip 31in., the other by Sir Robert Harvey, Bt., girth 13⅛in., tip to tip 25⅞in. It seems to me the latter is the better head, even though the narrower tip to tip.

Now, your correspondent "M. T. S.," in a letter from Khartoum to the paper, writes that my giant eland head is "the Sudan record," but adds that "the record for the species is a head of 43in. (girth 12⅛in., tip to tip 36in.), shown by Dr. Mulbrent in the French section" of the Berlin Trophy exhibition.

According to Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, the world record of the species is not, as M. T. S. says, a head of 43in., but the head in the Rothschild collection measuring 44⅛in., 13⅛in., 26in., originating from Darunga in the French Chad, and stated to belong to the form *Taurotragus derbianus congoleanus*.

Of the principal race, however (*Taurotragus derbianus derbianus*) from Senegambia, the heads are different altogether, the record measuring in length 39⅛in. (girth 12⅛in., tip to tip 36⅞in.), originating from Northern Cameroons, and the second, 36⅛in. (15½in., 18⅛in.) from Senegambia. Although the tip to tip is only 18⅛in., this head, with a girth of 15⅛in., forms a record for all giant elands.

If there are races of giant eland carrying different scientific names, these races are, of course, like the races of giant sheep in Asia, entitled to their own records.

With reference to what is said above, I believe it would be appreciated by sportsmen taking interest in African big game, if the *Field* gave a clear explanation regarding the races problem of giant eland, and where the boundaries between them are to be found.

Having studied this magnificent beast for one winter only, I would be glad to know if there is anybody who can tell me.

Yours faithfully,

Halltorp, Sweden. BENGT BERG.

[The record referred to by our correspondent was the record head at the Berlin Exhibition, where Lord Rothschild's specimen was not shown.—ED.]

BLACKBIRDS *v.* SONG THRUSHES

SIR,—In the Naturalist's Notebook, in your issue of April 30th, "B. V-F." refers to the diminution in numbers of the mavis and the increase of the merle in the London district, and mentions two suggestions to account for it: (1) poison, (2) weather. He does not specify the poison, except that it is put down for snails. Now, the principal poisons for snails are paris green and meta, both being customarily mixed with bran as bait, and (with one exception in the case of the meta) there seems to be general agreement that neither poison seems to cause mortality amongst birds or animals, but both are thought to be most effective against both snails and slugs. I can answer for meta, which is deadly, and I use it neat in the form of fine powder, as I have had no success with paris green. But although thrushes only will eat snails, both thrushes and blackbirds are fond of slugs, and, therefore, paris green should be fatal to both species, and rather more so, perhaps, to thrushes, as they also eat snails. But is there any evidence that either species will, or does, eat dead snails or slugs? Poultry, I understand, will eat them poisoned by meta and without fatal results, but whether they will eat them with impunity when poisoned by paris green I have no evidence.

I see no reason to suppose that severe weather would take heavier toll of thrushes than of blackbirds, and I should think their chances of escape from cats would be about equal. But it is a fact that as you say, sir, blackbirds are bullies, and we find here that the thrushes are afraid of them and are chivied about so unmercifully that we have to be circumspect in feeding them to see that the thrushes get a fair share of food. I am inclined to suspect that the blackbirds' (both sexes) bullying is dictated by jealousy, because we began by taming the thrushes, in which we were very successful, but latterly the blackbirds rule the roost and quarrel vigorously amongst themselves. We have several pairs in the garden (about ½ acre), and they are not at all particular about *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of territory, but intrusion is promptly resented. There are usually about two or three times as many cocks as hens about, and all of them remain with us throughout the winter.

Yours faithfully,

Cornwall. NATURALIST.

HISTORY OF THE PUCKERIDGE HUNT

SIR,—I have been entrusted by the Masters of the Puckeridge Hounds with the most interesting task of writing a history of that Hunt and of its country, lying in the counties of Hertfordshire, Essex and Cambridgeshire. May I ask the help of anyone who has in his possession diaries, letters or other papers containing details of the sport shown by the Puckeridge Hounds during the period 1725–1896? I should be very grateful indeed if I might borrow any such treasures. Might they be sent to me at this address, so that I may read them and, where necessary, make extracts from them? I need hardly add that they will be carefully guarded here and returned as soon as possible.

I am particularly anxious to trace the diaries known to have been kept by:

1. A Mr. Bell, born about 1750, who hunted in the Puckeridge country from about 1775 to about 1815, and who then went to live in the Old Surrey country.

2. John Dinnicombe, huntsman to the Puckeridge (1851–6) under Mr. Parry, who afterwards went to the New Forest (1856–7), Blackmore Vale (1857–8) and East Dorset (1858–60), retiring from Hunt service in 1860 owing to ill health.

3. Joseph Orbell, also huntsman to the Puckeridge (1856–9) under Mr. Parry, who became first whipper-in to the Blackmore Vale (1860–1) and then huntsman to the South Wilts (1861–7), and to Lord Fitzwilliam, with whom he remained for ten years or more.

4. Mr. Leonard Proctor, of Bennington Lordship, near Stevenage, who kept a diary continuously from 1837 to 1891, or later.

Any information enabling me to trace these diaries (or indeed to trace the present descendants of the foxhunters in question) would be very welcome indeed, and would help me enormously in the fascinating but formidable task of preparing a History of the Puckeridge Hunt.

Yours faithfully,

Newnham Manor, MICHAEL F. BERRY.
Baldock,
Hertfordshire.

THE ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED

SIR,—What is the matter with the English thoroughbred horse? Most owners, breeders or trainers would, without hesitation, reply: "Nothing. He is the best horse in the world." In my opinion, this is only correct in so far as he is the best looking and the fastest horse in the world. These virtues are offset by the comparative softness of his bone whereby he is incapable of sustained work in adverse conditions. Every year one hears trainers complain that owing to the hard ground they cannot take their horses out of a walk, or that they must take the whole string to the seaside and work them on the sands.

Experience of the old-established breeds of three continents leads me to suggest that nearly all stud farms in the United Kingdom are on unsuitable land, that is to say land which is fit for cattle only. You cannot breed hard bone on soft ground. The necessary conditions include lime soil, high land (at about 500ft. in this country) and only a few inches of soil between the grass and the chalk or rocks below. Under these conditions we should quickly produce horses which would be as good as they look and fit for work, real work, anywhere in the world. In India and Africa the best local breeds all come from the highlands, *e.g.* Baluch, Katiawar, Basuto, and the horses bred on the high veld west of the Drakensberg range. In those countries men pig-stick, race and play polo on ground baked as hard as iron, and the percentage of crocks is not greater than in the average stud of hunters or racehorses in this country.

When discussing these theories I have often been asked: "What about the Arab?" The answer is that the best Arabs come from the Nejd, which is anything but a cattle country. The word means plateau. There are small areas of wheat and barley cultivation, but the main industry is the raising of sheep, camels and horses on high land which is more like rock than sand. Many, in fact most, of the horses sold in Eastern markets as Arabs, are only distant cousins from the Tigris Delta and other parts remote from Central Arabia.

When in charge of about 600 horses in India I kept a section from the cannon-bone of each horse which we had to shoot as past work. A label attached gave the animal's age, breeding and veterinary history. Examination of this collection under the microscope was most illuminating. The structure of the bone varied to an extraordinary extent. The best bone was close grained and hard like ivory. The worst was more like chalk. After classifying into groups, the ages and breeding of the animals and reasons for casting were tabulated. Those in the first group, *i.e.*, with good hard bone, had all done eight years' work or more, and were destroyed for reasons other than bone troubles. The breeding disclosed much Arab, Baluch, and/or Katiawar blood. In fact they conformed to the poet's specification: "Sire from the desert and dam from the hills." Those in the other category, with the chalk-like bone included the largest percentage of English blood. Most of these had broken down before completing four years' work, and many had been constantly in and out of hospital for various bone troubles.

None of the 600 horses from among which this data was collected was pure bred. All were various crosses including some local blood.

At this stage I venture to put forward another criticism. Breeders appear to attach much more importance to the sire than to the dam, while in fact the selection of suitable brood mares is of major importance. Almost every horse standing at stud in the United Kingdom is suitable to breed from. I would reject any which had broken down early in their racing careers, and from among the remainder match the sire to the dam. Crossing extremes is always a failure. If, for instance, more size is the objective, it is necessary to arrive at the desired result by easy stages. Experience suggests that the height of the sire should not exceed that of the dam by more than about one inch.

The conclusions arrived at may be summarised:

(1) The English thoroughbred is rather a hot-house product with soft bone.
(2) When he is crossed with hardier breeds the soft bone is transmitted.
(3) Nearly all stud farms in the United Kingdom are in unsuitable localities.
(4) Horses for hard work should be bred on hard ground in hills or mountains.
(5) Nature refuses to be hustled and breeding to a type must be a gradual process.
(6) The dam is at least as important as the sire and more care is required in matching the two.

Yours faithfully,

London. CAVALRYMAN.

DRY FLY IN IMPOSSIBLE WEATHER

SIR,—The article in your issue of April 23rd under the above heading is most interesting reading, and I have no wish to cross swords with the writer. I spent a most enjoyable week in his company last year, and I should like to say that having fished Loch Awe almost consistently for the last 32 years, and from every fishing station on the loch side at various times of the year, I know he will not mind my making a few observations on the subject.

I find that the best time to fish Loch Awe in a normal season is between May 10th and June 20th. The trout may not be so numerous as earlier, but they are in beautiful condition and the average weights heavier. From my own point of view also, the great attraction of Loch Awe fishing is that there is always a chance of a really good salmon not only on the troll but, for those who know the water well, by spinning, as I more often do.

These salmon run through the loch from the River Awe to the Orchy, and the aforementioned dates are also best to get them on the run.

I have met many anglers, mostly from this side of the Border, who, like myself, have used the dry fly, but as the conditions on this loch are usually on the windy side the best results are undoubtedly had with the wet fly. There is a great difference between dry-fly fishing as we know it in the south and fishing with a dry fly as practised by our friend on Loch Awe.

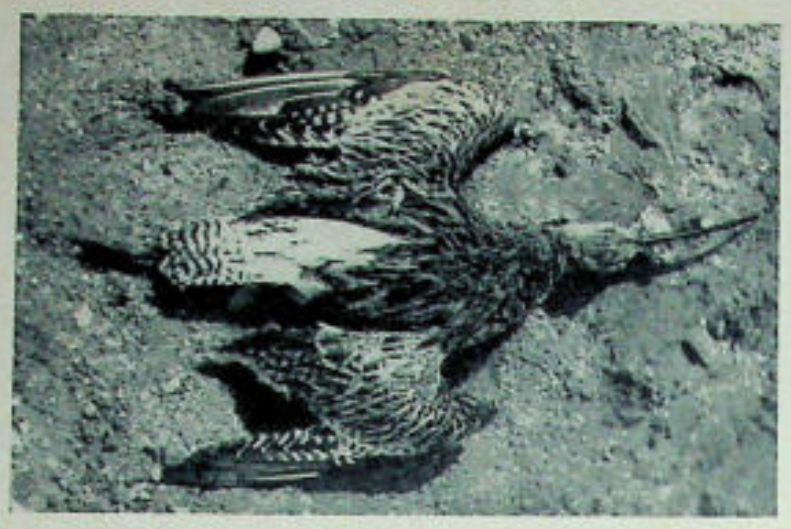
To sit in a boat in a dead calm and keep casting a dry fly is, to my mind, a most monotonous form of amusement. One very rarely sees trout rising to the natural fly; these wild fish are usually feeding on nymphs which are what the wet flies represent. My favourite cast is Peter Ross, Claret and Grouse, and Butcher, and I find very few other patterns are necessary.

In conclusion, I must call your attention to the mention of that great 55lb. salmon in a case at Loch Awe Hotel. This fish was not caught on Loch Awe but killed on the River Awe. The beautiful brown trout was caught on the River Awe a couple of years ago by an angler who was fishing for salmon on the fly.

Yours faithfully,

M. B. ANDRADE,
Red Spinner Angling Society.

4B, Bickenhall Mansions,
Gloucester Place, W.1.



A RARE BAG
(See letter "Slender-billed Curlew")

A STRANGE "WHITE-EYE"

SIR,—The duck referred to, shot over a year ago, was in all probability a Baer's White-Eye, also called the Green-headed Pochard or Eastern White-Eye. A most useful little book, *The Waterfowl of India and Asia*, by F. Finn, published by Thacker Spink & Co., Calcutta, costing only Rs. 4/8, gives full details of this variety of the White-Eye. The synoptical table and the table of colours at the end of this book make identification a fairly simple matter.

Anyone interested in natural history and stationed in the East should become a member of the Bombay Natural History Society. A quarterly journal is issued free to members, and the society publish and supply books on natural history at reduced prices to their members. Volume I of the *Game Birds of India, Burma and Ceylon*, by E. C. Stuart Baker, published by the society, is obtainable in London through David Nutt, 212, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. 2. The price of this book to non-members is Rs. 50/-. This is a much more detailed and comprehensive book than Finn's, beautifully illustrated with 30 coloured plates.

Yours faithfully,
Rixlade, O. G. KIERNANDER.
Abbotsham, North Devon.

NIGHT SIGHT OF SALMON

SIR,—In an article in a recent issue of the *Field* on "Sea Trout at Night" the author says: "The fish, whether they be sea trout or salmon, have exceedingly good night sight, even if you have not." It would be interesting to know whether other salmon anglers among your readers agree with this statement about the "night sight" of salmon. My own limited experience indicates that salmon have as little power of vision at night as their would-be captors.

We all know how well salmon take during the witching hour between sunset and darkness. As night draws in they will take flies and lures which they would regard with disdain in broad daylight. But there comes a moment, as darkness progresses, when they definitely stop taking. The pool, known to be well stocked with fish, suddenly becomes absolutely dead. I have always assumed that this was because the salmon could no longer see the fly against the darkened sky.

This does not apply in Norway, where most of the fishing is done in the luminous semi-darkness of the summer night. Here in the Highlands the long twilight fades so imperceptibly into night that it is hard to define the moment when visibility ceases. In that salmon fisherman's paradise, the Gaspé Peninsular, which is at a more southerly latitude,

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark."

Or so it seems to the impatient angler who has waited until after sunset to enjoy the too-brief hour on his evening pools. Then, if the fly is taken just before the well-defined moment when night falls, the salmon, if not in a strong current, suffers itself to be led quietly into still water and netted by the guide without a run or a struggle. The fight begins when it finds itself lifted from the water in the net.

It seems a fair presumption that the cause of this untypical behaviour is the failure of the salmon to see where it is going. It also affords evidence that the "play" of a salmon is the reaction to what it sees rather than to the pain caused by the hook, which must be the same at night as by daylight.

Yours faithfully,
Invergarry House, W. U. GOODBODY.
Invergarry,
Inverness-shire.

SLENDER-BILLED CURLEW

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a slender-billed curlew (*Numenius tenuirostris*) which I think may interest your readers. I shot the bird on March 20th near the city of Arcilla (Spanish Morocco) and I got another one two years ago in about the same place.

These rare birds sometimes appear in Southern Spain during the month of February, and at no other season, and even then their visits are confined to a few days and to certain limited areas.

Yours faithfully,
JOAQUIN DEL CASTILLO.
Tangier.

WOOD-PIGEON DISTRIBUTION

SIR,—I am engaged in the preliminary stages of an enquiry as to the distribution of the wood-pigeon in Great Britain. Though the wood-pigeon is universally distributed in this country, and is a common bird in most districts, it does not appear to be known whether it is more abundant in some counties than in others, or if so, to what extent, either in winter, or as a breeding bird in summer.

It is certainly very difficult, and probably impossible, to obtain a reliable estimate of the total number of wood-pigeons breeding in this country in any one year; but it appears to be possible to make an estimate of the relative numbers breeding in different counties, by counting the number of nests in a known area of wood in each county.

May I, therefore, ask those of your readers who have access to woodland in which wood-pigeons nest to count the pigeons' nests in their woods between now and midsummer and send to me, with the number of nests counted, the following data: county and location of the wood, the size of the wood in acres, and the prevailing types of tree? This information should not be difficult to obtain, and it furnishes a possible means of assessing the numbers of a bird of considerable importance to agriculture.

If anyone who is interested in this enquiry will write to me for further particulars I shall be happy to furnish them.

Yours faithfully,
JANE MEIKLEJOHN.
Rothamsted Experimental Station,
Harpenden.

AN INTERESTING BHARAL HEAD

SIR,—After seeing the photograph of that perfect bharal head from the Hume collection, in your issue of January 8th, I am prompted to send you the picture of a very imperfect head which I shot in Ladakh in 1933. The extent to which the horns, particularly the right horn, have been worn down is incredible, and anyone who saw the head without also seeing the photograph would be perfectly justified in believing it to be a very ancient "pick-up."

The left horn measures 26½in., but the striking features are, first, that at that length it has not begun the backward sweep, and second, the length to which girth is maintained in spite of the worn condition.

The head must have been a very fine one when the animal was in his prime, and Colonel C. H. Stockley, to whom I showed it in Kulu, said he thought the horns might easily have been 5in. longer before they began to go back.

In case they may be of interest I give here the horn girth measurements, taken at three successive points, of this old bharal, and of two others shot out of the same herd; the horns of the latter were unbroken:

	Girth at base,	Girth at 16½in.	Girth at 25in.
1. Old bharal horn 26½in.	12¼in.	11in.	7¼in.
2. Bharal horns 27in. ..	12in.	7½in.	2½in.
3. Bharal horns 26in. ..	10½in.	7in.	2in.

Yours faithfully,
Forest Office, A. P. F. HAMILTON
Tulland, Simla, Punjab. (Indian Forest Service).



LOOKING LIKE A VERY ANCIENT "PICK-UP"
(See letter "An Interesting Bharal Head")

TRAPPING ANTELOPES IN NIGERIA

SIR,—Questions were recently put in the House of Commons with regard to the duty imposed on gin traps imported into Nigeria, and in the interests of the trap manufacturers an attempt was made to lead the House to believe that these traps are required for exterminating vermin. Actually they are being used by natives for the purpose of catching antelopes and it is largely due to the use of these excessively cruel instruments that many beautiful and valuable species are in danger of extermination. The question is whether the perpetration of such activities is to be permitted merely in order that a small number of persons living in Wednesfield may make money out of them, and this question ought not to be confused by misleading factual statements.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. B. KIRKMAN
(Hon. Secretary for Wild Life, ULAWS, The University of London Animal Welfare Society).
42, Torrington Square, W.C. 1.



WITH THE CANVAS FURLED
(See letter "Malta's Windmill")

MALTA'S WINDMILL

SIR,—I am sure many of your readers will be interested in the enclosed photograph. It shows the only windmill still working in Malta, other than small, modern, wind-driven pumps.

Years ago there used to be many of these picturesque windmills, all used for grinding grain, in various parts of the island. Now, with the exception of the one shown, they have all given way to modern machinery—in most cases paraffin-driven engines.

This one stands near the village of Zurrick, in the south-west corner of the island. It is kept facing into wind manually, having no vane. The sails are covered with canvas, which, when not in use, is furled, as in the photograph.

Yours faithfully,
Kalafrana, Malta. OBSERVER.

SHOOTING ELEPHANT

SIR,—With reference to Mr. T. M. Coffey's letter under the heading "Shooting Elephant," I have only used the frontal shot twice, and on each occasion I was standing on a sloping bank a little higher than the elephant and perhaps 20yds. to 30yds. away.

The first elephant was suspicious and raised his head; my bullet entered the trunk 18in. below the base. Another time the elephant approached, carrying his head, if anything, a little low. The shot was placed at the base of the trunk. In both cases death was instantaneous. The rifle used was a 9.3 Mauser.

I understand the skull of the Indian elephant differs in shape to that of the African.

Yours faithfully,
Kyabalisa Estate, R. W. MALING,
Toro, Uganda.

WHOOPERS IN HAMPSHIRE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a pair of whooper swans which arrived here at the end of last October, and were still here up till April 17th. They became very tame, and paid no attention to motor cars and other traffic which passed on the road within 30yds. of them very frequently. The river here is tidal, and at all states of the tide they came close up to the house of Captain A. J. Macdonald, which is on the river bank. He fed them, and took this photograph. Last winter there were six whoopers here all the winter, but they went in February or March. Miss Harrison took a snapshot of one of them and you published it on January 16th, 1937, but she could not get very near to them.

Yours faithfully,

Old Ways, Beaulieu, Hants. THOMAS H. C. TROUBRIDGE.

60 YEARS OF SHOOTING

SIR,—Perhaps your readers may care to see the enclosed record of 60 years' shooting. I have never been concerned with big bags since I shot for over twenty years at Hunthill, and compared with those of others it is small, but the figures are accurate and may prove of interest.

I enjoyed the article comparing Wemmergill and Hunthill, which you published some months ago, for I first shot at the latter in 1886, when driving was introduced for the first time. Since then, of course, motor roads have been built, and much more ground can now be shot in one day, so comparisons are not much good.

GAME KILLED 1877–1936

69	..	..	Red deer	..	44
1	..	..	Fallow deer	..	1
20	..	..	Roe deer	..	4
8	..	..	Wildgeese	..	6
946	..	..	Quail	..	791
3	..	..	Capercailzie	..	2
70	..	..	Ptarmigan	..	20
241	..	..	Blackgame	..	56
130,751	..	..	Grouse	..	23,275
4,458	..	..	Blue hares	..	1,076
15,002	..	..	Brown hares	..	3,862
268	..	..	Jack snipe	..	209
835	..	..	Snipe	..	410
1,457	..	..	Woodcock	..	553
137	..	..	Golden plover	..	53
260	..	..	Plover	..	135
27	..	..	Coursers, &c.	..	21
87,727	..	..	Partridges	..	13,497
90	..	..	Landrail	..	66
62,371	..	..	Pheasants	..	16,668
40,488	..	..	Rabbits	..	16,275
1,340	..	..	Wild duck	..	475
206	..	..	Teal	..	82
36	..	..	Tufted duck	..	22
14	..	..	Wigeon	..	11
10	..	..	Shoveller	..	3
2	..	..	Pochard	..	1
2	..	..	Golden eye	..	2
1	..	..	Shelduck	..	0
1	..	..	Merganser	..	0
2,102	..	..	Woodpigeons	..	1,319
1,361	..	..	Various	..	680
300,579	..	..	TOTAL	..	79,101
			Cartridges used	..	147,349
			Salmon	..	1,385

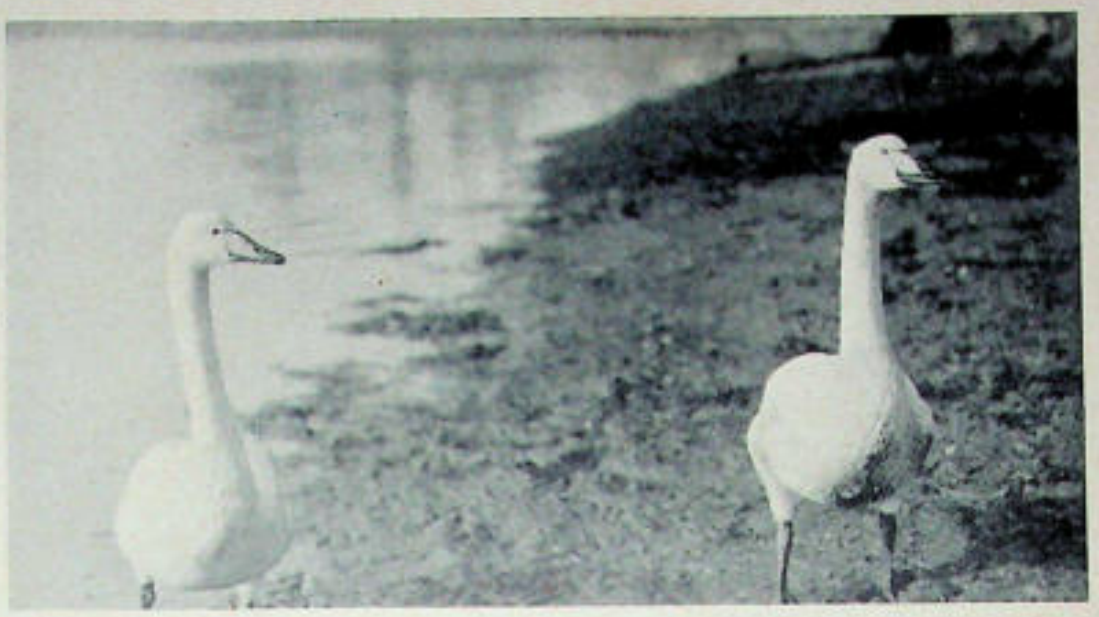
The figures on the left refer to days in which I have taken part and those on the right to what I have myself shot. The salmon mentioned were all taken by myself, mostly during the last ten years in Ireland.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. O. E.



A HOUSE ON FIRE
(See letter "Hard to Swallow")



"THEY BECAME VERY TAME AND PAID NO ATTENTION TO MOTOR CARS"
(See letter "Whoopers in Hampshire")

A PERSISTENT CANNIBAL

SIR,—I am sure your many angling readers will be interested to know of a very unusual experience which occurred while fishing in Dungowan Creek, near Tamworth, N.S.W.



THE PRICE OF GREED
(See letter "A Persistent Cannibal")

When fishing for rainbow trout in this creek some time ago, I hooked a fish of about 1lb. weight. As soon as it saw the trout in difficulties, out dashed this Murray cod and seized him, holding on to such good purpose that I worked them both into shallow water. Even then the cod was loath to let go, and only did so when it saw my landing net approaching. The trout when landed showed distinctly the teeth marks of the cod where it had been held so firmly on each side.

When I was fishing the same hole a week later another rainbow was hooked, when out dashed my friend again, but I managed to get the trout away before he could take hold this time. With suitable tackle and bait I landed the cod that night, and it stretched the scales to 15lb.

Some idea of its length may be obtained from the boards forming the background, each of which is approximately 6in. wide. The Murray cod belongs to the perch family, and is to be found in nearly every inland stream in New South Wales and Victoria. The largest authenticated weight being 126lb.

Yours faithfully,

New South Wales. L. ARTHUR BRIGHT.

HARD TO SWALLOW

SIR,—Is it unreasonable to suppose that the ingenious swallow who fashioned the nest shown in the accompanying photograph had heard of electric incubation and had mistaken the purpose of the switch?

Yours faithfully,

London. TOM-TIT.

THE PROBLEM OF FORMATION FLYING

SIR,—Whilst Mr. Guy B. Farrar's suggestion that the flying of ducks, geese and some other species may be regulated to some extent by a leader or leaders seems possible, I do not see any reason to suppose that the mass manœuvres of starlings during their autumnal flights can be regulated in the same way, and I have certainly never seen anything to lead me to suppose that there is any responsible leader on these occasions. Rather does it seem to me that the wonderful unanimity of the movements of the birds in these astonishing flights is a manifestation of "communal mind," perfected by constant practice for many generations until it has become almost an instinct. Dr. E. Hanbury Hankin has touched on this idea in his book on *Nationalism and the Communal Mind*, published recently dealing with the modern survival of certain ancient human customs to recent times.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

FIELDFARES

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand the appearance in this neighbourhood of large flocks of fieldfares. Surely they ought by now to have departed for their breeding quarters? I noticed quite a number during the last week of March, but was very surprised to see another flock of a hundred at least on May 1st. I thought this might be of interest to readers of the *Field* who observe the movements of migratory birds.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, Turnditch, Derbyshire. ALAN GREENWELL.



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RACING STORIES

SIR,—I am collecting stories for a book dealing with the wit and humour of the racecourse, racing stable and stud farms.

If any of your readers possess any stories of humorous incidents, amusing situations, or bright repartee in connection with these, I wonder if they would jot down these stories and send them on to me here?

A book dealing with the humorous side of the turf is long overdue, and there must be a great mass of stories which have never been printed. A few moments' thought should recall many an amusing tale worthy of receiving the dignity of print.

Yours faithfully,
Cranham Lodge, Cranham, Glos. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

THE THIRTY SQUARE METRE

SIR,—An article on the 30 sq. metre yachts, by Commander John Irving, in the *Field* of May 14th, expresses wonder at this class acquiring prestige in a short space of time. I believe that the magic does not lie in the "Thirties" themselves, but in some as yet undesigned yacht, which will be fast, lively, of light displacement, not too expensive, and easily handled by a small crew.

Present and prospective owners of "Thirties," I think, believe that these yachts are perhaps a first step towards the attainment of their ideal; it is quite possible that some of them will be disappointed in not finding their "Thirties" quite what they expected, and that they will be what are known as wet boats in the turbulent chops of the Solent. All this remains to be seen, but I believe a step in the right direction is being taken.

Yours faithfully,
Rossfad, Ballinamallard, Northern Ireland. H. S. C. RICHARDSON.

HANDICAP YACHTING

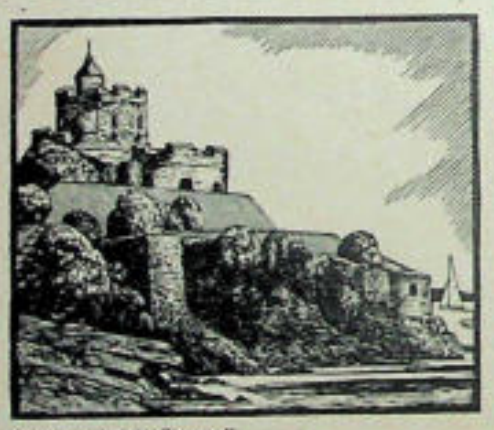
SIR,—In 1936 a committee was formed to draw up a scheme to put handicap racing on a more systematic basis. In 1937 various members of the Y.R.A. joined this committee, and a scheme was unanimously agreed.

The next step was to submit the scheme to the council of the Y.R.A., who rejected it and offered nothing tangible as an alternative.

The basic ideas in the scheme are: (1) To keep a record of all races, such record to be passed on from one regatta to another, so that up-to-date results are always available and the performance of yachts known. (2) To classify yachts according to speed—*i.e.*, if twelve yachts are entered for a race to put the six fastest in Class A and the six slowest in Class B. This effectively separates the fast ex-metre yachts from the slow cruisers. (3) The vexed question of a handicapper to be settled by each sailing committee choosing their own man.

If the above recommendations are carried out, handicap racing would soon be on a sound and healthy basis.

Yours faithfully,
Yacht Noreen. H. M. CRANKSHAW.



St. Mawes Castle, Cornwall

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W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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T.T. 1938



THE NIGHTJAR

The Green Flash.—Referring to the letter in the *Field* of April 2nd with regard to the green flash seen by the fortunate at sunset on the sea. Perhaps some may not know that those who are so favoured are supposed to have the power of reading the thoughts in the minds of their fellowmen.—(Mrs.) M. E. CREECH, Six Trees, Sturminster Newton, Dorset.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Birds marked * have already been reported in this column.

*HOUSE MARTIN.—May 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*WOOD-WARBLER.—April 22nd, Cranham, Gloucestershire (T. A. Worrall); May 12th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*SWALLOW.—May 8th, Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. M. Hardy), 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*WHITETHROAT.—May 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*WHINCHAT.—May 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
YELLOW WAGTAIL.—May 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*REDSTART.—May 11th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry); Westbury, Wiltshire (Dr. W. W. Thomson).
*CUCKOO.—May 14th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*RUFF.—May 14th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*SWIFT.—May 8th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman). 12th, Moffatt, Dumfriesshire (Denis D. Lyell). 14th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*NIGHTINGALE.—May 10th, Bournemouth, Hampshire (C. Osman).
*PIED FLYCATCHER.—May 12th, Holy Island (B. R. Perry).
*SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.—May 12th, Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. M. Hardy); Holy Island (B. R. Perry). 14th, Bideford, N. Devon (Captain E. C. Hoge-Hall).
*TURTLE DOVE.—May 11th, Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. M. Hardy).
NIGHTJAR.—May 5th, Steyning, Sussex (E. J. Hardy). 7th, Ringwood, Hants (Mary Marsham). 8th, Burley Lawn, Hants (M. O'Leary); Leatherhead, Surrey (J. S. Fawcett). 10th, Petersfield, Hampshire (Elizabeth Longman). 11th, Midhurst, Sussex (Gloria Bowman, Mary Davy). 12th, Arundel, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody). 13th, Lydd, Kent (H. Jaques). 14th, Little Common, Sussex (Celia Raftery). 15th, Wadhurst, Kent (J. Cooke). Manningford Bruce, Wiltshire (R. J. W. Prettyman); Collingbourne Duris, Wiltshire (Sheila Corcoran); Cerne Abbas, Dorset (J. Mold); Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire (N. K. White); Hindhead, Surrey (J. O'Connell).
RED-BACKED SHRIKE.—May 9th, Mitcham Common, Surrey (Dr. W. W. Thomson). 10th, Brockenhurst, Hampshire (D. K. Martin). 11th, Midhurst, Sussex (E. Bell). 12th, Pevensey, Sussex (Celia Raftery); Wadhurst, Sussex (J. Cooke); Hawkinge, Kent (N. Donaldson). 14th, West Moors, Hampshire (Mary Marsham); Cadnam, Hampshire (M. O'Leary); Ventnor, Isle of Wight (E. R. N. Bellamy); Arundel, Sussex (R. W. Goodbody); Aldwick, Sussex (J. Matthews). 15th, Esher, Surrey (Kathleen Marshall); Petersfield, Hampshire (Gloria Bowman, Elizabeth Longman); Puttenham, Surrey (R. L. de C. Boardman); Droxford, Hampshire (I. Clarke).

[With the arrival of the red-backed shrike, the list of our summer visitors is complete. While we realise that many more birds will be reported to us from all over the country, and particularly from Scotland, we regret that owing to the very heavy pressure on our space we are compelled to close this column until next year.—ED.]

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Will someone send us £13 that we may promise 5/- weekly to a poor old couple, with only their Old-Age Pensions? Suffering from an internal growth, life is ebbing slowly from the old man, and his wife is denying herself actual food that he may have a few necessities in his remaining days. To add to their struggle, the tiny cottage they rent is condemned, and they are forced to move. They are pitifully unhappy. Do please help.

IN THE CITY

SMITH'S CRISPS, LTD.

THE accounts of this company for the year 1937 show record profits, and a 5 per cent. cash bonus has been added to the dividend of 27½ per cent. The shares, which were mentioned in this column in November at 25/-, are now standing at 26/3 to give a yield of over 6 per cent. It is possible, however, that the output for this year may have been affected by the drought. The company has a considerable interest in potato-growing districts in Lincolnshire, from which a substantial proportion of its requirements of raw material is derived in a good year. It is too early to say how recent weather conditions have affected their crops, but it seems certain that considerably higher prices will have to be paid for their requirements from outside sources.

BREWERIES

Now that the Budget is out of the way and it is known that no further taxation is to be levied on beer for another year at any rate, it appears that brewery shares provide a very promising investment. Here are particulars of two companies which should do well over the next year or so.

FREMLINS, LTD.

This business was founded in 1861, and the company, which was made public in 1928, now owns or controls more than 350 licensed premises in the Kent district. Profits, even during the worst years of the depression, were maintained at a high level, and since 1933 they have shown steady expansion. The following table shows the earnings and dividend record for the last five years.

Year	Profit	Earned for Ordinary	Ordinary Earned %	Stock Paid %
1933 ..	£85,636	£42,128	13.6	7.5
1934 ..	96,757	50,976	16.5	8.0
1935 ..	105,700	59,713	19.4	9.0
1936 ..	112,626	61,613	20.0	10.0
1937 ..	122,927	67,054	22.2	10.0

It will be seen that dividends have been kept well within earnings each year, and this has enabled the company to build up a strong financial position. Goodwill still appears in the balance sheet at £210,000, and until this item has been eliminated it is probable that a conservative dividend policy will be followed. There are no debentures, and the issued capital amounts to £700,000, £350,000 of which is in ordinary stock. The latter now stand at 41/- to give the not unattractive yield of £4 17s. 7d. per cent.

COURAGE & CO., LTD.

This company was registered in 1888 to carry on a business as brewers and owners of licensed public houses. Since its formation the company has acquired the business of several other companies, the most recent being that of C. N. Kidd & Son, Ltd., of Dartford, which was purchased in 1937. Many of the company's properties are situated on the outskirts of London, and freehold breweries are owned at Horsleydown and Alton.

The balance sheets as at December 31st, 1935, 1936 and 1937, although sound, disclose a shortage of liquid assets, but this has been corrected by a recent issue of 600,000 5 per cent. redeemable preference £1 shares at 21/3 each. An issue of 4 per cent. debenture stock was made in 1937 to finance the acquisition of the Kidd Breweries, and the total issued capital, including debentures, is now £4,602,281.

A dividend of 20 per cent. has been paid on the 1,250,000 ordinary shares in each of the past four years, and during those years earnings averaged 30.7 per cent., while for the past ten years the average figure is virtually the same at 30.3 per cent.

In recent years large sums have been spent on rebuilding, and the management appears to have adopted a sound policy both in regard to expansion of business and in financial matters. The ordinary shares are now standing at 76/3, compared with a peak price of 94/6 in 1937 and a low level of 70/- this year. At the current price the dividend yield is £5 4s. 11d. per cent., and the earnings yield is £8 10s. 1d. per cent. PACTOLUS II.

THE SCOTTISH ZOOLOGICAL PARK

Most Englishmen are too prone to think that there is only one Zoo worth talking about—the London Zoo. They should read the official guide to the Scottish Zoological Park in Edinburgh, the twelfth edition of which has just been published. The guide is very well produced and very well illustrated, and might be copied with advantage by other zoological societies. The Zoo at Edinburgh is young but go-ahead and successful, and the lay-out of the pounds, the housing of the animals and the comfort of visitors are catered for in a manner which many older foundations would do well to copy. In particular the large carnivora are housed in a manner which is both picturesque and healthy.

New Books

THE STORY OF A GREAT RACING STABLE

Two Decades of Turf History

ABOUT Mr. Lyle's writings on matters of the Turf, there is always "that little something which others haven't got." Generally the Turf is written about from the running angle, or the breeding angle, or frankly from the betting angle. Mr. Lyle is probably the only man writing to-day who sees "the Turf" as a whole, and as an ever-changing, ever-flowing drama, which has its peaks, but never its climax; there are always greater possibilities in front. This, as I see it, springs from a great love of racing, which gives insight into its beauty and excitement, as well as into its procedure.

There is all the drama anyone could desire in this story of the rise of a mighty stable, which now, like a colossus, bestrides the Turf. What, since its inception in 1921, when H.H. Aga Khan owned his first racehorses, is bound up with such names as these: Bahram, Blenheim, Mahmoud, Mumtaz Mahal, Teresina, Rustom Pasha, Dastur, Firdaussi, Udaipur, Theft? It is an astonishing story, and from first to last only occupies seventeen years, a very small span in such a thing as bloodstock breeding.

This is the story of how the stable came into being. "In 1904, His Highness the Aga Khan paid a visit to the late Lord Wavertree at Tully, in Ireland, where the latter had a breeding stud. During this visit, and subsequently, Lord Wavertree urged his guest to take up racing in England. His advice did not bear fruit till 1921, in which year the Aga Khan began to look round for likely mares of the highest lineage with which to stock a breeding stud of his own. 'I had neither the means nor the time to follow his advice earlier,' says the Aga Khan. 'Between 1904 and 1921 I was very busy with political work. I wanted to do the thing thoroughly or not at all. The idea of having a small stud did not appeal to me, so I waited until I could do it as I had planned.'

"As soon as he had reached the decision to make a beginning with a stable of his own, he wrote a letter to the Hon. George Lambton, of Mesnil Warren, Newmarket, as good a judge and trainer of a horse as any man in England. As a result of this letter George Lambton journeyed to London to see the Aga Khan, who asked him to train for him. But George Lambton was forced to decline, as he was already full up. His Highness then asked him to do his buying for him, and George Lambton agreed."

Many people may have wondered how the Aga Khan, who is always a bloodstock breeder first, and a racing owner second, has had such phenomenal success with his own horses. This success is apparently largely due to the breeding theories of the late Colonel Vuillier's, of the Mary-la-Ville Stud near Chantilly. "At the door you are met by gracious Madame Vuillier, who leads you to a study where stands a bureau covered with figures. Those figures have a significance for English racegoers. Many a famous winner has had his origin as a mere calculation on one of those sheets of paper. It was in 1902 that Colonel Vuillier formed his theory of breeding, according to which all the matings of the Aga Khan's studs have for many years been arranged. But it was not until 1926 or 1927 that the colonel actually met his future employer and was appointed to the control of the matings."

There is not sufficient space here to deal fully with this book; but you must take it on trust that here is a story brilliantly told and accurately documented, which should be of interest not only to racing men but to anyone who has sufficient imagination to appreciate the drama of it.

The Aga Khan's Horses. By R. C. Lyle, illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. (Putnam; 15/-.)

A. H. V. L.

WILDFOWL OF AMERICA

"THE lure that enthralls the wildfowler is an elemental sympathy with nature, a responsiveness to her moods and a studious interest in the life history and habits of birds and their reactions to wind and tide." Dr. William Bruette writes this at the beginning of his book on American Wildfowling, and it is true of wildfowling all the world over and is a common bond between fowlers, whatever their nationality, and whatever the type of their shooting grounds.

The book is in two sections: the first dealing with the sporting side and all its appurtenances, the second with the natural history of the different species of ducks, geese and swans. The building of boats, blinds and decoys, the training of dogs and decoys, the art of shooting, and almost every conceivable type of knowledge pertaining to the sport, find their place in the first part. I was very disappointed with one chapter, that on duck calls. After reading it I was none the wiser as to how to make or to use a call. Some of the boats, of which there are both descriptions and plans, should be admirable for their purpose. Anyone having an elementary knowledge of boat building could build from the book.

I found the chapters dealing with dogs amongst the most interesting and thought provoking. The author gives preference to the Chesapeake and the Irish water spaniel. The dogs of which he writes would appear to be perfect water dogs, having the ability to hunt their quarry and swim its line across deep water just as our otter hounds will swim the line of an otter. I found the description of the Tolling dog most interesting. It is nothing more than a retrieving dog of foxy colour, trained to work in a manner similar to that of a decoy-man's dog, and so to attract fowl within range of its master. But its work does not stop there; it must be a first-class retriever and water dog.

The descriptions of various days shooting in different types of country, being written by different authors, reduce repetition to a minimum and give a good idea of the different terrains.

The natural history of each species is dealt with separately and most comprehensively, and the descriptions of plumage are supported by the coloured plates depicting each species. These plates are adequate for the purpose of identification which was Mr. Clement B. Davis's object when drawing them. Considering the price of the book these plates are well reproduced. It is unfortunate that in the illustration of the wigeon the names of the American and the European have been reversed.

This volume of over 400 pages with coloured illustrations showing over 60 species of fowl is both instructive and entertaining, and is good value. C. T. D.

American Duck, Goose and Brant Shooting. By Dr. William Bruette. (Charles Scribner's, Sons; 15/-.)

GARDENS KEMPT AND CARELESS

A NEW book by Mr. A. T. Johnson is always an event in the garden world, and the publication of this book of his collected essays will certainly give pleasure to his numerous readers. The essays cover the twelve months, four to five being allotted to each month, and the range is wide; indeed, the subjects including rock gardens, herbaceous plants, shrubs and trees, heath gardens, bulbs, sink gardens, roses, &c. Mr. Johnson writes of the plants he grows himself and the photographs which illustrate the book are also his own. This is a volume from which it is almost irresistible to quote rather than to review, especially those passages with which one is in cordial agreement.

Wild gardens, for instance, are once more becoming a cult, but as the author truly observes, "Wild gardening is not and never will be an Arcadian pasture in which to forget our troubles and live happily ever after, and for this reason: A wild garden is a contradiction in terms, for its wildness will always be antagonistic towards it as a garden, and if it be even in part a garden it will cease to be wild. Still, if we go to work on the principle that the place we are dealing with is to express a compromise between the desert and the sown, if we can so strike a happy balance that the things of the wild and the things of the garden are in harmonious accord, which means incidentally a stern subjection of the trail of the spade, there should be every prospect of our wild garden dream coming true." E. S. R.

The Garden To-day. By A. T. Johnson. (*My Garden*; 8/6.)

SALMON FISHING WITH LIGHT TACKLE

MAJOR DAWSON'S (West Country's) new book will be given a ready welcome by that large class of "occasional" salmon fishermen who have perforce to look to the smaller and less-known rivers for their sport. As he rightly suggests, there is, to-day, a large class of anglers whose purse cannot compete with the salmon-beat tenant of the more famous rivers, and who have to put up with waters where a salmon is something of a rarity, not to be expected as a regular daily reward for effort.

It would be a mistake to pity the man who fishes such streams. Probably he gets more unadulterated enjoyment out of his sport than the man who pays a three-figure cheque for a comparatively short tenancy, and he has more problems to solve which, after all, is the real cream of fishing practice. But—and here is the point—he has to solve these problems himself. He has no gillie with a lifelong experience of the water at his back and, often enough, few established lies "which always hold salmon." Hence the value of such a book as this, which suggests how he may solve some of them, at least.

Though exigencies of title selection have caused the author to call his book *Modern Salmon and Sea-Trout Fishing*, its name must not be taken too literally. It deals, in effect, with two styles of modern fishing: greased-line fly-fishing and spinning with the fixed-spool reel, and the latter more than the former. Major Dawson very sensibly suggests that "greased line," so called, is a little overdone. It is really only suitable for certain types of water, and the small stream is seldom one of them. But there are other methods of light fly-fishing (on which he might have been more expansive with advantage) which will usually fill the bill, and nowadays—at least on these small waters—a man rarely needs to own anything longer or heavier than a 10ft. 6in. fly-rod.

It is on the fixed-spool reel that his most enthusiastic chapters are based—as is but natural, for, as he explains, he has never fished with any other kind. He started with the mallock in 1910 and progressed to the lighter types when the boom came after the War. And his knowledge and advice as to what to use and how to use it could hardly be bettered. For the man who has to take his chance of a salmon at the week-end or on the annual holiday this book may well prove a friend in need. H. D. T.

Modern Salmon and Sea-Trout Fishing. By Kenneth Dawson. (*Country Life*; 10/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

All owners of small or large, cool or heated, greenhouses will find much that will prove helpful in *The Modern Greenhouse*, by J. S. Dakers (Cassell; 8/6). Methods of cultivation for plants of all varieties and remedies for some of their diseases, are discussed, as well as design and lay-out, and the book is clearly illustrated with diagrams and sketches.

Mr. Victor Purcell knows China exceptionally well, and not only the country, but the people and the language. In *Chinese Evergreen* (Michael Joseph; 10/6) he has given an account of a journey taken during the present war. There is nothing about the war, but a great deal about China, past and present, written in a most interesting and often very humorous manner. A good and instructive book.

Anglers will be glad to know that Seeley, Service have now produced a cheaper edition of G. E. M. Skues's *Sidelines, Sidelights and Reflections* at 7/6. In this book Mr. Skues is seen at his best. It is full of interesting odds and ends: G. S. Marryatt and his fly book, William Senior's fishing equipment, the booking power of rods and a dozen items which have been matters of controversy in their time.

Volume XI of the *Hog-Hunters' Annual* maintains the high standard the Editors have always set themselves. Besides accounts of the competitions for the Kadir and Muttra Cups, and full reports from the Tent Clubs, there is an article by Lord Baden-Powell on his return to the Kadir country; an account of Curclew by his owner; and a full account of the rather abortive Olympic polo. Price Rs. 5, or 7/6 from the Editor, Behistan, Colaba Road, Bombay, or the agent, Withington House, Andoversford, Glos.



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P.126

ELECTRICITY
IN THE COUNTRY - BY LISTER'S

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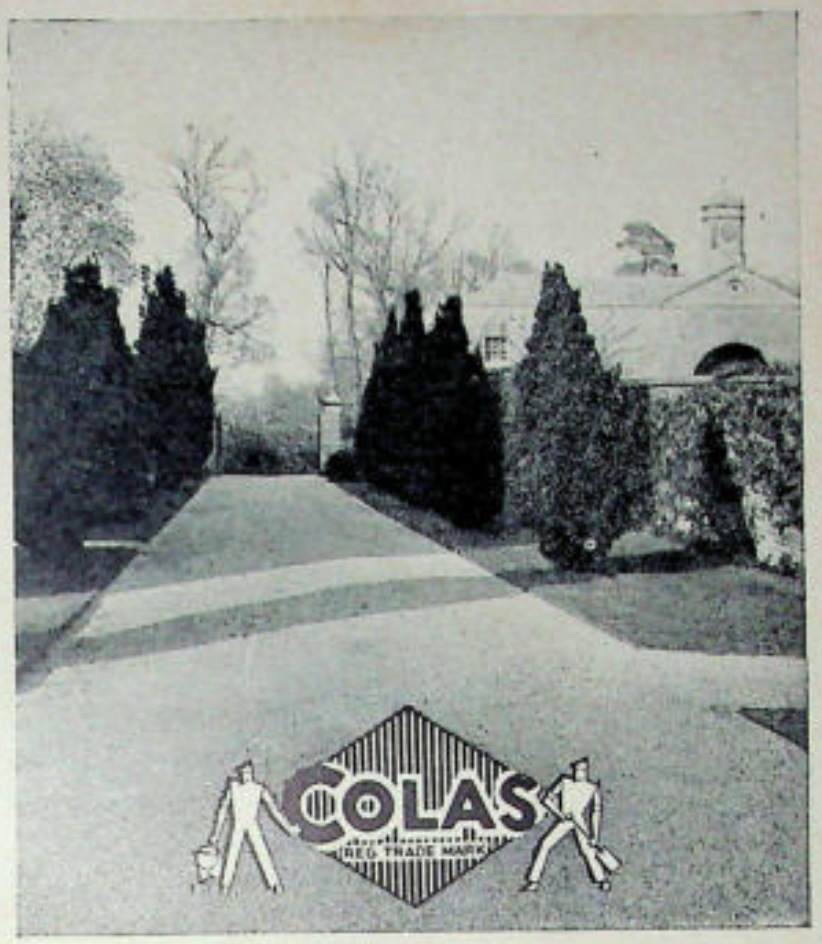
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The Country House

PEONIES FOR SPLENDOUR

Hardy and Beautiful Plants

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

PEONIES are not only the most magnificent of all herbaceous plants but they have so many virtues that they deserve a place in every border. They are perfectly hardy, thrive in most soils, do well in part shade, are apparently immune from attacks from vermin and insect pests, and withstand severe drought; taken in bud the blooms last well in water, and many varieties are pleasantly scented. Further, when they are not in flower their foliage is beautiful from late March till well into autumn, and that can be said of few herbaceous plants. The autumn colouring of Peonies is indeed a delightful feature of the border at that time and makes the perfect foil for autumn flowers such as Asters, Helenium, and so forth.

The little these glorious flowers need they must have, *i.e.*, a thoroughly well-dug soil and plenty of nourishment. Their thong-like roots go down deeply in search of moisture and food, but, freshly planted, the roots must not come in contact with manure. The site should be dug three spits deep with plenty of well-rotted manure in the second and third spit. Heavy soils should be lightened with leaf mould in the top spit. On very light soils chopped-up turves in the two lower spits help to conserve moisture. It is impossible to be too careful in planting Peonies, for the roots are very brittle and the soil must be firmly packed in amongst them.

One of the commonest mistakes is to plant them too deeply. This is serious, for their crowns benefit greatly by sun roasting in summer. Consequently the crowns should not be more than 2in. below the surface on light soils and 1in. on heavy soils.

In regard to site they do best in part shade and the flowers last longer than when exposed to full sun, but an eastern aspect should be avoided, for they flower so early in the season that the sun shining on the partly open buds on a frosty May morning may damage the flowers. In common with all self-respecting plants they resent exposure to cutting winds. Forking round the plants in autumn has to be done with the utmost care and not more than an inch or so below the surface. Bone meal worked in is beneficial, but it must not be put in within a foot of the stems. Autumn planting is undoubtedly the ideal time, for if put in in spring the plants take longer to establish.

During their flowering period, or rather now when they are just coming into bloom, copious watering, sufficient to reach the furthest roots, is helpful in a spell of dry weather, also an occasional feed of very weak liquid manure. Hoeing round them has to be done with care. After flowering never let the heads run to seed. They should be cut off as soon as they have faded.

For gorgeous effect I do not think anything in early summer equals Peonies in a border beside a wall clothed with Wistaria. In many gardens there is the opportunity of making this picture, but the rather narrow borders in such a position are more commonly filled with a heterogeneous collection of plants. The Peonies make an unforgettable picture in early summer, and later when the rest of the garden is at its best there is the beauty of the Peony foliage.

Although autumn is the time for planting Peonies now is the time to visit Peony nurseries and make a choice of varieties. The earliest flowering herbaceous Peonies are *P. Mlokosiewiczi* and *P. Wittmanniana*. Both have pale yellow flowers, those of the former being the most richly coloured. Against the rich bronze foliage the effect is very fine. They are very soon followed by those grand old favourites, the Peonies grown in our gardens for centuries, and probably since Saxon times—*P. officinalis* in variety. I think it is interesting to recall that within living memory country folk in out-of-the-way parts maintained the custom of hanging beads of Peony roots on children for good luck. This was also a custom in Saxon times. Nor is the value of these Peonies merely a sentimental one. They are of rare satisfying beauty and can hold their own amongst the finest hybrids. The earliest to flower is almost invariably the double white, and this is followed in about ten days by the crimson and the pink.

The double-flowered hybrids have an opulent splendour, but the single kinds have their charm, especially those that are suggestive of Water Lilies. Amongst the finest singles are Pink Pearl, Sir Galahad, Nellie, which is generally described as the largest flowered of all single Peonies, a lovely pink and very floriferous, and Lord Kitchener, a fine red. Most of the double varieties are sweetly scented, amongst the best being Kelway's Glorious (immense white flowers), Marie Crousse (pale pink), Cabbage Rose and Joy of Life.

The tree Peonies are even more magnificent than the herbaceous kinds. They have the merit of flowering even when quite young. In Japan there are specimens over a hundred years old. The Tree Peony is of Chinese origin, and the name Moutan Peony is from Meu-tang, the Chinese god of flowers.

In Victorian times these were favourite plants, and in some old gardens, especially in the south and west, grand old specimens may be seen. They were nearly always planted in the protection of a wall or hedge, and with this protection the flowers were not ruined in bud. To put them in the open in any but the most-favoured parts is to court disaster. Modern specimens are frequently on herbaceous Peony stock, but the best plants are those that have been layered. These Tree Peonies are extremely greedy feeders, and it is impossible to make the soil too rich for them. Mulching the surface soil with old hot bed soil is almost essential.

In this country Tree Peonies attain about 4ft. and in bloom make an unforgettable picture. The most gorgeous, perhaps, is L'Esperance, with pale yellow flowers with golden stamens like rich tassels. The flowers are about 7in. across and semi-double. Souvenir de Maxime Cornu is a less expensive treasure, and every stem has two or three double flowers, the pale yellow of the petals being enhanced by the orange shading.

GAME AND FORESTRY

NO two departments of the country estate are so frequently opposed as are those ruled by the keeper and by the head woodman. For generations the keeper has looked askance at intrusions in the pheasant coverts, and has under various pretexts usually excluded the woodland staff from certain woods altogether, with the result that these coverts are usually found to be overgrown and with little or no true cover. The tangled mass of spindly poles and dead ivy-covered trees are a sight that we all see at times as we walk round the countryside.

Proposals to clear, fell and replant woods, involving as they do the presence of woodmen for the greater part of the winter and early spring, are discouraged by the keeper, so that trees remain long past their prime and ultimately fall into decay.

Thinning operations in young conifer plantations meet with similar opposition, partly because of the presence of the woodmen in the coverts and partly on account of an erroneous idea that cleaning and thinning operations destroy the covert. In fact thinning improves covert, because it lets in the sun. Pheasants dislike a dark wood and will never be found therein; whereas a sunny wood not only attracts the birds but also enables the growth of a certain amount of previously suppressed ground vegetation. If need be ground cover can be planted, but a conifer wood must of necessity first be thinned.

Why is it that the keeper generally has the ear of the landowner? The owner naturally knows far more about shooting than he does about forestry, and he consequently is more able to understand the arguments of the keeper than of the head woodman. He sees the keeper not only every shooting day, but frequently on other occasions to arrange details connected with the management of the shoot. The keeper is of a different type to the head woodman, and by generations of training is better able to express himself in a way that will not only convince but will flatter the owner. The head woodman generally lacks these attributes and only infrequently sees the owner, who probably sends him instructions through the keeper.

There is, however, a more deep-seated reason for the customary domination of the woods by the keeper, and that is that sport is usually regarded by most owners as the most important item on the estate, not only from an amenity point of view but also financially. It is well known that on sporting estates the principal revenue is from the shooting.

Opposed to this we have the now old-fashioned but still lingering idea that forestry does not pay. Small wonder, then, that owners regard their woods chiefly as pheasant coverts and turn a deaf ear to the protests of the head woodman, if, indeed, he has not long ceased to protest.

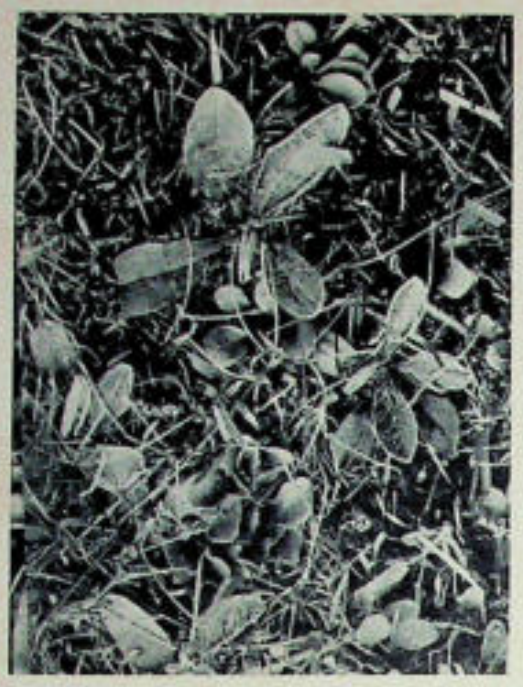
There is no need for any antipathy between the needs of the pheasants and those of the trees, because forestry on an estate can be carried on commercially, not merely without damaging the shooting, but, in fact, in a way that will improve the bird-holding capacity of the woods.

Commercial forestry consists of dividing the woods into blocks of 10 or 20 or so acres, each of which is clear felled and replanted or regenerated each year. Pheasants require a low open scrub for nesting, so that wild birds may be reared, covert consisting of a fairly light overcrop with ground vegetation, open sunny slopes or at any rate dry flats to exercise themselves and work for their food, and suitable roosting trees.

A young plantation of almost any species forms ideal nesting ground for the first three years of its life, after which on the trees growing together first-class covert is formed. In the case of larch planted pure or in mixture this characteristic is maintained until the eighteenth year, when its value deteriorates gradually and ceases at the twenty-fifth year. Douglas fir grows into too dense a wood for covert, and sitka spruce forms a sanctuary from which no beater will be able to drive the birds. These two species should, therefore, be planted sparingly, but Norway spruce should be planted in mixture as it forms the best roosting.

The problem of reconciliation, therefore, involves the selection of the planting areas, so that every year the nesting grounds, coverts and roosting places may be in the desired positions, and the plantations may be of suitable shape and size for driving. Should the configuration of the ground require a flush point to be always in the same position it is merely a matter of planting some light demanding species such as larch, ash, sycamore or oak, keep the canopy open by thinning and underplant with ground cover such as hazel, chestnut, beech, Berberis, snowberry, privet or dogwood. This can be cut over every five years or so to encourage bushy growth. A covert of this type can be maintained indefinitely.

REGINALD DAVEY.



A BENT SWARD INFESTED WITH MOSS AND HAWKWEED



THE SAME SWARD AFTER PERIODIC FERTILIZER TREATMENT

LAWNS FROM PASTURE LAND

A Simple Scheme for a Country Home

MANY people long to add an extra stretch of lawn to the grounds of their country homes, but refrain from doing so because they believe lawn-making to be an expensive procedure, entailing the purchase of Cumberland turf or specially selected seed mixtures.

It is, of course, impossible to produce a very fine turf with a surface like a bowling green without revolutionary treatment, but few realise that good management and manuring alone can transform ordinary permanent pasture into quite a respectable lawn within two seasons, and at very small cost.

About three-quarters of the herbage on a good pasture is composed of perennial rye-grass and wild white clover, the balance being of smaller grasses such as bent, rough-stalked meadow grass, crested dog's-tail, and weeds. Rye-grass and clover make the best grazing, but are undesirable in a lawn, whereas the finer grasses of low feeding value make useful turf. In other words, the conversion of a pasture to a lawn means the reversal of the relative proportions of the grasses, with the elimination of the clover and weeds. If the pasture contains a large amount of bent, so much the better, but drainage and soil conditions must be satisfactory.

The transformation that must take place makes an interesting study in biology, for Nature plays the essential part, and man merely directs her forces towards the desired end. A pasture or lawn is like a battlefield in which the different species of grasses and weeds struggle against one another for ground space. If conditions and natural habit of growth favour one particular kind of grass, it will flourish and crowd out its less fortunate competitors. Rye-grass, for example, which is the first to start growth in spring and persists long in autumn, is greatly weakened by heavy grazing at these times. If this practice continues, it soon becomes replaced by smaller types like the bents, and weeds.

The mowing machine has a similar effect. It has been shown at Jealotts Hill Experiment Station that by heavy grazing or cutting early and late in the season, and by certain variations in their timing that do not concern this subject, the botanical composition of a pasture can be altered in almost any desired way, whatever be the mixture of seeds first sown.

Last year the South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, published an account of the conversion of pasture into a cricket ground and lawn, showing the surprising rapidity with which such a change in herbage could be brought about. After only two seasons' cutting to make a cricket outfield, the proportion of rye-grass in the original pasture was almost halved, and wild white clover was reduced to less than half, whereas the amount of bent grass doubled.

Results with the lawn were highly significant. Close cutting and rolling carried out for eight years without any manuring had led eventually to deterioration of the herbage. The grass grew slowly, weeds were prevalent, and the whole lawn was full of moss. From this stage, three years of treatment with artificial fertilizers and sulphate of iron produced a very dense and entirely weed-free turf. Bent grass, which grew too slowly under the poor conditions, increased to occupy as much as 83 per cent. of the surface. Rye-grass and clover, which together made up 75 per cent. of the original pasture, were each reduced to only 6 per cent. in the lawn. The sward was of a better type than on a wicket in the same field that had been cut and rolled without manuring for well over half a century.

No one need fear to tackle the job. Cutting and manuring are the main requirements. Treatment should begin by harrowing the field severely with a harrow of the Aitkenhead or heavy Parmiter type, to break and even the surface and tear out any matted fibre that would clog grass growth. Even if the turf looks damaged at this stage, it will soon recover. The rough may then be cut by an ordinary field mower, followed by regular use of a motor lawn-mower, not set too keenly in the early stages.

To maintain fertility and encourage the finer grasses in their fight, systematic fertilizer treatment is essential. Without it, as has been shown in the Wye experiment, bent and other desirable grasses are unable to cover the ground rapidly enough to replace the rye-grass and clover, and weeds soon get in. Weeds are never abundant on well-nourished turf.

Each spring a complete fertilizer, containing 10 per cent. nitrogen, 20 per cent. phosphoric acid, 10 per cent. potash, should be applied at the rate of 1oz. per square yard (3cwt. per acre); or about twice that amount of a mixture of standard single-element fertilizers. About six weeks later and throughout the summer except during dry weather, a fertilizer consisting of one part sulphate of ammonia and one part sulphate of iron should be applied every three to four weeks at the rate of ½oz. per square yard (1½cwt. per acre). This mixture will nourish the grasses and destroy weeds at the same time.

As soon as the land begins to look clean, any minor depressions should be filled in. This can best be done by placing small heaps of fine, dry, loamy soil over the parts to be treated, and then spreading these with the edge of a plank or a board fixed to the end of a pole. The earth will fill into the hollows, when the lawn should be rolled.

No attempt should be made to roll out major irregularities. Where there is appreciable undulation, the turf should be cut, folded back, soil taken out from beneath or added as necessary, and the turf replaced.

When earthing the surface, or at any other suitable time, the barer portions may be seeded, taking the opportunity to introduce finer grasses like the Fescues, the bents and crested dog's-tail, and omitting the rye-grass that it is the aim to eliminate.

The rate of progress made by the lawn will depend very much on the nature of the original pasture, but, where there is no structural defect, response to management and manuring will be rapid, and each year will see continued improvement.

E. J. McNAUGHTON.

THE HUNTING OF GREAT QUARRY

And the Dog That Does It

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THAT huge and uncouth beast, the elk, must surely be a survival from prehistoric times. He has not quite the proportions of the moose, but he is large enough, and sufficiently difficult of approach, to make him a magnet that lures the sportsman to the Scandinavian countries. One regrets to say, too, that his meat is a great attraction to the poacher. At one time vast herds of these ungainly animals frequented some of the forests of Germany, Lithuania, Russia and, of course, Norway and Sweden. Then they were poached to such an extent that their numbers decreased so much that in the middle of the last century they became very scarce and were largely driven into Norway and Sweden.

There, fortunately, in later years, severe restrictions have been put upon their shooting or killing, although I gather from what I have heard that poaching is still by no means unknown. The open season is now of very brief duration, varying to some extent in different localities of Norway, but it is usually about ten days in September. There is a limit put upon the number that may be shot, according to the extent of territory owned by any person or company. In Sweden there is no limit but the season is normally restricted to three days.

The man who wishes to indulge in the sport will do so with the dogs which we call elkhounds, and which, in their own country, are elg-dogs, or grey-dogs. Strictly speaking, we should have called them elk-dogs instead of elkhounds, but the name has now been adopted for many years and is generally recognised. The dogs are trained to work in one of two ways—either on a leash or loose. Hunting with them loose is said to be the most sportsmanlike, but requires a considerably greater extent of territory, and the hunter also must be a strong man who is prepared to go on, possibly, for many miles until the quarry has been found and brought to bay. Certainly this method requires an extraordinarily skilful dog.

It has first to wind the game, which, perhaps, is not so difficult if any are about, because elkhounds have wonderful noses and can get the scent from a long distance if the wind is favourable. The dog has then to approach the animal very warily, at first assuming an attitude of indifference; then he will begin to bark, an act that excites the curiosity of the elk, but does not seem sufficiently aggressive to make him stampede. As the dog approaches, his attentions are more insistent, and at last the elk, getting really annoyed, stands at bay, when the dog continues to feint and pretend to attack, so distracting the attention that the hunter is able to get within easy distance.

It is said that a good dog can make an elk stand for half an hour or more, and should the elk move on, the dog follows silently until it stops again, when he begins to bark. On smaller territories where there is danger of the elk being driven across the boundary, the dog is hunted on the lead. The hunter will know fairly well where to expect to find the game, and then the dog will follow the line. The dog will then bay the elk, barking when he has done so to bring up the sportsman. This stalking has to be done very carefully in case one should come upon the elk unexpectedly and alarm him. In parts of Sweden the elk are driven, a method that is called klapjagd, which is inevitably anglicised into slapjack.

Naturally, British sportsmen heard about all this many years ago, and a few of them—I will not say any great numbers—have gone over to the Scandinavian countries to take part in it. The Earl of Onslow had an interesting article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1926, in which he related the "Sporting Recollections of a Diplomatist." There he gave us a very graphic picture of the manner in which elk were shot over dogs. I am making special mention of his name because his sister, Lady Halifax, when she was Lady Dorothy Wood, played a great part in bringing elkhounds into England.

I remember these dogs being shown a good many years before the War, but they were not, then, in any great numbers. Things began to liven up considerably afterwards, and Lady Dorothy Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Scovell formed the British Elkhound Society. Then Mr. W. F. Holmes, who had previously been known in connection with pigeons, began to take an interest in the breed and, doing things with his usual thoroughness, he paid visits to Norway and Sweden and imported a number of dogs and bitches, which gave us the opportunity of getting an ample change of blood.

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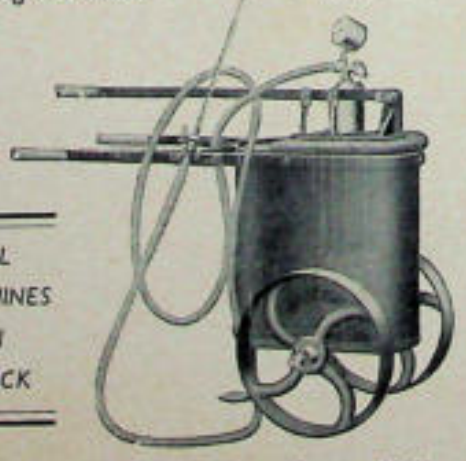
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THE BATH AND WEST AT PLYMOUTH

By THE HON. JAMES BEST

THE Bath and West, founded in 1777 for the encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, claims to be the first of the great agricultural societies to be established to which our name as a nation of breeders of pedigree stock is so largely due. Lord Lansdowne, at the celebration of the Bath and West's centenary in 1877, said: "I do venture to claim for the Society that it is quite possible to trace in its records its useful activity in every branch of agriculture. Search its records and you will find that most of the men who in those early days took a conspicuous part in the promotion of agricultural progress were members of the Society."

In the year 1777 Bath was more a centre of fashion than it is now, and one can imagine the meeting of old and earnest gentlemen, some of them suffering from gout, most of them from boredom, sitting round a table, resolving to found the Society, and settling the important matter (in those days) of the uniform and button to be worn by members, and the conduct of its Council in the mess which survives with its honoured traditions to this day. As an emblem of membership the button has, of course, gone out of fashion, not only from the Bath and West, but from other societies and clubs, and is now only found in coveted hunt buttons and possibly in the badges worn by members of agricultural societies at their shows. But the right to wear the button of the Bath and West was an honour 120 years ago, since we read in the *Farmers' Journal and Agricultural Advertiser* of June, 1818, that at the annual shearing match held in the Society's cattle yard near Kingsmead Square, when twelve shepherds competed, the prizes awarded were: "To Dan Wilson, 1st premium of a stout coat with the Society's buttons, and one guinea—Chas. Weeks, 2nd premium of a stout coat with the Society's buttons," &c. Other competitors were given bounties, but were not considered worthy of the great honour of the button. The journal published in 1778 had some interesting correspondence on turnip fly, some writers advocating the use of the "effluvia of elder" for its destruction; other subjects were the advantages of grassland as compared with arable farming and the invention of farm machinery. One rather suspects that the fashionable young bucks of Bath tried to pull the legs of the elderly members of the Council, because the Editor remarks that, "Although they had no cause to distrust the knowledge or veracity of any person . . . they do not mean to vouch for the truth," &c., of some of the contributions.

Since those early days the Society has continued its work in agricultural research, and although colleges and institutions are now doing the same and more detailed work, a glance at recent issues of the Society's journal should convince the reader that there is still scope for its activities. The help given to the cider industry is a case in point; but for the work of the late Mr. R. Neville Grenville, backed by the Bath and West, in carrying out scientific research in cider-making and apple-orcharding in the year 1893, it is doubtful if Long Ashton or any other cider research station would be in existence at the present time. The annual exhibition of cider staged at the Bath and West Show is acknowledged to be the premier of its kind in the country, if not in the world. Efforts have been made in recent years to help the Somerset willow and basket industry by arranging basket-making competitions whenever the Society visits their neighbourhood. Sheep-shearing competitions are an annual event, great interest being taken in the Lister Cup for county teams; but for real excitement it is difficult (away from a cup final) to beat that at the timbering competitions for coal miners in South Wales.

The activities of the Society have extended to Rochester in the East, and Swansea and Cardiff in the West, and as far North as Nottingham. But visits have not in recent years been made to places such as Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, Winchester and Southampton, where other societies of more recent growth are now carrying out the work started by the Bath and West; who, in more recent years, have concentrated their efforts to the South-West—the title of the Society being the Bath and West and Southern Counties, to which may be added the Somerset and the Wiltshire Agricultural Societies. In 1929 the length of the show was reduced by the Council from five to four days.

It is natural that so old an institution should be careful of the welfare of those who make a temporary home within its hoardings. In the days of a five days' show the Society's chaplain held a service on Sunday morning in the dairy shed, which was always well attended. The Y.M.C.A. pavilion caters for the ordinary needs of the men, and arranges really good concerts for them in the evening. After the show has closed for the day, sports are arranged for the stockmen and others, and there is keen competition for the cup between the various departments such as cattle, pigs, &c. This year the show will be open to the public later than in previous years, and the arrangement of these events will not be so easy.



A BASKET MAKERS' COMPETITION

Plymouth has been visited three times since 1873, the last occasion the society held its annual show there being in 1922. The site from the point of view of accessibility to the great population round Plymouth, and of natural beauty, is ideal, but the configuration of the ground and the hard rock close under the turf have combined to make the task of those responsible for the lay-out of the show most difficult. Yet the standard of the plan of the yard, of which the society has in the past been justly proud, has been maintained. The entries are more than satisfactory, the space taken for implements, machinery, &c., being almost double that taken at Plymouth in 1922. Those for the various competitions shows a total of 464

(Continued on page 1302)

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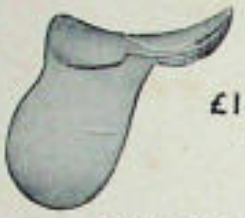
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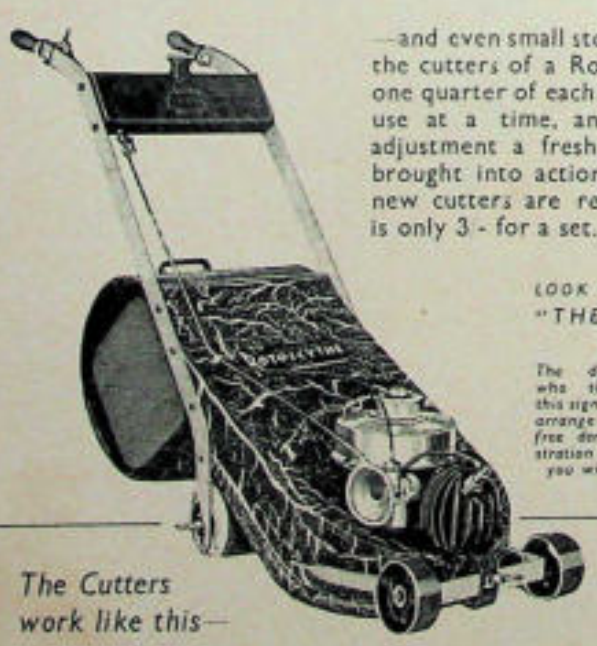
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compared with 326 at Trowbridge last year and 193 at Plymouth in 1922. Livestock and farm produce also show an increase on last year and 1922. There are, naturally, variations in the entries for the different breeds of cattle with the locality of the show each year, but it is a little disappointing to find that the Devon breed shows a decrease compared with 1922, although the South Devons have more than kept up their numbers. This is the first time (since the introduction of the rule) that it has been found necessary to cancel any classes for lack of entries. Agricultural horses show little change, but hunters, hacks, &c., show a marked increase. The decline of shoeing is a sign of the times.

The programme is an attractive one. Each day in addition to the horse ring events common to all agricultural shows, there will be a demonstration of the working of sheep dogs in the large ring, another attractive feature being a hound parade on all but the last evening. The physical training display by boys from H.M.S. Impregnable and the counter-marching with band of H.M. Royal Navy each afternoon are bound to be popular in so naval a district as Devonport, as will be the splicing and knotting competitions for boy scouts and the boys from H.M.S. Impregnable. Other competitions will be livestock judging by members of young farmers' clubs, poultry trussing and judging, butter and junket making, sheep shearing, spar making, and, on the second day at 3 o'clock, lobster-pot making. Only withes supplied by the society may be used in this, and the pots must conform to a reasonably elastic standard. This competition is likely to arouse considerable interest not only to the holiday-making public, but to the men who make their living from the sea and who, even if they do not compete themselves, are prepared to come long distances to criticise the methods of another county. The entries have to be limited to twelve owing to the difficulty of finding sufficient covered space for more.

The display of children's hand work in the rural education pavilion is claimed to be remarkably good. Other features of interest will be the Ministry of Agriculture's pavilion and the pavilion of Agricultural Education and Research. The cider pavilion is always an attraction, particularly on a hot day. Close to it will be found the forestry exhibit, which is always of interest to those responsible for the management of private estates; especially interesting this year will be examples of portable charcoal kilns which it is hoped will be working during the show. If a market can be found for thinnings by converting them into saleable charcoal, one of the principal problems confronting foresters will have been solved. The uses to which timber can be put on the farm and estate will be explained in a lecture to be given on the second day of the show by Colonel Perry and Mr. Boulton; probably from the point of view of the ordinary farmer or small estate owner one of the most useful exhibits will be a very cheap and efficient creosoting plant for piles.

AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS

THOSE in authority continue, in the most tireless manner, to assure the public that they regard the importance of the provision of food as second to none in the defence schemes. Everyone is agreed on that, yet few could recount exactly what is being done to increase the home production of foodstuffs. The Press and the news-reel daily horrify and, at the same time, reassure us with pictures of new aircraft, gas masks and battleships, but mystery surrounds the preparations which everyone hopes are about to be carried forward in the countryside.

The recently issued report of the Food (Defence Plans) Department did nothing to make clear what is expected of the farmer. Indeed, had the report done so, it would have been *ultra vires*, for the Department's activities are confined to preparations to come into force when the emergency arises. But no comparable report on the problem of increased produce has been issued at all. In presenting his Budget Sir John Simon disclosed that the Government had already made large purchases of wheat, that plans existed for further purchases, and that storage sites had already been chosen. The country is, it appears, safe from starvation for the first few months of war. But hostilities may break out with a rapidity not known before, and if a sudden declaration of war should surprise our convoys, we should be compelled to look to our own farmers for supplies. It should be remembered that the dread of famine can do more to undermine the courage of the civilian population than anything else.

It seems strange, therefore, that farmers should still be left in so much doubt as to what is their part in the defence schemes. It is true that the Land Fertility Committee provided large grants for lime to improve the quality of English soil. This was a most important step, for the deterioration of our soil is well known, and before any plans for the increase of home production can be expected to succeed the soil must be improved. This, of course, cannot be achieved in a few weeks, but it is very much to be doubted whether the grants of lime have been put to the best purpose. The farmers are not to be blamed. There is no guarantee that if they improve their poor soil they will be able to put the results to a profitable use. Many of them have accordingly used the lime for the benefit of land which was, at all events, producing a profit before.

A farm cannot be thought of in the same way as an armaments factory. Progress must necessarily be slow and infinitely more foresight is needed. At present farmers are generally aware that an increase of home production is desirable. The first step towards that end is the promotion of greater fertility and the reclamation of much poor grassland which is lying practically idle. Some attempt in this direction has been made, but the fact remains that farmers are still almost entirely ignorant of the Government's plans.

The position is sufficiently serious, the more so as there seems to be no reason why the achievement of home production should not be of definite assistance to the farmer. He must, however, be convinced on two points: first, that the plans of the Government are complete, practicable and far-sighted; and second, that these plans will also enable him to dispose profitably of his increased production.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

DIAGNOSIS: NO CURE

WE hesitate to cast gloom over so pleasant an occasion as the Worshipful Company of Carpenters' dinner, which was held last week and at which Mr. Morrison spoke on Agriculture; nevertheless we must do so. The Minister for Agriculture, apparently on the principle that the public speaker must flatter his audience by telling them only what they know already, proceeded to do so. He diagnosed the state of agriculture in this country, brilliantly and sympathetically, and received a generous acknowledgment; but the whole affair was as if a doctor said to his patient, "You have appendicitis, sir," and to the question, "Yes, I know that, but can you stop my pain?" he replied: "I know it is very unpleasant, but it only goes to show that you are suffering from inflammation of a vermiform appendage in your intestines; that kind of inflammation, my dear sir, is called appendicitis."





THE LONE MAN OF WILMINGTON LOOKS DOWN IN ADMIRATION ON AN 18 H.P. AUSTIN 7-SEATER SALOON

"COMFORT ABOVE ALL OTHER QUALIFICATIONS"

Impressions of the 25 h.p. Super Six Wolseley

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

A FRIEND who recently purchased a new Wolseley car, when asked why he had chosen this particular make, replied that his reason for so doing was because he required maximum riding comfort above all other qualifications. After driving one of the new 25 h.p. Super Six models, I must admit that for sheer comfort they would indeed be hard to beat, and it is not surprising, since the makers have paid particular attention to the suspension of all their cars.

The springing is carried out on orthodox lines and the half elliptic system is employed, but vastly improved by what is termed Phased Suspension. The laminated springs are scientifically made, so that the periodicities of front and rear are working at a predetermined variance with one another, and thus the car rides smoothly over rough roads, and is completely devoid of pitching.

Many people, especially children, complain to-day of feeling sick when motoring, and some cars seem to bring on this malady much more quickly than others, and I have never been able to understand why. I have always imagined that the lively-sprung vehicle (the one with slow periodicity springs) is responsible for affecting certain people in this manner, but possibly I am entirely wrong and it may be due to slight pitching of the car, because the spring variance has not been correctly predetermined and a see-saw motion is set up.

The extreme comfort of the 25 h.p. Wolseley is not only confined to the suspension, as great attention has been also paid to interior accommodation. There is ample head and leg room, excellent vision, and the seats themselves are most comfortable. The rear cushion is 48in. wide, and there is thus plenty of space for three large adults, and when only two passengers are occupying this position there is an armrest, which folds back when not required. There is more than the usual space for carrying luggage in the boot at the rear, and beneath this compartment the spare wheel is housed.

The six-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke of 82 mm. by 110 mm., the R.A.C. rating being 25.01 h.p., and the tax is £18 15s. per annum. The compression ratio is six to one, and the motor gives off 108 b.h.p. Overhead valves are employed, actuated by push rods, and the crankshaft, which is statically and dynamically balanced, is carried on four large bearings. There are two thermostatically controlled S.U. downdraught carburetters, which are fitted with air cleaners, silencers, and a fume extractor. The tank holds 15 gallons, and the petrol is fed to the carburetters by twin electric pumps which are mounted between a double bulkhead under the bonnet, and are thus insulated against excessive heat.

Cooling is thermostatically controlled and the pump, fan and dynamo are driven off the front end of the crankshaft by means of a belt. The gearbox has four forward speeds, all but the first being synchromesh; the ratios are as follows: Top 4.55 to 1, third 6.46 to 1, second 10.74 to 1, and low 18.20 to 1. Lockheed hydraulic brakes are employed, but the hand lever, which is placed between the two front seats, operates through a cable to the rear wheels only.



THE WOLSELEY "25" SUPER SIX WHICH IS LISTED AT £395

The steering is a Bishop cam and the column is adjustable for length; twin electric horns are supplied, and can be used singly or together by pressing one side or the other of the push which is placed on top of the steering wheel.

The equipment is very comprehensive and includes, besides the usual instruments, dual electric windscreen wipers, automatic self-cancelling traffic indicators, Triplex glass to all windows, a pair of fog lamps and a set of Smith's hydraulic four-wheel jacks, which can be operated by a lever from the driver's seat.

As regards performance, the engine is a very smooth-running unit and possesses ample power; the car's maximum speed is in the region of 80 m.p.h., which it can reach without any apparent effort.

The acceleration is undoubtedly good for a car of its type, and especially if third gear is judiciously used, on which a speed of 55 m.p.h. can be achieved. This vehicle climbed Pebblecombe Hill, which has a gradient of one in six, easily on third and, when being driven on the level, was brought to rest in 30ft. when travelling at a speed of 30 m.p.h.

The car complete with four-door saloon body and full equipment, is listed at £395. Other Super Six models are the Sixteen Saloon, which costs £380, and the 21 h.p. saloon, which is the same price as the 25 h.p.

LAWN TENNIS MOTORING MAPS.—The Automobile Association, by arrangement with the Lawn Tennis Association, is preparing a series of sketch maps clearly showing approach roads to lawn tennis clubs which those unfamiliar with the district find difficult to locate. More than 60 of the important tournament committees throughout the country have already applied to the A.A. for inclusion in the scheme, and maps are now being prepared and printed for circulation to them. Those clubs having tournaments at the earliest dates will be the first to receive supplies. Copies of the maps will be available free of charge to A.A. members on application to the secretaries of the clubs concerned or to the offices of the Automobile Association in the district. Subject to the necessary arrangements being made with the local authorities, the A.A. has also offered tournament committees the service of their sign-posting organisation for the coming season.

BY CAR TO THE CONTINENT

Solving the Problems of Preliminary Transport

By H. E. SYMONS

A RECORD number of British motorists took their cars to the Continent last year, and, judging by the first few months of 1938, this year will see more GB plates than ever on the Continent. If you go to France, Germany, Scandinavia or Italy you have a chance of "getting away from it all," seeing fresh scenery, hearing a different language, and eating different food. You have got something new to film or photograph and another topic of conversation when you return.

People are getting more original in the places they choose for motoring holidays in these days. The tyros to Continental touring still flock to France, but the number of those who visit Germany by road is going up by leaps and bounds. In many countries special inducements are offered to tourists from abroad. There are special rates of exchange and special prices for hotel accommodation and petrol, and, of course, in most of the countries that are not too far away the roads are mostly first-rate; one no longer has to take spare springs and other weighty impedimenta, just because one is touring on the other side of the Channel.

With increasing confidence, more and more motorists choose Switzerland and Italy and what used to be Austria, for there is a particular charm in mountain motoring. The bulb fields of Holland are enchanting, but we can find plenty of flat country and flowers at home. The Alps and Dolomites, however, provide passes better than anything we can boast of in Britain, and a background of snow-capped peaks which we cannot find at home.

There are special charms about motoring in Norway and Sweden, not the least being that some of the steamship companies take your car over to Norway for nothing if you book a certain number of first-class tickets! For the more venturesome there are Finland, Poland and the Baltic States, or the glorious Adriatic coast with the Balkans beyond. For autumn and spring there is the whole of North Africa to play in.

Obviously, it is not possible to give facts and figures about every country likely to be visited by motorists. You can get all the information you want from the A.A. or the R.A.C., and although a tremendous number of people dispense with the services of either of these organisations when going abroad, personally I would never dream of travelling without the valuable assistance of one or other. It may cost a little more, what with the annual subscription and the fee for international touring papers, but in my opinion it is worth it every time.

You can get the form which you have to fill in from the nearest local branch of the R.A.C. or A.A., and there is always somebody in the office who will help you to put down the particulars. You are then given a *carnet de passage en douane* with a number of detachable dockets, which are torn out every time you cross a frontier, so that the same book does for practically any country in (or out of) Europe. The motoring organisations will, of course, see that your passport is in order as well.

With the exception of those going to Scandinavia or North Africa, crossing the Channel is the only occasion on which the car has to be shipped. You can either send the car by cargo boat or take it with you on the passenger steamer, but the latter is a great deal more expensive. Personally, I always put my car on the cargo boat and travel in comfort on the passenger steamer if I am going over by Folkestone/Boulogne, but it is worth noting that between Dover

(*Continued on page 1308*)



DRIVING IN WINTERTIME THROUGH GERMANY: A CAR APPROACHING GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, THE FAMOUS BAVARIAN SKI-ING AND CLIMBING CENTRE

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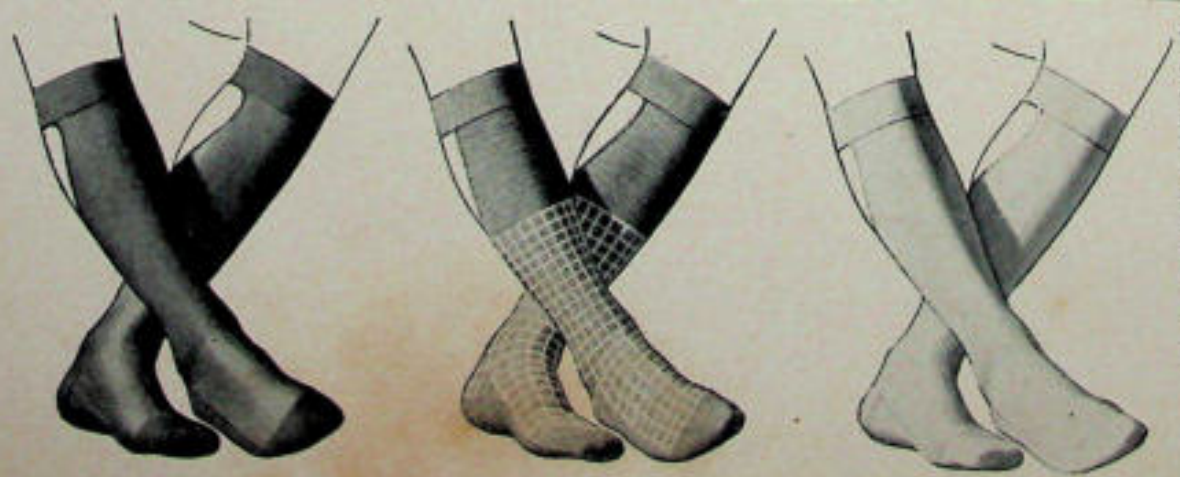
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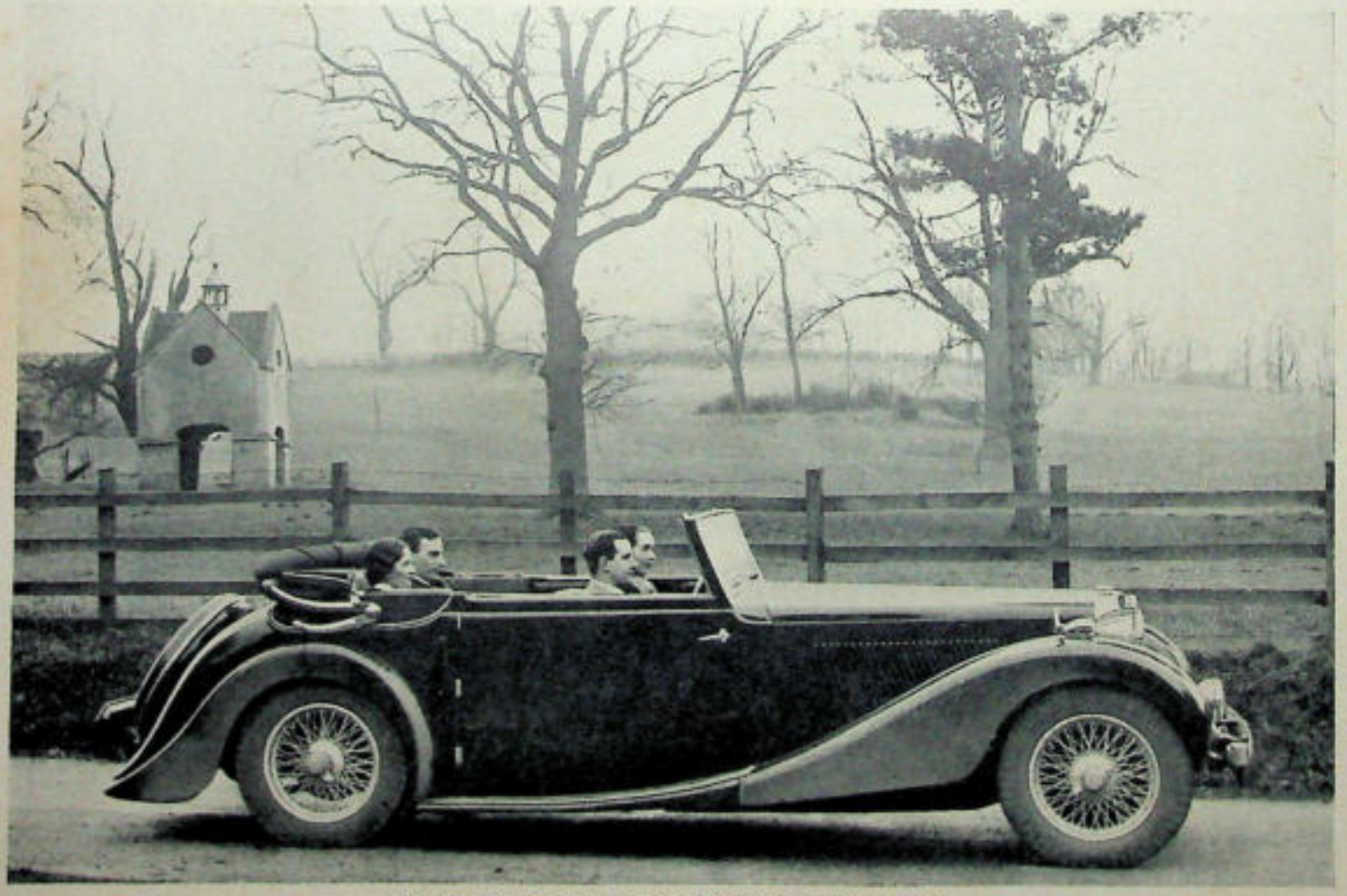


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Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS



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and Calais there are two special boats for carrying cars and passengers, the Autocarrier, belonging to the Southern Railway's service, and the Forde of the Townsend Shipping Line. On both of these there is comfortable passenger accommodation.

A little car with a wheelbase not more than 8ft. 6in. costs £2 5s. 6d. each way by any of the recognised car ferries or cargo boats, while £5 each way is charged for a car with a wheelbase of more than 9ft. 6in., but less than 10ft. 6in. There are many different routes, of which the following are a few: Dover to Calais, Folkestone to Boulogne, Newhaven to Dieppe, Dover to Dunkirk, and Southampton to Havre.

There is also a service from Dover to Ostend, which is used by those intending to go through Belgium to Germany, although an alternative to this is to make the shorter sea crossing by the Townsend line, from Dover to Calais for instance, and then drive direct to Brussels, or up the Belgian coast to Ostend. If one takes the direct route to the Belgian capital, it is actually quicker to make the crossing from Dover to Calais.

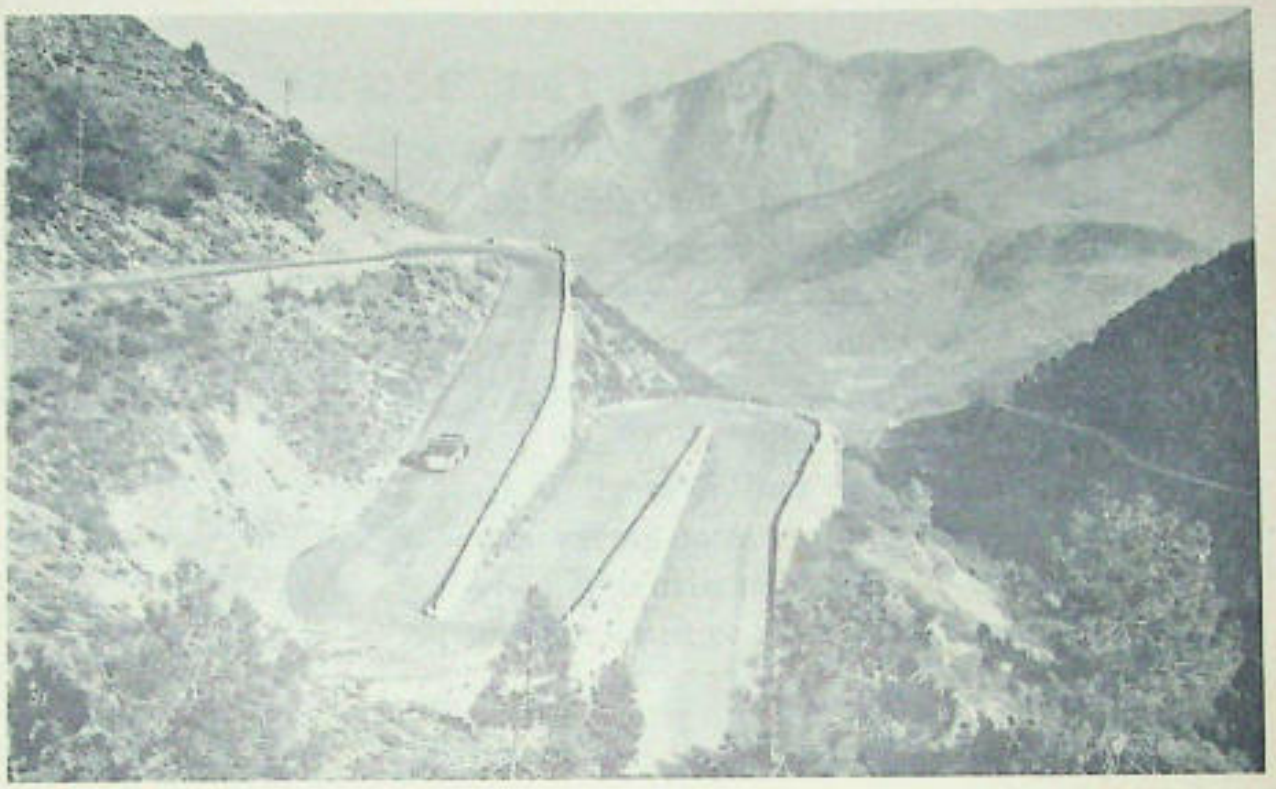
It is just as well to take a few spares with you, not so much because you are likely to need them, but going on the principle that if you go for a walk with an umbrella it won't rain! Most manufacturers will let you have a set of spares on a sale-or-return basis. The Wolseley people, for example, make a regular routine of loaning metal boxes containing small spares, so as to minimise the chance of their owners being held up abroad. Speaking from memory, one pays between £6 and £7 deposit, which is returned when the box is handed back to the manufacturer's service station. The contents of the box include a spare petrol pump, ignition coil, fan belt, gaskets, and so on.

I have often seen British tourists abroad with a miscellaneous collection of suitcases strapped insecurely to the luggage grid. Motoring trunks containing suitcases can now be obtained so inexpensively that I am surprised that more people do not use them. Besides, at many of the big stores you can get extremely inexpensive fibre suitcases actually made to measure to suit the luggage locker of your own car. They are quite strong enough for a few tours, and have the advantage of being very light.

Owing to variation of rates of exchange I think it is wiser not to give figures as to the prices of hotels and petrol abroad. In general, however, hotel prices are not higher than in England, and in many countries, such as Germany and Italy, where special rates of exchange apply to tourists, they may be quite a lot lower. Petrol in Italy, to quote only one example, is at present as near-as-no-matter the same price as in this country. It is best to find out what facilities exist for special prices for fuel and hotels when making inquiries regarding the particular country you wish to visit.

As in all things, a little preliminary work pays when setting out on a motoring holiday on the Continent. It saves a great deal of quite unnecessary annoyance when one is prepared for eventualities.

MOTORING RECORDS.—A complete list of all world's, international class and British records up to March 31st, 1938, has been issued by the R.A.C. The list also includes records made by cars with compression ignition engines. Particulars are given of nearly a thousand records, including the name of the car, the driver, engine size, time, distance, speed in m.p.h. and k.p.h., date and venue. The list is interleaved to permit of it being kept up to date as records are broken from time to time. Copies are obtainable from the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, price 1/-.



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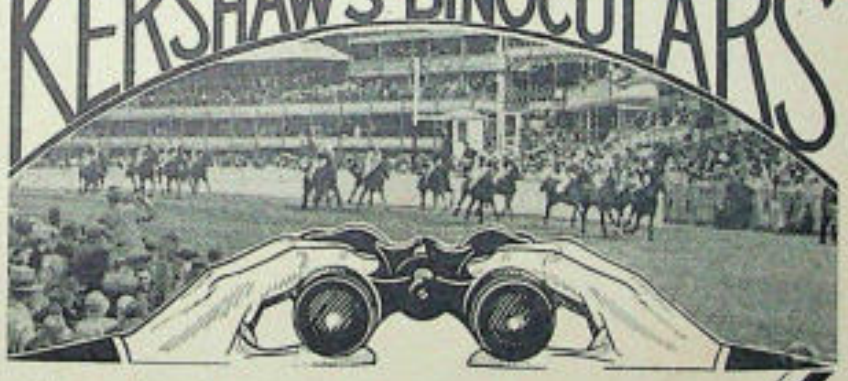
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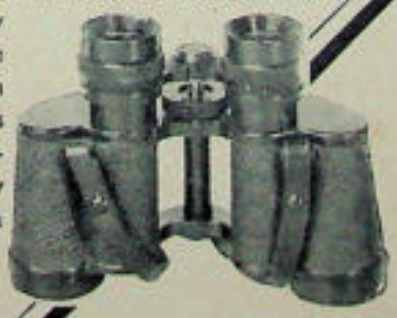
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"ISABEL II"—AND FOLLY

Introspection on the Wrong Side of a Tavern Door

"MEN who go down to the sea in ships." It passed through my mind as I stood at the tavern door. I was about to enter on the adventure of drinking beer in the company of unknown sailors. Yet I hesitated before passing through to the sea-borne atmosphere; and several pairs of well-cut blue trousers passed between the portals. And I remained at the entrance, wondering. Had I, a fellow who was merely piloting a small half-decked boat from harbour to harbour, poking into strange estuaries and creeks, the right to mix with men of the sea?

Mine was not deep-sea work! It was not a worrying matter at all, this sailing a shallow-draught boat in unknown waters when the plate could be used as a lead. To have an expensive craft beneath one's feet which would not swim in much less than 2 fathoms was quite a different cup of tea. Of course, there is the daring—or is it foolishness?—when people travel far over the sea in a craft unsuitable for such wanderings.

She can be very patient—this sea. One may be let off time after time, until finally contempt is bred from it; and experienced sailors who mutter, "Ah!" and look very knowing, are laughed at. Then comes along, perhaps as a surprise, the extra bit of dirt—the crew of the little boat are shaken.

I do not write in praise of open-boat cruising. It is uncomfortable; and I've had thoughtful moments.

Isabel II, the craft which we, the owner and myself, had taken from Lyme Regis to Falmouth, now swung to a borrowed mooring in the Yealm. (Most of the people I met called this river "The Yam.") We were bound for Salcombe, Brixham, and then on to the home port with a call at Teignmouth, that Messrs. Morgan Giles might do a few necessary repairs.

Isabel is sloop-rigged, and when she sits on smooth water her hull is wet for a length of about 17½ft. And is she wet when close-hauled in a fresh wind? After the first two hours the exhilaration one reads about driving spray, and so on, is left astern. Yes; that boat can be wet. Maybe it is a little cheering, a morsel for one's conceit to feed on, when folk, with wonder in their eyes (or is it something else?) exclaim: "And you have come all those miles in that little boat!" This was often followed by: "And are you sleeping on board?"

Well, sometimes I did; and once the owner tried it. Platform boards are hard. Even a cosy sleeping bag is unable to induce slumber until the discovery is made that coiling up into as near a ball as possible affords the maximum amount of protection to hip bones. But this is not the only snag; there is the business of getting up! Crawling from beneath a canvas cover, which has been flung over the boom to keep off dew or rain, is not dignified. I have found it somewhat disconcerting when blinking sleep out of my eyes in a crowded anchorage; and being very conscious of not looking my best I have hurried ashore to wash at some hotel while breakfast was being prepared.

Here and there I have read of the cheapness of cruising in small craft, and I have come to the conclusion that cheapness is only at the expense of personal comfort. However, I must admit that hotel bills for meals and occasional accommodation quickly add up to an alarming total.

Apart from the minor disadvantages I have mentioned there is the miserable feeling of being without a home. Kindly disposed people at different times have asked me to come aboard and have a drink or a meal. And if theirs has been a really *pukka* yacht I have sometimes felt they looked at me with a sort of compassion. They have almost apologised for being unable to give me a berth. But I would hastily reply: "Oh, that's all right! I really like it. That's why I do it! It's such fun, you know, cruising in a small boat to show that it can be done." Then I would endeavour to impart the information, without actually putting it into words: "Of course, this isn't the boat I have at home!"

With regard to the hazards of this particular trip, not yet finished. We had had good weather. There seemed to be a change on the way when we left Falmouth, for off St. Anthony's Point the sea began to get ugly, and the little pram which followed Isabel was hauled aboard. But we did not ship any water, not even the familiar spray, for wind and sea was astern.

With the exception of one hard blow in a thunderstorm, calms were the greatest worry. We had been held up one day at Polperro, where an uneasy sea rolled in with the lightest of southerly airs; then the next morning brought thick weather—wind, rain and fog. We sailed all day, well, from nine o'clock to two of the afternoon, without sight of land. The little bit of Rame Head which we managed to sort of guess at was hardly sight of land. It was sufficient to give us a bearing, otherwise, as I remarked to the owner, Stoke Beach or Thurlestone would very likely be greeting us. . . .

Yet here was I, debating or turning over in my mind the question: could I call myself a sailor?—and on the wrong side of a tavern door. But I proved one point in favour—I went in. And if I omitted to spit over my shoulder I found I could spin a yarn. Spun yarns—this may seem odd—are seldom fluffy as those written in cold ink in a room which is lifeless.

I don't think—or perhaps I don't remember my tankard having been filled many times; but my yarn about Isabel chasing a shark across Start Bay seemed to go awfully well. It really was a shark—a basking shark. We caught up with it just beyond the race, and a dark, unpleasant-looking fin remained on our beam. Then the wind dropped. I put out a sweep to stem the tide while the nasty fin remained almost alongside.

I began to suspect that that shark was shadowing us. Very airily I told the owner that these fish never attacked any boat—they were just curious, that's all. At the time I had not heard of the mischief done to boats by these sharks; and although, beer or no beer, my shark was 30ft. long, I might have been tempted to provide more interest in the yarn by adding another ten.

C. C. WALKER.



"WE HAD BEEN HELD UP ONE DAY AT POLPERRO, WHERE AN UNEASY SEA ROLLED IN WITH THE LIGHTEST OF SOUTHERLY AIRS"

ROLLS-ROYCE DIVIDENDS.—The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their meeting recently decided to recommend at their annual meeting at Derby, on June 30th, 1938, that a final dividend of 16¼ per cent., less tax, be paid. This, with the interim dividend already paid, equals 22½ per cent. for the year ended December 31st, 1937.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE BLACK SWAN HOTEL AT HELMSLEY

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN miles from London you will find the Black Swan Hotel in the pleasant little North Riding town of Helmsley. Situated in the market square, the hotel does not look its age. The oldest part, you will find, is at the corner of Swan Lane, where the rough stone walls are 2ft. and more thick, and oak timbers in the ceilings must be at least 200 hundred years old.

Since that time much of the house has been rebuilt, the most extensive "modernisation" being made some time in the latter part of George III's reign. One writer has recorded that "there are many features of the house suggestive of that period, when so many country inns were being enlarged and rebuilt to cope with the growing road traffic of stage coach and chaise. And the Black Swan at Helmsley, on the important Scarborough—Harrogate cross-road, would have been a busy place at those times. The present attractive pedimented stone front doorway is typical of that period; so is the simple banister rail, and so are the first floor rooms facing the Square with their deep windows, and the queer little early nineteenth-century grates to be found in some of the second floor rooms. But the old house has been altered a good deal in even later times. The bay windows of the ground floor have been inserted within the last 60 odd years, and the present lounge is well remembered by old residents as a stone-floored tap-room. In this room there is a curious old open hearth, surmounted by a huge oak beam discovered behind plaster comparatively recently. This is probably part of an older construction, but the wide chimney has been blocked up and a new door cut at one side."

A thing which surprised me concerning the Black Swan was that two of its most attractive features do not really belong to it. I refer to the beautiful Jacobean panelling which covers the walls of the entrance hall and the fine Tudor doorway which is the entrance to the cellar. Now the panelling was originally in the Parish Church, almost completely rebuilt in the late 1860's, while the Tudor door, immediately opposite the dining room, came from the sixteenth century wing of Helmsley Castle, which was built by the third Earl of Rutland in the days of good Queen Bess. What a story this door could tell if only it could speak. It would tell of the siege during the Civil War, when Fairfax and his Roundheads forced the Cavaliers to surrender in November, 1644, after a gallant defence.

Probably the most modern part of the present day Black Swan is to be seen in the long west wing that goes back towards the stables. Here on the first floor, now divided into three bedrooms, was a big chamber once used as a ballroom and dining room. All old inns included these huge rooms and, as is customary in such places, the Annual Rent dinner was held here.

There are many fine old pieces of furniture at the inn which visitors will admire. Here a fiddle-back chair and there an early nineteenth century mahogany wardrobe or press to remind us that the Black Swan has been a shelter for travellers for centuries. And if you like good food, make a note that once a week venison figures on the menu.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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(Continued on page 1285)

BRIDGE

DUPLICATE PLAY

Stopping at the Right Moment

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and *Editor* of the *Bridge Magazine*)

THERE is no better way of improving your game than by taking part in Duplicate Tournaments. You are given the opportunity of pitting yourself against new opponents, and your prowess or your faults and mistakes are revealed. There is nothing worse for your Bridge than to play always with the same set of people. Club players who meet only their cronies become "sticky" and seldom improve. They get into a groove. That is why I recommend all those who can to join the British Bridge League and to take part in the contests, held throughout the year, which it promotes in all parts of the country.

But there are some players who do not like Duplicate or find it impossible to devote the time necessary for tournament play. The next best thing is to study the results. In these columns I give frequently hands which occurred at Duplicate, selecting generally those in which the experts have figured. Examination of these hands is illuminating because of the diversity of bidding. Not infrequently the final declaration at the various tables differs considerably, in spite of the fact that the players may be using the same system.

Further, it is encouraging for the average player to note that the experts are not immune from error. They are by no means infallible and, even using every artificial gadget at their disposal, they are liable to get into the wrong declaration or into an unmakable contract.

Here is a case in point where the experts arrived by different bidding at the same final contract, which was defeated.

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

Y-Z vulnerable. Y the dealer. The bidding at Table 1 was :

Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	No bid	Two Hearts	Two Spades
Three Clubs	No bid	Three Hearts	No bid
Four No Trumps	No bid	Five No Trumps	No bid
Six Hearts	No bid	Seven No Trumps	No bid
No bid	No bid		

At the other table it went :

Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	No bid	Two Hearts	Two Spades
Three Hearts	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Hearts	No bid
Six No Trumps	No bid	Seven Hearts	No bid
No bid	No bid		

Z was one down, losing a trick in Clubs or in Diamonds, according to the play. That was how the experts bid it, and it gave rise to considerable discussion. It is easy to criticise. But on the Simple System the bidding would have stopped at the little slam. This is the argument and the procedure. When Y, vulnerable, opens with One Diamond, Z knows that he must have at least three quick tricks in his hand. From his own holding it is evident these must be either A, K of Diamonds and K, Q of Clubs. Or if not the Ace of Diamonds then K, Q of the suit and A, K of Clubs. Five Hearts are therefore certain, and the little slam depends upon the Hearts being solid.

Armed with this information, over the One Diamond Z bids immediately Five Hearts and Y advances to Six, which closes the proceedings. Note that this is not guesswork, but sound deduction. Z infers Y's quick tricks and invites the slam. Y knows that Z has not only a sure game but foresees possibility of slam, but is not sure whether Hearts are solid. So he raises to little slam. Can anything be simpler or more accurate ?

Instead of four rounds of bidding the right declaration is revealed in two—an economy in time, energy and thought.

Let us consider possible objections. Suppose :

(1) Y has called on an absolute minimum. Remove the Queen of Spades and the Queen of Hearts and give him five or six Diamonds headed by K, Q and A, K of Clubs. You cannot give him less. In this case, of course, when Z bids Five Hearts Y will not raise. He will say : "I have bid my hand fully and, as my partner is relying upon my opening bid, I cannot call again." The contract, therefore, remains at Five Hearts, and Z for his success may have to depend on catching the Queen of Hearts.

(2) Now we will take Y's hand as it stands, but remove from it the Queen of Hearts and give him three little ones instead. Here the argument still applies. Y, having called on the barest minimum, will not raise to little slam.

(3) Alter Y's hand again, provided you do not give him less than three quick tricks, which is the irreducible minimum for a bid of One when vulnerable. Give him more and, after the Five Hearts call of Z, he raises to Six or Seven Hearts according to the nature of his plus values.

My point is that these "feelers" in No Trumps, while prolonging the bidding, are often ineffective and unnecessary, and sometimes, as in this particular example, land the player into a contract which he cannot make. I do not claim for the Simple System that it will *always* get you into the right contract. But I do assert that, in the vast majority of cases, it enables you to arrive at the best contract with the fewest rounds of bidding by the natural process of calling what you have instead of using laborious artificial signals. In fact, you play *cards* instead of *ciphers*.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT MARGATE

In the following game the World's Champion was defeated by the young Latvian master, V. Petrow.

(Queen's Gambit)

WHITE. V. Petrow.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. V. Petrow.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	18. K takes B (*f*)	P to Kt 6
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	19. P takes P	P to B 3 (*g*)
3. P to K Kt 3	P to Q 4	20. Kt to B 6	R to Q B sq
4. B to Kt 2	P takes P	21. Kt to Q 4 (*h*)	K to Q 2 (*i*)
5. Q to R 4, ch	Q Kt to Q 2	22. Kt to K 3 (*j*)	B takes P
6. Kt to K B 3 (*a*)	P to Q R 3	23. K B to Q sq	K to K 2 (*k*)
7. Kt to B 5	R to Q Kt sq (*b*)	24. P to Kt 4	B takes Kt (*l*)
8. Q takes B P	P to Q Kt 4	25. P takes B (*m*)	Kt to Q 2
9. Q to Q 3	B to Kt 2	26. R to Q R sq (*n*)	Kt to Kt sq (*o*)
10. Castles	P to B 4	27. P to Kt 5 (*p*)	P takes P
11. P takes P	Kt takes P	28. R to R 7, ch	K to Q 3 (*q*)
12. Q takes Q, ch	R takes Q (*c*)	29. Kt takes Kt P, ch	K to B 4 (*r*)
13. B to B 4	P to Kt 5 (*d*)	30. Kt to Q 6	R to B 3 (*s*)
14. Kt to Q sq	Kt to Q 4	31. P to Kt 4, ch	K takes P (*t*)
15. B to B sq (*e*)	Kt takes B	32. R to Kt 7, ch	K to B 6 (*u*)
16. P takes Kt	B to Q 3	33. Kt to K 4, ch	K to B 7 (*v*)
17. Kt to K 5	B takes B	34. R (K 1) to Kt sq	Resigns (*w*)

(*a*) A well-known position in the Queen's Gambit has been reached by transposition of moves.
(*b*) Threatening to maintain the extra pawn by playing P to Q Kt 4.
(*c*) The game is now about even.
(*d*) Enterprising play.
(*e*) A good move. There are weaknesses in Black's Queen's side.
(*f*) White now threatens Kt to B 6.
(*g*) Black should, instead, play 19. . . . Kt takes P. If, in reply, 20. R to B 6, then 20. . . . Kt to Q 5 ; 21. R takes P, Kt takes P.
(*h*) Threatening either P to Kt 4, winning a piece, or Kt takes P.
(*i*) This move is not good, as later on the King is in danger in the open file. Black should, instead, play K to B 2.
(*j*) A very good move. White gives back the pawn and gets a powerful attack. If, instead, P to K 3, then Kt to Q 6 with a good game for Black.
(*k*) The inferiority of Black's 21st move is now evident.
(*l*) If 24. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 25. Kt (Q 4) to B 5, ch, P takes Kt ; 26. Kt to Q 5, ch, followed by 27. Kt takes B with advantage to White.
(*m*) White has a wretched pawn-formation—but a very good game.
(*n*) A good move, much stronger than Kt to B 6, ch.
(*o*) If 26. . . . R to R sq, then 27. Kt to B 6, ch, K to K sq ; 28. P to Kt 5, winning a pawn.
(*p*) A very strong move. If now 27. . . . P to K 4, then 28. Kt to B 5, ch, followed, if 28. . . . K to K 3, by 29. Kt takes P, ch, K to B 2 ; 30. Kt to B 5, K to K 3 ; 31. Kt to Q 6, Q R to Q sq ; 32. P takes P with a winning game for White.
(*q*) If K to K sq, then Kt takes K P with a winning game for White. If, instead, 28. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 29. Kt to B 6, ch, K takes Kt ; 30. R (R 7) takes Kt, ch, K to K sq ; 31. R to Q 8, ch, and wins.
(*r*) If K to K 4, then Kt to Q 6 and White wins the exchange. Black could, however, put up a longer fight by playing 29. . . . K to B 3 followed, if 30. Kt to Q 6, by 30. . . . Q R to B sq, or, if 30. Kt to Q 4, ch, by 30. . . . K to Kt 3 ; 31. R takes P, K R to Kt sq. Dr. Alekhine was short of time at this stage of the game.
(*s*) Here the Rook is in the way of the King. 30. . . . Q R to Q sq would enable Black to prolong the game. If, in reply, 31. Kt to Kt 7, ch, then 31. . . . K to Kt 3. White's best reply to 30. . . . Q R to Q sq is 31. P to Kt 4, ch, which gives him a strong attack. Black cannot play 31. . . . K takes P because of 32. R to Q B 7, threatening R to Kt sq, ch.
(*t*) If K to Kt 3, then R to Kt 7, ch, followed by R to R sq, mate.
(*u*) If K to B 4, then R to Kt 5, mate.
(*v*) If K to B 5, then R to Q 4, mate.
(*w*) He is helpless against the threat of R (Q sq) to B sq, mate. A very finely played game by Petrow.

A FINE FINISH

In a game between Keres and Eliskases in the Semmering-Baden tournament last year the following position was reached after Black's 23rd move :—White (Keres) : King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q sq, Rooks at Q Kt sq and K B 4, Bishops at Q 2 and Q 3, Knight at K R 4, Pawns at Q R 2, Q 4, K B 2, K Kt 2 and K R 2 ; Black (Eliskases) : King at K Kt sq, Queen at Q 2, Rooks at K sq and Q R sq, Bishops at Q 2 and K Kt 2, Knight at Q 4, Pawns at Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q Kt 5, K B 2, K Kt 5 and K R 2.

The game was continued as follows :

WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Eliskases.
24. R takes K Kt P (*a*)	B takes R (*b*)	29. Q to R 4	P to K R 4
25. Q takes B (*c*)	Q to K B 2	30. R takes P (*g*)	R (R sq) to B sq
26. Kt to R 5 (*d*)	K to B sq	31. P to K R 3 (*h*)	R to B 2 (*i*)
27. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	32. R to Kt 5 (*j*)	R to K 3
28. Q to R 5 (*e*)	Kt to B 3 (*f*)	33. R takes R P (*k*)	Resigns.

(*a*) A very fine offer of the sacrifice of the exchange.
(*b*) If 24. . . . Kt to B 6 ; 25. B takes Kt, B takes R, then 26. Q takes B, P takes B ; 27. Q takes B, ch, K takes Q ; 28. Kt to B 5, ch.
(*c*) Threatening Q takes B, ch.
(*d*) Threatening B takes R P.
(*e*) Now White threatens either R takes R P or Q takes Kt.
(*f*) If Q takes P, then B takes R P, ch.
(*g*) This is better than B takes P, ch.
(*h*) A precautionary measure. If, instead, 31. R takes P, then 31. . . . Q to Kt 3, and Black gets a counter-attack. (White cannot play 32. B takes Q because of 32. . . . R to B 8, ch ; 33. B takes R, R to K 8, mate).
(*i*) The Rook is needed on the back rank. P to Kt 3 is preferable.
(*j*) Threatening B to Kt 4, ch.
(*k*) A fine finish. If now (1) 32. . . . Kt takes R, then 34. Q to Q 8, ch, R to K sq ; 35. B to Kt 4, ch, R to K 2 ; 36. B takes R, ch, K to Kt sq ; 37. Q takes R, ch, Q to B sq ; 38. Q takes Q, mate ; if (2) 33. . . . K to K 2, then 34. R to K Kt 5, Q to B sq ; 35. R to Kt 4, ch, R to Q 3 ; 36. B takes R, ch, K takes B ; 37. Q to B 4, ch, and wins ; or, if (3) 33. . . . K to K sq, then 34. R to R 8, ch, K to Q 2 (if Kt to Kt sq, then B to Kt 5, ch) 35. B to B 5, with a winning game for White.

END-GAME STUDY

By M. S. LIBURKIN.*

White (3 pieces) : King at Q 8, Rook at Q Kt 4, Pawn at Q Kt 6.
Black (5 pieces) : King at Q R sq, Bishops at K 7 and K B 7, Pawns at Q 6 and Q Kt 7.
White to play and draw.

* First prize, "64," 1932.

PROBLEM No. 3962

By A. GROOS.*

White (7 pieces) : King at Q R sq, Queen at Q 8, Rooks at K B 2 and Q 5, Bishop at K R 8, Knights at Q sq and K Kt 8.
Black (6 pieces) : King at K 5, Rook at K B 2, Bishops at K 3 and K B 5, Knight at K Kt 7, Pawn at Q R 2.
White to play and mate in two moves.

* Commended in *Reuben and Rates* tourney, 1932.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3961

1. Q to Kt 6 (threatening 2. Q to K 8, ch). If 1. . . . K takes R, then 2. Q to Q 6, ch, &c. If 1. . . . Kt to B 3, then 2. Q takes Kt, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 465

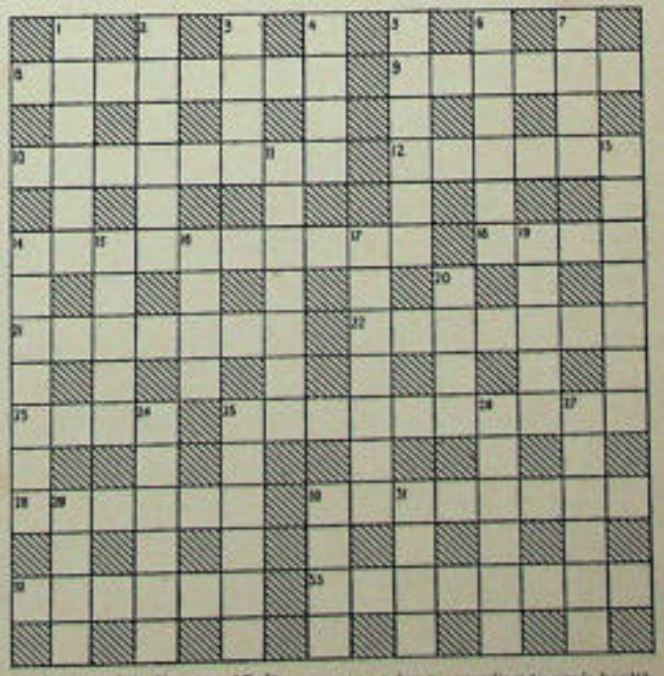
ACROSS.—8, Hardly revue not and yet it is. 9, It will be if you fail to solve it. 10, Useful for temporary alleviation of hunger. 12, Cancer. 14, Interfering. 18, Peter set out a medley of arms (hidden). 21, "Too eager —— shows some danger's near" (Crabbe). 22, A red rose in the church. 23, Skilled acrobats perform difficult feats with this. 25, "Great men are seldom over —— in the arrangement of their attire" (Pickwick). 28, Bread Street ? 29, One has one. 32, It isn't ice though it looks like it. 33, Put an AC into this and *then* you'll get the horses.

DOWN.—1, Vindicate. 2, Tracked, and with an ace too ! 3, A luminous rest. 4, The animal loses its wool in an upset. 5, Immobile figure, but hardly petrified. 6, A trusted weed. 7, A polished bird. 11, Sometimes used instead of a gas oven. 13, All down his trousers ! 14, Mrs. Coke is responsible for them all. 15, Containers in the orchestra. 16, This joint is far to seek in France. 17, It moves up or down according to one's health. 19, A gathering of cattle. 20, A Continental lady. 24, A mix up of frozen radish. 25, This would have to be quick to be 17. 26, A society measure. 27, Not more. 29, The cunning workman never doth refuse the meanest ——" (Herbert). 30, Sounds like the sea, but is actually much more subservient. 31, Might come from Malta or Ireland.

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. 464
Published May 14th

	B	A	T	T	I	N	G	C	R	E	A	S	E	
C	L	H					H				I			G
A	D	D	E	R		H	A		W	A	D	E	R	
R	E	O		A	W	N		A		L		A		
T		R	O	W	A	N		C		G	R	E	E	N
R		R			D	E		E					D	
I	N	N	I	N	G	S		S	U	R	G	E	O	N
D		E		A				D		A			A	
G	A	L	L	O	P	S		J	O	G	T	R	O	T
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		F	O	L	L	O	W	T	H	R	O	U	G	H



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Trout Turning on Its Back.—Our biologist reports that he did what he could towards examining your trout, but it was rather far gone for a really efficient examination. He could find nothing unusual about the gut, kidneys or heart. The gills were almost white, one eye had completely gone, and the other seemed to be blind. However, he could not diagnose the cause of death. It seems likely that the blindness of the fish might have caused its strange behaviour.—*D. A. G., Dorchester.*

Fungus on Fish.—Our biologist reports that the fungus is undoubtedly the common *Saprolegnia*, which causes such well-known trouble both in rivers and ponds. The general condition of the fish suggests that the water supply of the pond needs attention, and the pond itself may also require the removal of some of the accumulated debris on the bottom. If a run of water from some other source than the roof can be used occasionally, it would certainly improve the conditions and possibly prevent the fungal growths appearing. Any dead animals which have found their way into the water should be removed—such as a dead frog and the like—as they harbour the fungus. The removal of as much plant debris as possible would also lead to improvement.—*S. H., Surrey.*

Country House

Dealing with Cockroaches.—There are five ways of dealing with cockroaches, which we enumerate below. But it is first necessary to cement up, where possible, all places in which they are likely to get a chance of coming. Special attention should be paid to the brick and tile work around fireplaces and to the entrance holes of water and gas pipes; and skirting boards should also be made to fit close to the floor. When this has been done, one of the following methods may be used. (1) Insect powders. These are the most generally applicable, but they must be used for some time. The most successful powder in our experience is a mixture of three parts sodium fluoride to one part pyrethrum powder. Scatter this mixture about the haunts of cockroaches before going to bed at night and sweep and burn the dead in the morning. *Food must not become contaminated with this mixture.* Two other mixtures which give quite good results: (2) Powdered borax to which chocolate has been added as a sweetening agent and one part of plaster of paris to two parts sugar. The latter is a very old remedy. Apply either mixture in the same way as the sodium fluoride and pyrethrum. We do not recommend the use of substances such as phosphorous paste or red lead paste owing to the danger of them being eaten by animals other than the insects they are intended for. If there is no such danger they do produce extremely good results. (3) Sprays. Certain sprays are for fetching cockroaches out of their hiding places and for concentrated killing they are in more or less general use. Almost always they will stupefy the insects for sufficiently long to allow of their being swept up and put into the fire. A good spray may be made by soaking half a pint of pyrethrum powder in one gallon of paraffin for about two hours and then decanting the liquid. This does not smell very nice and can be made more pleasant by adding methyl salicylate. The liquid should be vaporised by using a fine nozzle on the spray. You can use carbon tetrachloride in the same way. (5) Traps. If you cannot use either a powder or a spray, trapping is sometimes very effectual, and there are a good many traps on the market. Success or failure depends very largely upon the bait employed, and the bait should be changed from time to time. Beer, peeled banana and cucumber all give very good results. A home-made trap can be constructed very easily by placing the bait in a jam jar covered with a cardboard lid, through the middle of which a large hole has been bored; from the hole a stiff paper comb with an opening at the apex, wide enough to enable a cockroach to enter, should be suspended. Run ways should be made from the floor to the rim of the jar to enable the insects to climb up. (5) Fumigation. Gas can be used with deadly effect. For the ordinary householder the use of sulphur dioxide, generated by burning brimstone, is probably the easiest as well as the safest. But as this gas has a tarnishing effect on various metal articles, it is advisable to remove them from the room before fumigation is begun. At least 2lb. of sulphur per 1,000 cubic ft. should be burned. And the windows should be made as airtight as possible with the aid of greaseproof paper, and the room sealed up for at least an hour. (5) Heat. This method is not applicable to dwelling houses, but in places where the temperature can be used to about 130deg. F. by steam already on the premises, it will bring very good results. Of these methods we think that a combination of perhaps one and three are really the most suitable, and, if persisted in will exterminate cockroaches.—*I. H. E., Shrewsbury.*

Farm

Farmyard Manure.—As a fertiliser this contains nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. It is important to realise that three constituents go to make up farmyard manure—litter, dung and urine—and that it is the last which is the most important from the manurial value point of view. This liquid manure contains the greater proportion of the nitrogen and potash, which is supplied to the animal in his food; they are present in a water soluble form; and they are certainly comparable in their action to quick-acting chemical fertilisers. The indigestible residue of the food, of course, contains compounds of nitrogen and of potash. These being in a more resistant state are naturally less likely to suffer loss during storage. Yes. We consider farmyard manure to be the most valuable of all fertilisers, and we agree that a very great deal is wasted in this country.—*R. K. B., Salisbury.*

Kennel

Beagle.—Any fatty soap will be suitable for washing a beagle in preparation for a show. It would be as well to give him his bath two or three days beforehand and then to groom vigorously so as to restore the polish to the coat. A hair hound glove is an excellent thing for putting on the polish, and so is a clean, soft towel.—*J. F., Teignmouth.*

Interdigital Cysts.—These cysts are caused by a local injury or a stoppage of the sweat duct, and the only way to deal with them when they once appear is to foment well and then open when they are soft, squeezing out all the contents and dressing with a disinfectant and bandaging. Sometimes painting with tincture of iodine will stop them in the early stages, and a homœopathic preparation known as graphites will often act as a preventive.—*M. R. C., Isle of Mull.*

Prescription for Hysteria.—The particular prescription cannot be traced, but it is thought that it may have consisted of equal parts of iodoform and boric acid, on the assumption that the exciting cause in that case was the presence of mites in the ears. It would not be likely to have any good effect in epileptic fits, in which freedom from excitement and fatigue, and an extended course of bromides is indicated, together with a light diet of meat or fish, milk and stale brown bread fed dry. It is, of course, necessary to keep the subject free from worms by periodical dosing.—*E. H. P., Pulborough.*

Naturalist

Rook and Crow.—The rook (*Corvus frugilegus frugilegus*) is a quite different bird to the crow (*Corvus corone corone*), though both belong to the same family, the *Corvidæ*, to which also belong the raven, the hooded crow, the jackdaw, the magpie, the nutcracker, the jay and the chough. It does not matter how long a rook lives, he will never become a crow. As to your second question, the crow and the carrion crow are the same birds. You may distinguish the carrion crow from the hooded crow as the latter has a grey mantle and under parts. The carrion crow resembles the rook, but the build is much stouter and the base is feathered at all edges instead of bare as in the adult rook.—*S. P. P., Oundle.*

Breeding Saturnidæ in England.—One of the strange things you discover when breeding these "giant" moths in England, is that they will readily accept alternative food plants. The most popular seem to be our fruit trees, such as plum and apple, while most of the Japanese and Chinese silk-moths will eat cherry. *A. selene*, the Moon Moth, will feed on plum, apple, as well as hawthorn. We do not know whether *Antheræa Roylei* has been bred in this country, but, of course, *Attacus Atlas* has, as you will have seen from the photographs in the *Field*, which were all taken from living specimens bred in England. We expect you have heard that the Tring Museum has been left to the nation on the death of Lord Rothschild.—*H. W. K., Bristol.*

Disease in Larvæ.—We feel sure the reason for your losing the larvæ of *S. cecropia* in the second moult was because the ova you purchased were from in-bred specimens which had become weakly or infected with disease. It is an interesting point that the common silk-worm eggs *B. mori*, that are exported from Italy, China and Japan to various parts of the world, are all scientifically tested by the governments before being allowed to leave their countries. It was not so very long ago that the silk industry in France was completely ruined by disease spreading amongst the stock on the various "farms" throughout the country. Mr. Head, the well-known naturalist living at Scarborough, Yorkshire, has bred the Atlas Moth from the egg to the perfect insect in captivity. We understand Mr. L. Hugh Newman, whose Butterfly Farm, at Bexley, Kent, has been described in the *Field* quite recently, has a number of silk moths in his greenhouses this summer, and you can write to him on the subject if you wish to purchase ova.—*G. T. S., Hastings.*

Flies Identified.—The flies belong to the family *Simuliidæ* (*S. reptans*), commonly known as sand-flies, in America as buffalo gnats. Sometimes they occur in swarms. They attack cattle and other animals, and sometimes induce a fatal disease by their blood-sucking habits. They also bite man. Only the females bite.—*M. R. S., Roxburghshire.*

Travel

In Devon and Cornwall.—There are three good hotels at Salcombe, all very modern and up to date. The first is Tides Reach Hotel, which stands in a small and sheltered sandy bay. It is an ideal spot for bathing and there are beautiful cliff walks to Bolt Head. The other hotels are the Marine and the Salcombe Hotel, both overlooking the estuary. All these hotels have hot and cold running water in the bedrooms, central heating, electric light, &c. If you do not wish to go to Salcombe you might care for the North Devon coast and stay at the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton. The hotel stands in a unique position, 600ft. above sea level, and commands extensive views over the Bristol Channel and the moors of Devon. They have their own orchestra during the season, and there are two grass tennis courts in the grounds. The town itself needs no introduction; it makes an admirable centre for visiting the Exmoor villages of Exford, Simonsbath and Dunster. If you do not mind being inland, we would recommend the George at Hatherleigh. The inn is said to be 700 years old, and the main walls are at least 2ft. 6in. thick. You are here eleven miles from Dartmoor, thirteen miles from Torrington, and Bideford, Barnstaple, Bude and Clovelly are all at easy distance. If you like country life and country ways you cannot fail to feel at home at the George. There is also the Bullaven Farm Hotel, near Ivybridge, which is about thirteen miles from Plymouth. You can enjoy riding, lawn tennis, fishing, shooting, golf and bathing from this centre. Also inland is the Fisherman's Cot at Bickleigh Bridge, near Tiverton. Although many people may go there for a fishing holiday, this is not the "be all and end all" of everything in this district, while the hotel has an excellent situation on the River Exe. We think you would also like the Rising Sun Hotel at Lynmouth, which has a thatched roof and leaded windows which, far from any hint of dreariness, add considerably to its charm. The dining room has attractive oak panelling, but it is the uncommon oak doors, thick walls and ceilings which give the inn its fourteenth century appearance. Lynmouth, as you may know, is situated in a grand district. In Cornwall there is the King Arthur's Castle Hotel at Tintagel. Cornwall, with its rugged cliffs, wooded hills, quaint villages and delightful rural lanes, has an appeal to many which is irresistible, especially to anyone who loves strange and almost foreign parts in his own country. It is fascinating to wander for the first time over little known parts of Cornwall, where such weird superstitions survive, and the generations have preserved and added to the folk-lore of their ancestors. Also in Cornwall there is the Tregenna Castle Hotel at St. Ives. This is a first-class hotel with self-contained sports and amusements and a well-wooded 100-acre park.—*E. M. D., London.*

Yachting

Chartering a Small Boat.—Mr. R. Abbott, of Monmouth Street, Lyme Regis, would probably help a great deal re chartering of small boat—sailing dinghy class. Lyme Regis Sailing Club would extend a cordial welcome to any person of whatever means. Members are always willing to help beginners. For the chartering of boats above 5 tons T.M., Lake Shipyard, Hamworthy, Poole, has a selection. Hamworthy Sailing Club is a real live affair; members are anxious that visitors should find a warm welcome at any time. If you would care to cruise in a 15-ton cutter of R.O.R.C. type with instruction, you may care to get in touch with Mr. C. Walker, Blackdown, Crewkerne, Somerset.—*F. H. L., London.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed: and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

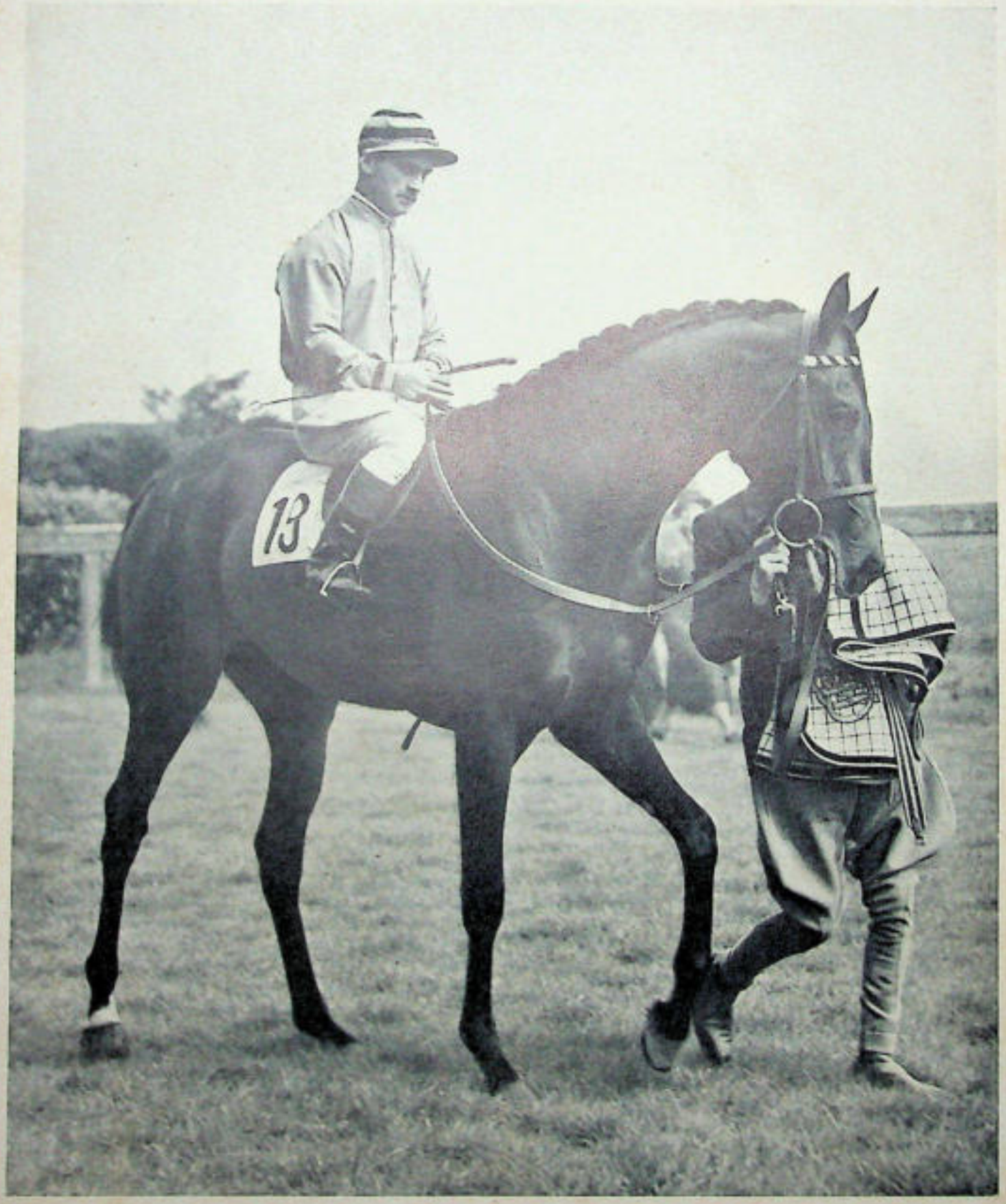
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PASCH, THE DERBY FAVOURITE, WITH GORDON RICHARDS UP

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THE FIELD

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CONTENTS

EARLY JUNE'S ANGLING PROBLEM . . . 1331
WILL THE DERBY BE WON BY PASCH? . . . 1332
BIRD LIFE IN THE LONDON AREA . . . 1334
PONY POWER IN POLO . . . 1335
LEADERS IN THE POULTRY INDUSTRY . . . 1336
ADVENTUROUS GOLF . . . 1338
WANTED: ELEVEN CRICKETERS . . . 1339
ROUND THE WICKETS . . . 1339
"SKILL-AT-ARMS" . . . 1340
A SAHARA OF SCOTLAND . . . 1342
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: SUFFOLK . . . 1343
BIG GAME TROPHIES IN PARIS . . . 1346
MAYFLY VAGARIES . . . 1347
YACHTING WITHOUT ITS BIG CLASS . . . 1349
MOTOR CRUISER RACES . . . 1349
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING . . . 1350
FIFTY YEARS AGO . . . 1350
IN THE SALE ROOM . . . 1350
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK . . . 1350
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Shooting Pigeons in July: The Plight of the Inshore Fishermen; "Ghoulies and Ghosties" . . . 1351
IN THE CITY . . . 1356
NEW BOOKS . . . 1357
THE MEADOW RUES . . . 1359
FENCING COSTS . . . 1359
THE BUSY MAN'S GARDEN . . . 1360
DOGS THAT STAND FOUR-SQUARE . . . 1360
NEW OR SECOND-HAND CARS? . . . 1363
BUYING AIRCRAFT IN AMERICA . . . 1364
WALES OF ETERNAL MEMORY . . . 1366
CARDS AND CHESS . . . 1369
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 1370

THE DERBY GOING

NEVER in living memory has there been such an extensive drought over such a long period. A few showers of rain from time to time have done nothing more than wet the grass. Daily the news grows more serious for the farmer and the gardener. The same can be said of racing, as unquestionably the drought has greatly affected form and the running of horses. Courses are only saved from being as hard as the main road by the fact that they have a covering of grass. In many cases horses that have been entered and prepared for racing have been unable to run, either because the hard going has prevented them from doing sufficient fast work, or because the racecourse has not been artificially watered. Great is and has been the anxiety of trainers of Derby horses. Wet or dry that anxiety must always exist; some must pray for rain, others for sun, in greater or lesser degrees, but none would pray for a drought like this. Of horses entered some, on account of prevailing conditions, will have had only one race, others none at all, where normally they would have had two or three races before the great day to test their merits.

But it must be remembered that where all the probable starters for the Derby are trained, the gallops, though they might be described as firm going, have still remained sufficiently good for sound horses to do their training on. Yet, in spite of the fact that the majority of them have allowed for fast work, there has been for some time the element of risk, if there is any weakness to be found, and therefore in some cases less fast work has been done than usual. There is a vast difference between those horses who like the going soft or springy and those who like it firm or hard. When the going is soft doubtful stayers are shown up, with the opposite effect if it is firm. Horses that dislike hard going shorten their stride; this shortening may only be a few inches, but after galloping a mile and a half there is considerable difference in their running.

After the race has taken place it will be realised that some starters would not have run had it been possible to try them thoroughly on a racecourse beforehand. Trials held at home are misleading because they are done under such different conditions and circumstances. The course at Epsom is a law unto itself; badly put together or unsound horses do not win the Derby, and these defects may be more highly tested this year than any other in the long history of the race.

The course has been well cared for, and there is a good covering of grass. Even if there is no rain between now and the first of June, it should not cause a sound and well-made horse to shorten its stride, but it will definitely be in favour of those who would not stay under softer conditions, and much against those who cannot stride out on firm going, especially when they come to the run downhill. It is difficult to decide on what to rely. Certainly not the form produced on some courses this year, which has been most misleading, a notable example being the result of the One Thousand Guineas, won in faster time than the Two Thousand Guineas. The colt that has done all that has been asked of him is Pasch. It is difficult to argue why he should not win the Derby. But five weeks will have elapsed since Pasch last won, and it is not always possible to keep horses at the top of their form for such a long period. Since the Guineas, other horses have made great improvement, and the great fascination of the Derby is its uncertainty. It may be a year of records or a year of surprises. A record, if another of Blandford's sons should win; a surprise if it rains!

DAVIS CUP EXIT

THE note of Great Britain's defeat by Jugoslavia in the second round (European group) of the Davis Cup at Zagreb was sounded when D. W. Butler met D. Mitic in the opening single and was beaten in straight sets; the Jugoslavian was in exceptional form. We lost all five matches, but Butler and Wilde fought hard against Puncec and Mitic, carrying the doubles to five sets in their endeavour to avert defeat. Our team left home labelled as men carrying rather a load of mischief than of luck, and then had to wait on vagaries of weather in strange surroundings. They must have begun their task cooled down instead of braced up. Davis Cup play anywhere, particularly abroad, is a more trying experience than most people imagine; the conditions have no resemblance to a tournament, with its easier lead-up to the crucial test of the final. Foreign crowds have not the impartiality which is meted out by spectators in this country. Indeed, we are inclined to keep a softer corner in our hearts for the visitor. At Harrogate, where Great Britain beat Roumania in the preceding round, when C. Caraloulis had cramp, the sympathy of the stands could be felt; when, later, cramp made C. M. Jones drop his racket, he had a round of laughter.

A GREAT LETTER WRITER

The Rev. J. P. Bacon-Phillips (a name not unknown to studious readers of the *Field*) is dead and with his death passes the last of the great letter writers. He had 10,000 published letters to his credit, and so he had outstripped even Mr. Algernon Ashton, who rather spoilt his chances by resting for a while. Mr. Ashton specialised in graveyards and epitaphs. But Mr. Bacon-Phillips was as much at home recording the arrival of the cuckoo as he was in correcting a misquotation or informing an anxious inquirer as to the exact place at which Cæsar crossed the Thames. He diffused general knowledge, and the public—including many *Field* readers—will miss his flow of information on many matters of curiosity. Once there was a small band of these industrious gentlemen. There are now no outstanding letter writers; and their absence will be felt not only by readers but also by editors.

SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY TOUR

After fourteen years, a British Rugby team has set out for South Africa again. It is a good band of 29 players, with Major R. C. Hartley as manager; but, like most British touring Rugby teams, it is not wholly representative because several of the leading players are unable to spare the time for such a tour. The success of the side must depend considerably on how the players adapt their tactics to the hard grounds to which the South Africans are accustomed. Some of the last touring team came back with very vivid memories of brick-like surfaces, and the side was much handicapped by injuries. The present team will undoubtedly encounter strong opposition, for South African Rugby is at a high level just now, judging from the unprecedented success of last year's tour in Australia and New Zealand.

LADIES' GOLF

A week of many surprises heralded Mrs. A. M. Holm's second victory in the British Ladies' Golf Championship at Burnham and Berrow. Her first success was in 1934, when she defeated Miss Pam Barton. Miss Fishwick and Miss Barton were not in winning form, the former being beaten for the fifth time by Mrs. Holm and the latter by the young Irish player, Miss Tiernan. With the exception of Miss Barton, who reached the semi-final, the young players were overshadowed by more experienced golfers. Mrs. Dobell, winner of this title and the American 25 years ago, must be congratulated on reaching the last eight. Surely the most unfortunate player must be Miss E. Corlett, who once again reached the final of a championship, only to lose to a consistent and accurate opponent. She has been twice beaten in the semi-final of this event, and has also appeared twice in the closing round of the English Championship.

DROUGHT IN THE WEST

When Somersetshire farmers are offering prayers for rain to save their crops Exmoor streams may be assumed to be unfishable; and the assumption this year is not far from the truth. The upper reaches of the Exe and Barle are little more than shadows of their attractive selves, but a night's rain last week put a little water into them, and a much depleted band of rods who normally find May sport in those attractive combes are still getting a few brace by methods familiar to the chalk-stream angler. Cultivation creeping upwards from the valley slopes has sadly reduced the area where water-holding peat once kept great store for spending down the brooks in time of drought, but pools in Exe and Barle are deep, and even when their stony shallows gleam dry and white in spring sunshine, they still hold good trout which may be taken in the ripple at their tail when increasing leafage brings shade to camouflage the river's bed.

RAIN!

When clouds hang over London town,
Low dull grey clouds, and all her streets
Are glist'ring wet; such dark days frown
Upon the sullen rain which beats
Down on the busy ways
In splashed monotony.

Across the Quantocks when it rains
Is blown sweet bracken scent. Along
The dipping curves of lovely lanes
The hawthorns croon some wild free song,
And thrill with joy to feel
The quiver of the rain.

V. K. D. Watte.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE guide at Tintern (if he is still there) is a card. He likes to play the pedagogue to the best of architects and he likes to tell stories about Brother John being summoned to the Chapter House for making uncouth noises when he ate his soup. His quips and quiddities are a seasoning to what he conceives to be one of the official duties of his charge, to put the world right in its ignorance of the origins of Gothic architecture, which he insisted was developed from the interlocking Norman arcade. He also told me that each phase of the Gothic grew out of the preceding one simply in response to architectural exigencies, the problems of vaulting great voids, of distributing strains and stresses, of countering mass with thrust. With an urbane and polished manner, he would explain the acrostic formed from ΙΧΘΥΣ in the triangle made by three fishes on one of the tomb-slabs, and he took an especial pleasure in reconstructing the magnificent stone screen with its trefoils and rows of crocketed ogee arches which was pulled down in the early nineteenth century to make a vista. He was full of learning about the handling of the tidal water when the sluices were down in the stone drain, he was richly authoritative upon the organisation of the great Cistercian House and relished the telling of how his audience was a thousand when the harvest moon shone through the tracery of the lofty Early English east window, a custom no longer permitted owing to the vandalism of the assembly. He lectured me on the growth of bar from plate tracery, there being a fine Early English example of the latter in one of the monastic outbuildings. He ridiculed the idea that the base mouldings at the foot of the broken Early English pier-cluster had anything to do with holding water. He reconstructed the entire Abbey before my fascinated gaze, rearing towering edifices from a block of stone and pouring out erudition like a cascade leaping down the flanks of the Welsh mountains to the west.

Nevertheless, I managed to get something from Tintern which he did not give me. The Abbey, being mainly thirteenth century, the Golden Age of the Cistercian farmers who reclaimed England from wilderness and made her fruitful by sheer toil, was built before the period when these great husbandmen and sheep-breeders had yielded to the acquisitive passion of adding estate to estate and leasing their lands for others to till and stock. The effortless harmony and graduated differences between the Early English Presbytery and Choir and the Decorated nave and aisles with its matchless western window, the lovely order in intricacy of the buildings, the majesty not too severe of the Church, all carried into terms of objective and organic structure the earlier ideal of the Order—*Laborare est Orare*. It is a building for which the patterned skies, the winding Wye and its hanging woods seem to have been designed as a natural casket, and the simple, spacious, monumental concept of the whole, welcoming grace but eschewing ornamentals, appeared to be the answer, in a single overwhelming gesture, to the austere maxims of Stephen Harding, the founder of the Order, and St. Bernard, that their monks should live a country Georgic of purity, plainness and piety. The whole feeling of the Abbey Church is one of glowing aspiration, not yet clouded, soured and finally overthrown by pride of possessions. Governed by precepts so lofty, the monks with their own hands constructed their buildings on purely architectural principles, and a spiritual grandeur is implicit in every curve and soar of the local sandstone.

At the Dissolution, a use was found for Tintern Abbey. It was turned into a quarry to build mansions for the new get-rich-quickly class, "greedy and insatiable cormorants," as More called them, who evicted the tenants, pulled down the villages, turned arable into pasture and gambled in the monastic lands as a commercial speculation. Yet the empty shell has not altogether let out its spiritual power through rent and gap. It is perhaps the most wonderful place in England to be present at in moonlight. In a mysterious way, it reconciles all periods, Pagan and Christian, even the predatory Tudor, even our machine-mad own, into a single moment of forgiveness and grace. Through that moment, the watcher can perceive no essential discord nor enmity nor even a parting of the ways between the Virgin to whom all Cistercian Houses were dedicated and her anticipation, her prototype, Isis, Artemis, who pours the silver of her cool and benedictive rays into the sacred arena. A serenity reflected from the gaunt walls and embracing the whole turbulent world is the silent music of Tintern.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a fashion advertisement.

"And for riding what could be more perfect than sharkskin jockey caps to top off the summer riding suit?"



On the Bull water at Fulford, Gloucestershire W. Dennis Moss

EARLY JUNE'S ANGLING PROBLEM

Why the Straddlebug Holds its Own

By H. D. TURING

JUNE'S opening glories have been dimmed of recent years by the improvement of the average size of trout in the south. There was a time when, on most of the smaller streams, a pound fish was a fairly good one, and a two-pounder created some little stir among the other rods fishing a water. But, nowadays, most chalk streams, even if they are far removed from Hampshire, seem to produce quite a fair sprinkling of two-pound fish, and where two-pounders are "sprinkled" there are sure to be enough fish of 3½lb. about to make them a feature of the season. Where one can take a 3½lb. fish, even on rare occasions, with a small fly, Mayfly fishing seems superfluous.

But once a man has seen fish of 5lb. and upwards really "on to" a Mayfly hatch it is difficult for him to relinquish the opportunity of catching one. However much the small-fly problem may intrigue, there is a wild excitement in seeing "porpoises" rolling up which makes even the most fascinating of fly problems seem tame by comparison. And after the blustering weather of May's opening there is surely a possibility that a few perfect days may accompany the fly hatch. A perfect Mayfly day I take to be something rather different from a perfect fishing day. For one thing, it must be still; especially in the evening, otherwise its perfection is marred, for a good half of the pleasure is to see those mighty boils appearing like miniature geysers in a glassy surface, and see one's fly ride the waves of a former rise as it approaches slowly the point where the geyser last vomited.

Wind is apt to be trying at any time, though it has advantages which more than compensate for its irritating habits—in moderation. But for Mayfly fishing it has, to my thinking, no advantage at all. Even a fly with little surface for the wind to catch has quite enough, when it is the size of a Mayfly, to make it most troublesome to cast, and as for the normal dressing of heavily-winged fly, it feels in a wind as if one were trying to cast a windmill—and behaves like one, too. It may be this which has made many men adopt a nymph pattern of recent years, or it may, of course, be simply a desire to "go one better," or to use a fly which the fish will take, and which still bears some appreciable resemblance to the natural insect.

Personally, I have practically given up the use of winged flies, though some recent introductions are extraordinarily good imitations to the human eye, especially in the matter of body material and shape. Take it all round I believe the old Straddlebug probably accounts for more fish than any other single pattern. For the benefit of anyone who does not know this dressing, it is essentially a hackle fly, the wing hackle consisting of a mallard feather wound on like a hackle. This should be backed by a shoulder hackle, either a black cock hackle or a badger. When this fly is being tied it is an advantage to wind on and tie in the mallard hackle first, so that the shoulder hackle can be dressed very close up against it. This is to make the mallard stand out as much as possible from the hook. Even then it is advisable to fluff out this hackle after every few casts, otherwise it will soon lie backwards along the shank and conceal the body.

As to bodies, the easiest one to tie is made by winding on raffia, but it comes out rather thin, and if it is padded underneath makes the fly rather heavy, which may result in the body sinking. A better and fatter body can be made with straw. Cut a short section of straw, split it lengthwise, and wrap round the hook, securing it by binding in at each end and ribbing with claret-coloured tying silk. Whisks can be made of strands from a pheasant tail feather.

A dodge which is occasionally worth trying to make a Mayfly sit up well on the water is to spread the whisks by slipping in a turn of the tying silk between them, and bind them down at a slight angle on the bend of the hook. This is not according to Nature as a Mayfly holds its setæ cocked up, but the whisks thus tied take a bearing on the surface of the water and hold up the tail end of the fly. I am convinced that one of the reasons why trout so often ignore a dry fly when feeding on duns is that the body—although one cannot see it at the distance of an ordinary cast—is really lying in the surface film, whereas the natural insect is holding its body above the water.

It was no doubt this feature which made Horace Brown's "fore and after" so popular among his friends on the Kennet for Mayfly fishing. This queer contraption—or so it appeared—was tied with a hackle at each end, like a spool. Certainly it looked like "nothing on earth," but the double hackle held the body above the surface most satisfactorily, and it killed fish. Its popularity seems to have faded almost completely away in recent years, due perhaps to the habit of trying to tie "exact imitations." If the after hackle is made with a white or neutral grey hackle, it is not likely to be very conspicuous to the fish.

This year it will be interesting to see whether the early sunshine of March provides a good hatch. Many of the prolific hatches in the past have followed an unusual burst of early spring sunshine, though it has been assumed that it is the resulting higher temperature of the water which is the real deciding factor. This year we have had sunshine with a low temperature. Waters can hardly be above normal temperature after the continual night frosts which have disgraced April and early May. It will be interesting to see the reaction of the insect to our unforeseeable climate.



PASCH WINNING THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS COMFORTABLY AND SO MAKING HIMSELF A FIRM FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY
Second to Pasch was Scottish Union, a good each-way bet for next week's Derby, and third Mirza II, the best of the Derby colts trained by Mr. Frank Butters

WILL THE DERBY BE WON BY PASCH?

Scottish Union the Danger to the Favourite

HOW different are the aspects of the Derby and the Oaks to-day from those which presented themselves in the opening month of the season. Most people were satisfied at that time that the three-year-old colts were of rather more than average excellence. And though the fillies as a group were relatively supposed to be well behind the colts, it was predicted that Radiant and Stafaralla would achieve big things. Those fillies may yet fulfil expectations, but neither has started the campaign encouragingly.

As for the colts, most of our preconceived notions have had to be discarded. A raging favourite for the Derby is a colt who until early in April was quite an unknown quantity outside his own stable. It may be recalled that at the start of the season it was predicted that Gordon Richards would ride in the Derby for Lord Astor, who has second claim on his services. That the leading jockey would be required for Beckhampton was not generally contemplated.

Another outlook arose when it became known that Mr. Fred Darling had a colt whom he believed to be up to the requisite standard for the classic races. Nobody knows better what is required for those races than the Beckhampton trainer, and his judgment with regard to Pasch was vindicated when the colt, despite running with pronounced greenness, won the first race of his career at Kempton. From that date Lord Astor realised that his chance of having Richards to ride for him in the Derby was remote. That chance disappeared almost to vanishing point when Pasch went on decisively to win the Two Thousand.

Since then nothing has been seen of the colt in question, but that is in his favour, because the going has been forbiddingly hard on most courses. There is no reason to believe that Pasch has not been making normal progress on the Beckhampton Downs, where three Derby winners were prepared within a period of five seasons, starting with Captain Cuttle in 1922.

It is a matter of historical interest to recall that Pasch, already the winner of one classic race and probably the winner of another next week, had a narrow escape from having his racing career ruined by a mishap about a year ago. One day he became lame as the result of an injury to a pastern joint. According to his trainer he only just missed splitting the pastern. A split pastern is by no means irremediable, though it will necessarily throw a horse back for a considerable time.

Happily Pasch was sound again in the autumn, but Fred Darling advised his owner that it would be better to wait until the colt was three years old before calling on him to perform on the racecourse. There is every prospect that he will be one of the warmest Derby favourites of recent years. Has he done enough to justify the short prices which are being taken about him?

In the first place he possesses the glamour which inevitably attaches to a comfortable winner of the Two Thousand; yet a great many winners of that race in the past have suffered defeat in the Derby. Prudent students of form will make allowance for the probability that Pasch has been more favoured than most of his rivals by the hard ground of the spring. He has that lightness of action which is the secret of success when the ground is like a board. And the very fact that he is so good on firm going is likely to prove an invaluable asset in his effort at Epsom.

It seems probable at the time of writing that the Derby will be run on top of the ground, and if this should be the case no competitor will be better suited than Pasch. The chief hope of those who own and train his most formidable adversaries is that there will be deluges of rain before the Derby. The odds would seem to be against any such change in the weather conditions. Thus in weighing up the prospects of the principal classic race, it is reasonable to assume that the Epsom Downs will be dry next week. Neither of Lord Astor's colts, Pound Foolish nor Cave Man, will be suited by hard going, and this is the case with many others.

Beckhampton is expected to have three runners. Troon goes for Mr. J. A. Dewar, and will give M. Beary an opportunity of supplementing his triumph last year on Mid-day Sun. Troon's display in the Trial Sweepstakes at Lingfield on Saturday was not good enough to suggest that he is equal to winning the Derby. Still, G. Richards avered that Mr. Dewar's colt was handicapped in that race to some extent by inexperience. In any case, this sturdy short-legged son of Fairway—he is three-parts brother to Cameronian—looks to be well adapted for the Epson twists and turns.

The third of the probable runners from Beckhampton is the French colt Bois Roussel, who has been less than two months in the stable. He is of fine breeding and quality, and though there is no cause to regard him as a likely Derby winner, one





W. A. Rouch

TWO LIKELY DERBY CANDIDATES
Scottish Union (left), and Golden Sovereign, both of which are expected to run prominently next Wednesday



BLANDSTAR UPSETS THE DERBY PROPHETS BY WINNING THE DERBY TRIAL STAKES AT LINGFIELD

The Maharaja of Rajpipla is not without some hope of repeating Windsor Lad's victory in the Epsom classic, for besides Blandstar this owner also runs What a Lad next week

hopes that in due course he will recover the big sum Mr. Peter Beatty is reported to have paid for him.

Portmarnock, the winter favourite for the Derby, ran no better in the Lingfield trial than in the Guineas, but it would be imprudent to declare that it is impossible for him to win at Epsom. The luck of the race on Saturday scarcely came his way, and it is fair to infer that he was short of a gallop. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, though having little cause for enthusiasm, was not altogether displeased with Portmarnock's performance.

The result of the Lingfield race served to add confusion to the Derby situation. The going was so much better here than at the Epsom spring meeting that we might have been prepared for the marked improvement shown by Olympus, but that success should rest with Blandstar was bewildering. We had seen this colt the last to finish in the Two Thousand. Last season he had run four times without getting into the first three. Further, the hopes of his stable appeared to centre in What a Lad rather than in Blandstar, whose astonishing advance on all his other form makes one wonder what further surprises the three-year-olds have in store. This colt traces back to the redoubtable Signorina.

In the Derby Sprague will again have the mount of the son of Blandford, who will be accompanied in the field by What a Lad, so the Maharaja of Rajpipla is not without some small hope that the victory of Windsor Lad in his colours will be repeated. Will there be a return to favour of Scottish Union before the day of the Derby? For some reason he has been opposed left and right since he finished second in the Guineas. It is difficult to ascribe any special reason for this opposition, as he has not ceased to give satisfaction on his work at Druids Lodge. It is questionable whether there will be a more striking colt in the field. Scottish Union has quality as well as size. It may be a handicap to him to have had so little racing this year, but in view of his two-year-old record and his good effort over the Rowley Mile nothing would be less surprising in the Derby than to see him finish in the first three.

Mirza II must be accepted as the best of the Derby colts trained by Mr. Frank Butters, who has won this race twice for the Aga Khan during the past three seasons. Mirza II has shaped so much like a sprinter pure and simple in most of his races that the consensus of opinion is that the mile and a half at Epsom will be too far for him. If he wins over that distance many will declare that the age of miracles has not yet passed, but it cannot be overlooked that so shrewd an authority as his trainer and so brainy a jockey as Harry Wragg both expect Mirza II to give a good account of himself, especially if the going remains firm.

Manton interests are likely to be divided between Pound Foolish and Cave Man, with the former the more fancied. This son of Blandford—Pennyconequick did not appreciably enhance his reputation when narrowly winning on the Knavesmire last week. It is not easy to draw direct conclusions from a race run at only three-parts speed up to the last few furlongs, and it is fair to assume that Pound Foolish will advance a long way on his York performance.

His trainer will scarcely look for his success at Epsom if the going is not reasonably good. This still backward colt looks likely to make his mark at Ascot, and then develop into a strong order for the St. Leger. Cave Man will not relish the downhill side of the Epsom course if the ground is hard, but both he and Pound Foolish have the distinction of having won over mile and a half courses, so it may be dangerous not to bring either of them into the reckoning.

After his success in the Newmarket Stakes, Golden Sovereign became second favourite for the Derby. Sir Abe Bailey arrived in England last week to learn that his handsome colt is going on well amid the lamentable stable troubles which have befallen various Lambourn training establishments.

There was no fault to be found with Golden Sovereign's achievement at Newmarket except that possibly he was fortunate in encountering rather feeble opposition. Mr. H. L. Cottrill, his trainer, is convinced that the son of Monarch has made something more than normal improvement from two to three years old. For our part we are not disposed to believe that the colt has come on more than some of those which were placed in front of him last season, notably Scottish Union.

A regrettable feature of the Derby situation is that such interesting colts as Onslaught and Glen Loan will not be in the field—the first because some slight leg trouble has reoccurred; the other because of the difficulty of training him on the hard ground. Both these exceptionally big three-year-olds will probably be seen to advantage when the conditions turn more in their favour. Faroe runs for Lord Derby, and it has to be remarked to his credit that he stays well.

Glen Loan's stable companion, Unbreakable, ran well in the Guineas and is expected to show up perhaps even better in the Derby. That he runs in blinkers must be counted as a point against him, but for the most part his form has been consistently good.

Our view is that Pasch will add his name to the list of colts who have won the Derby as well as the Guineas, though we think the best each way bet in the race, attractive to those who are trying to find "something to beat the favourite," is Scottish Union.

So baffling has been the form of the fillies that the problem of the Oaks is approached with many misgivings. The obvious choice on the One Thousand running is Rockfel, who not only looks a stayer but has the faculty of being able to go on the hard. Night Bird's good performance at Lingfield brings her into the reckoning, and it will be strange if the best of the fillies quartered at Fitzroy House is not concerned in the finish. We are bound to confess that Rockfel looks the one to be on.



W. A. Rouch

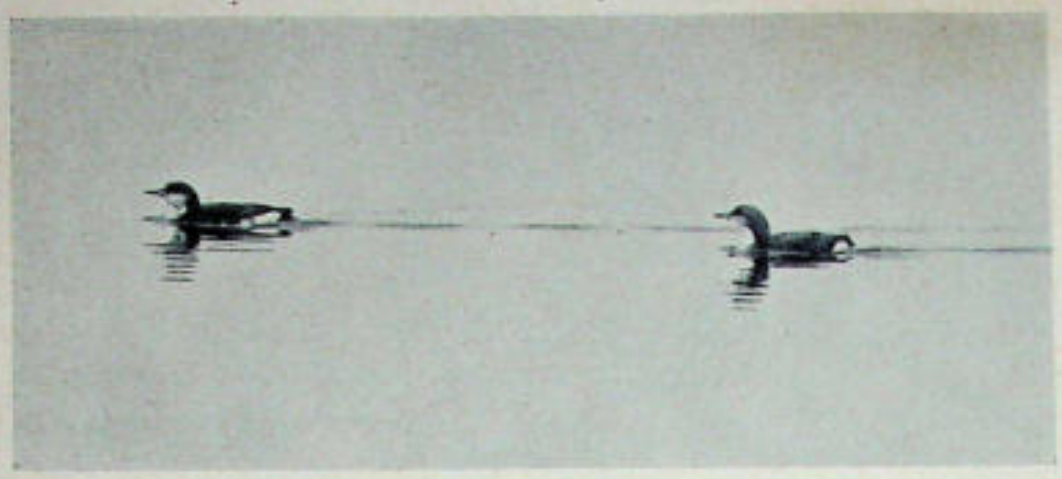
THE WINTER DERBY FAVOURITE

Portmarnock, whose poor performance in the Derby Trial Stakes may have been due to the fact that he was short of a gallop



THE GREENHAM PLATE: ONE OF THE SEASON'S EARLY DERBY TRIALS

Mirza II (No. 2) being nursed by H. Wragg before going through to beat Olympus (No. 10), by a neck



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN FOGGY WEATHER, SHOWS A BLACK-THROATED DIVER LEADING A GREAT-NORTHERN DIVER. BOTH BIRDS ARE IN WINTER PLUMAGE



BLACK-NECKED GREBE IN WINTER PLUMAGE

BIRD LIFE IN THE LONDON AREA

The River Thames and the Reservoirs Attract a Great Variety

A STRANGER to London and its surroundings might well imagine that it was no place for an ornithologist. In so far as working in London means a considerable loss of time in travelling he would be correct, but with regard to the birds themselves he would soon find that their variety was astonishingly large. Perhaps this state of affairs may be attributed to the presence of the Thames winding its way through the area, the many reservoirs and sewage farms grouped near this river and its tributaries, and the wide variety of botanical communities to be found in the district. In this article I propose to mention a few of the features that characterise the winter bird population of the Thames and the reservoirs within 20 miles of London.

Without entering into the vexed question of migration routes, it is safe to say that many birds use the Thames as a guide on migration, while one has only to stand near it on a winter's afternoon to see how it acts as a highway over which gulls in thousands fly to their roosting-places on the reservoirs. During the day they are scattered throughout the district—playing fields, the Thames bridges and the London parks being favourite haunts. When gulls first visited London in hard weather it was probably the Thames that attracted them, and we read in Pepys how in those days they were fed with fish by the interested citizens. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century gulls became more frequent visitors during severe weather, and in the winter of 1892–93 they appeared in exceptional numbers. Since this time they have enormously increased until now the evening flocks flying up the river to roost at the reservoirs can be reckoned in thousands.

At one time these winter visitors consisted almost entirely of black-headed gulls, but now, although this species is still by far the most numerous, the common gull is also abundant, while at times herring gulls have also reached four figures in the evening flocks. The lesser black-backed gull is common on migration, especially in autumn, and in recent years a few have been seen throughout the summer. Records of great black-backed gulls are also increasing, especially from the Thames, but usually only a few are seen at a time. The kittiwake, as is to be expected, remains an occasional vagrant.

The origin of these flocks has been to a large extent revealed by ringing recoveries, most of which show Holland and the Scandinavian and Baltic countries as their source. Black-headed gulls have also been reported from Southern Germany and Switzerland. In this connection it is interesting to note that the black-headed gull colonies in the British Isles are being mapped this year by the British Trust for Ornithology under the direction of Mr. P. A. D. Hollom, who would welcome any information on this subject.

The reservoirs exercise an enormous influence over the bird-life, acting as a sanctuary for grebes, coots and many species of ducks, while on winter nights they are the roosting-places of the gull population for miles around. There is not sufficient information available to compare the present numbers of wintering ducks with those of pre-reservoir years, but it is of interest to note that on December 18th, 1937, over 6,500 birds, excluding mallards, were counted in a census taken by the London Natural History Society on the principal waters within 20 miles of London. Of these, about 2,500 were tufted ducks, 1,500 coot, 850 teal and 750 pochard. While from one count it would be idle to pretend that these numbers were a typical state of affairs, they give some indication of the influence of the reservoirs, most of the waters concerned being artificial. The effect of new reservoirs under construction is awaited with interest.

All the species frequenting the reservoirs are subject to pronounced fluctuations in numbers, which would provide interesting material for study if they could be correlated with numbers in other parts of the country and with weather conditions. Pochard, for example, usually appear in flocks in July or August, but seldom maintain their numbers for long, though in some years much larger numbers appear about December and in 1935 several flocks of 150 to 400 were seen. While the diving ducks get their food actually at the reservoirs, it is doubtful to what extent the surface-feeders obtain food there. That they do feed on the banks is certain, but I know of little published information on the flighting of duck from reservoirs to other feeding-grounds.

The increase of goosanders and smews as visitors in recent years has been one of the most pleasing features of London's winter. The largest flock of goosanders seen was at Staines in December, 1933, and numbered 174 birds, while last winter over 50 smew were seen at Molesey Reservoirs. The presence of one or more long-tailed ducks at Staines for six successive winters has been an additional source of fame to a locality which has seen Bewick's swan and glaucous gull among other rarities within recent years. It is quite a common occurrence for ten species of ducks to be seen in a day at Staines, and actually twelve were recorded in the area of the census last December. Those not already mentioned were shelduck, mallard, wigeon, shoveler, scaup and goldeneye. It is an interesting fact that the different species of ducks do not all seem to be attracted to the same reservoirs; goosanders, for example, are found chiefly at Staines and Molesey, whereas smews, though common at Molesey, are comparatively rare at Staines. The reasons for these preferences are as yet only a matter of surmise.

In autumn the reservoirs are a gathering-ground for large numbers of great crested grebes, and although in 1935 the summer population in the area under discussion was about 40 pairs with about 80 non-breeding birds, in autumn flocks of up to 330 have been counted. A few of the other species of grebes are recorded in most years, the Lee Valley reservoirs being usually most favoured. There black-necked, red-necked and Slavonian grebes are all recorded in ones and twos with some regularity. In the winter of 1936–37, however, when there was a general influx of grebes, divers and other aquatic birds about January 31st, records of these birds were received from most of the large and some of the smaller waters, and a summary of them has appeared in the London Bird Report which was recently published. London ornithologists will not easily forget seeing a Slavonian and a red-necked grebe in Kensington Gardens at the same time, or black-throated and great-northern divers swimming side by side on one of the Lee Valley reservoirs. This influx contributed several species to the list of 168 that were seen within 20 miles of London in 1937.

RICHARD C. HOMES.



BLACK-HEADED GULLS RETURNING HOME

ANIMAL YEAR BOOK.—Volume V of the *Animal Year Book* has just been published by U.F.A.W.S. and in particular we would draw attention to the opening article by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., to Antarctic Whales, by Dilwyn John, to the Effect of Control Measures on Sealing, by F. C. Fraser, D.Sc., and to Tuberculosis in Cattle and its Control, by Geoffrey Brook, D.Sc. But the whole number is excellent—and costs only half-a-crown.

PONY POWER IN POLO

Some First-Class Studs Seen in London

IN modern polo the question of pony power has even more influence on the game than in the old days, for the pace is inevitably greater since the removal of the height standard, and a pony who can gallop like a racehorse and stop, turn and start again with the "nippiness" of the old style 14.2 pony is a rare and expensive animal. The often debated question whether it is a better game than it used to be is "another story." Personally, I am of the opinion that a golden opportunity (which will never return) was missed just after the War, when it would have been perfectly feasible to impose a limit of 15 hands. For one thing, ponies who are playing at this moment who may well be considered for next year's matches, to say nothing of the distinct possibility that India as a source of magnificent ponies may be "tapped" by the competent authority. The one thing that is apt to spoil our chances is that deadly British sin of procrastination. The matches, to be sure, are not to be played until next year, but now is the time for preliminary spadework and this summer gives us a splendid opportunity of judging the capabilities of likely ponies during our domestic season.

Everyone who has played polo will agree that the ponies are a good 50 per cent. of the game, and from



THE JAGUARS BEATING COWDRAY IN THE BUENOS AIRES CUP FINAL

Captain Sanger (right) is just tipping the ball clear of Mr. Balding's backhander. On the left is the Duke of Roxburghe. Capt. Sanger is riding Jan, a pony which changed hands at last year's Goulburn Sale; Mr. Balding on the Argentine Mala Cara; and the Duke of Roxburghe on the Irish-bred Zulu

except in the highest class, the modern "pony" is apt to be unhandy, except under a really finished horseman, and in polo you have not the time to devote to your mount which you have in other forms of equestrian exercise. For another, the traditional type of polo pony is rapidly disappearing before the modern demand for speed, with an adverse effect on our native breeds in the long run. However, that discussion is unprofitable, and can lead nowhere, and apart from saying that the average player can do himself better justice if he is reasonably near to the ball and riding a pony which he can control with a minimum of effort it may be left at that.

I have the impression that this season there are a remarkable quantity of really first-class ponies playing in London. For one thing we have Mr. Charles Wrightsman's string, a really wonderful lot, well tried and proved before they arrived here; the Gauchos, too, have some wonderfully fast big horses, but many of these have so far played a trifle "green," judged by our standards. Of the home teams the Jaguars, who have Mr. Gerald Balding as director of operations and master of the horse, seem to be definitely better mounted than they were last year, with several very promising recruits and they are, of course, reinforced by those of the Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. S. Sanford. Lord Cowdray, too, has a wonderful lot of smallish, but very fast and handy thoroughbreds and the way they have gone in the past fortnight has aroused great admiration.

With the challenge for the Westchester Cup a *fait accompli*, naturally the question of mounting our team is of paramount importance. The Hurlingham ponies, for various reasons, are not likely to be seen in action before nearly the end of the season, but there are nevertheless plenty of



A NEAR-SIDE BACKHANDER

Mr. Nutting is getting well forward with plenty of swing in his shot: it would seem that Captain Barclay (left) is just too late to push him off it

the point of view of the spectator that is no less true. Most of us who are interested in the game are interested in the horses who play, yet there is very little opportunity of getting to know them. Personally, I should like to see in each programme of the Open Cup and other important tournaments a list of the ponies to be played, with brief descriptions of them, and each pony wearing a numbered saddle-cloth corresponding with its numbers on the programme. That, I fear, is a vain, unattainable hope, the British being constitutionally averse to "efficiency," but consider how much greater would be our enjoyment if this perfectly reasonable and not very expensive innovation were to be brought in. It is done in America; it is done in Argentina. Why not here?

I have another complaint and this most definitely should be looked into. In medium and low handicaps, especially, time after time teams come on to the ground without numbers. Going at the "rate of knots" one player looks much like another. Surely the public who pay to see the fun are at least entitled to this small convenience? Actually in the final of the Buenos Aires Cup at Ranelagh last week three members of one side carried no identification marks. I have been told, "but, of course, everyone knows everyone." That is a great London illusion. Everyone does not know everyone, and one hears almost continuously, "Who was that?"

By the time these notes appear the first open cup tournament, at Rochampton, will be well on its way. Naturally one expects great things of the Rangers, with Mr. Aidan Roark in their ranks for the first time. I gather he is to play at back, which is a pity from the international point of view, for it seems possible that he might solve the question of our No. 2 at Meadow Brook. However, they are, however they play, a very strong side. Mr. Cecil Smith has not been quite so devastatingly good during the past week as he generally is, but he has not been fit, and I have an idea, too, that the Rangers' ponies have been given a little rest. There is no sense in "galloping your ponies into the ground" right at the start of a season. At last the Gauchos got started on Saturday against the luckless Somerset House, and won their tie fairly easily. Hitherto they had shown a distinct absence of team work and tactics, but they have enormous possibilities if once they can shake down. The Jaguars put up a most impressive performance in the final of the Buenos Aires Cup against Cowdray Park (who had distinguished themselves greatly by reaching the finals of the first two high handicaps of the season) and if they can keep up that form they will be very hard to stop. The El Ghezirah team put up a most spirited display in the first game in which they played together at Hurlingham last Saturday. Their ponies are recovering well from a very bad journey, and the men, like most soldier sides, will go the full "16 annas" from start to finish. Theirs is a most sporting venture, and everyone hopes that they will meet with some reward.

One depressing aspect of the season is that no sooner have we got started than we are almost at the end of it. The Inter-Regimental has started at Toulston, and next week there will be great doings at Tidworth where the 10th, winners of last year's tournament, the Bays, the 9th Lancers and the 12th Lancers are all stationed. The winners in this section will have gone a long way to winning the cup, but they will certainly have been hard run to get to the final. The 10th have some new good ponies since last year, but all four regiments are well mounted, and it would be a brave (and possibly a foolish) man to predict the outcome.

JEMADAR.



Poultry and the Nation—III

LEADERS IN THE POULTRY INDUSTRY

Successful Men Who Have Been Willing to Help Beginners

By P. HEDWORTH FOULKES

No branch of agriculture has held out such attractions to the man-in-the-street as the poultry industry. Probably more individuals have sought a means of livelihood or to add to their income by poultry keeping than by any other form of open-air life.

In pre-War days egg and poultry production was almost entirely in the hands of the general farmer, who relegated the hen to the care of the women members of his family as being too small for his own attention, but considering it useful as a means of providing a safe, if small, source of revenue for the wife and children.

After the War the character of the industry changed, and not only was there a great increase in the number of poultry in the country but in the methods of farming adopted. The general farmer realised the greater value of the hen, and by increasing the number of birds and improving his stock, and by giving the attention that he gave to the other departments of the farm, he was able to develop a profitable side of the farm. The most striking feature of post-War development has been the entry into the industry of men and women who previously had no connection with agriculture. Between 1924 and 1930 the number of fowls on specialist poultry holdings, over one acre in extent, increased by some 125 per cent., an increase greater than that for the industry as a whole. During these and subsequent years, up to 1935-36, the price of feeding-stuffs remained at a comparatively lower level, while the prices of eggs and table poultry left a margin of profit which proved attractive to large numbers of people with small capital to invest. Large numbers of demobilised soldiers, from various grades of society, took up poultry farming, and by Government assistance in the shape of a short training and grants towards stock and equipment, were able to make a living out of poultry.

In many parts of the country, and particularly in the cotton and colliery areas, the long-continued depression which threw men out of employment brought the possibilities of a living by poultry keeping to their attention. The increase in the fowl population of Lancashire from 3,203,523 in 1924 to 7,609,115 in 1934, or 138 per cent., was no doubt largely due to the launching out into poultry keeping of those affected by trade depression who invested their savings in stock and plant. With care and attention and the (unemployed) labour of the owner it was possible from a small beginning to expand out of income.

Similar development was to be seen in other counties as well as Lancashire, though perhaps not quite to the same extent, or with quite such successful results.

The development of the specialist form of poultry keeping was very largely due to the help of men who had themselves made a success of their own poultry.

It would be difficult to find any other branch of agriculture, and possibly any industry, where men who had been successful gave so willingly of their knowledge and experience to help beginners to overcome their difficulties. The work of several Lancashire men during the period of post-War development is worthy of record. Tom Barron, who, although a product of pre-War days, spent much time and energy in leading the way and with others, like Wm. Hamnett, J. and T. Edmondson, Jack Wrennall and A. T. Walker went round the county lecturing, without pay and at their own expense, spending often three or more nights a week during the winter, and helping those who had entered the industry by judging their stock, and frequently at shows giving prizes of pedigree cockerels or sittings of eggs.

The formation of poultry societies in Lancashire was a great stimulus, and the devotion of such men as those mentioned above, who were backed in later years by others like R. Rodwell, Jonathan Collinson, Henry Sutton and J. Whallery, did more to develop Lancashire's poultry population than is generally appreciated.

In other parts of the country pioneers, like S. G. Hanson, near Basingstoke, and the late T. W. Toovey, in Hertfordshire, introduced special systems of management, and by their success and example brought many newcomers into the industry.

This pooling of knowledge and the encouragement given to others to enter the industry by the work of societies was not confined to Lancashire. In the South the Utility Poultry Society (afterwards the National Utility Poultry Society) was a vigorous and enthusiastic society, and in 1915 the Scientific Poultry Breeders Association was launched by Oscar Smart, who was followed by Tom Newman, who gathered together a council of voluntary workers for some years under the chairmanship of J. Gerard Kitson. This association launched out along new lines for a poultry society, and, in addition to the general work among its members, established an experimental farm and carried out valuable experimental work. As a result of the feeding experiments, the association was able to provide the members with tested mashes and foods under its own food supply scheme, which has developed into a large concern. As a result of the work of these and similar societies many men and women were attracted who previously had little or no interest in poultry. The possibilities of remunerative returns were evident, and for some years after 1919 there entered the ranks of the industry men of widely differing types and of varying degrees of skill. To the man of ability to apply sound common business sense to his undertaking, combined with a shrewd willingness to profit by the experience of others, success was assured as long as the relative prices of foodstuffs and poultry produce remained stationary.

In different parts of the country there are examples of the new interest shown by men of organising and business abilities, who have set up large poultry farms for the production of both eggs and table poultry, involving considerable capital expenditure. The production of 800 to 1,000 table chickens per week requires no small outlay on breeding stock and plant, and there are many examples of such farms, while there are also others engaged in the production of commercial eggs, where the output runs into many hundreds of thousands of eggs per annum. For the success of such farms organising ability plays an important part, in addition to management and the ability to handle large business.

As examples of these large and successful types the farms of Mr. Gordon Stewart, in Surrey, and Mr. John Meekings, in Sussex, may be quoted. The result of all this may be seen by the figures of the estimated total production of eggs in England and Wales for the years 1924, which amounted to 1,883,000,000, and 1933, which showed an increase to 3,753,000,000 eggs.

Attention had been given, to a limited extent, before the War to the matter of increased egg production per bird, but few figures are available. A comparison of the average production of all the birds in the first laying trial test held at the Harper Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Shropshire, in 1912–13, with the same average at the college trials in 1935–36, will help to show the progress made by breeders, many of whom entered the industry after the War.

In 1912–13 the average number of eggs produced in fifty-two weeks (the length of the first trials) per bird was 151.9 eggs, whereas in 1935–36 the average yield per bird over 48 weeks (the length of the test) was 180.9 eggs.

The success of the Harper Adams Agricultural College Laying Trials led to the setting up of laying trials centres in other parts of the country, and there are now eight of the large open trials running, included the College Trials, the National Laying Test, the Lancashire Utility Poultry Society's Trials, the Lancashire Federation Trials, the Yorkshire Federation Trials, the Southern Trials, and, in addition, there are some 40 county and two Government trials. These trials are recognised by the National Poultry Council, and an

official annual register of records is issued by the council. Birds which attain the standard of production, laid down by the council, qualify for entry into this register, while each bird so qualified is ringed with a copper band, sealed on the leg, and so irremovable. This "copper ring" award is the recognised hall mark of production and is eagerly sought after by breeders.

This development of laying trials undoubtedly did a great deal to improve production, and it was the means of bringing into the industry a new type of poultry keeper. Laying trials provided a "shop window" for the display of stock and overcame the old difficulty of obtaining reliable records of performance of the stock being sold. Men and women entered the industry with the definite object in view of producing stock which would, by their performance at these laying trials, attract buyers and prove a profitable enterprise. The successful breeder of laying stock has come to the front and an examination of the records, year by year, shows the names of those who have merited their success.

The name of the late J. N. Leigh will always be connected with the establishment of laying trials in this country, for by his long and devoted work the National Laying Test has become the largest and probably the best-known laying test in the world.

One of the outstanding men who has been intimately connected with the development of the Poultry Industry, and to whom the thanks of all engaged therein should be given, is Mr. Percy Francis, the Poultry Commissioner of the Ministry of Agriculture. The interest shown in and the creation of the National Poultry Institute are largely due to his energy in this as in other schemes for the improvement of the industry.

Although such bodies as the Poultry Club and various societies were in existence in pre-War days, it was the remarkable development of Poultry Keepers' Associations and Societies following the War which brought to the front men who were prepared to give valuable service in promoting the interests and good of the industry.

One name will always stand out as that of the pioneer of organisation, viz., Sir Edward Brown, who for many years before the War had ploughed a lonely furrow. No man has devoted such energy or such unselfish devotion to the promotion of unity among the various sections of the industry, and no man so well deserved the honours which were bestowed upon him, first by Canada and subsequently by the conferment of knighthood by King George V.

The need of unity among the various and divergent sections of poultry keepers was widely recognised, but all attempts to overcome the sectional rivalries and jealousies had failed until Sir (then Mr.) Edward Brown devoted himself to the task.

By 1920 the first National Poultry Council, representing all sections of the industry, was organised, and the first President was Sir (then Mr.) Edward Brown. Of the Executive Committee elected for the first year, 1920–21, three names are to be found in the 1937–38 Executive Committee, namely, Messrs. Tom Barron, S. Street Porter, and P. H. Foulkes. The National Poultry Council has not only brought together representatives from all the various sections engaged in production, education, research and trade organisations, but has become the recognised mouthpiece of the whole industry, being accepted as such by Parliament, Government Departments, county and local authorities, as well as the public generally, thus representing one of the most important branches of husbandry and of food supply of the country.

The council meets quarterly, and has its executive and other committees to deal with the many and varied matters which concern the well-being of those engaged in the industry. Each year the council holds a parliament for two or three days to which each affiliated society sends delegates, and usually some 200 representatives, from all parts of the country, are present. The quarterly meetings of council and the annual parliament provide an opportunity for all sections to voice the opinions of their own local organisations and to come to common agreement on matters of policy.

The existence of such a council has only been made possible by the determination, the enthusiasm and labour of these men and women who were sufficiently interested to make the sacrifices required, in time and money, for the good of the industry.

Here again it is difficult to make distinction and a list of those who have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the council would be too long to publish here.

However, it may be of interest to mention the names of those who, at the present time, are directing the industry's national affairs by acting as the officers of the Council and members of the Executive Committee for the year 1937–38:

President, Mr. Wm. Kennedy; Vice-President, Captain S. W. Clift; Secretary, Major Ian Macdougall; Chairman of Executive Committee, Mr. P. H. Foulkes; Members: The Hon. Mrs. Adams, Misses M. V. Larkworthy and N. B. Maddison, Messrs. Tom Barron, W. B. Bradley, Captain Guy Clifford, Dr. C. Crowther, Captain C. A. Fowke, A. McV. Godfrey, W. Hamnett, W. Morris Hammond, E. Hugh Hudson, Captain J. K. Lipscomb, S. Street Porter, Frank Snowden, and S. Turnbull.

While the National Poultry Council represents mainly the interests of the specialist or whole time poultry keeper, it does also largely represent those who have other interests.

The National Farmers' Union has for some years taken a lively interest in the well-being of its members who regard poultry as an important branch of their farms. In addition to the County Poultry Committees the Union has a large and strong Central Poultry Committee under the able chairmanship of Mr. S. Street Porter, with representatives from all parts of England and Wales.

The two national organisations, the National Poultry Council and the National Farmers' Union, work closely together and through their joint committees are able to represent to the various Government Departments and other authorities the opinions of the whole of the organised members of the industry, and the combined action has been effective in various ways in bettering the conditions of those engaged in the industry.

No account of "People in the Industry" can omit mention of the scientific men who have been attracted to the problems which beset the poultry producer. Breeding problems have been most ably tackled by Professor Punnet, of Cambridge, while Mr. Halnan's research work, also at Cambridge, into nutritional problems is appreciated throughout the industry. The investigation of disease problems has been an attractive field of work for the scientist, and although but a few years have passed since investigation along scientific lines was commenced, much valuable work has been done and recognised both in this country and abroad, as instanced by the work of the Wellcome Physiological Research Laboratories, under the director, Dr. O'Brien, and Professor Dalling (now Director of the Institute of Animal Pathology, Cambridge); Mr. N. Dobson, of Weybridge; and others.



POULTRY HOUSES ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS
A view of a part of Major V. S. Bland's farm at Aldbourne

ADVENTUROUS GOLF

A Difficult Course for the Walker Cup

By E. R. TIPPLE

NEXT Friday and Saturday the team of British amateur golfers will attempt to win the Walker Cup. The history of this biennial international match, instituted in 1922, makes dismal reading, for America has won on every occasion, invariably by overwhelming margins. When the match was last played at St. Andrews, four years ago, the British side only recorded two victories, one in the foursomes and one in the singles. But in 1923 and in 1926, when the venue was the same historic links, the winning decision was obtained by the narrowest possible margin—one point.

In past years the British representatives have played well before the actual match, but on the two vital days failed to produce even their normal game. One important reason for several former defeats was complete loss of confidence. The occasion beat the players more than their human opponents. The American amateur is almost arrogant with his self-confidence. He knows he is a good golfer and keeps on believing that, even when he strikes a bad patch. He begins his game expecting to win and is not disturbed by the bad breaks which may come his way or by the occasional brilliant shots of his opponent. This mental outlook is of paramount importance. Our players next week want to gain that same absolute confidence and faith in themselves and their abilities. At their best they are a match for any amateurs, even if they are Americans!

At the time of writing the results of the Amateur Championship are not available, but a few surprises are certain. Even though some of the British Walker Cup players have been unexpectedly beaten overdue importance should not be attached to these results. They have experienced a big mental strain because, as chosen internationals, they were well aware that everyone expected them to do well. Eighteen-holes matches in a championship are totally different from the singles in the Walker Cup encounter. Even the finest amateur can be beaten by an unknown golfer in one round of a championship.

As has been said, two of the three Walker Cup matches played at St. Andrews have resulted in close finishes. That record is encouraging, and without doubt it is an advantage to be playing at home. The British team should actually have a better chance on the Old Course than on any other in the country, for it requires a great deal of turning. With the exception of the holes at the far end—Nos. 8–11 inclusive—there are no straightforward holes. Bobby Jones has said: "There is no obvious way at St. Andrews, but there is more to be learned on this course than in playing a hundred ordinary American courses."

Only two of the American team—J. Goodman and J. Fischer—have played over the Old Course before. (Francis Ouimet cannot be counted, as he will not be participating in the match himself.) The other Americans will find it diametrically different from every course in the United States, due to the fact that the placing of the tee-shot is of paramount importance and is rarely in the apparently obvious place, and also owing to the broken character of the ground short of and around the greens.

The American golfer is used to playing well up to the flag, but there is a fall away at the back of most of the St. Andrews greens, so that he will feel, and though quite wrongly, that it is wellnigh impossible to be up without being over, a very unsettling thought. The greens, while being very narrow from front to back, are exceptionally wide, from left to right as distinguished from the small, tightly guarded American greens. This design traps the unwary golfer, who is apt to think that any sort of approach shot will do, and then finds that his first putt is yards from the hole. Putting is, therefore, very difficult at St. Andrews, for nowhere else have you such distances to travel. Moreover, it is not a straightforward affair; the gentle undulations are rarely appreciated by the stranger.

The Old Course is bunkered on the "strategic" rather than on the "penal" theory. All American courses, even Pine Valley, are penal, and so American players will miss the innumerable "burys" and "lighthouses." The bunkers give them no assistance, they do not help the gauging of distances, and in some cases leave the golfer completely bewildered. In the words of an eminent architect "mental agility" is essential at St. Andrews. It possesses subtleties that have to be mastered, "the golfer is faced with the necessity of overcoming a sense of irritated frustration until he settles down and accepts that St. Andrews is something apart, and to be won must be wooed."

It is true that many regard the course as very much overrated because they cannot appreciate its subtleties. It requires so much understanding that Bobby Jones once remarked "a man can play on it every day for a year without solving its mysteries."

In order to give it a chance to recover from the long drought, the course has been closed to play for several weeks. The fairways are hard, so consequently there has been an abnormal amount of sun. It is hoped that it will be in real St. Andrews condition for the match itself. If the greens are soft much of the character of the course is lost, for the ordinary pitch shot can be played. For the trial matches the holes were playing very short, but next week it is probable that the second shots will be very different. A great deal will depend on the putting—especially the long approach putts—but there is no denying that this year's British side has a distinct chance of ending the American monopoly. The Americans will not be beaten except by really first-class golf, but they must not be regarded as being invincible. Each British golfer can go round in the low 70's, and if he does, then his opponent will have to worry.

The American side for next week's Cup match consists of Francis Ouimet, non-playing captain, J. Goodman, the American amateur champion, J. Fischer, Reynolds Smith, C. R. Yates, Ray Billows, F. T. Haas, C. Koesis, and M. H. Ward. As we go to press nine of the British side have been announced, the final place being decided at the end of the present Amateur Championship. The players selected so far are: J. B. Beck (captain), H. G. Beatley, J. Bruen, jun., L. G. Crawley, A. T. Kyle, J. J. F. Pennink, G. B. Peters, C. Stowe and Hector Thomson.

Eight singles and four foursomes are played with the Americans, so that all the players nominated may participate in the contest if the selectors so desire.

But let no one forget that it is a truly great course that has stood the test of time. The terrain is typical of that on all golf courses in Great Britain during the first 250 years the game was played in these islands. The approach to the hole at St. Andrews—except in few cases—is always in the nature of an adventure, as was always the case on golf courses prior to 1880. Holes need to be thought out, and the straightforward, well-struck shot is not always the right one.

After all, golf is, or should be, a game of real adventure, as opposed to an examination of stroke production. The game of golf used to, and should, play a very large part, and if only people would realise it, that is the elusive charm and very essence of the game. Those who complain about luck should remember that, in the long run, luck balances out and the better player wins just as he does in bridge, where the percentage of luck is higher than at any other game of skill.



CAPTAIN'S DELIGHT

Francis Ouimet, the American non-playing Walker Cup captain, shows his team the way down the fairway



WHERE CLOSE MATCHES ARE SETTLED

The 18th green at St. Andrews, venue of this year's Walker Cup



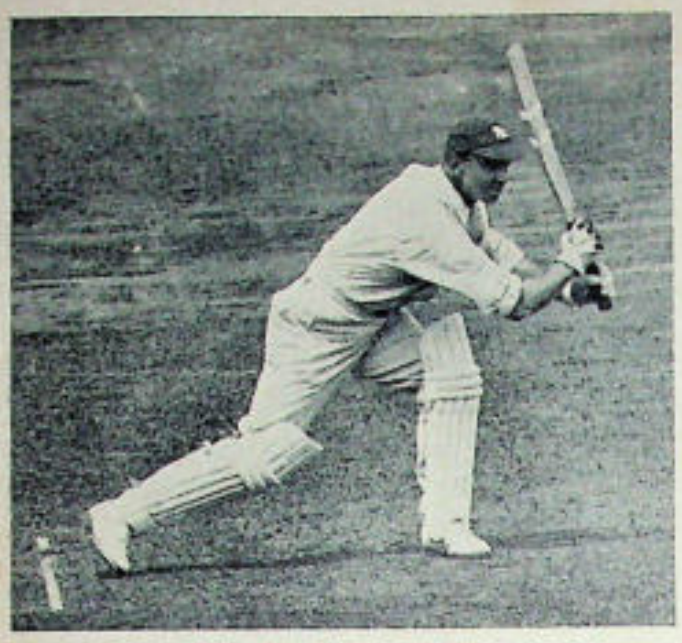
ENGLAND'S SKIPPER

J. B. Beck, who participated in the Walker Cup match ten years ago, is here seen at the end of a drive.

WANTED—ELEVEN CRICKETERS

Principles of England's Team Selection

By NEVILLE CARDUS



ENGLAND'S FUTURE CAPTAIN?

"W. R. Hammond as captain would open up room for another player good enough on his merits for a place"

THE time is arriving for the Selection Committee to get together and to cerebrate and produce rabbits from hats—though "rabbits" is not the happiest term in the world. We must all lend to the Selection Committee our patient ears and understand that they are just as anxious as anybody else (and better qualified) to discover the best available eleven cricketers in England. But there are certain broad principles which should be respected by Selection Committees; frequently they are forgotten. I therefore state them here, free, gratis and for nothing. We also serve who only stand and wait.

I have observed many times that cricket teams are picked as though in a vacuum—that is, without close attention to the particular kind of forces and technique employed by the enemy. For example, a team good enough to play, say, an Australian team of 1926 might be the wrong team to play the one of 1938. Leg-spin bowling would be my first need if I were Bradman captaining Australia against England to-day. But leg-spin—I mean slow leg-spin—is not much good against Bradman, and the present Australians; they "know all about it," and run to meet it on welcoming feet. If I were picking an England eleven to play quick "seam" bowling, one of my first choices would be Hardstaff as batsman; but I should hesitate over his qualifications if I knew that he would be confronted by sinuous spin. All sorts of considerations arise to perplex a Selection Committee; the man in the street, who picks his England teams in the lunch interval by aid of a newspaper, seldom knows, or remembers, that three "new ball" bowlers are likely to get in one another's way, or that Bill So-and-so, though an excellent batsman most days in a year, has never been able to pick out a "googly." Test Match teams should be selected exactly as a cast of a play is selected—that is, with constant reference to the parts which have to be played. You do not want two Gielguds for a production of *Hamlet*.

There is also the principle of horses for courses. On his form at the moment, I should certainly choose Smith of Middlesex to play at Lord's. But I should think twice before sending him to Old Trafford or to Leeds, where the turf is an anæsthetic for nearly all fast bowling. The other Saturday, in the M.C.C. *v.* Australians match at Lord's, Smith for hours attacked Bradman at his best, and I am told that Bradman thought he was the most difficult bowler the Australians had met so far.

A Selection Committee nowadays is faced with a problem entirely different from the problem which cudgelled the brains of pre-War Selection Committees. In those mythical years, the question was, "Who are we to leave out—Jessop or Hirst, or both?" (And *mirabile dictu!* both were left out of the England eleven at Old Trafford in 1902.) To-day the question is, "Who (if any) are we to put in?" It is no longer possible even to say, as men in Bradford and Huddersfield did say fifteen years ago: "Give us Jack Hobbs, and Yarkshire 'll do t' rest!" Alas! the Yorkshire team of the moment is a toiling company of honest artisans, compared to the old soldiers of round about 1925—Rhodes, Emmett, Robinson, Macaulay, Kilner, not forgetting Sutcliffe and Holmes. The Selection Committee to-day is "up against trouble" from the outset; they cannot with confidence point to a captain who is an England captain by divine right.

Once on a time, a leader of commanding power was at hand in a dozen counties. It is incredible to think that the following cricketers never played for England against Australia: C. J. Burnup, A. P. or S. H. Day, H. K. Foster, J. A. Dixon, P. R. Johnson, Percy Perrin, J. R. Mason (he played for England in Australia but not once in England, I fancy), A. J. H. Hill, and L. G. Wright. Amongst great professional players, George Gunn played only once for England in England; A. E. Relf only once; Denton only once; J. Gunn only once; G. J. Thompson only once; Buckenham, of Essex, never! At the present time, all of these professionals, and most of the amateurs I have just mentioned, would come as a godsend to a Selection Committee.

Public opinion favours the appointment of W. R. Hammond to the English captaincy. The doubt is whether responsibility of leadership might not spoil his cricket. Hammond is an artist, and



A BRILLIANT OPENING BATSMAN

Edrich, the young Middlesex player, is here seen making a typical hook shot

therefore temperamental. He has not done himself justice yet as a match-winning batsman in England. Robins is out of form as bowler and batsman; nor has G. O. Allen had much chance to get into stride. Captaincy in Test matches often goes further than captaincy in an every day county match. It is important that the England captain should have played against the Australians he is now opposing. For that reason, even if D. R. Wilcox were obviously good enough as a player, I should hesitate to trust him with the supreme command.

There is one strong reason why Hammond should be appointed captain—if he feels he would care for the job. Hammond as captain would open up room for another player good enough on his merits for the place. Frankly, no amateur cricketer of the present moment is an England cricketer technically—that is, worth his place purely and simply on the strength of his cricket. If, for example, G. O. Allen were chosen again as captain (and goodness knows that I am one of his admirers!) he would need to be in his best form not to keep out of the side another and, maybe, better fast bowler.

England's batting resources seem powerful enough. Every day somebody piles up a double-century. Edrich challenges the feat of scoring a thousand runs in May. It needed a Grace to do that once on a time. The fact is—as the Australians have already discovered—there is next to no first-class bowling in contemporary English cricket, not one great fast bowler, not one great medium-paced bowler, and only Verity to represent the great line of Peel—Briggs—Blythe—Rhodes. No wonder that last week-end the averages boasted seven batsmen with figures of 70 an innings or over. How often in his career did "W. G." achieve such opulence, or Trumper, "Ranji," Hayward, Fry—or even the incomparable Hobbs?

ROUND THE WICKETS

THE makers of cricket fixtures are no showmen. Otherwise Surrey and Middlesex would have avoided the clashing in London of two such attractive matches as Surrey *v.* Australians and Middlesex *v.* Notts, each producing, as it happened, cricket of the kind that no one likes to miss. Edrich must by now have convinced the most conservative opinion that he is no longer a young player with a future, but that he is a young player with a more emphatic present than we have seen in English cricket for years. He is forcing his way into big cricket in much the same way as did Bradman.

Fancy any young English player scoring 36 short of a thousand runs by May 21st. It is positively revolutionary—"outbradmaning" Bradman. Not the least merit of his 228 not out against Notts on Saturday was the fresh evidence it afforded of his concentration and stamina. He scored his two hundreds with remarkable consistency, each

(*Continued in column three, page* 1340)



THE AUSTRALIANS AT THE OVAL

Badcock pulls a ball during his innings of 32 against Surrey, before being caught and bowled by F. R. Brown



"SKILL-AT-ARMS"

The 1938 Royal Tournament Programme

WIMBLEDON claims the honour of being not only the home of championship tennis, but also that of the Royal Tournament, for it was here, many years ago, that the officers promoted an assault-at-arms to amuse the troops. The idea developed, and in 1880 the Royal Agricultural Hall saw the first public performance.

"To promote skill-at-arms and benefit the Service Charities," became the slogan, and although over half a century has passed since those days, the words have remained true, and the Committee during the years since, have been able to provide charities with two-fifths of a million sterling.

In these materialistic days the prime function of the Tournament is apt to take a secondary place in the public mind. Olympia is visited for the entertainment pure and simple, and the charitable aims of the display are almost eclipsed. It is a pity, and it would be well if people began to consider a visit to the Tournament as a pleasant duty—just as they would consider buying a Haig poppy.

A criticism of the performance, as certain as the Tournament itself, is that there is so little change to be seen in the items; this, however, is only half a truth. Admittedly certain items are hardly annuals, and in broad outline the show *is* the same from year to year, but there is surprising change in detail, while certain events are generally quite fresh.

The Fighting Forces have certain duties to perform, within the confines of which there can only be a limited amount of latitude. Once those bounds are passed in a pageant such as the Tournament, the show no longer remains military. What is it the public requires? If it is the pomp and circumstance of military life, they must certainly go away satisfied. If it is a circus, why expect the Services to provide it? The Army do not make good clowns.

For this very reason the Trick Riding Display by the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoons is not above reproach. In the words of the programme: "The scene is set in an 'Estancia' on the day of their 'Fiesta,' when all and sundry forgather to



"Lairdsburn," the black drum-horse of the Royal Scots Greys

make merry. The centre of attraction is, needless to say, the beautiful Senorita, for whose hand the Caballeros vie with each other in feats of daring horsemanship—the culmination being the wedding of the Senorita to the successful Caballero, and their subsequent wedding festivities."

Thus it is that the arena fills with clowns, Mexican horsemen, ponies and enough equipment to put the most conscientious circus proprietor to shame. Technically the show is extremely good, though it is probable that the general public may not fully appreciate the difficulty of some of the achievements, but to the writer at least, it seems out of place—*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

The Musical Jumping Display produced by eighteen N.C.O.s and men of the same regiment in full dress redeems the day, however. Every horse jumps over 75 times at each entry, and it is not difficult to realise that such a performance demands a quick brain and an obedient horse. The Ride is essentially the same as it was in 1914, but is no less attractive because of it.

The Royal Scots Greys are led into the arena this year, to present a Musical Ride, by their mounted band, at the head of which comes the famous black drum-horse "Lairdsburn," and it is not without interest to note that the drummer wears, not a black, but a white bearskin. It is believed to have been presented by H.I.M. The Late Tsar of Russia, and was first worn at the Jubilee Celebrations of Queen Victoria.

That the Greys have always been popular is not surprising. Their brilliant uniforms, magnificent grey horses and fine traditions are enough to produce applause from anyone, and as they end their performance with a charge from one end of the arena to the other, the reason for Napoleon's words becomes apparent—"*Ces terribles chevaux gris.*"

Two other events which have become annual features are the Field Gun Display by the Navy,



To the Strain of the Pipes

and the Musical Drive by "K" Battery, R.H.A. Both have undeniable thrills, although those of the former are the more obvious. The guns used in this event are old-pattern naval 12-pounder field guns, and the weight of each gun without carriage or limber is equivalent to that of an Austin Seven. It is a miracle of efficiency and agility.

To see the Musical Drive by "K" Battery is to long even more than before that the horse had not been superseded by the machine, for "K" Battery is now the only battery of artillery in the United Kingdom to remain horse-drawn. Those who love and understand horses will have no difficulty in appreciating the finer points of technique in a Drive taking place in so small a space as the Olympia arena.

Few of us, however conservative, would deny the Royal Corps of Signals ample praise for their motor cycle display. Incredible is a fair description, and if it did not happen before one's eyes it would be written off as impossible. Were civilian motor cyclists even half as efficient, the annual death roll would diminish considerably.

Two further items on the programme—physical exercises by recruits of the R.A.F. and a Modern Infantry Fight by Territorials—show what can be done with willing material, in the former case by concentrated training (the average length of service is four months, and the average age nineteen), and in the latter, by voluntary training after a hard day's work. Both give cause for unstinted praise.

Sixty years have passed since the Wimbledon assault-at-arms, and there has been much change. Sixty years hence, who can tell what we may see? But if it is as fine a performance as this year's Tournament, I shall most certainly be there.

L. N. C.



"Incredible is a fair description"

ROUND THE WICKETS

(Continued from page 1339)

occupying about two-and-three-quarter hours, and all the time he held out no hope to the fieldsmen.

At the Oval the Australians again found themselves on a perfect specimen of the groundsman's art—craft is perhaps a better word for the artificiality of modern preparation—and Surrey had the expected day in the field. But Berry, with his medium-pace bowling, gave a plain hint to the others—to all bowlers for that matter. He gave the batsmen few opportunities for hooking short balls, and, keeping the ball up to them, worried them more than a little: he was very unlucky not to get a wicket. Last season Berry played in only five matches, taking ten wickets, but he took more wickets than anyone else in the Surrey second eleven—81 for an average of under 13.

It was worth noting at the Oval, too, that Squires, with his slow-to-medium off-breaks, bowled round the wicket, commanded respect from the Australians. The success of the few outstanding off-break bowlers ought to encourage wider use of this form of attack. J. C. Clay, of Glamorgan, is an obvious example. Goddard, of Gloucestershire, is another, and already he is following up his great season last year with equally good form. No better specimen of his skill could be wished than his performance against Kent last week—seven wickets for 57 and six for 50.

Smailes, of Yorkshire, demonstrated almost equally well the merits of off-break bowling against Essex. The Sheffield wicket, after rain, was lively enough to help Nichols to put out Yorkshire for 171, and then Smailes, bowling off-breaks round the wicket, was hit only by adventurers. His nine wickets for 101 in the match was a triumph of adaptation to off-breaks from his normal swerve bowling. Essex had little chance of making a fight of even a low-scoring game when, in the fourth innings, Verity showed that he has lost none of his ability to get the most out of a helpful wicket.

When Sussex had succeeded in saving the game against Warwickshire at Hove, they collected four points for their first innings lead, while Warwickshire received nothing for a match which they came near to winning. It is probably true to say that no one can possibly devise a system of championship scoring which will do justice to every set of circumstances. In this case the new system, perhaps, did less justice to the merits of the game than the old. Last year Sussex would have taken five points and Warwickshire three, which seems a more equitable division of the spoils as the match turned out, for although Sussex led by 88 on the first innings, they were left to get 258 to win, and had lost seven wickets for 191 at the close.

The new Warwickshire captain, P. Cranmer, plays cricket with as much verve as he plays Rugby football, and it must be a dull side that is not galvanised into activity by an innings such as he played against Sussex. Actually, much of the Warwickshire second innings batting had been dull, with scoring too slow to force a win, until Cranmer went in and made 98 in 80 minutes. In much the same spirit, Sussex made a sporting bid for the runs until disasters compelled a fight to save the game, and the end proved that a closely fought draw can be every whit as interesting as a definite result.

If a prize were given for the most enterprising county, Kent might make strong claim to it on recent experiences. Against Essex they crashed their way to a remarkable victory in a very high scoring game. Against Gloucestershire, they put their opponents in to bat and saw them reap an advantage which was enough to give them the victory, in spite of a hat trick by Wright, the slow bowler, who seems to be making a habit of it—he did it twice last season. And last Saturday Fagg and F. G. H. Chalk gave an exhibition of fast scoring against Worcestershire, putting on 275 together in about three hours. Fagg's return to form will be welcome after the breakdown in health which kept him out of the Kent side last season.

There were some interesting features in London Club cricket last week-end which certainly merit some notice in this column. There is little doubt that D. R. Wilcox, the Essex captain, playing for a county eleven against Wanstead, set up a record for quick scoring in hitting the second 50 of his 101 in just under seven minutes. Strangely enough he was fairly subdued during his first 50, which took him ninety minutes. He then attacked the bowling, and scored 47 in two overs. His scoring strokes were: 6, 6, 6, —, 4, 4; 6, 4, 4, 4, 2, 1.

During the match at Loughton the eight-ball over was tried with the idea of saving time. Unfortunately slow defensive batting by the visitors, Chingford, negatived the experiment.

Probably one of the strongest club cricket sides is Beckenham's whole-day eleven. Against the Vine at Sevenoaks they scored 301 for eight, but as their opponents also batted strongly (226 for five) the match was left as a draw.

F. I. W.

This England . . .



The Purbeck Downs above Kimmeridge (Portland Bill on the horizon)

SAY "all's well with England" and a thousand thousand voices will cry "No!" Therefore, all's well with England. For while we have that critical minority willing and able to raise its voice, jealous (as all Englishmen are) of her honour and her greatness, all's well with England. For here can be no smug complacency that leads upon decay, but the alertness and caution that have made her so formidable in other days. So it is even in our daily lives. Let a manufacturer become content, and straightway his business is in decline. Though your Worthington be greater now than at any time these last two hundred years, yet is there no ease in its brewing. Rather is the watchfulness increased, that no harm befal this very English thing.

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A TREE CEMETERY OF THE CULBIN

A SAHARA OF SCOTLAND

The Tragedy of Culbin Sands

By ALEXANDER KEITH

With photographs by Alexander Beattie

ADJACENT to the fertile Laich or plain of Moray, known from the richness of its soil and the geniality of its climate as the Garden of Scotland, lies the barren coastal tract of the Culbin Sands, which might with equal accuracy be termed the Scottish Sahara.

At the River Findhorn extremes meet. West of it, stretching for four miles along the coast of the Moray Firth, and extending inland for an average depth of two miles, lie the sandhills of Culbin, silent, desolate, and menacing. East of the Findhorn, in the pleasant country watered by the lower reaches of the Rivers Lossie and Spey, fine wheat crops are raised year after year on the level fields, and on the sunny walls of old gardens peaches and apricots ripen in the autumn.

There is, however, one feature in common between the desert and the sown. The plain of Moray, the heart of the ancient province of Moravia, has as venerable a history as any district of Scotland. The village of Burghead marks the farthest north point reached by the Roman legions. It was Andrew of Moravia who led the first rising against Edward I which began the Scottish Wars of Independence. It was at Garmouth, on the western bank of the estuary of the Spey, that Charles II landed in 1650 to reconquer his father's kingdom.

The Cathedral of Elgin, the Abbey of Kinloss, the Priories of Pluscarden and Urquhart, the Episcopal Palace of Spynie, within a few miles of each other, bear witness in their ruins to the richness of a territory that could support such ecclesiastical display. Dozens of mediæval castles, some of them still inhabited, attest the presence of a wealthy and powerful aristocracy. Fire festivals that are still observed, like the Burning of the Clavie at Burghead, are a memento of the days when the land was under the heel of the Vikings. Beside the Great North Road to Inverness, in the vicinity of Forres, lies the "blasted heath" where Macbeth heard the prophecies of the witches.

Between Nairn and the Findhorn, and again to the north of Elgin in the direction of Lossiemouth, at some distance inland from the sea, false beaches give testimony to the wild and calamitous events of the year 1097, when the ocean overran the land, as it did more permanently during the same storms on the coast of Kent, where the Goodwin Sands now lie beneath the waves. Within the last few years one might stand at the mouth of the Spey and see the river shearing away its sandy banks as with a knife as it shifted its course from east to west.

But of all the strange natural events that were ever seen not merely in Moray but in the British Isles, that which converted the estate of Culbin from a smiling champaign country to a wilderness of sand was the strangest. Two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the cataclysm occurred, and even to-day the process is not completed. Like a leprosy the sand is moving insidiously eastward.

In a breeze the surface is in restless motion. In a gale, fury is let loose. The sand is hurled before the wind in clouds that whip and sear the face and obscure the sight. It penetrates the clothing, filling every pocket and fold, until the person who has had the hardihood to venture upon its domain finds his throat parched, his limbs weighed down with an intolerable burden, and his labouring lungs can scarcely draw breath. The whole district of the Culbin Sands and their neighbourhood is moving, and there the Scriptural precept of the foolish man who built his house upon the sand is thoroughly understood.

When Charles II, at the second time of trying, reascended the throne of his fathers, Culbin was as thriving an estate as was to be found in Scotland. It covered 3,600 acres—six square miles. A large mansion house, a seemly chapel, sixteen farms and scores of crofts, and a fishing village on the bank of the Findhorn had a value that in terms of modern currency would not fall far short of £12,000 a year. But the Merry Monarch had not been ten years in his grave when all this smiling property was buried deeper than he.

It was one day in the autumn of 1695 that a farmer of Culbin ploughing in a field had to leave his plough in the furrow because the west wind was blowing such drifts of sand upon him that he could not see. Probably he was not greatly perturbed. The inhabitants of these coastal Moray lands were accustomed to such visitations. They rather welcomed them. The fine sharp sand, when it was ploughed into the loam, made an admirable seedbed for their grain. Since beyond living memory great heaps of sand had accumulated on the shore to the west of Culbin stretching for miles towards the river and town of Nairn. Whenever the wind was in that direction showers of sand were carried to the eastward. The occurrence was a familiar one, and therefore carried no foreboding of catastrophe.

The peasants of Culbin had no thought of the peril that the sea had for centuries been storing up against them. During the inundation of 1097 and doubtless on less memorable but similar occasions the receding waters had drawn back with them into the bed of the Moray Firth immense quantities of earth and shingle. These the tides had worn down into sand and the currents of the coast had gradually flung some of it back again where the out-rushing waters of the River Nairn formed an eddy on its eastern side.

The same process was, and still is, in operation elsewhere. The little village of Rattray, on the eastern coast of Aberdeenshire, which was elevated to the dignity of a Royal Burgh by Mary Queen of Scots, has been gradually blown full of sand until scarcely a vestige of it remains. Only a year ago, during three weeks of tempest in January and February, 2,500 tons were thrown upon the promenade of the Aberdeen sea-front within a distance of about a mile.

It was but natural that the uppermost feeling in the mind of the farmer that autumn afternoon when the sand shower drove him from his plough should have been one simply of irritation at the loss of an hour's labour. He would drive his oxen into the byre and return to his cottage and his wife, grumbling, as farmers have ever done, at the inclemency of the weather. Little did he dream that his plough would lie in its unfinished furrow for nearly two



NINETY FEET OF SANDHILLS IN A LAND OF DESOLATION

ONCE AS THRIVING AN ESTATE AS ANY IN SCOTLAND



THE VILLAGE OF FINDHORN SEEN IN THE DISTANCE FROM THE CULBIN SANDS

"In the time of Charles II a thriving property covered 3,600 acres—six square miles. A large mansion house, a seemly chapel, sixteen farms and scores of crofts, and a fishing village on the bank of the Findhorn, had a value that in terms of modern currency would not fall far short of £12,000 a year."



SANDWAVES OF A MINIATURE SAHARA



TRACKS OF MAN AND OF ROE DEER



BENT OR MARRAM GRASS PLANTED BY THE FORESTRY COMMISSION AS A DEFENCE AGAINST SAND DRIFTING

centuries until a vagary of the wind and a shifting of the sand laid it bare, to be retrieved and deposited in Elgin Museum. As little did he think that he and his fellow-tenants, by uprooting the broom, bent and juniper from the western borders of the estate to make thatch for their houses and their barns, had undermined the ramparts that defended their farms. All night, as he lay in bed, the wind blew at gale force, and the sand was carried in mighty curtains over the fields, the meadows, and the orchards of Culbin.

In the morning when the farmer rose, a wall of sand lay heaped about his house and buildings. All the other farmers rose to be confronted by similar barriers. The proprietor, the young Laird of Culbin, Alexander Kinnaird, found the front door of his mansion buried in sand. With infinite labour the miserable people broke their way out of their dwellings. The fortunate ones might find egress through door or window, but some had to tear holes in the thatched roof or the turf walls and escape that way. By similar means the live-stock—but not all of them, we may be sure —were liberated.

The storm abated a little, but the Findhorn which fertilised the farms was dammed at its mouth by drifts of sand, burst its banks, and inundated the estate. Finally, it broke for itself a new channel and swept away the village of Findhorn, whose inhabitants had abandoned their homes in anticipation of disaster. With his wife and son, a child but a few months old, Alexander Kinnaird left his mansion, as it proved, for ever, after that first wild night. Some of his tenants, clinging with all the dour pertinacity of the Scotch peasant to hearth and belongings, returned to their cottages when the storm came to a lull. But presently it broke forth again with redoubled fury, and they also had to quit the place for ever.

Ere winter came, the estate of Culbin, save for a single farm, was a far-stretching monotony of hills and valleys—all of sand. Kinnaird was ruined with the destruction of his patrimony. In the summer of 1695 he petitioned the Scots Parliament for exemption from land taxes, "because his estate, which 20 years before was one of the most considerable in Moray, was nearly all covered with sand, and the mansion-house and orchard destroyed."

In 1698, Parliament having given no heed to his plea, he petitioned for protection from his creditors, mentioning that three-quarters of his estate was buried in sand, and the fourth quarter sold in payment of debts. Parliament's sole contribution to the problem seems to have been the passing of an Act prohibiting the pulling of bent, broom and juniper in these parts. Broken by his misfortunes, he died. In his extremity his friends, the neighbouring gentry, had failed him.

In 1679, when the Covenanting troubles began in the South-West of Scotland, he and his father had shown themselves less enthusiastic for the Presbyterian cause than was esteemed decent, and the blight upon their property was generally regarded as the vengeance of God for their backsliding. His wife died about the same time as he. Their little son Thomas, whom they had carried to safety after that dreadful night, was taken to Edinburgh by his nurse and brought up by her. He joined the army, was recognised and befriended by one of his mother's brothers, a colonel, who procured a commission for him, and he died with the rank of captain, and unmarried, in 1743. The estate passed from hand to hand until a few years ago, when it was sold to the Government for afforestation experiments.

Tenantless, dreary, forbidding yet fascinating, the estate of Culbin has lain for 242 years. It is but natural that legends and apparitions should have gathered in its whispering sandy valleys and round its shifting hills. Once, in the commotion of a great gale, the chimney-tops of the mansion were uncovered. A man shouted down into the house, and a ghostly voice replied. Then the sand swirled again and the chimneys disappeared. On another occasion the branches of a cherry-tree broke through the surface. Summer came, and the tree bore leaves and blossom. Then came the waves of sand "and washed it away."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, friend of Sir Walter Scott and author of the great mediæval romance, *The Wolfe of Badenoch*, in 1817 had excavations made in the sand until the soil was reached. From this soil there grew the weeds that are common to the district. At least one cargo of contraband brandy is lost in the sand-drifts. Hidden by smugglers one night, it could not be found when they returned to remove it, for in the interval the sand had shifted, and all the contours of the spot were altered.

For the antiquary the sands are an Aladdin's Cave of ancient treasure. Long before written history began, the mild climate of the district attracted the earliest inhabitants of Scotland to establish a settlement there. Relics of their presence, in the shape of arrow-heads, axe-heads, armlets curiously wrought, pins, rings, brooches and pottery are constantly found, revealing the progression of the stone, bronze, and iron ages. In later times, much trade was carried on between the communities of the Moray Firth and foreign countries. Old Roman, Scotch, English, and French coins are the mute witnesses of that busy commerce. Here and there the wide ridges and furrows of early agriculture still retain their shape, emerging out of one sand dune and disappearing under another.



AN ALADDIN'S CAVE FOR THE ANTIQUARY

Some of the relics of the stone, bronze and iron ages found in the sands—flint arrow-heads, knives, scrapers, needles, pins, buckles, a key, &c.

For almost a century a silent battle has been waged between man and sand. In 1839 the first attempt was made to resist the encroachment of the desert by planting firs. Bent or marram grass is first planted to bind the sand, and when the roots of the bent have stopped the sand's movement, young trees are put in, protected against the fury from the west by great fascines of brushwood. During the last decade the State Forestry Commission has been very active in this work, all the resources of sylvicultural science being employed. This latest campaign has not yet been seriously tested.

This strange desert in the fertile lands of Moray yet exercises a powerful fascination on the minds of those who visit it. On the calmest day walking upon the dunes is a heavy labour. The sand offers no resistance to the feet. On every hand there is an eerie whispering, like the undertones of silence, which makes the pervading stillness more profound. The tracks of the walker are lost on the instant. A yellow haze, like gold, hangs over the sands. All sense of distance is lost, so that an object a hundred paces away appears to be aloof and remote.

There has been no great movement of the sand since 1920, when mighty new accumulations were formed. But in many parts of the desert trees in different stages of submergence illustrate the implacable and insidious character of the enemy that has to be kept in check. Here are to be seen merely the tops of firs still green despite the creeping death that has buried their trunks. There a mass of dead brown branches tell the last chapter of the story of desolation.



"THE CREAM OF THE SHOOTING IS TO BE FOUND ON THE LIGHTER LANDS"

Great Shooting Counties

SUFFOLK OF THE TALL BIRDS AND THE TALL STEEPLES

FEW people, if any, with a real knowledge of shooting, will, I think, dispute Suffolk's claim to a place in the very front rank of English shooting counties. Its position in the heart of East Anglia is well known to most people, and its natural connection with game has a great deal to do with it being almost entirely an agricultural county and mainly arable at that. It must also be remembered that its neighbours are Norfolk to the North, Cambridgeshire to the West and Essex South—all counties with their own shooting reputations.

I do not know the exact date when shooting in Suffolk was first mentioned, but the county has certainly been connected with this sport for centuries. The country, so far as the land is concerned, varies from the very heavy to the extremely light; in fact it would be difficult to find a greater variation anywhere. To give a very rough idea as to the disposition of the two extremes would be to say that the heavy land is to be found chiefly in the centre and south of the county, as well as in parts of the north, and the light lands in the north-west, part of the west, and again in various districts up the east or coastal side. The majority of the heavy land is far more undulating than the light.

It goes without saying that the cream of the shooting, particularly that of the partridge, is to be found on the lighter lands. The county as a whole is the natural home of game, and in bygone times the majority of the land was estate owned. Now, alas, as in every other county, numbers of estates have been broken up for various reasons, and shooting has thereby undoubtedly suffered. In old days when estate marched with estate, the boundaries were looked upon more or less as a sanctuary, or, in any case, were never properly "shot up." Therefore a good stock of both pheasants and partridges was always safe round the outsides; nowadays this has changed, and where one estate may have survived there are, more than likely, numerous owners of the adjoining lands in place of the one as in former days. The natural consequence is that the game is far more harried than previously, often up to the last day of the season, the effect of which is felt on the estate proper.

It must also be remembered that, again, in former days, very few acres were not under the eye of a keeper, with the result that vermin were properly kept down, but now many acres never see the foot-mark of a keeper throughout the year, and so become the breeding ground for all types of vermin. However, shooting throughout the county is more popular than ever (if that's possible!). I have already mentioned that the cream of the shooting is to be found on the lighter lands, and there are few people in the shooting world not acquainted with the names of Elveden & Euston, both of which are situated in the north-west of the county; these two estates together with Culford (now alas! no more), and all adjoining each other, covered an area getting on for 60,000 acres of unbeatable game country—and what a country, practically the whole of it in the first place planned and planted for game!

On these estates that particular type of country is to be seen at its best, and country it is in the real sense. Often it is possible to be miles from a village or even a single cottage. No wonder these estates are world famous in the history of shooting. What with the extremely large arable fields, generally surrounded by perfect driving belts or hedges, the well-placed coverts, the heath lands, no better shooting country can be imagined, especially, perhaps, on a perfect autumn day, when the colouring of the trees all goes to help in the enjoyment of a real day's shooting. There one can see what, I think, is generally considered an ideal form of shooting, that being where pheasants and partridges come over together, not at one stand only, but at every stand throughout the day, with the guns standing right back from perfect belts and the birds coming over really thick and fast. Little wonder is there that when these estates were able to put their shooting before anything else, a colossal head of game was killed year after year. But times have changed, and so has taxation!

As well as these great estates there existed, and many still survive, several more extremely fine shoots right down the western half of the county: Hengrave, Cavenham, Heigham, Dalham, Owsden—to mention but a few—until well into the heavy lands of the south. There, of course, the partridges tail off in comparison to the lighter lands, but there are many very good pheasant shoots to be found in this part, and on account of the country being rather more undulating here the flight of the birds is often far better than it is on many parts of the flatter light lands.

In mentioning the flight of the Suffolk pheasant, perhaps I may say a little more about it. Suffolk certainly is a flat county in comparison to many others, and I suppose a great deal of pheasant shooting is at low flying birds, again in comparison to those one hears about in Wales and other hilly parts; but I do know of many stands in the county where they fly at a very reasonable height, and, in any case, seem quite good enough to tease some of the best people. I do not pretend that they all fly well, but they certainly do not all fly low. A great deal has been done, and still is being done, both by owners and syndicates too, to improve the flight of the low birds, and this is not always an easy matter in flat country; but on nearly all shoots nowadays every effort is made to stop a slaughter of low-flying birds, and very rightly too. Then, again, there are other ways of making the pheasant attractive as well as putting him up in the clouds. The days of enormous numbers of hand-reared birds have gone, anyway in this county, but, on the whole, rearing in moderation is on the increase. Except on the large estates it is difficult nowadays to leave, or rather to be certain of leaving, a large number of stock birds owing to estates being so chopped about and for other reasons as well, and so on quite small shoots hand-reared birds are looked to supply the "needs" for the coming season.

In bygone days when the stock of hen pheasants, left on many estates at the end of the season, must have run into enormous numbers, how was it that the farmers were not eaten completely out of house and home by them? Although the farmers nearly always received compensation for damage by game in some form or another, it could hardly have covered it all, and I take it the pheasant must have eaten just the same quantity of food as he does to-day, or possibly the quality was better! The heavy lands in the county carry a considerable stock of partridges in many parts, in fact it is often the case that when they fail on the light land the heavy has a good season, but naturally it does not compare to the light lands.

Another large area of extremely grand shooting country is to be found on the eastern side of the county, and again includes some first-class partridge land with the added charm of proximity to the sea. The country between the Stour and the Orwell with delightfully situated Woolverstone, the Orwell Estate on the north side of the Orwell, Bawdsey on the Deben, and, as they used to be in former days, Sudbourne and Rendlesham, is to mention only a few of the first-class shoots to be found on this side, and so on up to the Norfolk boundary. On this side, again, it is the same story of estates gradually fading away, but, anyway, some of the best shoots still survive.

Wildfowl in large numbers are to be seen along the Suffolk coast and up the rivers, the Orwell decoy being probably the best known one in England. Another, one where the duck are now shot instead of the old-time method, is situated near Aldeburgh, and some very fine shooting has taken place there at morning flight. Like most other parts of the coast now, foreshore shooting has become too popular and thereby overdone, but there are still a number of gun punts being used.

The county also possesses some extremely good pigeon shooting, and some of the experts in this line have had remarkable days. Organised pigeon days never appear to come up to expectation, owing, I think, to the enormous number of possible roosting places, and to cover a really large area in a proper manner would require an army corps of guns.

Of ground game, as is generally known, the county is pretty well crawling, but owing to the shocking price that rabbits have fetched during the last few years, most people are out of pocket over them by the end of the season. However, they have to be kept down, and now with a new industry started for absorbing large quantities of them there is hope of better prices. It was a year or so after the War that a friend of mine contracted with a man to take all his hares shot on a certain day. The agreement was made before the shoot had been disturbed to any extent, and the price fixed was 10/- per hare. The result of that day's shooting was 572 hares—£286—and was my friend pleased? However, it must be remembered that even petrol was about 5/6 a gallon at that time, so the price was not so out of place as it seems to be on first sight. All the same, those times have changed.

Both golden pheasants and jungle fowl seem to thrive in certain parts of the county—of course, quite useless except as ornaments and rarely seen except when covert shooting; and on one estate grouse were turned down many years ago; a few survived until quite recently, or there may possibly be a survivor or two still left.

And now for a few words on that all-important man, the keeper. Those who know the Suffolk keeper will, I am sure, agree that he is a grand man, particularly so the older generation, now alas! becoming fewer and fewer. If you are a "furriner"—that is, a stranger to the county—you may not understand him at first, particularly some of his expressions, and he certainly will not understand you; that will take time. The Suffolk man is reserved and cautious until he has summed you up or got to know you better, but once sure of his footing a better man needs some finding.

Some years ago now, a grand old fellow, partly shepherd and partly keepering some land, was given a holiday. On his return I asked him where he had been to. His answer was: "I been furrin parts, sir." This was certainly interesting, as I was quite sure he had not. But what he had done was to cross the water from Felixstowe Pier to Harwich; that was quite enough for him and he was sure that over the water was "furrin," and to him it most likely was.

And now the Suffolk beater; another great character, again becoming more rare as the years roll by. It is sad to see the lack of sporting spirit shown by the majority of the young ones to-day; all they appear to care about is to get through the day with the least possible effort to themselves, so unlike the older generation, who were, and the survivors still are, just as keen on the day as anyone. Pre-War, in many parts of the county, there were gangs of beaters, who pretty well lived the season through on the job, nearly always going to the same shoots year after year; and what assets these men were to the various estates on shooting days, often knowing the land, if not better, just as well as the owner did himself in many cases. Wet or fine they would do their job properly and go off at the end of the day as happy as sandboys, with a rabbit thrown in with their pay.

In conclusion, I can only say that whether or not more estates have to go, and whether the hand of forestry will creep over more and more of the county, tradition dies hard, and should it be bungalows or forestry, the tradition of Suffolk shooting will remain long after the last cartridge has been fired in the county. However, that is, thank goodness, looking a little too far ahead.

H. W. Bunbury.

BIG GAME TROPHIES IN PARIS

THE Exposition Nationale de Trophées de Chasse, which opened in Paris last week, will remain open until June 19th. It is housed in a gallery of the Musée de la France d'Outre-Mer, 293, Avenue Dansmesnil, lent by the Government.

The fact that it has come into existence at all is due to the energy and determination of three French sportsmen, M. Hettier de Boislambert, M. F. Edmond-Blanc, and Count Antoine de la Chevasnerie. Without any outside financial assistance they have managed to assemble a very varied and interesting collection, and have set a standard of comparison which French sportsmen cannot afford to neglect.

European heads were judged by the Continental "formula" system, others by Rowland Ward's standard measurements, and the measurements I give were kindly supplied by that firm.

There are several trophies which are quite outstanding, the most noticeable perhaps being the Derbian Eland, shot by Dr. Malbrent in French Chad, with a length of 43in., circumference 12½in., tip to tip 36½in. Rowland Ward makes it the second best recorded specimen of this race, the record in the Tring Museum being 44½in. A magnificent trophy, it gained the first prize in Berlin, and stands out even in the very fine series of heads shown in Paris. Another fine group was composed of the Western Defassa, which included the world's record for this species, shot by M. de Ramécourt (length 36in., circumference 8½in., tip to tip 19½in.), and half a dozen other heads, which ran it very close. There is a very good Cape buffalo lent by the Paris Museum. The spread was not great, 45½in., but the boss was fine, and length in front curve 44½in. Another world record was an Angolan gemsbuck, lent by M. de Ramécourt, with a length of 40½in. This gentleman also sent a very good Algazel oryx.

In addition, Dr. Carpentier sent the record Edmi gazelle, length 15½in., circumference 4½in., tip to tip 9½in.; Captain Coche the record Dama gazelle, of which, unfortunately, I have not the measurements; Comtesse de Janzé the record Dorcas gazelle, length 15in., circumference 4in., tip to tip 4½in.; and M. F. Edmond-Blanc the record Buffons kob, length 22½in., circumference 5½in., tip to tip 11½in. These all gained first prizes, as did a korrigum shot by Dr. Receveur. M. F. Edmond-Blanc got a first prize for his topi, fifth in Rowland Ward's records. M. de Boislambert showed a good black rhinoceros horn with a length of 28½in., and a good lion skin. The curious malformed hippopotamus tusks came from the museum of the late Duc d'Orleans.

There were about 150 trophies from the French colonies, the majority from Africa. Asiatic heads from French Cochin-China and Cambodia included gaur, banting and buffalo. I was one of the judges in the foreign section. The most remarkable trophy in this group was the head of the kouprey shot by M. de Boislambert, which has been named as a new species—Bibos Sauveli—by Professor Urbain, the Director of the Zoological Gardens at Vincennes. This gentleman, M. Maxime Dueroeq, and M. Jean Delacour, were Presidents d'Honneur of the exhibition.

The kouprey was given a special prize, which it well deserved. Very few have been shot—I think only five are known; it is hard to get owing to the difficulties of the climate and country, and though not beautiful, a head is easily recognisable by the curious frayed appearance of the horns.

The American section was remarkable chiefly for the fine ovis Dalli lent by M. F. Edmond-Blanc. This massive head won the first prize in America in 1937, and has the following measurements: length, 42⅝in.; circumference, 13¾in.; tip to tip, 21⅛in.

The best French stag's head came as a surprise to me. I have not the exact English measurements, but it would be somewhere about 40in. in length, 7in. beam, with 18 points. The marks on



A SUFFOLK LANDSCAPE NEAR MARTLESHAM HEATH

formula were 204.15, but as the volume of neither stags nor roe heads could be taken they were all below the maximum they would have gained had these figures been available. The grain and thickness of this head was remarkable. It was hunted, not shot, though it had, I believe, been wounded by a poacher, and there was a curious little button of horn growing through the skin from the nasal bone on the left side. I should like to have seen the skull. Killed in 1923 in the Forest of Neuville by the De Valbon Hunt, the head was loaned by the Musée de la Venerie, Senlis. The best stag shot in France was killed in 1899 on the French-Belgian border, in the Ardennes.

Another remarkable head was that of a roebuck killed by M. C. Anxionnay in the Forest of Magnières in the Vosges in 1930. Though not of very great length, it had strong rough horns with beautiful pearling. Unfortunately, the horns had been artificially coloured. Three pure white roe were also shown, being true albinos unless the taxidermist's art had lied. Though nothing remarkable as heads, I have never seen animals so pure a white. One of the best European heads was the record Spanish ibex shot by M. F. Edmond-Blanc, which is superior to that owned by the King of Italy, for many years the record. The measurements are: length 34½in., circumference 10in., tip to tip 31in.

Frank Wallace.



E. A. Baston

ON A HAMPSHIRE TRIBUTARY

On occasion Mayfly have been observed to hatch out better on a tributary than on a main stream

MAYFLY VAGARIES

Calculating the Chances for the Season

YEAR by year Mayfly prophets are faced with an insoluble problem: how to calculate the chances for a season without knowing what has been going on at the bottom of the river where the larvæ have been hidden for the best part of two years. It is a curious thing that although we probably know more about Mayflies than about any other individual species of water-bred fly—at all events among those of interest to the fisherman—we are still quite unable to say whether the conditions of the past season or two have made for their welfare or otherwise.

Mayfly spinners are among those which lay their eggs at the surface, the female dipping on the water, where a sporting trout will take a shot at her on occasion, and allowing the stream to wash a few eggs from the end of her abdomen every time she does so. Those eggs drop to the bottom, and it may be assumed, perhaps, that they are of such a weight that the stream deposits them along with the silt in which the insect will live after hatching. It is in this silt that the larva finds its nourishment, though that it does come out occasionally seems certain from this larval stage having been found fairly frequently in trout. Still, considering the almost incredible numbers in which they hatch in favourable years, this can hardly be a serious cause of loss.

Does a drought dry up the silt before the larva can get out of it? This, again, does not seem very likely, as most of Nature's children are endowed with some kind of "instinct"—call it what you will—which enables them, like rats, to leave a sinking ship. Do floods, which disperse the silt, destroy them? If this is so, we have to calculate—in the South particularly—with the heavy winter floods of 1936-37. It is possible that this flood may have disturbed the larvæ of the 1936 hatch, which is the one from which this season's Mayfly will come. It is certain that this flood washed out many deposits of silt, but would this necessarily destroy the fly? May it not equally have planted them anew further downstream?

However, a low-water year generally means a good fishing year in the South, and our South Country correspondent calls attention to the low water in Berkshire:

"With no serious rainfall since last October, all the South-Country streams are very short of water for the time of year, and are likely to run exceedingly low during the summer, even if heavy rains eventually come. The Kennet is as low as it was in 1935, and may easily fall off to the extent that it did in 1934. Both 1934 and 1935 were, however, quite passable Mayfly seasons on many rivers and on the greater part of the Dunn and Kennet. Last season all the rivers in the South were exceedingly full of water during the Mayfly. At Hungerford, fishing was very disappointing, though on the lower length of the Dunn more big fish were caught than for some seasons past. The keeper on the Town water at Hungerford tells me that there are plenty of small fish about with a nice sprinkling of good ones. The state of this fishery has been much improved during the last four or five years, due to better methods of river management, though the standard of sport is never likely to regain its former excellence so long as such intensive fishing is carried on.

"The cost of restocking a length of water such as the Town water at Hungerford to have any appreciable effect on the sport would probably be prohibitive. However, there is some consolation in the fact that few waters fish so well on an average or provide such satisfactory results as this fishery. Probably the annual bag compares quite favourably with that of the Leckford Club or the Houghton Club on the Test, where very intensive stocking takes place, and where no expense is spared to improve the quality of the fishing.

"Most waters all over the South Country are in rather an unpleasant state at the time of writing, due to the low water. Much algal growth covers the bottom, and masses of diatoms float down the surface in little clumps about the size of a penny whenever there is any sunshine. These floating diatoms or 'scum' are likely to persist all through the Mayfly season. Not only does one's fly frequently fall in a mass of it, but it also removes the grease from one's line and makes it sink all too rapidly. It nearly always pays, under these conditions, to have a couple of rods on the go, so that when fish are rising madly, and one's line begins to sink, a change to the spare rod can be made. Every moment is precious towards dusk, when there is any 'spent' about, and the big fish are cruising. It is simply maddening to have to stop to dry one's line and re-grease it, just as a pet trout seems in a particularly taking mood.

"Although hatches of fly in different places vary a good deal, hatches in particular localities do not vary very much from year to year, or, at any rate, so much as is frequently supposed. A great deal depends on the weather and to what happens to the fly after hatching. Foul weather nearly always creates an impression that hatches have been poor, whereas the flies may merely have been blown away from the river or lost in the trees and grass. I have never known a year that was unsatisfactory from the point of view of fly when the weather was right.

"The Mayfly is immense fun and I, for one, could not bear to miss it. But it is a mixed blessing for those who would like average sport all through the season rather than bumper baskets for a week or two. On the lower Dunn, where I fish the Mayfly, it is scarcely worth while fishing at any other period of the year. Above Hungerford there is less Mayfly, and trout rise well all through the summer at small fly. The same may be said of the Kennet above Ramsbury, where the Mayfly gradually peters out. At Axford, Stitchcombe and Mildenhall, trout rise freely right through from April to September. Mr. Skues once wrote that if he had the chance to exchange the Blue-winged Olive for a return of the

Mayfly to his stretch of the Itchen, his answer would be, without hesitation, 'Not at any price!'"

Mayfly in the North and Midlands seems always less subject to variation than in the South, but our correspondent in Yorkshire evidently has his doubts. "This year it is more than usually hazardous to attempt a forecast of the approaching Mayfly season in the Midland and Northern counties. Without a precedential guide, one wonders what effect the extraordinary spring drought may have had upon the larvæ on which the Green Drake crop depends. In this respect the steadily flowing chalk streams and the deep-channelled rivers, in which the chief feature of a dry season is a diminution in depth of the water, may not be so noticeable as on the shallower, more rapid rivers, which have dwindled to mere trickles through great uncovered areas of dry riverbed.

"The free swimming and crawling nymphs may shift their quarters with the waxing and waning of the waters, but what of the burrowing nymphs, of which the Green Drake is the most notable example? As one sorrowfully surveys the wide expanses of dry silt and cracked and caked mud left by the drought, normally the nurseries of the infantile Drakes, he cannot but speculate on the fate of the nymphs caught and imprisoned in their adobe dugouts. As well, it seems to him, might he expect to encounter a rise of B.W.O.s in a brickyard as a hatch of Mayfly from such a scene of arid desolation.

"However, that is the worst side of the picture, and hope still springs eternal in the angler's breast. The Mayfly crop of 1938 is the fruit of the egg deposit of 1936, and that deposit was made when the rivers were low; consequently, much of the seed would not fall on barren ground, while, of course, in the case of some rivers and the large lakes, like Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater, the area of dried-up bed is comparatively small.

"Now, while the rise of Mayfly was largely a failure on the southern rivers, it was not entirely so on the more northerly waters, where, though patchy, in many localities the fly appeared in fair abundance, and anglers are optimistic.

"But if the shadow of doubt rests on the Green Drake rise there is every sign of a bumper hatch of the North Countryman's other Mayfly, the Stonefly. Early and in abnormal profusion the Creepers found their way into the edges of the streams, preparatory to their coming ashore for their metamorphosis into the winged fly, and the trout have been feeding eagerly on them. Usually the mature Stonefly appears about May 20th, but the vanguard are already hatching out, and providing the first aid to sport, even on the shrunken streams and intervening pools if only the angler will adopt the dry-fly man's tactics of greasing his line and fishing upstream with the natural insect."

FLY ON THE WATER

Why Imitations Often Fail

THIRTY years or so ago, I read the works of Mr. Halford, and by so doing have no doubt that I saved the lives of many trout, which, I have also no doubt were caught later by other and less well-read fishermen. F. N. Halford accepted as axiomatic certain theses, the first being that trout see colour as we do; then he matched his colours by looking down on the natural insect and his usually almost opaque artificials. On size he was right, or nearly so.

In any event, I fished in Ireland with the artistic flies supplied by a well-known firm in England, copies of Halford's patterns, and caught far fewer trout than the local fishermen who used crude tackle and flies which, to a human eye, did not look nearly so natural as my Halford imitations. I was fishing tributaries of the Foyle, called in its upper reaches the Mourne, and other names. The water was beer coloured, the bottom always dark. The reason for my lack of success was obvious, but I could not see it. It seemed quite clear that the Halford medium olive quill was a better imitation of the real thing than the local patterns, mainly variations on the gold-ribbed hare's ear.

In those days I caught natural flies with a little net which I fastened to the top of my rod. To imitate them, I chose the nearest artificial fly I had in size and colour—often size, colour and shape all seemed perfect. It never occurred to me that the trout could not see the colour of my flies at all, for no light, or practically none, reached the fly from below. The trout was, as it were, looking at the flies against a bright background from a darkened room. The real flies, with few exceptions, were translucent.

It is very unlikely that the fishermen of the past who evolved the brilliantly-coloured and woolly flies, which caught trout under these conditions, ever theorised about questions of reflection and refraction; none the less, they arrived empirically at correct conclusions. Firstly, in "peaty" conditions a fly of brilliant colour will succeed—*e.g.*, canary yellow mayflies apparently assume the butter colour of the natural when viewed from below; secondly, woolly bodies transmit light, pig's wool best of all; thirdly, tinsel reflects what little light there is, and gives an effect of translucency and movement.

My Halford pale watery dun, for instance, looked to the trout like a black fly with straw-coloured legs; the hackle of the legs was, of course, translucent.

The only place in Ulster where I found a Halford pattern succeeded better than the local patterns was on Lough Sessiagh, in Donegal; there the bottom is a carpet of green weed and the water is gin clear; thus there is plenty of reflected light.

All of us might do better if we remembered the fable of the bees, which decided to make a cell of a new shape. After hundreds of experiments, after the old shape had been forgotten, a genius invented a cell which was perfect—it was the old one. After all, hair and fur are not as obvious or easy to work with as are many other materials; therefore it seems likely that the fly fishermen of a hundred years ago used flies with rough bodies because experience had proved that trout preferred them.

The dry fly made quill fashionable, since it did not change colour when oiled, and the quill did reasonably well under chalk-stream conditions, when it was well lighted from below; dark quills, representing dark flies, did well everywhere, the red quill becoming the most universally popular of all dry flies.

Three facts are, none the less, obvious:

1. One should always pay attention to the opinions of the "local talent," for though a B.W.O. looks the same to us on the Test and on the Mourne, the quantity and colour of the reflected light make it look totally different to the trout.
2. One should not be too sure that the fly caught off the water is the one the trout are taking. Many a smart fellow, fishing an olive which exactly imitated the fly he had caught off the water, has been beaten by a novice, fishing an iron blue because he was told it might be on, and that trout liked it.
3. If trout will take nothing it pays to fish with something which is like nothing; and they will often take it. As a suggestion for "like nothing" flies, I advocate the Invicta and Alexandra wet, and Young's bumbles (claret and red, obtainable from Farlow's) fished dry. JAMES DICKIE.



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YACHTING WITHOUT ITS BIG CLASS

A Tradition Which Must be Maintained

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THE fact that for another sailing season our coast regattas are not to be graced by a big class is justification surely for an open examination of the subject. In the first place we have to admit that the cause of this defection cannot possibly be found in the non-existence of big class yachts. At the moment, in fact, there are in British waters no fewer than four International "J" class cutters, the only big class of the day. We have the two Endeavours, we have Velsheda and we have the older Shamrock V, all of them built to the big ship rule, and yet none of them in commission, none of them scheduled to race the 1938 season round.

Criticism of this type there has been in the past—and plenty of it. And, looking back upon it, one cannot say some of this criticism was unjust. The ships were abused for preferring the southern meetings to the northern; they were "counted out" for cancelling this engagement or that on the score of heavy weather. Even so, however, they remained as the big class heirs to a British yachting tradition which has persisted for more than 50 years.

The absence of these large racing yachts from the sailing courses this coming year will leave the field to the "Twelves" as the premier British class—and therein also there is room for thought. No one will deny that this class of near-perfect 35-tonners can and does worthily uphold the traditions of the game, but even at its best it must inevitably fall short of a big class. After all, the accommodation of a "Twelve" is considerably less than that possible in a "J" or other big cutter. More important still is the fact that a fleet of "Twelves" cannot provide the racing spectacle of a fleet of big cutters or schooners.

The keen yachtsman may feel disposed to decry this aspect of the sport—yet it is indeed one of great importance to him. By the score of full regattas may a successful season be measured; full regattas call for full prize lists and, without a doubt, a big class match near enough inshore to attract public interest is a magnet for filling up prize funds. To-day, with the "J" class out of commission, this spectacle cannot be produced. There can be no substitute in the public eye for those thrilling finishes between White Heather and Shamrock or Westward and Britannia—finishes which captivated the interest not only of the sailing man, but also of the man in the street.

There are those who aver that the day of the big racing yacht is over; that economic conditions have killed her. Let me remind such critics that similar remarks have been made before at similar crises in our yachting history. In the 'eighties when the German Emperor's Meteor (ex-Thistle) and Iverna fought single-ship duels round the coast the same was said, and yet in the early 'nineties out came Britannia, Satanita, Valkyrie and Calluna. When this amazing class took a back seat it was said again—and yet out came the 23-metre cutters.

After the War there was the same story, and we had Astra, Cambria and Candida to disprove it—and so on. There is, in fact, no justification at all for believing that the day of a really big yacht is over. Our present problems would indeed have been solved had the projected 100-ton class materialised. At the moment, however, it seems as if a number of factors have combined to prevent its appearance. The present, it is hinted, finds a number of potential owners of such ships too busy with the nation's rearmament to find time to build to a new rule. That at least is an argument that one hears being canvassed vigorously, and yet I doubt very much if it is the real answer

There are other potential owners, whose paths in everyday life lie in other directions, who could build to the projected class had they wanted to. Again, it is said that a Royal lead is necessary before a new class can be built. That was not the case with the 23-metre class in 1907, nor for the 1928 boats, nor again for the "J" cutters. Indeed I think one must seek much further than these criticisms if one wishes to find a reason—and quite possibly this lies more in the nature of the racing than in anything else. These, after all, are times when no one is going to build a costly yacht to a new class if there is the slightest chance that this ship or even the class is destined for a short life.

There is, some critics aver, the closest of parallels between the contemplated 100-tonners and the nineteen-metre class of pre-War days. The 100-tonner and these are much of a size, and the racing would, under modern class rules, again be on level terms. The critics point out that the "Nineteens" survived only for a couple of years—albeit they were good years, but only two of them nevertheless. They argue that where so much else is equal that might well be about the term of life open to a 100-tonner. Here, however, they make a mistake, I think, for there is one comparison these critics do not draw. When the nineteen-metres were in their prime there was also a big class of sorts in existence. If the 100-ton class comes into being it will itself be the big class.

My own belief is that the problem of a future big class will lie not so much with its size as with the conditions under which it will race. Since 1928 the tendency has been to develop a fleet of big cutters in which every yacht races upon level terms with the rest. This racing without time allowance is undoubtedly a most desirable ideal and is one which works perfectly in the smaller classes. But where the bigger ships are concerned, history seems to me to suggest that a level-terms class has a very short life. The pre-War 23-metre cutters did not last long; the first level-terms class after the War containing Astra and her sisters would have faded away if a time allowance had not been introduced. Indeed, it seems to me that one has to go back to the 'eighties and the 'nineties to find a long-life big class, and then one finds that its racing was under time allowance. The secret of long life and success would also appear to be that this time allowance must be very small—sufficient to encourage an owner to improve his ship 'and keep her in the fleet when newer craft come along.



WHERE ALL TYPES COMPETE

Ortac leading Milvelo at the start of the Thames Estuary Race from Shore Ends, Burnham-on-Crouch, which was won, on time, by Messrs. Brown and Kemsley's Vala

MOTOR CRUISER RACES

A Full Season Ahead

THIS year the motor-cruiser owner who usually "motor cruises" but who, being human, likes occasionally the spice of a race, will find plenty to interest him. In point of date his first fixture can be the "London to Cowes" race. This course is now a complete misnomer, for this year the 30th race of the series will be run from Poole to Cherbourg, thence round the Havre L.V. and back to Poole again, a total distance of 224 sea miles. The race, which starts on June 25th, is on handicap terms, and is open to genuine motor cruisers (petrol, parsffin or Diesel), express cruisers, and auxiliary sailing yachts which will race under power alone.

Awards will be made for the fastest passage and the best log-book of the passage, and gold medals will be awarded to competitors completing the courses within certain time limits. The premier award in this race is the Braemar Challenge Trophy (No. 1) for the most meritorious performance. There will also be a second Braemar trophy for the club nominating a team of two entrants to put up the best aggregate performance. The closing date for entrants is June 15th.

The next event on the motor cruiser's programme should be the *Field* Endurance Test in the Firth of Clyde on July 1st. This test is run on a handicap based upon declared speed, and starts from Hunter's Quay on a 157-mile course. The rules for this test very rightly are so framed that only sea-going motor cruisers can enter. The award to the winner is the *Field*'s Gold Trophy, the most handsome award in the motor-cruising world. The winner also receives £15 and, if there are seven or more starters, there is a second prize of £10 and a third prize of £5. The closing date for entries for this event (which is under the control of the Royal Scottish M.Y. Club) is June 20th.

Next in order comes the cruise for *The Pavillon D'Or*, which will take place from July 18th to 23rd. Full details of this international event can be obtained from Arthur Bray, 146, Marylebone Road, and the entry list closes on June 15th. Last year's cruise was to Havre and Paris, and was a tremendous success. This year the gathering points will be Flushing, Delfzyl, Terschelling and Nijmegen, and the focus of all entries will be Amsterdam, where the meeting is timed to coincide with the International Motor Boat Races. As usual there will be an interesting series of events.

The last important race in this year's motor cruiser series will be the Little Ship Club's North Sea Race from Brightlingsea to Ostend on July 30th—an open sea race of 93 miles. Entrants, which must be *bona fide* cruisers and which, I believe, can use steadying sail if necessary, are handicapped according to some special formula, and the premier award is a trophy known as "The Bone of Contention." The closing date for entries will be July 24th, but there is a faint possibility that there may yet be an alteration in the date not only of entry but of the race itself, antedating it in order to fit it in with the cruise for the *Pavillon D'Or*.

And if the motor-cruiser owner with a human liking for an occasional burst of competition elects to enter for all these events he will find a very full season on his hands.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

IN the last two articles which appeared in these columns I dealt with Hocks, and now pass on to the wines of the Palatinate. These are to other Hocks what Sauternes are to other white wines of France. They are naturally luscious wines, although they are not invariably sweet; the sun must do its part and store in each little golden berry an excess of grape-sugar, so that some of it will remain in the wine after fermentation has run its natural course.

The vineyards of the Palatinate are planted in alluvial soil, which must be of very remote origin since it is now found upon a plateau dominating the Rhine, on its left bank. The vineyards are divided into three main parts, known as the Oberland, with Landau its centre town; the Mittelhaardt, from Neustadt to Bad-Dürkheim; and the Unterland, from Bad-Dürkheim to Frankenthal. The most extensive of them are the Bad-Dürkheim but those of Forst, Ruppertsberg, Deidesheim and Königsbach are responsible for the most delicious and luscious white wines of the Palatinate; and then come those of Mussbach, Wachenheim, Neustadt and many more villages or parishes of the Rheinpfalz, as the Palatinate is called in Germany.

Forst is one of the smallest wine-producing parishes, but its name is better known among the wine-lovers of the world than that of many more important — quantitatively speaking — Palatinate villages. Its best known vineyard is the Jesuitengarten, the old garden of the Jesuits, long since departed; but if one is fortunate enough to come across a Forster Kirchenstück, the cask of the church—also long since deprived of any worldly interest in the cask that still bears its name—one may be fairly certain of a good wine. Forst is more or less in the centre of the best of the vineyards, with Deidesheim and Ruppertsberg to the south, and Wachenheim and Dürkheim to the north.

Deidesheim produces twice as much wine as Forst, and some wine quite equal in quality to the best of the Palatinate. Among its famous vineyards are Leinhöle, Vogelsang, Kieselberg and Langenmorgen. Close to Deidesheim are the equally famous vineyards of Ruppertsberg, the Hofstück, Hoheburg, Reiterpfad and Gaisböhl being among the more celebrated. Continuing the vineyards of Ruppertsberg, to the west, that is further away from the Rhine, are those of Königsbach. The wines of Königsbach are not nearly so well known in England as they deserve to be; there is not a large quantity of them available, but as a rule they are well worth securing whenever possible.

Upon the other side of Forst there is Wachenheim, a quaint village with some good vineyards, none finer than Gerumpel, Dreispitz, Wolfsdarm and Buchelein; and, further on, the little watering-place of Bad-Dürkheim, which is well worth visiting in September at the time of the Wurstmarkt, the annual Sausage Fair of the district. It takes place too early for the actual picking of the grapes, but at a time when the ripening grapes are a joy to see.

Most of the wines of Dürkheim are white, but there are some red wines made also, and they enjoy a fair measure of repute locally, more on account of the scarcity of red wines, probably, than for their real merit. Further north, the alluvial soil, richest of all in the Forst-Deidesheim district, comes completely to an end and the vineyards to the north are planted in chalky soil, not at all unsuitable soil for the cultivation of the Riesling grape, but unsuitable for the sweet type of wine which has made those of the Palatinate famous. People, however, who do not care for sweet wine have no difficulty in finding a number of other white wines, Hocks or Moselles, which are not or should not be at all sweet.

There are Palatinate wines, as there are Sauternes, which are neither luscious nor sweet, but they had better be left alone; they are the products of sunless years, when the grapes failed to reach the degree of over-ripeness which is a *sine qua non* condition for all sweet wines, which owe that quality to a natural excess of grape-sugar. Hence the advisability, when choosing a Palatinate wine, to try and secure one which bears on its label the mention "Beeren Auslese" or, better still, "Trockenbeeren Auslese," indicating that the wine within the bottle was made from late-gathered grapes, and there are no late gatherings of grapes except in fine sunny years—years sunny to the end.



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FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of May 26th, 1888.

SCULLING Across the Channel. "Mr. Samuel Osborne, whose disappearance in a small pleasure boat on Monday caused considerable anxiety, returned to Dover on Thursday with the boat in which he sculled across the Channel to the French coast. He came to Dover on Saturday night, and states that his only object was to prove that the voyage of the Oxford crew in crossing the Channel in an eight-oared galley was no great feat of endurance when it could be done by one person. Altogether Osborne must have rowed fully 40 miles, and his feat is a notable one. The time occupied, from start to finish, was only thirteen hours."

Gentlemen of England v. The Australians. "At 263, Mr. Grace was caught at slip, and thus was ended an extraordinarily fine innings amounting to 165. In getting these runs Mr. Grace was batting three hours and 40 minutes; he gave no chance, and his principal items were one five (two overthrows), eighteen fours, three threes and nineteen twos."

IN THE SALEROOM

TIMES move and change, and readers of the *Field* will regret, but not be surprised, to know that Thomas Tilling find it necessary to disperse 45 of their historical horse-drawn vehicles, and a quantity of period harness. Landaus, an Irish jaunting car, a pair-horse curricle, and an old rail wine cart are typical of the collection which will be auctioned on June 15th at Peckham High Street.

On June 20th and 21st the second and final portion of the renowned Ham House Library is being sold by Sotheby's. Rich in early works of great rarity, it includes two equal to anything, early or otherwise, in the whole collection; they are the *Third Folio of Shakespeare*, 1663, in perfect condition, bound in morocco by the King's binder, and a perfect large paper *Gulliver's Travels*, in original boards and uncut. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find two books equal to these. There are also a number of Caxton's, including *The Myrrour of the World*, and the edition of Sir David Lindsay's Works, Edinburgh, 1574. The Continental works include an unrecorded edition of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, 1478, and a very strong French section.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

AMONG the many dead birds which are sent to this office for post mortem, there is each week a large percentage of budgerigars. Some are accompanied by pathetic letters; some just have bald notes attached, "cause of death, please." The cause of death is, naturally, very varied, but in quite a number of cases (most frequently, I think, in those accompanied by letters from owners who loved them) the reason has lain to a large extent in insufficient knowledge of the bird and its likes and dislikes.

* * *

I cannot say that I know much about budgerigars. I have never kept them, and I do not know that I have ever wanted to keep them until this last day or so. But now I do, and all because I have just finished reading a book called *Incomparable Budgerigars*, by Percy Gladstone Frudd, and published by Heath Cranton at 7/6.

I very much doubt if it is possible to read this book and not long to possess budgerigars. Mr. Frudd commences by telling sixteen stories of birds kept by himself or in aviaries of friends. He vouches for the truth of each story, and each story is charming. Even if some of the conversations between his heroes—and heroines—appear as highly coloured as the birds themselves, they are yet irresistible. Mr. Frudd has, if such a thing is possible, the budgerigar mind.

But as you read you will disregard the highly coloured (or accept it) and become immersed in the knowledge which the author disburses in simple and non-technical language. And you will realise that, even though you could not swallow the conversations, budgerigars are highly intelligent and extremely adaptable, and that they can be developed into most attractive pets.

* * *

The author has had ample experience as a breeder, and his advice is always practical. He gives diagrams of suitable aviaries, with full details as to the proper conditions and the proper diet. And he also gives much valuable advice on breeding problems, and show points, which will be invaluable to anyone who keeps budgerigars whether he wishes to breed them for colour or for show.

But most fascinating to most people will be the knowledge that their birds can be trained to talk, and trained without cruelty or hardship. I suppose many of us heard the budgerigar star-turn in "In Town To-night," and wondered, as I did, whether it was not in some way faked. Well, it was not. And Mr. Frudd tells us how we may train our own birds to do likewise. Altogether this is a most charming book, if written in a somewhat romantic style.

* * *

Later in the week I read Mr. Seton Gordon's *Wild Birds in Britain* (Batsford; 8/6). I am an admirer of Mr. Seton Gordon, and I think I have read all his books and own most of them. So I sat down to this in quite a different frame of mind to the feeling I had when I took up Mr. Frudd's book; for I am also interested in our wild birds and I was not interested in budgerigars.

But Mr. Seton Gordon has attempted the impossible. He has tried to deal with all our wild birds in the space (I should guess) of some 40,000 words. Naturally there are a number of omissions, and naturally the amount of information about each bird is very limited. This is not the author's fault. If he had to cram all the birds of Britain into so limited a space, he had obviously to skim lightly along the surface of his subject.

He has, nevertheless, managed to write a very interesting book, and I think that is something of a triumph considering the limitations that were imposed upon him or which he imposed upon himself. It would be possible to write a book on every wild bird that visits our shores, and even then you would not. I think, have said all that could be said about that bird: you cannot possibly say anything of great value in a few lines. Yet I think Mr. Seton Gordon may congratulate himself on his book and on the way he has tackled a job he must have known was beyond his (or anyone else's) ability.

* * *

The photographs—there are 100 of them—are good. The publishers maintain that they are beyond doubt the finest that have appeared in any book on the subject. I suppose I have seen most (if not all) the bird books of the past fifteen years or so, and I remain unconvinced. Some of the photographs—Eric Hosking's stone curlews and Niall Rankin's gannet, for example—are exceptional, but we all know them. Some of the others, though good, are by no means exceptional.

Probably I expected too much. I am disappointed with the book, but I know that it is as good a book as it is possible to write on so vast a subject in so limited a space.

B. V.-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHOOTING PIGEONS IN JULY

SIR,—From Mr. Fowler's letter (*Field*, April 16th, 1938) I pick out the three points of interest: That it is absurd to call woodpigeons "pests;" that they are doing little harm in July; and apparently that they do little damage in winter. I will take these points in reverse order.

The winter objectives of woodpigeons may be beechmast and acorns. (Incidentally this must hinder the natural regeneration of our hardwoods.) But to suggest that they will only strip a turnip field in hard weather is ridiculous. We have had a remarkably mild winter here, yet the pigeons grazed bare the green on turnips, swedes and clover, and ate large quantities of kale, and later they attacked newly-drilled sanfoin and shallow-sown wheat, not to mention their depredations in the gardens.

The harm they do in July is that they are breeding then and, being pests, should be ruthlessly destroyed as, it is to be hoped, the pigeons that visit us in the winter will be destroyed in their countries of origin.

To deny that pigeons are pests is to display either "pigheadedness" or ignorance, and further argument on the point will be a waste of time.

Mr. Balfour-Browne's ethical principles (*Field*, May 7th, 1938) are, to me, obscure. No matter when I shoot a pigeon, my conscience remains in good health and requires no salves. I sometimes shoot pigeons sitting, because, in company with our legislators, I regard them as pests, and not game birds. But when I shoot them on the wing I take pleasure in it, whatever the month of the year. Why should I not?

I shoot rats all the year round (with an air rifle) and this, too, gives me a certain amount of pleasure. Why should it not?

I shoot rooks with reluctance at any time of year, for they do an enormous amount of good, as well as being delightful birds. But when the defence of newly-sown crops demands "scare-crows," I take pleasure again in outwitting this cunning bird. For shooting an adult rook is a work of considerable skill where they have grown used to the ways of men with guns.

With apologies for taking up so much space,
Yours faithfully,
Lechlade, Gloucestershire. HUGH V. CORLEY.

FLAT RACING V. STEEPLECHASING

SIR,—A while back I noticed that at Birmingham G. Wilson, in the first four 'chases, won twice and was twice second, or anyhow placed. Now had a fashionable jockey done that on the flat there would have been headlines in the papers, but no comment was made about the above successes.

I wonder if people realise what it means to fight out four long races running over fences? Certainly, a flat race calls for a bit more skill and a bit more judgment of pace than a 'chase, but it takes precious little out of you, except in bad circumstances, such as riding a puller who cannot stay in a 1½lb. saddle! Normally it is far more a case of skill and art than endurance: the ordinary morning gallops keep one quite fit enough to ride a string of flat races.

And there is no comparison whatever between hunting and 'chasing: it is all a matter of pace. Many a keen hunting man who has never ridden in a 'chase and who has the best cattle would get the shock of his life if he entered his best horse in a 'chase, had that horse never been schooled fast. Many a G.R. must have broken bones, as the writer has, simply because optimistic owners had not realised this fact. They had what they considered a marvellous fencer, and the horse probably was, but he had never been asked to take fences at racing pace.

Hats off to the man who can fight out four 'chases running and be placed in all four.

Yours faithfully,
J. R. GAUSSEN.

Naval and Military Club.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS

SIR,—Forty-eight brace of foxes have been killed during the past season and this has led to statements in the local Press and elsewhere which are inaccurate. As I had the honour of being hon. secretary at the time the real records were established many of your readers may be glad to have the correct details. During the season 1908–1909 the late Mr. Arthur Jones totalled 56½ brace, and for the season 1912–1913 55 brace. But his great achievement was in the season 1915–16, when, hunting hounds himself, he killed 61½ brace, thus setting up a record which has never even been approached since. It will be noticed that this was during the War, when the number of hounds had been greatly reduced and all the best horses commandeered, those remaining available in each case being cut down to the minimum.

Also the greater portion of the country now hunted by the Clifton-on-Teme pack, then—and always has done—formed part of the old Worcestershire country. This also included Winwricks (neutral with the Ludlow), Pensax, Abberley, Areley Wood, Ribberford, and into Bewdley Forest. The Ran Dans and Pepper Wood (neutral with the Albrighton) were also drawn once a fortnight. All this large tract was regularly hunted by Mr. Jones as part and parcel of the Worcestershire territory; it is a rough, hilly district where foxes are very difficult to kill; I have the head of one now found at Winwricks and killed on the Abberley Hills at the end of 3 hours 40 minutes. In addition to other difficulties hounds were stopped by frost and snow on eleven days. All this reveals the record set up by Mr. Jones as all the more remarkable, and a feat not likely to be equalled even in the present curtailed country.

Yours faithfully,
Graveley. NIGEL FREER.

THE PLIGHT OF THE INSHORE FISHERMEN

SIR,—The *Field* appears to stand alone in its defence of English country. Following upon your series of stimulating articles on the land, I should like to put forward a plea for a body of men whose livelihood is even more ruinous than the farmer's. I am not one of those who envisage a European war in any immediate future; but, nevertheless, 21 years ago England was within a few weeks of national famine, owing to the depredations of the U-boats. That danger was averted by the efficiency of our Q-boats, shore patrols and mine-layers and mine-sweepers, manned largely by inshore fishermen. Their triumph was due in no small measure to the physical hardihood, experience and skill acquired in their peace-time fishing.

To-day, inshore fishing is on its last legs. I write from personal experience only of the East Coast, but I have no doubt that on every coast the tale of doom is the same. Where, before the War, there were 40 smacks and herring driftors at a fishing village, to-day there are eight, and each year sees another boat laid up. Soon there will not be enough fishermen to man the lifeboats.

Their doom is written in one word, trawler. To contend that there are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it is a puerile fallacy—there are vastly less each year; so much so that the fishermen of my village this past season practically gave up line fishing in favour of crabs, and others laid up their boats altogether in favour of winkles.

What have I against the trawler? They have swept the seas clean of fish. Briefly, a single trawler makes a good catch on one bank one day; news spreads by wireless or from fish markets, and the next day a fleet of trawlers arrives to sweep to the last shoal. Such good ground is likely to be where herring are spawning, for many species of fish feed on their spawn. The modern trawler's nets comb the sea-bottom so cleanly that the very clams, crabs and starfish are torn up, and not only are all the fish netted, but the herring spawn as well. Inside or outside a three-mile limit makes no odds; a potential supply of fish from spawn is lost.

Divers regulations for square and large-meshed nets, designed to let all unsizable fish escape unhurt, have been passed. But, in practice, a compressed mass of fish and jetsam accumulates at the narrow end of the shaped nets. The best and biggest haddocks, whiting and flat-fish are retained by the trawler, the remainder of the catch is shovelled back into the sea—not to grow into sizable fish, but hopelessly mutilated owing to the great pressure to which they have been subjected.

Far from being unemployed, the inshore fishermen work 60 hours a week on an average all the year round (and their wives longer) under desperate conditions of physical hardship that no one can envisage who has not worked with them—and many of those I know are nearer to starvation than I care to think about. Their boats are not insured; the insurance is too heavy. The Government has exempted the fishermen from income-tax, a somewhat ironical gesture, considering that this income is not likely ever to come within the scale of schedules. It generously allows him 8d. a gallon off petrol and 1d. a gallon off paraffin; but as he uses 80 gallons of petrol a year and about 800 of paraffin, this is not so generous after all. By the time the auctioneer's fees, &c., have been deducted from the value of his catch, the fisherman receives just about half its sale price at Billingsgate.

The interim of the War showed that fish can recover, if they are left alone for two or three years. A total prohibition of trawlers is not now feasible, but if inshore fishing is to be saved from extinction, their numbers must be strictly limited; skippers and trawler owners should be imprisoned for disregarding such trawling restrictions as are intended to assist the inshore fisherman; a more numerous fleet of fishery boats should be put in use, empowered to fire across trawlers not recognising their authority; the inshore fisherman should be given full insurance for his boats; carriage of fish should be paid by dealers; and the inshore fisherman given the best prices in the market.

My only regret is that, in already trespassing overlong on your valuable space, I have not been able to cram in more details of the manner in which the trawler syndicates profit at the expense of the inshore fishermen.

Yours faithfully,
Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

"GHOULIES AND GHOSTIES"

SIR,—I have read Judith Leslie's letter under this heading in your issue of April 16th, and I suggest that the "snoring purr" that she heard was made by a sleeping hedgehog. The hedgehog sometimes makes a surprisingly loud noise when snoring, and it snores frequently.

It seems peculiar that this hedgehog, if so it was, should have been sleeping during the night, but it may have been an habitual late riser.

Yours faithfully,
Scotland. M. R. WALLACE.

SIR,—The piercing screams heard by several of your correspondents are without much doubt uttered by the hedgehog. I set a rat-trap here and omitted to tie it, and in the night I heard these screams and went out, making sure it was a cat, but found the hedgehog dragging the trap across the gravel drive.

If it can make these screams when in pain, it can make them at other times.

Yours faithfully,
Oakhill, A. T. MITCHELL.
South Brent.

SIR,—The letter signed "Irene Roberts" reminds me of what I once heard, during a cold moonlight night during the War, in East Devon. There was a most awful shriek, which appeared to come from a wooded hill about half a mile away. An old farm labourer said it was probably a badger, and I think he was right. But they do not often make this noise, at all events in this country. So far as I know, the only noise that a fox makes is like the bark of a small dog. Owls make a snoring noise at night, but this is quite different, and can only be heard from a few yards off.

Yours faithfully,
Ledicot, HENRY N. MORTIMER.
Shobdon.

SIR,—I have read this correspondence with the greatest interest, as we had an exactly similar experience here in Maryland about a year ago. On two or three nights in succession we were awakened by the most bloodcurdling shrieks imaginable close to the house, somewhat of a cat-like nature, but much too powerful and horrible for any domestic feline. Nor does it seem possible that either red or grey foxes—we have both in plenty—could have developed such wicked lungs. And we have no badgers. After much thought being given to the matter we came to the conclusion that only the great horned owl (*Bubo Virginianus*) could be responsible for these murderous interruptions to our nocturnal peace.

Yours faithfully,
Langley Park, L. MCCORMICK-GOODHART.
Silver Spring, Maryland.

SIR,—I thought by now you would have been inundated with letters pointing out that the horrible noise referred to was made by a vixen fox, as it most undoubtedly was. Until a year or two ago I thought it was only made by a vixen in the mating season, but then, one evening in midsummer, I heard one not far away; I went at once round a small covert, and saw the fox about 200yds. away, walking and jogging away from me, and giving occasional 40-cat-power yowls. It soon arrived at another covert, into which it disappeared. I very nearly wrote to you about it at the time, as I thought it so unusual for the time of year.

For some reason the noise is very seldom to be heard. If it is not a fox can any one say they have ever heard it in a shooting county?

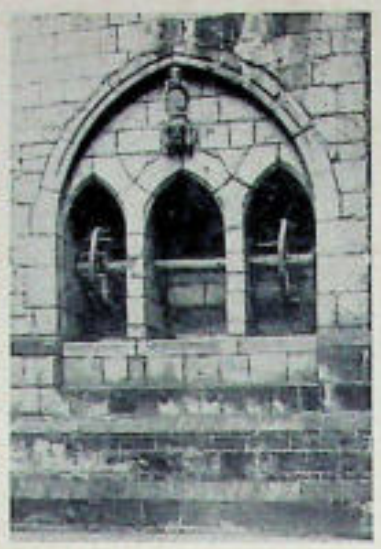
I remember an uncle of mine being roused by a visiting niece one night, with an, "Uncle! Uncle! There is a woman being murdered in the garden!" He told her to go to a warm spot (presumably bed), as it was only a vixen calling.

Yours faithfully,
Tetbury. G. H.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]



FEUDAL FIRE AND WATER
(See letter "Past Domestic History")



PAST DOMESTIC HISTORY

SIR,—I feel sure that there must be many links with the domestic and more intimate side of the past history of Britain lying unthought of in the ruined castles and mansions around the countryside. The enclosed photographs show two fairly well preserved specimens of this kind of thing.

The draw well in the inner bailey of Alnwick Castle is in a wonderful state of preservation—it has probably been "pointed up" many times during its life, but even so, still represents a remarkable example of the feudal baron's water supply. The wooden windlass, although showing signs of the passing of the centuries, is still capable of supporting a well-filled bucket of water.

The oven stands in the great courtyard of ruined Dunstanburgh, and this is, I think, more remarkable than the previous example, for the castle has lain in ruins since the fourteenth century, while the oven has had no attention at all since the building was evacuated at that time. It was discovered silted over with sand blown from the sea shore some four or five years ago, when H.M. Office of Works were carrying out National Memorial repairs on the ruins.

It is capable of containing three or four whole bullock carcases at one time. Faggots were burned in it until the interior became red hot—the fire marks may still be seen—the carcases placed inside, and the opening sealed with turf. Meat juices and fat run into a sloping gutter in front, and were caught in vessels placed in the smaller opening to the left of the picture.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. MILES.

19, Lindisfarne Road,
Alnwick,
Northumberland.

GOOD *whisky when it starts maturing in the wood*



BETTER *whisky when it is fully matured and skilfully blended with many other fine whiskies*



but
BEST *of all is when after long maturing in cask and expert blending*



JOHNNIE WALKER

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PET NAMES

SIR,—In January, 1937, you were good enough to print a letter from me asking for information on the subject of company terms or "names of assemblage" for animals, birds, &c. This brought me a great number of replies.

I am now anxious to obtain information as to the origin of various "pet names" such as Teddy Bear, Tabby Cat, &c., and would be very grateful if you could assist me again.

Yours faithfully,

Army and Navy Club, C. E. HARE.
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

DERBY WINNERS IN SOUTH RUSSIA

SIR,—Since writing the letter which appeared in the *Field* of April 30th, I have received a communication from one who, in pre-war days, held a high position in the household of the late Emperor of Russia, and was actively concerned with the Horse Breeding Department of the Russian War Office. Regarding Minoru, he says:

"Minoru was bought on behalf of the Imperial Tsarskoye Selo Racing Association. When the horse was delivered in Russia it was found to be blind of one eye, a fact which the commissioners had apparently overlooked in making the purchase. Minoru was put to the stud at Galtee-More Stud Farm, near Kharkov, and served there for three or four years, at the end of which time he became partly paralysed and was rendered useless for stud purposes. Consequently he was not removed from Kharkov during the civil war along with Aboyeur, Louviers and Saltpetre, and was not shipped to Constantinople, as you quite correctly concluded. When I saw him last in Kharkov about 1917, he had become a total wreck, and is not likely to have lived very long afterwards."

That, I think, quite definitely establishes the fate of Minoru. Yours faithfully,

Horrabridge. C. K. DAWSON.

THE FUNCTION OF THE KYPE

SIR,—The function of the kype in a cock salmon is, from my own observation, as follows: In any clear water pool at the foot of the spawning beds, the ripe female fish may be seen being chased by several males—one to three—who make savage snaps at her vent; after a longer or shorter time a successful bite is made; this either causes extension of the ova or a rupture of the egg sac, so inducing her to get rid of them more easily.

For this purpose she at once rushes up the gravel, followed by one or more males, who "milt" them. Having accomplished her purpose, she—a very tired creature—drops down into the pool. The size of the kype depends upon the intensity of the sexual instincts in the male; it is unusually large in those loathsome-looking cock fish described as "in full spawning livery."

Yours faithfully,

King's Knoll, F. W. PILKINGTON.
Clifton Road,
Parkstone, Dorset.

[The kype would seem to make it difficult for any effective bite to be made.—ED.]

POULTRY ON COUNCIL ESTATES

SIR,—I am sure you and your readers will be pleased to learn that as a result of questions raised in Parliament following the letter on this subject which you were good enough to publish a short time ago, the Minister of Health is officially advocating provision for poultry-keeping on council estates.

In a memorandum, No. 1697, dated April 23rd, 1938, issued in connection with the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act just passed, the Minister impresses upon councils the "desirability of providing such appurtenances as outbuildings, garden plots and suitable space for the keeping of poultry."

Such provision, the Minister says, would materially enhance at small cost the value of the house to the tenant.

If this is advocated by the Minister in the case of new houses, the same principle surely applies to existing housing estates where tenants are prepared, at their own expense, to make the same provision.

In cases, therefore, where the council bans poultry keeping, the tenants are advised to write and ask their Housing Committee whether, in view of the Minister's recommendation, they are prepared to allow poultry keeping under hygienic conditions, and without nuisance to neighbours.

In view of the importance of this small-scale poultry keeping to the nation's food supplies in time of national emergency, as well as its value as an unexceptionable hobby, any support you can give to it will be a national service.

Yours faithfully,

A. P. THOMPSON
(Editor *Feathered World*).

9, Arundel Street,
London, W.C. 2.

GAME CEMETERIES

SIR,—Mr. Bessemer Clark's statements as regards the game cemeteries controlled by the Forestry Commission are, I should imagine, only too well founded. I know for a fact that blackgame, in one place, at any rate, were shot all the year round, but I must confess that I am surprised that these birds are openly classed as vermin on the form sent to Mr. Bessemer Clark's friend. It is scarcely surprising that blackgame are fast disappearing.

Roe, under certain conditions, do damage, particularly to hard woods. Rabbits, which apparently are not included in the vermin list, do a great deal more. Ground can be fenced against rabbits and equally against roe. I drew attention to the manner in which the latter animal is treated by those controlling the policy of the Forestry Commission in the *Field* a year or so ago. The snare, of course, should be absolutely prohibited. Is it? Or do the Forestry Commission still "stoop to unsporting practices"?

Perhaps orders are not actually given for the destruction of certain birds and animals, but I have little doubt that Forestry employees are judged by results. Roe, incidentally, are very good eating, as I have no doubt those working on estates owned by the Forestry Commission have discovered.

Yours faithfully,

Arthur's, FRANK WALLACE.
St. James's Street, S.W. 1.



A CLUTCH OF EIGHT IN A KENTISH NEST
(See letter "Quails' Nests in Britain")

QUAILS' NESTS IN BRITAIN

SIR,—The finding of quails' nests in Britain was mentioned in the recent column on these birds, but apparently very few of the nests have been photographed. Possibly the enclosed snapshot of a quail's nest taken in Kent four years ago may, therefore, be of interest. I have heard of other nests in North Devon and (I think) in Suffolk, and last year a quail was picked up dead under some telephone wires on Salisbury Plain. A year or two before that there was a trustworthy and remarkable report of a quail having been shot on Boxing Day—I think in Bedfordshire, but certainly in the southern half of England. The bird was *Coturnix coturnix*, and not a survivor of the American quails once enlarged in Cheshire.

It seems a pity that the British Trust for Ornithology did not extend the landrail inquiry to cover quails also at the same time. The two species have many similarities. The landrail is, of course, known as the grass-quail in some places, and an older nickname is "king of the quails."

Yours faithfully,

Kingston. HAYSEED.

THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a monastery built out of the solid rock of this mountain, which rises some 2,000ft. practically sheer above Jericho. A pathway leads on to the top from which a magnificent view can be obtained of the surrounding country. The wall which encloses the top of the mountain used to surround a church, but now only the foundations remain. It is an interesting mountain in that only about 700ft. are above sea level, the monastery actually being below.

Yours faithfully,
Dover Castle. DOUGLAS GORDON.



A MOUNTAIN MONASTERY BELOW SEA LEVEL.
(See letter "The Mount of Temptation")

SPORT AND GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Bessemer Clark in your issue of April 30th prompts me to ask, What about the angling aspect? This is a genuine inquiry, directed to those who know, or should know: one hears many rumours.

1. In the event of the Ministry of Agriculture or the Forestry Commission taking over land subject to Scots law, do they acquire the Crown Charter of salmon fishings (which include sea trout)? If so, do they:

(*a*) let the fishings to approved tenants?

(*b*) let them to anyone?

(*c*) allow them to be "free fished" and poached by all and sundry, including their own employees? Which means complete neglect, and eventual ruination, affecting also neighbouring waters by encouraging lawlessness?

2. If fishings are left as owned or rented, do these departments do anything to assist preservation in the sense of (*c*)?

I know of many good or reasonable fishings in the West of Scotland which are in districts taken over by these departments, with the result that one hears nothing further from them at all. The West Coast is in a bad way as regards commercial salmon netting—if the bagnets are not worth working, it is obvious that the stock of spawners in the rivers is negligible. National assets are lost, apart from sporting value.

It is common knowledge that gangs of seringe-netters are based at every port from Oban to Kyle of Lochalsh; and, further, mop up everything in the estuaries by means of motor-boats. Some Clyde "yachtsmen" lend a very sturdy hand—to their shame! No one does anything about it, since proprietors or tenants cannot afford to do what, with some slight knowledge, would be a very easy matter for a Government department; that is, to take the lead in a general, and long overdue, preservation scheme.

Yours faithfully,
London. C. TROUT.

A SALMON FROM THE TEST

SIR,—Here are particulars of a Test salmon caught recently by Mr. Percy Tarbutt, on a small golden sprat, at Broadlands, Romsey, Hampshire, on the Rookery beat. The weight was 41lb., and the length and girth 49in. and 24½in. respectively. I believe that the fish constitutes a record for the water.

Yours faithfully,
London. D. J. V. F.



A MAGNIFICENT CATCH
(See letter "A Salmon from the Test")

A WOODCHAT IN SHROPSHIRE

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that on two occasions during this month I have seen a woodchat in the woods here.

I believe that these birds are very rarely seen in this country.

Yours faithfully,
G. G. DUGATE.

The Shropshire Game Farm,
Bardley Court, Cleobury Mortimer.

THE SMALLEST NATIONAL WINNER

SIR,—I was very pleased to see Mr. Rouch's letter in the *Field* of April 16th giving the height of Shannon Lass, as it made another addition to my collection of the measurements of horses.

The minute I saw the headlines of some of the leading London daily papers claiming Battleship to be the smallest Grand National winner I knew it was only the modern journalist's ignorance and love of exaggeration. And the very papers that stated in them that he was the smallest National winner in memory, had—less than ten years before—given the height of Father O'Flynn as 15 hands 0½in., which is smaller even than Shannon Lass, let alone Battleship.

But even Father O'Flynn was not the smallest winner of the race, for, according to an interesting article by Sir Walter Gilbey on the size of horses in a livestock journal almanac of the beginning of the present century, Abd-el-Kader was barely 15 hands, and The Lamb about the same. He mentioned other small Grand National winners—among them Casse-Tête, who, looking at the increase in the size of modern thoroughbreds since her time, was probably smaller than Shannon Lass.

Battleship, therefore, fails to get even a place in the Minimum Height Grand National Stakes, and can only be put among the "also runs," but as he won the real race, which, after all, is all that matters, why trouble about his height compared with previous winners?

Yours faithfully,
Barmouth. CASSANDRA—AT 4ST. 7LB.

NORWEGIAN ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS

SIR,—I would like to draw the attention of rowing clubs to this two-day regatta, held at Bergen on July 9th and 10th. The regatta committee hope to see a number of English crews enter, and already I believe a German crew and several Danish crews have entered, making it a really international event.

There is a very wide selection of races, amongst which I might mention junior and senior fours (coxed and coxless), junior and senior sculls, and junior and senior eights.

The course is an excellent one of 2,000 metres, as I can vouch for from personal experience, and the surroundings magnificent. Of the Norwegian hospitality I do not need to state that it is second to none throughout the world, and really has to be experienced to be believed.

There is a very fast service from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bergen (18 hours) by the M/V Vega and M/V Venus of the B. & N. Steamship Line. These boats, too, are the height of comfort, and I am told that special arrangements are being made for crews travelling on these ships to the regatta.

If those clubs who are interested will communicate with me at the address below I will be very pleased to let them have full particulars of the regatta and any other information they may require.

Yours faithfully,
A. D. C. HAMILTON.
(For Regattakomiteen for Landskapproning pa Nordasvannet, 1938.)
Caledonian Club,
St. James's Square, S.W. 1.

TAIL-SHEDDING LIZARDS

SIR,—I was particularly interested to read your correspondent "W. P. J.'s" letter under the heading "Battle Royal" because he actually saw the gecko throw off its tail. Many lizards have the power of relinquishing their tails, but I believe it is only the geckos which can do so voluntarily; in other cases a pull of some sort is necessary. On seeing a beautiful speckled skink in Cape Province I reached out for it, intending to catch it and examine the markings, but only succeeded in grabbing the tail. To my intense surprise and sorrow the tail came right off in my hand and the body part scuttled away out of sight. Naturally, I dropped the tail at once, and it lay on the ground wriggling, doing just what Nature intended, to distract the attention of the enemy and to enable the rest of the skink to escape.

A lizard deprived of its tail can grow a new one, but it is stunted and lacks the bony core.

Yours faithfully,
58, Foulser Road, V. THOMPSON.
London, S.W. 17.

AN UNORTHODOX CAPTURE

SIR,—On Good Friday afternoon I went to see a litter of very early fox cubs that a friend had found on some fairly open downland. We motored up as near as we dare, she going on alone to see if they were cut. One was asleep in the sun, so I tried a stalk on my hands and knees and managed to get close enough to grab it by the neck. It was a perfectly strong, healthy cub and not injured in any way.

Yours faithfully,
The Old Palace, A. LESTER-KAYE.
Kings Somborne, Hants.

To those who appreciate a finer

KUMMEL

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

IT is interesting to note that Erven Lucas Bols have for several hundred years manufactured near Amsterdam the original Dutch Kummel from a secret formula handed down by Lucas Bols, who founded the firm in 1575.

This fine Kummel, the healthiest of all liqueurs, is Double Distilled from pure grain spirit and Dutch caraway seed, the best in the world.

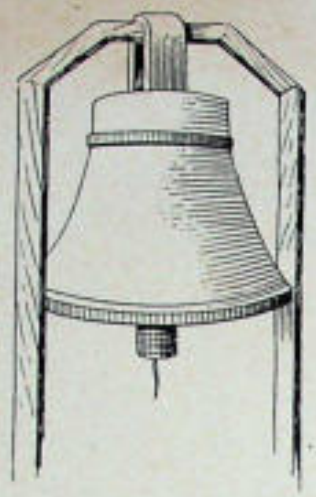
VERY DRY
TO SUIT THE
ENGLISH
PALATE



BOLS KUMMEL

THE BEAR'S BELL

SIR,—The article in a recent number of the *Field* descriptive of the U.S. Coast Guard vessel Bear was welcome to the many and varied Americans who were interested in her eventful history in Alaskan waters and who felt hurt by her final degradation to commercial purposes. Her service there was by no means restricted to merely naval duties, for her officers devoted themselves to social, philanthropic and educational work to the limit of their power and opportunities. Everybody, of both United States and Canadian origins, scattered along the coasts and islands of Bering Sea, was ministered to in the most helpful and kindly spirit. The ship's summer patrol in Bering Sea was regarded by the Eskimos there as a real godsend.



A BELL FROM THE BERING SEA
(*See letter "The Bear's Bell"*)

The enclosed sketch is of the Bear's bell, which was given to The Explorers' Club of this city when she was put out of commission by the Government, and is now preserved in our club-rooms.

Yours faithfully,
404 West 116th Street, ERNEST INGERSOLL.
New York City.

WOODCOCK

SIR,—I note from time to time in the columns of the *Field* that whilst correspondents advocate the advisability of discontinuing shooting woodcock after the month of January on the assumption that certain of the species mate in February and are nesting in March, yet I have looked in vain for a single plea to refrain from shooting this gamebird until he is in a position to provide sport—namely, not earlier than the month of October.

The most noted authorities are in accord that woodcock in many instances are still maturing their offspring well into the month of August. Under such circumstances who can condone the murder of such a sporting bird at that time of year. It may well be asked if any sportsmen can derive pleasure in the slaughter of a mother or its immature offspring as it flutters from beneath one's feet on a grouse moor in August, even if the game laws of England, Scotland, Wales and the six counties of Ulster permit of such an atrocity.

On the other hand, it is a debatable point as to whether woodcock have paired in the mating sense of the word during the month of February. Personally I have noted where one flushes a woodcock during any period of the year one can generally find another in the immediate vicinity. The foreign birds of the species have not yet left our shores by the last day of February, which fact in itself would suggest that the great majority of woodcock—namely, the migrants—shot during that month were not in any way concerned with domestic affairs, were well able to look after themselves and, last but not least, afforded a sporting shot.

Yours faithfully,
P. GALWEY FOLEY.

Belle Isle Sporting Hotel,
Birr, Ireland.

SEVERN SALMON

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letter of Mr. Hancock in your issue of April 16th, and agree with his reasons for explaining the very few numbers of Severn salmon taken by rod and line.

I would, however, venture to state that a few salmon run up the river in the summer. I have taken fish from 3½lb. to 14lb. in the summer months and, fishing naturally with a very small fly, have lost several large fish.

If, indeed, there is enough water, small fish are often seen. But in the twelve miles of water below Shrewsbury Weir there is not much fly water, and, in consequence, very few people think it worth going out; in addition most people fish for salmon with bait, and few of the fishermen in the town water of Shrewsbury have fly rods. There are practically no beats with keepers or watchers, and the lying places of the fish are not well known.

I think, therefore, it may be fairly said that a few summer fish do run up the river, but it is the great exception for anyone to fish for them. Mr. Hancock gives a lucid explanation of the reasons why the fish are dour and do not lie in the pools which should hold them. If the weirs are improved, there seems no reason why the fish should not run up freely. When there is enough water in the spring, I should not say the fish were dour; on the contrary, in a good year, they take freely. The difficulty is to find a fish in the long slow-running pools when they show so rarely.

The middle reaches of the Wye much resemble the middle reaches of the Severn, but in the former an admirable policy has been pursued for many years, much to the benefit of riparian owners and fishermen. It is to be hoped that the Severn Board will be freely supported in their efforts to improve the river.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES GRANT.

Pitchford Hall, Shrewsbury.

SIR,—My own leanings are towards trout rather than the more spectacular salmon, but I should like to endorse what Mr. Hancock wrote in your issue of the 16th, as I have long and intimate acquaintance with the Severn. The issue is not passes *or*, but passes *and*, pure water. Because pollution heads off many fish seems to be a poor reason for not giving such fish as do get through a normal passage upstream. I look on Mr. Hancock's comparison of the Severn with the Tyne—which I also know—as conclusive.

Dare I add that if passes are reconstructed, do let it be by men who know the ways of the salmon! Some of us could cross the i's and dot the t's of that wish in a way more forcible than polite.

Yours faithfully,
Oswestry Vicarage. E. MOORE DARLING.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. To be poor and bedridden is the pitiful lot of Miss Agnes, for whom we here appeal. Seven years ago the poor lady had a severe fall, which resulted in her being an invalid for life. She lives on the outskirts of London with an elderly aunt who struggles to keep a little school, but as there are only six pupils the profits are pathetically small. Until a few months ago Miss Agnes had £26 per annum incurable pension plus £26 from a charitable society, but the latter sum has been reduced by half so she is faced with a deficit of £13 on her tiny income. She dreads being a burden on her aunt, who is old and frail, and now she cannot contribute even £1 weekly towards the household expenses. Please help us to make up this deficit and allow her 5/- weekly for the next twelve months. £13 is needed.

"Shall we join the Ladies?

—they've gone off with the Gold Flake!"



Women *have* got taking ways when it comes to a man's cigarettes—or rather, *the* man's cigarettes, Wills's Gold Flake. That's because, in these days, they want a cigarette really worth smoking. Men have always liked the flavour of really fine Virginia tobacco that is so distinctive in Wills's Gold Flake. So do women, now!

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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.8. 442

IN THE CITY

SOME MORE BREWERIES

HERE are particulars of some more investments in the brewery market. The suggestions include two debentures which should suit those investors who are looking for a slightly higher yield than is obtainable on gilt-edged securities.

WILLIAM BUTLER & CO., LTD.

This company was registered in 1891 to acquire the business of W. Butler & Co., brewers and wine and spirit merchants. Since then it has acquired various other breweries and licensed properties in the Wolverhampton district and in addition the company owns all the issued ordinary shares of Eley's Stafford Brewery, Ltd. The company is conservatively managed, and large sums have been spent each year on keeping up to date the many properties comprised in the business. In January the company issued an additional 100,000 5 per cent. £1 preference shares in order to meet capital expenditure necessitated by the erection of licensed premises on new housing estates and rebuilding and remodelling of houses in growing districts. This expansion should certainly result in increased earnings over the next year or so.

The company has an excellent record, earnings and dividends have not fallen below 19 per cent. tax free and 10 per cent. tax free respectively in any of the last ten years, while, for the year ended September 30th, 1937, earnings amounted to 27 per cent. tax free and a dividend of 18 per cent. tax free was paid.

Issued capital amounts to £1,000,000, of which £500,000 is in 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. preference shares and the remainder in £1 ordinary stock units. In addition to the issued capital the company has outstanding £100,000 in 4½ per cent. and £207,657 in 4 per cent. mortgage debenture stocks.

There is not a very wide market in the ordinary stock, but as this is due to a large part of the stock being held by a few strong holders this lack of marketability should not prove to be a serious drawback. The ordinary stock now stands at around 92/6, at which price the gross yield is £5 7s. 4d. per cent.

TWO DEBENTURES

Dutton's Blackburn Brewery, Ltd., 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock can be purchased at 101 to give a yield of £3 19s. 2d. per cent. The company was registered in 1897 to take over an existing brewery company, and two additional undertakings were acquired in 1928 and 1929. In 1936 the acquisition of a controlling interest in the Kirkstall Brewery Co., Ltd., was financed by part of the proceeds of the issue of this 4 per cent. debenture stock. The balance of the £750,000 raised was utilised in paying off existing debentures.

The financial position, though not strong, is satisfactory and the stock is twice covered by assets. Profits have not fluctuated violently, and last year's profits were sufficient to cover a full year's interest and service over three-and-a-half times. The stock is redeemable at par on September 30th, 1983, by means of a 1 per cent. sinking fund policy, or on any earlier date at 105 per cent. Interest is payable on March 1st and September 1st.

HOLT BREWERY CO., LTD., 4 per cent. guaranteed debenture stock can be purchased at 102½, free of stamp, to yield £3 18s. 1d. per cent. This stock was issued recently at 101 per cent., and the issue was an unqualified success. The whole amount is guaranteed unconditionally as to principal, interest and sinking fund by the controlling company, Ansells Brewery, Ltd., which is one of the most prosperous in the industry.

The stock is redeemable by 1980 by a 1 per cent. sinking fund at 101, or after 1943 at 102½, or after 1958 at 101, on three months' notice from the company. Interest is payable on May 1st and November 1st. PACTOLUS II.

BABY LYNX AT THE ZOO

This title should with any luck have read "Baby Lynxes at the Zoo," for two cubs were born. The mother, Nellie, a Northern lynx, has had cubs on two previous occasions. On each occasion the cubs died of neglect. So on this occasion the Zoo authorities, though distinctly pleased, were not too hopeful. The keeper thought that this time it would be a good idea to provide a foster-mother. Nellie, something of a thought-reader apparently, made it quite clear that this time she was going to be a good mother. She remained in her sleeping compartment and only came out to drink at rare intervals. Whenever she did so Ralph stayed on guard. One of the cubs has unfortunately died, but the survivor is doing well. From Whipsnade have arrived two young tigresses and a bear cub born in January. The tigresses will be caged with a pair of young lions in the hope that one day they will present the society with "ligers." The bear will become a star turn at the Children's Zoo.

New Books

FIDDLE AND I IN ITALY

Mr. Starkie Turns to the South

THOSE who have read Mr. Starkie's *Raggle-Taggle* will have some idea of what they will find when they take up *The Waveless Plain*. This is Mr. Starkie at his best and on the road again, sometimes with his fiddle under his arm and sometimes equipped with pencil and notebook, but always with his eyes and ears open.

The book starts when as a Red Cross helper he was sent to Italy towards the end of the War with instructions to keep the troops amused with his fiddle and "to mind his step with the signorinas." How far he obeyed the latter instructions can be gathered from the fact that he married one—a delightful little lady who won his heart and that of the troops by her singing at Red Cross concerts.

In 1919, when Mr. Starkie's service with the Y.M.C.A. had ended, he put his fiddle under his arm and gypsied through southern Italy and Sicily soliloquising as he went on Dionysius and the Malia, Sibaris and mosquitoes, and Dante and the inferno of the modern sulphur mines at Porto Empedocle. He hob-nobs at times with some queer companions: Cesare, a hunchback gypsy who could play any instrument, Aldo, a juggler with the failing of "crying out cuckoo in other men's houses," and Susanna, a red-haired bouncing Venetian who belonged to the oldest profession.

From the south of Italy we travel with the author to Trinity College, Dublin, and see something of Ireland during those unhappy times after the War. The normal happy-go-lucky Irishman who takes no heed for the morrow, the grim, hard-eyed gunmen, the Black and Tans, and a "red-faced sergeant of mammoth size, bred specially for the Dublin Metropolitan Police." He tells the story of "Bloody Sunday" in November, 1920, and the murder in their bedrooms of the fourteen officers who, being married, had permission to sleep outside barracks. Also we see the lighter side of Dublin that no horrors can eradicate—"this jaunty stoicism in distress which makes Ireland the most glorious picaresque nation after Spain."

Then we return to Italy again—a new Italy this time, fashioned from the chaos of the War's aftermath by Mussolini of the jutting chin. Those readers who have an ingrained anti-Fascist bias may not see eye to eye with the author in all that he has written for Mr. Starkie, with his long residence in Italy and his matrimonial ties, sees matters mostly from an Italian standpoint. There is, however, no question of propaganda for the author is markedly fair and reasonable in all that he says, and no one will object to his summing up of Mr. Wilson "who had the defects of certain well-meaning pastors who are convinced that they cannot make a mistake." As the result, one is able to grasp the meaning of and sympathise with the new spirit in the country and the reason for Italy's ambitions for colonial expansion.

He has something to say of Mussolini's greatest work, the work that will remain long after he has gone—the reclamation of the Pontine marshes and the draining of many other malarious swamps in southern Italy and Sicily. As a child at school, one was taught that the fall of the Roman Empire and the decadence of the people was the malaria scourge that followed the formation of these marshes. To-day, where previously there were stagnant pools and miles of unhealthy fens, ordered cultivation on well-drained land is springing up and Mussolini has accomplished a task that all his great predecessors failed to carry out.

There is a vast amount to be digested in *The Waveless Plain*, much solid commonsense and hard reasoning with convincing descriptions that prove the author's unquestioned gift of observation and the ability to understand all that he sees.

C. S. J.

The Waveless Plain. By Walter Starkie. (John Murray; 12/6.)

ON THE FRINGE OF LIBYA

THE best test of a book is to ask yourself, "Would I recommend this to my friends?"; and, if not a novel, "To which of my friends?" *Death by Moonlight* is neither quite a shooting book nor yet a travel yarn, and, for that reason, is hard to place.

I liked the first part best, the middle well enough, and the last part least of all. If the author had ended at his visit to the French frontier it would, in my poor opinion, have been a better book.

In other words, the description of the journey out by air was good and told in a breezy, catching style: the lion and leopard shoots were the best description of machan shooting that I have read, and little wonder, since they were arranged by an expert in Wimpole and described by a fluent pen with an observant eye. Many of us do not like sitting up for beasts by night, but that does not mean that it is unsporting, especially as lions and leopards are vermin and a destructive menace as well. Moreover, as Captain Henriques says, it is almost the only method.

Personally, once you have killed a lion and a leopard by daylight I do not think the game is worth the candle, but that is probably due to laziness and want of success in my own efforts. Another objection is that I can never get the same thrill out of killing more than two of the same species. Perhaps that is why one grows a trifle tired of too much lion and leopard killing.

But for those interested there is much to learn and to enjoy in this book. On the making of machans (although here one needs an El Amin); on the need of dead stillness; of the importance of good information and a way with the Arabs. Behind all this one reads the value of a Wimpole at one's elbow.

The brief history of a visit to the French boundary at Um Kisheima is interesting from many angles. Firstly, in the hazy methods by which a boundary without landmarks is set and the different ways we—the French and ourselves—have with our native subjects. Secondly, I have long heard that that particular corner of Africa is a paradise for record heads of roan and tiang, and the author's remarks corroborate this. But there is a queer hiatus here—if he were keen enough to have shot in the Dinder country previously and to have planned this desert trip, why did he not try for a record roan himself? Thus, and certain remarks elsewhere, make the ordinary shikari wonder if the author has not his tongue in his cheek at their favourite theme. If Wimpole could not convert him, no one can.

Captain Henriques gives us a faint picture of far Darfur, to me one of the last corners of Africa still unspoilt. Of the climate; of the scenery; and of the queer people who dwell therein. To give a true one in deeper light and shade, not even Wimpole himself could do—for the African deserts are as inscrutable as the Sphinx itself. He touches a trifle on modern history and on the brave deeds that made it, and how Englishmen, for all its drawbacks, yet made of it, for the nonce, their home, and loved it.

The book is well written and beautifully illustrated by photographs, and one feels that if only the writer had had time to bag his kudu, and, maybe, to carry his hunt into the Libyan desert, he might have been converted into a true-blue shikari and we, his readers, might have been the richer for yet another good picture of a scene which never grows old. For the best lion country of Darfur lies in the south, which is but the doorway to the real cream of the Sudan, if not of all Africa, the mysterious, alluring wilds of the Libyan desert.

But I should like, too, to have his wife's point of view. She was so often in the picture with all the thrills and without a rifle. Does she sniff at lions in the Zoo now, or do her thoughts go back to her lonely vigils, with the stars gleaming and the world asleep, save for the lope-lope-lope of a lion drinking and the gasping thought of what comes next?

H. C. M.

Death by Moonlight. By R. Henriques. (Collins.)

RACING AND CRUISING

THIS is the season of the year when annually the yachtsman's guides, philosophers and friends set out their thoughts in cold hard print in order that he who runs may also read. These thoughts usually range from building and design down to fancy knot-making and ocean sail drill. Generally these tomes can be classified as belonging either to the order "This is what you ought to do" or "This is what I have done."

Commander Kemp most happily blends these two view-points in his two latest companion-volumes, *Racing* and *Cruising*. At every line it emerges that here is a practical sailorman writing, a man trained to the sea and its ways who is giving of his practical experience. He leaves out all the unnecessary "trimmings" with which so many yachting books are so plentifully besprinkled, and, no matter upon what subject he discourses, he goes directly to the point. All controversial matter seems to have been eschewed most carefully, and for that his readers should be grateful, for if they want that sort of thing they can always turn to the winter columns of yachting journalism.

Let us look between the covers of the *Cruising* volume. Here Commander Kemp starts off with the parts of a boat; her sails—with a few basic definitions, as it were. He then goes right to the heart of the matter and discourses on yacht seamanship as it affects the cruiser. He begins this with a summary of just those knots and splices which are most useful and necessary, and then he treats of preparing for sea, of getting under way, and of handling the ship when she is actually under way. All this is in the proper logical sequence—one of the salient features of both books—and so, having dealt with the art of cruising, he proceeds to discuss cruising rigs, leading up, as it were, to the choice of the boat herself. From this stage he proceeds to fit out and store the chosen ship. Then, of course, she must be navigated, and in the three chapters devoted to this subject there is again a wealth of practical advice applicable to all small craft. Passage-making, a most valuable chapter, comes next and then "going foreign."

When he turns his hand to the *Racing* volume he uses much the same logical line of approach. There he starts off with a survey of types of racing yachts and follows this with notes on the more popular international classes. Then comes, obviously in the proper sequence, a two-chapter exposition of the racing rules, and without hesitation I must say that this is the clearest and most convincing discussion of these that I have yet encountered. Racing seamanship next comes under his keen review and then, as in *Cruising*, the choice and equipment of the racing yacht. With the yacht's deck at last under the reader's feet he instructs him in starting manœuvres and follows this with a brilliant explanation of racing tactics, winding up with what general advice is not covered elsewhere.

These are indeed two most important books, most ably written and well illustrated wherever necessary. Who were they written for? For every yachtsman, for in them the beginner will find all he wants to know and the older hand will find much that he ought to have known! The considered logical sequence of treatment makes them most readable; these are two books which no yachtsman can afford to be without. J. I.

The Sportsman's Library, Vols. 23 and 24. Sailing I, *Cruising*; II, *Racing*. Both by Lieutenant-Commander P. Kemp, R.N. (retired). (A. & C. Black: 5/- each.)

FOR REFERENCE AND READING

HERE are two more yachting books of different type. In his comprehensive *Yachts, Yachting and Sailing* Lieutenant-Commander Talbot Booth has added another volume to his well-known series of handy reference books. This time, in compact form and handy format, he tells us much of the Sport of Kings that we want to know *en voyage*. There are hints and tips and tables and useful silhouettes of types, and a fine collection of photographs of well-known yachts by which the original can easily be identified. He gives also a very full coloured collection of the burgees and ensigns not only of British clubs, but of foreign ones as well. There is also an admirable section dealing with yacht flag etiquette. Altogether this is a most valuable acquisition to a seagoing yacht's library.

The second of the two books referred to is quite different in its character. In *Cruising in Scotland* Mr. Lennox Carr tells us how he bought a ship's lifeboat and converted her into the cabin cruiser Migrant, and then voyaged through the pleasant places of Scotland's waterboard with Mr. Lamorna Birch, the distinguished landscape painter, as one of Migrant's "crew." Of their voyagings Mr. Carr provides a most pleasant and delightfully readable account in text; and Mr. Birch, with inimitable touch, dots every "i" and crosses every "t" with a number of exquisite illustrations. J. I.

Yachts, Yachting and Sailing. By Paymaster-Lieutenant E. C. Talbot Booth. (Sampson Low; 7/6.)
Cruising in Scotland. By Lennox Carr; illustrations by Lamorna Birch, R.A. (Collins; 8/6.)

GEMS OF EDEN

THE Award of Garden Merit was established in 1922 by the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society to mark plants of proved and outstanding excellence for garden use, and though notes on all these plants have appeared in the Journal of the society, it is indeed a convenience to have a hand list of them, together with notes of their characteristics and on their cultivation based on the valuable experience gained from the trials in the Wisley Gardens. The lists may serve to remind even enthusiasts of many plants that well deserve to be grown, but which for some unknown reason have failed to achieve the popularity they deserve. The Platycodons are a case in point. *P. grandiflorum* was introduced towards the close of the eighteenth century, and the finest form *P. grandiflorum Mariesii* was obtained by Charles Maries when collecting for Messrs. Veitch in Japan in 1933, and named in his honour. But though first-rate blue flowers for the herbaceous border are none too plentiful, the Platycodons are far from commonly grown. The flowers are curiously decorative in bud owing to their balloon-like shape, those of *P. grandiflorum Mariesii* measure about 3in. across when fully expanded, and may number up to 20 on a well-grown stem, and the foliage clothes the stems up to the inflorescences. The plants are perfectly hardy, but do not tolerate poor drainage, and they require full sun. They need a deep well-drained loam. Given these conditions they are of the easiest culture. The roots are thick, fleshy and easily damaged, and consequently it is best not to disturb the plants unnecessarily. They are easy to raise from seed in a sandy compost, and are best sown in pots in order to avoid root disturbance when planting out. E. S. R.

Some Good Garden Plants. By F. J. Chittenden. (Royal Horticultural Society; 4/-.)

Mr. George Orwell went to Spain to fight for the "workers." In *Homage to Catalonia* (Secker & Warburg; 10/6) he tells what is really a tale of disillusionment. He is a Communist, one presumes, but he finds Communism dying in Spain, and while he likes the Spaniard he does not find much to admire in the Spanish Government. A book that rings with truth, and one which it is to be hoped the Socialist party of Great Britain will read and digest.



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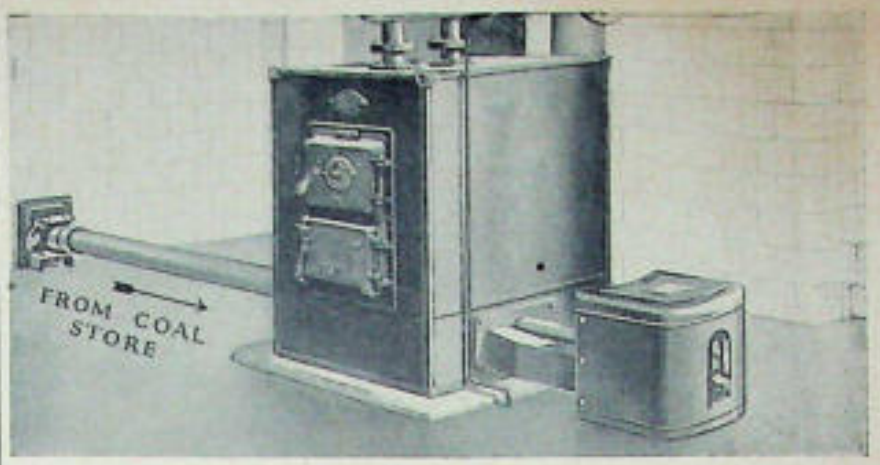
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THALICTRUM DIPTEROCARPUM IN LORD ABERCONWAY'S GARDEN AT BODNANT

The Country House

THE MEADOW RUES

Lovely Foliage Which Softens the Border

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

CERTAIN plants, though they are neither striking nor colourful, are invaluable in the border for their softening effect. Without them the dazzling groups of their showier neighbours would be wearisome and harsh, and the whole border would be devoid of that misty effect which is so desirable especially in the height of summer. Apart from foliage plants such as the Artemisias few have such a softening effect as the Thalictrums. Both their foliage and flowers are charming in this respect.

All the Meadow Rues have lovely foliage and unlike that of so many spoilt darlings of the herbaceous border it remains beautiful throughout the season. In June and early July, when the towering spires of the Delphiniums are the acknowledged queens, they almost ask for some equally tall-growing neighbours to act as a foil and enhance their beauty. For this purpose what better than *Thalictrum glaucum*? Of the whole Thalictrum tribe it has perhaps the most beautiful foliage—a soft grey-green; it attains quite 5ft. in good soil. Unlike the Delphiniums, it requires no staking (a good quality indeed!), and its mist of very pale yellow flowers associates delightfully with the blues, mauves and lavenders of the Delphiniums. This Thalictrum is a native of Southern Europe. Like all the tribe, it is easily raised from seed, which should be sown this month in boxes of sandy soil placed in a cold frame. Sow the seed barely ¼in. deep. When the seedlings are about 2in. high they should be transplanted to other boxes, putting the plants in 2in. apart. The compost this time should be equal parts loam, leaf mould and sand, and the seedlings can be kept in it till well rooted, when they should be transferred to their flowering positions.

T. aquilegifolium is popular in all its forms, the white and pale pink being particularly attractive. *T. a. purpureum* remains in bloom for quite two months. *T. aquilegium* grows about 3ft. high, rather over that height in good soil, and affords a pleasing contrast to more solid plants such as Irises and Oriental Poppies. In half-shady parts the various forms of *T. aquilegium* do particularly well, and given these conditions and a rich moist soil they are good subjects to naturalise in the wild garden. The sepals of this Thalictrum fall almost immediately, but the masses of prominent stamens remain and give the feathery effect which is such a pleasing feature of this species.

The double form of *T. dipterocarpum* was one of the horticultural sensations of the year when first introduced, but this treasure is notoriously difficult. This handsome plant, which, like the type, attains 6ft., requires a rich, moist soil, plenty of lime and perfect drainage. In spells of drought it must never suffer for lack of moisture. Further, it does not take kindly to being crowded with other border plants. Big groups of it are wonderfully effective. There is a pure white form which is even more contrary than the type.

T. Delavayii is like a dwarf *T. dipterocarpum*, but it does poorly as a rule. Where it succeeds its dainty mauve flowers on their slender stems are a charming feature of the border.

Of the smaller Thalictrums several are old favourites. *T. minus adiantifolium*, commonly known as the Maidenhair plant, used to be commonly grown in cottage gardens. It has a long flowering period, and the yellow blooms are well set off by the grey-blue foliage. It is an admirable edging plant. *T. saxatilis* is similar, but it is a stronger grower. The flowers are brown and yellow. *T. alpinum* is a treasure for the rock garden, but it is not easy. It grows only an inch or so high, and the sprays of white flowers have a fairy-like beauty. It is a plant for the moraine or a spot where it can be given gritty peat. *T. anemonoides* is also far from easy. It is a native of moist woodland parts of New Hampshire, and has golden-stamened pale pink flowers on stems a few inches high. The leaves are olive green. *T. Kiusianum elegans* is a charming Japanese species. It makes neat little bushes about 1ft. high, and the pinkish purple flowers are borne in late July. It needs a sandy loam and part shade. *T. petaloideum* looks like a miniature Columbine, and its white flowers are borne in late May. It grows rather over a foot high. *T. Chelidonii* is a Himalayan species and decidedly tender. In mild parts it does outdoors in a sheltered nook in the rock garden. It is lovely in flower, with its dwarf fern-like foliage and abundant lilac pink flowers with yellow stamens.

It is strange that *T. polygamum* does not figure in nurserymen's lists for this species, which is a native of western parts of North America, is an accommodating plant, and though a native of moist parts does well in any good soil. In its native haunts it grows about 4ft. high, but in cultivation in American gardens decidedly taller, and its panicles of white flowers are lovely in the July border.

FENCING COSTS

ALTHOUGH repairs to buildings loom large in the landowner's budget, yet the cost of fencing may, on a small estate, be very considerable. Usually the major expense has been borne by one's predecessor and the fortunate owner finds his land well sub-divided by healthy hedges. These may be trimmed each year or allowed to grow for about seven years and then be cut and laid. Whichever course is adopted the cost each year will not be very great.

Unfortunately, hedges, like trees and men, have a regrettable habit of growing old; and when that happens they become weak and gappy. For many years these defects can be remedied by replanting, the usual procedure of the owner-occupier, or by stopping the gaps with rough posts and rails or spiles, a method in general use on farms let to tenants. It must be admitted, however, that the use of strands of barbed wire threaded through the hedge is by no means as rare as it should be, having regard to the danger to man, horse and hound.

Sooner or later the old hedge reaches a stage when it is beyond repair, and it must then be considered whether it should be grubbed up entirely or replaced. If the hedge proves to be indispensable the owner may decide to replant it entirely with young quicks, in which case it will usually be necessary to protect the new hedge with post and rail fencing on both sides. A new hedge with double fence may cost 12/- per yard, and an owner faced with an estimate of this nature will appreciate the debt which is owed by the present generation to its ancestors.

Should it be desired to replace the old worn-out hedge with a fence the important question to decide is the type of fence to adopt. For an important roadside position near the mansion, probably the choice will be a cleft oak park pale fence, costing from 12/- to 20/- per yard according to height.

The posts will be 4in. by 6in. with good butts set about 2ft. or 2ft. 6in. in the ground, and spaced 10ft. apart. At ground level will be set a 1in. by 6in. oak gravel board, which, filling as it does the space between the lower ends of the pales and the ground, is the only part of the fence, except the post butts, which is in contact with the ground. When decay sets in it is thus merely a matter of renewing a single plank instead of the lower rail and all the pales. Similarly the top will be capped by an oak weathered rail to allow the rain to drop on to the face of the palings, instead of soaking in the tips and between the top rail and the palings.

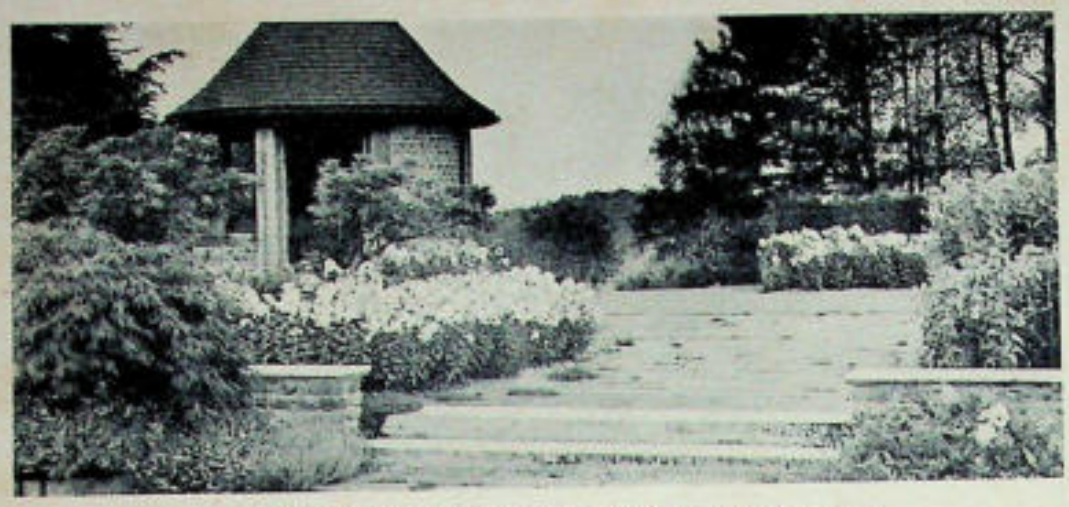
For a situation where privacy is not a matter of consequence, and appearance is important, the Sussex type of cleft oak fence has much to recommend it both on account of its rustic appearance and delightful grey colour when weathered. This fence, which costs about 7/- per yard, has 4in. by 6in. cleft oak posts set about 2ft. 6in. in the ground and 4ft. out, and spaced 9ft. apart.

The three oak rails also are cleft and cut radially out of small oak trees. Their width is about 5in., whilst their thickness is about 1½in. on one edge and 3in. on the other edge. The rails are best mortised to the posts with their ends splayed so that they lie in a straight line horizontally.

By using sawn instead of cleft materials the cost of this fence would be reduced to 6/- per yard, but in both cases it is most important to ensure that no sapwood is allowed to remain on the posts. It is better to have all sapwood removed from the rails as well.

The life of these oak fences may be set at 30 years, or if it is decided to construct them of creosoted deal instead, then the life would be about 20 years, which is the life of a type of larch fence recently adopted on a small estate.

This fence, which costs only 3/- to 3/6 per yard, is a modern departure made possible by the availability of larch thinnings from plantations formed 30 or so years ago. The appearance of the fence, enhanced by the retention of the bark, is preferred by some even to the cleft oak fence of our ancestors. The posts, 6ft. 6in. in length, are cut from stems about 6in. in diameter, and the lower 3ft. is shaved and placed in a tank of hot creosote, which is allowed to cool with the posts still immersed. Instead of morticing the half-round larch rails to the posts, the rails are splayed and nailed into shallow chases cut in the posts. The height of the top rail is 3ft. 9in.; that is, 3in. below the top of the posts. The lower rail is 12in. from the ground, and the third rail is centred between the upper and the lower rails. Between the posts, which are spaced 9ft. apart, are set prick posts consisting of rails cut in half, pointed, driven about 6in. into the ground and nailed to the rails. The finished product not only has a pleasing appearance, but is most effective for horses, cattle, and, with modification, for sheep and lambs. REGINALD DAVEY.



A PLEASING SUBSTITUTE FOR GRASS AREAS IS RANDOM PAVING
Here it is used throughout the formal garden, and to reduce work large groups of phlox, which need no staking, are planted

THE BUSY MAN'S GARDEN

Planning for Minimum Upkeep

By RICHARD SUDELL

WHY is it that some gardens are more easy to maintain than others? Superficially, the effects are similar; in fact, the garden of little upkeep is often more tasteful and simple in its arrangement than the garden that requires more costly maintenance. The difference lies in the design of the garden: the various items that are regarded as part of the modern garden vary considerably in the amount of attention they require.

A rock garden, for example, to keep it clear of weeds and properly labelled, top-dressed and in trim condition, needs a considerable amount of time. The rock garden at Kew covers about two acres and yet it requires five or six men to keep it in perfect condition. A similar area planted with tasteful groupings of shrubs and trees amidst undulating lawns would be easily maintained by one man. A rule, which can only be taken as general, is that each acre requires one man to keep it cultivated.

This does not apply to lawn areas which are easily maintained by the use of a motor-mower, nor shrubberies, but to properly cultivated land. Placing the items in order of maintenance costs, the most costly of all are the formal flower beds which need planting twice or more times a year to keep up the show, and the grass edges trimmed weekly. Equally costly is the mixed flower border, or herbaceous border. This type of garden requires constant replenishment and attention to keep it in perfect condition. The well-known herbaceous borders at Hampton Court are always being replaced by reserves of plants grown in its nursery. Lawns, whether large or small, need constant attention, but size need not add considerably to the labour costs if a motor-mower is used. Clipped trees and hedges are another costly item in garden maintenance: they need trimming at least twice during the growing season. In some large establishments where much topiary is used, one or two men are employed clipping for several weeks during the summer months.

The man with a small place, about an acre of ground, and who has many other hobbies besides gardening, would like to have a lay-out that would require a minimum upkeep.

A few items that might be included in such a garden, to save labour, would be paved pathways and terraces. These could be planted with occasional patches of creeping rock plants and would require no maintenance: the initial cost is the last cost.

Gravel paths, where many pathways are required, are economical, but to reduce upkeep costs the surface should be treated with one of the bitumen solutions, into which is rolled fine gravel to give a gravel-like finish. This treatment prevents lifting during frosty weather and also controls weeds—one of the worst evils of the gravel pathway. Where flower borders are used for garden effect, a method of reducing the labour of trimming the edges of the grass is to use square paving-stones flush with the grass, forming a straight edge to the flower border. This not only avoids the necessity for edging the grass each week, but it allows the border plants to creep on to the stones without damaging the turf. Subjects like pinks and thymes make masses of growth along the edge of the border, giving it a charming natural effect.

Where many hedges are grown there are now electrical and mechanical trimmers which are both labour-saving and efficient. For trimming grass edges there is a tool which trims the edge as quickly as the user can walk. If grass edges are trimmed each week there is no need to pick up the trimmings: they simply dry and disappear into the soil.

Perhaps the most labour-saving method is to use the type of flowering shrubs that make masses of growth and do not, after they are established, require pruning or maintenance. Among this class of shrub, ericas, rhododendrons, forsythias, are the type that need no pruning and if planted in clumps, half a dozen or more according to the size and area of the garden, make mounds of interesting growth and colour. The only attention required is to keep down weeds for a season or two until the shrubs meet and smother any weeds that may grown in between. It would be possible with a small place to completely eliminate all labour costs in the garden by the use of paved or gravelled walks and with masses of flowering shrubs and trees; nor would such a garden be without interest at any season of the year, for many of the shrubs bloom in mid-winter, in early spring and late autumn, so that it is possible to obtain by careful selection a continuous succession of interest.

A small garden I saw recently was entirely covered with crazy paving. The cracks and crannies had been carefully planted with creeping rock plants, such as *Arenaria balearica*, creeping thymes, sedums of many kinds, mossy saxifrages and dwarf pinks. Round the garden wall a number of evergreen climbers were used: honeysuckles, golden ivy, winter jasmine, and so on. In the centre a bird-bath gave a note of interest to the design and, when birds bathed in its waters, a touch of life to the garden.

The upkeep of such a garden is limited to the removal of weeds and an occasional sweep-over when leaves are falling. It has no lawn, no flower beds, no roses to prune, no watering—for paved stone areas retain moisture—and yet the whole garden was a charming picture, making a delightful view as seen from the house windows.

The treatment of banks is a problem: if grass is used, this needs cutting and is much more difficult than on the level. There is, however, a special light machine, with a long handle, especially made for this purpose. An alternative treatment is to pave the bank with crazy paving planted with creeping rock subjects. This gives a permanent treatment to the bank without further upkeep.

To summarise—a few points which should be borne in mind in designing a labour-saving garden:

Study your garden design from a labour point of view before having it carried out. The employment of an expert would amply repay the fees charged.

Only use plants that are suitable for the soil; for example, rhododendrons need a moist acid soil, free from lime. It is more costly to try to grow plants alien to the environment.

If a tennis court is desired, use one of the non-upkeep types.

Avoid weeding paths and drive by the use of a bitumen surface.

Use permanent planting—trees and shrubs of types that need no pruning.

For large lawn areas use a motor-mower and mechanical edge-trimmers.

From the vegetable garden cut out crops that are cheap to buy, like main-crop potatoes.

Over-tidiness is often mistaken zest; the withered ends of iris leaves or kniphofia are nature's own protection.

DOGS THAT STAND FOUR-SQUARE

By A. CROXTON SMITH

"STONEHENGE," otherwise Mr. J. H. Walsh, at one time Editor of the *Field*, pleaded in his book on *The Dog* for the preservation of the bulldog, arguing that "if once the pure breed is allowed to drop the best means of infusing fresh courage into degenerate strains will be finally lost." He believed that "every kind of dog possessed of very high courage owes it to a cross with the bulldog." There was much point in the contention at that time, but the bulldogs of his day were vastly different from their modern descendants.

If the illustration to his chapter was faithful to the accepted type, it showed us a dog put together on shapely lines, bearing every evidence of strength and activity. Its body was more like that of the bull terrier than a modern bulldog, and it had not got the abnormally short head that we see to-day. One can imagine how a dog of the old stamp could be crossed with various breeds without impairing their mobility.

The bulldog has been directly responsible in part for giving us two breeds that are distinguished for their high courage and good sense. One, of course, is the bull terrier, and the other the bull mastiff. Perhaps one should mention a third in which the proportions of terrier and bulldog must have been differently compounded—that is the Boston terrier, the national dog of America. We can conceive that a judicious cross between the bulldog and mastiff would give us something that should combine the admirable qualities of both, and this expectation has not been falsified by results. Many years ago gamekeepers and others in various parts of the country resorted to this cross, with the object of giving them a dog that would be an incomparable guard. At the same time it was necessary to have one that would be amenable to training, so that he could keep his temper under control and would only attack in case of necessity.

Many stories have been told of the fidelity, courage and sagacity of these dogs. It had to be admitted, however, that if they were not well in hand they would sometimes be extremely dangerous, being very powerful. One of the stories tells of a big man who, doubting their strength, was prepared to pit himself against one that had first been muzzled. The dog had him down almost before one could say "Jack Robinson." Several other breeds were probably used at one time or another, notably the Great Dane, but these crosses do not seem to have been desirable.

Since the War breeders in the Midlands concentrated on breeding bull mastiffs among themselves, and, having produced evidence to the Kennel Club that this course had been pursued for some time, in 1927 the breed was added to the registers, with the proviso that it must be pure-bred. I forget exactly how many generations were needed to fulfil that requirement, but I imagine that it would have been four.

One must admit that a good many of the bull mastiffs first shown were not particularly pleasing, a number being bad fronted and little else than small mastiffs. They have, however, been reduced now to a more or less definite type, which gives us an animal that stands four-square on his legs, solid and substantial, from 25in. to 27in. in height and from 90lb. to 110lb. in weight for dogs; bitches a little less. The head is large and square, with fair wrinkle, but should differ unmistakably from that of the mastiff. The muzzle is short, deep and broad. The chest is wide and deep and well let down between the forelegs, so wide, indeed, that the girth may be as much as a third more than the height. The back is short and loins broad. They must have bone in proportion to their size and their fronts should be perfectly straight, while behind they must not be cowhocked. The colour is any shade of fawn or brindle.

It is apparent that they have enormous power and would be formidable opponents. They are also capable of being well trained. I remember the Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith showing me how one of hers would obey most of the orders given to gundogs, dropping or sitting promptly. I rather think that was her Ch. Jeanie of Wynyard, bred by the Marquess of Londonderry from Ch. Simba. A few years ago Mr. R. S. Whitson actually used some of his in wildfowl shooting, and he told me that they would retrieve a wild goose from the water with celerity.

FIELD TRIALS.—The judges for the Retriever Trials of the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society, to be held on Lord Powis's Montgomeryshire Estate on October 7th and 8th, 1938, are Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Godman, the Hon. Bernard Brassey, and Dr. Thomas W. Stanton.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



IN THE LAND OF THE MONSTER: A VIEW FROM ABRIACHAN HILL LOOKING UP LOCH NESS TOWARDS INVERNESS. THE CAR IN THE FOREGROUND IS A MORRIS

NEW OR SECOND-HAND?

Problems of Annual Depreciation and Upkeep

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I HAVE often wondered why the motorist of moderate means so often buys a new 10 or 12 h.p. car costing anything from, say, £150 to £200, when, for a very small outlay, he can acquire a really good second-hand 15 to 20 h.p. vehicle which may, in the first instance, have cost £500 or more. Note I say "really good" and that I am by no means advocating second-hand cars in preference to new for those who can afford them.

I know I shall immediately be told that the reason why the new car of limited horse-power is chosen is due to its low running costs, as compared with those of a larger model, and that the annual tax and insurance on the one is only £18 or so, whereas on the other it may be nearly double that amount. I am also not losing sight of the fact that the 10 h.p. car usually averages 30 to 35 miles per gallon of petrol as against a consumption of 15–20 m.p.g. with the bigger vehicle.

Now this argument is sound, but only up to a point, and we must assume that the type of motorist we have in mind is one who earns a moderate income, out of which he can only afford to devote a limited sum for his motoring account; therefore, every penny of expenditure counts. Let us assume in the first instance that a new car rated at 10 h.p. has been selected, costing £175, that it averages 30 miles per gallon, that the tax is £7 10s.—and insurance a further £11 10s. We will also assume that a distance of 10,000 miles is covered in the year, which is, incidentally, a great mileage for week-ends and holidays.

The running costs under these conditions would work out at approximately £32 for petrol and oil, and £17 10s. for tax and insurance, bringing the total to £51. We can certainly presume that the tyres would be good for 10,000 miles; I have therefore made no allowance for replacements nor for any incidental expenses or garage.

Now let us compare these figures with those likely to be encountered with a second-hand car of 16 h.p. which we have been able to acquire for an outlay of, say, £50. To draw the very worst conclusion, we will assume that this vehicle only averages fifteen miles per gallon, and 500 miles to the gallon of oil, a very bad performance for a car of only 16 h.p. The tax would be £12 per annum and the insurance £15 on a value of £50 with unlimited third-party cover; oil and petrol would cost another £64 and, as this is an old car, we will include £9 for tyres and incidentals, bringing the grand total to £100 for running expenses. As the car cost us £50 in the first instance, this, added to our running costs for twelve months, brings our total expenditure up to £150 as compared to a total outlay of £226 spent on the new 10 h.p. car.

Now the most important liability has so far not been taken into consideration, namely, depreciation. Supposing both cars have to be sold at the end of the year, we can, at any rate, expect to get back £30 for the old one, whereas we should have to face a loss of at least £75 and possibly more on the new vehicle after twelve months use. It will, therefore, be seen that the entire cost involved after twelve months' motoring would amount to £125 10s. with the 10 h.p. car and £120 with the second-hand 16 h.p. vehicle.

I would, however, like to stress that I have purposely over-estimated the



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW: AN AUSTIN 12 SALOON FRAMED IN A GATEWAY OF RESTURMEL CASTLE, CORNWALL

running costs of the second-hand model as without doubt it should average considerably more than fifteen miles per gallon of petrol, and 500 m.p.g. of oil.

If both cars were retained for a further twelve months the old vehicle would not depreciate more than another £10 whilst the value of the 10 h.p. car might probably be reduced by another £50, and allowing for certain replacements or adjustments in both cases the total expenditure would be nearly equal. It can, therefore, be seen that the larger vehicle, giving extra body space and presumably riding comfort, is a proposition worth considering by the family man of moderate means.

To give some idea of the second-hand bargains that can be picked up from time to time, I would like to cite a case for the accuracy of which I can vouch. In 1931 I bought a new 17 h.p. Talbot saloon, the list price of which at that time was £675, and I fitted it up with many extras, including a Philco radio set; eighteen months later I sold the car to an old friend for £380, and during the period it had been in my possession it had covered just under 3,000 miles and was in perfect condition.

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The order for American commercial aircraft was not altogether unexpected, though not the less unwelcome on that account. There has been difficulty in securing delivery of aircraft ordered some considerable time ago; the A.W. Ensigns, for example, are even yet not in service, though originally due for delivery to Imperial Airways more than a year ago. Faced with the need for immediate increase in their fleet, British Airways had no other course open to them.

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The commercial question is capable of more open discussion, and, in its way, is not less serious. The maintenance of efficient communications within the Empire is as much a part of defensive strength as more military aspects; it is right that the development of civil types should be pushed on, backed by every available resource.

No one with any knowledge of the facts can deny the assertion that the British industry has not been delivering the types needed by progressive air transport to-day. There are British commercial machines of high efficiency in the very large and small classes, but there is a lack of aircraft in the medium class comparable to the best America has designed. The unsatisfactory position in this regard was stressed in the Cadman Report and is widely recognised. Remembering that the aim of an air-transport company should be to provide the most efficient machines available, one should not blame those who, in their endeavours to realise that aim, are forced to go abroad with their orders.

It is beyond doubt that the purchase of commercial aircraft abroad, and even the suggestion that we might have to purchase military machines, cannot but have an adverse effect on British aviation prestige in foreign countries as well as in the Empire. Whatever the special or internal difficulties that force such action, the plain fact remains; and its interpretation as a partial failure at least of our resources is no more than natural.

What stands out clearly is that there has been muddle and misdirection of several kinds in the past. Our productive resources and potentialities are as great as any country's; we have both the brains and the skill to evolve types the equals of any. We have not made the fullest or best use of those endowments in the past. The plain duty to-day is to see that they are fully utilised from now on in the best possible manner.

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Reading from the foreground they are an Avro "Anson," coastal reconnaissance aircraft, Airspeed "Oxford" twin-engined trainer, Hawker "Hart" bomber and training aircraft, Avro "Tutor," and Hawker "Fury" single-seater fighter

running costs of the second-hand model as without doubt it should average considerably more than fifteen miles per gallon of petrol, and 500 m.p.g. of oil.

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WALES OF ETERNAL MEMORY

Among the Cwms and Crags of Snowdonia



LLANBERIS PASS AND THE LAKES FROM CRIB GOCH

THE days when one spent a Welsh holiday tramping the highways with Borrow in one pocket, and Kingsley—possibly—in another, and the remainder of one's portable luggage in a rue-sack, had an attraction that was peculiarly their own. It is more than doubtful, however, whether any one of us would choose to return to such times. To be independent of distance and consequent fatigue is a great asset, and, moreover, holidays, for most of us, are all too short. A car will take us anywhere to-day, and Welsh roads are, for the most part, superlative.

It may be said in truth that the history of Wales can best be written upon the walls of its fortresses, and we shall enter the Principality where the first Edward made his entry long years ago. Chester, with its city walls and splendid buildings, is eminently English, but when we pass Mold we are in the country of early forays and border raids, and on reaching Flint, with its ancient castle yet keeping vigil on the edge of the tide, we seem already in the heart of Wales.

At Flint Castle was staged a memorable episode in English history, for here Richard II spent his last day of freedom, sadly awaiting the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster, who as Henry IV was so soon to supplant him. Shakespeare, in *Richard II*, describes the occasion in unusual detail.

If time permits, the castles at Denbigh and Rhuddlan should not be missed. It was at Rhuddlan that word was brought to Edward of the birth of a prince at Caernarvon Castle, who knew no word of English, and was of blameless life.

The broad sweep of Colwyn Bay is most impressive as one comes up by the coast road, though the setting of Llandudno must give to that town unquestioned pride of place. Colwyn has grown amazingly of late years, and its situation will always ensure it a well-deserved popularity.

Many consider Llandudno to be the first watering-place in the kingdom. A voyage taken in a rowing boat beneath the stern precipices of the Great Orme is an event which captivates and holds the imagination. The water is deep and clear, the fishing excellent; and the bird-life (especially if Whitsuntide be the time chosen for a visit) is seen—and heard—at its best. One sometimes wonders whether the rarer birds have migrated here from Puffin Island, whence the majority have been driven by countless hordes of gulls.



EVENING CLOUDS OVER LLYN OGWEN

The praises of Conway and its castle have often been sung, but the first visit should be paid, if possible, at high tide. The quaint little town, crouching beneath its protective walls, seems cramped according to our modern standards, but such precautionary methods were necessary in the days of its birth. One is reminded of the American who, when according to Windsor Castle its modicum of praise, regretted that it had been built so close to the railway.

Though, after Conway has been left behind, the coast loses something of its grandeur, there lies before us on the south the whole of Snowdonia, with Anglesey north of the Straits. The latter is well worth a prolonged visit, and can best be explored by means of a wise combination of motor road and foot track. The western coast of the island beyond Newborough is somewhat difficult of access, but should certainly be seen.

Llanddwyn Island can only be approached by means of a two-mile foot track through sand dunes, along which route may be met, day by day, an elderly dame with her laden beast, sole source of supply for the tiny colony at the journey's end. The winding track, ablaze with yellow ragwort, remains a pleasant memory, as also the vast expanse of magnificent sands that adorn the whole sweep of Cardigan Bay. From the higher ground towards the middle of the island, the complete range of the Snowdonian Mountains, from Penmaenmawr to The Rivals, rises in wonderful panorama on a clear day.

In passing along the Menai shore we enter a new domain. Quarrying, for the time, is forgotten, and sheep and cattle rearing are the order of the day. In and about the Straits, yachting reigns supreme, and coasters bearing cargoes of slate and granite thread their way through shoals and currents. Telford's Bridge, with 100 years of service to its credit, is to be reprieved, though widening operations are, we understand, to commence almost at once. The Mary B. Mitchell, first of the mystery ships in 1916, was a Menai schooner engaged in carrying slate from the Penrhyn Quarries, until requisitioned by the Government for a more intriguing service.

The smaller seaside resorts of the western coast are enriched by a quiet remoteness which the greater north coast towns entirely lack. Nevin, in its beautiful setting beneath The Rivals, and Criccieth, gazing for ever across its wide bay to Harlech Castle, dreaming yet of Owen Glyndyr and long-forgotten days, will always remain the choice of the discerning few.

For such as never aspire to climb, Wales remains an unknown land. As years take their toll, one rejoices to recall the long days spent in the effort to conquer its alluring heights: Crib Goch, with its startling glimpses into the pass below; the North Ridge of Tryfan, with rocks glazed by the rain, and a scanty lunch sodden in one's pocket—but none the worse for that. Y Wyddfa, the main peak of Snowdon, one regretfully leaves to its railway, but Lliwedd and the twin Glyders are unspoiled, and the Caders rise in splendid isolation above Dolgelley and Barmouth Bay.

An early breakfast one spring morning years ago, followed by the long climb from Pen-y-Gwrhyd up the shoulder of Glyder Fawr, every crevice and hollow snow-filled, with the Gwynant Vale, far below, newly adorned to greet the coming summer: such days cross again the barrier of years, and compel the vision as we write, while Tryfan, as seen from the ridge of Dafydd, rising dark and forbidding against the westering sun, and the changing hues of twilight before the moon comes up once more to transfigure the mountains; these are ours in eternal memory.

For such as are content to search forgotten ways, there is much to be learned among the cwms and crags of Snowdonia, where scarped rocks and moraines tell of that far, first morning when creative forces once conspired to fashion a world of stone that remains, for the most part, unknown and unread to-day.

E. P. OLNEY.



HAYMAKING ABOVE THE MENAI STRAITS

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE ENTRANCE HALL LEADING TO THE LOUNGES AT THE BULLAVEN FARM HOTEL

DURING the past month I have received letters concerning hotels from readers living in places as far apart as Delaware, in Canada, Putney, near London, and Bristol. There have been other letters, and the extraordinary thing about them is that 80 per cent. of the writers want to go to Devon, and, if possible, to stay at a farmhouse-hotel. If my mail-bag is in any way representative, then it is obvious that Devon and Devon hotels are in for a good season. To anyone who has made acquaintance with this "Shire of the Sea-kings"—were not Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Grenville and a score of others born within smelling distance of the sea which pounds the Devon coast?—its appeal will always be strong. It is a county which is as beautiful inland as it is on its coast, and one does not easily forget the red soil or the dense forests of green trees which clothe so many of its valleys.

If you like rolling moorland and are of an active nature there is little doubt that a visit to the Bullaven Farm Hotel at Harford, two-and-a-half miles from Ivybridge, would give you an ideal holiday. In spite of the fact that you are within reach of the main road and only thirteen miles from Plymouth, you might be miles from a town or the too-beetle highways. The hotel is wonderfully situated on the moorland and has an uninterrupted view of the valley of the River Erme.

At one time Bullaven was a farmhouse, as its name suggests, and its conversion to an hotel has been made possible by adding to the original building. The core, therefore, is the old farmhouse, with its thick walls and attractive fireplaces. You cannot help admiring the large open hearth in the entrance hall leading to the lounges or the splendid views obtainable from the dining-room. There are large windows on all sides, and thus no danger of people blocking your light—such a hateful situation at meals!

And there is plenty to do down at this Devon hotel. Some people still have the idea that if you stay at a farm for a holiday it means milking the cows, collecting the eggs, feeding the hens, and helping in the hayfield until the long day wanes. To some these are still pleasant tasks, but to most people to-day recreation means riding, swimming, lawn tennis, golf, fishing, shooting and other out-door pursuits.

At Bullaven you can enjoy all these things. Horses of every description are kept, from children's ponies to hunters. There is an experienced instructor available for novices, and I think the charms of riding on Dartmoor need no further recommendation from me. I notice that the charge for hacks is only 7/6 for two hours, while for a full week (not including Sunday) the charge is 35/- to include a daily ride of not more than two hours. You would have to go a long way to better this. The swimming pool is kept clean by a constant flow of water from the River Erme, though if you prefer the sea you have only to go ten miles by road ere you come to a pleasant beach. The hard lawn tennis court is beside the hotel, while the nine-hole golf course is always popular with visitors.

Rough shooting can be arranged on the farm, while trout fishing is obtainable in the Erme and other Dartmoor streams.

In the evenings dancing is sometimes arranged, though always so that it does not interfere with the pleasure of non-dancers. Indeed, everything is done for the consideration and comfort of guests, which makes it a happy centre for a holiday. Leave the hotel in the morning complete with luncheon basket—for which there is no extra charge—and wander over the Devon moors, and you will return tired and contented when "the moon begins her radiant race," and all the world is peaceful.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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BRIDGE

DUPLICATE PLAY

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

I HAVE selected some hands from play in the recent Gold Cup Final which took place at Bexhill-on-Sea this month. Their purpose is to show not only the diversity of bidding which occurs, but that the experts are not immune from error.

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

Both sides vulnerable. B the Dealer. The bidding in Room 1 was :

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	No bid	One Club	Double
No bid	One No Trump	No bid	Two No Trumps
No bid	Three No Trumps	Double	No bid
No bid	No bid		

A led the 4 of Clubs and Z made nine tricks. In Room 2 the bidding was :

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	No bid	One Club	Double
No bid	One Diamond	No bid	One No Trump
No bid	Two No Trumps	No bid	Three No Trumps
No bid	No bid	Double	No bid
No bid	No bid		

Here it is to be noted that Y played the hand in a contract of Three No Trumps and with the opening lead of the 7 of Clubs by B made ten tricks. Now this is a rather remarkable hand from several points of view.

After two passes A in both rooms opened the bidding with One Club and Y's informative double enabled the partnership to arrive at a contract of Three No Trumps doubled by A.

I consider A's double definitely bad. He had no solid suit to establish, and at best he had little prospect of making more than four tricks in his own hand. His partner's silence was eloquent, and it was fairly obvious that the strength was divided between Y and Z. The moral is that even with three Aces and a King a double is dangerous unless you have a long suit which can be set up on the second round. If A had held ♠ K, Q, x, x, x, or even perhaps ♣ K, J, x, x, x, his double would have been justifiable. All the same, it is not often that you can make a contract of Three No Trumps, and at one table Four No Trumps, against A's holding.

The second hand also has points.

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

A B vulnerable. Y Z love. B the dealer. In Room 1 the bidding was :

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	One Diamond	No bid	One Heart
Two Clubs	Double	No bid	No bid
No bid			

B made seven tricks and was one down on his contract, losing 200 points. But really it was quite a cheap save, since Z Y can make game in Hearts, Spades or No Trumps.

In the other room both A and B preserved silence and the bidding after B's pass was :

Z	Y
One Club	One Heart
One Spade	Three Spades
Three No Trumps	Four Spades
No bid	

Z made eleven tricks, losing only a trick in Spades and in Clubs.

Two points emerge. First Z's double of Two Clubs at Table 1 was not worth while, as he sacrificed a certain game. But I do not say he was wrong. The double looked considerably bigger, and A and B, being vulnerable, Z was justified in assuming that it was better than trying for game. Secondly, it is to be noted that in Room 2 Clubs were not mentioned by B, and Z actually made eleven tricks. But it is rather puzzling to know why the game was played in Spades rather than in Hearts, which appears on the surface the better contract.

It is, however, a fact that often it is more advantageous to play in suit divided 4 and 4 than in one of 5 and 3, or even 5 and 4.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

The twenty-seventh game of the series.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	15. P to Q R 4 (k)	B to B sq
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	16. P to R 5	P to Q 4 (l)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	17. R P takes P	R P takes P
4. Kt to B 3	P to Q Kt 3 (a)	18. K P takes P (j)	P takes P (*l*)
5. B to Kt 5	P to K R 3	19. Kt takes P	R takes P
6. B takes Kt (b)	B takes Kt, ch	20. B to B 5	P to Kt 3 (*l*)
7. P takes B	Q takes B	21. R takes Kt	R takes R (m)
8. P to K 4	B to Kt 2 (c)	22. Q to Q 2	K to R 2 (n)
9. B to Q 3 (d)	P to Q 3	23. K R to K sq	R to Q R sq
10. Castles	P to K 4	24. R to Kt 2	R (Q 2) to R 2
11. P to B 5 (e)	Castles	25. Kt to B 2	R to R 7
12. R to Kt sq	R to Q sq (*f*)	26. Kt to K 3 (o)	R takes R
13. Q to B 2	Kt to Q 2 (g)	27. Q takes R	B to K 3 (p)
14. P takes Q P	B P takes P	28. R to R sq	Drawn (q)

(a) In the 12th game Dr. Alekhine played Kt to K 5 and was soon in difficulties. The best move is much better. Black prepares to strengthen the pressure on White's K 4 by playing R to Kt 2.

(b) Dr. Euwe points out in *De Schaakwereld* that after 6. B to B 4 there can follow 6. . . . B takes Kt, ch ; 7. P takes B, R to Kt 2 ; 8. P to K 5, P to Q 3 ; 9. B to Q 5, Q Kt to Q 2, after which Black can obtain good attacking chances by playing P to K Kt 4, Q to K 2 and Castles (Q R).

(c) If Q to Kt 3, then B to Q 3, after which Q takes Kt P would not be good because of R to K Kt sq followed by R takes P.

(d) If 9. P to K 5, then 9. . . . Q to B 5 and Black has the slightly better game, e.g., 10. B to K 2, P to Q 3 ; 11. Castles, Kt to Q 2 with an attack on White's centre.

(e) A very good move. If now 11. . . . Kt P takes P, then 12. Q to R 4, ch, followed, if (1) 12. . . . Kt to Q 2, by 13. Q R to Kt sq, R to B sq or R to Q Kt sq, then Q takes P ; 14. B to B 6 and wins, or, if (2) 12. . . . B to B 3, by 13. B to Kt 5, R to Q 2 (or 13. . . . P takes P ; 14. Q takes R, ch, Kt to Q 2 ; 15. P takes K P, P takes P ; 16. K R to Q sq) ; 14. R takes B, ch, Kt takes R ; 15. P takes K P, P takes P ; 16. K R to Q sq, with a winning game for White. If (instead of 11. . . . Kt P takes P) 11. . . . Q P takes P, then 12. Kt takes P with advantage to White.

(f) Black now threatens 12. . . . Q P takes P, followed, if 13. P takes K P, by 13. . . . Q to K 2 (threatening either P to R 5 or Kt to R 3), if 13. Kt takes P, by 13. . . . P takes P, winning a pawn, or, if 13. P takes B P, by 13. . . . B takes P.

(g) Again threatening Q P takes P. If at once 13. . . . Q P takes P, then 14. Kt takes P, P takes P ; 15. P takes P, R takes P ; 16. Q takes P with a good game for White.

(h) A very good move. White intends to play P to R 5 and create a weakness in his opponent's Queen's side to compensate for the one at his own Q B 3.

(i) A good move.

(j) If 18. Q P takes P, Kt takes P ; 19. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt ; 20. R takes P (and P takes P because the reply Q takes Q P wins a piece), then Black can get a splendid game by either 20. . . . P takes P or 20. . . . R takes P.

(k) If 18. . . . B takes P, then 19. B to K 4. B takes B ; 20. Q takes B, P takes P ; 21. P takes P, with an advantage in position to White.

(l) If Q to Kt 4, then P to B 4.

(m) Black now threatens Q takes Kt.

(n) If 22. . . . R (Q 2) to B 2, then 23. Kt to Kt 5, R to R 4 ; 24. K R to R sq.

Or if 26. Q takes B, then 26. . . . R takes R ; 27. Q takes R, R takes Kt, or, if 26. R takes R, then 26. . . . R takes R ; 27. Q takes R, R takes Kt ; 28. Q to Q 4, Q takes Q ; 24. P takes Q, R to Q 7. In either case White loses a pawn.

(p) Threatening R to R 7. If at once R to R 7, then Kt takes B and wins.

(q) After the exchange of Rooks there is nothing but a draw.

A BRILLIANT ATTACK

The following game, played in a tournament for the championship of Berlin, shows a brilliant attack by the German master, K. Richter.

(*Indian Defence.*)

WHITE. Richter.	BLACK. Mross.	WHITE. Richter.	BLACK. Mross.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to R 6, ch	K to Kt 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. P to R 4 (d)	P takes Q P (e)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. P to K B 5	B takes P (*f*)
4. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt, ch	17. B to Kt 5 (g)	Kt (B sq) to Q 2
5. P takes B	P to Q Kt 3 (a)	18. Kt to Kt 4 (h)	Q to B sq
6. P to K 3	B to Kt 2	19. B to K 6, ch (i)	K to R sq (*j*)
7. P to B 3	P to Q 3	20. P takes Kt P	Kt takes Kt
8. B to Q 3	Q Kt to Q 2	21. Q takes Kt (k)	P to K B 4 (l)
9. Kt to K 2	Castles (b)	22. B takes B (m)	R takes B
10. P to K 4	P to K 4	23. P to Kt 7, ch	K to Kt sq
11. Kt to Kt 3	B to K sq	24. Q takes P	Q to K sq
12. Castles	Kt to B sq	25. Q takes Kt (n)	Resigns (o)
13. Kt to B 5	P to Kt 3 (c)		

(a) 5. . . . P to B 4 is considered to be the best move here, *e.g.*, 6. P to B 3, P to Q 4 ; 7. P to K 3, Castles ; 8. B P takes P, Kt takes P ; 9. B to Q 2, Kt to Q B 3 ; 10. B to Q 3, P takes P ; 11. B P takes P, P to K 4 ; 12. P takes P (if 12. P to K 5, then 12. . . . Kt to B 5 followed, if 13. B takes Kt, by 13. . . . P takes B ; 14. P to Q 5, Q to R 5, ch, Q Kt takes P with a good game for Black (Lilienthal *v.* Botvinnik, Moscow tournament, 1935). An alternative and closer system of development for Black prepares an attack on the pawn at White's Q B 4, *e.g.*, 5. . . . P to Q 3 ; 6. P to B 4, Castles ; 7. P to K 4, P to K 4 ; 8. B to Q 3, Kt to B 3 ; 9. Kt to K 2, Kt to Q 2 ; 10. Castles, P to Q Kt 3 ; 11. B to K 3, B to R 3 ; 12. Kt to Kt 3, Kt to B 4 ; 13. Q to K 2, Q to K sq (Stahlberg *v.* Grünfeld, Carlsbad tournament, 1929). In the present game Black adopts neither of these systems and White soon gets a very promising game.

(b) Q to K 2, to be followed by Castles (Q R), is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(c) This weakens the King's side. Black should, instead, play R to B sq, although White would then get good attacking chances by playing P to Kt 4.

(d) A strong move. If now 15. . . . K takes Kt, then 16. P takes P, ch, K to Kt 2 ; 17. P takes Kt, ch.

(e) Black does not play P takes B P as he does not want to open the King's Bishop's file for his opponent. White, however, forces it open by means of a second pawn-sacrifice.

(*f*) If 16. . . . Kt takes P, then 17. B takes Kt and wins for, if 17. . . . B takes B, then 18. P to B 6, ch and White wins the Queen.

(g) Threatening P takes Kt P followed by B takes Kt, ch.

(h) Again threatening P takes Kt P.

(i) Stronger than P takes Kt P in reply to which Black would play Kt takes Kt.

(*j*) K to Kt sq is no better.

(*k*) Threatening either B takes R or P takes B P.

(*l*) If 21. . . . Kt to B 3, then White wins by either (1) 22. Q to R 4 or (2) 22. Q takes Q, Q R takes Q ; 23. R takes Kt, B takes B ; 24. P takes B P. If, instead, 21. . . . B takes P (Kt 5), then 22. R to B 5, R to K 2 ; 23. Q R to K sq.

(m) A brilliant offer of the sacrifice of the Queen. If now P takes Q, then P to Kt 7, ch followed by R to Q 5, ch and mate next move.

(n) A second offer of the sacrifice of the Queen. If now Q takes Q, then R to B 8, ch and mate next move.

(o) He is helpless against the threat of R to B 8, ch. If 25. . . . K to K 2, then 26. R to B 8, ch, Q takes R ; 27. P takes Q = Q, ch, R takes Q ; 28. Q takes R, R to B 2 ; 29. Q to K 8 or Q 8, ch and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 3863

By T. HESS.*

WHITE (4 pieces) : King at Q R 6, Queen at K 4, Knight at K 6, Pawn at K B 6.

BLACK (6 pieces) : King at K R sq, Rooks at Q R sq and K R 8, Pawns at Q R 2, K R 3 and Q K 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Deutsche Schachblätter*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3962

1. Q to R 7, Any move ; 2. Q, R or Kt mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. K to B 8 followed, if (1) 1. . . . B takes P, by 2. R takes B, P to Q 7 ; 3. R takes P, B to B 3, ch ; 4. K to R 7, P to Q 8 = Q ; 5. R to Kt 8, ch, K to R 2 ; 6. R to Kt 7, ch, B takes R, stalemate, or, if (2) 1. . . . B to Kt 5, ch, by 2. R takes B, B takes P ; 3. R to B 4, ch, B to R 2 ; 4. R to Q Kt 4, P to Q 7 ; 5. R takes P, P to Q 8 = Q ; 6. R to Kt 8, ch, B takes R, stalemate.

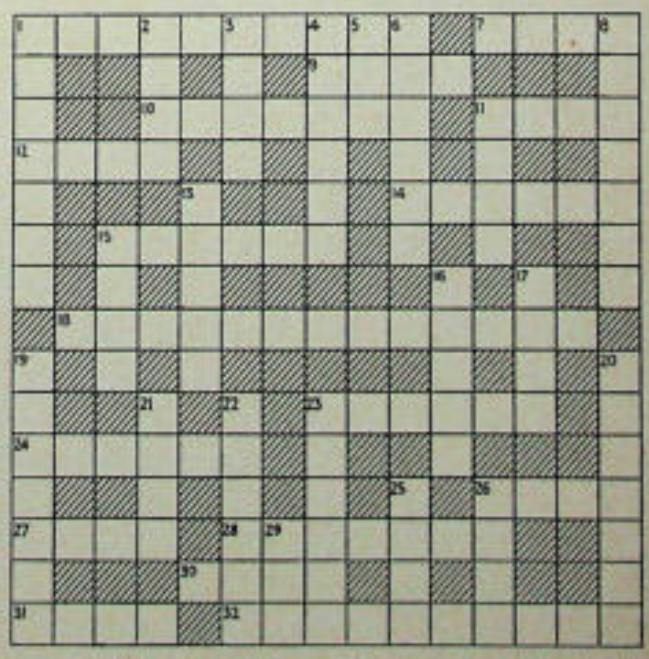
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 466

ACROSS.—1, Decorated pubs. 7, Annual turnover. 9, To escape this, it may be necessary to do it. 10, Agitation boils me. 11, The baby horse has got a bit frisky presumably. 12, Who's afraid of him? 14, Hostile fortress. 15, On the surface, but the cats are at the bottom. 18, "But if alienist" (anag.). 23, "After life's —— fever, he sleeps well" (*Macbeth*). 24, There's a mother at the heart of earth. 26, Certainly not fateful. 27, This has never been told. 28, Forked, mongrel upset in doom. 30, "Hands of invisible spirits . . . play the prelude of our ——" (Longfellow). 31, Much like a dog's bark. 32, Oilskins are in one sense, hard drinkers in another.

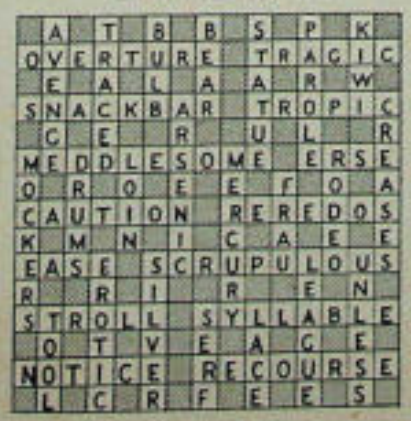
DOWN.—1, The action of a river. 2, Don't like it, use it. 3, Sometimes ornamental, sometimes disreputable. 4, Not so rare as the word implies. 5, It falls flat. 6, Balance. 7, Football figures. 11, This part of a boat upsets a fool. 13, Associated with Firth. 15, You can sense the eel at the end. 16, After the first game of the season. 17, 681 at the end of a sword. 19, Well on in the sermon. 20, Female sale. 21, Often admired. 22, Bit off portion of a nursery rhyme. 23, Proverbially keen. 25, Blonde with a first-rate heart. 26, "In time we hate that which we often ——" (Antony and Cleopatra). 29, Lizard.

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. 465

Published May 21st



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Country House

Preservation of Fruit Netting.—We do not think that nets treated with the preservatives you mention, Solignum or creosote, would affect fruit, but if this is feared, use could be made of Cuprinol which can be obtained from most horticultural merchants. This preservative is a powerful fungicide and insecticide. It is harmless to animals and the human skin, and once nets treated with it have become thoroughly dry they can be allowed to come into contact with vegetation with perfect safety. The preparation will not wash out of the nets nor evaporate with heat. The nets should be immersed in the liquid until they are saturated, using 1 pint for every 1lb. of net. They are then hung up to dry. Treatment will effectively protect nets from attack by mildew, rot and decay and greatly prolong their life.—*L. C. M., Wisborne.*

Cricket

An Historic Catch.—You recall a wonderful catch made at silly mid-on in a Test match before the War to dismiss M. A. Noble, the Australian captain, and the applause of the crowd and Noble's utter astonishment. The catch was made by A. O. Jones in the first Test match in 1909, and *Wisden* describes it as "a magnificent catch at forward short-leg, Jones taking the ball low down with one hand."—*R. W., Perth.*

Scoring off "No Balls."—The following is an extract from the laws of cricket on the subject of scoring off "no balls" and "wide balls" which we hope will answer your query: "The striker may hit a 'no ball,' and whatever runs result shall be added to his score; but he shall not be out from a 'no ball,' unless he be run out . . . All runs made from a 'no ball,' otherwise than from the bat, shall be scored 'no balls' and if no run be made, one run shall be added to that score. From a 'wide ball' as many runs as are run shall be added to the score as 'wide balls,' and if no run be otherwise obtained one run shall be so added."—*C. D. G., Glasgow.*

Garden

Saxifrage Roses.—The *Saxifraga Cotyledon rosea praecox* mentioned in the gardening page of the *Field* may be obtained from Messrs. Wells, Nurserymen, Merstham, Surrey.—*W. B. M., Millom.*

Kennel

Border Terrier.—Viscountess Portman, Staple Fitzpaine, Taunton, breeds Border terriers, and you may take it that they are of the correct type as she does a good deal of winning. Certainly avoid any dog of the Irish terrier type. They should be shortish on the leg, compactly built and have the wide skull and otter head. Other breeders are Miss M. Richmond, Exford, Somerset; Mr. D. Black, Tweedside Kennels, Berwick-on-Tweed, and Captain C. R. Pawson, Longcot, Faringdon, Berks.—*H. K. K., Bewdley.*

Sheep Dog Trials.—The dates about which you inquire are as follows: Scottish National Sheep Dog Trials, to be held at Kelso, July 26th and 27th, 1938; Welsh National Sheep Dog Trials, to be held at Margam, August 10th and 11th, 1938; English National Sheep Dog Trials, to be held at Ilkley, August 26th and 27th, 1938; International Sheep Dog Trials, to be held at Southport, September 14th, 15th and 16th, 1938. If you want the dates of some of the smaller trials, I would advise you to write to the Secretary, The Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.—*G. W., Brentwood.*

Miscellaneous

The Sokol Festival.—The word "Sokol" is the Czech for falcon and is used as the name for Czechoslovakia's national athletic organisation, which has about 800,000 members, ranging in age from six to over seventy years. These Sokols were started in 1862, when the founders sought to provide by this movement a useful contribution to the cultural and physical development of the nation. The Sokols, organised in 3,265 local sections, own 1,000 gymnasiums and over 2,100 playing fields. Membership is quite voluntary, and the movement does not receive any help whatsoever from the State. Congresses, known as "Slets," meaning an assembly of birds, are held every six years in Prague, and the tenth Congress is to take place during June and July of this year, when 120,000 athletes will take part in the various displays to be given in the Masaryk Stadium above Prague.—*A. E. H., Cheadle.*

Upkeep of a Swimming Pool.—In answer to your inquiry, we can do no better than quote from an article on the construction and upkeep of a private swimming pool which was published in the *Field* of May 14th. In this the author said: "Where a swimming pool is likely to be used by many persons, it may be necessary to introduce some method of cleaning the water. There are various processes by which this is done. The most common is the use of chlorine or chloramine. This has two disadvantages; one is that it is costly, and the other is the objectionable smell. Another method is the use of ozone. This is made by a machine and charged into the water through a special apparatus. Apart from the initial cost of the apparatus the running costs are low. With electricity at 1d. per unit, the approximate running costs for a bath of 50,000 gallons capacity works out at 1.25d. per hour; and for a bath of 500,000 gallons capacity at about 7d. per hour. Another method is the Rayzone, the use of ultra-violet rays, and the most recent method is the use of Biofilter, the method of using bacteria and a system of sand filters. Where only a few people use the pool these elaborate methods of filtration are not necessary."—*R. A. M. M., West Malling.*

Naturalist

Food Plants of Saturnidæ.—It is quite simple to breed these foreign insect "giants" in England, as the food plants are in most cases easy to obtain. For instance, the Moon Moth (*A. selene* from India will feed on plum, apple, or hawthorn leaves. One of the easiest American silk-moths to breed is the Oak Silk Moth; as its name suggests, it feeds on oak leaves, but it will also eat plum and various common British trees. Mr. L. Hugh Newman has some live specimens on view at his Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent, and if you write to him he will no doubt be able to help you and suggest a book on the subject.—*F. G. S., Forres.*

Scientific Names of Giant Moths.—From the U.S.A.: The Robin Moth (*Samia cecropia*); food plant: Plum, hawthorn, apple, elder, pear. The Oak Silk Moth (*Telea polyphemus*); food plant: Hawthorn, plum, willow, oak. The Ailanthus Silk moth (*Attacus cynthia*); food plant: Privet or lilac. The Bull's Eye Moth (*Automeris io*); food plant: Willow, plum, hawthorn. The American Moon Moth (*Actias luna*); food plant: Walnut. From India: The Atlas Moth (*Attacus atlas*); food plant: Willow, Edwardsii's Atlas (*Attacus edwardsii*); food plant: Willow. The Indian MoonMoth (*Actias selene*); food plant: Plum, hawthorn, pear, willow, apple. The Yellow Emperor (*Loepa katinka*) (first pupæ now emerging). The Tussor Silk Moth (*Antheræa mylitta*); food plant: Oak. (Moth like *A. cynthia*). ? Indian Ailanthus Moth (*Attacus cravenigi*); food plant: Privet or lilac. All of the above are being bred in England this summer.—*C. N., Truro.*

Hints on Rearing Saturnidæ in England.—As soon as the young larvæ hatch from the eggs they should be carefully transferred on the tip of a damp camel-haired brush on to some freshly picked leaves of their food plant, and placed in an airtight glass-topped tin, as this method keeps the food cool and fresh. They should be cleaned out every few days and fresh leaves given as soon as they show signs of wilting. After the first skin-casting the young larvæ may be transferred into an ordinary breeding cage, but the modern kind, with a sliding tray at the bottom to make cleaning out easier, is recommended. Sprigs of fresh food may be stood in a Boveril bottle and renewed as the leaves are stripped off the stalk by the feeding larvæ. Care should be taken not to disturb the larvæ when they are preparing to cast a skin, and you can always tell when this is about to take place as the larvæ sit still and their heads appear to shrink out of all proportion to the body. If they are moved from the silk pad they make for themselves, they have great difficulty in getting out of their old skin, as normally the legs of the old skin they are casting remain firmly embedded in the silk. When the larvæ are about half grown they may be "sleeved" out of doors on the growing food, by enclosing them in a muslin bag that can be slipped over a limb of a tree (like a sleeve) and tied at either end. All of the above may be left in the "sleeve" to pupate, as they spin their cocoons amongst the leaves. But they must all be collected and brought indoors if you want them to emerge early next spring in captivity.—*D. R. C., Cheltenham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Egg-binding in Birds.—Our cases of death due to difficulties encountered in egg-laying include a bantam, a Carolina duck, a grouse and three badgergays. There are two common forms of this disease. In one form the egg-duct is cramped so that the bird is unable to pass the egg, which wedges in the lower end of the duct. This is usually due to the bird being exposed to a chill by a draught or a northerly wind. It is a common form in aviary birds and wild birds. The obstruction can be overcome provided the bird is treated in the early stages by holding it gently over a hot-water bottle or over a jug of boiling water so that the heat impinges on the bird's abdomen. The correct temperature is gauged by the operator keeping his fingers under the bird; if his fingers feel the heat too acutely the bird will also find the heat too much for it and will begin to pant or it may faint. The operator must regulate the heat so that it does not cause discomfort. The removal of the obstruction by passing instruments up the vent should not be attempted. If the bird does not pass the obstructing egg by warming, an urgent operation under anæsthesia by an expert is indicated. A second form of the disease is the result of birds (particularly poultry) being incorrectly fed, either forced for high egg production, or given too much fattening food with inadequate amounts of exercise.—*J. F. B., Kent; H. L., Norfolk; T. W. B. J., Essex; A. B., Herts; R. U., Cheshire; E. W. S., Essex.*

Shooting

The Record Roe.—The record British roe was shot by Dr. W. S. Tegner at Pitgaveney and measures 11¾in. The record roe shown at the British Sporting Exhibition, which is almost certainly the European record, measures 12¼in., and is the property of Countess Myerdska.—*A. D. S., London.*

Cartridge Tests

Your 2in. cartridges contained 24 grains of a foreign smokeless powder, cork and felt wadding and a full ¾oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,105ft. per second with light recoil. Pattern 30in. circle 40yds choke barrel (2½in. chamber) averaged 58 per cent. Your 2¾in. cartridges contained 23 grains of a foreign smokeless powder, felt and feltine wadding, and a bore of ¾oz. No. 5 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,105ft. per second with slightly heavier recoil, patterns (2¾in. chamber) averaged 65 per cent. Both these cartridges gave regular results and should prove effective against game. The patterns of the 2¾in. being 7 per cent. higher than obtained from the 2in. coupled with the larger shot employed is a distinct point in their favour.—*R., Hackness.*

Turf

Riding in Cyprus.—We hope the following information will answer your questions adequately: (1) There is no polo in Cyprus. (2) A certain amount of hacking is done, but not very extensively. (3) It is understood that occasional paper chases, phantom hunts, &c., are arranged. Race meetings are held at Nicosia in the spring and autumn. (4) No very recent information is available as to cost. According to *The Handbook of Cyprus* (1930), up to £50 might be paid for a good animal. Further inquiries on this point will be made if desired. (5) Horses and ponies are bred in the island. If you require further information on this subject we suggest that you should write to Government of Cyprus (Information Office), 1 Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill Street, London, S.W. 1.—*U. T., Rome.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

A VERY successful sale was held at Knightsbridge last Monday, the following being the principal transactions:

POLO PONIES.

Property of Captain J. N. Bailey: Lalygold (1931), 4 pony mare, by Pommery—Fleche d'Or, 550gs.; Schooner (1929), br pony, by Schertzo—Broken Tenbul, 400gs.; Sheila Perys (1931), br pony mare, by Peeping Tom—Nun's Veiling, 250gs.; Biff's Gift (1930), b pony, by Knight of the Garter—Tanya, 160gs.; Welsh Powder (1931), b pony mare, by Bardsey—Toilet, 180gs.; Pantabeta (1932), b pony mare, by Jehangir—Panthea, 150gs.; Golden Son (1933), b pony, by Poor Man—Casbla, 200gs. Property of Captain D. J. E. Norton, M.C.: High School (1924), b pony, by Hapsburg—Blue Stocking, 140gs.; Serpentina, ch pony, 500gs.; Wake Up and Dream, ch pony, 250gs.; Chimanzo, ch pony, 250gs. Property of the late Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas: Queenie, b pony, by Wild Tint—Naughty Girl, 420gs.

HUNTERS.

Property of Mr. A. Carr: Gr g, 70gs. Property of Mr. F. N. Gee: Spartina, b g, by Santaxon, 50gs. Property of Mr. R. Knight: Dagger (1934), br g, by Steel Point—Yam, 52gs. Property of Mr. C. Ferguson: Starlight, gr g, by Sanhedrim, 76gs. Property of Mr. E. R. Ellis: The Ringer, b g, by Greystone Manor, 150gs.; The Roamer, b g, by Perfector, 160gs.; The Raider, ch g, by Greystone Manor, 130gs. Property of Mr. J. R. Major, M.F.H.: Forest Witch, ch m, 75gs. The Essex Hunt Horses, property of the Joint Masters: Tangerine, ch g, by Denis d'Or, 220gs.; Vanity, b m, 80gs.; Ladybird, br m, 200gs.; Sportsman, b g, by Bridgewater, 50gs. Property of Mr. V. G. Pelly, M.F.H.: Brandy, b g, 80gs. Property of Captain H. W. Lloyd (The Royals): Merrie England, b g, by Rhadhamach, 70gs. Property of Captain E. A. Collins, R.A.,: The Earl, b g, by The Dark Duke, 110gs. Property of Mr. A. M. Barne (The Royals): Ophelia, ch m, by Orthos, 60gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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W. A. Rouch.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN WITH THE WHITNEY CUP

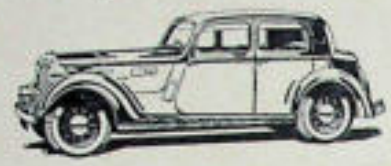
There is no better-known polo player in London than Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is a member of the Hurlingham Polo Association Council and a member of its Executive Committee, Chairman of the Ranelagh Polo Committee, and Chairman of the London Polo Committee, which is doing so much to put the overcrowded London season on a rational basis. His Adsdean team, in whose colours he is seen here after winning the first High Handicap Tournament of the season, can always be depended on to play keen and strenuous polo, and he will always be remembered as the leader of the Royal Navy team that so very nearly won the Inter-Regimental two years ago

Capt. G. E. T. Eyston
says
(in "The Sunday Pictorial")

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THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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CONTENTS

BRITISH HOPES FOR THE WALKER CUP . . 1387
A STOCKTAKING OF AFRICAN FAUNA . . 1388
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: CAITHNESS . 1390
FISHING ON THE GADE 1393
HOW TO DEFEAT THE AUSTRALIANS . . 1391
ROUND THE WICKETS 1393
A RECORD CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW . . 1394
VARIED WATER EFFECTS AT CHELSEA . . 1395
BREEDS AND BREEDING PRACTICES . . 1396
OVERCROWDED LONDON POLO . . . 1398
THE DERBY IN PICTURES 1399
THE SIGHT OF A TAWNY OWL . . . 1400
FIVE MILES IN DORSET 1401
THE ART OF GOOD LIVING 1402
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1402
IN THE SALE ROOM 1402
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1402
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
The Roding of Woodcock; The Swift's Habits; The Poultry Industry 1403
IN THE CITY 1408
NEW BOOKS 1409
A MONTH OF SHOOTING MEMORIES . . 1411
YACHT RACING IN LUMPY WEATHER . . 1413
GARDEN FURNITURE AND ITS SETTING . 1414
HOUSING RURAL WORKERS 1414
THE BATH AND WEST AT PLYMOUTH . . 1416
ENTHUSIASM FOR MOTOR CYCLING . . 1419
NAVIGATING THE RIVER YEALM . . . 1420
TIMELESS CONTENTMENT IN CONNEMARA . 1423
ON ENTERING GERMANY 1426
CARDS AND CHESS 1427
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS . . . 1428

SAFETY FIRST

ANOTHER Whitsun week-end is upon us, and on Friday evening there will be the usual processions on the roads leading from our big cities to coast or country. We are getting used to these termless progressions, but the inhabitants of remote villages sometimes use their waking leisure and even sit up at night to watch the spectacle. The younger inhabitants grin at the old "crocks" and look wistfully at the super-charged sports cars as they hum through the main streets, while here and there the oldest inhabitants seem a trifle dazed as they watch the modern contraptions with wonder tinged with contempt. They look back to the time when everyone who was anyone drove or rode a horse.

When night falls and the long stream of cars passes on through the darkness, people living on the road are disturbed by weird lights and shadows chasing across the ceiling as cars race along the highway. Years ago, perhaps, a solitary coach clattered past at this major June week-end, and after that nothing to disturb the silence until the "dawn chorus" of the birds told the countryman that his plough was waiting for him, or that some other rural task called him from his bed.

Times have changed since then, and the old-world almost perfect safety of the roads with them. The quite occasional and sporadic highwaymen of Dick Turpin's era, whose advent was something of a nine days' wonder, has given place to myriads of motorists, some of whom show not a trace of the courtesy which the "gentlemen of the road" so often exhibited. The old maxim *Salus Populi suprema lex* makes no appeal to them, and it seems clear that the phrase *Noblesse oblige* has no application. Doubtless this week-end drivers of this kidney will be the cause of several fatal accidents unless for once they can be induced to adopt the code of safety first.

In holiday traffic it is essential that everyone should take their turn in the long queue of cars. When the road is clear you will find the motorist in front of you signal you on. There is fortunately a noticeable trend towards better road manners to-day, but some drivers seem quite incapable of genuine patience. They must needs try passing in an unending stream of traffic when nearing the crest of a hill. If, as so often happens, a car comes over the brow from the opposite direction there is a head-on collision or else someone gets pushed into the ditch by the bad driver cutting in.

But the worst form of driving is excessive speeding. There have been many fatal accidents due to drivers having no regard to road conditions, especially at night when it is an easy matter to take a car round a blind corner too fast and touch the banking or a brick wall. At speed, it only needs a slight impact of this sort to make a driver lose control.

Other frequent causes of accidents include the emergence from a side road into a main road without due care. At all dangerous cross-roads you will see the signboard with "major road, slow" on it. One day, we hope, these signs will all be changed to "halt," for a car coming out of a turning slowly sometimes draws out too far, causing a driver on the main road to misjudge his clearance with most untoward results.

Before you leave for the coast or "that little river where trout are ready risers," test your brakes, see that your lights are in good order and that your tyres are in a fit state to hold the road. If only road users will make every week a "safety week" the mounting roll of road deaths may be checked and bank holidays, which are meant to give us happy hours of relaxation, bring less tragedy in their wake.

GARDEN PROPAGANDA

NEVER can there have been such an attendance at the Royal Horticultural Society's show as witnessed at Chelsea this year. On the second day crowds of visitors went round the gardens in mass formation. This great interest in beautiful lay-outs is a very healthy sign indeed. Gone are the days when people were content to regard a few laurels and dingy evergreens as constituting a garden. They have seen that flowering shrubs which give colour and grace to the surroundings of a house can be cultivated without difficulty; that bright flowers which were absent from the old nurseryman's meagre catalogue are available for everyone; that brickwork and stonework can be introduced with wonderful effect at no great expense; and that a pool can be introduced to provide a cool and restful effect. It is a sign of the times when a big London store, Messrs. Derry & Toms, goes to the extent of showing what marvellous water gardens, flower beds and exotic buildings can be laid out on a London roof. There is also another side to the question. As people cultivate an eye for the beautiful they are less likely to countenance its destruction in Britain.

There will not, as was announced, be a "Field" Stand at the Highland Agricultural Society's Show, at Dumfries.

A "GOOD TURN" NEEDED

When we are endeavouring to foster healthy outdoor recreation for youth in this country, it is a sad business that one of the greatest of all youth movements, the Boy Scouts, should be in peril through lack of funds. Active headquarters supervision is needed to keep the life blood flowing in Lord Baden-Powell's fine organisation, and now, of all times, nothing should be allowed to occur to set it back. Voluntary workers all over the country give their services to the Boy Scouts, but with the increased demand for camp sites and training it has been necessary to draw upon capital to meet expenses. It should be everyone's "Good Turn" to help raise the £500,000 required and to which Lord Nuffield has offered to contribute £50,000 when it reaches completion. Subscriptions should be sent to the Boy Scouts' Fund, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

THE NORTH AND OFFSHORE RACING

Since of necessity there should be in this issue of the *Field* much talk of offshore racing, and since, with the Thames Estuary Race just over and the Heligoland and Maas events just about to start, there is rather a southern than an eastern trend to this talk, let us not forget the North. It is said—in the North—that in "the West they grow apples, in the South trees, and in the North *Men*!" We may well believe that there is something behind this when we remember that we are on the eve of the first Kristiansand to Bridlington Race. This new fixture, arranged jointly by the Royal Yorkshire, Royal Northumberland and Sunderland yacht clubs, is being sailed on a handicap based on R.O.R.C. rating; the Kristiansands Seilforening is arranging the start. Seven yachts have entered—from our side—for this 360-miles race across a part of the North Sea which can be most unpleasant. To call this race a sporting venture is to underestimate it. When yachts cross 360 miles of bleak North Sea for the privilege of racing 360 miles back across the same lead-coloured water one is meeting offshore sportsmanship of the highest order, and we look forward to hearing the full story of this event in the near future.

FISHING AT WHITSUNTIDE

Whitsuntide falls happily this year for the Mayfly. Though it has been up for a week or more on the lower reaches of the streams, it is only when June is in that on the more famous waters such as the Middle and Upper Kennet trout of substance take the fly freely, and there is a chance, on a warm, still evening, of seeing what the river really holds in the way of monstrous fish. It has been the custom for many years to decry Mayfly fishing, and there are men who, quite genuinely, prefer to spend their Whitsun holiday where small-fly hatches are plentiful and the drake unknown; but the "festival" remains the great occasion of the angler's year in spite of argument, however reasonable. To find a 5-pounder feeding quietly by the hatch-hole in a reach where 2-pounders are the normal ambition, and to see it roll up to take a well-poised Mayfly as the last of the light silvers the great waves of its wash is worth many a June evening even when the creel held the limit for the water.

HACKING IN SUMMER

Why hang up your spurs when the hunting is over,
With the glory of summer to search and to see?
For never so sweet is the scent of cut clover
As now with a horse swinging under your knee.

You may choose a lone lane far removed from the raffle
Of thundering lorries and swift-running cars,
And watch the green foam flying back from the snaffle
As a grass-fed old favourite tosses his bars.

You may sweep with your stirrup a branch of the briar
Or pluck from the saddle a wreath of the may,
While the sun warms you through with his generous fire
Or the beech in her beauty flings shade on your way.

What reck if the flash of the scarlet be lacking,
The hound and the horn for a season be mute;
The green lanes of England were made for our hacking,
And, given a saddle, who'd travel a-foot?

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE science that frightens us with its huge dreams of a finite but incalculable universe is silent about one corner of it. Here vast feminine figures (too big for ancient notions of Olympian goddesses) go gathering suns, heaps and multitudes of suns, for brewing in a magic cauldron, whose potion can overturn as many worlds as ever buzzed in man's restless head. I refer, of course, to the dandelion-pickers in May, whose office is very scientific but much older than science. I fancy it is as old as Proserpine picking flowers for Dis's waggon.

There are only two places in England I know of where women still work in the fields as part of the customary routine of their lives, the women of the Isle of Axeholme and the women of the Vale of Evesham. In both instances the cause is the same, that their husbands and sons are Lincolnshire commoners and Worcestershire small-owners and so, a proper Chaucerian folk and not at all as Millet and Zola would have had them be, they labour in the fields beside their men. It might be that such women remember, not by knitting their brows and pondering, but by the more mystic process of unconscious folk-memory (like the memory of flight in the nestling, of colour in the bud), how with their men they once flung their sickles—and women's sickles were of a lighter build than men's—at the last sheaf of corn for the honour of who should hook the Corn Spirit. The hop-pickers and fruit-pickers are, many of them, women, but they are comers from afar, mere responses to the pressure of a button in the automatic machine of commerce. They lack that particular association with the land which regards it as the green courtyard to the domestic hearth. But the dandelion-pickers, who still exist in countless villages, are the tail-end of that long procession of women who joined labour with laughter, ceremony with what I shall call field-wifery in the common husbandry of the earth.

Yet dandelion-picking is a something apart from the immemorial family tradition of home and field, because it is a festival for women alone, like that of the Bona Dea long, long ago. As is to be expected, its corporate spirit needs stimulus in these days of estrangement from the Mater Genetrix, who bursts into suns when the lord of life beams down upon her. If the solar flowers are abundant in the home meadows the women of the village go out independently to pluck their heads. It is only when they are some distance away that they make up a party and so something of a rite of it. They go bonneted, and sometimes with song and a swinging of baskets, so that only dance is wanting for them to fall into the measure of that multitudinous rhythm that pulses all about them. "Go to the ant," the Biblical busybody urged. But "go to the bee" is the sounder counsel, the bee that, when it finds a cellar of nectar or a cupboard full of pollen, hastens to the hive to dance in circles of glee until its fellows, stirred by this token of treasure, pour out to the flowers which the thoughtful dancer has already sprinkled from her scent glands to guide them. Just as the pollen dance and the nectar dance make Darwinism look small and Samuel Butler loom large, because they are the exercise of unconscious memory, so, when I see the dandelion-pickers go forth, do I wish that they could throw a bridge of recollection across the sundering flood that parts them from their traditions of field festival and tread the dandelion dance among the wine-secreting bosses of sun-colour. Let science be pleased to translate the music of the spheres into algebraic formulæ or the careering symbols of some translunary thought; I think we might get some fragments of the ancient symphony back if human atomies could whirl once more when the thoughts of the year are still green.

It must be a sunny day when the dandelions are plucked, for then all the little suns are drinking in the wisdom of "bright Phœbus in his strength." Stand them for four days while they think it over; temper their ardour with allaying Thames (a gallon of it to a pint and a half of gold). Boil the virtue out of them from the muslin bag; simmer them, but only for ten minutes; add 4 pounds of sugar to sweeten and the juice of two lemons and an orange, with a little root ginger to flavour their fiery imaginations, and, when the distillation is cooling in the air, as science says the universe to be, mix in a pennyworth of yeast to whip it up again. Bottle and leave the brew to its birth pangs for close upon six weeks—six days shalt thou labour. Then cork but lightly lest the poem burst its metre. Three months later add raisins and sugar-candy (to keep it in good heart), and in double that time a field of dandelions shall be in a glass at your elbow.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A law stationer's notice near the Law Courts: "Divorce Forms 1d. each, 9d. a dozen."



Yates putting on the seventh green at Troon

FORM AND PERFORMANCE

British Hopes for the Walker Cup

By E. R. TIPPLE

BY his success at Troon, C. Yates, a twenty-four-year-old member of the American Walker Cup team, becomes the fifth player from the United States to win the British Amateur Championship. W. J. Travis won in 1904, Jesse Sweetser in 1926, Bobby Jones in 1930 and Lawson Little in 1934 and 1935. It is significant that on the last three occasions when the Walker Cup match has been played in this country the American golfers have achieved the coveted "double" and have taken back with them the Walker Cup and the championship trophy.

In view of the biennial match, the form of the American representatives at Troon was watched with particular interest, and it was encouraging to note that the majority failed to reproduce their usual standard of skill. The draw did not favour the invaders, for several of them clashed early on and the playing conditions were quite different from those in America. The weather was reminiscent of Carnoustie last year—strong winds and blinding rain.

Only one American golfer seemed weatherproof—the new champion, Charles Yates. He played consistently well throughout the week, and there was no doubt that he was the best golfer of the meeting. He comes from Atlanta, Georgia, and is a friend of Bobby Jones, but although he has followed Jones's example their styles are quite different. Yates stands very upright and with a short back-swing punches the ball very firmly. He does not employ the lazy, easy swing which was a characteristic feature of American golfers of a few years ago.

Yates, like good Scottish golfers, keeps the ball very low with the iron clubs and was rarely off the fairways in any round. When he did mis-hit a shot his subsequent recovery was positively brilliant, and on the greens his performances were remarkable. Keeping his wrists very stiff—a usual method among first-class putters—Yates makes up his mind quicker than anyone else except George Duncan, looks at the line standing up, and the ball is on its way to the hole before the spectators have taken up their positions.

He beat the American champion of 1936 and fellow team-mate, J. Fischer, at the nineteenth in the first round by aid of a stymie, but otherwise was not hard pressed. Fischer, with a flowing and really classical swing, played steadily, but without obtaining full reward for his efforts. Time and again Yates recovered unexpectedly, and so Fischer found that instead of winning holes he lost them. It will be remembered that Fischer beat McLean ten years ago to win the American title by a stymie; last week it was his turn to suffer in precisely the same way. Despite this defeat Fischer showed he was one of the most formidable members of his team.

As so often happens when two renowned golfers meet, the standard of play in the match between Goodman and Billows was very indifferent. Each respected the other to too great an extent and neither produced his usual golf.

Goodman, the present American champion and a player even professionals respect, could not compete against the dreadful weather. In the wind and rain his lack of length was only too apparent and he was out-driven by yards. He has not yet found his touch around the greens so it was not surprising that C. Kocsis defeated him with the greatest of ease. The latter was overwhelmed by J. B. Stevenson, which proves that he can be beaten at St. Andrews to-day.

In short, the Americans at Troon showed that they were human golfers and not machines. Their styles are not as attractive as those players who have visited us before, and they are finding the conditions over here difficult. They do make plenty of mistakes, but whether they will oblige again at St. Andrews is another matter. We know by bitter experience that American golfers have the knack of working up their games and producing their very best for the Walker Cup matches.

The first meeting between an American and a British international at Troon produced the ominous result—a victory for the invader. Pennink, usually one of the most consistent of golfers, was far below form. A new driver certainly did not help matters, and his confidence remained with the old club. Yates, with his firm, bold approaches, made full use of Pennink's mistakes, and he treated him mercilessly as he did Ewing in the final.

There is no doubt that the British amateurs, as a whole, showed a distinct improvement even if the title has gone to America once again. Ewing, Thomson, Stevenson and Crawley played really first-class fighting golf. That is what is required at St. Andrews.

Ewing put up a great display in the final against an opponent who reeled off par figures in relentless fashion. Opposing such golf most players would have wilted, but not Ewing. Tall and immensely strong, the Irishman is an exceptionally big hitter, using a 17oz. club as if it were a toy. He is another who favours the three-quarter swing. Ewing did not quite match Yates's skill on the greens and missed a few vital putts which just made the difference. As some consolation for his narrow defeat in the final, he was awarded the last remaining place in the British team—an honour which was thoroughly well earned.

The former champion, Hector Thomson, had a long sequence of narrow victories, but despite his visits to the home green, always appeared to have the measure of his opponents. He is running into his best form, and that should prove a match for any American. Stowe and Peters were not at their best, but Crawley was unfortunate to be beaten by Thomson. Although not selected for the Walker Cup match, both Tolley and Stevenson reached the last eight and produced grand golf in the process. The latter just failed under pressure and missed a tiny putt on the last green against Ewing. A tragic end to a really dramatic match.

Nowadays, it is definitely the short game that decides first-class matches. In the singles to-day the British players have the opportunity of showing that their improved form can be maintained. The performances at Troon were encouraging, and if our players do not allow the occasion to disturb them, a British victory may be recorded.



AN ANIMAL RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED—SABLE ANTELOPE IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAPTAIN H. W. KNIGHT

A STOCKTAKING OF AFRICAN FAUNA

Results of the London Conference

ABOUT two months ago, when the possibility of an African Fauna Conference was first announced, it was suggested in the *Field* that as far as the British Colonial Empire was concerned it would be just as well if the conference was postponed for a year. It was clear that the British Government would have to hide its diminished head. Actually it may now be said that this view must be modified in the light of what has happened. This gathering has had a most salutary effect.

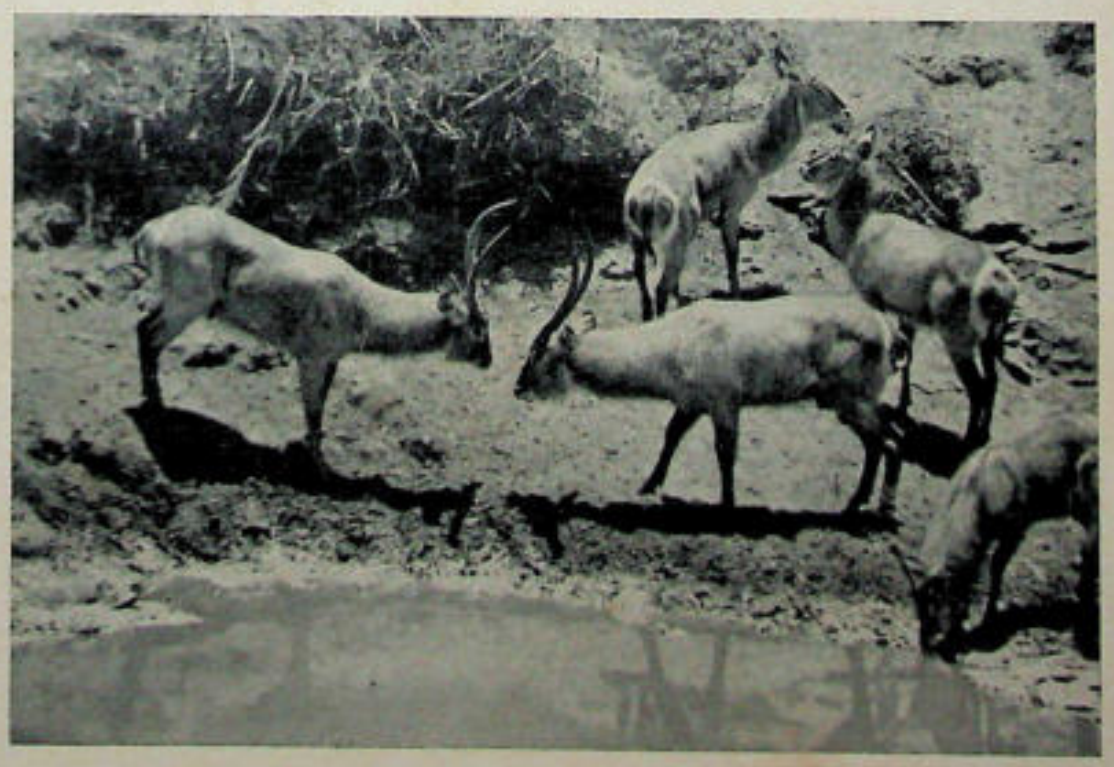
When it was known that the signatories were to meet and discuss what had been done, there was a fluttering in a good many dovecotes. During the course of the deliberations, which were admirably organised and equally admirably presided over by Lord Onslow, France and Portugal ratified the agreement of 1933, and it is understood that in the three weeks before the first meeting the Colonial Office was not exactly inactive. That this stock-taking gathering was held at all was due to the suggestion of Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, that proved friend of wild life. Time has proved how shrewd a provision this was. There could have been no more timely hint to those who have failed to give practical application to the provisions of the Convention of 1933.

The work carried out in the territories administered by the Colonial Office formed the subject of a memorandum laid before the Conference by the British delegation. The first and most important section deals with the formation of National Parks. Our contribution here is meagre. Since the Convention was signed only the mandated territory of Tanganyika has created a National Park, despite the fact that Great Britain is pledged to do its utmost to form such parks in every African dependency except Gambia and Zanzibar. I will deal with the whole question of the Tanganyika National Park separately; but I cannot refrain here from quoting the apposite section of the British memorandum: "In other territories with which this memorandum deals, the Governments have been compelled to proceed far more slowly in order to enable careful study to be given to the best means of overcoming certain difficulties which arise." That is a really masterly way of saying that nothing has been achieved.

Now as regards the Tanganyika National Park. This was the first National Park founded in British Africa, and as such it deserves a very warm welcome, and the Government of Tanganyika deserve all congratulations on having brought it into being. But just because it is the first, and may therefore be taken as a pattern, we must explore its constitution carefully. It is understood that the then Governor of Tanganyika, Sir Harold MacMichael, was anxious to implement our agreements under the London Convention, but at the same time was not willing to hand over a very large area as a National Park in perpetuity, at any rate, till this area had been very fully surveyed and explored. Accordingly, the Park has not been handed over to trustees, as in the case of the two other National Parks of Africa, the Parc Albert and the Kruger National Park. So, though it is called a National Park, it is really still at the mercy of the Governor and his Legislature as regards variations of its boundaries.

No reasonable person will object to the boundaries being made provisional pending the final survey of an area the size of several English counties; and everybody will agree that it was well worth while to declare the National Park as having come into being. The moral effect of such things is considerable, apart from our obligations under the London Convention. But one would like to know whether, in drawing up the conditions under which this Park was created, the statutes embodying the Kruger National Park and the Parc Albert were carefully considered? And if not, why not? The Serengetti National Park may be taken as a model for future effort, but it is in fact, as far as one can see, on exactly the same footing as the Kenya Reserves. If it is not at present possible to hand it over to trustees, surely some provision could be made for this to be done at a later date? And we hope it will be done in all other British African colonies.

The creation of a National Park in Kenya should be a comparatively simple affair, and it is to be hoped that it will come into being very shortly. With the return of Captain Ritchie after a two-years absence we have no doubt that steps will be taken, and good long steps, too. It is understood that National Parks are under consideration in Nigeria and Nyassaland, and Northern Rhodesia, which has only just started a Game Department, is also considering the matter. It really seems as if at long last the Colonial Office are anxious to get something done, and by the next meeting of the Conference Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's department



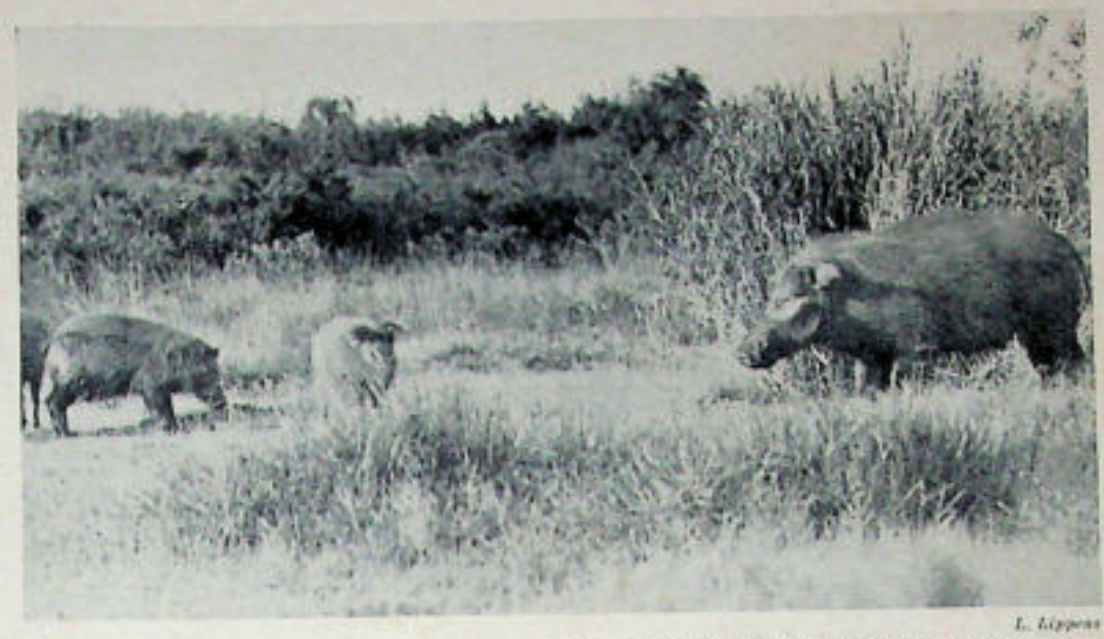
BULL WATERBUCK IN DISAGREEMENT IN A SOUTH AFRICAN NATIONAL PARK

may have some definite progress to report. After all, if you can come to terms with Mr. de Valera lions and rhinos ought to be child's play.

But this point must be made. It is quite useless forming National Parks unless you are prepared to police them. The Serengetti National Park, it is true, will always attract a certain number of visitors, but other National Parks will, at first, have few visitors. They can never hope to rival the "people's playgrounds" of North America. Simply to declare a National Park—or indeed any form of reserve—and then to leave it to stew in its own juice is worse than useless. It will become a centre of native poaching. In every such Park adequate policing arrangements must be made under direct and constant European supervision. If this cannot be done it would be better to let well alone. Such work will require money. It is true that such money will be an investment, but it is an investment which will not bring immediate interest. Fortunately, Colonial budgets are all fairly healthy this year, and in this connection it is only fair to the Colonial Office and the Governments concerned to point out that the comparatively inactive years since the last Conference met have been years of financial leanness.

So much for National Parks. For the rest there is really no achievement which one can point to in the British Colonial administration which calls for any particular comment, except possibly the creation of a Game Department in Northern Rhodesia. It would clearly be unfair to criticise the state of affairs there—not, it is feared, a very satisfactory one—till that department has got out a long-term policy for the colony. Elsewhere there is not much to be said. Native hunting in Tanganyika, in the Northern Province of Kenya, in the West African Dependencies, in the Western Desert of the Sudan, and in parts of Uganda still continues unchecked, and unless it is checked the game cannot and will not remain. Native hunting may be an old tribal custom. So also was Suttee. To anybody who moves about Africa, trying to find some sort of a basis of comparison, the outlook is a little grim.

One realises, of course, that officials may be in a somewhat difficult position as regards native hunting. Native interests are paramount, and we have time and again announced that we are trustees for the natives. It is on exactly this point that I take my stand. If one is a trustee one does not allow the persons for whom the trust is held to dissipate their capital, and this is just what we are doing. If the natives go on killing off all the animals they can, then there will soon be none left. And then—if this meat is essential to them—they will be very hungry indeed. As a generalisation the answer seems to be to adjust the killing of game to the needs of crop protection and to an amount more or less in accordance with the annual breeding turnover. One presumes that the best way to do it would be to make the local chiefs responsible for minimising killing to not more than so many animals in their areas. It will then become their perquisite, and a chief, like everybody else, hangs on to his perquisite!



L. Lippens

GIANT FOREST HOG IN THE PARC NATIONAL ALBERT, BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SPECIES IN THE WILD

The other point of interest in regard to the British Colonial Possessions was the report of the committee of experts as regards the animals to be placed on List A, *e.g.*, those which are to be given complete protection. These included the giant eland, the black rhinoceros, the Nubian ibex and the bongo. It is difficult to see exactly why these animals were chosen, and why, in addition, impala and greater kudu were added to Class B (which may only be shot under special conditions). Any form of protection is good, but the giant eland is probably more plentiful than it has ever been in the Sudan. I have just returned from the Equatorial Province myself, and I should say that the interference this beast suffers with by man is very small. Certainly, Major Barker, who is in a better position to judge than most people, is satisfied with the situation. The rhino we know has a price on his horn, but he clearly cannot be given full protection in certain parts of Kenya.

The bongo seems to me to be in far less danger than many common species which offer a more stable target to the muzzle loader or the poisoned arrow. And why the impala? One would like to know if the game warden of the Sudan was consulted about the giant eland, the Sudan being the only British territory where the species can be hunted? And if the game warden of the Kenya was consulted about impala? Or the game warden of Northern Rhodesia about greater kudu? And if not, why not? But the committee evidently thought the same, for their recommendations were subject to the provision that it was "understood that exceptions may be necessary in certain territories."

In my opinion the basis of inclusion in List A should be:

(1) That the species occurs generally and should be rare wherever found.

(2) That its rarity is such that continued killing is likely to threaten its existence.

(3) That if not rare it be threatened on account of its trophy value.

(4) That the rate of killing is likely to be sensibly reduced by its inclusion in the schedule.

The work of the conference was useful in that it showed us where we stood. It was pleasant in that everybody concerned was so very genuinely interested, and that the conference was in the nature of a gathering of old friends. It showed the British delegation what a lot of spade work remains to be done, and how little we have done to implement our signature to the 1933 convention. Therein lies its great value. I honestly believe that the next year may see a great step forward in anticipation of the much larger and more important conference to be held then. But there always remains the great difficulty of connecting up, by means of executive action, the pious resolutions of Westminster with the actual facts as one meets them face to face in Africa. It is all very well to put bongo or buffalo or bontebok on List A, but are you actually stopping him being killed off? In fact and not on paper. That is the acid test, and one which too seldom applies. For while I sat in the Moses Room of the House of Lords listening to the noble sentiments so eloquently poured forth I could not but think that even in the short three hours of a morning session some scores of beautiful animals, females probably and young, had fallen to muzzle loader and poisoned arrow.

M. T. S.



RED LICHWE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA, BY L. N. VAUGHAN



Niall Rankin

EVENING ON THE THURSO

Great Shooting Counties

GROUSE AND RED DEER OF CAITHNESS

Sport in Most Northern Britain

CAITHNESS requires, perhaps, more introduction than any other county. Its 686 square miles are the most distant from great centres, the least accessible, and, therefore, the least known. At first sight people have called it bleak, and in the last century Robert Chambers went so far as to declare that "the appearance of the county is frightful, and productive of melancholy feelings."

So harsh a judgment makes one suspect that the melancholy was imported, not produced; it certainly does not exist among the inhabitants of to-day. To the new arrival from England the lack of a tree-dotted landscape may give an impression of loneliness, but this never lasts. With its invigorating air, skies of extraordinary beauty, far-thrown horizons and imposing coast scenery, Caithness becomes irresistible—and those who scoffed at first, pray to return.

The name means "the ness, or point of the Catti," a tribe of the early inhabitants. About 250,000 acres of heather and rough grass slope gradually north-east from the borders of Sutherland, where the peaks of Morven, Scaraben, and the Maiden Pap guard the deer country. On this moorland—in a way comparable to the South African veldt—grouse are plentiful. Then comes arable land bordering streams and lochs, which gives place to somewhat higher patches of moor before returning to cultivation along the northern coast. Partridges, snipe and golden plover are found all over the arable land, the number of partridges having increased amazingly of late years. It is probable that the introduction of foreign blood is to a great extent responsible for this.

Latterly there has been a tendency on large farms, owing to low prices and increased wages, to let more land go down to grass. In spite of this the county has a reputation for its produce. Oats, barley, turnips and potatoes generally give a good crop; cattle, horses, and pigs are reared with success. The wool of Caithness sheep is known for its specially fine quality and texture, and not long ago high prices were paid for the best clips. At the moment a wool glut has lowered the market, but it is to be hoped that the setback is only temporary. The same wish applies to herring fishing, once the mainstay of Wick's prosperity. The reasons for the decline, such as bad years and loss of foreign contracts, are well known, and apparently little can be done to cure those evils.

In the days of Picts and Vikings, game was already plentiful in Caithness. Not only did red deer and wildfowl abound in the undergrowth and bogs that covered most of the county, but the Orkney Saga tells us of a King Harald of Norway hunting reindeer there, and adds that grouse were "persued" in 1157. The reindeer—if ever they existed—have died out. Grouse and red deer are still "persued," though I doubt if King Harald would recognise the process.

The outstanding deer forest of Caithness is Langwell, upon which much care has been lavished since its acquisition in 1858 by the fifth Duke of Portland. In his book *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*, the present duke relates how park stags were brought from Welbeck to improve the stock, and subsequent records amply prove the success of the experiment. The best year mentioned (with the exception of 1917–18, when deer were extensively killed everywhere to augment the food of the nation) is 1898, with 71 stags of an average weight of 15st.



Robert M. Adam

THE THURSO NEAR BLEACHFIELDS

Many fine and curious stags have been shot in the course of time, and the collection of heads at Langwell Lodge—open to the public during the summer in aid of charity—is well worth a visit. Grouse at Langwell are naturally of minor importance; it is interesting to note, however, that ptarmigan breed on Morven and Scaraben, though the restricted area of high ground prevents their increase.

Deer are also found in the hill country marching with Langwell, royals having been killed occasionally on Glutt and Lochdhu; but the only other forest in the county is Sandside, situated near the north-west border. It is smaller than Langwell, but, thanks to the great interest taken by the late Mr. Pilkington, holds very fine stags. As at Langwell, new blood has been introduced and the deer are fed throughout the winter, with the result that stags are earlier and heads better than in places dependent on nomadic deer.

In spite of the rough grass alternating with the heather, grouse are plentiful in Caithness, and the variation of bags proportionately the same as elsewhere. Game records make tantalising literature; in one I find that on a certain pre-War August 13th two separate guns had each 100 brace over dogs—a pleasant memory for those concerned, even at this distance. As to the more troubled present, after five good years the last two have been disappointing, though not more so than in other parts of Scotland. One may hope, therefore—if the theory of the seven years cycle is correct—that a distinct improvement will now take place.

Caithness sticks to shooting over dogs till early September, and sometimes even later when the green patches and boggy places can be tried for snipe and duck, getting grouse by the way. Driving is not often resorted to, though the form of the country is very suitable to that method, and if it were more frequently used stocks of grouse would probably be much increased.

Snipe are found all over the arable ground, and the general impression seems to be that while the migratory snipe have failed to come in recent years in their former large numbers, the native snipe are increasing. There are several celebrated snipe bogs. In one case—over a large area—as many as 700 were shot in a particularly good year, but that was exceptional. Quite restricted ground has yielded an average bag of 150, with which few people would be inclined to quarrel. One may consider blackgame as almost extinct, but, on the other hand, woodcock appear to be definitely becoming more numerous.

I have already hinted at the abundance of wildfowl in Caithness. Duck, teal and geese are to be got on all favourable ground, and the winter flighting gives excellent sport.

As regards fishing, among the many lochs Watten is the best known and has the best trout. In its three miles by one-and-a-quarter anything may come your way—or may not—for Watten is fickle enough to try the most ardent angler. There are big trout in some other lochs, but as a rule they run smaller. It has been proposed—probably with reason—that some such means as the otter might

be temporarily permitted to reduce numbers and thereby improve the size.

Sea trout make their appearance in September and even earlier. The mile of water between Wester Loch and the sea is considered a typically good reach, but with a proper spate they come up almost every burn, and I have caught a 2½-pounder in a pool above Stirkoke at the beginning of August.

Of Caithness rivers the Langwell, Berriedale and Dunbeath waters fall steeply from the hills on the east coast. After a few miles of moorland the Wick follows a broad strath to its mouth at the town of that name, while the Forss flows from Loch Shurrury to the western end of the Pentland Firth. Salmon are caught in all of them, but by far the most important in that respect is the Thurso. Rising not far north of Morven, it reaches Thurso Bay after a course of about 30 miles from Loch More, and ranks high among Scotland's salmon rivers.

Its owner, Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster, has furnished me with some interesting facts. In 1736 no less than 2 560 fish were taken in one day from the Cruives Pool, a mile above the town of Thurso. How they were disposed of is not mentioned, but one infers that in those days the tinned article would have had little success among the local population. Forty years ago three rods on Loch More each got 21 salmon in one day, but the dam constructed since then has proved detrimental to this loch, though of great help to the river fishing. The heaviest salmon caught in the Thurso since the War weighed 47½lb., and Sir Archibald himself still holds the record for a single catch. Starting after midday in May, 1917, to fish Loch Beg (a short distance below Loch More) he killed seventeen salmon, and remarks with true angler's discontent: "I ought to have got over twenty, but I was fishing badly, not having held a rod since the beginning of the War and having just had my appendix out!"

No description of Caithness would be complete without reference to its fauna, which has aroused the interest of botanists ever since Robert Dick baked his loaves at Thurso.* Besides a general profusion of wildflowers, the rare *Vaccinium uliginosum* spreads its waxy pink blossom over certain parts of the higher ground. In some ditches and gardens the daisy-flowered *Senecia Smithii*—of which the seed was sent from Patagonia by an emigrant crofter—has found a new home.

* Robert Dick, a well-known Caithness geologist and botanist (1811-1866), worked as a baker at Thurso.

The beauty of Caithness gardens is a revelation. Placed in naturally sheltered positions and protected by walls against the wind, they compete successfully with their southern neighbours. Not only do flowers thrive but some take on gigantic proportions. Delphiniums, for instance, often grow 9ft. or 10ft., and the perfection attained by roses, flowering shrubs and all rock plants is the paradox of this county of "frightful" appearance. Strawberries and raspberries rank second to none, and they have the advantage of being several weeks later than in England—a fact much appreciated if one arrives at the beginning of August.

Thus it will be seen that the attraction of Caithness lies in its nature and the diversity of sport it can offer. In addition to deer and grouse, there are partridges, snipe, golden plover and wildfowl. Salmon and trout await the angler, and if an extra thrill is needed, the blue rock pigeons in the cliffs round the coast will test the powers of any sportsman—in more ways than one.

The proximity of the Gulf Stream has made the climate milder than in many places farther south. Storms there are to be sure, and long winter nights; but Caithness repays winter darkness with summer days that never end—and trout that will take at midnight.

JOHN HORNE.



Robert M. Adam

THE BERRIEDALE WATER WITH SCARABEN, ONE OF THE HIGHEST SUMMITS OF CAITHNESS

HEADS AND WEIGHTS

At the end of winter the stag is quite a different animal to when you last stalked him: he has lost his fear of human scent and will come running to the rattle of a "feed" bucket, and the beast that you knew so well through your "glass" and could never "get up" to will allow you to photograph him at very close quarters.

In forests where there is no "feeding," and a bad winter with the beasts very "run," there is very much less chance of the big stags getting through the winter than if they had some help, apart from the fact that "feeding," as it is done now scientifically, produces very good results, and helps to build good "heads." The "head" after all is the object of the "rifle," and however much people may say "they don't mind a bit about the beast, all I want is the stalk," it is very hard to believe that they would not prefer to go after a moderately good beast, rather than a large number of bits of "rubbish."

Contrary to what might be expected the stags themselves do not mind heavy falls of snow, and they very quickly find the most sheltered places, being gifted by nature with that peculiar faculty of knowing when bad weather is coming several hours beforehand. What does do a great deal of harm and causes a heavy mortality is prolonged wet and damp. Nobody has yet satisfactorily explained why the stag should start the winter, unlike any other animal, in the worst possible condition, and so it is that unless there is shelter in woods or artificial feeding that they find it very hard to get food to keep up their strength.

There are other factors nowadays that make matters worse: There are far too many deer in Scotland, the forests except the ones that are in private hands, or on long leases, are never looked after properly. They are let to a yearly tenant, who takes the "best" beasts, too often young and promising stags, while the piece of "rubbish" alongside is left to breed.

The great majority of forests require a machine gun not a rifle at all, in order to give the few stags that might make something a chance to grow and develop without being crowded out.

The deer are confined in much smaller spaces than before, the woods in very many places have been cut down and never replanted, and the Forestry Commission is in Scotland! The stags either have not got, or are wired out of, what used to be their winter quarters. At the same time they are in much greater numbers than before. I am afraid that the answer to all the above lies in the fact that the stag from a financial point of view has decreased in value so much, in comparison with what stalking was previously worth, that it is not an economic proposition to spend money on a forest, but it also follows that unless something is done there cannot be expected any increase in the value of stalking.

Every year the best "heads" come from the same few forests, where the deer are looked after properly. It takes a long time to improve a forest, and nobody who is not prepared to wait a number of years should attempt it, but the results are well worth the trouble.

So very few people who come to Scotland have any idea of what real stalking is. Many of them regard it in much the same way as they do their shooting: in the light of numbers. The real essence and joy of the sport, of being on the hill, of a hard day, and probably bad luck at the end, leaves them unaffected. They want their money's worth, some will say, naturally. But to the people who love the stag and are really interested in the animal, and are truly fond of the forest, this attitude is hard to understand. "275"

HERTFORDSHIRE TROUT

Some Peculiarities of the Gade

By H. D. TURING

NOWADAYS that delightful Hertfordshire stream, the Gade, which meanders down a quiet valley of watercress beds by Great Gaddesdon, is always, in my mind, dubbed the "Conservative Trout Stream." The name has nothing to do with the conservation of its trout, nor with their temperament; it is borrowed from a most entertaining account of his experiences on it written by a well-known American fisherman, Mr. E. V. Connett, who found himself staying in close proximity to its banks on a visit to England some ten years ago, and fell in love with it at first sight.

In those days the water was in the hands of an exclusive syndicate who turned a cold shoulder to his blandishments and resolutely declined to allow him to wet a line. How his activities at a local Conservative fête brought him to the notice of a high official of the party, and how the said high official, through the medium of the then Prime Minister, procured him an invitation to fish the water, and incidentally converted him to the view that "the Conservative party in England is unquestionably the greatest influence for good of any institution set up by the White Race" is set forth in his excellent book, *Any Luck?*

Since I read it, the Gade, to me, has always been "A Conservative Trout Stream."

To-day, the water is controlled by our oldest London fishing club, the Piscatorial Society, which celebrated its centenary a year or two ago and is gradually being persuaded back to its former glories, of which drought and an interim of keeperlessness had somewhat robbed it. I am inclined to think that the Upper Gade suffers primarily from an excess of watercress beds. That they must provide a lot of food which, one way or another, gets into the river is probable, but they must also extract, temporarily, a good deal of water, which has in consequence to be held up by dams, producing slow water which is bad for fishing.

Dams in small chalk streams, which, as a rule, have not sufficient "push" of water to keep the bottom clean, are one of those controversial benefits on which more light might be forthcoming with advantage. I use the term "dam" in its technical sense, as an artificial obstruction of such a design that the water does not flow over its top, and distinct from a weir whose sill is normally covered by the flow throughout its length. Weirs, particularly low log weirs of a foot or so only in height, are often of the greatest benefit. They do not seem to silt up the reach above for more than a yard or so, and carve out a nice little pool in which trout love to lie and drop down a few feet to its lower lip to feed.

The effect of a dam with a mid-stream sluice is quite different. The sluice usually has to be protected with some form of "foot" at its base, and in the reach immediately below a small stream wanders through wide-spreading mud banks, where the weed is brown with suspended matter sticking to the algæ; and most of the fish are semi-cruisers since they live largely in the comparatively still water and feed on the quantity of snails which such places breed. The honorary secretary of the club suggested to me recently that the objection is met by the additional size of the trout, and it may be he is right; but I am more and more coming to the conclusion that in chalk streams a good flow of water which will keep the bottom clean will give better hatches of fly and better rising fish than slower water which deposits heavy silt banks, and that, in most cases, narrowing the stream is a better way of obtaining a good depth of water than using dams or even the higher type of weir.

Mr. E. V. Connett strikes a sympathetic chord when he remarks: "Everything seemed too good to be true. The next hour bore this thought out with distinctly harrowing results." That also was my thought when I first visited the Gade with a fishing rod, and it has been borne out in much the same way many times since. It is curious how persistently these trout take underwater food, and apparently ignore the hatch. You spot a trout from afar, one of those stumpy little shadows, foreshortened by refraction, which the uninitiated might pass by as being hardly worth the risk of a fly in the trees behind, but which are sizeable when they come to the net. It is lying behind a parti-coloured patch of weed, where the bright inset of starwort shows up against the sombre foliage of buttercup, and it is apparently glued to the bottom. A fly cast over its head produces no movement, but a shot very wide of the mark, some 2ft. to one side, often enough seems to induce "second thoughts"; after the fly has floated down in line with its tail the fish seems to hesitate, takes a sidelong glance at it, turns, comes downstream, gets in front of the fly and inspects it. Whether a rise follows or a return to its former lay-by is in the lap of the gods—and generally stays there. But an occasional fish finds its way into the creel.

I have pondered sometimes on this curious behaviour of a trout which is presumably "resting." A fly cast well to the fish obtains no response; a fly cast heavily on its tail will often enough gain attention—and a fish, too; or a fly cast well to the side is almost sure of creating at least a passing interest. It is held in some quarters that a trout does not see well immediately over its nose, but its normal habit is to get straight below a fly before it rises. Rarely does it snatch to one side, which suggests that it finds a straight-in-front view is the best for accurate absorption. Probably when at rest its eyes are focused for a side view, and its vision only directed upwards when feeding. Whatever the explanation, I have noticed many times that the most successful tactics for a fish resting and in view is to cast well to one side, though "hitting its tail" is perhaps better if the water is at all deep.



Niall Rankin

THE GADE BELOW WATER END

"You spot a trout from afar, one of those stumpy little shadows which the uninitiated might pass by as being hardly worth the risk of a fly in the trees behind"

SPORTSMANSHIP IN 500 B.C.

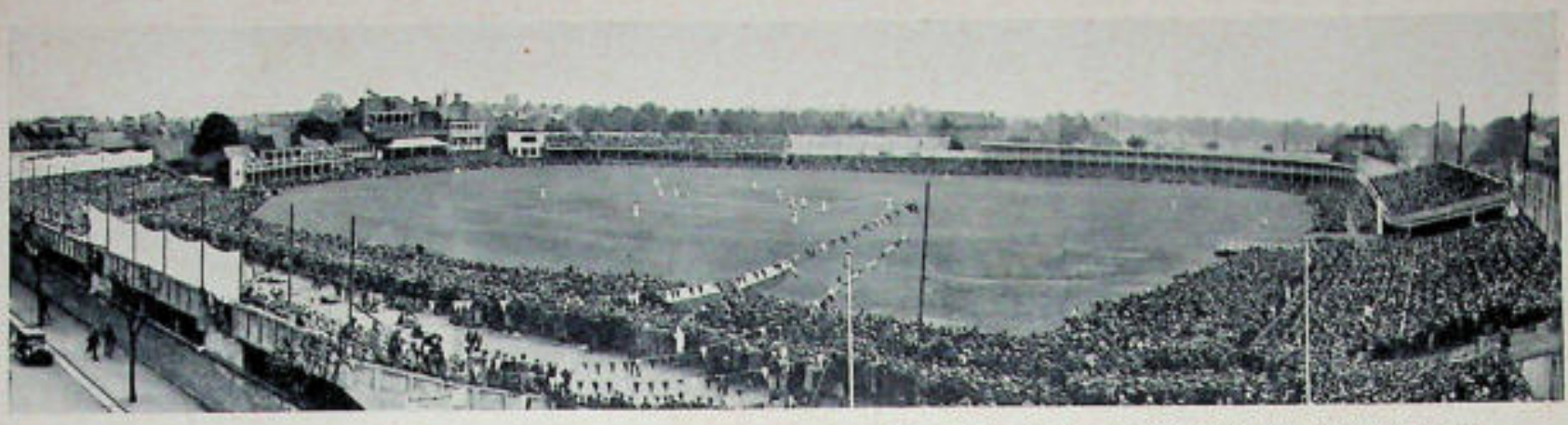
SPORTSMANSHIP, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows, reveals unexpected affinities even between those divided in time by thousands of years.

The schoolboy reading Greek history comes inevitably to regard the Ancient Persians, the invaders, the oppressors, as the villains of the piece. But many of us will remember our sudden switch of sympathy on learning that they taught their sons "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth."

Down the ages comes the greeting of another fellow-sportsman, a contemporary, incidentally, of Xerxes, the Persian invader of Greece, though neither can ever have heard of the other. This, of all unexpected acquaintances, is Confucius, or to give him his correct and un-Latinized name, Kung Fu-tze, known to most of us, rather mistily perhaps, as the greatest of China's sages.

Confucius, in the words of his latest biographer (*Master Kung* (the story of Confucius), by Carl Crow), taught his disciples "to fish like gentlemen with a hook and line, and look with contempt on the use of a net, to shoot with an arrow at birds only when they were on the wing, never when they were perching in apparent security." Those who have spent a lifetime practising (and occasionally preaching to an unconvinced world) this branch of the Confucian ethics will feel more sympathy than surprise on learning that Confucius searched in vain for a ruler prepared to enforce his maxims for the guidance of mankind!

J. M. T.



"THERE IS NO CRICKET FIELD, AWAY FROM LORD'S, MORE HONOURABLE THAN TRENT BRIDGE, OR MORE GRACIOUS AND PLEASANT"
Last Saturday saw the hundredth year of history of this famous Nottinghamshire ground which will be the scene of the First Test on June 10th

HOW TO DEFEAT THE AUSTRALIANS

A Weakness in Off-Side Strokes

By NEVILLE CARDUS

FOR the reason that the first Test match begins at Trent Bridge next week, the enslaved writer on cricket is obliged to discuss, yet again, the Australians. I, for my part, would rather go off at a tangent and let my fancy roam about a school match at Shrewsbury, over the river, where I hope the old "cotton" tree still drops its snow-white bloom on the grass. Or I would write about a match which I myself took part in the other week, on a common near Primrose Hill, a rough wicket on which I would dearly like to bowl at Bradman. I once played there with a number of urchins, and a delightful girl batsman, who played back and hooked my off-breaks—and they "came back" a foot. I offered a shilling to the urchin who could bowl me. I almost dreaded my benevolence when I saw how covetous and acquisitive the urchins became, each impatient to send down an over, each distrustful of the other. I was missed twice in the slips, obviously by malice aforethought.

But no—duty calls. I must attend to national matters, the Test match, the Selection Committee, the invading Australians. By the time these lines are printed, the Selection Committee will be in full force of cerebration. It was significant that Hammond last week was appointed captain of the England team in the Trial Match at Lord's. All things considered, he is the man for the job. There is the objection, as I pointed out last week, that the responsibility of leadership may influence the freedom of his batting. But somehow I do not think Hammond would ever suffer as a batsman from the fact that he was captain; on the contrary, I think he is the kind of man who likes to know where he is—on his own responsibility. He would certainly be a popular choice, and would carry his colleagues to a man.



A RELIABLE LEG-BREAK BOWLER
Peter Smith, of Essex, spinning the ball during a practice. In addition he is no "rabbit" with a bat and might well get into our Test team

One of the wisest pieces of cricket criticism I have read recently was the remark of Jack Hobbs the other day, to the effect that a bowler's policy against Australian batsmen should be to compel them to make off-side strokes. Those of us who have watched cricket in Australia, played in the nets and studied technique there, have known for long that the typical Australian batsman thrives on bowling which favours hits to leg and to the on. In 1934 our fast bowlers—Voce, Clark, Allen and Bowes—all pitched a stupid short length on the leg stump, hoping, poor souls, to get their men caught in a leg-trap. As a consequence, Bradman and Ponsford, in two consecutive Test match partnerships, scored nearly 1,000 runs, and neither was really out—Ponsford trod on his wicket at Leeds, and Bradman ended the second partnership by snicking a high jumper over his head—obviously tired of the proceedings. Bradman and nearly all his colleagues are superb back-foot players; the short ball, even a ghost of a short ball, favours their on-side strokes. I do not say that any plan of campaign is likely to dismiss the Australians on a good wicket for less than 450.

But accurate length, on or just outside the off-stump, might reduce the pace of scoring (an important consideration in a four-day match) and also keep the total below 700. The difficulty is to find in England at the present day a reliable good-length bowler who causes the ball to "go away" slightly, always "leaving" the bat but keeping near to the bat. Pollard, of Lancashire, is clever with the new ball, but he, I think, is almost entirely an in-swinging bowler—and in-swingers are suitable as a rule to the Australian on-side method of scoring. We need a J. W. H. T. Douglas, a Maurice Tate—which is to say that we are crying for the moon. At Lord's the other day Captain Stephenson sent down several splendid out-swingers. I fancy that the Australians would rather see him out of the England eleven next week than in it.

The "amateur" selector is at liberty this week-end to chance his fancy. He can do so knowing that he is irresponsible and can wreak no damage. My own "selection" is as follows (in the order of batting): Hutton, Edrich, Hammond (captain), Leyland, Hardstaff, Ames, Stephenson, Smith (P.) of Essex, Verity, Bowes, and Farnes. I should stipulate that Bowes did not try to bowl fast; as a fast-medium out-swinger he is capable of most deadly work. I include Peter Smith in my group because I am told by players all over the country that he is the most reliable of our leg-break bowlers, and that he really does spin the ball. Added to this, he is no "rabbit" with the bat.

And now, having attended to duty and news-values, I propose to pay some homage to Trent Bridge, where last Saturday, in spite of a wet day, it was the celebration of the famous ground's hundredth year of history. And I do not really digress, because Trent Bridge has in recent years always staged the first round in the rubbers between England and Australia. There is no cricket field, away from Lord's, more honourable than Trent Bridge, or more gracious and pleasant. Commerce has not yet destroyed Midland ease and geniality. The old bricks of the pavilion ripen in the sun and air; George Parr's tree breaks anew into green leaf. The sense of space and of the flowing Trent can usually be felt as we watch cricket here.

On sleepy afternoons, as the mind is numbed by the automatic pat-pat of some slow play, visions come to us of Arthur Shrewsbury and "Billy" Gunn, Attewell, Shaw, Morley, Mordecai Sherwin, Daft, Flowers—what names, resonant as a list of a child's English Kings! W. G. Grace thought that Shrewsbury was the greatest of "all the others"—Shrewsbury achieved an average of seventy in a period when the next best average was about thirty. All the deeds of the old 'uns are being wiped out to-day. But will the old 'uns themselves be removed from history by the moderns? I doubt it. See the photographs in the Trent Bridge pavilion, assembled by Mr. A. W. Shelton, a true lover of Nottinghamshire cricket. Look on these pictures of the ancient heroes. They seem to belong to a different race, not only to a different age. Their eyes are simple, their mien is manly.

They played cricket with an unsophisticated love. They did not wear suède shoes or drink cocktails. They liked beer—some of them, most of them. They did not write for the Press—one or two of them could not write at all, or only with difficulty. They carried themselves naturally, and had independence, for all their old-time "Yes, sirs" and "No, sirs." They often stonewalled—"Break, break, break, at the foot of thy wicket, O Scotton." They were often no better than they ought to have been. But they made Nottinghamshire cricket famous; they helped to give Trent Bridge a centenary.

ROUND THE WICKETS

A "record" of a curious kind was made for Derbyshire last week when Smith, the left-hand batsman, made his 22nd hundred for the county. How many people realised, I wonder, that until then 21 was the highest number of hundreds ever scored for Derbyshire and that that moderate feat was accomplished as long as 30 years ago by a former captain, L. G. Wright. Yet



A BOWLER WHO CAN TROUBLE THE AUSTRALIANS
Captain J. W. A. Stephenson can send down the type of out-swinger which gets Australian wickets

Derbyshire were one of the original nine counties that first formed the County Championship. They dropped out in 1887 and were re-admitted in 1895. Only three other counties have had less than 35 hundreds scored for them by individual players—Somerset, Northamptonshire and Glamorgan. Smith scored five hundreds last season and was at his best against Notts and Yorkshire. At one time he looked like an England player in the making, with a refreshingly aggressive style, but his hundred last week against Lancashire was the product of patience rather than brilliance.

Though Edrich, of Middlesex, missed the distinction of completing a thousand runs earlier in the season than had ever been done before, Bradman duly obliged with that achievement, which, of course, was dubbed a new record. It is time we began to ask ourselves what really constitutes a record in cricket, for the term is applied to any performance that does not happen to have been accomplished before. Granted that skill plays a big part in the making of a thousand runs, so does luck and the weather. Until last week, this season's early dryness, with plumb wickets almost everywhere, had been specially favourable to batsmen.

For all I know, the number of hundreds may have been a "record" for the time of year. But can we properly call performances under specially favourable conditions records? A new term is really needed to describe these constant novelties. More impressive than his thousand runs is the fact that Bradman had the unprecedented—"record" I might have said—average of 170 for seven innings (one not out). He thus scored his runs in little more than half the number of innings played by Edrich, who totalled 981 (twice not out).

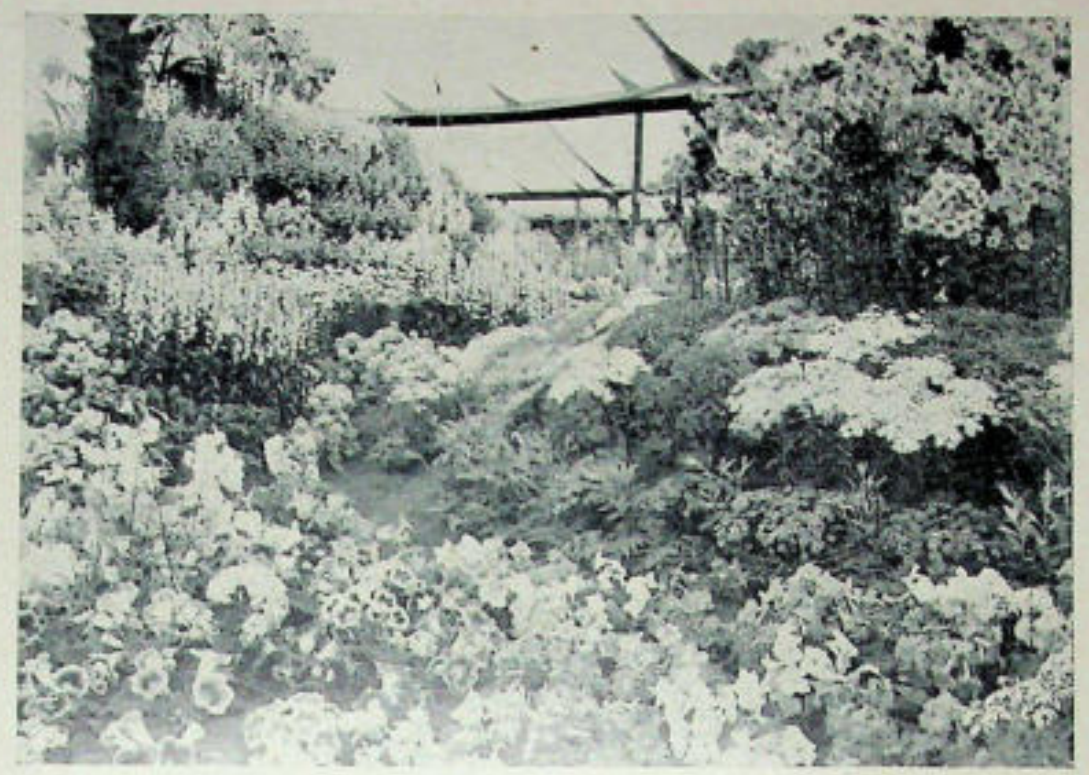
There ought to have been widespread celebrations in Leicestershire last week to commemorate the county's first victory at Leicester since August, 1935. And the match was worthy of the occasion, for Warwickshire made a sporting declaration in the sort of do-or-die effort that the sponsors of the new system of Championship scoring visualised as an ideal. Warwickshire, scoring only 112 against Leicestershire's 349, had lost the first innings points in any case. When they recovered in the second innings they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a level bid for victory or defeat. So Leicestershire were given two and a quarter hours to score 139, a task they accomplished not without shocks. At an anxious time, Geary once again proved the phlegmatic fighter and his two not out innings of 116 and 19 belied his "veteran" age of 43.

I never see Geary in a tight corner without recalling the Test match at Leeds in 1926, when he and Macaulay, the Yorkshireman, did inestimable service to England by defying the Australian bowlers for so long that, although they could not save the follow-on, they precipitated a draw. That was the year when A. P. F. Chapman's team won the only finished match—the last, at the Oval.

Gloucestershire tried a new bowler against Surrey—Scott, a fastish medium right-hander from the home of the Grace family, Downend. He took a wicket in his first over and finished the innings with three for 62.

The incidence of wet wickets naturally changed the character of cricket and some players who had been exemplifying "brighter cricket" became suddenly restrained. Even the exuberant Barnett, of Gloucestershire, took over two hours to gather 57 against Warwickshire on Saturday, while Crapp scored 116 not out at the rate of about 30 an hour. At Swansea D. R. Wilcox, the Essex captain, had as much reason to fear J. C. Clay's bowling as to feel confidence in his own bowling when he put Glamorgan in to bat. But P. Smith's leg-breaks, which he bowls with more consistency than many of his kind, and Farnes's fast bowling gave Wilcox good cause to be pleased with his experiment, especially when, with Glamorgan safely out for 100, rain prevented Glamorgan's bowlers from operating on the same wicket.

Australian teams have before now incurred criticism for an apparent lack of competitive effort in some county matches, but I do not recall that an Australian captain has before taken the trouble to explain his action, as Bradman did, following the farcical proceedings at the Oval last week. The reasons he gave were logical enough—several of his players had minor ailments and he wanted to spare them further strain in the field when he declined to enforce the follow-on. He was thinking of the Test matches ahead, as every captain is entitled to do. One point is, however, that spectators are charged double the normal entrance fee for county matches against the Australians and should not be called upon to pay that for an exhibition of batting practice robbed of all interest as a match, as we saw at the Oval when the Australians went in again on the third day. If the Australians accept a fixture list they should be prepared to play up to it in the proper spirit, come what may. Spectators are long suffering and are entitled to protest when they do not get what they pay for. F. I. W.



ONE OF THE FINE DISPLAYS AT THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW
This won the gold medal for Messrs. Carter

A RECORD CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

Some of the Outstanding Displays

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE massive splendours of Chelsea were more impressive than ever this year, and at the luncheon Lord Aberconway, the President, stated that the number of entries was even greater than in Coronation year. Never before have there been so many rock gardens and small enclosed gardens, and there was a "novelty" in the form of a children's garden with a pirate's cave, diminutive plots of garden, sand pits, and paddling pool. It is interesting to note the increasing use of water in small gardens and the skill with which the pools are placed. Burkeys, of Putney, had a charming small garden with a pergola, and steps leading from the pergola, with pools on either side of the steps. The tubs of growing plants are also more in favour than formerly, and, judiciously placed, make all the difference in small plots.

Delphinium lovers were fascinated by the superb specimens shown by Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon, and the Sherwood Cup was awarded to this firm for their whole display of both herbaceous and greenhouse plants. Amongst the Delphiniums I noted particularly a lovely blue variety, Isla, the handsome W. D. Cranfield, and an attractive pink form, Pink Sensation. Unlike other pink varieties the last-named is a strong grower. The greenhouse display was chiefly that of Begonias and Gloxinias, and one cannot help wondering how much larger these will be grown without destroying their beauty.

Antirrhinums were shown of a magnificence that made them almost unrecognisable, the largest display being that staged by Messrs. Sutton, which consisted of 40,000 blooms. This display was arranged in hills and valleys, and terminated in a mound 20ft. high. In Messrs. Dobbie's display of the same flower, I noted as particularly fine Rose Beauty, Golden Dawn, Golden Monarch and Gay Gordon. It would be impossible, except under glass, to grow Antirrhinums of such splendour, but it would be interesting to try the effect of concentrating all the strength of some plants in the open in the terminal heads and removing all side growths.

The most gorgeous Sweet Peas were those shown by Messrs. Bolton. At this stand I asked for, and was given, a list of the varieties which do best for autumn sowing in the open. As is well known, none of the vivid orange and salmon varieties can be expected to winter well in the open. The list given me was as follows: Royal Mauve, Silver Jubilee, Princess Royal, Aristocrat, Leader, Purple King, Bluebell, Lady Gay, Gigantic, Mrs. C. Gay, Dandy, and Sweet Lavender.

The Orpington Nurseries had staged a lovely display of their famous Irises, and had associated them with Silver Birches. I was particularly charmed with Shot Silk, Shah Jehan, Cheerio (a poor name, I thought, for such a beautiful Iris), and Hester Prynne.

Dahlias are amongst the few flowers that one can see in bloom at Chelsea and order in time for flowering in the open in autumn. Amongst the best I noted were Clara Carder, Phyllis Knight, Treasure Island, Card. van Rossem, André Cziek (a wonderful magenta), and Freda George. They stood out, even from a distance, from all the others.

Toogoods had a curiously attractive Gladiolus named The Gate of Heaven, of a colour difficult to describe, but suggestive of amber. A new Rose that attracted a great deal of attention was Home Sweet Home, presumably given this rather sentimental name because it is many petalled, old-fashioned in its globular shape, and has the true old rose scent. It struck me as a beautiful rose for indoor decoration, for the stems are stiff, the foliage rich and glossy, and the colour a very good deep pink. I was told that it keeps its colour perfectly until the petals drop, and that it is very pleasing in artificial light.

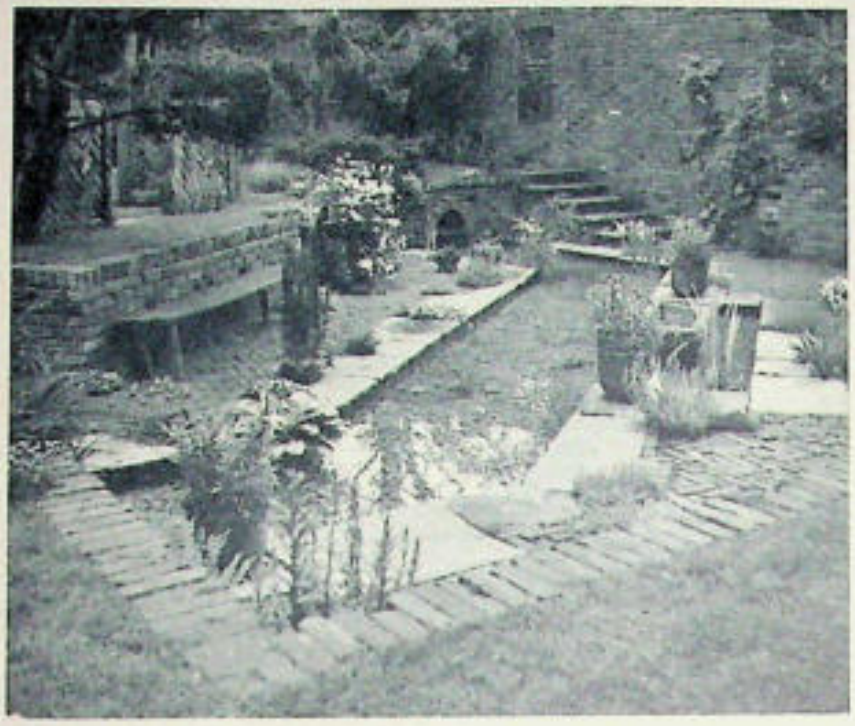
Amongst the many exhibits of shrubs Messrs. Hillier had an outstanding display of Japanese Cherries and Crabs, Tree Peonies, Magnolias and Wistarias. I was much interested in Messrs. Burkwood & Skipwiths noted Brooms, which are always a feature of their Chelsea exhibit. Amongst the best this year were Garden Magic, Criterion, and a charming prostrate form of their *C. Burkwoodii*, which would be a gem for the rock garden. This same firm had a remarkable collection of sink gardens, the sinks being real old Gloucestershire specimens and filled with choice plants.

Mr. Clarence Elliott, in his attractive rock garden, had a fine display of *Lilium rubellum*, Phyteumas, and his own well-known introduction *Saxifrage primuloides*, Elliott's variety.

Mrs. Bucknall, of Creagh Castle, in addition to her noted Anemones, had a big display of *Habranthus pratensis*. They attracted so much attention that these bulbous plants will doubtless soon be more commonly grown. The gorgeous colour of the flowers, the ease with which they can be grown and propagated, appeals to those who cannot afford unlimited labour. Being of the Amaryllis group, they need the protection of a sunny wall. Mrs. Bucknall told me that in her garden in Cork they grow so easily that she is going to try them in grass.

The Dean Gardens, of Longnidry, had, amongst many other treasures, a display of some exquisite broad petalled Aquilegias. They are aptly named Celestial Blue, and they would associate charmingly with Crimson Star. Miss Cadell (the raiser) told me that they come 96 per cent. true from seed. This same firm showed their delightful Cockenzie Pinks and the dainty *Hyacinthus amethystinus*. The latter is a good subject for the rock garden.

VARIED WATER EFFECTS AT CHELSEA



FORMAL POOL WITH STONE AND BRICKWORK SURROUNDS. AN OLD-WORLD TUDOR DESIGN BY RALPH HANCOCK



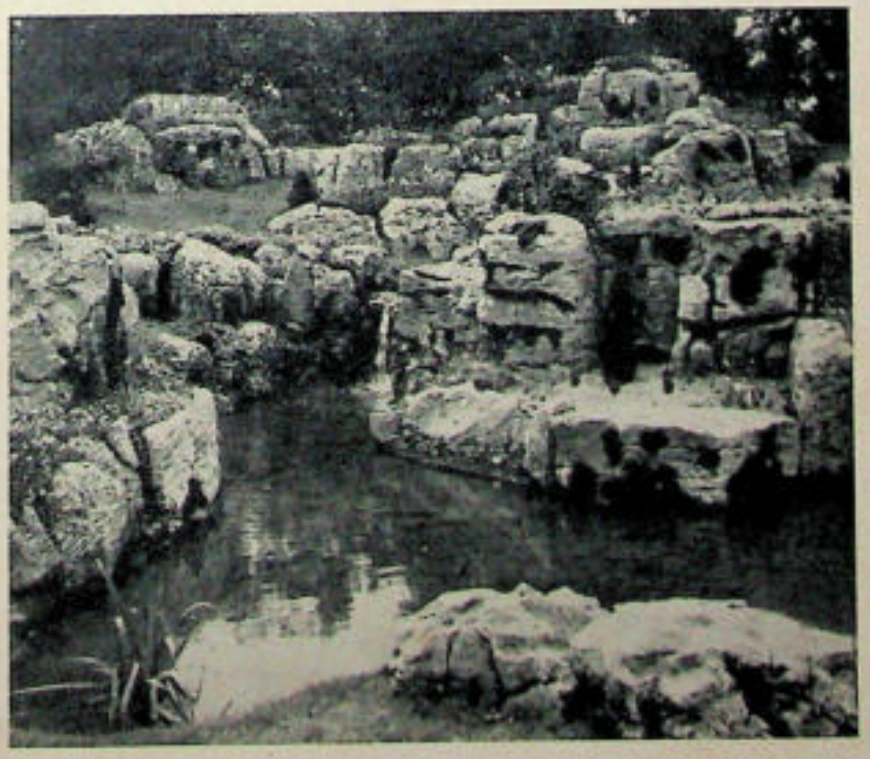
LINKED TREE-BORDERED POOLS WITH ROCKS BEYOND AND SEMI-WILD EFFECT, BY BILLIER & SONS



A SECTION OF CHEAL'S GARDEN SHOWING THE FORMAL POOL, WITH FIGURES AND BOWLS OF HYDRANGEAS AT THE CORNERS. THE BORDERS CONTAIN LUPINS, DELPHINIUMS, ASTILBES, GEUMS AND TROLLIUS



ROCK GARDEN ON THE GRAND SCALE BY WILLIAM WOOD OF TAPLOW



POOL AND CASCADES IN MESSRS. WHITELEGG'S ROCK GARDEN



Poultry and the Nation—IV.

BREEDS AND BREEDING PRACTICES

Pedigree Breeding is the Foundation upon which the Poultry Industry Stands

By CAPTAIN R. L. CHARTERIS

WITH reference to the first part of the title the writer proposes to deal in the briefest possible manner by merely indicating the breeds found hitherto to be the most suited to our commercial requirements; partly because the writer, being a specialist in the breeding of White Leghorns and Light Sussex, does not feel he can write with authority on other breeds, and also because "correct breeding principles," which are, generally speaking, identical to all breeds, are the vital necessity of the poultry industry to-day.

The breeds (and varieties) most widely in use in poultry husbandry are Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns, Light Sussex, White Wyandottes, with indications that the White Sussex and the Buff Rock are likely ere long to assume a more prominent position, while it is possible that the Rhode Island Reds and White Wyandottes have reached, and are possibly passing, the peak of their popularity.

With the White Leghorns always there or thereabouts, sometimes on top—for some years Rhode Island Reds have figured most prominently and successfully in laying tests after displacing in turn the White Leghorn and the White Wyandotte, but the writer's view is that the White Leghorn is, and will continue to remain, the most suitable breed for commercial egg production. In comparison with the heavy breeds, it is a better bird at home, where it has been brought to the maturity of the commencement of production, than it is at a laying test, for the following reasons: Being of a more nervous temperament, it is put off production more easily by being sent to a test than its more placid rivals, and the laying tests, being for 48 weeks only, miss the two periods prior to, and after, their termination, when the White Leghorn would score most heavily by comparison. Moreover, it is better suited than any other breed to large units necessitated in commercial egg production; it is also more economical in housing, requiring less accommodation per bird, and consequently requires less capital outlay and consumes rather less food per egg produced.

On the other hand, the heavy breeds have the advantage of showing a better return when killed and sold as meat. Among these the yellow legs and skin of the Rhode Island Red and White Wyandotte are a disadvantage, and now that the Light Sussex, which until recently were looked upon purely as a meat breed, are beginning to rival, and occasionally surpass, all other breeds in egg production, and being without the undesirable yellow legs and skin, the writer considers that this bird will assume the supreme position in popularity for a combination of meat and egg production, followed soon by the White Sussex, the White Leghorn maintaining its position where commercial egg production is the primary aim. Space will not permit of discussion of the use of first crosses of the various pure breeds, nor the table poultry industry.

"Breeding Principles"

This is so wide a subject that it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end in a short article; some views set forward, moreover, are likely to prove unconvincing where they in any way run counter to popular opinion owing to lack of space to develop the arguments which have influenced the writer's views. However:—Breeding principles have two primary aims. First and foremost, breeding for health and stamina, without which the rest counts for naught; and secondly, breeding for maximum production *consistent with the former*. Adherence to type should be, but regrettably is not, given the attention it merits.

Stamina and Vitality

Mortality among the poultry stocks of this, and, indeed, of other countries, has been mounting steadily year by year, and has resulted in the ruin of many in the business and increased losses among the majority, inevitable though these might to some extent have been in the depressed times through which we have passed and the manner in which, as the industry, probably quite rightly, feels, its interests have been sacrificed by the powers that be to those of other branches of commerce.

When egg production on a real commercial basis commenced breeders started on stocks which had abundant vitality, and for many years were able to continue increasing the rate of production per bird by selection based upon this quality alone, but eventually thereby reduced the stamina to a point where it became obvious. Fortunately, some years back a proportion of our soundest breeders saw the "red light" before it was altogether too late, and steps they took to remedy this fatal breeding policy are already having some beneficial effect in restoring vitality. That they saw the red light when they did is largely due to the steadily mounting mortality in laying tests, the breeders' "shop window." Instead of blaming the laying tests, as many have done, we should recognise this service to the industry and at all costs preserve and support them. Poultry breeders and keepers who rigidly discard unthrifty birds, as they should do, reduce their mortality by getting rid of such birds before they die or actually show signs of sickness and without laying tests, where the bird that is not thriving is kept on, we should never be quite so keenly alive to the problem of mortality. If for this reason alone, laying tests are, and will remain, an essential part of the industry, and it is to be hoped that the Ministry of Agriculture will always bear this in mind should financial assistance prove a necessity to their preservation.

Reducing Mortality

In combating the rate of mortality we must consider the chief causes. Firstly, why did breeding for increased rate of production so reduce vitality? In the writer's opinion, there is one reason of greater importance than any other. High rate of production is naturally linked to early rate of maturity, or commencement of laying before the pullet has reached proper bodily development, which results in decreased vitality. It is naturally so linked, but not inevitably so, as it can be divorced therefrom by correct breeding principles. Certainly it is not necessary to breed from low-record birds; that merely means breeding from hens that had not the vitality to put up a good record.

It is a good many years back that the writer saw the "red light," and, appreciating the danger of too early sexual maturity, and attacked the problem, first by the direct method of discarding early maturing pullets as future breeders—but it was not long before it became apparent that this "frontal attack" was ill-advised, since it resulted in sacrificing the high rate of production, essential from an economic point of view, to the bare margin of profit nowadays possible—and also in retiring pullets which had matured slowly simply because they were constitutionally unsound.

Eventually it was found that by discarding



A GOOD LIGHT SUSSEX HEN

pullets not because they commenced laying too young but because they commenced laying before they had reached full bodily development—a very different matter and very different in effect—headway was made. With this policy it has been found possible on the writer's farm at the same time to decrease early sexual maturity (without the dangerous procedure of starving young pullets), to increase the average rate of production, and each year to increase the minimum weight of pullets by the time they lay their first egg. The most essential rule to observe in carrying out the above policy is that each pullet be weighed when she lays her first egg, and if she has failed first to reach the minimum weight decided upon, discard her from the trap-nested house so that she may never be considered as a future breeder. For example, the minimum weight for Leghorn pullets coming into lay has on this farm gradually, year by year, been raised to 4½lb. at the present time, a pound more than the weight stated as advisable by the Ministry of Agriculture's county tests.

Ranking almost equal in importance with the above is "fresh air." Even the most modern poultry-house with the most up-to-date design of ventilation, first thing in the morning, has a somewhat stale atmosphere, varying in degree to the efficiency of ventilation and numbers of birds per cubic foot, but *never* all that could be desired in purity of atmosphere. It is not unlikely that fresh air may prove one of the most important necessities in increasing vitality. The writer has now a considerable proportion of pullets with no housing whatever, year in year out, in all weathers, except a ruberoid shelter over their back, and not only has been greatly impressed by the way they thrive and how eagerly they consume their morning breakfast as compared with those normally housed; but surprised to find even their winter egg production in any weather in no way inferior to those normally housed.

The avoidance of overcrowding is another essential to health, and unquestionably the smaller the units, both in chick and adults that the economics of the farm will permit, the better.

"Back to Nature"?

Back to Nature is a popular cry these days which has perhaps been over-emphasised. It is "unnatural" that we should breed poultry to lay for twelve or fourteen months on end as it is unnatural that there should be more than half-a-dozen birds roaming over an acre of ground; and these unnatural demands must to some extent be met by our giving unnatural assistance to our stock. Even the question of rearing chicks *from the start* in contact with mother earth is not always practical in commercial poultry keeping. If we could let our baby chicks run out on soil as virgin and thinly populated with chicks as those of the jungle fowl in its wild state, that would be ideal; but who can do this? If this is not possible we should not talk of getting "back to Nature" in this respect, and there is much to be said for keeping the young chick from soiled ground for the first few weeks till it has strength to resist the effects of contamination. Many successful breeders have for 20 years on end practised intensive or indoor rearing for the first four to eight weeks, and can show as virile stock as any following completely outdoor rearing methods. The fact is that both methods are practised successfully by some and unsuccessfully by others. There is no question, however, that intensive methods can be and are carried too far, as is the case of battery reared stock intended for future breeders.



THE AUTHOR'S PEN OF LIGHT SUSSEX

Winners of the Winter Cup for the largest number of super and 1st grade eggs and leading at the halfway period in the laying tests for the National Championship

"Pedigree Breeding"

Pedigree breeding is the foundation upon which the whole structure of the poultry industry stands, and unless the conduct of this is sound the whole must collapse. Though the commercial poultry keeper may not rely directly upon stock from the pedigree breeder, he at least relies upon the stock of those who do. It is necessary, therefore, to understand what pedigree should mean, especially that it is not merely a record of the birds in the ancestry of each individual bird of the pedigree breeder's stock with their records of production, as is too often the case, but these records must contain particulars of all essentials such as health history, which must be irreproachable throughout, eye colour, rate of maturity, body shape, egg size, shape and texture, fertility, hatchability and rearability of progeny and, above all, health and performance of progeny, the last being, of course, an unknown quantity the first breeding season of each hen. The pedigree breeder must not only know his birds on paper, but must know them and carry them in his mind as individuals; without this there is no true pedigree breeding.

New Blood

There is scarcely anything that has done more to handicap improvement of British poultry and bring to disaster famous strains than the modern craze for introducing continually new blood. With such a policy the characteristics we are breeding for can never be fixed in our strains, in addition to which the constant introduction of new blood from a different farm every year, as is frequently practised, multiplies enormously the risk of importing trouble: the breeder, moreover, is working with unknown quantities, and, as has already been pointed out, to know one's birds and their ancestors is the first essential. In the writer's view, it should be a general rule for the pedigree breeder that new blood should only be introduced when he desires to introduce qualities which he cannot find in any of his own stock, where it would be preferable to seek them.

The fear of close breeding has been greatly exaggerated. It undoubtedly discloses faults; but this is all to the good, as they can be weeded out, while introducing new blood is like a gardener raking over the surface of a bed and covering up weeds. It will at first sight give an appearance of nice clean soil (hence its attraction) but the weeds are still there and will eventually spring up with the fresh hidden faults that have been added through unknown stock which have been similarly treated.

For the commercial breeder it is necessary for him to go to the pedigree breeder for outside blood to keep up the quality of his stock; but, once having found a satisfactory supplier, let him go back to him again every time instead of frequently seeking fresh sources.

The foregoing are points which are of importance in breeding principles, but the writer is fully aware that he has attempted in part of one article that which could not be adequately dealt with in one or, indeed, several books.



WHITE LEGHORN HEN—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE



A TYPICAL WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN



A GOOD RHODE ISLAND RED HEN

OVERCROWDED LONDON POLO

Possibilities of an International Trial

OUR climate is most unaccommodating, for having had, for once, a chance of making a punctual start to the season, the long-prayed-for rain has arrived inopportunely, and so the matches in the Roehampton Open Cup, to which we had looked forward eagerly as pointers to form, have not gone beyond the first ties by the beginning of this week, and what with the semi-final and final rounds of this tournament and the two Bhopal Cup ties forbye it looks as if the Roehampton Club will be hard put to it to accommodate it all. That is not to mention the ponies. The Jaguars, the Texas Rangers, the Gauchos and the Knaves are all in both events, and that means a very considerable strain on even their resources, and to come are the Ranelagh Open Cup, the Champion Cup and the Coronation Cup, to say nothing of other important forthcoming events.

That is the trouble of the London season. Nobody will start before the second week in May; everyone wants to play on the No. 1 ground at each club, and everyone would die rather than not go off to shoot grouse in August although there are two more good months in which to play polo. The polo managers have my sympathy, but at all events, thanks to the recommendations of the London Polo Committee and the hearty co-operation of the three London clubs, their task is this year a shade less starkly impossible than it has been before. However, out of evil comes good, for this fall of rain will give a new lease of life to grounds that have already begun to show signs of wear and tear (especially those which have not already been assiduously watered), and as a rule the better the ground the better the polo.

Last week Mr. Aidan Roark arrived to swell the Rangers' ranks, and with this coincided the resumption of their full title, the Texas Rangers. So far I have only seen him in a practice match, on Tuesday at Roehampton, and from what I saw the claims made for him by Mr. Wrightsman seem well founded. This was a nice quiet practice game and neither side was going "flat out," but Mr. Roark showed in his stick work, positioning and riding that he is of real class. On his day he is apt to be devastatingly good, but I shall not be happy till I see him playing forward whenever he plays in the Texas Rangers. With this reinforcement Mr. Wrightsman's team, who won the Pacific Coast Open Championship just before they came over here, will most probably win the Champion Cup.

It has already been suggested in these columns that there is, even so early, none too much time to begin preparations for next year's challenge match for the Westchester Cup. There is admittedly a section of opinion who hold that all international matches are a public nuisance, and would prefer to be left alone to enjoy themselves in their own way. All are entitled to their opinions, but few, I imagine, will deny that without first-class polo and players, the game would gradually deteriorate. Every game must have its champion exponents or it will perish. Owing to circumstances not under their control at the time, the Selection and Management Committee have no official ponies available for play at this moment, with the possible exception of Serpentina, a chestnut Argentine mare, 15.2 hands, who was bought from the Fund at last week's sale of Captain Norton's ponies at Tattersall's, and it is unlikely that any of these will be fit for fast polo for at least another three weeks.

However, we shall, I believe, have an opportunity of seeing most of the players who are considered to have a chance of inclusion in our "squad" who will go to America next year. That is, provided that the sponsors of the various teams for which they are playing this season can release them for the purpose. The occasion is the Whit-Monday match for the Prince of Wales's Cup, in which it is proposed that Ireland, consisting of Major B. J. Fowler (No. 1), Mr. Aidan Roark (No. 2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (No. 3) and Captain H. P. Guinness (back), a 31-goal side, shall meet Hurlingham, a 32-goal side, consisting of Mr. R. Skene (No. 1), Mr. Hesketh Hughes (No. 2), Mr. Gerald Balding (No. 3) and Mr. G. H. Tyrrell-Martin (back).

What ponies they will play cannot be prophesied, for "it all depends." Presumably Major Fowler will play his own, which he brought from Egypt; Mr. Roark, I understand, is mounted by Mr. Wrightsman; Captain Roark has his own; and Captain Guinness this season, apart from his own, is playing some of Mr. Sanford's, and, incidentally, and a glorious ride the other day, on the Jaguars' grey pony Rintino. Mr. Skene has the seven he brought over this year, of which Ebony and Reveille look to me to be the best; Mr. Hughes has a good lot of Argentines; Mr. Balding, I imagine, would play several Jaguar ponies, and there are, I should say, several budding internationals among them; Mr. Tyrrell-Martin, no doubt, will play Major Leaf's ponies, of which the chestnut Tapalque and Isla, both of Craganour blood, have gone very well already. If it can all be arranged it will be a most interesting game, though it cannot in any sense be regarded as a trial match. For such a match all the players should be mounted adequately for an international match, which evidently cannot at the moment be done. I believe also that two other games of a similar character are likely to be put on by each of the other two London clubs.

With regard to trial matches *qua* trials I am inclined to think that they serve no useful purpose. For one thing, if you pit "Probables" against "Possibles" each man will be burning to distinguish himself to the detriment, perhaps, of his side, and certainly of the game as a whole. Certainly that was the case in 1936. I confess that I should like to see before the end of the season, in any case, at least one set match in which we could see these Hurlingham ponies played by men who might play them at Meadow Brook next year. For the teams I should like to see a Hurlingham team composed of Mr. Hesketh Hughes (No. 1), Mr. Aidan Roark (No. 2), Mr. Gerald Balding (No. 3) and either Captain H. P. Guinness or Mr. Tyrrell-Martin (back) against a team consisting of Mr. Skene (No. 1), Mr. Roberto Cavanagh (No. 2), Mr. Cecil Smith (No. 3) and either Mr. Tyrrell-Martin or Captain Guinness (back), two 32-goal sides.

The Hurlingham team would have a strong resemblance to the strongest team we can produce in England, either this summer or next year, and with Mr. Cavanagh and Mr. Smith in the opposing side they would be tested by polo of the quality they are likely to encounter when they get to America. Such a game would afford valuable material to the selectors, and most certainly would attract a very large "gate," to the benefit of the club that staged it.



MR. J. LAKIN GETS IN HIS BACKHANDER JUST BEFORE MR. TYRRELL-MARTIN MAKES CONTACT



MR. J. A. O. WALKER, A YOUNG PLAYER WHO HAS SHOWN PROMISE THIS SEASON, LOOKING AS IF HE MEANT TO CONNECT WITH VIGOUR

To revert for an instant to the current London season. Deep sympathy is felt with the El Gezira team in losing the services of Captain H. C. Elton as the result of an accident in the very first game they played, at Roehampton in the Open Cup against the Jaguars. From what we saw of them, they were a side who would extend any side for four chukkers at least, and possibly for the full distance. No doubt they will find a substitute, but it cannot quite be the same thing. The enterprise of four young officers in shipping their ponies from Egypt for the leave season to "have a cut" at the London tournaments is such a sporting effort that we had all hoped that they would go back with something tangible in the way of a cup to show for their pains.

JEHADAH.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

A RECORD number of entries for the International Horse Show, which opens on June 16th, proves that the triumph of mechanisation is by no means complete. So extensive have been the applications of competitors that the organisers expect it will be necessary to open the show a day earlier. In addition to more than 1,000 horse riders, of both sexes, all ages and every social class, who will take part in the 75 competitions, there will be four special-feature displays each day.

The most outstanding of the quartette of special displays will be one given by a detachment of the 6th Algerian Spahis, with their officer, who will give a 25-minute display in each performance. The detachment includes 25 trumpeters, who perform the astonishing feat of maintaining continuous trumpet calls throughout the entire display. This will be the first occasion a detachment of the famous regiment has visited this country, and this has only been made possible by the direct intervention of the French Government.

Her Majesty the Queen will be present on June 21st and witness the entire performance, including a children's display in which she is specially interested. This will be given by members of the Wiltshire Pony Clubs, by children whose ages range from twelve to sixteen years. They will represent their carefree, sport-loving ancestors of the early nineteenth century, reviving scenes when the only means of transport were stage coaches, various types of horse-drawn vehicles, or, alternatively, long journeys on horseback. The central scene will be the country town inn on a market day, which was a popular meeting place for travellers.

Another display will be the presentation of a contingent of the Metropolitan Mounted Police, whom the Chief Commissioner has agreed to be present daily.

A DERBY WITH A SURPRISE FINISH



THE KING'S FIRST DERBY RUNNER

Lieutenant, the first horse to carry the Royal colours in the Derby since Runnymede ran for King George V in 1925, being led past their Majesties the King and Queen with whom are the Princess Royal and Captain Moore, the King's racing manager



AS THE FIELD ROUNDED TATTENHAM CORNER

Some slight hopes were held out for another Lady's Derby when Mrs. G. A. Muakhamn's Halegan Gift went in front of Chatsworth and Pasch just the mile, and was still in the lead, followed by Scottish Union and Pasch, after rounding Tattenham Corner



AN EASY WIN FOR BOIS ROUSSEL FROM SCOTTISH UNION, WITH PASCH, THE FAVOURITE, THIRD

Mr. Peter Beatty's colt furnished the thrill of the race by a great sprint just before the finish when the decision seemed to rest between Mr. J. V. Rank's Scottish Union and Pasch. Bois Roussel is by Vatout—Plucky Liège and was bought by Mr. Beatty for £8,800 in France after having won a race in that country. The colt was ridden by Charles Elliott, who thus scored his second Derby success, having won on Call Boy in 1927, while Fred Darling has the credit of having trained the winner and third in the race. Scottish Union was given as the danger to Pasch by the "Field" and the "best each-way bet"

THE SIGHT OF A TAWNY OWL

Some Interesting Experiments on a Nocturnal Bird

By F. L. VANDERPLANK, B.Sc.

(Hon. Biologist to the Bristol Zoo)

HAVE you ever considered the manner in which nocturnal animals manage to see and hunt at a time when we are practically helpless without the aid of artificially produced light? Already we know many interesting facts about different species of nocturnal animals, for example, that quaint race of mammals, the bats, with their small vestigial eyes and large ears, their interesting and yet weird method of hunting, and finding their way by sound instead of sight. The mole is another mammal that "sees" by hearing; its eyes have degenerated through the lack of use from generation to generation.

However, when a nocturnal bird such as the tawny owl (*Strix aluco*) is considered, it is found to have two large eyes placed, not on each side of its head as in the majority of birds, but in front, giving it binocular vision. When considering the question of a nocturnal animal's vision, the possibility arises that such an animal may be making use of light, such as infra-red or ultra-violet, that we are unable to perceive ourselves. It was with that possibility in mind that I started my investigations into the vision of the tawny owl in 1933. With each new problem one is faced with the question how to attack it, and generally some new instrument or technique must be devised. A great deal of time was spent in the field at all hours of the night, catching glimpses of these birds at work. At the same time several young tawny owls were hand-reared, and one was kept in a large dark room measuring 20ft. by 20ft. and 10ft. high. Food was always placed in the same position each night for it, but, by chance, one evening the plate of food, horse's flesh, was placed a few yards away from its usual position. The next morning the food was found untouched, yet the bird was ravenously hungry. This accident gave the key to the commencement of a series of experiments. Food was placed in different positions and illuminated with different types of light. Eventually it was discovered that the owl could see infra-red light, that is invisible to the human, and the possibility that it could see animals by the heat or light emitted from that animal during normal metabolic processes arose.* These experiments were criticised by both biologists and physicists on account of numerous technical possibilities, and some other means of experimentation had to be found. During the search many interesting experiments were performed, always avoiding any that may have caused harm or pain to the animal involved; but all these experiments seemed to have some technical weakness which would lead to severe criticism. In one experiment, filters were fixed over a tawny owl's eyes by means of a soft leather hood, allowing free action of its beak and head. When the bird, a tame one, was allowed in the open, it was usually mobbed by sparrows and other small birds, and seemed unable to defend itself, probably because it was dazzled by the daylight. However, with dark red or grey filters over its eyes, it attacked its mockers, quickly killing any small birds that approached. No real value could be attached to these experiments, since no filter is truly monochromatic, especially when a bright source, like daylight, is used.

Of course, the most obvious and simple mode of experimentation would be to show an owl a monochromatic source of light and ask whether it could see it or not, as done when testing a human. Unfortunately, an owl cannot talk. However, a method was devised so that the owl, in practice, answers yes and no to the question whether it sees the light or not.

A special dark chamber was constructed, inside measurements being 8ft. by 6ft. and 9ft. high, so that food could be placed in it at three points and illuminated by a monochromatic light. Movements of the bird and removal of the food was ascertained by electrical contacts under the perches and food, and this was watched in another room, also the monochromatic light could be controlled from the same board. The procedure was to place food on all three of the feeding platforms in the absolute dark and leave this a few hours or minutes. The owl was unable to see, or detect, dead food in the absolute dark. Then from the control board, actually situated in another building, a monochromatic light was switched on. If the bird took the food, it proved that it could see that light but did not prove the negative, however the negative could be assumed after numerous trials. In practice, this procedure worked out very well, the bird flying over to the food immediately it was illuminated, providing the light used was visible to the bird; when an invisible region of the spectrum was used, no matter how long the food was left illuminated, the food remained untouched. The fact that the whole experiment was controlled by electricity from another building insured that no question of sound entered into the experiments, and also obliterated the element of fear. It took nearly a year and over 600 trials to discover the owl's range and sensitivity of vision.



A WILD TAWNY OWL AT THE NEST

Next a device was thought out in order to discover whether the bird could distinguish colours, and what intensities of light it could distinguish. This was done in a similar manner to the former experiments, the bird being offered food illuminated by a monochromatic light, blue for example, but when it came to obtain the food, which could only be got by alighting upon the perch and the bird inserting its beak into the feeding tube, the perch collapsed, and the food could not be obtained. Yet when another monochromatic light, red for example, was shown, the perch did not collapse and the food could be obtained. This was done by having the perch sprung and hinged with a small electrical locking device; the electric lamp on the control still being operated by a contact, when the perch was occupied, as in previous experiments, but its action was reversed; the light going out when the bird occupied the perch. The bird soon learnt that the food could not obtained when a blue light was showing, but could be when the red was shown, and therefore did not attempt to obtain it with the blue illumination, always taking it when illuminated with red light, proving it could distinguish the two. Of course, care had to be taken that it was not distinguishing between two different intensities of light, and numerous trials were given varying each time the intensity of one of the lamps.

Now after several hundreds of trials the owl's full colour vision has not been discovered. To discover the full colour-vision of a fish (rudd), using the same principle, over 4,000 trials had to be given. Although the owl is fond of small dead mice, it is unable to devour more than three or four a day, so limiting the number of experiments.

It is more than surprising and of interest to discover that the tawny owl can see into both the infra-red and ultra-violet extremities of the spectrum. Its range of vision is between 9,000 and 2,900 Angström units. It also has a very keen visual sensitivity, and can, under the same conditions as man, see 20 times better in poor illumination. So far it has been shown that the tawny owl is able to distinguish five regions of the spectrum from one another, in other words distinguish five different colours. These are infra-red to dark red (9,000–6,700), red (6,700–6,000), yellow (5,800–4,800), blue-green (4,800–4,000), and ultra-violet (3,800–3,000).

Unfortunately, the results of this research do not solve the original problem, instead render it more complicated, but one has to remember the saying namely, "the darkest hour is before the dawn." Why should a tawny owl want to perceive ultra-violet light or distinguish colours? Would not its amazing visual sensitivity, together with its good hearing, account for its ability to fly about and hunt at night? One would be attempted to answer in the affirmative, if it was not for the fact that experiments have shown that an owl will fly to a freshly killed mouse that has been placed in its chamber in the total darkness, when one that has been dead some time is ignored, although normally no preference is shown to either. One still wonders whether or not there is any truth in the suggestion that the owl is able to see animals at night by their own radiations, although physicists point out that this is highly improbable. Sir P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., pointed out to me after reading my first paper on this subject that he had suggested this possibility in his address, as chairman, to the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Birmingham, 1913.

Whether the animal's brain is ever capable of translating its perception of different wavelengths as colours we do not know, nor are we likely to know. However, we now know that it perceives them as different stimuli, since it can distinguish between them; even then, we cannot tell whether the red we see appears red to the bird.

Hawks and other birds of prey have keen vision, and probably utilise a different region of the spectrum to what we do. Preliminary experiments suggest that the peregrine falcon, sparrowhawk and kestrel utilise the red region of the spectrum, which would account for their keen sight in misty and foggy conditions.

The tawny owl's vision, and probably hearing, and also its power of silent flight are well developed for nocturnal conditions. The work upon the owl's vision was aided by a grant from the Institute for the Study of Animal Behaviour, of which Dr. Julian S. Huxley is President, and I am indebted to this society for their help.

* Vanderplank, F. L. (1934). The effects of infra-red waves upon the Tawny Owl (*Strix aluco*). P.Z.S. civ. 505.



TONY IS NOW FOUR YEARS OLD
This photograph was taken a fortnight ago



"TONY," IN MAY, 1934, AGED THREE WEEKS
The experiments described in this article were performed on this bird

FIVE MILES IN DORSET

From Old Harry to Lulworth Along the Purbeck Hills

As tradition, that lamentably unsound observer of bird-life, would have it, from Handfast Point to Lulworth Cove is fourteen miles as the crow flies. Making allowances for the exceptional powers of flight ascribed to the crow, the figure may be put at somewhere around sixteen. And as man walks—man thirsty and man circumambulatory—the distance is 20 miles of the best. But that, after all, is not more than one may comfortably cover in a day. And you will find Corfe village lying conveniently on your route to provide you with lunch.

The main motive of this walk is to travel along the crest of the Purbeck Hills, which you will be doing all the time from when you leave the sea behind you at the eastern end of Ballard Down until you rejoin the cliff edge again at Rings Hill and Worbarrow Bay. All the way you will have springy turf under your feet, crossing a main road once only, and that at Corfe. And all the way you will have the sweet, stinging wind of the Downs about your ears.

There are two ways up to the top of Ballard Down. You can approach either from Studland village in the north, or from the town (and railway station) of Swanage in the south. In either case you will have no difficulty in finding your way. For in this land of low altitudes Ballard stands like a great green wall against the sky, and all you have to do is to walk up to it and climb. From the top you will find yourself king of a green castle with sea on two sides.

Stretching away to the north-east is the wide expanse of Poole Bay with, many miles away, the great urban growth of Bournemouth on the coast. By day the town is half hidden from here among the cliffs and pines, though at night it spreads a pearl necklace along the shore, visible from the hills and, indeed, from several miles out at sea.

Nearer, though still far off, is the brown and blue of Poole Harbour and its mudflats, and Brownsea Island, the biggest of many little circles of land. Between your hill and the harbour lies the wide, lonely heathland known here, at its eastern end, as Studland Heath.

And behind you, to be seen from the same point by merely turning about, is Swanage in its snug little bay.

Ballard cannot be considered a high hill as the Purbecks go. Its summit is only some 500ft. compared with the 650 odd of Ridgeway and Godlingstone and Creech Hill. But it rises straight from the sea in a single curve, and its view northward is certainly one of the finest in Wessex—and therefore, I am inclined to add, in all the English land.

If you have climbed from either Studland or Swanage you will find yourself more or less in the middle of the Down, about a mile westward from the extreme tip at Handfast Point. So that if, for the comfortable knowledge of having done so, you desire to walk the entire length of the Purbeck Hills, you will need to turn east and walk until you are looking down upon the pinnacles of Old Harry and Old Harry's Wife, the two rock-children born of Ballard Down's meeting with the sea. Then you can face about and march westward with the wind in your face all the way to Lulworth. But supposing that you set out from the point at which you have climbed the Down, how are you to know your way along the hills? No path could be easier to follow. It runs green and smooth before you among the gorse and the scrub and the tufted downland grass, following all the way the extreme ridge of the hills. And the hills stretch out in a slight left-handed curve from the sea back to the sea, bulging slope after bulging slope for all those fourteen crow-flight miles.

As you progress westward you will find, nearly at the highest point of Ballard, an obelisk which, from the grandeur of its position, seems to commemorate a giant or a Cæsar at the least. In point of fact it preserves the memory of the opening of a water supply, or something equally prosaic—but for all that it maintains its air, adding glory to the pipeline it perpetuates.

From here you slip down off Ballard's back, cross a lane, and climb Nine Barrow Down beyond; which, though it changes its name to Brenscombe Hill on the way, will take you into Corfe without a further descent. All the way along you will have, on your right, the low-lying country of Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath—"the untamable Ishmaelitish thing"—but which actually bears no single name, passing as Rempstone Heath, Wytch Heath, Middlebere Heath and Arne Heath in its several areas. It will provide your view to the right for the greater part of the journey, while to the left will be Corfe Common Valley, and Kingston hill and church beyond (and incidentally Kingston owns one of the pleasantest inns in the county).

In summer, in their right seasons from April to August, you may still find wild orchids among these Purbeck hills, notably the bee orchid (*Ophrys apifera*) and spider orchid (*Ophrys araneifera*) among the fine grass of the hills and, in the moister ground of the meadows below and among the straggling woods on the lower slopes, the butterfly orchid (*Habenaria bifolia*). But I have found that the walk is to be enjoyed in the winter rather than in summer or spring, partly because Corfe and Lulworth are themselves crowded and spoiled in summer, partly because it is more pleasant not to meet other walkers from the summer holiday-makers of the neighbouring seaside towns. I have walked from Ballard to Lulworth at Christmas and met only one other being on the hills—a poacher with a handsome lurcher and a guilty look. The only difficulty is that it is hard to find hotel accommodation at Christmas unless one has booked in advance, which, in itself, is rather against the spirit of walking. The best plan is to arrange to be met at the other end by car and return to the base from which one began.

If a comparatively short walk is wanted you can, of course, return on reaching Corfe. But once you have seen the hills beyond it is impossible not to want to walk them. For those who go on, little guidance is needed for the next six miles or so, because the path follows the crest of the Downs with scarcely a break. But at Rings Hill the footpath, and the main ridge of the Downs, come out to the sea, and from here the route into Lulworth is less simple.

The path is not by any means hard to find, and with an ordnance map there should be no difficulty, but it is advisable to start early if one is walking in winter, because the cliff-edge path might prove troublesome in dusk or darkness if one did not know it. The most pleasant route follows the coastline round Worbarrow Bay, past the little inlet of Arish Mell and round Mupe Bay. Then you can either bear inland over Bindon Hill into West Lulworth village and down the road to the sea, which is probably the best way; or you can follow the cliffs for the mile or so to the eastern horn of Lulworth Cove itself.

GORDON WINTER.



STUDLAND VILLAGE AND THE BAY LOOKING TOWARDS BROWNSEA ISLAND FROM BALLARD DOWN

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

THE Moselle is a very pretty, but a curious river. It rises in France, close to the German frontier, and it twists and turns fretfully during ever so many miles, on the western side of the Vosges mountains, as if it hated being parted from the great Rhine on the other side of the Vosges. As soon as there appears to be a chance of a break through, the Moselle, hurrying out of France, takes a sharp turn to the east across Luxemburg towards Germany, which it enters at Wasserbillig. But its troubles are not at an end, and before it joins, at long last, the Rhine, at Coblence, the Moselle has many hairpin bends to negotiate between the Hundsruck and Eifel mountains.

Both in France and Luxemburg there are vineyards planted along the Moselle, but none of them produce wines that have ever attained more than local repute. It is only from Treves to Coblence that the vineyards give us fine wines, in spite of the fact that they are farther north than all others. It supplies proof, if proof be needed, that the soil is even more important than the sun when wines of quality are in question, and that the schistous, slaty subsoil of the last lap of the long run of the Moselle, is alone capable of giving to the grapes what they must have to bring forth wines of real distinction.

Distinction is the hall-mark of all good Moselle wines; they are not full of fire and power; they are delicate and charming; breed and bouquet are their two greatest assets. The mere tyro can tell a Moselle wine from a Hock by looking at the colour of their respective bottles; Moselles are always sold in greenish-blue bottles and Hocks in orangy-red bottles.

The wines of the Moselle which are the best, and, as such, worth reading over to England, come from the vineyards that grace both banks of the Moselle, from Treves to Coblence, as well as from the vineyards of the valleys of two small rivers, the Saar and the Ruwer, which join the Moselle, the first above and the second below Treves. There are no fewer than 135 different wine-producing districts or parishes between Treves and Coblence, but only a small number of these enjoy and deserve a world-wide reputation.

If we follow the course of the Moselle, from the moment it enters Germany, at Wasserbillig, the first vineyards of repute which we shall come to are those of the Saar. The best wines from here and, in certain years, as good as the best produced in any part of the valley of the Moselle, are those of Scharzhof, Ockfen, Oberemmel, Wiltingen and Canzem. Then we come to Treves, and close to this most interesting old Roman city there are a few vineyards at Avelsbach, on the left bank of the Moselle, which produce very fair wines. A little farther down we come to the Ruwer, upon the right bank of the Moselle, and there are in the valley of the Ruwer vineyards which are responsible for truly excellent wines, and none finer than those of Casel, Eitelsbach and Grunhaus.

From the Ruwer to Winningen, before reaching Coblence, we pass through a number of well-known vineyards, such as those of Trittenheim, Dhron, Piesport, Braunneberg, Lieser, and, perhaps the most famous of all, Bernaestel, upon the right bank of the river, with Cues, its twin village, across the bridge. Farther on we come to Graach, Josephhof and Zeltinger, on the right bank of the river, with Wehlen and Urzig on the left.

We soon reach two other famous twin villages, Traben and Trarbach, then Enkirch, Zell, and the twin villages of Alf and Bullay. After them a gap up to Cochem, and a still longer one before Carden and Winningen, close to where the Moselle at long last gets its heart's desire and joins the Rhine. Moselle wines are so charming when quite young that it seems hardly worth while taking the risk of putting them away and waiting until they are old before we drink them. Some Moselle wines do last, but others do not, which is quite as good an excuse as any reasonable person needs not to wait, but open another bottle of Moselle at once.



Six and Eightpence

"Meredith, I want to make my will. My fox-head scarf-pin to my Uncle Philip, unless he remarries. My collection of film stars' portraits, autographed, I leave to the Mess. To my faithful butler, Albert Hawkins, the contents of my cellar . . ."

"But, Lord Henry, isn't this rather sudden? It was only last night that I chanced to catch sight of you in Regent Street on the roof of a taxi-cab, sounding a fanfare on what appeared to be a hunting-horn."

"Don't remind me of it, Meredith. If you only knew how I feel. Not a morsel of food has passed my lips since a brace of devilled bones at three a.m."

"I am indeed sorry to hear that, Lord Henry, but in all my long experience I have seldom known a hangover prove fatal. Are you not cognisant of Rose's Lime Juice?"

"I think so, Why?"

"Because the said Rose's, whether taken as 'Gin and Lime' or consumed before bed, does, by virtue of its therapeutic properties, neutralise the after-effects of alcohol and render hangovers null and void."

"Is this true, Meredith?"

"I am speaking, Lord Henry, as your solicitor."

"Thank you, Meredith, from the bottom of my heart. You have given me fresh hope. Believe me, when I *do* come to make my will you shall not be forgotten."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.

LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of June 2nd, 1888.

THE Derby. "Sixty-nine years have elapsed since the blue jacket with purple sleeves and white cap of the fourth Duke of Portland were borne first past the Derby winning-post by Tiresias in 1819; and on Wednesday last the sixth Duke of Portland (great-nephew of the fourth) had the satisfaction of seeing his white jacket with black sleeves and black cap carried to easy victory in the same race by Ayrshire. . . . The present Duke seems likely to maintain the sporting traditions of his race, and it would have gladdened the hearts of his predecessors in the ownership of Welbeck Abbey to know that he breeds his own racehorses, and rarely indulges in betting."

Spey Salmon. "Spring fishing on the Spey is rapidly becoming worse every year, and if something is not done, and very quickly, it will soon become absolutely *nil*. . . . The proposal I am going to make is that rod and net fishing should not open until March 11th, instead of February 11th. At the beginning of the year fish swim very slowly indeed, and are caught by the thousand at the mouth of the river. If these fish were allowed a month longer to get up, a great many would have passed the reaches of the net by March 11th, and the the river would be stocked with fish, one-twentieth at least of which would escape the hook and go on to the spawning beds, and so, in the long run, benefit the fishermen at the mouth of the river. At the same time the spring rod fishing would go on improving year by year."—SPEY CAST.

IN THE SALEROOM

Queen Charlotte's Hospital Auction of Antiques

A GREAT chance to collectors to obtain really historical pieces, given from some of the finest and best known collections in the country and from the stocks of the members of the British Antique Dealers' Association, is being offered to them on June 28th at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in Bond Street, where is being held a sale of antiques for the benefit of Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

Her Majesty the Queen and Her Majesty Queen Mary, with other members of the Royal Family, have sent valuable works of art. The articles consist of over 180 lots, and include an eighteenth-century Chinese dish given by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent; an antique oak grandfather clock by H.R.H. the Princess Royal; gold, pearl and enamel statuette by H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught; Louis XIV pique snuff box by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone; and an antique Dutch box by H.H. Princess Helena Victoria and H.H. Princess Marie Louise; and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain has sent an eighteenth-century silver-gilt snuff box. Every one of the beautiful things shown is an authentic antique.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

LAST week I had the good fortune to spend a couple of nights on Dartmoor. I am not familiar with the moor—I know the coast rather better—and I was anxious to see something of an area famous for its wild life. Well, in just two evenings you cannot expect to see much; and I did not. But I enjoyed the seeing of the little that came my way.

* * *

Walking down the river—the West Dart, and the water was very low—I put up a redshank, who was every whit as hysterical as the birds I know so well in Hampshire, though here he roused no birds at all, so that I thought I would see nothing further along the river. But a little farther down there was a common sandpiper bobbing at me, and then flitting away to bob again, and a little farther still a common snipe bleating and soaring up to bleat again.

* * *

I climbed a little hill, and sat with my back against a large outcrop of stone and looked across the river to the great sweep of moor, looking remarkably and deceptively level. There were many pipits about, and many more skylarks. They were all over the place: and many cuckoos. In the space of but a few minutes I saw three cuckoos—or maybe just one three times, but I do not think that even the cuckoo is quite so pertinacious as that—being shown off the premises by small birds, who flew just on his tail and told him in bad language exactly what he was and what they thought of his anonymous parentage.

* * *

Of other small birds—beyond pipits and skylarks—I saw stonechat, a blue tit, a kingfisher, and, of course, a house-sparrow. But small birds, always excepting pipits and skylarks, were few. Of the large birds there were any number of rooks busy about the places where cattle had been, and I wondered how far away the nearest rookery was. There were crows, too, but they seemed to prefer the river bank and the odd outcrops of rock, and were not so busy in the open as the rooks. The rooks, from their hurried walking to and fro and anxious searching of the ground—ground which needed rain badly—were not finding food any too easy to come by. The crows, perched on rock or standing contemplative by water's edge, seemed content.

* * *

Of the king of the family—the raven—I saw nothing. But I heard him (there's no mistaking that croak), and so did the crows, who for a moment seemed to cast off their lethargy. A kestrel flew over far up, and some swifts hawked over the water for a moment or two. And that was the extent of the bird life of Dartmoor so far as I was concerned.

* * *

Except for a curlew. A curlew who picked up the car and kept pace with us for almost a mile. We were driving south, and the wind—not a very strong wind, but definitely a wind—was south-west. Our speedometer showed 40 m.p.h., and the curlew drew steadily ahead. We caught him, doing 45 m.p.h., and for a quarter of a mile he kept level with our bonnet at that speed. Then, apparently tired of us, he swerved away to the left and was lost behind a fold of the moor. I have seen curlew flying on migration, and indulging in mob gymnastics on the shore, and I have always known that they could fly fast. This one at no time gave the appearance of being in a hurry: rather was he enjoying an early morning exercise.

* * *

Of red deer, I saw no sign beyond many droppings along the valley. Mammalian life was composed of cattle, ponies and sheep. In the New Forest, amongst the many trees, the ponies seem dwarfed, undersized, weedy. To the stranger they appear half-starved, though really they are wiry enough. But, though pretty, they never seem wild. On Dartmoor the ponies look wild, and strong, and healthy. They are a part of this great expanse: in their natural surroundings. The pony was never meant to live among trees, and will never look at home when he has to do so. The sheep, with their solemn black faces, are just like black-faced sheep anywhere, except that these seem to have more road sense.

* * *

In the early morning they would be feeding along the roadside, and in the early morning there would be several lying on the road—they prefer the middle of the road—and they would not move for the car. I wonder how many are killed each year? But more I wonder why they lie on the road. The surface is hard and cannot be so comfortable as the grass or the heather. Is it warmer in the early morning? Or is it because it dries more quickly? Or just perverseness? I have noticed the same thing with New Forest pigs: the reason in their case is, I am sure, a desire to be difficult. R. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RODING OF WOODCOCK

SIR,—In the *Scottish Naturalist* for November-December, 1936, there appeared a paper by Mr. T. Warwick and Mr. Vernon D. van Someren describing their observations on the habits of woodcock in the months of May, June and July of the previous year in a plantation near Currie, in Midlothian.

This paper was of great interest to all bird-lovers but to me in particular, because the results were in contradiction to my own experience of woodcock in Russia.

These authors came to the conclusion that the habit called roding has little or nothing to do with sex, but that it is defiance and aggression, in defence of territory by organised patrolling. They are convinced that the courtship takes place on the ground.

The noises the birds make while thus flying over their beat is of two kinds. One is made with the beak open, and is described as a "sharp chissick-chissick." The other is a guttural "hurr-hurr" or "whrow-whrow," which the authors are convinced is produced by the wing feather, in much the same way that the snipe drums with its tail feathers.

Now in Russia it is, or used to be, customary to shoot woodcock in May, and, as in higher latitudes, the nights are very light, I have shot them as late as eleven at night in the thick forests of the Novgorod Government. I was the guest of a distinguished Russian zoologist, A. P. Semenov-Tian-Shansky, who in those days had a big shoot near Liubets, on the Petrograd Moscow line. The procedure was to stand in a ride cut through the forest and listen. In the intervals of wiping the mosquitoes off my hands I heard a grunting noise overhead, exactly like the grunting of pigs, and a moment later a cock would fly silently over. It was tricky, but exceedingly pretty, shooting.

I had protested to my host at the idea of shooting woodcock in the breeding season, but he assured me very definitely that the birds are polygamous, and that the hen bird squats on the ground and answers to the grunt of the cocks as they fly over.

On seeing the paper mentioned above, I wrote to my friend in Russia, who is happily still with us, at the climax of a very distinguished scientific career, and again asked his opinion. His reply was categorical, that the spring flight of the woodcock is exclusively nuptial, that the grunting is produced by the voice, and he added that a similar note is produced by the great snipe, *Scolopax major*. He insists that in Russia there are no two opinions about it, that woodcock most certainly are polygamous.

The flight is called in Russian the *tyaga*, and it is repeated in the autumn, but then has a different character and is connected with migration.

As several woodcock can be shot at the same spot at the same time, it hardly seems likely that both were beating bounds.

This conflict between competent observers in Scotland and Russia can be interpreted, in my opinion, by different habits of the bird in the two countries. Conditions are quite different. In Russia they breed in vast forests, where there is accommodation, I should think, for all the woodcock in the world to congregate without treading on each other's toes, but our islands are so artificialised that suitable woodland is much restricted, with the result that there is keen competition for nesting areas, and that a habit once purely nuptial and directed towards the hens has been developed into aggression and directed against the other cocks.

Yours faithfully,
Worthing. MALCOLM BURR.

THE SWIFT'S HABITS

SIR,—When I asked in my recent monograph on the swift ("The Deviling 1938") whether, having once alighted on the ground, this very "wingy" bird could get off again unaided, the majority of reviewers, including your expert Mr. B. Vesey-Fitzgerald, quickly replied in the affirmative. It is, therefore, interesting to see that those of my readers who kindly undertook to write to me reply decidedly in the negative.

The most vivid account has just reached me from a bird-watcher in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which tells of a swift colliding with a wireless aerial near Danby and, "although it appeared uninjured," all efforts to get it to "take-off" again were unsuccessful. When placed on the tiles of the roof it "merely shuffled along and finally had to be thrown into the air as a pitman launches his pigeon, when it flew around in large circles and then joined its mates."

A reader gave me some interesting data regarding the young birds and the time they remain in the nest. He states that he discovered a family, "seemingly about a fortnight old," on August 1st, which did not leave the nest until August 26th, when the whole lot disappeared from the neighbourhood. Would they be mature enough to undertake the long trek southwards?

Yours faithfully,
51, Jesmond Dene Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2. ALFRED S. REEVE.

A LAPWING'S CLUTCH

SIR,—I do not know if this incident is of sufficient interest to warrant publication, but it certainly presents two unusual features. On April 27th, when motoring slowly on the moorland road between Horton in Ribblesdale and Ribblehead, a friend and I saw a lapwing sitting in the roadway in the direct line of traffic. Thinking the bird to be injured, we stopped and got out of the car. As we approached, however, she flew up and round about us, leaving behind her four lapwing and two snipe chicks, all of which remained crouching as when the plover had been brooding them.

We moved all of them over the wall into the rough pasture, and proceeded on our way.

The questions are (1) why was the lapwing brooding on the road? and (2) how did she manage to gather and brood over the two little snipe chicks in addition to her own full clutch of four?

Yours faithfully,
17, Seafield Road, Lytham. JAS. W. SUTCLIFFE.

MOUFFLON IN CYPRUS

SIR,—With the memory of the admirable exhibition at the Imperial Institute still fresh in mind, it is sad to hear that one of the most interesting of the game animals of the Empire is upon the verge of extinction.

I am informed upon most reliable authority that the wild sheep of Cyprus are now reduced in numbers to approximately 25 individuals, which lead a harassed existence in the fastnesses of the mountains of Troödos.

This state of affairs has come about after a period of over 30 years' "protection." Poaching, however, continues, and I understand that pot-hunting peasants and monks are the worst offenders. Adequate protection is, I understand, exceedingly difficult, but the responsible authorities are, to be frank, apathetic.

The Cypriot mouflon needs few words to enable one to realize its interest. One has only to remind oneself that it was probably hunted by Richard Cœur de Lion when he conquered the earliest English possession in the Mediterranean, and it was certainly pursued by the de Lusignan kings with cheetahs for hounds. Of its importance to the naturalist I leave others better qualified to speak. It is beautiful.

It seems a tragedy that a beast which has in turn survived the efforts of the Venetians and the Turks should be allowed to become extinct under the ægis of a nation which prides itself on its interest in sport and the protection of wild life.

Yours faithfully,
65, Warwick Square, S.W. 1 HUGH FARMAR.

A WREN'S VAIN ATTEMPT

SIR,—Miss G. N. Spink's wren is, apparently, not the only one to have made vain attempts this year! His letter throws light on a nest which puzzled me very much a week or so ago. In this case it was at the bottom of the chimney or flue attached to my creosoting tank. When last used, at Easter, there was no draught through the chimney, and I recently dismantled the chimney to look for the cause. At the bottom of the pipe, which is fully 7ft. in height, and rectangular in section, about 3in. by 4in. (it is an old cast-iron down-pipe), I found a densely packed nest.

It was fully a foot in depth, and similar to that described by Mr. Spink, but was composed entirely of small pieces of moss which had probably been taken from clumps of moss on the roof of a nearby stable. I do not think that, in this case, the nest had "gradually dropped lower and lower," for there was no ledge or obstruction between the top of the flue, and the bottom on which the bird could have started to build, and I am sure it must have begun the nest at the foot of the pipe, quite 7ft. down from the top. It was so densely packed that it had to be forced out with a stout stick from the top.

It is difficult to conceive a bird, even as small as a wren, flying vertically down the 7ft. of pipe, depositing its tiny burden, and then flying vertically upward again. This arduous journey must have been performed thousands of times, unless it had the help of other of its species. I am sorry to think that my efforts to use my creosoting tank must have rendered void those of the bird to finish its nest, for there was no sign of feathers, nor of the nest having been occupied.

Yours faithfully,
Cambridge. R. C. BRUCE GARDNER.

FISHING IN ITALY

SIR,—It may be of interest to readers if I tell the story of my adventure with an Italian forestry official last year. I was fishing about 30yds. from a waterfall when I was hailed by this officer and requested to show my regular licence. This was found in order (cost about Lire 65), and he then proceeded to take my name and particulars as I was infringing a regulation which prohibits any fishing within 40 metres of a waterfall. The law also prohibits fishing 40 metres from any bridge or mill or even from any tributary's entrance.

There was no sense in appealing to his better nature, but I had to hand him my rod, net, bag and the fish, whilst he did not seem to relish my offer also of surrendering my waders. So I was left high and dry and eventually had to pay Lit. 500 or so in all, fine and sundries, to recover my rod. Needless to say, next day I returned to the same spot with another rod, measured off 40 metres from the waterfall most carefully, and proceeded to catch three nice fish under his nose.

I then decided to rent the river from the Italian Government, and after protracted treaties have obtained the lease for six years at a total cost of Lit. 300 down and Lit. 300 each year—in all, say, Ls. 25 for six years. The river extends some 20 miles and offers wonderful fishing opportunities. I am compelled to place notices as to reservation every 100 metres, and also to put in 15,000 fry every year. As a matter of fact this year I put in 25,000 fry at a cost of Lire 18 per 1,000, whilst every mill (there are about twelve) puts in by law 5,000 fry.

I have stopped all fishing by nets, some thrown by hand and others extended across the river, and have men who are acting as keepers. I am therefore looking forward to some fine sport in two or three years' time. The river is gin clear, with lovely runs and pools; it is fed by snow water and underground springs, and contains in the upper reaches trout, eels and "scaglioni," whilst in the lower reaches are grayling and barbel as well. Fish run up to 4lb., and my average is about 1/2 lbs.

Yours faithfully,
Carrara. C. CRIFFS.

LEOPARD IN EGYPT

SIR,—I had the enclosed letter published in the *Egyptian Gazette*, and also in the French and Greek press. So far I have had no replies confirming my belief in the past or present existence of the leopard in Egypt's western desert.

It has struck me that some of your readers may have information on the subject, especially officers who had service in that desert during the Senoussi or other campaigns.

My belief is based on having seen in 1912 the skin of what I was certain at the time was a half-grown leopard, which had been shot by one of my police officers, Bimbashi Pelham, near the oasis of Moghara. At that time I was well aware of what a cheetah skin looked like, as I had one in my possession which had also been shot near Moghara.

I also heard in those days from several Arabs of that desert that there had always been one or more litters of leopard, as opposed to cheetah, in that oasis.

Yours faithfully,
Cairo. T. W. RUSSELL.

[Part of the letter referred to runs as follows.—]

. . . . . Among the disappearing or disappeared fauna of Egypt one of the most interesting is the leopard (Latin, *Felis leopardus*), and the object of this letter is to ask anyone with first-hand knowledge of this animal in its wild state in Egypt to be good enough to forward such information to the writer.

"According to the information in my possession, the habitat of this animal was in the neighbourhood of el Moghara, in the Western desert, 90 kilometres due south of Hammam. To make it clear, I should here say that I am definitely speaking of the leopard, and not of the cheetah which, though sadly reduced in numbers, does still manage to exist in the Western desert in the neighbourhood of the Qattara depression.

"Pending the publication of the new law on protection of Egyptian fauna under which the cheetah and the leopard will be protected, it is to be hoped that shooters will refrain from killing either of these most interesting species.

Any information, photographs, measurements, &c., concerning these two species, and especially the leopard, will be received with great interest by me if sent to 22 Sharia Ibn Zanki, Zamalek, Cairo."



RECORD FRENCH TROPHIES

SIR,—In reply to various inquiries, I am forwarding pictures of two French heads shown at the Big Game Exhibition in Paris, which remains open till the middle of June. On the left is the fine red deer killed by the De Vallon Hunt, and on the right a good roe with fine coronets and exceptional pearling killed by M. Anxionnay in the Vosges in 1930.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur's, FRANK WALLACE.
St. James's Street, S.W.

RED SALMON FROM THE SEA

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Donald Cross in your issue of March 19th was interesting but surprising in his thesis that it is a common thing for salmon "red as a soldier" to enter the Stinchar direct



FINE ROE AND RED DEER HEADS
(*See letter "Record French Trophies"*)

from the sea. That red salmon in good condition are taken from this river in the month of October—and much earlier—is known to every local angler but I have never known of the colour being attributed to anything but weeks or months of residence in fresh water.

At the end of last October I watched the salmon splashing near the bridge at Ballantrae while tidal water was almost entering the pool. There was one big red fish much in evidence, and I noted the greeting it received from a native: "It's high time, ma boy, that you were movin' up the watter!" "My boy" was evidently an old acquaintance.

I have known of parasites occasionally adhering to fish at the end of the season, but my only experience of sea lice on a red fish occurred some three years ago. I was watching a friend playing a fish, obviously an old soldier, in November, and little more than a mile above tidal water, when a keeper at a sudden chance, gaffed it and drew it ashore. To the angler's complaint that it did not look a clean fish, he pointed to what he called sea lice and solemnly asserted it was fresh from the sea. The fish was slimy and exuded milt on the slightest pressure; and I was not surprised to learn later that it was unfit for food. In fairness I must add that the keeper concerned was not employed on the Stinchar.

May I add that in the Stinchar there are two distinct types of salmon—one long and shapely and slim, the other deep and thick and very heavy for their length. The explanation that the deep fish are Stinchar fish, and the others come from its tributary, the Duisk, does not seem satisfactory. They are distinct as fish from the Bush and the Bann. Is this a common experience on other rivers?

Yours faithfully,
Boar's Head Hotel, D. E. CRAIK.
Colmonell.

FORMATION FLYING

SIR,—The article in a recent *Field* on formation flying by birds ("The Problem of Formation Flying," by B. R. Perry) is most interesting.

The author would, however, appear to have gone astray in his last paragraph but one—wherein he suggests that the bird flying to the leeward of a companion finds less wind resistance and so progresses more easily than the one ahead of him.

Whilst we admittedly know very little of the aerodynamics of bird flight (or of aeroplanes, for that matter!), we know that in order to propel itself forward, when in flapping flight, a bird must project a stream of air backwards. Thus the conditions for a bird following another are quite unlike those of a cyclist being "paced" by a motor (in which case the cyclist is moving in a region of dead air behind the car, which itself gets its forward thrust from the road).

Similarly, since all birds in a flock are immersed in the wind, the fact that one bird is "down-wind" from another can have no sheltering effect—if this is what the writer means.

Actually it might well be that the V-formation adopted by geese and duck (which are heavily loaded fliers and must leave a pronounced "slip-stream" in their wake) is used in order to keep each bird *clear* of the air flung back by the one in front, whilst allowing a good view of the movements of the leader of the formation.

Yours faithfully,
Bordon, H. J. P.
Hants.

NATURALIST'S BOOKS

SIR,—In "A Naturalist's Notebook" of your issue of May 14th last, the question arose as to some of the more suitable books wherewith to form a naturalist's library.

Will you allow me space to mention some of the works of the late Abel Chapman, *The Borders and Beyond*, *Retrospect*, and *Memories*. These three books, I consider, should be in every naturalist's library. Abel Chapman was a field naturalist and sportsman of a very high order, and wrote from long personal observation, seldom, if ever, quoting.

He was also an artist of very high ability, and his sketches in collaboration with those of W. H. Riddell add very considerably to the value of the books. These three books I have read and re-read many times, and on each occasion with renewed pleasure. And last, but by no means least, might I also mention Mr. Eric Parker's little book, *English Wild Life*, which to my way of thinking is another book that should be on the shelves of every field naturalist. Yours faithfully,

Horsham, J. GORDON DALGLIESH.
Sussex.

PETROL TAX

SIR,—As a motorist I welcome the extra 1d. a gallon tax on petrol, for the simple reason that the man who motors 20,000 miles a year will pay twice the amount of tax that his neighbour does who only motors 10,000 miles (in a similar car) in the course of a year.

There is one great hardship that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has overlooked in his attempt to make motorists pay, *i.e.*, many of us have to use petrol for pumping water, making our electric light, &c., because we live right away in the country. Is it fair to put a tax on our water supply and light (which, undoubtedly, in many cases this tax on petrol is doing)? If it is fair to do so, let the Chancellor of the Exchequer put a tax on every unit of light and every 1,000 gallons of water used by householders in the towns and suburbs. Surely what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!

Yours faithfully,
Doles House, GREY H. D'E. SKIPWITH.
Near Andover.



MOSLEM EUROPE IN THE MARKET
(*See letter "In a Turkish Market"*)

IN A TURKISH MARKET

SIR,—Whilst travelling recently in Jugoslavia, I came across a fascinating little Turkish town called Trebinje, right on the hills in Hercegovina, reached by car from Ragusa. (Hercegovina, it will be remembered, was under Turkish rule for hundreds of years.)

This little town, with its slender white Minarets, is the beginning of the former Ottoman Empire, and to-day is more Oriental than anywhere in the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal. Here the women are more heavily veiled than in any other Moslem country, not even do they show their eyes, their faces being completely covered by a thick black gauze mask, as shown in the photograph herewith, which I took of one making a purchase at a stall in the market place.

Yours faithfully,
11, Brocklebank Road, BEN DANIEL.
Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

GOOD *whisky when it starts maturing in the wood*



BETTER *whisky when it is fully matured and skilfully blended with many other fine whiskies*



but
BEST *of all is when after long maturing in cask and expert blending*



JOHNNIE WALKER

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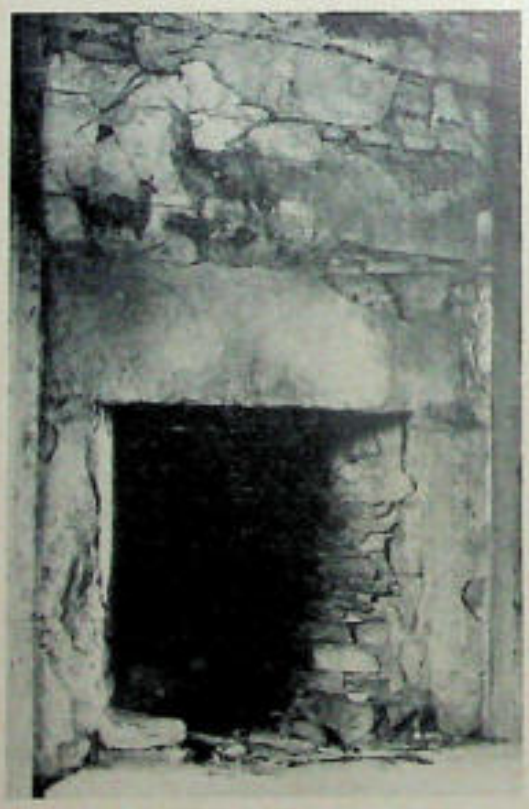
THE POULTRY INDUSTRY

SIR,—The poultry industry of this country, once so prosperous, is now passing beneath the cloud of depression. There are two main reasons of this depression. One is the adverse marketing conditions, aggravated by the constant dumping of foreign products. The other cause is the ravages of disease. The individual poultry-keeper can only hope to put in order the adverse marketing conditions by co-operation and the support of sane measures to bring about fair competition.

Disease I consider to be an individual problem; very little help can be expected by legislation. Having had 30 years' practical experience in poultry-keeping, I have experienced all the diseases to which poultry are subject, including paralysis. Prior to these outbreaks I had noticed that for five years the stock under my charge had been gradually losing vitality; at the fifth year the collapse came, heavy mortality from many causes followed.

I tackled the problem as an individual one, and sought not so much for the cure as the cause. I turned over my stock of knowledge and asked myself the question: Why, after 25 years of healthy poultry keeping, had disease threatened to beat me and claim me for another victim? It would have been easy to blame breeders who had supplied stock and try to satisfy myself that these diseases were inherited from such stock. I had proof that this was not so, however. I eventually faced up to the truth, that my first 20 years of poultry keeping was more or less on free range condition. My stock of scientific knowledge during these years was very limited, feeding, housing and general management was along natural lines.

The five years preceding the attack of disease I had become scientifically minded. Mass production was the aim, thousands of chickens being reared intensively on unnatural foods. I became the dictator to the birds and assumed that I knew all their requirements. I had overlooked the fact that they had been continually balancing up my deficient rations with valuable foods from natural sources, and in this way had kept up the even balance to maintain a resistance against the attack of disease germs. By post-mortem examinations I was convinced that at the root of all my troubles



STAGS AND HINDS OVER THE FIREPLACE
(See letter "A Landseer Fresco")

were digestive disorders. Such conditions were brought about by feeding a high percentage of prepared meals and reducing the quantity of grain.

There lurks within the range of poultry many parasites; these are picked up by all poultry. A bird with a healthy digestive system passes these parasites out with the excreta, but they find a favourable lodging-place in unhealthy intestines. The result is that spores from these parasites are spread freely on the land. Each generation of birds become constitutionally weaker and become easily infested, consequently you have the two destructive factors at work; the resisting powers of the birds weakened and the land becoming infested with germs, hence the collapse. The only hope is to build up a strong power of resistance by natural methods of feeding. In this way I have been able to free our farm from disease although



HEALTHY PULLETS GROWING UNDER NATURAL CONDITIONS
(See letter "The Poultry Industry")

no fresh blood has been introduced nor any land vacated.

Yours faithfully,
Leicester City Farms. A. C. MOORE.

A WHITE SPARROW HAWK

SIR,—I was told recently by a keeper friend of mine that a few days previously, while setting rabbit snares, a white sparrow hawk had flown past within a few yards of him. What makes this all the more interesting is that forty-five years ago this man's elder brother shot a white sparrow hawk in the same locality, and I was shown this bird, which is set up in a case with a number of other specimens. My informant has lived most of his life on the estate, and at any rate for the last 20 years has been there continuously, but he had never seen a white hawk before. It seems curious that one should reappear after such a long interval.

Yours faithfully,
Horrabridge. WEST COUNTRY.

THE GLOSSY IBIS

SIR,—My gamekeeper had noticed a strange bird frequenting a small pond in a lonely part of my woods here. I could not identify it from his description, so he shot it one evening (Tuesday, May 3rd), and brought me in a perfect specimen of the glossy ibis. I shall be interested to know if any other of your readers have procured one recently. The last record I can find of one having been shot in Scotland was in 1880, on the mud flats of the Ythan, Aberdeenshire.

Yours faithfully,
WM. ARBUTHNOT-LESLIE.
Warthill, Aberdeenshire.

A LANDSEER FRESCO

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the remains of a fresco of stags and hinds painted by Landseer on the plaster above a fireplace in a chapel in Glenfeshie. The fireplace was originally part of a cottage which fell to pieces. Now the chapel and the fresco are in ruins. It is a pity the fresco had not been properly preserved many years ago. Landseer painted many of his noted sporting pictures in Glenfeshie, Inverness-shire.

Yours faithfully,
Aberdeen. A. B. BEATTIE.

THE TEST IN 1809

SIR,—I think the following may interest some of your readers; it is an extract from my grandfather's diary some 130 years ago. How keen the rector was and how fond of the Test at Chilbolton!

"April 13th, 1809. Wind W., very strong, with partial heavy storms. The wind became more violent about 12 o'clock. Tried a fly without success, although on the leeward bank there were many flies driven by the wind.

	No.	lb.	oz.
Minnow, Garrison (water)	6	9	8
Titcomb Broad A. F.	1	1	8
Total	7	11	0 "

His love of fishing descended to his son, my father, and from him to my brothers and myself. I often think of our Easter Holidays, 60 and 70 years ago, and the sport we had in those days in April on the same water and on the Anton. Eight or ten fish a day over ½lb. were not uncommon, all with a wet fly; many of them exceeded the pound.

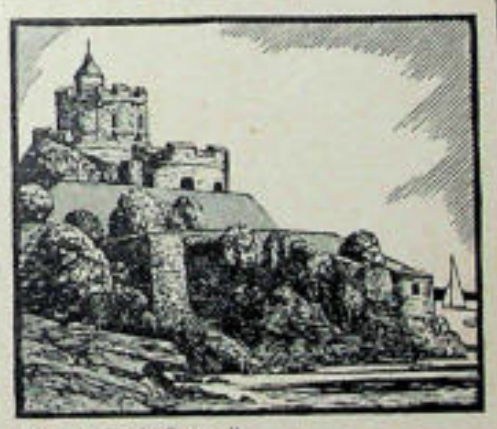
It seems to me such a pity that this April fishing is so neglected now. It is great mistake to suppose that no skill is required to catch fish with a wet fly in April, and it would give great pleasure to many in their Easter Holidays

Yours faithfully,
Suffolk. E. R. DURNFORD.

SNAKE FENCES

SIR,—When living in Jamaica, from about 1891 till 1900, I saw many of the "snake rail fences" referred to by Mr. Wm. Perkins Hull in his letter to you published in the issue of the *Field* dated April 16th, 1938. The fences are exactly as shown in Mr. Hull's sketch and they were fairly common, especially in the southern districts of the colony. They were called either "pig" or "hog" fences, I am not sure which; they may have been known under either name.

Birkrigg, Yours faithfully,
Birche's Lane, W. A. MILLER.
Kenilworth.



St. Mawes Castle, Cornwall

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'"
W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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THREE CASTLES
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10 FOR 8d
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Also obtainable in other packings

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

T.T.1938

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an ultra-modern humane rat trap which you describe in your issue of October 2nd, 1937. I enclose herewith a photograph of a mouse trap which, I am informed by an antique dealer, is over 200 years old and is at present an ornament in my Bar. I think you will see that the principle is exactly the same.

Yours faithfully,

Oxenham Arms, South Zeal, Devon. A. R. PERTWEE.

TICK ON BLUE HARES

SIR,—Recently it was reported to me on very reliable authority, that on May 16th, five blue hares were taken up in snares, dead, in the forest of Birse, in the Black Moss area. Three had ticks, not exceeding two or three on a beast. All ticks were dead.

My informant told me that he has not seen any mention of dead ticks having been made, and he asked me to call attention to this incident. The tick has caused much havoc in this district.

Yours faithfully,

Deeside. T. S. GRAY.

A RARE "CROCUS"

SIR,—Miss Walter is to be congratulated on her excellent photograph of *Romulea columnae*—also known as *Trichonema columnae* and *T. bulbocodium*—which, although so crocus-like, is not a true crocus.

Besides Dawlish and the Channel Islands, it has also been found on a cliff by the sea in Cornwall, as recorded in Davey's *Flora of Cornwall*, and it seems probable that it reached our two counties in some way from the Channel Islands many years ago, and, being such a very modest little plant, is overlooked, even when in flower, by the many people who annually traverse the grassy places where it grows.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro. C. NICHOLSON.

SIR,—The enlarged photograph in the *Field* of this beautiful little bulbous plant is so excellent, that it is unfortunate an impression was given that it grows only on Dawlish Warren and in the Channel Isles. Miss Walter should have added, as far as those islands are concerned.

In France this little plant of the iris family, and



A 200-YEARS-OLD MOUSE TRAP
(See letter "Nothing New Under the Sun")

allied to the crocus, has a wide range in sandy and grassy places on the littoral of the English Channel, the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean. It also grows in Corsica and Sardinia, Italy, Sicily, the Grecian Islands, &c. There are four or five closely allied species in France (chiefly southern and western); and many more species not recorded from France, but nevertheless from Mediterranean regions.

Yours faithfully,

11, Buckingham Place, Clifton. H. S. THOMPSON.

A TIT FEEDER

SIR,—Having seen the tit feeder advocated in the *Field*, I made one of a similar pattern, but like your other correspondent, employed an inverted wooden bowl to hold the fat. For a long time it was successful, but the starlings have now found out how to use the feeder. The branch hanging down, as shown in your illustration, was forked and as one of the forks is slightly inclined, a starling can hang on to it and peck upwards. These birds soon empty the fat and the tits do not stand a chance. I am going to try a vertical piece of wood without any side branch.

Yours faithfully,

London. R. R.

GEESE IN CUMBERLAND

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. R. N. Burton's article on Cumberland as a shooting county. May I be allowed to point out, however, that to-day the geese that come to Rockcliffe Marsh are 99 per cent. pinkfeet. Greylags do not exceed 100, and white-fronted, bean and barnacle are the rarest stragglers, and brents hardly commoner.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD PERRY.

THRUSHES' EGGS

SIR,—In Essex quite recently I examined two nests in one garden, one belonging to a linnet and the other to a thrush. In the case of the former the eggs were pure white, and those of the thrush were pure green. There were none of the usual dark speckles to be seen. I was told that this was probably due to the drought.

It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have found similarly coloured eggs.

Yours faithfully,

Frilford, Abingdon. R. C. ALDWORTH.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

"The Green Flash."—We very much regret that by an unfortunate oversight the incorrect word "refractibility" appeared in Mr. Nicholson's letter in our issue of May 7th instead of the word "refrangibility," which he wrote correctly.—ED.

Stork Over Strathspey.—It may be of interest to record that I saw a stork (*Ciconia alba*) flying over Strathspey near Advie at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, May 7th. The bird was flying in a northerly direction, and was close enough to make identification certain.—G. CONYNGHAM GREENE, The Flyfishers' Club, 36, Piccadilly, W. 1.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—A gentlewoman, no longer strong enough to work, whose husband died eighteen years ago of diabetes, has appealed to us for help till she receives her old age pension of 10/- weekly, in three years' time. She lives in a bed-sitting-room with her daughter, and the case is a very sad one, for as gentlefolk they are existing in great poverty, although the daughter works for her living. Please send us £13 that we may give them 5/- a week and lighten their burden.

"Our tongue is rough, coz, and our condition is not smooth"

—Shakespeare



When good fellowship does not march hand in hand with discretion, is it thus that you soliloquise on the morning after? Thus that you commune with yourself on the roughness of your condition? Don't waste time in profitless self-pity. Ring for your ENO's!

Add a generous dash to half a tumbler of water. Drink it while it is happily sparkling. How it refreshes your palate and clears your head! How efficiently it cleanses and sweetens the system! When you wake feeling more than usually—er, unearthly, there's nothing like ENO to put you right. ENO is the inimitable antidote for HELLTH!

Life to-day calls for

ENO's

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" 2/6 AND 1/6

IN THE CITY

AIRCRAFT SHARES

AMONGST the few classes of ordinary shares which, at the moment, appear to offer scope for capital appreciation, the aircraft industry must hold a high place. The Royal Air Force expansion programme will keep the leading aeroplane manufacturers fully occupied for some years, and shareholders should reap some benefit from the increased profits. Two of the best concerns in the industry to-day are Short Brothers (Rochester-Bedford), Ltd., and the Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd. The shares of the former were recommended in this column not long ago at 35/6. They now stand at around 40/- to give a yield of 5 per cent., and on this basis they may be regarded as a good semi-speculative investment.

BRISTOL AEROPLANE CO., LTD.

This company was incorporated in 1910, but not until 1935 was it made public. At the present time it is probably the most important manufacturer of aeroplanes and aeroplane engines in the country. Two of the best-known of the machines made by this company are the "Bristol Fighter" and the "Bristol Bulldog," which have been supplied to the Royal Air Force and to many foreign countries.

The engines manufactured by Bristol Aeroplane Co. are used by the R.A.F., by Imperial Airways and by many of the leading British and foreign aircraft constructors for fitting into their various types of 'planes. At many of the "shadow" factories Bristol engines are being made for the national rearmament programme.

Issued capital consists of 600,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference £1 shares and £1,200,000 in 10/- ordinary shares. The balance-sheet is very sound, with reserves totalling £1,108,000. Surplus liquid assets are shown at £1,197,000, while patents have been written down to £1.

The profits for 1937 will be published early in July, and a further satisfactory increase should be recorded. The 1936 net profit was £387,756 against £300,366 for the previous year, and earnings on the increased capital were equal to 30.1 per cent. A dividend of 22.5 per cent. was paid, and on this basis the shares yield £4 3s. 4d. per cent. at the current price of 54s. It is quite possible that the next dividend will be at an increased rate.

NORTH-EASTERN ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO., LTD.

An investment in an entirely different category is provided by the 5 per cent. non-cumulative participating preference stock of the above company. This stock now stands at 25/- to give a yield of 4 per cent., and for those who are looking for a really high-class investment giving a slightly better return than is obtainable on War Loan it should be ideal.

The company supplies an area of over 5,600 square miles in the industrial area of the north-east coast, and owns altogether fifteen generating stations. Sales of electricity have shown steady expansion each year, and there is every indication that they will continue to increase in the future. Only recently the company obtained a valuable new outlet when the L.N.E.R. electrification scheme for the line between Newcastle and South Shields was inaugurated.

The company has an excellent earnings and dividend record, and buildings and plant have always been maintained in first-class condition. The 5 per cent. preference dividend requires £80,482, and last year was covered by available profits of £465,024. But the stock has attractions besides its safety. From time to time new issues of ordinary stock are made, and preference stockholders have the right, which is usually valuable, to apply for part of such issues. In addition, the 5 per cent. preference stock is entitled to a further 3 per cent. dividend after the ordinary has received 8 per cent. The latter has received 7 per cent. for the last two years. PACTOLUS II.

A NEW BABY ELEPHANT

Babar, the Zoo's baby elephant, has a rival. For this week there arrived from Calcutta another baby elephant. The newcomer is reported to be about a year old and under 4ft. in height, which means that she is even smaller than was Babar when she made her extremely unwilling debut last summer in Pet's Corner. Baby elephants are very popular, and it will be interesting to note Babar's reactions to divided attention. Two new pets that are attracting much attention are Dot and Dash. They are baby Indian mongooses, and they are eight months old and about the size of large thin rats. They are, we believe, the youngest mongooses ever exhibited, and they are, with their endearing ways, rapidly becoming public favourites.

New Books

DONOGHUE IN THE SADDLE

Pages of Modern Turf History

AFTER the Manchester November meeting of last year, Steve Donoghue, the jockey, retired. Not so very long ago Stephen Donoghue, the trainer, led in his first winner. I think he must have spent the interval—a short interval really—in writing his autobiography, for the book gives me the impression of having been written in a hurry.

Donoghue is an Irishman born in Warrington, Lancashire. His first real schooling in the art of jockeyship was in France, on the twisty French courses and in the company of American jockeys. Not an easy school, but one which had much to do with his success. But he first rose to fame in Ireland, and was champion jockey of Ireland before he was really well known in England. It was in France that he rode his first winner, and it was in France that he learnt the generalship that was to make him so formidable at Epsom; but it was from the moment he went to Ireland to ride as first jockey for Phillie Behan that his success was assured, and from that moment he climbed very quickly to the top of the ladder.

In his long career Donoghue has ridden a positively fantastic number of winners, and this book might well have been a mere catalogue of horses and trainers and owners and jockeys. That it is not—that it is not even a chronicle of triumphs and defeats—is an achievement. He has avoided the obvious, but not easily escapable, pitfalls, and given us instead an interesting and readable book dealing as much with personalities as with horses and the events in which they took part.

I suppose that Donoghue will be remembered chiefly as the man who rode six Derby winners (two were in war-time substitute races at Newmarket, but I can see no reason why they should be ignored as they usually are; Gay Crusader was a great horse and would probably have done as well at Epsom) and more particularly as the man who rode three Derby winners in succession—Humorist, Captain Cuttle and Papyrus—and then with the gap of only a year another in Manna. None but a really great jockey could have done that, and Donoghue was a really great jockey. But Donoghue's success was not due solely to horsemanship—there have been, there are, as good horsemen and perhaps better—but also, and in no small measure, to his understanding of the animals he rode. He knew each animal individually; he knew its likes and dislikes, and he knew how to get the best out of a horse without recourse to the whip. Time and again in this book you will come across examples of this understanding, a gift not given to many men, and particularly you will see it in regard to The Tetrarch and Brown Jack, the grand old gentleman of Ascot.

That gift is an invaluable one. One can interpret a gallop, a trial or a race in a good many ways. They are frequently misread by trainer and owner and newspaper correspondent. The only man who really knows what has happened, the only man who knows the real meaning of any particular performance is the man on the horse's back. Donoghue knew then—you will find here his view of certain races the facts of which have been hotly argued. It will be interesting to see if his instinct for understanding a horse can be taken into the still more difficult sphere of training. If it can then Donoghue has a still more successful career before him as a trainer.

Steve Donoghue has been a wealthy man and a poor one on more than one occasion. He rode one Derby with a writ in his pocket and won the race. We follow his ups and downs, and note that all through he never lost his courage nor his sense of humour. I think that is what makes the book so eminently readable. As literature it is poor, as a book it is disjointed, but as a story of a man's life it's grand. CREAGHT.

Donoghue Up. An Autobiography. (Collins; 10/6.)

SCIENCE IN RIDING

A BOOK in English on the subject of Advanced and High School riding has long been overdue, and for this reason *Equitation*, by Mr. Henry Wynmalen, will be welcomed as filling a gap in our literature which deals with the horse. Mr. Wynmalen is thoroughly experienced in the practice of the art of which he writes, and is, moreover, well read and conversant with the theories of the great masters of the past. He is, therefore, particularly well equipped for the task which he has set himself, and succeeds in presenting a detailed hand-book for the High School rider in which the various lessons and exercises are elaborately explained. It is curious that the object of these exercises has not been further elucidated by an explanation of their effect upon the muscles, and the limitations which are imposed upon them by the conformation of the horse. This omission may possibly be explained by the author's amazing statement that "'An ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone,' which is so literally true, that it will more than make up for many a fault in conformation," which is a theory with which most horsemen will disagree, and one that has not been borne out by experience in that home of High School riding, the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, of which no mention is made in this book.

It is a pity that Mr. Wynmalen's book should be at times an aggravating work; it is somewhat marred by a rather self-sufficient atmosphere which is possibly unconscious, but nevertheless irritating to the ordinary well-informed reader. The tone is set by the introduction in which the author says that "Criticisms . . . will be found to come only from horsemen who have never learned to apply these principles . . . whereof they possess neither personal knowledge nor experience," and is maintained throughout the book, culminating in the section on Lateral Aids in which the author quotes from a recent book on horsemanship, and then ridicules the extracts which he has taken.

The mention of the forward seat endows the old problem with an exaggerated importance, and sheds no new light upon it; the illustrations to this section form no sort of argument as no comparison can be drawn between a finished performance and a bad one. The photographs, if they were to have any value, should have shown good horsemen in both positions, and not compared experts for whom all is going well with less brilliant riders who are in difficulties.

Finally, as a distinguished Dutch horsemaster we can forgive Mr. Wynmalen his split infinitives and other grammatical errors, but they could have been removed by any Englishman reading the proofs. R. A. W.

Equitation. By Henry Wynmalen. (Country Life; 12/6.)

THE BUILDING OF A YACHT

NOT without a hint of the trend of modern yachting thought is the fact that in the last two years there have been published at least two British text-books dealing with yacht design. For years, ever since the out-of-print stage was reached with the invaluable designer's bible, Dixon Kemp's *Yacht Architecture*, British yachtsmen have had to content themselves with American text-books. Now with a growing tendency to a greater scientific appreciation of their sport their need has called into being an admirable *Introduction to Yacht Design*.

Mr. Symonds has approached his difficult subject from just the very angle which will undoubtedly appeal to the yachtsman. As an amateur sailorman he built his first ship "mostly by guess and by grace." Then, gaining knowledge of design he re-designed her. Once that step had been taken he used his drawing board to record his ideas, and it was not long before a properly designed dinghy resulted. Larger, braver things came afterwards, and in this book he sets out the course to be followed by those who would emulate him. He sets out just sufficient of the laws of nature for the amateur designer to be able to consider the problems of hull form, speed and rig from the right angle, and he concludes his theoretical instruction with an excellent chapter on construction. Then he starts straight away on the practice of design, eschewing all unnecessary mathematics and technicalities, and clothing the dry bones of necessary instruction with a very sound commentary which makes for most easy reading. Tyros in the art of yacht design —"pipe-dreamers," whose dreamship has hitherto existed in the brain, but which following Mr. Symonds's instruction can now take proper shape on a board—will find in this book all that they seek. The more expert will find very much to interest them that they thought they knew before. Especially will they appreciate the author's candid examination of the various design rules (so-called) and theories which from time to time flash meteor-like across the yachting firmament. For instance, the yachtsman will find a logical and concise discussion of the metacentric shelf theory, and so on—and will enjoy the finding. This introduction is indeed to be recommended very strongly—but it is much more than an introduction—a fact which may not be appreciated until the last page is reached. And that is a tribute to the author's easy style. J. I.

An Introduction to Yacht Design. By A. A. Symonds. (Edward Arnold & Co.; 8/6.)

FISHING IN MANY WATERS

IT is some time since our old contributor, "Comjean," published a book. His last, if I remember rightly, was *The Angler's Guide to the Irish Fisheries*. This new one will be equally welcome. It is not a guide book in the accepted sense; rather it is a book of reminiscences of fishing days spent on waters at home and abroad, but Mr. Adams has fished such a number and variety of streams in the course of the half-century during which he has followed the sport that his book may well prove helpful to many of us modern anglers who find our activities confined to some dozen or so waters perhaps, within a few hours range of our normal habitat.

There are days here described on the famous Hampshire waters, on the trout-holding tributaries of the Thames, including the little Pang, on Blagdon and the Wye. He knows most of the famous Scottish rivers, and has fished far and wide among the lochs of the Hebrides, to say nothing of his trip to Canada many years ago, which he celebrated in another book, and of trips to Holland and Switzerland.

But naturally his real predilection is for Ireland, which occupies some twenty-four chapters of his book, and anyone who wants to get a brief but shrewd insight into the kind of water and conditions of fishing which obtain on the loughs and rivers which empty into the Atlantic along Ireland's—or should one now call it Eire's?—western shore, will be unlucky if he cannot find something to suit him among the many waters the author has fished—the country, as he says, where "one is sure to be never more than ten miles away from trout fishing of some description, and in most parts has the choice of two or three rivers and a lough or so."

This record of 50 years' angling makes a fitting companion for the four informative volumes which have preceded it.

Fifty Years' Angling. By the Rev. Joseph Adams. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 15/- net.)

H. D. T.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A most interesting article on the breeding habits of the dunlin and another on the habits of the shelduck form the main features of the May issue of *British Birds*. Notes, reports from reservoirs, another report of the birds of inner London, and book reviews, make up a publication of the usual high standard.

Art-lovers will find great interest in *Oil Painting of To-day*, by Adrian Bell (*The Studio*, at 7/6). This book tells of the trend of modern art in its own medium—that of illustration. By selecting only paintings of pictorial and technical merit, the author has succeeded in presenting a survey of modern art unencumbered by the perplexities of "modernism."

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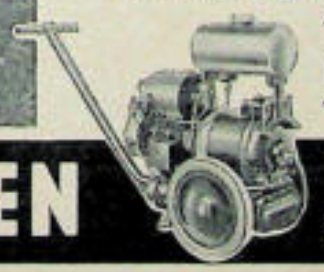
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The Gun Month by Month

A MONTH OF SHOOTING MEMORIES

Duck Soup—or a London Fog

LIKE the Agricultural community who are proverbially dissatisfied with any weather, some men must always hanker in June after the past joys of winter. There are shooting men who cannot but view the feverish preparations of the rearing field with the faint feeling of distaste with which a few of Nero's friends may have watched the gloating care lavished upon his gladiators. And they it is who turn in June an inward eye to the wonders of the past.

Some few months ago, on a foggy November's evening, I found myself stuck in a traffic jam on the outskirts of London, wishing very much that I was 500 miles away. My car was immediately opposite to a poulterer's shop, and on the marble slab were displayed rows of ducks. I could see mallard, wigeon, teal, pintail and many others, half hidden by ropes of golden plover and willow hens. And I began to think of other places where there would be no fog, and the ducks would be flighting a trail of glittering drops behind them in the air. And I remembered how far the eye could follow them into that crystal clear green sky with its scarlet wind streamers.

And that old cock wigeon, on the marble slab in this street of noise and stench and lights—perhaps I had watched him guzzling the zostera with myriads of his kind 500 miles away. I thought of a cold, grey January morning, when I had miscalculated the tide and the punt had grounded. The tide left us quickly, and in a short time we could see nothing but mud, mud, mud on all sides as far as the eye could reach. It came on to rain, a hard driving rain that pattered and splashed on the wet mud, and set the zostera floating in the puddles between the tide-ribs. Disconsolately, we got out of the punt to stretch our legs, and as we did so, the wigeon we had been stalking began to rise. They rose in slow, rolling banks from all sorts of unsuspected places—thousands upon thousands,



GEESE FLIGHTING

These two remarkable pictures were taken in the spring migration on the Hortobagy

under a clear sky. I looked at a drake mallard's head shining green in the lamplight, and thought of a September evening when the mallard had been flighting to a new-cut barley stubble on the west coast of Scotland.

I faced again the almost fantastic crimson of the wind-blown sunset, and saw the dark shapes gliding in across it with an incessant flow of muffled quacking. I could hear the hard, dry rustle of the stook I knelt behind, and taste the barley grains I chewed. I saw it all again until the last belated duck came very low across the enormous yellow moon rising out of the sea. There, after each shot, was the anxious black-and-white face of my spaniel, pushing out from between the stooks that formed his own private butt—his whole expression a question mark. Trace knows his colour and its difficulties as well as I do. But somehow those shots seemed to be playing quite a small part in the scene.

Pintails. . . . The lights of my car seemed to fall no longer upon the rear number plate of another car, but showed a narrow road swirling with mad November leaves; and I could feel again the mighty wind which plucked and tore at the car so that I could hardly steer it. That morning the pintails flighted as one sees them once in a lifetime. Low over the merse they flew in the half light, battling up in the teeth of the hurricane—in small flocks, middle-sized flocks, and big flocks. I saw more pintails in one flock than I have seen before or since, and I am glad now that I ran out of cartridges. I remembered one flock in particular that never saw me until they were on top of me (literally, for they were not 6ft. off the ground), lifted with almost incredible speed, and were whirled back into the dusk from which they had come. At dawn the wind dropped to a murmur, and as I walked back across the two miles of green merse with a live goose under my arm (for there were geese in that flight, too) teal sprang from the salt pools, leaving until the imagination reeled before the numbers. Even at a distance of over a mile, we could hear the roar of wings as they settled again—a dense, swaying black cloud, perhaps nearly a mile long.

Hours later, when the tide lifted us again, we began to row home, and still the rain hissed into the broken water around us. . . . A tremendous flock of golden plover flew past a long way off, forming fantastic hieroglyphics in the empty grey sky. The sun was beginning to go down, and the wind rose suddenly. We stalked a party of some 200 shovellers in dangerously rough water, and as the punt swung broadside to them they rose silhouetted against an angry red patch in the western sky.

Beyond them some diving ducks rose noisily with a great scattering, but it was getting too dark to see clearly what they were. On the two miles home across the river mouth it really did blow, and we were very nearly drowned. The scattered little colony of blurring lights across the bay seemed a very long way off, and the effort of keeping the nose of the punt into each successive wave became almost intolerable. . . . I remembered how, as we neared the shore, we could see the glow of a cigarette end, and could hear someone shouting, but the words were carried away by the roar of the wind. Only when we had moored the punt did I realise that the moon was up, and that we had taken three hours to get home.

Another and contrasting picture of wigeon came into my mind—April sunshine and a green field by the bank of an inland river, where a great flock of wigeon were cropping the short turf. Amongst the flock waddled a large gaggle of Bean geese, and every now and then some irritable old gander would scatter the wigeon-like chaff from about him, afterwards rising to the tips of his toes to flap triumphantly. The sun shone on the dark heads and yellow bills of the geese, and picked out from the grey carpet of wigeon the vivid colour scheme of the drakes. A small group of tufted ducks were diving at the edge of the water, spreading blue ripples across the flat surface of the river. Pigeons cooed in a nearby wood, overhead the sky was blue, and rabbits chased each other at the covert's edge. The report of a gun came from perhaps a quarter of a mile away. The quiet babble of content from the field ceased suddenly—every head was up. The geese were taking no chances. With a tremendous clamour the whole flock took wing and crossed the river low over my head, and so thick was the mixed pack of wigeon and Bean geese that collisions seemed inevitable. They flew off up the river and disappeared, but in the still air I could hear the wigeon whistling thin and clear in the distance.

Somewhere to-night one should be able to see the full moon rising out of the sea, and hear the wigeon whistling as they come in to feed upon the sweet grass of the merse, but here were only fog and stink, and rigid dead ducks on a marble slab.

I don't know quite how long it was before I realised that I was standing at the back of a taxi rank.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

AN AUTOMATIC SHOT GUN.—It may interest our readers to know that an automatic shot gun which fires eight cartridges at a time was recently brought to the *Field* Office for trial. The mechanism of the gun is designed so that the eight cartridges are carried in a magazine in the stock and are fired on the automatic system. It is claimed for the gun, which is of Italian manufacture, that for flighting wildfowl, large rises of pheasants, coveys of partridges, it has advantages of speed over the normal pair. The *Field* arranged for a test to be made, and the gun worked satisfactorily, firing well over 100 cartridges, and appeared to be an improvement on existing automatic guns. The barrel of the automatic was not choked and it was tried out against a pair of ordinary game guns at a constant stream of clay birds. The automatic was full and at a given signal shooting started. The pair fired 50 cartridges in 1 minute 40 seconds; the automatic, in the hands of one used to it, fired only 24 cartridges in that time, although for the first eight shots it had the advantage.

RACING IN LUMPY WEATHER

A Good Opening to the Offshore Season

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

ONCE again the wisdom of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. has been well and truly proven. When first this club elected to transfer its ocean "classic" Estuary Race from a date at the end of the season to one at the beginning, there were those who shook their heads sadly at this departure from tradition. This year's race has again clearly vindicated the decision, for there was a fleet of seventeen starters at Shore Ends, only one short of the number of the actual entrants for the race.

It was an interesting fleet, too, in more ways than one. To begin with there was the veteran schooner La Goleta (Mr. G. Payne), a really big ship, which looked as powerful as she no doubt is, and every inch a typically Alden design. Then there were the two regular ocean racers Maid of Malham and Ortac, last year's star duellists. Owing to service exigencies, Lieutenant-Commander Illingworth and home waters will not meet for a little while, so his Maid is being raced for him this year by the Royal Naval Sailing Association, and under the personal care of Commander Barraclough. For the Estuary Race she was in these new hands, and, in addition, had her designer, Laurent Giles, aboard. Then there was Mr. King's Ortac looking as smart and as useful as ever. It is said that with one exception the whole crew of this ship are Little Ship Club men. It is also said that in their spare time—if they have any—this crew does sail-drill evolutions which would run the old naval days of "cross royal yards and make plain sail" very close. At least, out in the Solent the other day, Ortac went about while tuning-up, and the time from "full and bye" on one tack to "full and bye" on the other was just under the 60-sec. mark.

At the start, too, was Messrs. Bevan & Paton's R.C.Y.C. ocean racer design Phryna, Miss Wiles's Keryl, looking in better trim than last season, and Mr. Baker's mizzenless yawl Thalassa. All the foregoing were classed in the A-class of entrants of 30ft. or over on the water-line. Then there was the B-class for those of less than 30ft. L.W.L., which included Mr. Ellis's new Catania (he seems to like "Cat" ships for last year, if I remember rightly, he had Catalina). Another new and very trim-looking ship in this B-class was Mr. H. Shelton's Evarne. Then there was Vala (Messrs. Kemsley & S. Brown), a typical square sterned Falmouth Quay punt of little more than 22ft. L.W.L., a ship that has already made a name for herself in this self-same race. There were also Mr. Herring's Lora (last year's Estuary race winner), Droleen (W. & R. Hill), Westwind, Saltair and Mikado.

A very fine and able fleet this, and one which in itself sets the Estuary Race upon a pinnacle of its own. For some reason or other it is sometimes said that this race, which is only 95 miles in length, does not rate as a big ocean event. The very composition of the entrants alone suggests that this is unjust. To begin with, the circular course of this race is through waters which test every navigational faculty to the full, and, as for weather, when there is any weight in the wind the less said about the Kentish Knock the better. Indeed this race ought to have pride of place among the ordinary ocean events for, apart from the course itself, it forms a stern tuning-up match for the offshore season to come.

The start of this important race was, perhaps, not so close as one would have liked to see, but this can imply no censure of the starters. The fault was partly geographical and partly the popularity of the race. The Burnham river at Foulness is none too wide at the best of times, and with a fleet of seventeen off-shore racers jockeying for position someone has to be later over the line. The result of this was that some four-and-a-half minutes spread the fleet at the gun, but this would not materially affect the answer in a race starting in a strongish wind and with quite a lump of sea running in the offing. Very soon after the start ill-luck attacked Phryna, for she "found" the Foulness side of the fairway, a stranding which put her out of the race. From the gas buoy to the Longsand Head it was a hard "try," but with a fair stream the time was good. The same stream, however, encouraged a steep lop which the smaller craft did not appreciate although it just suited Ortac's temper. At the Longsand Head she was in the van with Mr. Gore Lloyd's sloop Arahs (A-class) and the R.N.S.A.'s Maid of Malham hanging on to her heels. Here the Genoas could come out despite the strength of the breeze and the survivors squared away for the Knock.

One says survivors here because the hard peg into the wind thus far had already thinned the fleet, and La Goleta, Modwena, Mikado, Saltair, Westwind, Iris and Evarne had given up. At the Kentish Knock spinnakers came out for a dead run to the Tongue, thence a soldier's wind to the Naze and a close haul and a reach to the finish.

Mr. King's Ortac was the first home with an average of almost 6 knots over the course. A quarter of an hour later Arahs crossed the line, to be followed in 19min. by the Maid of Malham. It will be seen, therefore, that the three who had fought their way to the forefront at the Longsand Head had maintained their lead and the order of it. The race was, however, sailed under the R.O.R.C. scale so that the gun, on corrected times, went to the square-sterned 22-footer Vala, with Ortac second to her, Droleen third and then Maid of Malham. As Vala was entered as B-class her award is the Laurel Trophy, the replica going to Ortac, the winner in A-class. The fact that on corrected times less than 15min. separated first from second and second from third is yet another proof—if any were needed—of the smoothness and efficiency of the R.O.R.C. system. There is also an element of justice in the fact that on a lumpy day with a hard wind, David should triumph over Goliath. And, to sum up, it was a thoroughly successful race which augurs for a successful off-shore season.

One of the noticeable features of these two important events this year is the number of entries, especially cruiser entries, a sure sign of the correctness of the R.O.R.C. decision to introduce A and B cruiser classes as well as an open class. So far, the entries for Heligoland add up to 37, and for the Maas event they are nine, and it may be anticipated that a very large percentage indeed of these will actually be ready on the starting line. Another rather significant feature is the increased weight of foreign competition in the Heligoland event. Out of the 37 entries received no fewer than seventeen are German and four Dutch—leaving a bare sixteen "red dusters" to carry the day.

To some extent this German strength is explained by the fact that, under the auspices of the Kreuzer Abteilung des D.S.V.D., the seventeen German offshore racers between 9.15 and 18 metres on L.W.L. set off on May 26th to race from Heligoland to Burnham in time for the start of our classic. This fleet encountered very hard weather in the mid-week gale, and Dr. Perlia's Westwind, in trouble somewhere out by the Gunfleet, was brought in by the Clacton lifeboat. Another, the well-known Das Wappen Von Bremen, had her sails blown away, and after driving before the storm was well inshore when a tug picked her up and towed her into Yarmouth. Two others in this German fleet, the Okseoog and the Kaptein Harm, for some hours occasioned anxiety.

The largest of the Heligoland Race fleet will again be the German Admiralty's ketch Asta, but Mr. Moy's Caribe, a Bermuda yawl, will run her close. Asta usually makes a point of reaching her native shores first, but after that the admirable R.O.R.C. time scale comes into play. Another redoubtable foreign entrant is the Dutch Zeearend, owned by M. C. Brynzeel, a ship which distinguished herself greatly in last year's Fastnet Race. The fleet also includes the Alden veteran schooner La Goleta, the Gunners' yawl Rose, the Sappers' ever-young Ilex, and, to continue the military flavour, the Highland Brigade's Saladin. It also musters a grim array of German trans-Atlantic racers, and ex Fastnetters; and, of course, lastly, but from our point of view the most important, it contains our two national "hopes," Mr. King's Ortac and the R.N.S.A.'s Maid of Malham. In terms of classification, sixteen entrants are "cleared" for the open class, thirteen for the A class of cruisers, and eight for the B class.

It would be presumptuous and premature to forecast a result in such a powerful and varied fleet, but I fancy Ortac and the Maid will not be far from the Heligoland finishing line at the gun. Now, turning to the Maas Race for the under-30ft. L.W.L. ships, a race which is also started from the Corinthians' Shore-Ends line. In this fleet there should be Mr. Bunting's successful Dirk II, the new Evarne and the newer Catania; there should be Miss Wiles's Keryl and Major Maget's Columbine. Here again are to be found the three new classes, with three entrants for the "open," four for the A class and two for the B class. There is no foreign competition here. J. I.



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WHITSUN IN THE NORTH SEA

To Heligoland and the Maas

ONCE more, with the Whitsun week-end holiday upon us again, the yachtsman's thoughts turn directly to offshore racing and to the North Sea classics of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. The offshore fleet has had its chance of tuning up over the Corinthians' Thames Estuary course, and now it should be "all set" for the racing season in earnest. The ocean events of this week-end are designed to suit not only the owner who can just spare that week-end and no more, and has an offshore racer of the smaller size, but also the owner of the larger ship with more time at his disposal.

The former can set off on a circular course round the Smiths Knoll and the Maas Lightship and back, a 257-mile adventure which should enable him comfortably to reach his business affairs at the close of the holiday. The latter can set off on a 310-mile peg to the bleak rocky island of Heligoland and, since this race is timed to coincide with "Heligoland Week," can remain there for a few days and enjoy not only German sea hospitality but a "Round the Island Race" as well.

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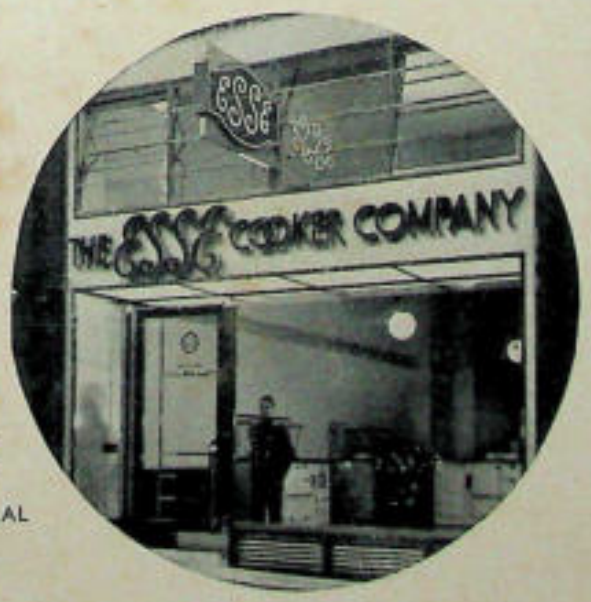
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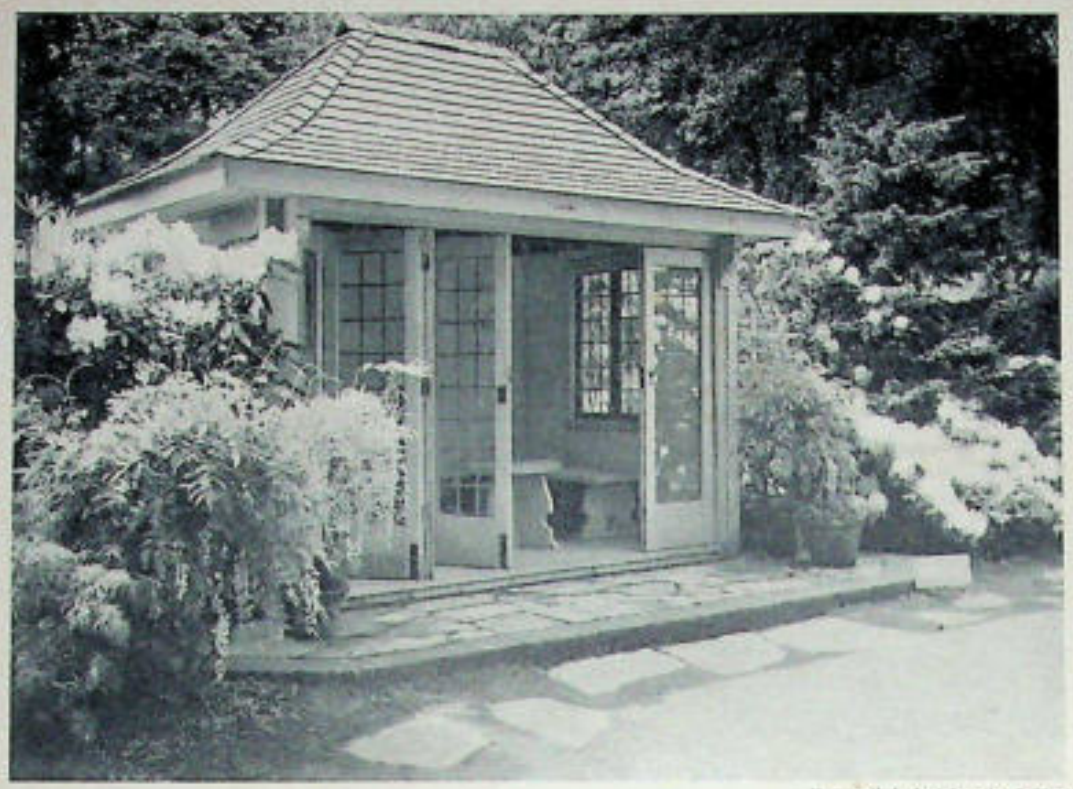
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GARDEN FURNITURE

Details that Count in Its Setting

By RICHARD SUDELL

CHARACTER in a garden is an elusive virtue which some garden-makers acquire easily and without great expenditure, while others seem to miss it though they spend lavishly. The non-living material matters as much as the living in this connection, and often, as in house furnishing, it is the last minute, easily altered details that count.

Garden furnishing can be considered in much the same way as indoor furnishing. It can be of a definite style—period furniture—to suit the style of the garden. This type of furniture is usually permanent, and may be selected by the garden architect when he designs the garden.

There is probably more latitude in the use of furnishing styles in the open than indoors. In an old-world Tudor garden, for instance, almost any kind of stout wooden furniture could be placed without offence, though one would generally give preference to stout oak seats of rustic pattern, or carved stone seats, decorated with ancient detail.

Garden furniture is a phrase that includes a great deal—anything, in fact, from the revolving, Vita-glazed sun parlour to the simplest wooden bench that can be set in the wild garden. It may be roughly divided into two categories, the permanent and the temporary.

Permanent furnishings include garden houses, which may be roofed with heather thatch or maple shingles, two styles of roofing that are particularly attractive in a garden setting. The position of the garden house in the design is usually fixed when the garden plan is prepared, but for those who buy and place a house of this kind later here are a few reminders. A garden house should be accessible from the house by means of a clean, dry walk—this makes it more useful in showery weather. It should be set where it commands a good garden view. If it is not of the revolving kind, it should be set so that both sun and shade can be secured at will. It should be surrounded, more or less, by fragrance. This last is a small point, but well worth special consideration. A few seeds of night-scented stock, a few tobacco flowers, or heliotrope, or mignonette can be added easily as a last-minute touch, and a garden house where there is always garden fragrance will be in constant use.

Seats come into both categories, permanent and temporary. Let us consider the permanent types first. The materials used for these include stone, wood and metal.

Stone seats are generally suitable for old-world gardens, for Italian and Spanish designs, for waterside furnishings, and for terraces. They are imperishable and picturesque, and have only one point to their discredit—cold stone is not comfortable enough to be used for more than a minute or so. On a terrace where cushions can be brought out quickly, the stone seat is relieved of this objection.

Wooden seats are of many different types. They are perhaps the easiest of all to place well in the design, for a plain wooden seat looks well in the wild garden or on the terrace, under trees or on the open lawn.

Seats and tables which pack together and so take up little room are made from the teak of old battleships, as well as from English oak. Seats made of other woods need some preservative if they are used in the open air. Paint is still as popular as any, but there is also much to be said for the cellulose finish given to semi-rustic woodwork by the makers of "Wandawood" furniture.

Steel furniture suits the ultra modern garden that goes with steel and concrete architecture. Those who have seen it in use on the terrace of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have seen it in the kind of setting that it demands. It is particularly comfortable and durable, and the chairs are made to nest into the tables, so that they take up very little space.

I do not think that the portable type of garden furniture is always chosen with sufficient care. There seems to be a feeling that it is not a part of the garden, and therefore any style of portable furniture will suit.

A rule that I should lay down concerning this section of garden furnishing is that the garden should be prepared for the furniture, and the furniture for the garden. Where such seats as the well-known "Dryad" cane chairs are to stand, a level, preferably paved portion of the garden should be set aside for them. If a semi-circle of paving can form part of the design without appearing useless, so much the better, for a semi-circle of "Dryad" chairs set on this base gives visitors a dry foot-rest, and prevents chair legs from suddenly sinking into the soft soil of the lawn.

In a similar way, a paved foot-rest might be prepared where a hammock is frequently placed. I find that even "portable" hammocks generally stand in one position for weeks together, and grass, too, is apt to become worn in one spot. A small patch of paving near to each permanent or temporary seat saves the development of worn places on the grass.

Manufacturers have made several efforts to modernise the popular deck chair, but in my opinion they have usually robbed it of its comfort. Some types have such short backs that one cannot rest the head! Surely the supreme virtue of the old-fashioned deck chair was that one could comfortably doze a whole afternoon away in it.

However, nothing can completely rob the deck chair of its popularity, for it has the enormous advantage of being easily stored in quantity in a small shed.

HOUSING RURAL WORKERS

WHAT a delightful old cottage! How mellowed those mossy tiles! What a picture the blackened oak timbers, the neat white-washed walls, the fascinating diamond-paned windows! Truly a fitting subject for an artist, but not to live in.

A farm labourer is a normal-sized human being, yet the rooms will generally be found to be small, of low pitch and inadequately lighted by small windows. The walls may be damp owing to an absence of damp courses, whilst the ground floors are probably of stone. The only cooking stove will be in the living room, which will lack coolness in summer and the returned worker will, in winter, eat his supper amidst drying clothes. The scullery and wash-house will be cramped, a failing that it shares with the staircase and landing. Probably two small low-pitched bedrooms with inadequate windows will add to the picture of discomfort, completed by the need to draw water by hand from a well possibly deep and generally remote.

Briefly these are the conditions under which the farm labourers and their predecessors have been born and brought up; and this is one of the principal causes of the present tendency of moving into towns, where the youth finds occupations as a messenger or porter, or merely receives the dole. Possibly the new living conditions will not be much in advance of those left behind in the country, but there will be main water, main drainage and gas or electric light. In the evening the cinema and shops will be near, and though cost of living is higher, wages may be correspondingly increased.

In 1894 the Royal Commission on Labour reported that the rent received from cottage property in rural districts was not sufficient to make the building of good cottages directly profitable. In those days, with wages at 13/- a week, it was not an economic proposition to build a cottage for £130, and now with wages at 35/- it does not pay to erect a cottage at £400. If it were economic much could be done to retain workers on the land by modernising the existing cottages, an expensive process but, in order to benefit the occupier and also incidentally the owner, grants or loans can now be obtained from county councils for this purpose.

In order to ensure that grants or loans are not misapplied Parliament has decreed that assistance may be given in respect of houses occupied by agricultural workers or persons of a similar economic status. So far so good, but there is a further condition that the house when improved must not be of a value exceeding £400, a condition that has in many cases proved an insurmountable stumbling block. For instance, when it is desired to add another bedroom to a cottage to provide for an increasing family.

Ordinary repairs are excluded from the grant or loan, though if you are good at it much can be included as improvements, especially if the council are sympathetic. The minimum outlay in respect of which an application can be made is £50, and two-thirds of the cost up to a maximum of £100 per building can be claimed as a free grant, provided the owner ensures that the cottage is occupied for 20 years by a person of the agricultural labourer type at the average local agricultural rent, in most districts 3/- a week, plus 4 per cent. of the owner's proportion of the cost. It is thus ensured that the grant benefits the workers, but the owner can free himself from the restrictions at any time by refunding the grant with compound interest at 4 per cent.

An owner who does not wish to comply with the conditions required for a grant may obtain a loan up to 90 per cent. of the value of the cottage, secured by a mortgage thereof and bearing interest at 4 per cent. Thus in a suitable case an owner need find no capital at all, the council providing two-thirds of the cost by way of grant and the balance by way of loan at 4 per cent., the figures of an actual reconditioning being as follows:

Cost of work	£133
Grant	88
Balance as loan	£45

Permitted increase in rent: 8½d. per week.
Cost to tenant: 8½d. per week.
Cost to owner: 6½d. per week.

REGINALD DAVEY.

MODERN SPORTING BOOKS.—Messrs. Truslove and Hanson, the booksellers and stationers of Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W. 1, are making a special display of modern books on sport and natural history in their historic bookroom (The London Literary Lounge) at the above address during the month of June. They are issuing a sporting book catalogue of books on sport in print to-day, together with the special 1938 pocket list of valuable surplus books offered at greatly reduced prices.

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THE BATH AND WEST AT PLYMOUTH: A Great Show Despite Misfortunes



The Butter-making Competition



The Shoeing Competition

TWO POPULAR EXHIBITIONS HELD UNDER COVER

THIS year's show at Plymouth will rank as one of the most unfortunate in the long history of the society. This was its fifth visit to Plymouth in the course of a century or so, and it promised to be a record exhibition in every way.

Until just about a week before the opening day. Then came a solitary case of foot and mouth disease at Holbeton, and the resultant order embraced Plymouth and the period of the show. So this year saw a Bath and West with no cattle, no sheep, no pigs and no goats.

And then the opening day was marred by really heavy rain throughout the morning. So heavy that I got wet through my old mackintosh and had to buy a new one, an event which I had been putting off for some eight years. Well protected, I wandered all over the ground, and looked at many exhibits which, had the cattle been present, I should have had to pass by. And I was interested, and so were many others.

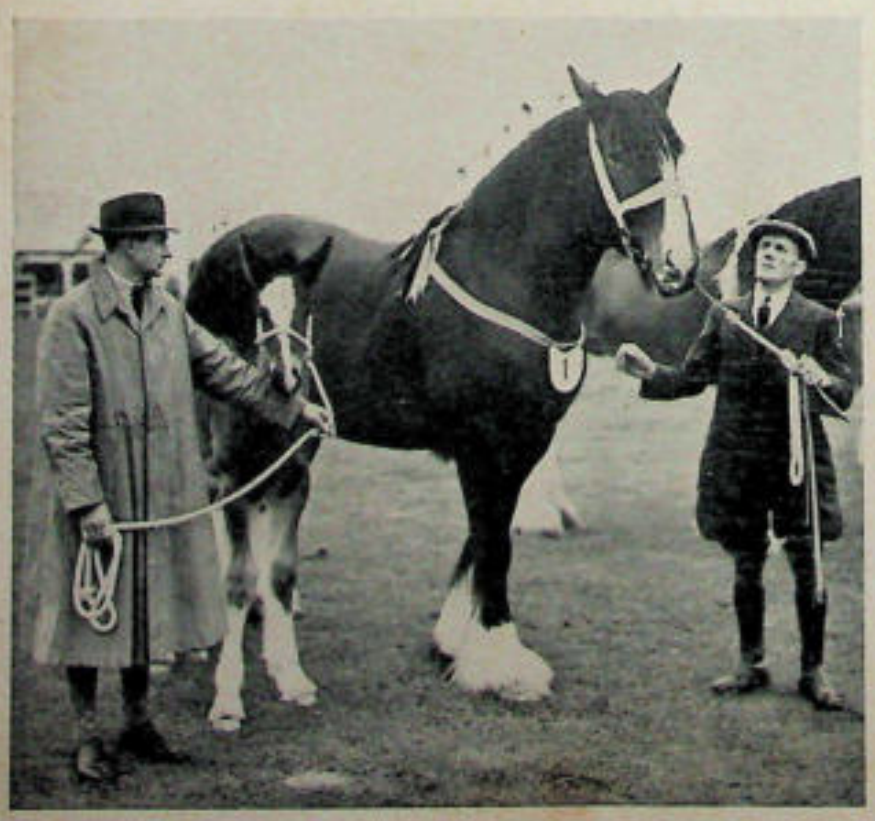
The attendance, on the opening day, reached 12,500 or more, which is about three times that of the attendance last year at Trowbridge, and higher than any for the past three years. These people, every one of them, knew that no cattle were to be seen, and as every one of them braved the rain it is interesting to inquire what they had come to see. The space taken by machinery and implements was greatly increased, and it was round these stands that the greatest crowd was always to be found.

It might be taken that the British public is not interested in pedigree stock: certainly this show has proved that the lack of livestock has no bearing on the attendance, though I do not know that the converse would hold true. Perhaps it is that agricultural shows provide "days out" and that for the majority that is more important than the show? But I do not think so. I was astonished at the pertinence of the comments passed by the crowd, particularly the comments passed on the machinery.

Horses and ponies made a strong entry, and the hunter classes were particularly well filled, and there were horses of real merit from both Cornwall and Devon. The five classes for Shires did not attract a very large entry, but the standard was certainly not low. Messrs. Cumber & Sons, of Theale, Berkshire, had a very good day, being placed first in three classes and getting second place in two more. They took the City of Bath Cup for the best Shire with Hafren Marchioness, and also the Gold Medal. Hafren Marchioness had a particularly handsome foal with her. In the colt classes I thought that the entries, with the exception of G. C. Wadsworth's Goldfinder Fearnone, were not quite so thick below the knee as they might have been.

Beyond the Shires and the machinery I was interested in the cider exhibition, and more than interested to find that Dorset brewers had beaten Devon (which is surely the home of cider?) on the latter's own ground. I was, I will admit, unaware that they made cider of this standard in Dorset. There were two excellent exhibits of forestry, honey, cheese and butter, and the poultry attracted a large entry. The forestry exhibition, which was largely educational in format, is a feature which I should like to see enlarged in future shows.

CREAGHT.



MESSRS. W. CUMBER & SONS' SHIRE MARE HAFREN MARCHIONESS AND HER FOAL



MR. G. C. WADSWORTH'S VERY FINE SHIRE GOLDFINDER FEARNONE, WINNER IN CLASS 4 FOR COLTS FOALED IN 1936

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A DAIMLER 20 H.P. SALOON STANDING BY THE HEADLAND AT NEWQUAY, CORNWALL

ENTHUSIASM FOR MOTOR CYCLING

"The Thrill of Riding a Well-tuned Machine Beggars Description"

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

AFTER an interval of 24 years, I have taken up motor cycling again, and, much to my regret, I realise all the fun I have missed during that long period of time. I commenced my motoring career in 1904, my first acquisition being a very second-hand motor cycle for which I well remember paying £15—a vast sum of money to me in those days. The following year I owned a car as well, a very old one, I admit, but nevertheless it had four wheels, and although it was continually breaking down, we got it to go sometimes.

From then until the Great War I owned many cars of different makes, but was never without at least one motor cycle. My first award was a gold medal which I won on a motor cycle in the M.C.C. London to Edinburgh run in 1906, and when some kind friend suggested it was a fluke I bet him I would repeat the performance for two further successive years, which I succeeded in doing.

In 1908 I raced a motor cycle on Brooklands Track for the first time, and although unsuccessful on that occasion, I became so enthralled with the sport that from then until 1914, I was a consistent competitor at practically every meeting, running both motor cycles and cars, and met with a certain amount of success.

I well remember taking a machine over to France in 1912 to see the Grand Prix, a friend accompanying me on the luggage grid, and a most enjoyable trip we both had. I also competed in hill climbs and reliability trials on motor cycles from time to time, and therefore up till 1914 had gained an extensive experience on two wheels; but then the war cloud burst and put an end to it all.

Why I never continued motor cycling after I became demobilised I do not know, but I presume this was due to my having settled down in a different groove and the old urge had gone; perhaps, and more than likely, getting married may have accounted for it, but whatever it was, nearly 24 years had elapsed before I sat astride a machine once again.

My boy, who has just turned seventeen, could drive a car really well when he was thirteen years old, having gained all his early experience on a cinder track I laid round one of our fields at home. His heart, however, always seemed set on a motor cycle, and he was continually trying to get me to promise to buy him a machine when he arrived at his sixteenth birthday. I was always able to tell him that he was too young, but that when the time came, I would consider it. An attack of rheumatic fever at fifteen put all thoughts of motor cycling in the background, but now he is fit once more.



A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT

Sir Malcolm and his son with their new Coventry Eagle motor cycles

At last the time arrived when I could no longer plead youth as an excuse for not acceding to his repeated requests, but I decided, nevertheless, that I would not let him go out on the roads unless I accompanied him, so there was nothing for it but to have two machines. In due course I ordered a lightweight Coventry Eagle for the boy, and a 250 c.c. machine of the same make for myself, being determined that, whatever happened, I must have the faster mount, so that I could always control his speed.

The experiment was such an overwhelming success that our household now seems to have gone motor cycling mad, and whenever the opportunity occurs, we go out on our two-wheel steeds and leave the cars behind. Our girl, aged fourteen, has got the fever too, and always insists on coming with me on the pillion; it's all great fun, and I often feel I have put the clock back a quarter of a century or more.

But now let us turn to the more serious side of the sport; I am glad my boy is so keen. He is turning out a really good rider, and although he had, of course, no difficulty whatever in passing his car driving test recently, yet he will gain a far greater road sense by handling both motor cycles and cars than ever he could possibly acquire by driving cars alone. Personally, I should like to see every youngster graduate from the pedal bicycle to the motor cycle, and then finally to the car—that is obviously the correct school, and I am positive that if everybody did this, our road fatalities would never reach the appalling figures that they do to-day.

The motor cycle appears to have a bad name amongst a certain section of the motoring fraternity. Those who have never ridden them are so fond of calling them dangerous. But let me say without fear or favour that they need be no more dangerous than a car. In fact, if both are driven with equal recklessness and disregard for the safety of others, the car is a far more dangerous implement of destruction, and can do much more damage than the motor cycle. One of the great charms of these machines is their handiness and manœuvrability; they can slip in and out of traffic without causing obstruction; they take up the minimum of parking space, and their low running cost must be the envy of every car owner; their acceleration is phenomenal, their speed—well, I will leave that to the imagination.

The thrill of riding a well-tuned machine beggars description; it is unique, a live thing that responds to every whim of the rider.

Motor cycling is, without doubt, a fine-weather pastime, although I used to ride all the year round, irrespective of conditions. Riding in the rain is not so bad as it may seem, since, if suitably clad, the rain runs off your clothes like water off a duck's back. Modern machines are very different to the early prototypes we were originally accustomed to, and it is true to say that in design they are just as up to date as the present-day motor car.

In the early days, motor cycles for the most part were belt driven and had a fixed gear only, and consequently when tackling a severe gradient the rider had to assist his machine by vigorous pedalling or he failed to reach the summit. Some

years before the War we had the adjustable pulley which enabled the gear to be raised or lowered, although this could only be accomplished when the machine was at rest, as the length of the belt had to be altered. Next came a clutch fitted to the back wheel, which was useful for starting purposes, and shortly afterwards, two- and even three-speed gears were introduced.

Practically every motor cycle to-day is equipped with a car type of four-speed gearbox, which is usually foot-operated, and the clutch is engaged in the orthodox manner, by means of a lever on the handlebar. Ignition is either effected by a magneto or by coil and battery; the equipment includes a chain-driven dynamo with dimming device, electric horn, even a stop light, and the motor is started up by a foot-operated gear. Dry sump lubrication is usually employed, and all except ultra lightweights are so strongly built that they are designed to carry a pillion passenger.

The modern machine is very economical to run, petrol consumption varying from 55 to 120 miles per gallon, and 1,000 to 1,500 miles on a gallon of oil, according to the size of the engine employed. The annual tax works out at between 12/– and 45/– per annum, this being based on cubic capacity, so therefore it will be seen that the outgoings are extremely low, and that motor cycling is by far the most economical method of rapid transport.

Speed, acceleration and hill-climbing capabilities are equal to those of a highly-tuned sports type of car, and the present-day machine runs very silently and is easy to handle. I am tremendously impressed with the stability and comfort of the modern motor cycle—the centre of gravity is very low, and the feeling of security which one gets is really extraordinary.

So many people imagine that vibration is one of the great disadvantages experienced when motor cycling, but nothing could be further from the truth, as it is practically non-existent. Machines to-day are so steady that they can virtually be ridden hands-off at speeds of 60 m.p.h. or even higher, which would be impossible unless they were properly balanced in every respect. The front forks are perfectly sprung and the saddle is as comfortable as any seat could possibly be.

Prices vary considerably, and you can buy a really good light-weight for as little as £25, or you can pay as much as £140 for a powerful machine.

It is refreshing to see that many firms, whose names and reputations were a byword in the trade 25 years and more ago, like Ariels, Triumphs B.S.A., Rudge and Coventry Eagles, &c., are still in that same happy position to-day, which speaks well for the healthy state of the industry as a whole.

British machines, without doubt, have no equal; they are to be seen in practically every quarter of the globe, which, during these days of intensive competition and financial depression, is most gratifying.

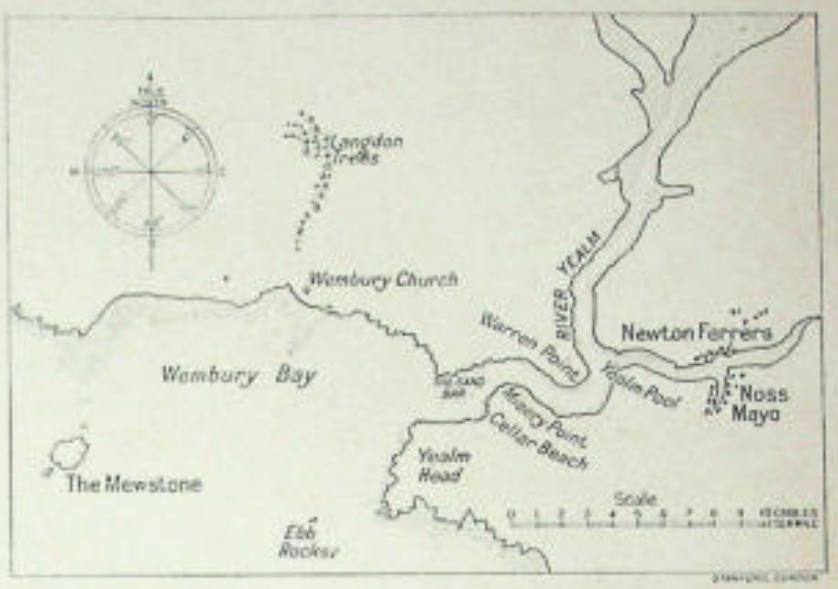
CONTINENTAL MOTORING.—An entirely new publication, entitled *G.B. Touring Abroad*, has just been published by Waterlow's under the editorship of Dudley H. Noble. Every motorist who tours the Continent or Ireland—"old hand" and novice alike—will find it invaluable, for it supplies the exact type of data he requires. Not only does it enable tours to be planned in advance by providing information regarding districts worth visiting, recommended routes to get to them, shipping services, hotels, &c., but it contains road maps, town plans, vocabularies, and other data of a nature invaluable when actually on tour. The book has a stiff cloth cover of a handy size which fits comfortably into the cubby hole of any car. The price is 7/6 or 8/3 post free, and it is obtainable from either the publishers, the editor, the A.A., the R.A.C., Messrs. Autocheques, Ltd., or any newsagent.

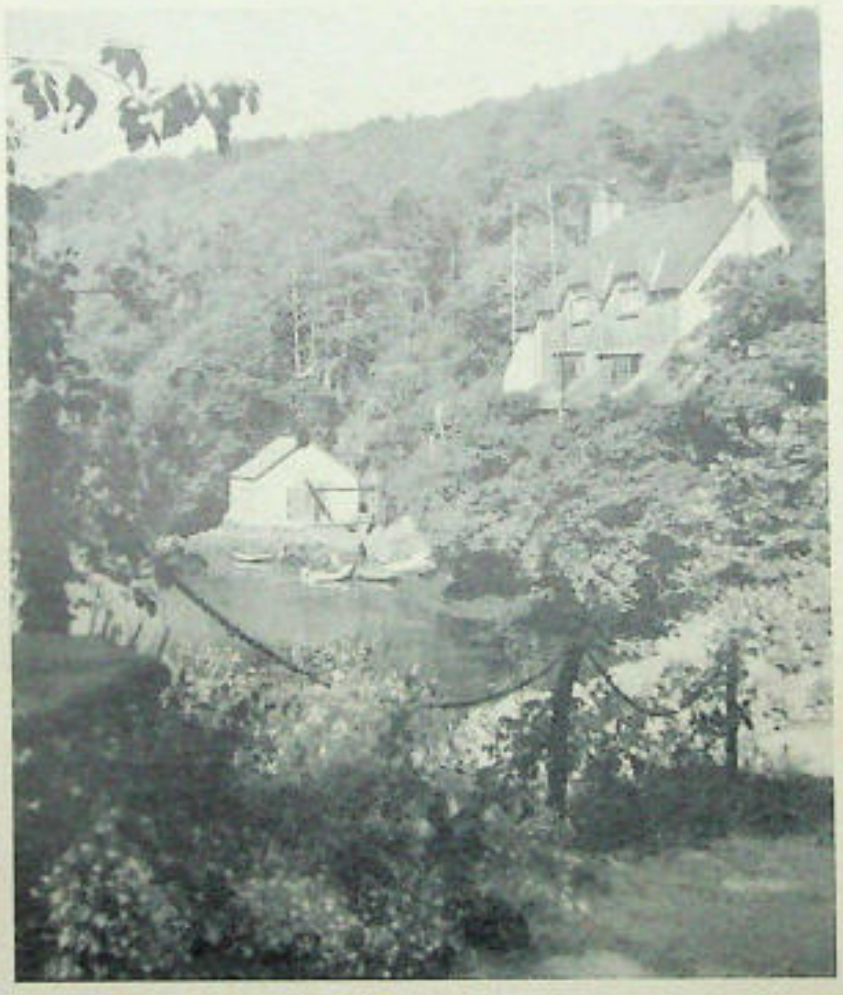
NAVIGATING THE RIVER YEALM

"A Beautiful Haven for Yachts of an Average Draught"

WHEN seeking an anchorage, yachtsmen are not influenced by any scenic qualities; that is, not in the same manner as are motoring parties on the look-out for a good spot for a quiet lunch. The cruising man may have an appreciative eye for beauty, but his choice of some place where he may lie for a night or so is influenced by such things as depth of water and shelter. He wants good holding ground—something in which an anchor will bite. But there is a snag with many ideal anchorages: entrances are difficult, tides may be very hot, and bars seem to lie across the mouth of most rivers.

The River Yealm, pronounced "Yam," is a beautiful haven for yachts of average draught. The entrance is one which requires careful navigation (the Admiralty pilot advises extreme caution and suggests it is best to have local knowledge before one attempts to enter the Yealm), but since the council or harbour commissioners have erected beacons on the north and south banks it is fairly easy to find the channel and avoid running on to the bar.





FERRY COTTAGE AT THE POOL ON THE YEALM

Wembury Church still serves as a mark, its own length inside the western end of Langdon Trees—that is, bearing just east of north, true—for anyone approaching from the south or south-east. It will clear the Ebb Rocks; if there is any error in the course let it be too much east in the bearing! One must hold to this course until the beacons on the cliff above Cellar Beach, south side of the entrance, are in line. They are triangular in shape, or one may prefer to look upon them as starboard hand buoys.

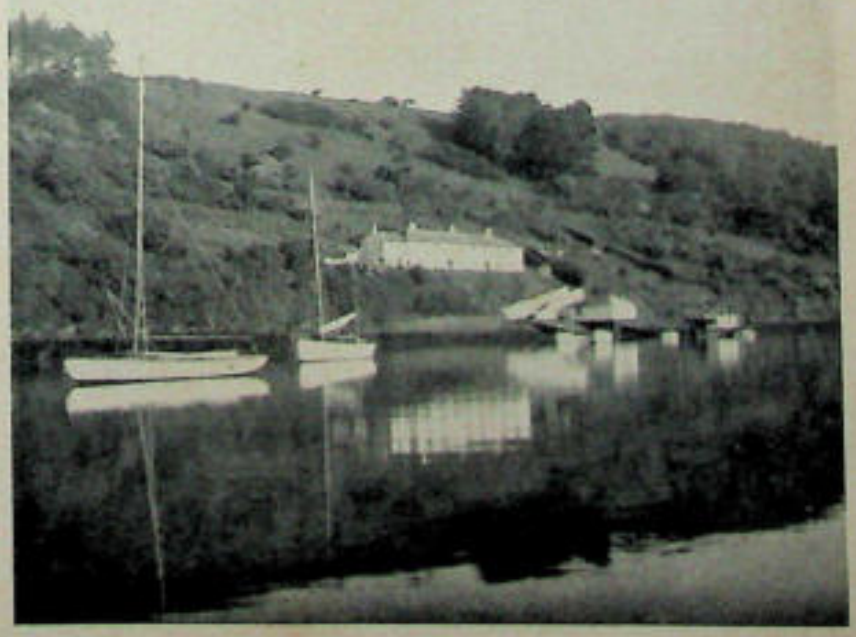
The course will now have to be altered to about 80 degrees and the beacons kept in line, a look-out being maintained to watch for the can-shaped beacons, seen on the port bow, coming into line. The triangular-shaped beacons must now be ignored and great care taken to keep the others absolutely in line. This will clear the bar, but the amount of error permissible is nil. It is advisable to give a reasonable berth to Misery Point, as the water shoals rather more quickly here. A little farther up-river deep water is found on the south or right bank in Yealm Pool. Avoid Warren Point, opposite the pool, as it is shoal for some distance off.

Yealm is one of my favourite harbours. Apart from the fact that it is very lovely, I have found such marvellously quiet water here, especially after driving across the steep seas between Rame Head and The Mewstone. And in the evenings I have found congenial company in the quaint old taverns of Newton Ferrers and Noss, where at high tide one can make fast a dinghy at the portals, as it were.

A well-known firm specialising in the production of anti-fouling paint has a laboratory on the Newton Ferrers side of the river. Iron sheets are coated with the paint and immersed after the fashion of small dagger plates from a raft moored near. I have been told that the Yealm was chosen for this experimental work because worm in the river was particularly bad. However, I notice quite a few boats permanently moored here are not copper sheathed.

I suggest that anyone navigating the river for the first time cannot do better than have before them Admiralty Chart No. 95, Wembury Bay and Yealm River. This can be obtained from J. D. Potter, agent for the sale of all Admiralty charts, 145, Minories.

C. C. WALKER.



A PLACID SCENE OFF YEALM HOTEL



"IT IS A LAND MADE FOR ARTISTS, BEAUTIFUL AND CHANGEABLE BEYOND DESCRIPTION, WITH AN INFINITE VARIETY OF ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS, AND THOSE ALWAYS CHARMING WHITE COTTAGES"

BLUE HILLS AND WHITE COTTAGES

Timeless Contentment in Connemara

STONES, stones, stones—a vast, dominating, ever-changing sky, little glints of water everywhere, and (if you are lucky in your weather) blue hills in the distance—that is Connemara; or at least, that part of it I know best, a little peninsula stretched out into Galway Bay, with the Aran Islands lying nine miles nearer to America beyond.

A lonely country at first sight, and yet hospitable and welcoming in a curious, unexplainable way, and full of kindly people. It is a land made for artists (and fishermen, too), beautiful and changeable beyond description, with an infinite variety of atmospheric effects, and those always charming white cottages, and women in shawls and red petticoats, and old men in short white homespun coats (called bawneens) and pointed wide black hats.

But it must be a hard land to win a living from, a heart-breaking land for all those poor people who pile the stones up into the picturesque little stone walls before they can begin to till the soil. Their fields are tiny patches, which look charming, all different shapes and sizes, but they must be very trying to plough and sow and reap.

Yet the people seem content enough, indeed far more content than most of us in our highly civilised "comfortable" modern existence where one is always rushing to do the next thing, and there is never any time to think or meditate upon life. In Connemara time seems to stand still; there is always to-morrow. "Mañana," the Spanish expression, would awake an echo there. Indeed, the Spaniards and the Irish are very like each other in many ways; you see the same groups of men and boys sitting under walls in the evening in Andalusia as you do in Connemara. They have the same hospitable attitude towards strangers in both countries.

Anything more alien to the English mind than the ways of Connemara can hardly be imagined. I shall never forget my first arrival there. We had got delayed in our journey there by car, and it had grown dusk as we drove along the road from Galway. Mysterious figures looked up in the headlights of the car, sitting silently under the walls by the roadside, or driving cattle along the road, queer figures in shawls, or little white coats and black hats.

I had never been in the West before and it struck me as completely foreign to the rest of Ireland. Particularly as when we stopped to ask the way we found they were speaking a foreign language, foreign to we English-speaking people from Dublin, anyway. Next morning the sun was shining, and going down to the spring well for water we came on a lovely picture of a cottage with the lake and the mountains beyond, and the wonderful sky over all.

Surrounded as they are by the sea, the Connemara people have always been fishermen, and use a very primitive form of boat which, although so frail-looking, is found far better for riding the wild Atlantic waves than a more modern, heavier craft. It is very light, made of canvas stretched over narrow wooden laths, and tarred until perfectly watertight.

This very ancient method of boat building has been practised in the West of Ireland for hundreds of years, and the craft is carried on from father to son. A framework is first laid down, oak hoops fastened across this, and canvas then stretched over it, and securely nailed all round, after which it receives several coats of tar, and is then ready to be launched on the mighty waves. They carry them down to the sea on their shoulders, looking like huge black beetles wandering down the strand in the morning, the men moving in a kind of rhythmic trot, very lightly, in their pampooties, which are cowhide slippers with the hair left on outside.

Arrived on the edge of the water, the boat is lowered sideways, and floats off, the men leaping in as it moves out on the tide. The fishermen are so skilled in manipulating these cockle shells, and can turn them so swiftly, that they are really safer in a wild sea than a heavier boat, which would be swamped. But I can say from experience that a first voyage in one feels like a "really big adventure."

In other parts of Connemara there are rivers to fish and mountains to climb, or shoot over if one feels inclined.

The mountains have a satisfactory way of looking vast, like mighty Alps, and yet being easily scalable in a few hours, or half a day, maybe, so that one has a comfortable sense of achievement without much exhaustion when one stands on a summit, surveying the incomparable beauty of the land and seascape spread around below—blue-grey and purple hills folding into one another in the distance, little islands shining in the blue sea below, and the soft air caressing one's face like velvet.

Colour is everywhere to delight and refresh the eyes, and one can spend whole days just lying in the heather, or on the tops of cliffs, contemplating the beauties of Nature. It is truly a lovely country.

KATHLEEN N. PRICE.



"LOOKING LIKE HUGE BLACK BEETLES WANDERING DOWN THE STRAND IN THE MORNING"



(RIGHT) A CURRAGH BUILDER NAILING THE CANVAS UPON THE FRAMEWORK



AN OLD BULLOCK CART IN THE STREET AT DONAUWORTH

ON ENTERING GERMANY....

Natural and Financial Attractions of the Reich

ONE of the first things you do on entering Germany is to declare all the money you are taking into the country. The Exchange official completes a certificate stating the amount—it is called a Frontier Certificate (*Grenzbescheinigung*)—and with this in your pocket you need have no difficulties whatever about money if you have provided yourself with an adequate amount of Reise (Travel) Mark travellers' cheques beforehand.

There is still a good deal of misconception and misgiving among intending visitors to Germany as to what they may and may not do with Travel Marks; yet the matter is really very simple. Travel Marks, issued at the rate of round about 21.00 to the £ instead of the ordinary silver mark rate of about 12.40 to the £, are available for use within Germany for travelling and hotel expenses, including meals and any other personal expenditure. They may not be used for any purpose outside the country. If, for instance, you wanted a travel ticket from Cologne to London you could pay in Travel Marks only for the journey as far as the German Frontier.

You buy Travel Mark travellers' cheques in advance at any bank or travel agency, and cash them as you require in Germany. Travel Marks may not be taken out of Germany, and any unexpended balance in cash is simply paid into a German bank, who will give a receipt which, when presented at the bank or travel agency from which the travellers' cheques were originally bought, will be refunded in sterling. Otherwise you are at liberty to take out of the country any portion of the moneys declared on your Frontier Certificate.

Obviously, there is nothing in that straightforward procedure to worry anybody. Nor do the new regulations requiring British passports to be visa'd for Greater Germany present any serious difficulties. All you need remember is that there are three types of visa, and that time and trouble is saved by applying specifically for the one you want in the first place—the transit visa, allowing two transit journeys through Germany of not longer than three days each, to be completed within six weeks (cost 3/6); the three-month visa for one journey to and from Germany within that period (cost 13/6); or the twelve-month visa, allowing unlimited journeys to and from Germany (cost 27/-). It is well worth the extra charge of a shilling or two to leave the formalities of obtaining the necessary visa in the hands of a travel agency like Cook's.

Wherever you go in Greater Germany you will find conditions of travel, by rail or road, excellent. And the attractions that have brought Germany and Austria into the forefront of holiday countries are being continually enhanced in one way or another. Few cities are more satisfying to the taste for gaiety or culture than Berlin, with its hundred and one diversions, its museums, art galleries and music. Munich has been called stately. It is more than that—it is full of rich charm and grace, and has added to its artistic attractions a "House of German Art" for the works of present-day German artists. And do not forget that Munich is famous for its beer, while its proximity to the Bavarian Alps makes it an excellent centre for visiting that delectable region, wherein Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberammergau are delightfully situated resorts with a charm all their own.

Cities like Dresden and Frankfurt live still in an atmosphere of medieval romance—the Römer (town hall) in Frankfurt is an unsurpassed example of the survival of old Germanic architecture—and time seems really to have stood still in such picturesque towns as Heidelberg, Nuremberg, Rothenburg and Dinkelsbuhl. Modern conventions and the comfort of luxurious steamers do not rob a voyage on the Rhine of its historical background; the hoary castles, the crumbling battle towers, the vineyards that look down upon the winding river give colour still to legends of the Rhineland.

Few parts of Germany have more appeal for British visitors than the Black Forest, and nowhere has more been done to enable visitors to enjoy the freedom of unspoiled woodland scenery. Good roads and paths radiate in all directions, with abundance of signposts, many of them of quaintly picturesque form. Freiburg, Triberg and Freudenstadt are among some of the loveliest centres for seeing the Black Forest; they all possess a mellow atmosphere in keeping with the beauties of the country.

Railway travel by the principal trains in Germany is rapid and comfortable, and the 60 per cent. reduction in fares on all lines in Germany, which is granted to foreign visitors, makes it very cheap. In other directions, benefiting from Travel Marks, you will find things surprisingly inexpensive. And everywhere you will certainly get good food, good cooking, and good wines.

Germany is a wonderful country for motoring. An ideal of speed with safety is represented by a network of Reich motor roads, which are being rapidly extended through the country. By the end of last year 1,250 miles of these roads had been opened to traffic, and work has been proceeding rapidly on a further 1,250 miles.

The next best thing in road travel is to tour around by motor coach, a branch in which the Germans have attained a very high standard of efficiency and comfort. In this way, you may travel through Rhineland and the Black Forest to Lake Constance, or through Rhineland and the Bavarian Alps to the Tyrol in the space of nine days, including the journey from London and back, and in each case you enjoy a voyage down the Rhine on the return journey.

Everywhere in Germany you will see indications of the modern national enthusiasm for sport. It finds expression in the activities of some 50,000 sports clubs and in public sports meetings, highly organised and eagerly supported. A typical example of comprehensive effort in this direction is the German Sports and Gymnastic Festival, which will take place at Breslau from July 24th to 31st. The main events will be contested in the gigantic Hermann Goering Sports Ground, and every other sports ground in the district will also be used, for some 80,000 men and women will take part in the programme. The provision of a hundred tracks for the 100-metre and 75-metre races, and the use of eighteen bathing pools for the swimming events gives some idea of the organisation involved.

Of the rivers of Germany little need be said, except that they are ideal for a canoeing holiday. Most of them are signposted for canoeists, and there are canoe stations, where one can get a cheap night's lodging all along the banks. The Danube, the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Inn are all good rivers for a canoeing holiday.

It is all part of the new Germany, which you will hardly fail to find as intensely interesting for its spirit of endeavour and progress as for its natural charms.

MARK.



GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN—A DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED RESORT WITH A CHARM ALL ITS OWN



THE ANCIENT ROOFS AND ROAD OF FREIBURG



AN ENGLISH CANOEIST REPAIRING HIS CRAFT ON THE NECKAR

BRIDGE

DUPLICATE PLAY

A Division of Trumps

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

LAST week I stated that it was sometimes more advantageous to play in a suit divided four and four between Dummy and Declarer rather than in one divided five and three or five and four.

A hand illustrating this was provided in the Olympic Competition.

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

A-B vulnerable; Y-Z love.

Now it is an interesting fact that on this hand it is easier to make Six Diamonds rather than Six Spades. Yet Six Spades is the normal final declaration. I do not say that Six Spades cannot be made. But there is a distinct possibility of the loss of a trick in Diamonds and in Hearts. Played at Six Diamonds the contract is easy.

A leads the King of Clubs. Winning with Dummy's Ace, Z takes three rounds of Diamonds, leaving A with the master card in the suit. He now plays Spades, and all A can do is to make his trump. Z gets rid of a Heart in Dummy on the fifth Spade and ruffs his loser. Work this out and you will see that it is so. While if Spades are trumps how is Z to avoid losing two tricks?

I have expressed in these columns my dislike of so-called "psychic" bids. I view them as contrary to the spirit of the game, giving loopholes for undesirable practice and destructive of sound partnership. In match play they are seldom used, and there are very few examples of their successful employment.

At a recent tournament in London, however, a player indulged in one with dire results. This was the hand:

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

A-B game; Y-Z nil. Y the Dealer.

The bidding was:

Y	B	Z	A
No bid	No bid	One Spade!	No bid
Four Spades	No bid	No bid	Double
No bid	No bid	Five Hearts	Double
No bid	No bid	No bid	

After two passes Z, fearing that A had a game hand, made the bluff bid of One Spade, which Y quite legitimately raised to Four Spades. When A doubled, Z, who knew he had deceived his partner, tried to rescue himself with Five Hearts. This also was doubled, and Z made only five tricks, incurring a penalty of 1,100 points. Actually he would have lost less in the Spade contract.

The hand illustrates the fallacy of the psychic bid and of crying out before you are hurt. While after two passes Z can foresee the possibility that A has a strong hand, there is no need for him to anticipate the worst. If he bids at all he should make the genuine bid of One Heart to show a lead in case A goes No Trumps. Even if he passes, A-B cannot, as it happens, get into a game call. In play this hand caused trouble at all the tables, and the best result for Y-Z was at the table where A was left with a contract of Three No Trumps and was one down.

Another psychic which went wrong was in the following hand, played by a Welsh against an Irish team.

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

Both sides vulnerable. Z the Dealer. The bidding at Room 1 was:

Z	A	Y	B
No bid	One Spade	Double	Re-double
Two Diamonds	No bid	Two Spades	Double
Three Diamonds	No bid	No bid	Double
No bid	No bid	No bid	

Here you will see that A, in his endeavour to be "clever," succeeded only in making a present to Z, who won his contract and, as it was played, an overtrick, scoring 820 points.

In the other room A played a contract of Three Clubs and made Four, losing two tricks in Hearts and one in Spades. This was the right contract for A and B.

Now it should be noted that, after Z's initial pass, A should bid One Club. His bluff of One Spade landed him nowhere and only created misunderstanding.

It is worthy of note that in Room 1 A never mentioned his Clubs nor Y his Hearts.

When in the second room A bid Clubs, Y-Z, vulnerable, were content to let the bidding die at Three Clubs.

CHESS

A BRILLIANT ATTACK

For the following game, played in the tournament at Kemeri last year, the Dutch master, S. Landau, was awarded the first brilliancy prize.

(*Queen's Pawn Game.*)

WHITE. Landau.	BLACK. Book.	WHITE. Landau.	BLACK. Book.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. B to Q 2	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	17. R to Q B sq	Q to K 2
3. P to K 3	P to K 3 (e)	18. Kt to K 4 (f)	Kt to Kt 3
4. B to Q 3	P to B 4	19. B to K Kt 5 (g)	Q to K 4 (h)
5. P to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	20. P to B 4	Q to Q 4 (i)
6. Castles	B to Q 3 (b)	21. Kt to B 6, ch (j)	P takes Kt
7. Q Kt to Q 2	Castles	22. B takes Kt	B to B sq (k)
8. R to K sq	Q to B 2	23. R to B 7	B to K 3
9. P to K 4	B P takes P	24. B takes B P	Q takes Q
10. B P takes P	P takes P	25. B takes Q (l)	K R to B sq
11. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	26. B takes P, ch	K to R 2 (m)
12. B takes Kt	R to K sq (c)	27. R takes R	R takes R
13. R to R 4 (d)	Kt to B sq	28. B takes P	B to K B 4
14. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3 (e)	29. R to R 5	Resigns (n)
15. Q to R 5	P to K 4		

(a) In our opinion B to R 4 is the best move here.
(b) B to K 2 is safer (see note d).
(c) Black plays this move (1) so that he can play Kt to B sq, and (2) to support the advance of his King's pawn. If 12. . . . P to K 4, then 13. Kt takes P, Kt takes Kt; 14. P takes Kt, R takes P; 15. Q to R 5, and White gets a winning attack.
(d) This move would have been out of the question if Black had played 6. . . . B to K 2.
(e) 14. . . . P to K Kt 3 would create "holes" at his K B 3 and K R 3. White would continue with 15. Kt to K 4 and (after 15. . . . B to K 2) 16. B to K Kt 5.
(f) Threatening B takes P.
(g) A fine move. If now 19. . . . P takes B, then 20. Q to B 7, ch, K to B sq; 21. Q to R 8, ch, Kt takes Q; 22. B takes Kt, mate.
(h) If 19. . . . Q to K 3, then 20. B to Q B 4 and wins. If 19. . . . Q to Q 2, then 20. Kt to B 6, ch, P takes Kt; 21. B takes Kt with a continuation similar to that which actually occurred. If 19. . . . Q to B sq, then 20. Kt to B 6, ch, P takes Kt (if K to R sq, then B takes Kt); 21. B takes R P, Q to K 2; 22. B to Q 2 with a winning game for White.
(i) Landau has pointed out in *De Schaakwereld* that 20. . . . Q to R 4 is better, White being unable to play 21. Kt takes B because of 21. . . . R to K 8, ch; 22. R takes R, Q takes R, ch; 23. B to B sq, Q to K 6, ch; 24. K to R sq, Q to B 7. He suggests that in reply to 20. . . . Q to R 4 White can play 21. P to B 5. If, in reply, (1) 21. . . . Q takes B P, then 22. Kt to B 6, ch, and wins; if (2) 21. . . . B takes P, then 22. B to Q 2, Q to K 4 (if Q to Q 4, then B to Q B 4); 23. Kt takes B, B takes B; 24. Kt takes R with a winning game for White; or, if (3) 21. . . . Kt takes R, then 22. Kt takes R, R to K 8, ch; 23. K to B 2 and wins for, if 23. . . . R takes R, then 24. Q takes P, ch, K to R sq; 25. Q to R 8, ch, K to R 2; 26. P to B 6, ch, and mate next move.
(j) A fine move.
(k) If P (B 2) takes B, then Q takes P, ch, and wins. If, instead, 22. . . . P (B 3) takes B, then 23. Q takes R P, P takes R; 24. B to R 7, ch, K to R sq; 25. B to K 4, ch, and wins.
(l) White now threatens to win by 26. B takes P, ch, B takes B; 27. R to Kt 4, ch.
(m) If B takes B, then R to Kt 4, ch, and wins.
(n) He is two pawns down and has the inferior position.

TOURNAMENT AT MONTEVIDEO

The following game was played in the second round of the tournament held at Montevideo in March.

(*French Defence.*)

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

(a) Nimowitsch's move. If, in reply, P takes P, then Kt to B 3. White does not play to recapture the pawn, but concentrates on supporting his King's pawn (by R to K sq and B to K B 4) and so keeping it as a wedge in Black's position. If Black attempts to support the pawn at his Q 5 by Q to Kt 3 and eventually B to B 4, the action of these pieces is restricted by the pawn.
(b) If, instead, 8. P takes P, then 8. . . . Kt to Kt 5; 9. B to Kt 5, ch, B to Q 2; 10. B takes B, ch, Q takes B; 11. Kt to B 3, Kt to Q 6, ch; 12. K to K 2, B takes Kt; 13. P takes B, Q to Kt 4.
(c) If 13. Kt takes Kt, then 13. . . . B takes B; 14. Q to Kt 4, P to K R 4 and wins; or, if, instead, B takes B, then Kt takes Kt, ch. The text-move threatens Kt takes Kt.
(d) White should recapture with the Queen. He has, however, already the inferior game.
(e) If 14. . . . B takes B; 15. P takes B, Q takes P, then 16. Kt takes P.
(f) This opens the King's Knight's file for his opponent's King's Rook.
(g) A strong move.
(h) Threatening Q takes Kt.
(i) K takes R is slightly better.
(j) 23. Q to K 3 is better, but after 23. . . . P to B 5; 24. Q to Q 2 (if Q takes P or Q to Q 3, then Q takes B P), Q to R 6; 25. Q to Q 3, B takes P, ch Black has a winning advantage.
(k) If Q takes R, then B takes P, ch, followed by Q to B 8, ch, and wins.
(l) Threatening Q to B 8 mate or, if that is parried, B takes P, ch. White is helpless.

The following game was played in the eighth round of this tournament.

(*Queen's Gambit.*)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Letellier.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Letellier.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	14. B to R 4, ch	K to B sq (d)
2. P to B 4	P takes P	15. Q P takes P	Q to R 4
3. P to K 3	P to Q B 4	16. P to B 6	Q takes B
4. B takes P	P to K 3	17. P takes B	R to Q Kt sq
5. P to Q 4 (a)	Kt to K B 3	18. P takes P	R takes P
6. Castles	P to Q R 3	19. Kt to K 5	Q to K 5 (e)
7. Q to K 2	P to Q Kt 4	20. Q takes P	R to B 2
8. B to Kt 3	B to Kt 2	21. B to R 3	P to Kt 5 (f)
9. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	22. B takes B, ch	R takes B
10. R to Q sq	B to K 2 (b)	23. Q to Q 6 (g)	K to Kt 2
11. P to K 4	P to Kt 5	24. Q takes R	Q takes Kt
12. P to K 5	P takes Kt	25. Q to Kt 4	Resigns.
13. P takes Kt	Kt takes P (c)		

(a) A well-known position in the Queen's Gambit has been reached by transposition of moves.
(b) Black should, instead, play 10. . . . Q to Kt 3. If, in reply, 11. P to Q 5, then 11. . . . P takes P; 12. Kt takes Q P, Kt takes Kt; 13. B takes Kt, B takes B; 14. R takes B, B to K 2; 15. P to K 4, R to Q sq with an even game.
(c) He should, instead, play B takes P. After the text-move White prevents him from castling.
(d) If 14. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 15. Q P takes P and wins for, if 15. . . . B to Q B sq, then 16. P to B 4.
(e) This loses a pawn, but there appears to be no really satisfactory move for Black.
(f) If 21. . . . Q takes Kt, then 22. R to Q 8, ch, Kt to K sq; 23. Q to R 4, P to Kt 3; 24. Q takes Kt, ch and wins.
(g) Threatening Kt to B 6. Black is helpless.

PROBLEM No. 3964

By W. BYAS.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at K R 3, Queen at Q R 2, Rooks at K R 4 and K 8, Bishops at K Kt 4 and Q B 5, Knights at Q sq and Q 7, Pawns at K Kt 3 and K 5.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at Q Kt 7, Bishops at K R sq and K R 2, Knights at Q B 3 and Q B 5, Pawns at Q Kt 4, K 6, Q 6 and Q 7.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3963

1. Kt to Kt 5, P takes Kt (if 1. . . . K to Kt sq, then either 2. Q to R 7, ch or 2. Q to Kt 7, &c.); 2. Q to Kt 7, &c.

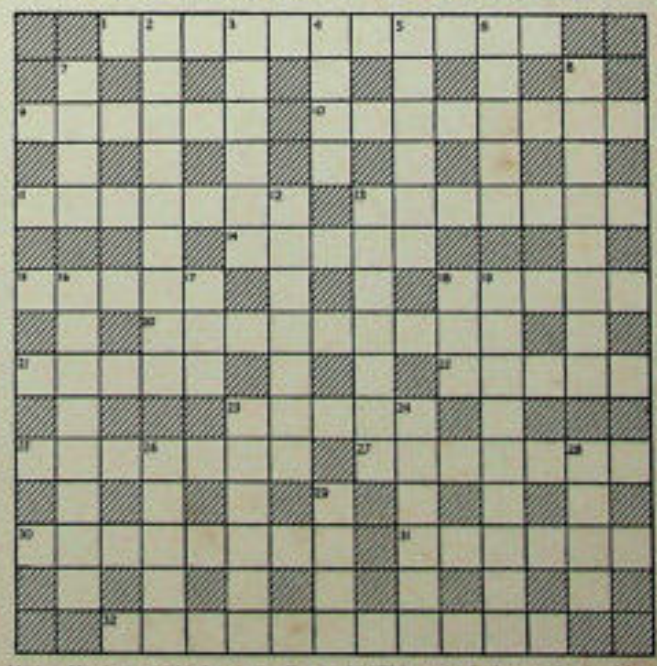
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 467

ACROSS.—1, Bird often unfortunately encountered by those at sea. 9, A rum customer and rum for a customer. 10, Sound timber for rarregorts. 11, Rats to you! 13, Their job is to bolt, others do the shooting. 14, Family histories are all gas. 15, Hero who cannot have taken to water like a duck. 18, Descriptive of the village lass. 20, Tree that can never apparently benefit by experience. 21, Old English Lady. 22, Ladies show the white feather at the death of this. 23, Supposed by the Romans to control fertility. 25, Should this get into a tight squeeze there is bound to be a row. 27, Used to send powder and shot packing home. 30, Creature that may be said to carry its arm in a sling. 31, Not the monkey house, but its inhabitants do swarm. 32, He sounds sure to be, yet need not necessarily be, the village spokesman.

DOWN.—2, Puck plays a great part in this. 3, Contents of the witches' cauldron? 4, Ancient in Othello. 5, No gems for woodland sprites. 6, Ghosts may, especially if not so high. 7, Mister Hindu. 8, Ship's wine cellar? 12, This sort of pigeon pie should go a long way perhaps. 13, Alias blacksmith. 16, Gypsies might be called this—and the T.V. 17, The day before the woman came. 18, Proverbially busy. 19, To make plain. 23, The King and Emperor is in the midst of going pink. 24, After game. 26, Saddle horse's chest measurement. 28, Quickly tidal in Devon. 29, The first fall must be for all those who wish to enjoy Winter Sports.

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. 466

Published May 28th

F	L	A	G	S	T	A	F	F	S		L	E	A	F
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Y	A	F	F		W	A	T	E	R	P	R	O	O	F

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Clearing Pike from a Lochan.—In all probability, if you can get the water fairly low, your best plan will be to lime the water, which will kill off all the pike, large and small. This should not present any serious difficulty in such a small water as this appears to be. It should be allowed to rest, of course, and fresh water run through it for a little while after the effect of the lime has worn off. —*D. R. M., Scotland.*

Identification of Small Trout.—It is quite impossible for anyone to say definitely whether any given trout is a sea trout or brown trout since they are, in fact, the same fish, the difference being purely one of habit. Owing to an ingrained habit of many generations, the sea trout go to sea like a salmon, although, except in a few cases such as Tweed sea trout, they rarely seem to go very far from the coast. Your informant may be perfectly right in saying that they are "estuarian" trout. These are really brown trout which have acquired the habit of feeding in brackish water. They never seem to go far from the river mouth, and consequently cannot be classed as genuine sea trout. They appear to be simply brown trout which find the feeding better in the estuary, and consequently frequent it for feeding purposes.—*W. S. B., Scotland.*

Cricket

What is a "Chinaman"?—The term, as you suggest, is very rarely heard, and in fact, almost entirely confined to professional cricketers. It is the ball bowled by a left-hander as a leg-break, and turns from the off to a right-handed batsman. The origin of the term is unknown.—*H. K., Balham.*

Garden

Adonis Autumnalis.—The *Adonis autumnalis* which you were so surprised to find appears only once in every ten years in a cornfield only when the corn fails, and is an annual. It is impossible to account for this phenomenon.—*E. W. F. C., Blandford.*

Kennel

Keepaway.—We have not tried this preparation, but have been told that it serves the purpose satisfactorily. It is, of course, harmless and would not cause discomfort.—*D. D., Hants.*

Car Sickness.—Several people have assured us that medicinal glucose is a preventive of car sickness. The dose for your dog would be a slightly heaped teaspoonful about half an hour before starting. This is harmless and has no after effects. We know nothing about the other preparation you mention.—*K. D., Devon.*

Whistle for Gundog.—Practically any whistle should answer your purpose. The general impression is that whistling does not disturb the game. It is the human voice that does the mischief. Most men rely upon a whistle of their own manufacture by putting the fingers in the mouth.—*R. N. B., Winkfield.*

Influence of Previous Sire.—The question of the influence of a previous sire, or telegony, as it is called, has often been discussed, and many hold firmly to the belief that such a possibility does exist. There seems to be no scientific foundation for this belief, however, and no evidence has been produced in support of it that can be regarded as satisfactory.—*R. P. H. B., Blackdown.*

Irish Wolfhound.—Some prominent breeders of Irish Wolfhounds in England are: Mr. J. V. Rank, Oaksmough, Godstone, Surrey; Captain T. H. Hudson, Binley House, St. Marybourne, Andover, Hants; Mrs. Nagle, Commera, Sulhamstead, near Reading, Berks. Mr. R. G. Quirk, 23, Eden Quay, Dublin, Secretary of the Irish Kennel Club, might perhaps be able to give you addresses of Irish breeders.—*H. A. E. B., Co. Wexford.*

Border Collie.—What you want to get is one of the little Border Collies that are the principal dogs used in sheepdog trials. You would not be likely to find one of them advertised in South Country papers. The best thing you could do would be to write to Mr. James A. Reid, Secretary of the International Sheep Dog Society, 28, Anderson Street, Airdrie, Scotland. He will be able to tell you where you could get trained bitches of the best breeding as he is in touch with all the breeders.—*M. E. W. T., Tiverton.*

Naturalist

Larvæ of Saturnidæ.—You can obtain larvæ from Mr. L. Hugh Newman, of The Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent. He is breeding in his greenhouses, and in the open in his breeding grounds, larvæ of the various *Saturnidæ*.—*P. E. G. H., Holmbury St. Mary.*

Breeding Giant Moths in England.—These can be bred in an ordinary breeding cage, or the hardier ones may be "sleeved" out of doors on the growing food. You can buy the mineralised tiffany for these sleeves by the yard, and it is certainly the healthiest way of breeding caterpillars, but if we have a cold, wet summer they may get disease, and so we advise you to breed them indoors in a greenhouse, if you have one, on cut food in a breeding cage. They do not need any artificial light, but some of the tropical ones like a little extra heat—although it is not essential for success. We have never heard of anyone keeping more than one kind in the same cage, but I have no record of them eating each other, as quite a number of our British varieties do! We expect you know most of these silk moths will feed on such common shrubs as hawthorn, privet and many of our fruit trees, such as apple, plum and cherry.—*A. S., Grimsby.*

Distinguishing the Sexes in Giant Moths.—It is not an easy matter to distinguish the sexes of the giant silk moths, as the pupæ are always surrounded by a ball of silk, and in many cases leaves are interlaced as well; but a rough guide is by weight. You can generally pick out the females, as they are considerably heavier. You are too late to buy cocoons this year. The majority of these silk moths pair without any difficulty in a small cage, although the moon moths do much better in a room. Quite a good plan is to liberate both sexes in an attic. They must be carefully watched, as they only remain paired for a few hours. Of course, most of the true silk moths stay paired the whole of the day following the night they mate, as our British hawk moths always do. The larvæ of most of them will eat common shrubs such as hawthorn and privet, and all the fruit trees, such as apple, plum and cherry.—*O. C. K., Bideford.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Mange in a Wild Squirrel.—An adult male red squirrel had been killed by a motor car. Its body was sent for post-mortem examination, our correspondent having observed a widespread disease of its skin. Its head, ears and four feet were covered with thick grey-coloured crusts, which were due to a severe infection by mange parasites. In addition, its emaciated body was thickly infested with fleas. The type of mange was that occasionally found in wild rabbits. These rodent forms of mange sometimes infect small dogs which have been enjoying a little rabbiting.—*G. W. H., Somerset.*

Ascariasis of a Bantam.—A bantam cockerel was destroyed after an illness for the previous two or three weeks due to a round worm infection of the bowels known as ascariasis. The owner stated in his letter that several bantams from the flock had wasted and died during the past six months. Possibly they were infected with the same disease since ascariasis is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. The flock should be housed for nine days of treatment, the floor of the house being covered with a thick layer of sawdust or chaff. Each bird should be given a "Nicotine Compound Pill" (Willows Brand), to be followed after an interval of seven days by a second pill per bird. Each day the sawdust and litter should be swept up from the house and burned. On the ninth day the treated birds should be moved on to clean ground. The infected paddock should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 50lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and should be kept free of poultry for at least twelve, preferably for 24 months. The entire interior of the fowlhouse should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. The feeding and drinking utensils should be boiled in water.—*F. D., Essex.*

Coccidiosis of a Pigeon.—The hen fancy pigeon was suffering from a contagious disease of the bowels known as coccidiosis. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. Squabs and pigeons up to two years of age are highly susceptible to the infection. Old birds are much more tolerant; they may harbour the disease and excrete the germs without showing signs of ill-health; such "carriers" of the disease are a danger to a loft containing youngsters. As soon as the youngsters start foraging for food they are liable to pick up the infection from the contaminated food and grit on the floor of the loft. The infected young pigeon (up to two years or so of age) rapidly loses flesh, develops diarrhœa or becomes constipated, the crop is only slowly emptied, thirst becomes pronounced, a drooping wing or lameness develops and eventually the bird dies. Once the disease has been diagnosed, any bird in the loft showing any sign of ill-health should be isolated to a separate cage, which is bedded with sawdust. Treatment consists in the administration by means of a fountain-pen filler of a daily dose of 1oz. of a saturated solution of bartose. If scouring develops, the dose should be withheld for two or three days. Usually some three to four weeks of treatment is necessary, during which period the sawdust must be removed each day from the cage and burned. The litter from the loft should also be burned and its interior should be scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap, drinking and feeding utensils being boiled in water.—*B. F., London.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Active Life of Sporting Cartridges.—We fear it is quite impossible to state how many years your Schultze and Ballistite cartridges should remain serviceable, as all depends on condition of storage. It is doubtful if they could be relied upon after a season in North China. Shotgun cartridges have been known to keep quite well up to 30 years under normal conditions. Should you decide to use the cartridges at a later date, you would be well advised to have them tested for pressure and velocity.—*W. H. S., China.*

Yachting

Barometer Readings.—Actually there is no reason whatsoever why a yacht's barometer—presumably one of the usual bulkhead aneroid type—should not function just as well on shore as afloat. There would, of course, be a slight discrepancy between the mean reading at your house and that of your barometer, since the latter has been adjusted for sea level, but this can in no way interfere with the barometer's real function, which is to indicate *fluctuations* of pressure. Other "glasses" ashore have this year shown just the same wide variations of pressure as has your own—without accompanying rain. To obtain real "weather" forecasting from a barometer one must compare its vagaries with contemporary fluctuations of temperature and humidity. We think that the pressure conditions of the past few months have been too abnormal to be of much use. It might be as well if you sent your barometer to an instrument maker and had its mechanical efficiency checked, but that is all. More normal and stable conditions will, we think, restore faith in its readings.—*E. S., Ware.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

THERE was a full catalogue at Knightsbridge last Monday, when the following were the principal transactions:

HUNTERS

Property of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Rennie, D.S.O., M.C.: Scraggett, b g, by Martin Lightfoot, 90gs.; Melton, bk g, by Reel's Nest, 130gs.; Charles, b g, by Comic Charlie, 60gs. Property of Mr. J. L. Simpson: Westmarth, bk br g, by Rathbonnis, 60gs. Property of Mr. R. C. Faulkener: Stella Boy (1929), b g, by David Garrick—Stella, 180gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith: Galley Slave, b g, by Gallio, 85gs.; St. Anthony, br g, by Santair, 145gs.; Foxbook, br g, by Drinmore, 100gs.; All Alone, ch m, 50gs. Property of Mr. D. P. C. Moseley: Tall Coat, b g, by Polybius, 180gs. Property of Lord Mostyn: Delight, ch g, 170gs.; Duneluane, b m, by Johnny Reebuck, 65gs.; Storm, b g, by Drinmore, 130gs.; Bay Rhum, b g, 120gs.; Acrobat, b g, 68gs. Property of Mrs. McKeever, M.H.: Foursocker III, b g, by Double Bed, 75gs. Property of the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, M.F.H.: Constable, ch g, 50gs.; St. George, b g, 200gs.; St. David, b g, 230gs. Property of Mr. E. G. Ellis: Defender, b g, by Castile, 170gs. Property of Mr. S. Graham: Dungarvin, b g, by Great Falloch, 65gs.; Ballina, b g, by Monnaie, 62gs.; Wild Willie (1930), b g, by Wild Scion—Umpire, 80gs. Property of Mr. H. Sumner, M.F.H.: Hunter's Haven, b g, by Pavilion, 410gs.; Chairman, br g, by Kosciusko, 200gs.; Foam, gr g, by Ashuer, 210gs.; Gold Flake, ch g, 80gs.; Ormond, ch g, by Orbita, 170gs.; Cossack, ch g, 58gs. Property of Major T. Booth: Jump for Joy, b g, by Jackdaw, 56gs.; Broomstick, ch g, by Agadir, 140gs. Property of Mr. F. H. Marsden Kaye: Lady Bird, ch m, 75gs.; Robin, b g, by Vheat, 160gs.; Bracken br m, by Rock Sawyer, 155 gs.; Charles, b g, 75 gs.; Heather, b m, 145gs. Property of Mr. S. Gordon Freeman: David's Beau (1932), bk g, by David Garrick—Beauding, 165gs. Property of Captain R. W. Urquhart: Monymusk (1930), b g, by Herodote—Bongo, 52gs. Property of Mrs. F. Pearson: Old Times, br g, by Englberg, 100gs.; Sherry, b g, by Cylenius, 100gs.; Matador, b g, by Kosciusko, 100gs. Property of Mr. H. Garnett: Rowlock (1931), b m, by Sir Rowland—Lady Whisper, 125gs.; Jack-in-a-Box, ch g, 125gs.

POLO PONY

Property of Mr. G. A. Murray-Smith: Brownie, br pony, 50gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed: and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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W. A. Rouch

MRS. R. GORDON SMITH ON MOONBEAM

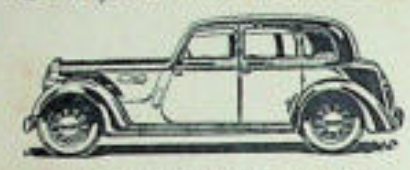
Last year Mrs. Gordon Smith, riding Moonbeam, and Major Faudel Phillips, riding Centurion, won the Pair Hacks Class at Olympia, and they also won the same class at the Royal Counties Show this month

The Hon. Maynard Greville *says* (in "Country Life")

"It may truly be said that this Rover model in its price class now occupies a position equivalent to that of Rolls-Royce in the highest-priced category, and it may quite rightly be called the Rolls-Royce of medium-priced cars. After driving this car for a short time no one can wonder at the general feeling of satisfaction of Rover owners."

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.

THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1451
EDUCATION IN HORSEMANSHIP 1451
WHERE CAVALRY STILL HOLDS ITS OWN. . 1452
DRESSAGE AND ITS TRUE MEANING . . . 1455
A GAY PAGEANT FROM WILTSHIRE . . . 1456
A NEW TYPE OF MARTINGALE 1458
"THE OLD MARE'S FOAL" 1459
THE WILLOW GROUSE 1460
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: MONTGOMERY . 1461
A KENNEL OF GUNDOGS 1462
HERTFORDSHIRE TROUT 1463
A HIGHLAND PONY STUD FARM 1464
LOOKING FORWARD TO ASCOT 1467
IT'S UP TO ENGLAND'S BATSMEN! 1469
A DECISIVE WALKER CUP VICTORY . . . 1470
DAPPING IN IRELAND 1473
POULTRY AND THE NATION 1476
WIGHTMAN CUP FACTS 1478
WHITSUNTIDE YACHTING 1478
POLO PONIES FROM THE UNITED STATES AND THE ARGENTINE 1482
FROM A CROP OF OATS TO A POLO GROUND . 1484
WESTCHESTER CUP PRELIMINARIES . . . 1486
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1488
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1488
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1488
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Wild Life in India; Treatment for Bright's Disease?; Character and Intelligence in Dogs, &c. . . . 1489
IN THE CITY 1496
NEW BOOKS 1497
A "JORROCKS" COMPETITION 1499
HEUCHERAS AND PYRETHRUMS 1500
HOUSING RURAL WORKERS 1500
ROYAL COUNTIES AT BOURNEMOUTH . . . 1505
GREAT GOOD HORSES OF THE SHIRES . . . 1507
IMPRESSIONS OF THE LANCHESTER ROADRIDER DE LUXE 1508
DOWN THE WATERS OF THE RHINE . . . 1510
THE RICH VARIETY OF BELGIUM 1512
CARDS AND CHESS 1515
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1516

THE MENACE OF BRACKEN

DURING recent years the increase of bracken on the higher ground throughout the country has become most marked. In certain areas it is one of the chief menaces that the farmer and the landowner has to face. To the latter class especially it represents a real source of loss as light grazing lands which might otherwise be a source of revenue simply pass out of the area of active husbandry. Moreover, bracken is a cause of grave anxiety in the shooting world at the present time. Its spread reduces year by year not only the acreage but also the quality of the heather harvest, and where heather fails the red grouse must either migrate or perish.

Quite how widespread this extension of the bracken-infested areas is, it is hard to say, but it would be fair to suggest that in the United Kingdom at the present time it is not less than a million acres, the great majority of which are otherwise capable of supporting sheep. In times like the present when the Government has under consideration a long-term policy of food storage, such an extent of grazing acreage represents thousands of tons of shipping in the event of an outbreak of war. While in the loss of a heather crop it means, taken over a period of years, that a moor which once commanded a high rental, with the consequent employment created, sinks to a second or third class level, and eventually perhaps ceases to harbour a stock of grouse. This applies, of course, in particular, to the outlying beats of big moors, and to the smaller shootings.

Everything, therefore, that is possible should be done to eliminate bracken, and the present month is the time when destructive measures are most likely to meet with success, at a time when the young fronds are susceptible to cutting or crushing. The Scottish Department of Agriculture subsidises the purchase of bracken-destroying machinery by farmers, and the Ministry of Agriculture is beginning to take steps in the matter. It would seem that they might well consider putting bracken on the Index—*i.e.*, adding it to the public enemies enumerated in the Noxious Weeds Act. It is, perhaps, asking rather a lot of the private owner of, say, 3,000 acres of potential upland grazing for which he receives practically no rent, and certainly no profit, to spend a sum which may well run into four figures on the clearing of bracken. Subject to certain guarantees as to the future care and use of land so treated it would seem that here would be an opportunity where State interference in agriculture would be not only useful but necessary. To the proprietors of shootings it would seem that the employment of one or two of their keepers, and such casual labour as can be readily obtained, in keeping down bracken would represent a capital investment that would add many brace of grouse to the yearly yield of a moor.

There is, however, one circumstance which must be considered in favour of bracken. Recent experiments are believed to show that cut bracken suitably treated with Adco will provide a very valuable manure. Thus a foe to agriculture may, in some cases at least, become its friend, and although the harvesting of such a crop cannot solve the problem in areas where the entire elimination of bracken is desired, it may provide a use for a growth that till now has had little to commend it.

ALDERSHOT'S TATTOO

THE jade, Rumour, has lied again. She said that the 1938 Tattoo at Aldershot was to be the last, and that we were to be robbed of an entertainment which has become one of the most popular functions of the calendar. However, at the top of the programme we read that "the Tattoo will be presented as usual in 1939, and thereafter as Service conditions permit." The end of the Tattoo would have been a great loss to all concerned—the civil population would no longer have been able to see what can be done by well-trained men under efficient leadership, and the Services would have foregone a most effective method of recruiting, for who can deny that at the Tattoo their blood is stirred, that they take a pride in the British fighting forces, which, for so many people, lies dormant for the rest of the year? The 1938 programme is exceedingly good—in our opinion better than any before—but if one item may be singled out for special praise it is the Drill Display by the 1st Guards Brigade, an event in which 600 men become more truly one than we have ever yet seen. There is an ominous tone in the words "as Service conditions permit," and it is a pious hope that the Aldershot Tattoo will continue for many years to come as an indication that Europe is still at peace, if for no other reason.

AT LAST!

For years the *Field* has been advocating bands and drums and route marches in order to attract recruits to the Territorial Army. By the fact that a Territorial Army Public Interest Committee is solemnly required to consider such a very obvious means of notifying the youth of the country that the force exists one might imagine the idea to be something quite new. But before the War Territorial route marches took place regularly in London and other towns, and now that Lord Nuffield has added his voice to ours this sensible proceeding is likely to be revived. The dignity of the Territorial Army has suffered a good deal from silly suggestions, not the least of them being concerned with the employment of girls as recruiting agents. The band strikes the proper martial note.

A LONG DELAYED TRIUMPH

Nine times in sixteen years British teams have challenged the Americans, only to suffer overwhelming defeat and humiliation in the Walker Cup matches. The American amateurs, whether in their own country or in Great Britain, were always so superior that British golfers acquired an inferiority complex which grew stronger with the years. Now that spell has been broken; American golfers have been proved beatable. Young golfers, some with reputations still to make, were given their chance, and succeeded where their more famous predecessors had failed. The selectors departed from traditional slackness and by judicious tactics did their part so well that they deserve much credit, together with J. B. Beck, the non-playing captain, for the victory. Losing is a novelty for the American team, but its members have shown that they can be as good losers as good winners. This British success will provide keener competition for the future.

SALMON AND THE DROUGHT

Though the long spring drought has been broken by heavy rain in many parts the spates have come too late to alter the verdict, be it guilty or not guilty, on the spring fishing, now at its end. It has been a curiously uneven spring for salmon rods; a few rivers like the Spey have had an excellent season despite low water; indeed, few of the east coast streams but have been able to show a fair measure of sport; on the west coast the season has been disastrous. It looks uncommonly as if this year, once again, we are to have that sharp division between east and west, between plenty and dearth, which seems so mysterious in this country of small distances. Drought alone will not account for the shortage of salmon. Nor does the apparently logical explanation of the difference in the feeding conditions of the North Sea and the Atlantic really get us much farther, since marking experiments show that a good number of salmon from the east coast make sea migrations to the Atlantic. Spates now, in time for the grilse run, may throw some light on the mystery.

FLAMING JUNE

Those who read Dr. Bradford's article on rose pruning and tried out his theory of light pruning, even though they may have only done so this spring, can perhaps congratulate themselves now on having roses when even the bushes in the famous Regent's Park borders are bare of flower. The first blooms were certainly out in a not very pleasant May, and though the early ones were frost bitten, their successors are now improving rapidly. Early June has not lived up to its reputation in many respects. It is sad to see delphiniums in many places bearing meagre spikes, and the flower borders with stunted growth as a result of the late frosts. A few showers and a little warm sunshine may remedy matters, but June has a lot of leeway to make up.

SEMPER VIRENS

Honour still lives although the sword may rust,
And the strong hand that wielded it be dust;
While, from the echo of a braver day,
Arise the age-old dreams of chivalry.

Gone is the Lancers' pennon: and the lance
Broken maybe, but in no proud advance;
No squadron turned, no horsemen put to flight,
Just laid aside as useless in the fight.

Gone the proud trappings of the Lancers' fame,
Gone, like the lance which gave to them their name;
The shaft is broken—the brave splendour dies,
But honour lives: and youth's divine surmise.

M. D. CAMERON.

"FIELD" GAME FARM CERTIFICATES

It is proposed to re-inspect all Game Farms holding the "Field" Certificate during 1938 and issue new certificates in the place of the former ones. The proprietors of Game Farms holding this certificate or anxious to have it awarded are requested to communicate with the Shooting Editor of the "Field."

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

LIKE a trumpet to the imagination, if like an elegiac flute to the emotions, such is a collection of what are sometimes called "bygones." If these "bygones"—a miscellany of antiquated agricultural implements, cottage ornaments, masons' tools, familiars of the pre-mechanical, farmhouse routine, and the like, things priceless and unpriced—have been amassed by personal search, by buttonholing labourers, gaffers, craftsmen of all types, and personally scoured, derusted, oiled and ticketed, then all the wonders of the magic shop in the *Peau de Chagrin* become so much lumber beside such treasures picked up from the middens of antiquity. All are antiques, not by date but by sad virtue of their obsolescence. It is true that in the act of being labelled and ranged on a shelf or hung in rows, they suffer the withering change of becoming specimens and exhibits. Use has been drained out of them like juice from an orange. But their proud owner can never forget that a sweating hand swung this mortising axe, that cunning fingers adjusted this shell-augur and thirsty lips quaffed the bossed aperture of this harvest bottle. No rust can obscure the magician touch of the human hand upon them; no dust weigh down the wings of human thought that by means of these simple rough-hewn tools has garlanded the earth and made it richer than it was.

Humble enough many of these tools may be; they do not show off; they were made to fit the horny hands of workers as humble as themselves. Yet how much never-to-be-written history is encrusted upon them! what ardour and endurance! what skill and taking thought! I have a rough-looking "plough," made by the local carpenter for grooving the flutings or mouldings in church-timber, mouldings to whose architectural graces and delicacies in light and shade learned men have filled whole shelves of praise in libraries. That clumsy tool has wrought manfully in its day to build the *civitas Dei*. I have three corn-sickles picked up quite casually from this rubbish-heap or that. Yet each one is different in make and design, the long curve of the saw-edged blade varying from shoulder to tip in such a way as to reveal the quintessential principle of the curve as one of æsthetic study and unconscious art among the meanest of artisans.

We admire the Luttrell Psalter for the exquisite harmonies of its colours. But not less worthy of reverence are the very blades that cut the corn in its pictures. I have a Sussex sheep-crook of the older wrought-iron type, or "sheep-hooke," as Mascal called it in 1596, and mine may be of any date between then and 1850, and was probably made at Pyecombe, Kingston or Falmer, the ancient centres of that now perished traditional industry. It would be impossible to find a single crook among the thousands made when sheep-farming was an integral part of England's life that was the spit of another. My "gaide" or tail-piece curling in upon itself only goes once round, but many go three or four times round, simply, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "for the handsomeness of the same." I have a grain-scoop, a mere dip for lifting a handful of corn from the bin. Yet so much sheer devotion has gone to the shaping of this most elementary of tools that it is cut in a single piece out of lime-wood: the bowl is quite perfect in form and poise, and the handle is slightly up-tilted so that the hand may fold about it in a manner that might be called a caress.

The oldest thing I have in my treasury is a stop-chamfered doorpost rescued from a twelfth-century cottage in Wincheombe, the old capital of the Mercian Kings, after it was pulled down. The capital of this oak doorpost is carved with a chevron and lozenge pattern, such as is a constantly recurring motive on the lintels, jambs and tympana of late Norman doorways in parish churches. But the decorative treatment of this humdrum cottage doorpost is quite different from that of ecclesiastical buildings. Who lived in the cottage—the swineherd, the reeve, or some even humbler borderer that spent half his time tilling his lord's fields? No matter: his cottage was adorned like the Mansion of the King of Kings. And so I know by the evidence of this piece of carved domestic timber that there was once a time that we call barbarous, illiterate, childish, when there was not an Englishman living who put his hand to a normal day's work without being an artist to his finger-tips.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily paper under a paragraph headed a "Plague of Foxes":

"Four miles of marsh and pasture land between the Royal St. George's golf links, Sandwich, this year's open championship course, and the village of Worth, Kent, is beset by foxes. There is a plague of them, their burrows and holes abound in bunkers and fairways on the links, in orchard and cottage gardens, and in pairs they slink through the village streets at night."



EDUCATION IN HORSEMANSHIP

Olympia and its Service to Equitation

By R. ANSELL WELLS

GROOMS, as a class, are very shrewd people and have a happy knack of apt description and trenchant phraseology, an outstanding example of which always seems to be afforded by a man who was once in my employ and used to refer to the International Horse Show as "The Olympia." The International Horse Show is, no doubt, a correct and quite adequate name, but it is certainly not easy to say or convenient for repeated use in conversation, and so the show to which it refers has come to be known simply as "Olympia," but "The Olympia" is much better. No one who is interested in horses would ever think that "Olympia" could mean anything else but the Horse Show which is, for them, *the* show of the year.

It may be wondered why this show should take precedence over any of the others. Most people who have to do with horses are themselves practical horsemen, and as such might be thought to prefer taking an active part in a less important show, to the purely passive one of being paying spectators at the chief show of the year, but such is not the case. Throughout the ten days for which the show lasts they turn up in their thousands, both in the afternoon and in the evening, and many of them are regular attendants and find plenty to interest them for the whole ten days.

There lies the secret. Their interest is maintained for the whole duration of the show; "The Olympia" provides them with just that opportunity which enthusiasts desire and need, the opportunity of seeing the things which we are keen on, done superlatively well. Without regular doses of a tonic such as this people are apt to lose sight of the high standards which should be everyone's aim, and to become content with the mediocre which will, in time, become the standard of their successors.

In this way the International Horse Show helps to keep us all up to the mark and to remind us every year that there are fields yet to be conquered. In the fulfilment of this task it brings together in London the pick of the world's horses and horsemen, and thereby does another service. No single person can ever hope to know all that there is to know about horses, but he, or she, can at least try to acquire as much knowledge as possible, and knowledge is the outcome of experience.

When so many experts are gathered together in the same place at the same time they all profit from the association with each other, each learning something from the other, and the not-so-expert can only learn from the experts. Not everybody can benefit from the discussions at first hand, but they can profit from the example which is set by these experts while they are in the ring, and will later profit from their discussions in an indirect manner, either from books or from the introduction of new ideas which will soon spread among all those interested in horses.

This show also serves in a great measure to maintain our reputation as horsemen abroad, where, largely owing to a lack of appreciation of the conditions under which we use our horses and a scarcity of British competitors in foreign shows, it is sometimes in danger from people who write, as one foreign authority did the other day, that "The English, on the whole, have not a really systematically developed system of schooling. They rely on the excellent character of their horses."

The displays which are now so much a feature of the show are arranged to provide a spectacular appeal and play a valuable part in attracting the general public, who now seem to realise that the International Horse Show is, as well as everything else, first-class entertainment; not only is it first-class entertainment, but it is entertainment with a great deal of what is now called "propaganda value," and the comments of the less horse-minded members of the public bear ample testimony to the efficiency of that propaganda.

A few years ago he who listened to the conversation of his neighbours was certain to hear some remarks which were amusing by reason of the complete ignorance which they betrayed, but nowadays the reverse is the case and the conversation of even the most "unlikely looking" individuals shows a real appreciation of the finer points of the performance which they see, and a genuine desire to learn; enthusiasm is the dominant note.

Some few years ago there was a danger that this great show would have to be discontinued and this, though very alarming at the time, has proved a great blessing. The sudden danger to an institution served to arouse the public who, as usual, were so wont to take such things for granted. The history of those difficult days is now common knowledge, as is also the very satisfactory solution which was eventually arrived at, which has placed the International Horse Show on a sound footing and has assured its future.

Those who have devoted so much time and energy are to be congratulated upon the outcome of their efforts, particularly so as this year will set the seal upon their achievements. The Federation Equestre Internationale have offered the international dressage tests to the management of Olympia, and negotiations have now been completed, with the result that these will be held at the International Horse Show.

It is the first time that they have ever been held in England, and the decision which has been arrived at forms a fitting climax to the endeavours of the directors, as it rounds off their achievements by bringing to Olympia the past masters of an art which has hitherto not received very much recognition in this country, which has suffered abroad in consequence.

The truly remarkable progress of our great horse show in the last few years can be taken as indicative not only of good management, but of growing appreciation of the horse and all that he stands for. The fact that this year the show attains a peak of achievement never approached before speaks well for the country as a whole, and holds out prospects of a great future; nothing succeeds like success, and it is the successes of the past few years which have made possible this year's splendid show, which will in turn have its effect in the years to come and do more than ever to promote a knowledge of, and a true appreciation for, all that is best in horsemanship and horse-mastership.



ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS AT THE HANOVER CAVALRY SCHOOL

While the British Army is dispensing with its Cavalry as fast as it can, the Continental Powers still recognise its value as a force and as a training good for developing initiative

WHERE CAVALRY STILL HOLDS ITS OWN

The School at Hanover and its Influence on German Army Training

By Dr. H. T. SCHORN

SIMILAR aims to those of the French "Ecole de Cavalerie" at Saumur, have been pursued at the German school at Hanover. It was started after the war of liberation against Napoleon in the year 1816, under the name "Riding Institute," by King Frederick William III of Prussia, but after four years of existence the name was changed into "Lehreskadron" (namely, squadron for model riding), its chief being called "director," while the seat was Berlin, where it changed its barracks several times.

The first director was Colonel von Sohr, commander of the Zieten Hussars and Knight of the Order "Pour le Mérite." For about ten years Prussia had been involved in war, and there were such severe losses in horses through service and defective training that a system for riding was needed. Colonel von Sohr's chief work at the institute was his riding manual, which became the prescribed *règlement* for the Prussian cavalry for just half a century, till 1866. I had a chance to look through a copy of 1825, which shows that the subject is treated with much thoroughness and application, and the riding methods appear to be quite modern.

Three riding classes were arranged—one for ordinary soldiers serving three years, the second one for non-commissioned officers and men bound to a longer term of service, and the other for officers and special corporals. The different exercises are explained by means of clear sketches, and at the end are some sheets showing the different positions of the rider using German and Hungarian saddles, the hold of bridle, and the working of the curb-bit and the different bridle-bits.

During the revolution of the year 1848 the "Lehreskadron" was dissolved, but renewed soon after by royal decree of King Frederick William IV under the original name of "Military Riding Institute" and transferred to Schwedt, on the Oder river. An outstanding riding master there was E. F. Seidler, one of the great masters of all ages. Xenophon, the Italian Grisо, the Frenchman Pluvinel, the Marquis of Newcastle, and the German Huenersdorf were his predecessors, the Germans Seeger, Rosenberg and Steinbrecht and the Englishman James Fillis his successors.

Seidler took part as a volunteer with the East Prussian cavalry regiment in the campaign of 1813–15, and afterwards conducted a riding school in Konigsberg, where he trained restive horses with good results. He was a man of rare abilities, one who could not be overlooked, and therefore the Prussian Government appointed him as military riding instructor. For 40 years he was connected with the institute, an enthusiastic lover of the horse, always anxious to do justice to this noble animal by teaching how it should be ridden. His book *Training the Horse* is a standard work which appeared in new editions towards the end of the nineteenth century and is still worth being considered. There is more individual independence in it than in an abstract army manual, more spirit and passion, and therefore a more personal touch with an ambitous horseman.

Of course, our modern competitions at international tournaments, with their instructive results for all concerned, have disposed of some of his views, and so they do not hold good any longer; but even in our day there is hardly one with better knowledge of the horse's anatomy than Seidler. He knew all the bones from the forehead to the tail and also the play of muscles in connection with the horse's movement. So from a physical view Seidler can still be our instructor, as he has not been surpassed by anyone. His geometrical constructions of the resting and moving horse, his static calculations and his interesting imaginative deductions show a sound judgment.

When the Kingdom of Hanover was annexed by Prussia in 1866, the Military Riding Institute was transferred to its former capital, where it occupied in the beginning the buildings of the royal stables of the Leinecastle. It disposed of 99 trained horses



KING FRIEDRICH WILHELM III OF PRUSSIA, FOUNDER OF THE GERMAN MILITARY RIDING INSTITUTE IN THE YEAR 1816

From a painting by Franz Krueger

and 16 remounts, but the number soon rose to more than 500 horses, as the staff was increased and a new non-commissioned officers' riding school added.

The new riding *règlement* came out at the same time without any fundamental changes; it showed even the same illustrations, and only gave the contents in a more condensed and simple way. It was in force until 1882, when the Emperor William I substituted another for it which was valid till 1912, when a new riding order was issued, which has outlived war and revolution.

Those riding *règlements* have no more value for military persons than compiled grammars for school-boys. What counts here and there is the personal factor, the master, who explains the rules. The master gives life to the book; he completes it; he sometimes surpasses it.

Good riding in the Military Riding Institute was more the work of its excellent commanders than of voluminous army prescriptions. Superior officers of mark like von Sohr, von Sydow and von Witzendorff in Schwedt and, later on, von Krosigk, von Willich and von Mietzlaff in Hanover prove this to the hilt. The old riding system with some shortcomings and defects was altogether much better than is frequently believed to-day. It is useless to argue here with theories, but facts speak for themselves.

General Reinhold von Eben mentions in his book *Das Jagdreiten* a trail of the year 1894, which took place under the Commander von Krosigk and covered a distance of 25 kilometres (about fifteen English miles). There was a field of 149 riders, who finished a gruelling ride in the good time of 52 minutes. All horses were in splendid condition; only two were found lame of the forefoot. General von Krosigk was mounted on Trudchen, a mare which carried James Fillis one day when he took part in a difficult cross-country ride while visiting the Riding Institute. After a gallop of six kilometres the horse's zeal had cooled and he settled into a well-balanced, composed movement, making sparing use of an immense amount of reserve strength, all the result of excellent training.

Cavalry-Captain von Eben was the Master of Hounds, and knew English horses and country quite well. He devotes a special chapter of his book to English hunting, in which he had taken part during a visit to Narford Hall, in Norfolk, in March, 1890. The field met at Grisly Green, and a few days later, at the racecourse at East Winch, the captain had the honour of being introduced to the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who both addressed him in excellent German.

Captain von Eben bought many foxhounds in England for the hunts of the Riding Institute; these he trained so well that they had few equals. In addition to its own requirements, the Riding Institute was a sort of clearing station for other cavalry regiments which arranged hunts and needed hounds. To meet their demands the institute had 60–70 packs of hounds at the time Cavalry-Captain von Eben left.

A few words may still be said of the institute's horses, which are also known by the name "Stammbullen," viz., "mustered bulls." Most of them are East Prussians, bred at Trakehnen, wiry animals with much spirit, and temper, always anxious to tackle any sort of obstacle. They demand a great amount of independence, of freedom to stretch and bow, and very much resent any unnecessary checking, especially in front of a jump. By their excellent training they have a pace which does not suit every rider, and so it happened one day, during a great army inspection, that even staff officers who usually rode them well on this occasion could not master them, and in the presence of the German Emperor the "Stammbullen" stampeded in all directions. Many riders who smile at this would most likely have shared the fate of these unfortunate officers, mounted on such "wild animals."

As far as the home of the Military Riding Institute is concerned, a new, more spacious building was created in the village "Vahrenwald," just outside the town, which was occupied in the year 1876. It is still the seat of the "Kavallerieschule," as the Riding Institute was renamed after the Great



THE 25-KILOMETRE TRAIL IN 1894
After a drawing by A. Stavke

War, but now it is an integral part of Hanover, as the village Vahrenwald was incorporated in the year 1893.

After the Great War the riding grounds of the Cavalry School, the famous "Vahrenwald Heath," were mutilated, first through the extension of the Elbe–Rhine Canal and, furthermore, through the construction of a great airport. So riding possibilities were rather cramped and narrowed down, and as the old barracks of the year 1876 do not come up to modern requirements, a change was planned some time ago, which will soon take place. Some time this year the Cavalry School will be transferred to the north of Potsdam in the neighbourhood of the training camp Doeberitz, where already extensive buildings have been erected.

* * *

And now for some details about the modern art of riding in the Cavalry School!

Although the Great War was followed by the political November revolution, which destroyed Monarchy and militarism, and even paved the way for an international Communism, the work of the pre-War Military Riding Institute was carried on, and it was a good thing that it could start afresh unfettered by obnoxious red tape.

At the International Tournament at Amsterdam before the War German riders failed to win any laurels, and they knew why. Now was the time to learn, to unlearn and to reflect; other riding methods were carefully considered, and the Italian riding style soon found enthusiastic followers.

After the political revolution there was a revolution in riding, which originated in a sort of emancipation of the horse. The horse received more consideration, and it was realised that it was willing to give its very best only to those who thoroughly understood it. A return to Nature took place. Nature's pre-disposition was the real matter, and the rider's artificial moulding was disposed of once and for all. So old-fashioned dogmas were given up: there was a start of a new doctrine. Everyone began to realise that riding is nothing absolute, but rather dictated by a comprehensive knowledge of the horse's anatomy and the laws of movement.

Here German scholars and instructors helped to find new ways. Following the analytical researches of the horse's actions by Professor Reinhold Schmattz, the veterinary surgeon-general, and Dr. Haase, of the Cavalry School, explained in a new, unprejudiced way the relations between the moving horse and the reacting rider, as well as the different actions of the mount.

There were new conclusions from the very beginning in contradiction to the existent military ideas. Dr. Haase admitted only six constellations of a walking horse, while the old army prescription accepted eight, and Professor Schmattz explained differently the walk of a saddle and draught horse, that led him to accept only four constellations of the saddle horse. Together with Major von Haugk, of the Cavalry School, Dr. Haase found in the swept Manège his new view of the walking movement confirmed again and again.

The philosophy of technical art always returns to the philosophy of life, and the laws of statics and mechanics can always be proved in the living animal. Accepting this view, Dr. Haase laid down the principle that no one can teach riding or ride properly without knowledge of the inner process of the horse's movement in concordance with the rider's aids.

When the horse moves, a ring of muscles stretching from the neck over the back to the hind foot start to vibrate. This movement of muscles is in order when they all work in a uniform and fluent way without disturbing each other. Groups of strong muscles unite at the pelvis and the thigh bones, which fact leads to the conclusion that the chief work of movement starts at the hindquarters in a pushing way. The rider has to control the moving forces of the hindquarters and to act on the horse from behind.

Dr. Haase's theory of a symmetrical oscillation of the vertebral column at each movement is more fully explained and developed in Major Leopold Bechmer's publications, which influenced very strongly the new conception of riding in the Cavalry School. When speaking of the vertebral column we usually think just of a limb of nature like any other limb, and not of its central vibrative



LIEUTENANT BRINKMANN OF THE GERMAN CAVALRY SCHOOL
One of the winning team at the Olympic Games



A REMAINING STRONGHOLD OF ARMY TRAINING IN GREAT BRITAIN. A COMBINED JUMP AT THE EQUITATION SCHOOL AT WEEDON



ANOTHER EUROPEAN ARMY WHICH DOES NOT NEGLECT ITS HORSES
Czechoslovakian cavalry on manœuvres

power which sets the whole system of the body into motion. It is the transverse vibration of the vertebral column which causes the alternate play of limbs, a process which has never, or only very rarely, been realised in the past, as can be seen by its defective representation in art.

It would lead too far to discuss here the connection between the whirring vertebral column and the muscle-joints of the pelvic bones and the longitudinal oscillations of neck, chest and hips. The upshot of the major's researches is the proof that the rider has to oscillate quite in the same way as his horse, and that riding is only a swinging seat.

In another way the Director-General of the Army Veterinary Department, Dr. Simon, explained in different lectures to the Cavalry School officers the equipoise of the horse and the statics and mechanics of the horse's skeleton, hereby treating the mechanics of riding, which is so well described in a booklet of the St. George's publishing firm. According to this publication the horse is comparable to a motor-car, the lung being the motor, the fore-legs the front wheels, the vertebral column the axle, the hip-joint the cardan-gear and the hind-legs the back wheels. The back wheels push the burden of the car towards the rolling front wheels in the manner of a moving horse.

All these views were put into practice and instructive lectures were delivered by Cavalry School officers. Among them I may mention cavalry captain Voigt's lecture on "Physical Training of the Horse," published in *Reitwissenschaftliche Vorträge* (1931), which proved up to the hilt that the lesson mentioned had been taken to heart.

In consequence a new style of riding came into being. The horses began to show more fire and *élan* and the riders more concomitant subtle movement; they began to grow into their mounts like centaurs; riding became more a physical exercise and training for horse and rider than ever before. Mental training and riding helped each other in a most successful way and overwhelming victories of the Cavalry School officers at the great international tournaments proved the efficacy of their new riding system.

* * *

When in May, 1931, General Preusser bade a hearty welcome to the victorious officers on their return from Rome, he referred to the failure at Turin just 20 years ago. That black day was not meant to last for ever, and Phœbus was expected to rise soon again out of darkening clouds. Everything was done in teaching, training, learning and observing, to come to the front once again, and even the sad end of the Great War could not subdue the hopeful heart of a courageous rider. Three times the officers returned home from the Eternal City as victors before they could claim the prize of the Duce as their own.

When they came back victorious from America, I attended a lantern lecture on this trip by a member of the team, Kurt Hasse. Lieutenant Hasse visited America for the first time and was much impressed by everything he saw. The German officers got a hint about American ways of jumping and found means to jump just a little bit higher than usually, so that they were able to clear the movable bars. When the turn came to Lieutenant Hasse himself it was left to him to seal the German victory, and in clearing the last obstacle he saw one of the American judges stamping on his top-hat.

International Equitation contests at the Olympic Games were introduced at Stockholm in 1912 and led to a pronounced Swedish victory. All the same, cavalry captain von Moers, of the Military Riding Institute, mounted on May-Queen, did quite well in the Military section, and on all hands German riding was considered to have a future.

But it took some time before German riders should have their day. Instead of a peaceful competition between the different nations at the resumed games in 1916, the Great War seemed to have put an end to this noble contest altogether, and it was quite a wonder when the seventh Olympiad took place in Antwerp in 1920. Here the Swedes were victors again and German riders did not compete. They were absent also from the eighth Olympiad in Paris, 1924, and only came to the front at the new Olympiad in Amsterdam, 1928, which brought all opponents of the Great War



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN HORSEMEN ON THE MOVE
In eastern European countries difficult country requires a mobile force

together and helped to make a real peace, a peace of hearts. This time America won the day, but Germany was second. There was a complete absence of hostility, and when the German flag was hoisted and the national anthem played, there was a cheering of 40,000 spectators.

The German riders were not at their best in jumping, and this led to the foundation of the "jumping-stable" of the Cavalry School. Here a new jumping style was founded, whereby the methods of other nations were carefully considered and in case of real value adopted. This foundation meant a great advance towards perfection, and the results culminated in the officers' splendid contest for the "Prix des Nations," at the Olympic Games in Berlin, 1936.

The great Dressage Test exhibited disciplined and supple horses of much strength and grace, horses like Absinth, Gimpel and Kronos, who had no equals. In the Military, Nurmi passed all tests to perfection. Well balanced, he never strained and was always in full harmony with his rider. All those horses were in splendid form; they reacted automatically to the helps given, refrained from pulling and jumped as high and as far as desired. So they powerfully proclaimed the new German system, which Gustav Steinbrecht has masterfully set out in his publication *The Gymnasium of the Horse*.

Everyone felt in this noble competition the spirit of classical Greece, where the Olympic Games began with a race of riders on unsaddled horses and the thrilling chariot race. When on the opening day of the Games the last runner in the long Torch Relay Run appeared on the stairs of the Stadium with the flame from the sacred altar of the Olympic precinct and lit the symbolical fire, everyone was filled with the spirit of ancient Greece, whose aim Baron Pierre de Coubertin characterised as "a higher striving for more courageous and more perfect mankind." So the German riders performed by their superb feats a higher mission of mankind also.

There is more method in cross-country riding than in dressage riding; when the horse moves in its own sphere it can always give of its best. Cross-country riding, a hunt to the hounds always came first at the Cavalry School. Before the War military hunting at Hanover was far more difficult and extended than it is to-day. It was even carried on throughout the winter over snowed-up fields. Every sort of obstacle had to be surmounted and the test provided was one of great difficulty. The great event of the year was the day of Saint Hubertus, which brought a galaxy of cavalry officers in their handsome uniforms to Hanover from Lueneburg, Brunswick, Muenster, Oldenburg and Paderborn, to take part in this traditional ride. It was a superb spectacle, in which plucky horsewomen also held their own, among them Miss Margaret Swinburne, the niece of the English poet.

No more daring an exhibition could be seen, and the "Red-Indian" ride of the Commander General von Krosigk on a bare-backed horse, together with General don Versen, mounted in the same way, on this occasion deserves special mention. General von Versen was a most able horseman, who hardly had his equal in the whole cavalry and was therefore quite entitled to criticise even the riding of the Military Riding Institute. Having met his comrade in the Casino, he thought he would indulge in a "leg-pull" by expressing some doubts as to whether at the Institutes unsaddled horses could be ridden. General von Krosigk felt a little bit touched, and being a rider wished to provide the proof himself. So *inter pocula* this peculiar ride was arranged, which took place in the hunting grounds of the Cavalry School on the occasion of a wild-boar hunt. There was probably much bone-shaking, but as a fact all ditches and fences were jumped without a hitch by the two generals in the presence of about 80 officers, who, however, rode saddled horses according to order.

When the Cavalry School has moved to Potsdam, Hanover will no doubt lose its chief charm, but, whatever may be the fate of the school in the future, Hanover can take pride in the part it has played in the story of the building up of Germany's cavalry and in the regeneration of the country's show riding. It has brought horsemanship to its greatest heights, and as a culmination to its triumphs can point to the crowning success of its Olympic laurels.



W. A. Rouch

PERFECT BALANCE AND SUPPLENESS IN PERFORMANCE. RATTLER (IN FOREGROUND) AND WALLY CLEARING AN UPSTANDING STAKE BOUND

Rattler is thoroughly proficient in dressage

DRESSAGE AND ITS TRUE MEANING

The "Private School" in a Horse's Education

By CAPTAIN J. E. HANCE

IN a few days' time, thanks to a small body of astute directors, the International Horse Show will once more be staged at Olympia. To those of us who are "of the horse," it is almost natural for us to make our arrangements for the annual pilgrimage there, but "we" are not sufficient in number to ensure the financial success of the show, therefore the general public must be catered for. The great success of last year's show in particular indicates how far seeing the directors have been in securing displays which have interested and thrilled not only the man in the street (and ourselves), but have at the same time upheld the dignity of the Horse Show, by no means an unimportant point.

Amongst this year's attractions the directors have, however, ventured to include in their programme an international competition which will undoubtedly cause much discussion, particularly amongst the hunting fraternity—I refer to the international dressage test. No word has been bandied about more, since it was introduced in this country four years ago, than the word "dressage," and no word is more misunderstood or abused. Further, in addition to the international test, there is also another dressage competition for British subjects only, and in view of this fact I should like to try and explain to those who have unbiased minds exactly what "dressage" really is.

Let me state very clearly and definitely at the outset that it is not, in any sense of the words, High School or Haute Ecole. The meaning of the word "Dressage" is nothing more than Systematic and Gymnastic training. I should not be far out of it either if I included Mental training also. This training is merely an aim at producing a well-trained riding horse and rider, and to endeavour to give the latter complete control over the horse's forces in all his natural paces (only). Nothing more. What a pity, then, that the word has crept into our language without a proper introduction.

Surely in the past we, as a riding nation, have had some well-trained horses even if we have had some bad ones also. If the word had been introduced properly all would have understood that the bad animals we possessed were excellent examples of the lack of training on systematic lines. When the training of a young horse is in progress it is essential that the animal should be taught to have liberty, and yet when required move collectedly, to go backwards or sideways definitely not for exhibition purposes but in order to supple it, and to teach it to obey the leg and rein. Later going backwards or sideways should be of practical value—in opening gates, or, in view of the number of accidents this year through kicking horses, to get out of the way quickly on occasion. In effect this procedure produces both the balance and deportment so essential to a well-trained riding horse, and if carried out in conjunction with training over fences must also perforce produce the really well-trained hunter so much in demand in this country and yet so difficult to obtain.

Personally, I put the whole misunderstanding which exists at present down not only to the word "dressage" but also to the word "test." At the risk of being incorrect grammatically I propose to add the word "work" to dressage and say that dressage work must always have been in existence in this country, but we have never bothered to see who had the best trained animal, except, perhaps, in the officers' charger classes in the Army. In my opinion, therefore, our own competition ought to be called, "For the Best-trained Riding Horse," particularly amongst the children; this I consider is very important. It would then probably be of considerable value to them, but I do not think the word "dressage" will help them—on the contrary, I think it would mislead them into thinking they are doing something out of the ordinary.



W. A. Rouch

HOW THE PASSAGE SIDEWAYS CAN BE OF PRACTICAL USE

I think I ought now to try and explain the Continental viewpoint. We, in this country, have greater facilities for riding in various ways compared with riders on the Continent, and, in consequence, competitive riding is not only encouraged there, but catered for properly, and these best-trained horse competitions (called dressage tests "abroad"!) are graded. By graded I mean that they are arranged in such a way that there are classes for everyone—novice meets novice, expert meets expert—and, as a result, all have a chance to enjoy the competition with an equal chance of success. A very important point should be made clear here, and that is the exercises which are asked for in an elementary competition form the basis for enabling a horse and rider to carry out the exercises asked for in the more advanced classes, and the same applies up to the highest class.

I should, however, at this part of my article, like to make one observation concerning the test set for British subjects (only) this year. To those who think of dressage as high school, they will, first of all, I am sure, be extremely disappointed to see in the test that competitors are only asked to go sideways once each way, and the whole programme is merely asking for control of the horse at a walk, trot and canter—but, and a very large but, I am afraid someone has blundered! The exercises asked for in the test are, as I have said, of the simplest description, so why at the very end, suddenly, and without any exercise leading up to it, ask a competitor to change the leg at a canter every three strides on a straight line? I am not saying that the movement will not be carried out successfully by one or more competitors, but I know from experience that according to the principles of systematic training there is not any exercise in the test named which leads up to such a complicated movement.

It is very difficult in an article as short as this must be to explain what excellent results can be obtained as a result of this systematic training in the various grades. At Olympia we shall probably see some animals very well trained, so much so that it is almost certain that we shall hear someone say, "Well, what's the good of him! Can he hunt?" The answer, of course, is "No," unfortunately. And yet another "But." I'll bet the rider does possess another animal at home which can jump, and over a natural country, and probably the one we see also did so in the past. There are competitions abroad in which the same horse has to carry out a certain dressage test and jump both a show jumping course and a natural course also, but when a man finds he possesses a horse with an aptitude for the more advanced competition he naturally does not want to risk injuring him by jumping him any more, and that is the sort of animal we shall probably see in London.

If, then, it is realised that the standard of training required is in the hands of each individual who rides in any country, there cannot be anything to be said against systematic training. Personally, I do not want a hunter which changes his legs on the slightest indication of the rider, particularly going down hill at a piece of timber, which I hate more and more the closer I get to it, but I do like a horse which comes back to me when I want to steady him at such an obstacle.

Further, I would like a polo pony which does change its legs without any help from me when I change the direction, and to turn back without "yawing" on my hands prior to doing so. If this is the sort of thing we require it can only be obtained by Systematic Training, called on the Continent "Dressage."

HUNT SECRETARIES ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this association, held at Messrs. Tattersall's rooms, with Col. Harford (Cotswold) in the chair, it was decided to send out a circular to members detailing what they should do if asked to produce Hunt accounts. If any had received such requests they were asked to communicate, before replying, with the Honorary Secretary, or Mr. Fell, the Honorary Solicitor.



A GROUP OF THE PERFORMERS AT REHEARSAL. THE PONY TANDEM ON THE LEFT IS BRINGING THE FORAGE TO MARKET

A GAY PAGEANT FROM WILTSHIRE

Young Pony Club Members at Olympia

"The old order changeth and giveth place to the new."

"FOR the honour of Shropshire," declared the eccentric Squire Mytton, as he urged his horse at a big timber jump with yawning chasm beyond. Now, more than 100 years since, and in no foolhardy manner, "for the honour of Wiltshire," 35 specially selected members of the Wiltshire branches of the Pony Club, whose ages range from twelve to sixteen years, will provide visitors to this year's International Horse Show at Olympia with a glimpse into a day of the lives of those people of that picturesque period.

The golden age of the horse was just dawning. The only means of transport were stage coaches, other kinds of horse-drawn vehicles, or alternatively long journeys on horseback. While on a disturbed Continent armies marched and countermarched, the "image of war" found increasing favour with our carefree, sport-loving ancestors of the early nineteenth century, as they vied with each other over the green fields of Regency England.

I was recently privileged to see a rehearsal of this clever little pageant. There is revealed something of the hazards of the road even before the advent of the motor car! The Market, where ladies and gentlemen of fashion mix freely with the buyers and sellers. Romance and adventure go hand in hand with an exciting elopement to Gretna Green and, finally, Squire Bellingham's Hounds (the Woolwich Draghounds, kindly lent and transported to Olympia for the occasion) cross the arena in full cry, attended by the Hunt Staff, mounted on grey ponies, and a field of about 25.

The central scene is the environs of a country town inn which prospered at that time, not far removed from a Midland town, and the popular meeting place for travellers from all over the country. It is market day, and the hour is early. Already "mine host" and his staff are abroad in anticipation of a busy day. It is to be a day full of events. The ostler (Miss Joan Macdonald) should be particularly noticed in her picturesque costume and mounted on Lady Wright's well-known Olympia winner If Not, specially roughed-up for the occasion. The stage coach is shortly due on its long journey to London, and hounds are meeting three or four miles away.

The first arrivals are a farmer and his wife with goods to sell and purchases to make. His wife finds plenty to advise him; much will no doubt be ignored once he mingles with his fellows in the mart. At a later stage comes another farmer, not to buy or sell, but merely to get a day away from his "old woman."

Others have gathered when the Reverend William Owen rides up and converses with those of his flock who do not attend church. As a younger man he filled the onerous task as tutor to young John Mytton and, as the sound of the huntsman's horn was ever as sweet as any church bell, he found much in common with the future Squire of Halston.

The Pageant moves on. A phaeton, complete with the "tiger," bears Mr. Walter Giffard and his lovely sister Caroline, unhappily destined to become the second wife of the eccentric Squire. They are driving to meet friends coming on the coach.

The arrival of that shrewd dealer in horseflesh Mr. Clarke, admirably impersonated by Miss Mary Ellison, and his nagsman, with some horses to sell, has a thrilling, if somewhat terrifying, sequel. The dealer has only a short time to wait before he is engaged by Squire Mytton (a difficult character, but very ably undertaken by Miss Olwen Williams), in search of a new "leader" for his gig. The deal is completed and later in the day the "leader" is harnessed, and the two men repair on the homeward journey. Possibly Mr. Clarke was foolish to accompany the gay and reckless John Mytton, but as yet all is well. He receives in joking spirit the insistent query as whether or not the new purchase is a good timber jumper. It is only when the Squire "whips up" approaching the turnpike that the smile dies on his lips. Almost as if to vindicate any doubts cast on his reputation as a "lepper," the





Dennis Moss

"ON THE WAY TO GRETNA": MR. JOHN LETHBRIDGE AND MISS REBECCA MYTTON, AND TWO RIDERS IN REGENCY COSTUME





THE HUNTSMAN (MISS YVETTE TINKLER) AND THE WHIPPER-IN (MASTER PETER HOPWOOD) CLEAR THEIR GATES IN FINE STYLE

new "leader" clears the gate in style; his companion in the shafts stopping dead, to the natural discomfort of the occupants of the gig.

But much else is to happen before this unfortunate episode. There are others to reach the inn and the stage coach is still anxiously awaited.

Sir Andrew Corbett and Sir Edward Smythe, M.F.H., trot by on their way to the meet of the hounds. Of the latter it was said "a more jovial fellow is not to be found in His Majesty's dominions." Lucy Glitters, a fearless horsewoman, attended as usual by one of her many admirers, Squire Forester, is joined by two well-known local gentlemen, Mr. Walford, and Sir Richard Paleston, a close friend of John Mytton's mother. The company is further increased by the arrival of Miss Moll Boycott, and Mr. C. J. Apperley, the incomparable "Nimrod," a cousin of the Reverend William Owen, and the staunch friend of John Mytton through all the vicissitudes of his tragically short life.

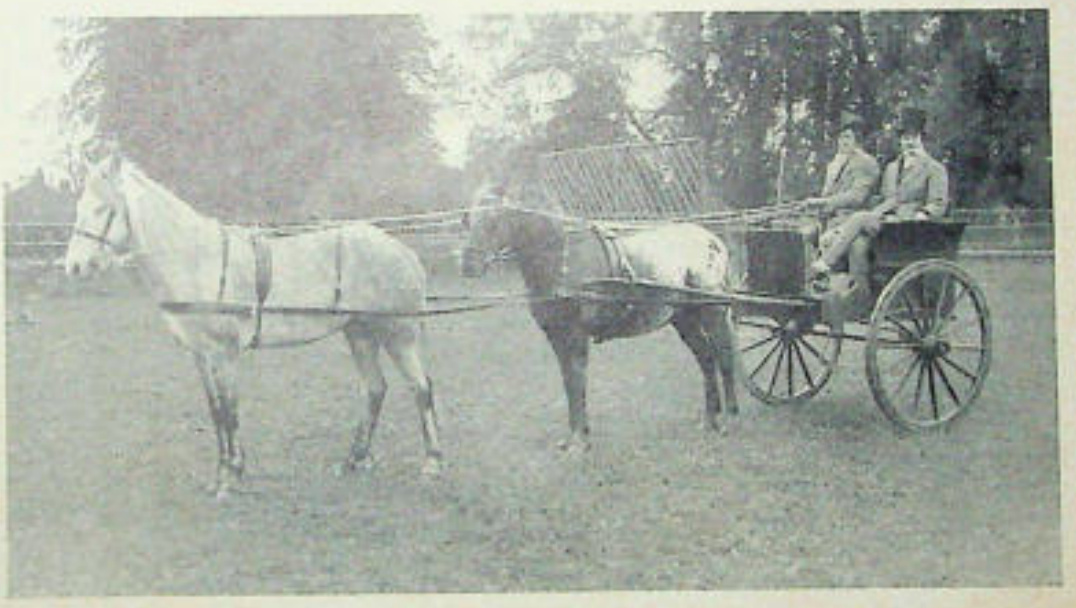
But already the stage coach, with its precious load and tired horses, has drawn up. The scene is an animated one and, when at length the journey to London is continued, there are several present to wish its passengers "God-speed." The way of the traveller is hazardous and hard. Only a short distance is covered before "Knights of the Road" bar the way and the cry is "Stand and deliver!" No knight, however, can resist the charm of a lovely face, and the coach with its occupants is allowed to proceed unharmed.

Romance comes on the scene with the arrival on horseback of dashing John Lethbridge, the son of a respected Somerset Squire. It is his chosen rendezvous with Rebecca Mytton, John's nineteen-year-old sister. She is accompanied by her maid and favourite dog, and hastens to meet her lover. She is lifted into the saddle behind him, and they gallop away to Gretna Green.

With the closing scene the cry of hounds is heard and all the gathered sportsmen are instantly alert. In full cry, followed by the Hunt staff and an eager field, they cross the arena. The huntsman (Miss Yvette Tinkler) has, by the way, a touch of the veteran on the horn, and cheers her hounds to kill their fox in the open. Huntsman and whippers-in face the Royal Box and, raising their velvet caps in salute (the Queen will be present on June 21st), turn and gallop away.

In conclusion I would like to pay a generous tribute to the children taking part. They fill a by no means easy rôle with the dignity and sophistication one has come to expect from the young generation. And, finally, a word of praise to the producer, Major W. R. Revell-Smith, Royal Artillery, is long overdue. He has given an enormous amount of time and energy to the task. I believe that redemption of the debt will come at Olympia.

JOAN ROBESON.



THE SQUIRE, JOHN MYTTON (MISS OLWEN WILLIAMS) AND THE HORSE DEALER MR. CLARKE (MISS MARY ELLISON) AFTER THE PURCHASE OF THE NEW LEADER





Dennis Moss

LADY WRIGHT TAKES A TURN AS JOHN MYTTON AT THE REHEARSAL, AND HAS LENT HER WELL-KNOWN OLYMPIA WINNER, IF NOT (RIGHT), SPECIALLY ROUGHED-UP FOR THE OCCASION, TO MOUNT THE OSTLER (MISS JOAN MACDONALD)

A NEW TYPE OF MARTINGALE

Rectifying a Steeplechasing Tackle Weakness

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

SOME time ago the writer, through the medium of the *Field*, suggested that an amendment might be made by the stewards of the National Hunt Committee to Rule 126 (2) with regard to "weighing out" and "weighing in" with a martingale in order to circumvent a similar disaster as that which befell Davy Jones in the Grand National of 1936. The pin of the buckle at the extremity of the reins snapped, and the divided reins slithered through the rider's hands as he "slipped" them to their extremity over the last fence but one, leaving Reynoldstown to reap the honours.



THE CLIP-ON IRISH MARTINGALE CLOSED



THE CLIP-ON IRISH MARTINGALE OPEN

This flimsy buckle has been always the chink in the armour of the otherwise workmanlike "tack" associated with the steeplechaser. However much jockeys knot their reins at the extremities—and some National Hunt riders do not favour this method like their confrères on the flat, particularly over such a country as the Liverpool course, owing to the necessity for full liberty of rein over those formidable drop fences at Becher's and Valentine's—there is always the danger of the buckle becoming undone or broken. In the well-worn bridle the tapering "slack" is always inclined to work through the keeper.

However, as National Hunt Rules stipulate that a martingale must be included in the scale (if carried) with the rider, there is but one alternative in order to dispense with this buckle of ever-attendant danger by devising adjustable martingale rings which can be clipped on and off the reins, thereby permitting the extremities to be sewn together. In view of the interest which this subject aroused, judging by the numerous letters published in the *Field*, the writer has devised a pattern of Irish martingale with rings which can be attached to the reins without the reins being opened.

A correspondent, "T. L. M.," writing from Dublin, raised the question of an objection being lodged and sustained had Davy Jones won the National minus "the rings," which must have fallen off when the reins were hanging, for, according to the rules, as long as "the rings" are termed an "Irish martingale" they have to be treated as a martingale and must be "weighed in" with if "weighed out" with. Thus, had Davy Jones won, the rider of the second horse would have been within his rights to have objected.

It is deplorable to consider that such a state of affairs could have existed, and there will always be a loophole for an objection as long as these rings are considered in the true sense as a martingale. One should note that this rule was framed by the stewards of another era; then the running martingale, an entirely different contraption consisting of main strap with rings and loop for attachment to the girth, plus the neck strap, and altogether a heavier piece of saddlery than the two rings connected together by 4½in. of leather which constitutes the Irish pattern, was *de rigueur* and had been for centuries. It might be stated that approximately 88 per cent. of horses running under both codes to-day wear Irish martingales; there are some trainers on the flat who still favour the running pattern.

Actually the writer has exploited the supposition in the case of Davy Jones for an example, as this entire son of Pharos did not, owing to the fact of being "tubed," wear rings. The rings of martingales, particularly the junction strap of the Irish pattern, might rub against and damage the "shield," or mouth, of the tracheotomy tube and injure the windpipe. Finally, one might state the object and action of the Irish martingale:

(1) It prevents a horse from getting the reins over his head, which a thoroughbred can do so easily with a quick toss and "jink" of his head, or again with a couple of successive bucks, leaving the rider in the precarious position of having the reins on one side only.

(2) In the case of a toss it will usually prevent the reins coming over the horse's head.

The action of this type of martingale is to help to steady the horse going into a fence, and particularly a horse which swings his head from side to side, as pressure on one rein bears on the other and thereby gives more control. Further, as they keep the reins together they assist to steady the horse's head without any interference with the elevation of his head carriage.

The rings which have been devised, as shown in the diagram, will dispense with the necessity for a buckle and eliminate the danger which befell the luckless Davy Jones. These rings are also of practical use off the racecourse, on gallops where quick manipulation is required with youngsters when unbuckling the reins might be a disastrous action, and also in the hunting field. The first occasion on which these rings, as shown, were used was at Windsor Steeplechases, and by an odd coincidence on a horse called Optician II, so the Irish martingale is sometimes alluded to as "spectacles." This "clip-on Irish martingale," can be obtained from Messrs. Champion & Wilton, 457, Oxford Street, W. 1, and the rings have been tested and will withstand a 40lb. pull. It has been patented.



THE CHURCH OF ST. IPPOLYTS, NEAR HITCHIN, WHERE HORSES WERE BROUGHT TO THE HIGH ALTAR

A SHRINE OF THE HORSE

An English St. Hippolytus

THE day peculiar to Saint Hippolytus, the patron saint of Mexico, for centuries worshipped in England as the guardian and protector of horses, is August 13th. Hippolytus was a bishop of the see of Portus, a thriving seaport near Rome. He was probably a chaplain bishop who worked amongst the sailors who swarmed in the town. He was a man of great learning who renounced the material comforts of his high position to consort humbly with his people for their enlightenment. His ideal of purity, which he preached and taught unceasingly, made him many enemies. He was banished, owing to the unpopularity of his teaching amongst civil and ecclesiastical rulers, to the unhealthy prison settlement of Sardinia, where he died of malaria in A.D. 236.

After his death another version of the manner of it became current. Men probably drew an analogy, owing to the similarity of names, between the mythical story of the death of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who, fleeing in his chariot to escape from the anger of his father, met a monster in the way, which frightened his horses; Hippolytus was thrown from the chariot and, becoming entangled in the reins he was holding, was dragged along and torn to pieces.

It was said of the beloved bishop, the friend of sailors and of all poor men, that he had been put to death by being tied by the feet between two wild horses. The last words of the martyr were repeated, and men declared that as the horses, infuriated by a mob of anti-Christians, started madly away, he was heard to cry:

> "Lord, they tear my body; receive Thou my soul."

Whatever the manner of his death, the bishop was canonised and regarded as the patron saint of horses, and a church was dedicated to him in England. Near this church, the church of St. Ippolyts, Hitchin, there lived in the middle ages a man who was known throughout the South of England as a horse doctor. Under the shadow of the church dedicated to a martyred Roman bishop the English farrier carried on his work of healing. The country people thought that his ability was due to the influence of Hippolytus, and that the virtues of the dead saint had descended upon the living man. In consequence the horse doctor was believed to possess miraculous powers of healing, and began to be spoken of as Ippolyts.

In an age when empiricism flourished, and along with the saying of charms the most ruthless cruelty was practised to relieve symptoms of disease in cattle, particularly in horses, which were the most highly valued of live stock, the horse doctor of Hitchin was a remarkable man. His knowledge of horses was so thorough, and his methods of treatment of disease so far in advance of his time, that even to-day he is remembered for his skill.

After his death he was buried beneath the high altar of the church, and became locally to be regarded as the patron saint of the church. To quote the words of Chauncy, writing in 1700: "The church was dedicated to a supposed saint called Hippolits, who was a good tamer of colts, an excellent horse leech, and so devoutly honoured for these qualities after his death, that all passengers that passed that way on horseback thought themselves bound to bring their steeds to the High Altar in this church, where the Holy Horseman was shrined, and a priest continually attended to bestow such fragments of Hippolit's miracles upon their untamed colts and forworn jades, as he had in store, which did avail so much the more, or less, as the passengers were bountiful or hard handed, but he that was niggardly of his coin had but a cold or counterfeit cure. The horses were brought out of the North Street, through the North Gate and the north door of the church, which was boarded on purpose to bring up the horses to the altar, since which time the church has always been boarded."

The church of St. Ippolyts overlooks the village of Ippolyts; it is, however, always spoken of as St. Ippolyts, Hitchin.

"THE OLD MARE'S FOAL"

From Drawings by Margaret Cunningham



But over the fence where the young stock run,
And the long, tailed yearlings roll,
Best of the bunch there is always one
That is known as the old mare's foal.

WILL OGILVIE

THE WILLOW GROUSE

Display and "Injury-feigning"

THE willow grouse is considered by ornithologists to be the type genus of grouse from which the other European grouse and ptarmigan have been derived. This is clear from the systematic name that has been given to it. Many people may laugh at the apparent absurdity of scientists in calling a bird *Lagopus lagopus lagopus*, but in spite of its inanity it does tell us something, in fact everything, from a systematic point of view about the bird.

Most of the other members of this group have split off from the willow grouse ancestor long enough ago to have received specific status. This applies to our own red grouse (*Lagopus scoticus*) and to the ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus mutus*), but there is a form in East Russia that has more recently diverged and so it only counts as a subspecies (*Lagopus lagopus major*).

Thus, from a name only, we can judge the precise affinities of this bird and its relationship to the grouse and ptarmigan that live in the British Isles.

In its habitat the willow grouse is a northern bird, living chiefly in the upper regions of Scandinavia and Russia, with a certain number reaching down into the Baltic provinces. During the past summer the authors were able to study it in one of the loveliest parts of its range, the Arctic birch forests and fells of Swedish Lapland. Here we found them moderately common, and generally a walk through the birch woods would reveal about three or four pairs to the mile. This estimate can be regarded as an accurate one, since at the time of year when we were there, all the willow grouse had young, so that they were fairly much in evidence. When the hens are all hidden away in the thick undergrowth of the birch forests, sitting on their nests, it must be well nigh impossible to judge as to their commonness or otherwise.

This is interesting, in view of the fact that the last two years have been very bad ones in Sweden for willow grouse, for coccidiosis has reduced their numbers to a considerable degree. Thus the bad time that our birds have been undergoing in Britain has its counterpart in Scandinavia, though the causes have been different. Unfortunately, the Swedish people do not appear to have done much in the way of research into the ecology of their game resources; so little is known about the true causes of their fluctuations in number. We were not even able to find out whether the neighbourhood of Abisko, where we were staying, was usually a good place for these birds.

Since willow grouse are so much like our own red grouse in appearance and general habits, it is rather strange at first to find them inhabiting the forests. They do, in fact, appear a little above the tree line, but there is then a gap until the ptarmigan takes their place at about 3,000ft.

These birds appeal to our imagination, since they are very nearly the only ones that remain in these wild districts during the bitter cold and dark of the Arctic winter. In preparation for this, of course, they undergo a plumage change into a completely white vestment, like our own ptarmigan. This is essential in a place where the landscape is under snow from October to April every year. With the spring melt the characteristic rich brown plumage with cream edgings is assumed, which distinguishes the willow grouse at once from the greyer appearance of the ptarmigan.

The only vestige of white that remains is in the feathering of the feet, and in the wings, and the latter of these is interesting to the student of animal behaviour.

In the two illustrations it can be seen how little of this white is visible when the bird is in a normal position.

We were walking along a path in the birch woods one day, and suddenly came across a family of newly-hatched chicks attended by both parents. We were just able to catch three of them before they scattered, and this drove the parents so frantic, that they came right up to us and fluttered round our feet in an attempt to distract our attention to them. The procedure was a sort of crouching run with both wings held out from the body and trailed at their sides. This gives the maximum display of white, and no doubt serves in many cases to draw a predator away in pursuit of the (apparently) more easy prey.

The cock is the more vigorous in this display, though he is not quite so daring as the hen, who came up several times within a foot or so of our boots. Naturally this procedure dies away gradually if the stimulus is continued, though it is subject to fresh bursts after a period of quiescence.

In the case of one bird with which I experimented, it did actually seem to me that there was an intent and purpose to draw me away from the danger zone. I do not mean that this was a conscious purpose on the part of the bird, but that the train of behaviour was much more completely adapted to such an object than in many birds that are supposed to do "injury-feigning," &c.



PORTRAIT OF A WILLOW GROUSE



THE WILLOW GROUSE: NOTE HOW LITTLE OF THE WHITE WING SHOWS WHEN IT IS CLOSED

First of all, he flopped away from me with this characteristic waving of wings. I followed and naturally he continued away in a straight line from the place where the chicks had been seen. I then turned and walked back to the latter place to see what he would do, and found that after a bit of hesitation he came straight back to where I was standing and tried to draw me away in another direction. As I kept perfectly still on this occasion, he made several attempts to do this, coming back each time, and then the diminishing effect of the stimulus, and no doubt the safety of the young, by then precluded any further experiments.

Lewis was lucky enough one day to witness this performance actually taking place in front of an Arctic fox. It was apparently a much more vigorous one, and both birds were continually fluttering about in front of its nose and seemingly inviting disaster. The fox, perhaps, knew the trick, for he went on hunting in the undergrowth, yet the perpetual nuisance of having these frantic creatures dancing in front of his eyes all the time, must have distracted his attention, for to all appearances his search was a failure.

It is interesting to observe that the white patch, which is the only one that does not change with the return to summer plumage, is in just the place where it will accentuate most the exaggerated action of the wings.

H. N. SOUTHERN and W. A. S. LEWIS.

THE FRESHWATER BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE sixth annual report of the Freshwater Biological Association of the British Empire has just been published. The report covers the year ending March 31st, 1938, and includes the reports of the council and the director, articles on research, subscription list and accounts for 1937–38, and a list of the officers and staff for 1938–39. The work of the Association is of the greatest importance, and should prove of interest even to those naturalists and anglers who content themselves with a purely amateur hobby. To anglers, in particular, the work is of importance, and they, be they experts or dabblers, will find the articles on research of interest. These articles are progress reports on research not yet completed, and particularly applicable to *Field* readers are The Culture of Algæ and its Applications, by M. Rosenberg; Invertebrate Animals of the Lake District, by T. T. Macan; and the Progress of the Salmon Investigation, by K. R. Allen. The report costs only 1s., and may be obtained from the director at Wray Castle, Ambleside, Westmorland.

Great Shooting Counties

MONTGOMERY, THE HOME OF THE HIGH PHEASANT

I KNOW of nowhere in the British Isles where a bigger variety of game is found in a smaller space than in the county of Montgomery. Pheasants in the beech and oak woods on the lower slopes of the hills, grouse on the hilltops, duck and snipe on the pools, streams and bogs, partridges on the arable lands, and over all a sprinkling of blackgame and woodcock, not to mention hares, rabbits and pigeons.

No doubt pride of place should be given to the pheasant shooting. One goes to Norfolk for partridge, Scotland or the Pennines for grouse, and just as surely as these places hold a name for the best in their particular line, so Montgomery, and to some extent the surrounding counties, deserve the name for providing all that is best in pheasant shooting. At its worst pheasant shooting is not always the best of sport, but at its best, to my mind, it outdoes all other forms of shooting. At one time I thought that the height of a host's ambition would be reached if he could invite a team of good-class guns to a shoot and they were to fire anything from 100 to 200 cartridges each and at the end of the day the bag was nil, but to do this it would be necessary for the pheasants to be practically out of shot. Though I do not think there is much difficulty in doing this in Montgomery, experience has shown that height alone is not everything, and if one simply relies on height the number of pricked or partially maimed birds is very large. To-day I think the ideal stand is one where the birds are well in shot, say, between 30yds. and 40yds. high, and yet are extremely difficult owing to their flight. In this respect there is a tremendous difference between the wild and tame pheasant. On a well-managed shoot the tame bird will fly high, but generally straight; but, given the right type of ground, a wild pheasant will fly just as high, but very far from straight. Many shoots in Montgomeryshire, owing to the oak and beech woods that still exist in the county, consist of 100 per cent. of wild birds. A description of one or two, to me, almost ideal stands may illustrate what I mean.

Imagine a hillside clothed in high oak forest about 400ft. high and with a slope of about 1 in 2. Halfway up the hillside is a ride about 15yds. wide and running roughly in the direction of the contour of the hill. The birds are driven up to that part of the wood above the ride and then flushed over the guns standing on the ride. Owing to the trees they must rise to well over 100ft., and they drop with the slope of the hill and at the same time gradually swerve to the contour. Given a wind, no matter in what direction, and it is difficult to imagine finer shooting.

Again, imagine a similar hill of oak forest, but the ride directly up and down, with small, flat stands, about a yard or so square, cut of the hillside one above the other to accommodate the guns. Timing is no easy matter, and you must attempt to take your birds in front and have a split second in which to do it.

Lastly, a deep gash in a hillside, 200ft. or 300ft. deep at the bottom and running directly up the side of the hill, but becoming rapidly shallower towards the top, and one side of the gash wooded in beech and oak, the other side bare. Halfway up, the wood pushes out a narrow belt across the gash, and below this belt the guns stand. The birds are driven to the top end of the wood, past and away from the guns towards the head of the gash, and as they flush at the top they start by flying towards the bare flank and then, finding no cover, swing back over the guns towards the place they started from, many of them out of shot, all dropping and swinging at the same time. Add to this wild birds, with no two flying exactly alike, and one bird fairly shot in the head in such a place is worth all the bags of the ordinary pheasant put together.

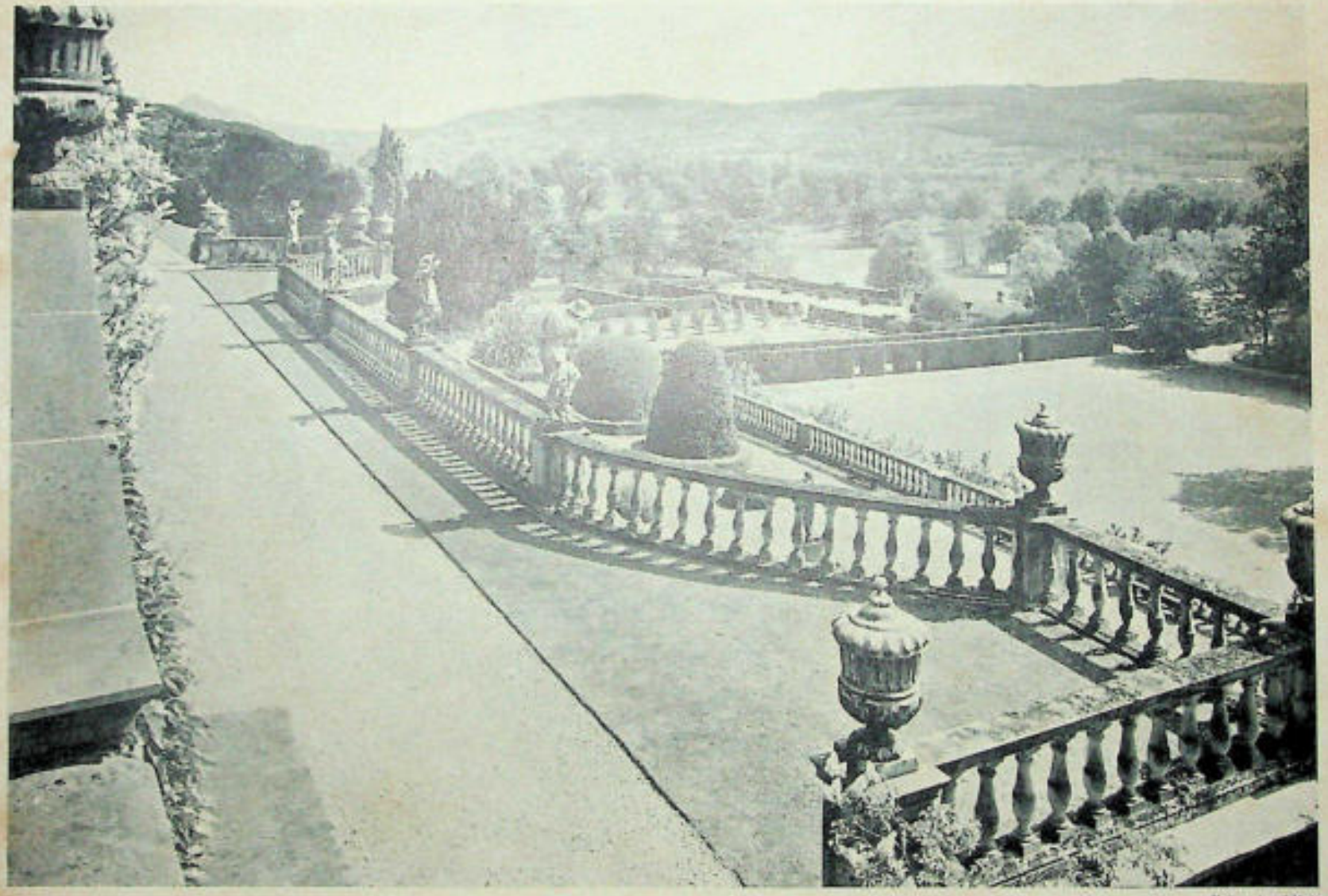
Since the War, Montgomery, like other counties, has suffered from the breaking up of estates, and now large areas are unkeepered, making the question of vermin a difficult problem; and quite easily the worst vermin are carrion crows, which abound in large numbers. In addition to this, the county has suffered in ways not so apparent elsewhere.

For the first ten years after the War the rainfall increased by no less than 35 per cent. over the usual average. In the hills the annual fall was already 60in., and this extra increase meant that for many years the heather did not ripen properly and the hills became one large quagmire. This was intensified by the fact that draining had been neglected during the War and as a consequence grouse stocks fell to practically nothing on many hills.

Since 1930 the rainfall has been below, rather than above, the average and things have improved, and to-day the grouse are almost back at the pre-War level, and this in spite of the fact that the heather, owing to intensive sheep grazing, is very much on the decrease.

Since 1920 the Forestry Commission have planted vast areas in the county, and some of this new forest is now at the thicket stage and is the home of innumerable foxes. Owing to the Commission's policy of not filling up gaps and not keeping rides clear, it has been impossible to deal with the menace adequately. Last year and this year shoots were organised, the woods being surrounded with guns, and, after rides had been cut out in the worst places, hounds were used to drive the foxes out.

Montgomery, of course, has no fox-hunting in the Meltonian sense of the term.



"Country Life"

A VIEW ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM POWYS CASTLE, MONTGOMERY

Those four days shooting averaged over 120 foxes a day, but though it eased the situation in one small place, the fact remains that once these forests reach the thicket stage they become a deadly menace to the countryside not merely from the shooting, but also from the farming point of view.

The game bird that has probably suffered the most in comparison with pre-War years is undoubtedly the partridge. On ground averaging 300 brace before the War, the average to-day is not much over 100 brace. Of course, the reduction of arable land has had something to do with this, but the main cause is uncontrolled poultry keeping by farmers.

Disease has broken out in many places, the dead bodies of diseased hens are thrown on the manure heap, the manure is carted out on to the land, and so the mad merry circle goes on. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get healthy sitting hens, and there are whole districts from which it is quite unsafe to buy hens. Surely, in the interests of poultry keepers, if for no other reason, the sooner there is some sort of registration the better.

(*Continued at foot of next page*)

A KENNEL OF GUNDOGS

Some Purely Personal Opinions

THE man who would keep a kennel of gun, or any other, dogs, must first provide an edifice to suit the occupants to be housed therein. And it is an axiom that a few dogs properly housed and maintained, and correspondingly well and happy, are to be preferred to a full house whose lustreless coats and listless bearing are evidence of an unprofitable, boresome and insalubrious existence. Let us suppose that here we are about to start a small kennel of gundogs, spaniels or retrievers, let me say. To choose pointers or setters would be sadly unfashionable and would require, moreover (since no man, I presume, contemplates gundogs unless he contemplates training them for their mission in life), a very considerable acreage of partridge or grouse ground over which his pets may have liberty to range, at their far-reaching, orderly gallop, to quarter, to back and to stand. Therefore, our kennel shall be of retrieving dogs.

The first step, then, will be to rent a small rough shoot, 300 to 500 acres would suffice. In this class-room there shall be tutoring rabbits to run, a few coveys of partridges, a wandering pheasant or so in the hedgerows, and now and again a wild duck to rise off the shallow pond among the withy bushes. Such a shoot ought not to cost more than £60 to £80 per annum, and you can "keeper" it yourself.

As regards the actual kennel accommodation, much would depend on the number of dogs the owner wanted to keep, and why he wanted to keep them. Let me pretend that he wants to have one or two gamefinders for his own pleasure; let me pretend that he wants to train, and sell now and then, a young dog to a suitable home, so that his establishment may be more or less self-supporting. If he keeps a floating population of four adult dogs, plus litters in season, that will be as many as he and a kennel boy can conveniently cope with. Let him found his dynasty by the purchase of two second season bitches. These two would be proved gamefinders of good family and free, they and their forebears, from any tendency to eczema. They would cost from £25 to £50 each.

At the proper time each should visit a father for their respective puppies. These sires, or this sire, must be of infallible nose, perseverance and courage, ready, be he, or they, retriever proper or spaniel, to face thornbrakes and brambles. If at the same time the sire in question has won on the bench or at field trials, so much the better price you may ask for his puppies, so much the higher you must pay for his services.

But before our bitches are bought, the kennels must be ready for their use. I would order five built pen-kennels a row, though there are plenty of portable ones which, if not too lightly constructed, are suitable enough. The five I speak of should be roofed with slate or lead and floored with flags of the old-fashioned hard, warm, non-porous, yellowish sandstone; cement is cold and rheumaticky, and bricks are prone to retain moisture and become smelly.

In my own kennels the yards are 6ft. 6in. by 6ft., they are roofed and are open to the air on one side only. The sleeping boxes are under the same main roof, but each has its own sloping top—a kennel within a kennel in fact. The "yards" are partially floored by wooden benches, raised from the pavement by 2in., and capable of being lifted out and in for scouring. The sleeping-boxes are made to open, if wanted, wide, so that on hot summer nights all the air is available. The bedding is straw, deeply littered in cold weather and changed once a week. The pigeon-hole entries to the closed boxes are low and small and placed at the *end* of a side. Thus a dog can keep out of the draught. If a dog is sleeping-boxed out of the wind, in plentiful dry bedding, he will never feel cold. A dog's body in a small enclosed space generates a lot of heat—as can be felt if a hand is put into an occupied sleeping-place. Never, let me say, should a dog, on a winter day's shooting, be left tied up outside the keeper's warm lodge wherein his owner sits fatly down to luncheon. I have seen owners so behave to their dogs, and I probably shall again. And never



THE AUTHOR WITH ONE OF HIS RETRIEVERS

should a dog be put to bed wet, thus to dampen his lying. My Labradors, after a wet outing, are chamois-leathered, towel-rubbed, and subsequently left in a stove-heated hall for an hour or so to dry off thoroughly before going to their beds. A straw-littered loose box would probably be the better drying place were one available.

Each dog is brushed and combed daily and in summer their inner thighs and bellies are dusted with an insecticide against "grass fleas" and other seasonal pests. Water in the drinking troughs is changed night and morning.

To return to generalisations, for I seem to have become personal, the site of a kennel should be chosen in a sunny situation, where drainage is easy. Cleanliness, dryness and light should be aimed at as well as shelter. It is as well that the range of pens should be under the bedroom window of the owner or some other responsible person. All dogs are sometimes prone to bark or bay at night to the scandal and annoyance of a neighbourhood. An authoritative voice should be raised in significant rebuke at the first notes of song. Silence follows the rate when the choristers realise, as they soon will, that to continue the unseemly serenade means the arrival of offended law in its pyjamas and the administration of midnight toho to the choir.

There should be, removed from the main kennel, one or two roomy isolated "nursing" kennels where an invalid may be kept apart or a bitch housed for her whelping.

As to exercise (here I become personal once more), my own dogs are enlarged at 7 a.m. and become, for the day, house or garden dogs. The minimum amount of walking exercise given is about two hours daily. Dinner is at 4 p.m. or later as the day arranges itself. Dinner for adults is "shapes," hound meal, brown bread, vegetables (boiled greens and onions—not potatoes), marrowbone-stock and 6oz. each of minced raw meat. Twice a week boiled rabbit is given instead of the last. In cold weather a tablespoonful of "veterinary" cod-liver oil is added to each dish. Each dog receives a tooth-polishing beef or mutton bone at bedtime. On a rough estimate it costs me 6/- a week to feed a dog as per the above menu.

Nursing mothers and whelps get a different and more frequent diet, but space here prevents a discourse on the nursery. Indeed an *article* on kennel management must necessarily be of the sketchiest sort, nor has the writer room for experiences and opinions other than his own.

Thus, I am happy to say (I hope in a good hour) that I have no personal experience to relate of hysteria, that dreadful modern scourge, whose cause seems beyond the veterinary faculty. I venture to think that a dog who is subject to these agonising and recurring terrors is incurable and therefore happier dead. I have, of course, seen dogs in the throes, and I suggest that the first treatment is, on the earliest signs, to catch hold of the invalid and remove him to some privacy where the attack may be soothed to a quiet spending of itself. At all costs, I would try to prevent the sufferer getting "on the run."

Distemper can be guarded against by inoculation and it can be cured by nursing. Meningitis, which sometimes follows distemper, and other feverish complaints, is incurable and the sufferer will be saved much if he be shot at once. To nurse a mental case of this sort is a hopeless task. I have twice attempted it, and the end is inevitable.

Eczema, that unsightly thing, I believe to run in the blood of certain families. Such strains should be avoided by careful inquiry as to parentage when purchasing a youngster. The complaint rarely shows itself until the dog is in the second year. It can be greatly mitigated by diet and treatment, but it will recur at intervals.

If a sick dog must be nursed, nurse it yourself, unless you have someone who understands dogs whom you can trust to act in your place, preferably someone who is familiar with the patient's individuality. The basis of all treatment is to persuade the invalid to eat, and that is usually a matter of "jollying" and gentle patience. The meals should be given at frequent intervals, both by day and night, and without disturbing the dog more than can be helped. It is usually necessary to feed by hand while the patient remains supine.

I have suggested here that it is necessary at times to sell a puppy. There are few selling rules to follow, but, did I want to sell a dog, these are they: Never sell a dog to anyone who wants to sell again, *i.e.*, only sell to a permanency and for better or for worse. Never sell a dog to a home of which you know nothing; therefore, never have a dog knocked down in the open mart to the highest bidder. If your dogs are good dogs and well-known gamefinders at local shoots, the buyer of your young dog will be the owner of an old favourite whose years gain upon him. This one will require a youngster to grow, some day, into the room of the hirpling old man who, for all his grey muzzle, can still find a runner with the best of them. Thus your pup will have the right sort of home. Yet, when next season you watch him at work, you will kick yourself twice, once for having sold such a paragon for a beggarly twenty pounds, and once more for having sold him at all.

P. R. C.



"A KENNEL WITHIN A KENNEL"

SHOOTING IN MONTGOMERY

(*Continued from page* 1461)

In spite of all this there are few places to touch Montgomeryshire, even to-day, for the man that does not mind carrying his gun, and also, if necessary, his game, and is prepared to walk and knows where to go. Can one possibly imagine a more enjoyable wild day's shooting than the following. Four guns and two keepers, walking all day, probably covering fifteen to twenty miles. Bag: 28 pheasants, 2 partridges, 4 woodcock, 1 blackcock, 3 hares and 4 snipe.

I do not think flights of woodcock are as large or as numerous as they used to be, but the home-bred bird, where he is given a chance, is definitely on the increase. The woodcock is reputed to be an early nester, and "never shoot woodcock after January 15th," I believe, is a good axiom. Young woodcock, just able to fly, were seen here early in May, and yet I have seen woodcock of the same age in October.

Lastly, practically every pond and stream in the county holds duck, principally teal and mallard, with a good sprinkling of wigeon, shovellers, pochard and tufted. In winter the flooded low ground is covered with them in hundreds and hundreds, with, in addition, a few grey geese, and duck flighting can be had practically anywhere.

D. M.



Neill Jenkins

CASTING TO A BANKER ON THE MIMRAM
The picture shows a reach of the upper water on the Digswell fishery near Welwyn

HERTFORDSHIRE TROUT

A Noontide Spinner Fall on the Mimram

By H. D. TURING

IT is always pleasant to see a stream steadily improving. One finds so many waters nowadays which are obviously deteriorating. Banks which have been trodden down by cattle and spread like a flat, muddy pancake over the bed of the stream, marshy corners where scum and decaying cut weeds have collected, reed beds growing out into the water, their outlying sentinel stems pushing up through clean gravel soon to hide it likewise with a coverlid of mud; a few trout, fat perhaps but feeding on the bottom. How many times have I gone to a stream, once a free-rising water, and found it like that.

Hence my first view of the Mimram this year, as I caught a lengthwise view of a short reach across the meadow, filled me with pleasant anticipation. Even from the road one could see the gleam of yellow from its bed, and as I looked a ring spread suddenly in the distance, bumped against the bank, as it were, and moved steadily downstream. "That," I said, "was a rise to a dun"—one is always optimistic on arrival, and with the trout's present-day habit of persistent nymphing a stream in which trout rise genuinely to the surface fly is something of a find. Closer inspection confirmed my first optimistic impression. This was the Digswell reach, owned by Mr. King, and it was some years since I had fished it.

At that time, four or five years ago, perhaps, the trout ran about 1lb., with a few fish some ½lb. heavier. But I had not been on the water more than ten minutes before I realised that things had changed. There were two shadows lying on a clean run a couple of yards from the bank, two more behind a patch of starwort in midstream; these, at least, were over the pound; and then I saw vaguely two more lying side by side in a sharp ripple against a little promontory in the bank, and they were 2-pounders if they were an ounce. For the moment I thought I had arrived at a queer stream, where trout fed by the brace, and then, as one brace turned together to interest itself in a passing trifle, I realised that the sun had broken through the mist and the brace was really a fish and its shadow on the bottom.

When you can see the shadow of a fish clearly while it is poised in mid-water, the day is too bright for good fishing. Nevertheless, I was glad of the sunshine, for there is nothing like a bright day for seeing a water. Though the trout will be largely in the weeds, enough of them are sure to make excursions into the open to give an idea of the stock, and there are few things to my mind more fascinating than to be able to watch a trout's reactions to the fly offered by the angler.

The rise had not yet begun, though an occasional "oncer" made delusive rings on the surface, inducing many unprofitable excursions up and down stream; but in the meantime there was plenty which was worth looking at. On my last visit this had been a rather uninteresting reach of slow-flowing water, its surface covered with masses of white flowers of water buttercup, with rushbeds encroaching unduly at the bends, and only an occasional open pool between the weeds where a fly would drag almost at once since the line was, for the most part, supported on the weeds. To-day it is a clear and fairly rapidly-running stream with well-disposed clumps of buttercup and starwort and a healthy growth of celery in the faster reaches. Bright yellow gravel showed up everywhere, and there was no silt to speak of, save the small steep-sided banks which form under the starwort cushions and in the eddies caused by a sharp bend in the stream. Of the shadows on the gravel I have already spoken.

It was noon when the rise started, and for the moment I deluded myself into the belief that I was going to reduce those shadows materially. It was not one of those vigorous feasts, when every trout seems to have taken station and means to make the most of it. A trout rose near the opposite bank, then another just above it, and another above that. Three, or what appeared to be three, fish in the middle followed suit, and I could see another little group of fish behind a weedbed upstream, and hear sounds from round the bend which suggested that fish higher up were finding things to their liking.

It was a little while before I realised there was something wrong. My fly—a gold-ribbed hare's ear—put up on the assumption that fish were taking the olives which were hatching, produced no effect, nor did a Greenwell, which was substituted for it. The fly fell neatly just above the point where a fish was feeding, but no notice was taken of it, though the fish above or below immediately rose again, apparently undisturbed. Then a shaft of sunlight enabled me to watch the fish under the opposite bank. It might be described as a semi-cruiser, though in fast water. It took a fly, then moved a yard upstream and took another, then another yard or a short excursion to one side, and dropped back again to station number one. At the same time the sight of an iron blue made me change to a blue dun, and altering my tactics to suit the cruising habit gave me a rainbow trout from midstream of 14in. as fat as butter, and an uncommonly good fish to boot.

"Iron blue," I said, "and casting a yard upstream is the solution of to-day's problem." But it was not. Further experiments with the blue dun and various other dressings which trout occasionally accept in lieu of the genuine article showed me it was not the iron blue in which they were interested. A pause for reflection and observation showed me also that they were not feeding on the surface at all; indeed, by two o'clock the hatch had practically ceased, though the rise continued. It was then I noticed the spinners dancing under the further bank. I have rarely seen before so many spinners out at mid-day; and again I thought I had the solution in hand: but a jenny spinner failed to produce any material result. Not that I have ever found a jenny spinner of appreciable service. The three which inhabit a compartment in my fly-box have been there for years. I am not sure that they are not the remains of a dozen which I bought when indulging in a general restocking after the War; but it seemed a suitable occasion to try one.

Nor were these fish feeding on nymph, which seemed the obvious alternative. They were not bulging, nor hunting larvæ from the weed, nor taking surface fly. The solution was really quite simple and was revealed later by an autopsy on my trout which had taken the iron blue—they were taking spent female iron-blue spinners, which were evidently coming down just under the surface—and I cursed myself heartily for not having thought of it at the time. I might have made a basket that day.

But calm consideration, after all, makes me doubt it. I do not know of any really satisfactory imitation of the iron-blue-female spinner. The red spinner, which I offered among other assorted dressings, created no interest, nor a red quill. Would a pheasant tail of a smaller size than is generally useful for the sherry spinner have done the trick? I wonder.

Rainbows evidently approve this stream which may now, perhaps, be added to the Chess as providing rainbow-trout fishing for Londoners.

A HIGHLAND PONY STUD FARM

Breeding Mounts for Limited Exchequers

SO comparatively little is known concerning the Highland pony on this side of the Border, that especial interest is attached to the Shalbourne Highland Pony Stud in Wiltshire. This stud is the property of Miss M. de Beaumont, and is the pioneer of its kind in England. It has as its object to improve and encourage people to take an interest in the breed. Miss de Beaumont has stated that they are wonderful little ponies, with plenty of character, and are an all round utility breed.

The ponies at Shalbourne are employed on the farm and for hacking over the Downs. There is a



MAID OF MORVEN RISING AT A GORSE FENCE—

small jumping paddock, and they are schooled over the more usual show ring obstacles. These facts should do much to dispel the popular belief that the uses of the Highland Pony are confined to shooting, stalking, and the work of the Highland crofter. They are extremely hardy; are capable of living out on rough pasture all the year round, frequently refusing hay even in the most severe weather, and they require no shelter. They are exceptionally strong. There is the perfectly true story, which will bear repetition, of the Highland pony at a travelling circus carrying seven grown-up people on his back in a free and easy gallop round the ring, and whose combined weights could not have been less than 66st.! For any one with only a limited "exchequer" and wishing to enjoy the companionship of the horse, they would appear to be ideal.

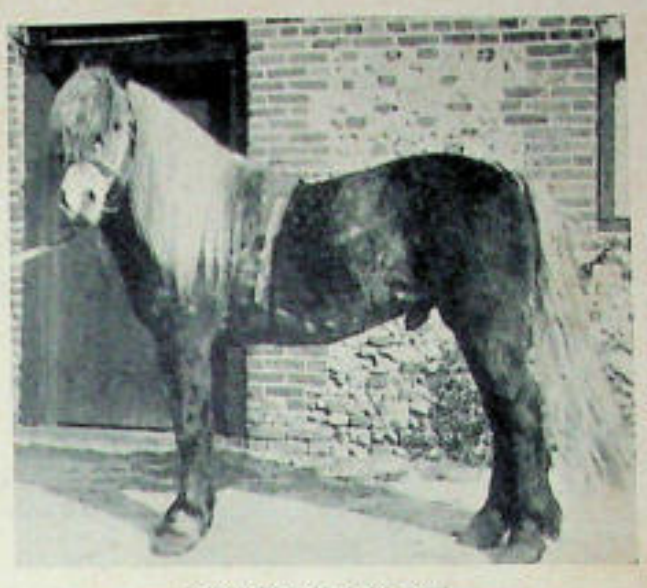
In the course of its long history the Highland pony has been often crossed with the Arabian. There is, in fact, for what it is worth, the old legend which tells of Arab horses swimming to shore when ships of the Spanish Armada were wrecked off the west coast of Scotland in 1588. There can, however, be no doubt that the influence of the Arabian blood has given to the breed a certain refinement, and is noticeable in the ponies at the Shalbourne Stud. At the present time the stud comprises one stallion—a very interesting and important person—two brood mares, in foal, two other mares, already bred from in Scotland, and one filly foal. The four mares were all used by the Scottish Horse in their annual manœuvres before being purchased and brought to England.

In writing about this stud I propose to depart from the age-long rule of courtesy, "ladies first," and make the introduction through Knocknagael Iain Dhu. This handsome, powerfully built, dark grey stallion is a worthy son of the famous Herdsman. His dam was Faillie Mist (by Herd Laddie). Iain Dhu was bred on the Ministry of Agriculture's Highland Pony Stud Farm at Inverness, and has been at Shalbourne about one year. He has already bred some very nice stock in Scotland. He has



—AND JUMPING WELL OUT ON LANDING

inherited all the gentle qualities belonging to his dam, who was considered to be the sweetest-dispositioned mare at Inverness. Iain Dhu has been described as a "perfect gentleman." He is perfectly quiet both in and out of the stable, and runs with the mares in the field. He is regularly ridden, often bare-back, and has been jumped. The stud groom, a highly skilled horseman (late Rough Riding Instructor, 12th Lancers), dressed as a Red Indian, rode him in the local carnival, and was awarded first prize. Visitors to the stud are invariably delighted with Iain Dhu's great wealth of mane which, in spite of constant attention (long since abandoned) obstinately refused to grow on one side, and is now divided in the middle, and adorns with equal thickness and beauty both sides of his neck.



KNOCKNAGAEL IAIN DHU

The mares are particularly attractive, and I will begin with the first pony to come to Shalbourne. She is Glentanar Fiona Mist, by Angus out of Flora Macdonald of Fendrach, and was bred by Lord Clinton at Fetterearn. She is a beautifully-made grey mare, standing 14 hands 1 in., and was awarded second prize at the Highland Show, Edinburgh, in 1931. Mist is the proud mother of a cream filly foal, Moonlight of Mull, sired by Isleman II, and born at Shalbourne a year ago. The cream colour is unusual, but is considered perfect, especially when it is combined with a black mane and tail, and correct eel stripe.

The three other mares belonging to the stud are ponies who have been entered in the Stud Book on their own merits, and whose actual pedigrees are unknown. The extent of their merit has been proved by Maid of Morven, a very attractive, finely-built grey mare, who headed the class allotted to Highland ponies at the National Pony Show at Islington, in March. Incidentally, Islington is the only show in England with a special class for Highland ponies. Maid of Morven stands exactly 14 hands. She is an exceptionally fine saddle pony.

Mavis of the Moor, standing 13 hands 2½ in., is slightly smaller. She is a rich bay with black points, and hails from North Uist, a distant island off the west coast of Scotland. This mare was highly commended at Islington in March, and both she and Maiden of Morven won certificates awarded by *Country Life* for a pony most suitable to be ridden by a child. And, finally, there is Maytal Morar, a lovely little dun mare with black eel stripe. It is practically certain she was bred in the Island of Mull. She has just had a colt foal by Iain Dhu. He is to be named Rory O Mohr.

Altogether, they are a most happy and contented family. In the summer time the ponies are brought in during the day to keep them off the grass, which is very rich. They stand in a picturesque stable, which is a converted Elizabethan threshing barn, beautifully thatched. I am told there is no more charming sight than to see Iain Dhu being led in from the fields followed by his mares and foals running loose.

J. R.

THE LONG DISTANCE RIDE. Last year the *Country Life* "Riding" long distance ride attracted 131 starters. This year it will start on August 9th from various centres, cover about 100 miles and finish on Salisbury Plain at Bulford Camp.





LEFT: PONIES STANDING OUTSIDE THEIR STABLE WHICH IS A CONVERTED ELIZABETHAN BARN. RIGHT: "WHEN WE WERE YOUNG"—MOONLIGHT OF MULL WITH HER DAM, GLENTANAR FIONA MIST

LOOKING FORWARD TO ASCOT

Chances for the Royal Meeting

THERE is no race meeting in the world to compare with Ascot, its pageantry, its green lawns, shady paddock, its luscious green turf course bordered by spotless white rails, its luxurious stand from which racing can be so well viewed, and its gay and happy atmosphere brightened by colourful dresses. This is the setting in which the best bloodstock of all countries compete for prizes amounting, in all, to nearly £70,000, in which the value of each race is well over £1,000.

It is no wonder, then, that the best horses from across the Channel and Atlantic should be sent to try their worth against the pick of our racehorses, and this year will be no exception to that rule. If you are lucky enough to be present, many happy hours can be spent watching horses worth many thousands of pounds walking sedately round the parade ring in their silky summer coats. Each one, as it appears, looks more perfect than the last, and not until you have seen such horses as Portnarnock, Boswell or Ipsden, is it easy to make comparison.

If only the sun shines there is little that can mar the meeting unless it should be a succession of losing bets. I have never found it easy to find winners. It is certainly advisable to be cautious and not expect, as the Englishman remarked to the Frenchman "*argent pour confiture.*"

Many of the races may look "money for jam," but it is advisable to remember that in all races other than the two-year-old the horses are not running for the sake of an outing or in order to gain experience. Horses that have run and had a hard race in the Derby only a fortnight ago do not always appreciate another one on a course which is a contrast to Epsom. Ascot is a galloping course, and suits the type of horse that runs well at Newmarket.

The prospects for a most interesting and exciting meeting are excellent. The course, as always, is as perfect as could be. The going should be to the liking of the most fastidious. Entries are as good as ever. Each day's programme is as attractive as the previous; so many horses worth seeing, every race a pity to miss.

The programme opens with the Prince of Wales's Stakes. It is a race for three-year-olds only run over 1 mile 5 furlongs. The entries include many of the Derby field, and it may be won by Pound Foolish who will be suited by this course and distance.

The Ascot Stakes which was formerly run over two miles, has been altered, and will now be run over two-and-a-half miles. As usual, it has attracted a large entry of the best handicap long-distance horses, such as Near Relation, Dytehley, Marcus Superbus, Punch, Fet and Faites Vos Jeux. There are, however, few horses in training that really get two-and-a-half miles. Some of those that do are: Hoplite, Epigram, Signature and Sir Calidor. Near Relation, who is a thorough stayer, and who likes the top of the ground, should win this race, even in spite of his big weight of 9st. 4lb.; but Hoplite, with 7st. 9lb. would be the danger. Moreover, Huxley may wait as he is entered in the Gold Vase, which is run over two miles. This distance should suit Huxley better than the longer journey. Another entry of immense interest in the Gold Vase was Bois Roussel. Unfortunately it is unlikely that he will run as the race is not very suitable for the winner of the Derby. A horse that has recently been trained for a race of 1¼ miles is unlikely to be at his best over 2 miles so soon. In his absence I would select Huxley to win. As a compensation for Bois Roussel's non-appearance the Oaks and Guineas winner, Rockfel, is likely to run in the Coronation Stakes on Wednesday, provided she is fit and well.



SPOTLESS WHITE RAILS, A LUXURIOUS STAND, AND A GAY AND HAPPY ATMOSPHERE BRIGHTENED BY COLOURFUL DRESSES

The Coventry Stakes may solve, at least, part of the problem concerning which is the fastest two-year-old seen out this year—Portobello, Dhoti, Panorama, the Little Flutter Colt, or the north-trained and handsome Zingano. All of them have won over 5 furlongs in the most impressive manner, but I fancy that Panorama, who is by Sir Cosmo, is the fastest of them all. He may win this race, but it is usually at Ascot that stars like these find another that shines more brightly. There is being trained at Manton a colt called Fulham, who is said to be their best. He may lower the colours of at least one of the above.

On Wednesday the Hunt Cup is run. There is probably more general interest in this race than any other at the meeting. The field is likely to be large and includes those good horses, Daytona, Le Ksar, Dan Bulger, Flag of Truth, Pigskin and many others. As usual, Mr. Fawcett, the official handicapper, has set a very interesting problem. His handicap is extremely accurate, and it is not easy to see that one horse has a better chance than another. It is, however, as well to remember that to win this race a horse should be capable of winning at five furlongs and able to stay a mile. It is run all out from start to finish. A horse that loses its place has little chance of making up the ground lost at the beginning. On this reasoning Daytona and Le Ksar should run well, but I do not expect either to be able to give the weight to Terror, Edgehill, Lady of Shalot, Artist Prince, Overcoat and Laurèat II, all of whom have a great turn of speed. I fancy Terror may win in spite of 8st. 7lb. and that Edgehill will be the danger.

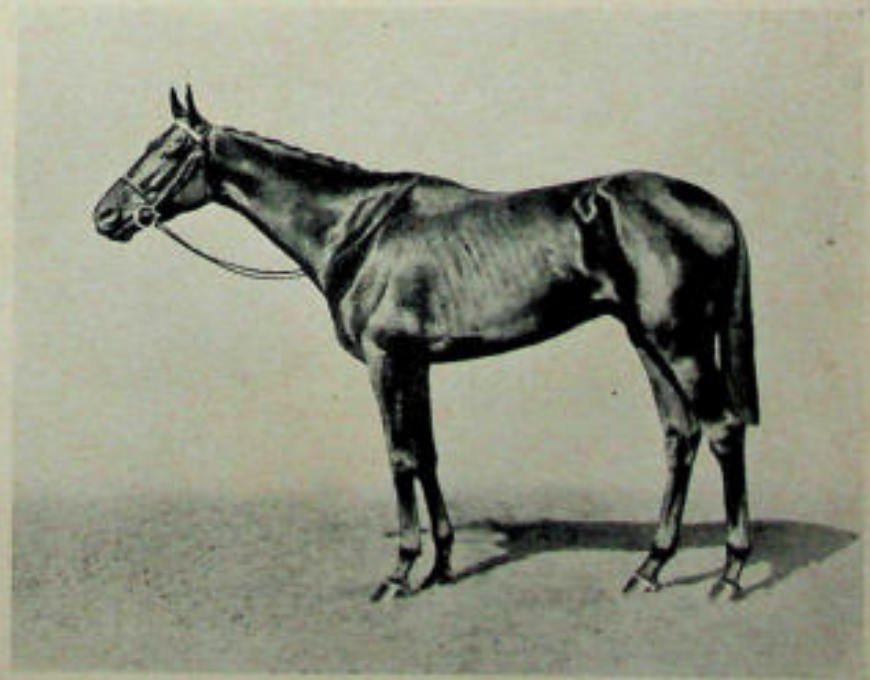
In addition to the Hunt Cup another race of special interest is the Fernhill Stakes, which is run over five furlongs. This race is for two- and three-year-olds, and has attracted the best sprinters of those ages, among them being Aquavit, Mirza and Knight's Armour. If it is decided to run the latter in this event instead of waiting for the King's Stand Stakes on Friday, I cannot see anything to beat him. In a handicap he would not meet the other probable runners on such favourable terms as he is one of the best sprinters in training.

The Bessborough Stakes run over a mile and a half is another good handicap. Gamesmaster (7st. 9lb.), who won this race last year (with 7st. 10lb.), is likely to run again. Those good horses, Buckleigh, Columcille and Velvet Cushion are all likely starters. Possibly Columcille is one of the best handicapped horses in training over this distance, and I expect him to finish in the first three, though it is doubtful whether he will be able to give so much weight away to Atout Royal or Velvet Cushion.

Thursday is Gold Cup day, and even those not seriously interested in racing forget their lunch in order to see this, the greatest of all long-distance races with its international flavour. There was run on Monday, June 6th, at Hurst Park, a race called the White Rose Stakes. This was specially designed to attract Gold Cup horses both from home and abroad in order that they might have a trial run. A large prize of £2,000 was put up by the enterprising management. This race, though shorter by five furlongs than the Gold Cup, should have some bearing on the possible result. Some of those in the field included Fearless Fox,

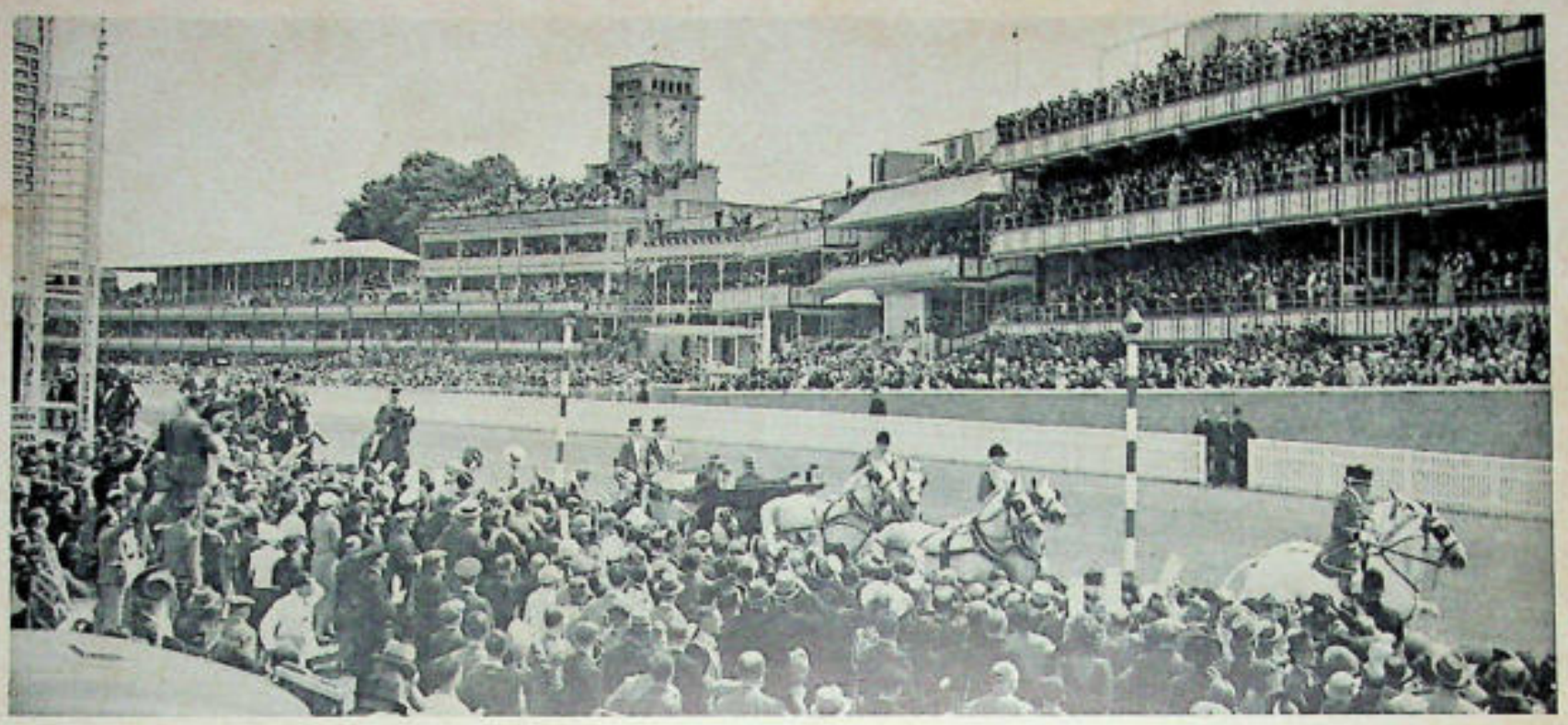


TERROR MAY WIN THE HUNT CUP WITH A WEIGHT OF 8ST. 7LB.



W. A. Rouch

NEAR RELATION WHICH CARRIES 9ST. 4LB. IN THE ASCOT STAKES



A BRILLIANT SCENE AS THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVED AT ASCOT FOR THE CORONATION MEETING

Suzerain, and the winner was the French horse, Vatellor, by that good horse Vatout, sire also of the Derby winner, Bois Roussel. Precipitation and Quashed are not in the race this year, but Fearless Fox, Suzerain and Boswell all ran last year and there is Flares to add to the list. It will be remembered that Fearless Fox met with some interference.

M. Marcel Boussac has entered from France his five-year-old Dadji, by Asterus, which recently won in France over two-and-a-half miles, beating Vatellor by two lengths. Both were carrying the same weight, and it would therefore appear that Dadji has a chance of taking another cup to France. C. Elliot has been engaged to ride, and there is no better jockey over this long course. Two other entries, Maranta and Senor, appear to have chances. It should be a most exciting and interesting race. It is not easy on recent form to say which is likely to do best, but I am inclined to give preference to Fearless Fox, Dadji and Suzerain in that order.

Most interesting of other races may be the Ribblesdale Stakes. Such horses as Lord Derby's Fair Copy, Miss D. Paget's Colonel Payne, to mention only two of the many entries, should make a very interesting race. In the Cork and Orrery Stakes Pherozshah and Foray may both be started. It is difficult to say which of these two is the faster over six furlongs. The former won this race last year and will not be easily beaten, though there is Firozepore, one of the fastest six furlong horses in training and the winner of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, to be considered.

There is something a little sad about the last day. Another year to pass before it can be re-acted! Most interest is centred that day in the Wokingham Stakes. This handicap, which is run over six furlongs, looks like having a very large field. His Majesty, who has several entries at this Royal meeting, may run Jubilee here, with a chance of winning at a weight of 7st. 2lb., and I expect Lord Rosebery to run Agincourt. Bold Ben and Consequential, both trained by F. Armstrong in the North, are likely starters. I fancy Bold Ben and Agincourt, but it will be remembered that Couvert ran well in this race, and also in the Royal Hunt Cup last year.

The Britannia Stakes, which is a handicap for three-year-olds only, has no fewer than 90 entries. Many good-class handicappers are amongst them. I fancy this is the distance and the course for Old Reliance, but he may not beat Ajar, who has run three times this year and won twice. Inchrory, who is trained by M. Peacock, would appear to have a chance at his weight, 7st. 12lb.

Not the least interest of the day is the Queen Alexandra Stakes, formerly reserved for Brown Jack. It is the longest race at the meeting, being two miles six furlongs. Valerian won it last year, and I see no reason why he should not win again.

The King's Stand Stake closes the meeting for which the best sprinters in training have been entered. Nothing should beat Ipsden on his day, but should Knight's Armour decide to run for this I doubt even Ipsden may be able to give him the weight, and he therefore would be my selection.

No time is wasted by studying those horses owned and bred by H.H. the Aga Khan, Lord Derby and Lord Astor. ACOLYTE.

A SHORTAGE OF HUNTERS

THIS short article is written in the hope of bringing to the notice of hunting people the serious position of the supply of hunters in this country. It is common knowledge that there is a lack of hunters and that the shortage is growing more and more acute, but the general hunting public do not seem to realise it, or, if they do, they do not appear to be taking any action in the matter. Good heavy-weight hunters are becoming almost impossible to get, and the few that are available can only be bought at very high prices.

Many people seem to be content to look to Ireland to make good this deficiency, but perhaps they do not realise that we are being rapidly driven out of the Irish market. Foreign competition in Ireland for young horses of the hunter type, and for stallions that should be siring future generations of hunters, is growing increasingly keen, and those who look to this market will be disappointed. In the years 1936 and 1937 nearly 1,600 horses were exported from Eire to Germany alone.

The Hunters' Improvement Society has done much to encourage the breeding of hunters in Great Britain, and is doing all that it can with the limited funds at its disposal. Further progress is impossible until the funds of the society are increased, and it is surprising that the general hunting public do not give more support to the only organisation that does anything to provide them with the means of their enjoyment. It may not be generally known that the Government used to grant £30,000 per year for light horse breeding, but that now the total grants for this purpose from all sources amounts to but one-third of that sum. Unless further support is forthcoming it is difficult to see how the supply of hunters is to be maintained.

It is to be sincerely hoped that hunting people will realise the seriousness of the situation and give their help to the society before it is too late. The offices of the Hunters' Improvement Society are at 12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1, and the secretary will be only too pleased to enrol new members and to provide any other information.

H. I. S.



COUVERT, WHICH RAN WELL IN THE WOKINGHAM STAKES AND THE ROYAL HUNT CUP LAST YEAR



W. A. Rouch

VALERIAN, WINNER OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA STAKES LAST YEAR AND A LIKELY WINNER THIS YEAR

IT'S UP TO ENGLAND'S BATSMEN!

The Australians are Weakest in Attack

By NEVILLE CARDUS



A NEW-COMER TO TEST CRICKET

A. L. Hassett, the brilliant young Australian batsman, who is making his first Test Match appearance in this country at Trent Bridge

THIS week-end, at Nottingham, we shall begin to know where we are with Bradman and his company. It was cheering at Lord's the other day to see the Australians rendered temporarily vulnerable on a damp but by no means a sticky wicket. England might be able to win the rubber easily in a wet summer—"might," I say, because in a wet summer you are just as likely as your opponents to get trapped on the wicket when it is at its worst. Still, I am fairly certain that the Australians need a fast ground for a full exploitation of their all-round strength. Bradman has yet to prove that he can play a long innings against a turning or a "popping" ball. Moisture in the turf does not improve the attack of Fleetwood-Smith—and I fear him more than I fear O'Reilly.

But we must be warned about O'Reilly. We have not yet seen him this season really on the war-path. He will, I am sure, be a different O'Reilly at Trent Bridge to-day. He is a baffling man. Most good judges of cricket agree that he is the best bowler in the game at the present time. None the less, he can dwindle any day to a toiling, lumbering mediocrity. At his fiercest, he suggests a wicket every over, as he whirls his arms and thunders to the crease, like the windmill in *Don Quixote* coming to life. I find the most extraordinary variations of opinion amongst cricketers about O'Reilly's methods.

I have heard one famous England cricketer arguing with another upon the question of O'Reilly's spin from leg. "He doesn't spin it an inch; he only 'rolls' it; and you should play as though it were coming straight." "Not —— likely!" said the other; "he bowled me last week with one that pitched on the leg and hit the top of the off-stump."

Both of these players were members of Allen's team in Australia; both had faced O'Reilly many times, and often—and yet they could not agree that O'Reilly turns the ball from leg.

O'Reilly, I suppose, disguises his tricks cunningly; he does not cause a wide break which any fool could see. But most batsmen tell me that his chief assets are length and subtle variations of flight. I have watched him at work for hours, here and in Australia, and I am satisfied that he thrives upon timid or diffident batsmen. He should be attacked, not recklessly, of course, but by some player who can use his feet and drive straight. O'Reilly serves many half-volleys. It is "all up" with us if he is allowed to take the initiative, and to set his field with a couple of men almost on the batsman's doorstep, crouching at "silly" mid-on and "silly" short-leg, like body snatchers.

Fleetwood-Smith is a law unto himself. His best ball is almost unplayable. And the "new" leg-before-wicket law added vastly to his power. He also waxes prosperous on slow-footed batting. For the rest, the Australian attack is mediocre—though I thought, at Lord's last week, that McCormick was gradually recovering true form. He has not shown us more than a third of his proper speed yet. All in all, this Australian team is not strong in bowling; perhaps, indeed, it is the weakest bowling team sent to us from Australia since the time when Frank Laver, the manager, was obliged to don flannels—and capture a hundred wickets by his "baseball" swervers. Think of the attack commanded by Armstrong: McDonald, Gregory, Mailey (the greatest and the only graceful "googly" bowler), Armstrong—and, if wanted, but he never was wanted, Macartney—not to mention Hendry and Ryder, both of them better with the new ball than Waite or McCabe. If England loses the rubber by batting, then our batting will be exposed as deplorable in technique and spirit.

The problem we have to tackle, the really complicated problem, on a good wicket, is to get Bradman out—and a few others, such as Fingleton (who is a better batsman than Woodfull was), McCabe, Hassett, Badcock and Brown. It is almost inconceivable that in any Australian innings we shall not suffer from one century at least from one of the aforesaid. The prospect of dismissing Bradman ten times in the rubber is an austere prospect. Short bowling on the leg-stump by any Englishman should be indictable, if not certifiable. Better far to bowl for run-outs. Frankly, I think the attack of each side will be incapable of winning a match in dry weather within four days—that is, if not assisted by defeatist batting. And if we should witness this summer the spectacle of four draws and the rubber won by a "snatch" victory in the fifth—well, then, consolation would emerge, for a rubber so unsatisfactory as this would mean the end of the four-day time-limit in a Test match between England and Australia.

Before I saw Test matches played to a finish in Australia, I was "against" the no time-limit Test match—as pigheadedly against the idea as any crusted old die-hard of the Lord's Long Room. But I know now that a played-out Test match is great sport. You realise as soon as the struggle begins that one side or the other is doomed—no means of escape! This is a dramatic thought, and it endows every ball with doleful significance. There is no dull play, no dreary air of stalemate. Every ball is a nail in somebody's coffin. On English turf, five days would be ample for a decision. The present rubber must be the last of the four-day limit—which is a foolish anachronism, not wanted by the public.

The first Test match will be in hot action by the time these lines are read. I write before the English team has been selected. I can only hope again that Bowes is chosen, and given firm instructions not to try to bowl too fast. The issue of the rubber will be settled, I think, at Nottingham; for if the Australians can win there, they will be able in subsequent matches to keep the advantage by the strength of their batting. The rule in warfare, I believe, is to attack the enemy on his weakest flank. Well, the Australians are not strong in bowling. But what happens if both of the enemies have the same sort of weak flanks? In that event, I take it that providence joins sides with the fellow who gets his blow in first.

I may be old-fashioned, but I confess that I should like to see a backbone of North of England character supporting this year's England teams. Lancashire and Yorkshire, admittedly, no longer can give us Maclaren, Spooner, Tyldesley (J. T.), Brearley, F. S. Jackson, Hirst and Rhodes all in one dazzling galaxy. But the tough nerve of the North prevails yet, and in a crisis at Nottingham I would prefer to have on my side a Mitchell, a Leyland, a Paynter, even a George Wood—no matter how lowly a position these warriors might be reduced to at the moment in the averages, where ability so frequently is misrepresented by "damned dots."

ROUND THE WICKETS

IT is popularly supposed that if the Australians are to be beaten it will most likely be on a wet wicket. If we except the luck, or otherwise, that always goes with the variations in a rain-affected pitch, the assumption pre-supposes more flaws in batting than in bowling. While spin bowling on dry wickets has seemed hardly to disturb the Australian batsmen at all, they have undoubtedly shown less knowledge of dealing with it on wet wickets than the best of English batsmen. But the Australian bowling has shown less uncertainty, and the way in which O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith tumbled out Gloucestershire for 78 on a wet wicket at Bristol last week compared more than favourably with any English performance.

Gloucestershire were, of course, without Hammond, who was playing in the Trial match at Lord's—and Gloucestershire rely so much on Hammond that the batting looks thin without him. It is by no means so weak, though, as to present



FINGLETON (AUSTRALIA) SEEN IN A CHARACTERISTIC DRIVE

He is probably a better batsman than Woodfull



THE BEST BOWLER IN THE GAME TO-DAY

It will be all up with England at Trent Bridge if O'Reilly, pictured above at the nets, is allowed to take the initiative

O'Reilly with six wickets for 22 runs without good bowling. O'Reilly's height helps him to get the maximum "lift" out of a damaged wicket, although he does sacrifice some of that advantage by lowering his body at the moment of delivery, and his command of length and spin is readily adapted to any wicket. Fleetwood-Smith, who took three Gloucestershire wickets for 32, showed less hostile qualities than O'Reilly, but he does get a lot of pace off a helpful wicket. Had Goddard been able to play for Gloucestershire the Australians would no doubt have been severely tested in turn. As it was Sinfield's off-breaks found several chinks in their armour.

When Edrich at Lord's scored the last ten runs of his thousand in the last few minutes of play on May 31st he was as soundly applauded as the feat of scoring a thousand runs by the end of May deserves to be. He is only 22, and it is fine to think that we have so young a player capable of such a performance. It would have been finer still if he could have accomplished it without Bradman's gracious act in declaring his innings closed so that Edrich might get the coveted ten runs. That, to my mind, gave a touch of artificiality to Edrich's feat, which now goes down in the records along with those of the little band of great players who enjoyed no such aids to distinction. Perhaps I cavil; but I do feel that records of any kind should be free from anything that lessens their significance.

That Boyes, the Hampshire slow left-hand bowler, can still make use of a helpful wicket was shown against Yorkshire when he took six wickets for 73 at Huddersfield. One loses count of the years that Boyes has played for Hampshire; he is getting on for 40 now, and he has kept his skill with unusual consistency, though somehow he always just missed being a great bowler. Paine, of Warwickshire, is another left-hander who promised much but somehow misses the high lights and yet bowls brilliantly at times. He bowled well at the Oval last week in taking four Surrey wickets for 45, and he and Hollies had most of the batsmen in trouble in an innings of 179. But the conditions also gave Parker and Berry, of Surrey, opportunities to demonstrate their improvement this season.

P. Smith, the Essex right-hand slow bowler, continues persistently to knock at the door. Again, last week, he bowled well in taking six Worcestershire wickets for 68, and a good many people would support his claims for trial in representative cricket. Last season he took more wickets for Essex than had ever been taken before—146, beating the 132 taken by Nichols in 1935. Essex tried a new bowler against Worcestershire—Daer, who, bowling right-hand medium pace, took three wickets for 21 and three for 25 in a way that augurs well.

On a drying wicket at Kidderminster, an interesting duel developed between the pace bowlers of Worcestershire and Surrey. The slower bowlers hardly came into the picture at all, and in the end Gover gave Surrey a pronounced advantage. Perks, on his day, is as good a swing bowler as any, and Surrey conceded him ten wickets in the two innings for 85 runs. But Worcestershire were more disconcerted by Gover's pace, and seven wickets for 50 in the first innings was followed by seven for 35, when rain prevented further play. At that point Gover looked like running through the side and taking all ten wickets, a feat he has never yet accomplished.

Northamptonshire came unexpectedly near to breaking a dismal record when they lost to Somerset by three wickets at Frome. It is three years since Northants last won a match, but they showed at Frome that the right spirit is in the side still. It was a curious match, in which M. D. Lyon in batting and Wellard in bowling almost carried the Somerset side on their shoulders. Lyon's 122 in the first innings was a fine display of aggression in face of misfortunes, and when Somerset were left only 61 to get in the second innings no one could foresee collapse. But Northants bowled and fielded with an inspiration that deserved success. In this spirit Northants should soon win again.

On Monday Essex had a grand opportunity of being the first side to defeat the Australians this season. In their second innings the tourists only totalled 150, McCabe making a fighting 50 before he was caught by D. R. Wilcox off Nichols. The pitch was really bad, and the fast bowling of Nichols and Farnes was not easy to play under such conditions. The former took six wickets for 25, with the result that Essex were left to score 185 for victory. They started badly, however, Eastman being caught by Brown off Waite before he had scored. The only real stand of the innings was that between Wilcox and T. N. Pearce. Fleetwood-Smith and Ward had most of the batsmen in difficulties, and Essex were eventually dismissed for 87, the Australians winning by 97 runs. It was good to learn that the attendance of 12,500 and the receipts of £1,085 constituted a county record.

F. I. W.



FRANCIS OUIMET (RIGHT) HANDS OVER THE WALKER CUP TO JOHN BECK, BRITAIN'S NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN

A DECISIVE WALKER CUP VICTORY

Two Great Days For British Golf

By E. R. TIPPLE

AFTER sixteen years, in which British amateur golfers have suffered a weary succession of bitter disappointments and humiliating defeats, the American monopoly has been broken. Last week at St. Andrews, in the tenth match of the series of biennial international encounters, the first British victory was gained by the decisive margin of three points, seven games to four with one halved.

There was no possible doubt as to the merits of this long overdue success. As a team the British were superior to the Americans in every respect. They not only displayed greater skill, but in the critical moments—and the match was not won without some keen, exciting struggles—they showed they possessed real fighting temperaments.

The American captain, Francis Ouimet, remarked that: "All good things must come to an end," and added that his side was opposed to one of the "greatest teams of golfers ever assembled." Much of the credit for the British triumph must go to the selectors. They accomplished their unenviable task with courage and foresight and put themselves to an immense amount of trouble whilst carrying out their duties. John Beck, the British non-playing captain, deserves the highest possible praise for the manner in which he handled his team. A great golfer himself, with years of experience, he used his knowledge of the game to the full, and his strategic placing of the side was a deciding factor on the last day. Young golfers were given their chance and fully justified their selection. In past years faith was placed on golfers with great reputations with results that are too bitterly known to be repeated.

Of the four foursomes which were played on the first day, America won one, Britain two, with the other halved. This meant that the home team began the singles with a very valuable lead of one point. It was worth a great deal more psychologically. After such a splendid start the British supporters were enthusiastic, although many remembered that in 1923 the British side lost after establishing a lead of two points in the foursomes.

Although they did not win, chief honours were earned by Bentley and Bruen, who halved the leading foursome with J. Fischer and C. Kocsis. It was a thrilling match in which the British couple, after a nervous start, were fighting all the way. Taking advantage of the perfect playing conditions—there was little wind and the famous course was magnificent after the heavy rains—the Americans went round in 72 to be 3 up at the halfway stage. They established their lead by four successive 3's in the middle of the game. Bentley and Bruen had to wait until the ninth in the afternoon before they reduced their deficit. There the latter holed a putt of quite 6 yards for a three, and on the treacherous sloping eleventh green, one of the most notoriously difficult short holes in the world, Bruen holed another putt for a 2 and that was only one down. Kocsis put his side further ahead at the next, however, with a "birdie" three, but after a thrilling half at the fifteenth, where Bruen refused to be disturbed by the American's display, Bentley produced a classic pitch to the sixteenth following Fischer's mashie shot, which finished only 2 yards from the hole, and Bruen holed a short putt for them to be one down and two to play. At the famous Road Hole the seventeenth, Bentley holed a gigantic putt right across the green for an "eagle" three, and their efforts to square the match were rewarded at last. The final hole was halved, and the game saved. Bruen and Bentley's score was 68, which shows the brilliance of their golf.

Thomson and Peters made an ideal combination and always had the measure of their opponents, Goodman and Ward; while Crawley and Pennink, despite a few adventures, justified their partnership. The latter's steady short game and Crawley's accurate iron shots proved too much for their opponents, who were really never at ease on the course that has defied so many champions. Stowe and Kyle were the only Britishers to suffer defeat in the foursomes.

At the end of the first round of the singles the British victory was far from certain. Britain held commanding leads in three of the matches, America was nine up and three up in two games, whilst there was little difference in the remaining three. If the three British golfers who were easily ahead could win, only one point from the other three games, which were so well balanced, was needed for victory. It was a situation which could not fail to produce thrills. Crawley's defeat after his lead of four holes at the eighteenth made the outlook precarious for a time, but Ewing and Kyle followed Stowe's fighting example and won the vital points.

Although beaten by Yates, the eighteen-year-old Irish boy J. Bruen gave a gallant display. It was no small ordeal being placed at the head of the side, and against the American's devastatingly accurate golf he never gave up trying. His putting was not quite so reliable as usual, and he missed a few chances, but, even so, he was only beaten by 2 and 1.

Two years ago Thomson lost to Goodman, but he avenged that defeat by overwhelming the American amateur champion by 6 and 4. Round in 69, he was 6 up on this famous player who used to be regarded as unbeatable. Certainly, Goodman has never been beaten by such a decisive margin before. Thomson played like a master, accurate drives, amazingly consistent iron shots—the ball flying straight for the flag, and steady putting. Ewing, who did so well at Troon, gave himself a lot of trouble by repeatedly missing those awkward 5-foot putts.

Both Crawley and Pennink met opponents who were not content with ordinary par golf. Four up with eighteen to play seemed safe enough, but J. Fischer proceeded to treat St. Andrews as it has rarely been treated before. He had six 3's in a row from the eighth to the thirteenth! Thus Crawley found himself beaten without making any serious mistakes. Fischer holed short putts and long ones with equal ease and was obviously inspired. Marvin Ward, against Pennink, produced equally fantastic figures. He went out in 32 and finished the first round in 67 to be 9 up. No player could possibly do anything against such golf.

Certainly Fischer and Ward earned the honours for individual displays, and with Yates they were the outstanding players at St. Andrews. The American team was not so well balanced as the British side. Truly two great days for British amateur golf.

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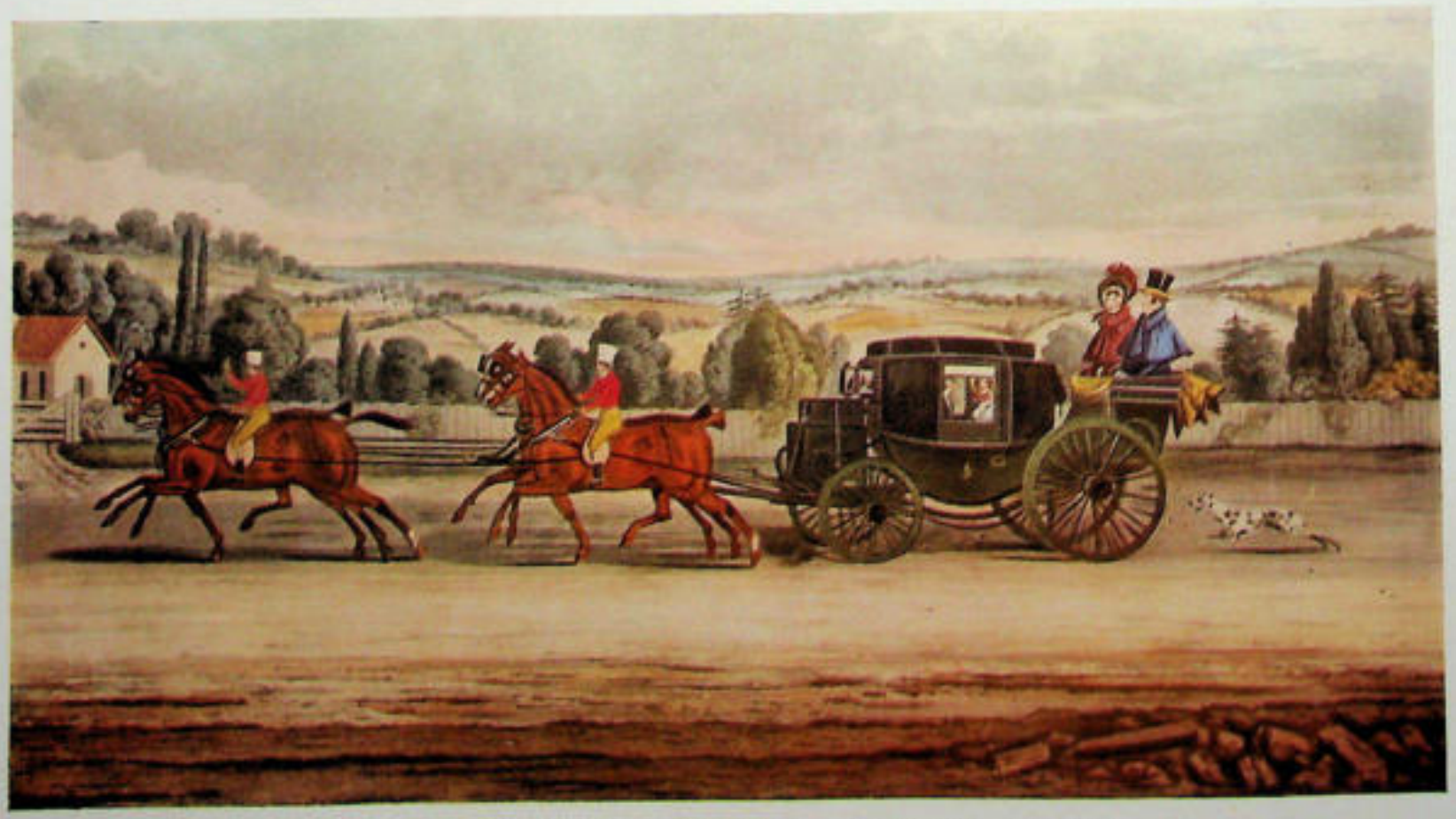
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DAPPING IN IRELAND

June Sport on the Western Loughs

By S. M. McLEOD



CONNEMARA BLACK'S MORNING CATCH ON MASK

JUNE on the Irish lakes is the height of the season for dibbing or dapping with the natural insect. It is commonly known as "dapping the Green Drake," and is a sport almost peculiar to Ireland. Visitors sometimes amuse themselves, and, incidentally, the local anglers, by dapping with gorgeous artificial creations. While they occasionally take fish, their success is negligible compared to that of the experts with the natural fly.

It is worth remembering, however, that when one is angling from lough shores or from river banks, the artificial Mayfly, lightly dressed and fished dry, is definitely superior to the natural.

The lakes of the West and the Midlands provide dappers with hundreds of square miles of good water. Lough Derg, on the Shannon, is one of the best, besides being the one on which the dainty fly first makes its appearance.

This is generally about the middle of May. As the season advances, so the fly appears farther and farther north. For example, should it show on Derg on the 15th, it may be expected on Corrib on the 20th, Mask, Ennell and Sheelin on the 23rd, Arrow on the 26th, and Melvin and Erne on the 29th. The season on each individual water being three to four weeks, it will be noted that anglers may dap from mid-May on Derg to almost the end of June on Erne.

Dapping is impossible without a wind of some sort to drift the boat and to carry out the line. A light breeze from south or south-west is ideal; another highly desirable condition being a soft, mild, and rather dull day. Intermittent light rain will do no worse than cause discomfort, but it is only in rain that the dearth of shelter in an open boat becomes so evident.

A really good boatman is invaluable. He must be capable of keeping the boat drifting steadily with the minimum of commotion in the water. With two anglers, the correct trimming of the boat by the proper distribution of weight is a great help to steady drifting. It is usually unwise to cover too many miles on each single drift. A number of short drifts where the fly is actually hatching is always far more productive of sport. Should difficulty be experienced in finding hatches of fly, gulls will almost invariably indicate the areas. Where the gulls are working will be found both fly and trout. This tip is infallible.

Of course, hatches are meagre at times, and only occasional fish are showing. It is a mistake to attempt to follow particular fish with the boat. The trout are cruising around, and better sport, and far more excitement may be had by calculating just where the fish is likely to appear next, and placing the fly neatly in its path. This is an art which calls for both judgment and experience, but is a useful accomplishment and very successful once the knack is acquired.

The dapping outfit is neither elaborate nor expensive. A long, light rod is absolutely indispensable. Messrs. Hardy Bros. make excellent rods for the purpose, the longest of which may be extended to 21ft. by means of a special butt. In a very light breeze this is not at all too long. Without the special butt the rod is 17ft.—an ideal length for ordinary conditions. Any sort of trout fly-fishing reel will serve, provided it has plenty of line-carrying capacity, and is contracted for quick line recovery. The line, however, is an important item. For the most part, the usual trout line and backing is employed, but to it must be spliced a "blow-line" of 20ft. Some anglers use 40ft., but half of that length is ample, and, indeed, desirable, as the splice is then clear of the rod rings when a fish is being played.

It is advisable to carry two types of blowlines on separate reels—floss silk for use in a very gentle breeze, and fine loosely plaited silk for a stronger wind. This precaution allows a quick change-over to be made when conditions so demand. To the blowline is attached the cast, the length of which should vary according to the breeze. While one a yard long is suitable in a very light wind, 2yds. should be used in a stiffer breeze. In either case it should be as fine as is compatible with safety, the strength being governed by the size of trout reasonably to be expected.

Dapping hooks should be purchased tied on long strands of fine, sound gut, preferably stained to avoid sun glint. The sizes recommended are rather small, numbers 4, 5 and 6, round bend, and wide in the gape. There is on the market an ingenious Mayfly eyed hook, on which the fly is held by a tiny spring clip. It is claimed that, not being impaled, the fly survives longer, and also "cocks" better on the water.

Freshly gathered greenish-tinged flies are best. Dark-coloured specimens should be rejected, as their hours are numbered. The boatmen will procure supplies if asked, but they require reasonable notice. The flies should be carried in a roomy container, and allowed plenty of air. This container must be kept out of the sun, and should have embodied some contrivance permitting the removal of one insect at a time.

It is difficult to explain clearly the method of mounting the flies. In the first place, two flies are much better than one. Each one is impaled just below the fore part of the wings, the hook passing through the body. They should be pushed right on to the binding of the hook, the point, barb and bend being left clearly in sight. Any competent boatman will demonstrate the operation. The trick is quickly learnt, and is always correctly performed when the mounted flies float on the surface in a natural manner. On some of the lakes it is a common practice to insert a petal of gorse blossom between the two flies. Whether or not this "charm" subscribes to greater success is a matter of opinion.

In fishing the boat is drifted broadside on to the breeze. An angler is seated at either end, and the boatman amidships. The long rod may be braced against a thwart or the gunwale, but the tip must be held high to allow the breeze to catch the blow-line and belly it out to the greatest possible extent. Only a few inches of the cast should lie in or on the water, as the flies must skim the surface in an upright position and natural manner. This is difficult for a novice until he acquires the ability to "let himself go with the boat." The exposed bend and point of the hook act as a keel, and help to steady the action of the flies on the water.

The excitement of the game lies in the fact that the trout can generally be seen coming at the fly. Beginners, and, indeed, dappers of several years' experience, often have the greatest difficulty in refraining from striking too soon, sometimes dragging the fly away long before the fish even noses it. Trout approach leisurely and deliberately. They "absorb" the fly gently and daintily, and striking must be deferred until they turn to go down. It is a safe rule to count five slowly, or murmur, "Oh, you're a beauty!"

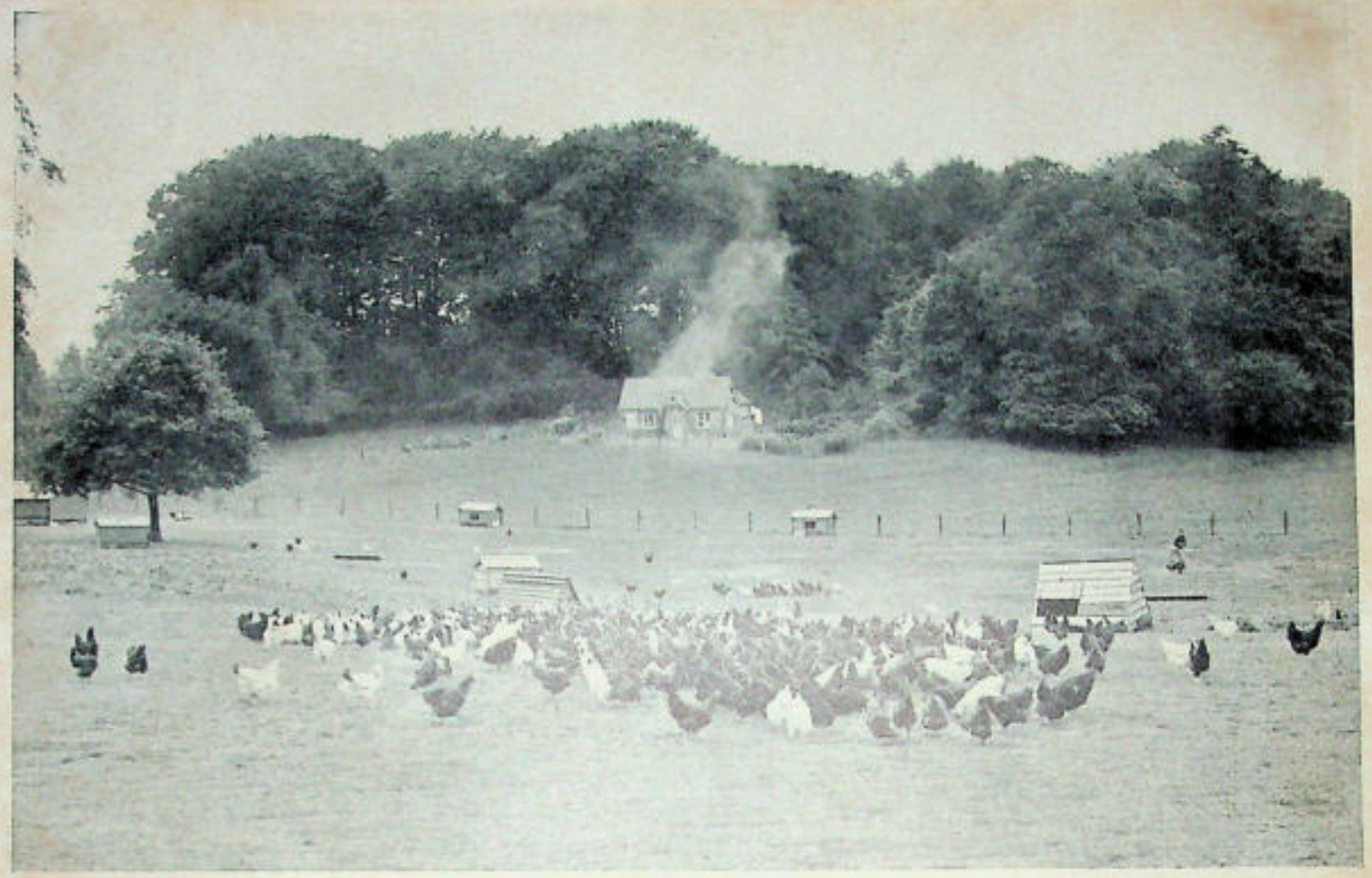
Rash or heavy striking must be avoided. The trout may be anything up to 12lb., and even larger specimens are not uncommon.

A large, deep, long-handled landing net should be included in the equipment. Whatever it may be to others, the angler derives but little amusement from trying to coax a 10lb. trout into a net designed for half-pounders. How often is the fish of a lifetime lost at the last moment?



DAPPING ON DERRYCLARE

One of the loughs forming part of the famous Ballynahinch fishery, formerly owned by Ranjitsinghi



Poultry and the Nation.—V.

REPLACEMENTS AND DISTRIBUTION

More Care Should be Taken in Selecting the Source of Supply

By G. G. BELFIELD

DURING the past decade, the methods of distribution for replenishing or augmenting commercial stock have shown probably greater expansion and more outstanding changes than any other branch of the poultry industry. A growing keenness and appreciation of the earning capacity of poultry on the farm, fostered by educational propaganda, brought this important branch of agriculture into prominence soon after the War, and developments along the lines of selective breeding and specialisation ensued.

The old custom of replacement on the general farm by mating the whole flock irrespective of grade, age or the number of pullets required, has given way to planned production wherever poultry is given its rightful position in relation to other farm stock and crops. Certain inherent dislikes of farmers for particular practices, such as the "wire netting" of pastures to segregate breeding hens, because of the risk of entangling cattle and restricting grazing, have gradually disappeared. Keenness of a member of the family, coupled with the almost immediate increased financial returns with better husbandry, are primarily responsible for the growth of poultry on the general farm in recent years.

Quite rightly, free-range methods were, and still are, the desire and the practice on most farms, giving as they do the added advantage of pasture improvement. Specialisation in breeding and hatching was consequently welcomed since it relieved farmers of the necessity of breeding pens, as well as the uncertain job of running small incubators successfully during the busy spring months.

Side by side with the development of poultry on general farms, specialised commercial egg-producing farms grew in numbers and in size. When egg prices commenced their steady decline in 1927–28 commercial poultry keepers correspondingly increased their birds to maintain revenue. In like manner table-poultry producing plants were introduced and subsequently benefited by tariffs. Both these specialised activities experienced difficulties in the provision of the stock replacements.

Availability of Supplies as and when Required

The commercial egg producer naturally requires pullets hatched at the correct period of the year for winter egg production. To attain this end would entail a section of his farm being set aside as a breeding unit to provide the eggs from which to hatch his future replacements. But a small breeding department would extend the rearing season and provide pullets of varying ages needing different treatment. Conversely, a large section, whilst partly overcoming these difficulties, would involve a big proportion of his plant being utilised in breeding birds from which egg production is not economic for commercial eating eggs. Then there would still be the cockerel question to solve. In the case of the commercial table-bird producer he requires a regular weekly supply of suitable birds all the year round. Without this he is unable to make favourable contracts or to command an adequate market price for his products. It will, therefore, be seen that this seasonal variation in egg production makes the upkeep of a breeding establishment for the weekly replacement of table birds alone exceedingly difficult and expensive. In the autumn, for example, a pen of 100 breeding hens may produce only 50 day-old chicks a week, whilst in the spring the same pen can easily produce 200 chicks a week. Added to this, continual replenishment of stock cockerels is necessary.

From the foregoing, the difficulties presented by the provision of replacements on a self-contained commercial farm or plant, for whatever particular market aimed at, will be readily apparent.

The scope for expertly managed breeding farms to supply hatching eggs for those more concerned with commercial markets was the first innovation. It was only one step further to group these breeding farms together, and for one central incubation plant, now known as a "hatchery," to pool supplies of hatching eggs in order to supply day-old chicks in sufficient numbers at the required time best suited to commercial undertakings. The latter, as well as general farms, were quick to appreciate the resultant benefits, and to dispense with their own breeding units and incubators.

Specialist Hatcheries Welcomed

Not only were the activities of the hatcheries welcomed and well supported by willing purchasers of day-old chicks. The breeding farms supplying the hatcheries saw in this development a steady outlet for all their hatching eggs, and that it would to a large extent relieve them of a retail trade with its attendant difficulties and expenses. Specialised incubation plants or hatcheries were likewise very alert and ready to undertake their part in satisfying this genuine demand. Of all branches of the poultry industry, commercial hatchery work is the most responsive to efficient business methods, and it quickly attracted outside finance for expansion. It was, therefore, inevitable that many hatcheries came into being with the sole idea of making money as quickly as possible, regardless of their responsibilities, or the ultimate harmful result of the widespread distribution of unsuitable stock. The unhappy position of the general health and mortality rate of poultry stocks in this country at the present time has focused much attention on the malpractices perpetrated, and, to a certain extent, perpetuated, by a minority of producers and breeders.

That the majority of businesses have fortunately been conducted in an efficient and honourable manner to the complete satisfaction of their clients is amply borne out by the fact that it is reliably estimated that at the present time commercial hatcheries produce and sell in the region of 20,000,000 chicks annually.

Further impetus was given to specialised hatchery operations when Japanese experts in the art of determining the sex of day-old chicks offered their services in this country. Prior to this, sex linkage offered the only way of separating the sexes in baby chicks. By mating silver females to a gold cockerel, the resultant chicks can be separated as to sex at birth, the pullet chick following the colour of the male parent and the cockerel chick that of the female.

Sex Determination Introduced

Sexing of day-old chicks of any breed or cross widened the scope for a demand hitherto supplied only by sex-linkage; a demand which was expanding more rapidly than the requisite breeding stock warranted, owing to the advantages presented by obviating the rearing of unwanted cockerels by commercial egg farms, and by increasing the capacity of the rearing appliances on the commercial farm, specialising in either pullets or cockerels.

Japanese sexing experts were unwilling to come to this country without a guarantee of a full season's



A HEALTHY FLOCK OF BREEDERS LIVING UNDER NATURAL CONDITIONS

work, amounting to approximately 300,000 chicks, a figure which most breeders could not produce. This, however, was within the scope of specialised hatcheries who sponsored this new development, giving the necessary guarantees as to quantities and hiring the experts to other breeders.

The rapid growth of chick sexing can be gauged by the fact that in five years the number of Japanese experts in this country has risen from two to twenty, as well as giving employment to a greater number of British experts.

That commercial producers can now obtain, on the exact date specified, the required quantity of either sex in all or any of the utility breeds or crosses, with guarantees as to condition on delivery and freedom from most of the known diseases, certainly shows no lack of organising ability on the part of the supplying and distributing side of production.

Breeders who hatch their own eggs and sell the resultant chicks have also taken full advantage of the commercial producers' reluctance to add breeding and hatching to their many other tasks, and willingly acquiesce in allowing specialisation to assist them. It is estimated that breeder-hatcheries combined throughout the United Kingdom supply more day-old chicks annually than purely commercial hatcheries. The sequel is that the number of commercial farms which are self-contained has rapidly diminished, and is still diminishing.

The merits and demerits of these two sources of supply are discussed daily among poultry-keepers all over the country. It is sufficient to say that their responsibility to the industry as a whole is both great and grave. Upon their skill and integrity depend the livelihood of vast numbers of commercial poultry-keepers.

It matters not whether they produce their own hatching eggs, purchase eggs, or handle eggs on a co-operative basis. Without adequate knowledge and a genuine desire to promote the well-being of the poultry industry, and stubbornly resist the temptation to earn quick profits at the expense of their supporters and customers, disrepute will be brought on this branch of the industry, and it will inevitably descend into obscurity as rapidly as it was created.

Progeny Recording and Pedigree Breeders

A third vital specialist in the provision of replacements is the breeder who limits his stock to such dimensions that every individual bird is known, where family histories are recorded, performance, both for production of "eggs" and or "meat" are known, and special types and attributes are the basis of rigorous selection in skilful and careful matings. Here the detailed methods necessary are costly; the breeder's efforts and time can only be spread over a very small output; and whilst such stock must always be of the utmost importance to the industry and will always be in demand, it is calamitous that the prevailing economic condition will not allow a free market in such stock at prices which adequately recompense the breeder.

During the post-War years of expansion, pedigree stock was in great demand. The fact that novices could obtain such stock and demonstrate their capabilities in laying trials and on the show bench, and yet were quite unable and unfitted to reproduce and carry on their easily acquired reputation, has led to much misgiving for the term "pedigree breeder," and, unfortunately, the value of all pedigree work has unjustly suffered.

Any plan or scheme for the rebuilding of the poultry stocks of this country must, in the first place, be based on foundation stock of known history and recorded performance in both liveability and fecundity. It is impossible to maintain commercial flocks capable of adequate returns, even in a reasonably economic commercial market, if the value of pedigreed, tested stock is neglected and discounted. The influence of such stock is, or should be, felt right through the commercial breeding flocks supplying hatcheries to the commercial producer of eating eggs or table birds, and this influence will materially improve financial returns.

Increasing Demand for Started Pullets

One other development in providing replacements is required, and, if carefully handled, will fill a growing need. The advent of laying hen batteries has created an increased demand for large numbers of three to four months old pullets. At the moment, there are few plants devoting their whole attention to providing such stock, much of which has hitherto come from Eire, where pullets are reared by small farmers, collected and shipped to this country in increasing quantities. Provided the necessary attention is given to quality of stock and health, such arrangements appear to be sound and might well be exploited in this country in preference to large centralised rearing plants. There is no easy way of rearing pullets to the required age, if stamina and health are to be encouraged and not jeopardised. Purchasers must be prepared to give adequate prices for grown pullets if they expect well-reared hardy birds. Depressing the price offered for growing pullets will undoubtedly encourage mass production methods of rearing, with their consequent ill-effects to the purchaser.

The methods of distribution of poultry stocks are indeed diverse, and vary from the retail sale of one individually pedigreed male bird or single sitting of specially selected hatching eggs to the barter of misnamed day-old chicks for rags and bones. Unfortunately, in some respects, poultry of all ages are the most easily transported of any farm stock. Consequently, widespread movements and dissemination take place. The transportation of hatching eggs, day-old chicks and growing stock, from the West of England to the Orkneys, from Scotland, all over Southern England and from East to West and *vice versa*, goes on unceasingly. When all is well with health, this may not be entirely detrimental, but it will be readily seen how troubles, diseases, or errors in breeding and management, may easily become widespread and permeate all the flocks throughout the kingdom. Much of this quite unnecessary movement is brought about by Press advertising, the lure of far distant lands or for something different. Whether or not this is in the best interests of the industry can be left to the judgment of those who purchase stock from far afield. It is suggested, however, that a personal visit to the breeder or producer, and an inspection of the breeding stock in question, is often precluded by such methods and gives no security for redress in cases of an unsatisfactory transaction.

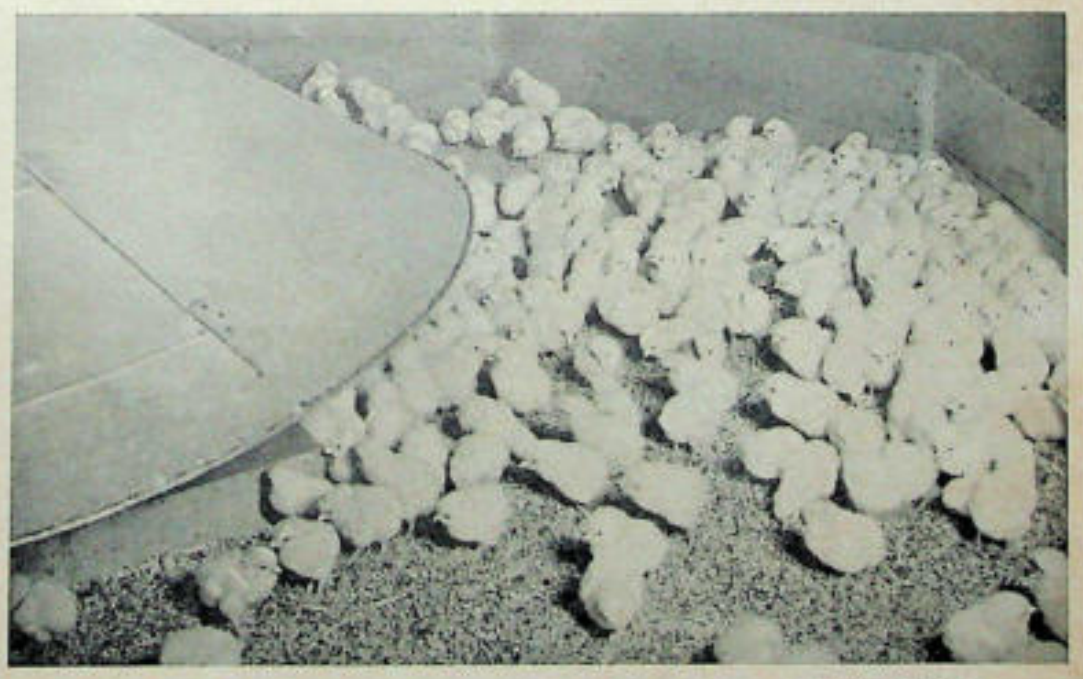
The cost of cartage on eggs and also their susceptibility to jars and vibration, which deteriorate their value as hatching eggs, limits the scope of a widespread circulation in quantity.

The fact that incubation is a specialist's job, and that enhanced results in hatching are obtained when this important work is given more attention than is often possible where other necessary work has to be got through, has diverted the movements of hatching eggs through specialised incubator plants at the expense of retail sales of hatching eggs. Day-old chicks on the other hand, if properly packed, travel by passenger train both cheaply and with no ill effects. Cases are known where day-old chicks dispatched to the Channel Islands on Tuesday morning were refused admission owing to foot-and-mouth disease regulations, and, on being returned, reached home late Thursday night, and reared with normal results. Chicks dispatched by air from Croydon in regular weekly quantities have given excellent results as far afield as Marseilles and Lyons for months at a time.

Unscrupulous Practices

The ease and safety in which day-old chicks will travel have given rise to several objectionable practices. Day-old cockerels, leaving incubators in one part of the country are to be seen in markets the next day, 200 miles away, described as pullet chicks. It is not uncommon for such chicks to be taken to another market the following day to be resold by auction, if a better trade is expected.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on these disreputable methods of distribution, which can only bring grief and loss to the unfortunate or uninitiated purchaser. Country auction marts can, and do, provide a satisfactory medium for distribution of chicks and stock of varying ages, but it is always advisable for the purchaser to discover the actual breeder and producer of the stock. This information should always be obtained from the auctioneer, and, without it, it is inadvisable to run the risk of buying stock which may be third-hand, incorrectly described, and a possible source of severe loss. Apart from the legitimate auction markets, and subject to the precautions outlined above, the majority of the distribution is rightly direct from producer to purchaser.



A BATCH OF CHICKS SURROUNDING THEIR FOSTER PARENT, A BUCKEYE BROODER

Importance of Source of Supply

Poultry-keepers are well advised to exercise more care in selecting their source of supply. Personal contact with the man on whom they are so dependent, and personal inspection of the breeding stock and methods which will influence the performance of the stock they are purchasing and relying upon for their future returns, can and should be an ordinary precaution. All genuine producers would welcome this personal contact which builds mutual confidence and respect and assists in overcoming many of the difficulties entailed on both sides of production.

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As a preliminary to the Wightman Cup match against the United States at Wimbledon this week-end, the match which was played between Great Britain and Australia at Manchester last week was a fiasco owing to the illness of Miss M. C. Scriven and Miss N. Wynne. It must go without further comment than that it appeared to show Miss K. E. Stammers in a more favourable light.

As to other evidence for forecasting, Mrs. Moody may have endangered her place in the American "line out" by being beaten by Miss R. M. Hardwick at St. George's Hill, where Miss A. Marble beat Mlle. J. Jedrzejowska in the semi-final and Mrs. Heine Miller in the final, both in straight sets; Miss Helen Jacobs won the Hertfordshire Championship, but only met a junior in the final. Some opinions, facts and figures from the past will be more opportune than the assessment of current values.

After the donation of the trophy by Mrs. Wightman, America's non-playing captain, the first match was played at Forest Hills, and there have been fourteen since staged, there and at Wimbledon alternately. Of the fifteen matches the United States have won eleven and Great Britain four. There have been five "runaways," in 1923 the United States won at Forest Hills, 7/0; in 1931 at Forest Hills, 5/2; in 1934 at Wimbledon, 5/2; and in 1937 at Forest Hills, 6/1. In 1924 Great Britain won at Wimbledon, 6/1. Only once (by 4/3 in 1925) has Great Britain won at Forest Hills. Out of the fifteen matches, nine have been decided by the odd event out of five singles and two doubles—1925-26, 1928-30, 1932-33, 1935-36. No one has played on more occasions than Mrs. Moody, who took part in nine matches out of the first fifteen. Since 1930, when Great Britain won at Wimbledon, the United States have had a run of seven victories.

Lest our ladies despair, here are two quotations from a contemporary criticism of the 1924 match by Mr. A. Wallis Myers. They refer to Miss H. Wills, who was to become Wimbledon champion in 1927. Speaking of her play against Mrs. B. C. Covell, who beat her 6/2, 6/4, he says: "Steadiness was almost completely absent and in pressing prematurely for a decision in many rallies she lost essential control. Her service asset was weakened almost to a minimum by a tendency to double fault; more than one game, including the first, in which she led 40—love, was sacrificed by this frailty."

Then about her play against Miss K. McKane, who beat her 6/2, 6/2, he remarks: "Miss Wills gave the impression of having practised only for the three or four shot rally; the fifth shot found her ill-prepared. Fine strokes she played in plenty, but they were unco-ordinated, and the probability of a reply (which Miss McKane skilfully supplied) was not considered."

Our vintage year of captainship was 1925; Mrs. Lambert Chambers was the heroine. Although she had not played singles in a big way since her challenge round against Mlle. Lenglen at Wimbledon in 1920 she put herself in at a crisis to play the sandwich single, and beat Miss E. Goss, 7/5, 3/6, 6/1, after being 0/4 down in the first set. There was a great match between Miss Wills and Miss McKane; the latter won 6/1, 1/6, 9/7, reversing the Wimbledon championship result of the previous year.

In 1927 Miss H. Jacobs and Miss B. Nuthall, both making their Wightman Cup début, met as third strings; the latter won 6/3, 2/6, 6/1. Next year in the same situation Miss Jacobs won 6/3, 6/1. Here are the results of other first appearances. In 1930, Miss P. E. Mudford (now Mrs. King) beat Miss S. Palfrey (now Mrs. Fabyan) 6/0, 6/2. In 1931 Miss D. E. Round (now Mrs. Little) lost to Mrs. Harper, 3/6, 6/4, 7/9, after being 0/4 down and then getting five match points in the final set. In 1933 Miss M. C. Scriven lost to Miss Jacobs, 7/5, 2/6, 5/7; she won the first set from 2/5 down, and was 3/1 and 5/3 in the final set, but faded out. In 1936, Miss R. M. Hardwick lost to Miss C. Babcock, 4/6, 6/4, 2/6; and in 1937 Miss M. E. Lumb lost to Mrs. Fabyan, 3/6, 1/6.

Perhaps the most spectacular performance to date was put over by Miss Palfrey in 1934. She beat Miss Scriven 6/3, 3/6, 8/6, after being 1/5 down in the last set. At match point against her in the seventh game she served three aces running. A startled Miss Scriven served two double faults to the eighth game, and Miss Palfrey went to only three points. The strangest of 1930 when Mrs. against

absolute sitter for set, and won only one more game.

The question of the best match I leave for discussion. The hardiest Wimbledon annual is the remark: "That was the best match I have ever seen on the centre court."

ENGLISH VIII CLUB MEETING

A Ninth Gold Jewel for F. W. Jones

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

WHEN the competition for the English VIII Club Jewels was held at Bisley the wind was of a kind to baffle all but the most cunning judges of force and direction. That the top of the score list was not occupied solely by the most experienced members of the club is due to the fact that no two rifle barrels are alike in accuracy, and that even in the carefully hand-made barrels used by the match-rifle fraternity some are much better than others. On an easy day the novice with a superfine barrel will beat the field. On difficult days, as those we had for the Jewel shoot this year, only a good man with a good barrel can hope to win. The stream-line bulleted service cartridges used were excellent.

Mr. F. W. Jones won the Gold Jewel, his ninth. This places him on a par with the late Colonel John Hopton, the only other member of the club to win first place this number of times in the annual competitions. But Mr. Jones started match-rifle shooting only in 1908, and that year won his first "gold." Since then no one has won the "gold" more than twice.

Mr. Jones did some remarkable shooting on the second day to achieve his triumph. On the first day he scored 205 and tied for sixth place with five others, amongst them being Lord Cottesloe, who is always dangerous if his rifle is equal to his skill. At 900yds., on the second day, Mr. Jones made 71 out of 75—a good score for the day—and this put him in second place with Mr. J. B. Nevitt, who had also carried forward 205. They were six points behind the Hon. John Fremantle, who won the Long Range Cup on the first day with the high score of 212. At 1,000yds. Mr. Jones made no mistakes. He scored fifteen bullseyes and was now one point up on Fremantle. He fell away somewhat in the very difficult wind conditions encountered at 1,100yds. His rifle also seemed to be throwing rather a wide group. His score was 65, which gave him a total of 211 for the day and won him the Martin Smith Cup.

The Silver Jewel was won by the Hon. John Fremantle, who already possesses three of them as well as two "golds." The son of Lord Cottesloe, and still a young man—he is under 40—he has inherited a very real rifle sense. He has already shot fourteen times in the English Eight VIII.

Mr. C. J. Woodrow, the veteran of the club, and in his 82nd year, won the Bronze Jewel by steady shooting on both days. He had the top score, 74, at 900yds. on the first day, and at 1,100yds., 68, on the second day.

The leading scores were:

	1st day	2nd day	Total
F. W. Jones	205	211	416
The Hon. J. Fremantle	212	203	415
C. J. Woodrow	208	203	411
A. H. Vicars	205	203	408
J. B. Nevitt	205	202	407
Colonel G. H. Leigh	198	206	404
Major G. Burrard	195	206	401
Lord Cottesloe	205	196	401
Captain J. V. Jacklin	192	205	397
Dr. C. H. Vernon	206	191	397
C. Mack	191	200	391
Commander D. S. Swanston	196	195	391

Leading scores by honorary members not entitled to compete for the Jewels were: Captain H. St. G. Maxwell (Scotland), 207 + 207 = 414; and Colonel G. Gould (Ireland), 198 + 197 = 395.

Some comment is necessary on the place taken by Mr. A. H. Vicars, a young man who first distinguished himself with the match rifle at Cambridge University about 1929. He won the Cambridge Cup in 1931. He has abandoned the simple two-lens Galilean telescopic sight used for many years by match rifle marksmen shooting in the back position, and has devised a mount to allow him to use a real telescope of the type favoured by small-bore marksmen in the United States. These telescopes have several times been tried for prone shooting with match rifles, notably by the Irish International, Mr. J. J. O'Leary, but with small success. Mr. Vicars is the first to use one when shooting off the back. The telescope seems to give him some advantage over the simple type. I understand that Mr. Arthur Hale, of the Parker-Hale firm, is experimenting with a commercial mount on the same lines.

WHITSUNTIDE YACHTING

Harwich, Heligoland and Elsewhere

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

AFTER the furious gales of the week previous to the Whitsun week-end any misgivings as to the luck of a yachting holiday were entirely justifiable. What with yachts blown ashore and rescued by tugs and lifeboats there seemed every chance that the events which had been planned would turn out to be fiascos. And a full week-end had been planned, too, what with the opening of the class-racing season at Harwich, the important Heligoland and Maas ocean races, the Southampton-Cherbourg race for the Latine Cup, the sporting North Sea race from Kristiansand to Sunderland, in addition to lesser events such as the Little Ship Club's Calais meeting, and so on.

Happily, however, the worst of the gale had blown itself out by Whit-Friday morning. Tumbling seas inshore and the strongest winds still persisted for a while, but these after-effects only succeeded in cancelling the Maas Race and the L.S.C. Whitsun meet, and the rest of the pre-arranged programme went merrily forward.

Weather delayed the start of the Kristiansand-Sunderland race for 24 hours, but on Thursday four yachts set off on the 370-mile venture. A stray "secondary" was lying in wait for them half-way across, however, and at Bridlington nearly twelve hours separated the winner, Mr. N. King's Maid of Ake, from the second home, Moonshine. Of the other starters Mr. Russell's Foxtrott put into Aberdeen and Mr. Rooke's cutter Spica made Sunderland. All had more or less suffered damage in the crossing.

Coming farther down the coast we reach Harwich, where the class-racing season made its début with a programme of some 70 entries. In the absence of the big class and non-existence of any 100-tonners, the Twelves held premier place and provided a spectacle of fine close sailing. On the first of the two days' racing, in ideal racing weather with a true breeze, a good class turned out—Sir William Burton's Marina, Mr. Fairey's Evaine and Mr. MacAndrew's Trivia, the neck-and-neck duellists of last season, Mr. Sopwith's Blue Marlin (last year's Alanna) and Mr. Paul's Little Astra. The first race in the class was a victory for Evaine, but only by 24sec. from Marina; Trivia was third and Blue Marlin (who seems to want more tuning up) was fourth. In the second day's racing (on Whit-Monday) Evaine scored her second win of the season, in a reefed-mainsail breeze, with Trivia exactly 1min. behind her at the gun. Harwich is always strong in the handicap fleet, and the bigger class contained the ex-15-metre Lady Anne, Blue Peter, Noreen, Aralus and the ex-12-metre Vanity V. On the first day Lady Anne scored a well-earned win; on the second the wind suited Blue Peter.

And while at Harwich we must refer to the Maas Race for the smaller ocean racers. Owing to the weather conditions prevailing on the Friday, the decision was taken not to send the small ships across the North Sea. Five out of the nine entrants were thus sent on a shorter course to Felixstowe. In a ragged start Mr. J. Bunting's Dirk II was the first across, and finished first by a lead which even Brambling could not overcome.

Weather or no weather, however, the larger ocean racers were sent off from the Crouch on their Heligoland course—and, in the offing, found almost ideal conditions. Thirty-two out of the 39 entrants faced the gun at the start, and were sent off in three sections at ten-minute intervals. All the starts were inclined to be ragged, and the German entrants on the average seemed to make more of it than our own people.

Clearly there was divergence of view as to the wind likely to be encountered "outside," for some crossed the line reefed well down, others had spinnakers set. The latter view was clearly the right one, and the first 60 or so miles was admirable spinnaker weather. The weather, indeed, was on its best behaviour, and with a fine true breeze the redoubtable German Admiralty entrant Asta was, as usual, first home. Hard on her heels, however, came the smaller ships, so that she could not save her time. On corrected times, in fact, Colonel King's Ortac emerged the winner in the "open class"—for the second time—with Dr. Perlia's Westwing (German) second, and the R.N.S.A.'s Maid of Malham third. In the "A" class of cruisers, Mr. Jones's McNab was the winner, and in the "B" class the prize goes to Mr. W. Ahren's fine Norwegian pilot-cruiser Gudrun III.

A thoroughly satisfactory race this, the more so since not only were the crack British off-shore racers clearly able to dispose of "foreign competition," but also our own forecast was vindicated.

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After the donation of the trophy by Mrs. Wightman, America's non-playing captain, the first match was played at Forest Hills, and there have been fourteen since staged, there and at Wimbledon alternately. Of the fifteen matches the United States have won eleven and Great Britain four. There have been five "runaways," in 1923 the United States won at Forest Hills, 7/0; in 1931 at Forest Hills, 5/2; in 1934 at Wimbledon, 5/2; and in 1937 at Forest Hills, 6/1. In 1924 Great Britain won at Wimbledon, 6/1. Only once (by 4/3 in 1925) has Great Britain won at Forest Hills. Out of the fifteen matches, nine have been decided by the odd event out of five singles and two doubles—1925-26, 1928-30, 1932-33, 1935-36. No one has played on more occasions than Mrs. Moody, who took part in nine matches out of the first fifteen. Since 1930, when Great Britain won at Wimbledon, the United States have had a run of seven victories.

Lest our ladies despair, here are two quotations from a contemporary criticism of the 1924 match by Mr. A. Wallis Myers. They refer to Miss H. Wills, who was to become Wimbledon champion in 1927. Speaking of her play against Mrs. B. C. Covell, who beat her 6/2, 6/4, he says: "Steadiness was almost completely absent and in pressing prematurely for a decision in many rallies she lost essential control. Her service asset was weakened almost to a minimum by a tendency to double fault; more than one game, including the first, in which she led 40—love, was sacrificed by this frailty."

Then about her play against Miss K. McKane, who beat her 6/2, 6/2, he remarks: "Miss Wills gave the impression of having practised only for the three or four shot rally; the fifth shot found her ill-prepared. Fine strokes she played in plenty, but they were unco-ordinated, and the probability of a reply (which Miss McKane skilfully supplied) was not considered."

Our vintage year of captainship was 1925; Mrs. Lambert Chambers was the heroine. Although she had not played singles in a big way since her challenge round against Mlle. Lenglen at Wimbledon in 1920 she put herself in at a crisis to play the sandwich single, and beat Miss E. Goss, 7/5, 3/6, 6/1, after being 0/4 down in the first set. There was a great match between Miss Wills and Miss McKane; the latter won 6/1, 1/6, 9/7, reversing the Wimbledon championship result of the previous year.

In 1927 Miss H. Jacobs and Miss B. Nuthall, both making their Wightman Cup début, met as third strings; the latter won 6/3, 2/6, 6/1. Next year in the same situation Miss Jacobs won 6/3, 6/1. Here are the results of other first appearances. In 1930, Miss P. E. Mudford (now Mrs. King) beat Miss S. Palfrey (now Mrs. Fabyan) 6/0, 6/2. In 1931 Miss D. E. Round (now Mrs. Little) lost to Mrs. Harper, 3/6, 6/4, 7/9, after being 0/4 down and then getting five match points in the final set. In 1933 Miss M. C. Scriven lost to Miss Jacobs, 7/5, 2/6, 5/7; she won the first set from 2/5 down, and was 3/1 and 5/3 in the final set, but faded out. In 1936, Miss R. M. Hardwick lost to Miss C. Babcock, 4/6, 6/4, 2/6; and in 1937 Miss M. E. Lumb lost to Mrs. Fabyan, 3/6, 1/6.

Perhaps the most spectacular performance to date was put over by Miss Palfrey in 1934. She beat Miss Scriven 6/3, 3/6, 8/6, after being 1/5 down in the last set. At match point against her in the seventh game she served three aces running. A startled Miss Scriven served two double faults to open the eighth game, and Miss Palfrey went to 6/5 with the loss of only three points. The strangest match was probably that of 1930 when Mrs. Holcroft Watson went to 5/0 in the first set against Mrs. Moody, had two set points at 5/4, missed an absolute sitter for set, and won only one more game.

The question of the best match I leave for discussion. The hardiest Wimbledon annual is the remark: "That was the best match I have ever seen on the centre court."

ENGLISH VIII CLUB MEETING

A Ninth Gold Jewel for F. W. Jones

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

WHEN the competition for the English VIII Club Jewels was held at Bisley the wind was of a kind to baffle all but the most cunning judges of force and direction. That the top of the score list was not occupied solely by the most experienced members of the club is due to the fact that no two rifle barrels are alike in accuracy, and that even in the carefully hand-made barrels used by the match-rifle fraternity some are much better than others. On an easy day the novice with a superfine barrel will beat the field. On difficult days, as those we had for the Jewel shoot this year, only a good man with a good barrel can hope to win. The stream-line bulleted service cartridges used were excellent.

Mr. F. W. Jones won the Gold Jewel, his ninth. This places him on a par with the late Colonel John Hopton, the only other member of the club to win first place this number of times in the annual competitions. But Mr. Jones started match-rifle shooting only in 1908, and that year won his first "gold." Since then no one has won the "gold" more than twice.

Mr. Jones did some remarkable shooting on the second day to achieve his triumph. On the first day he scored 205 and tied for sixth place with five others, amongst them being Lord Cottesloe, who is always dangerous if his rifle is equal to his skill. At 900yds., on the second day, Mr. Jones made 71 out of 75—a good score for the day—and this put him in second place with Mr. J. B. Nevitt, who had also carried forward 205. They were six points behind the Hon. John Fremantle, who won the Long Range Cup on the first day with the high score of 212. At 1,000yds. Mr. Jones made no mistakes. He scored fifteen bullseyes and was now one point up on Fremantle. He fell away somewhat in the very difficult wind conditions encountered at 1,100yds. His rifle also seemed to be throwing rather a wide group. His score was 65, which gave him a total of 211 for the day and won him the Martin Smith Cup.

The Silver Jewel was won by the Hon. John Fremantle, who already possesses three of them as well as two "golds." The son of Lord Cottesloe, and still a young man—he is under 40—he has inherited a very real rifle sense. He has already shot fourteen times in the English Eleho VIII.

Mr. C. J. Woodrow, the veteran of the club, and in his 82nd year, won the Bronze Jewel by steady shooting on both days. He had the top score, 74, at 900yds. on the first day, and at 1,100yds., 68, on the second day.

The leading scores were:

	1st day	2nd day	Total
F. W. Jones	205	211	416
The Hon. J. Fremantle	212	203	415
C. J. Woodrow	208	203	411
A. H. Vicars	205	203	408
J. B. Nevitt	205	202	407
Colonel G. H. Leigh	198	206	404
Major G. Burrard	195	206	401
Lord Cottesloe	205	196	401
Captain J. V. Jacklin	192	205	397
Dr. C. H. Vernon	206	191	397
C. Mack	191	200	391
Commander D. S. Swanston	196	195	391

Leading scores by honorary members not entitled to compete for the Jewels were: Captain H. St. G. Maxwell (Scotland), 207 – 207 – 414; and Colonel G. Gould (Ireland), 198 – 197 – 395.

Some comment is necessary on the place taken by Mr. A. H. Vicars, a young man who first distinguished himself with the match rifle at Cambridge University about 1929. He won the Cambridge Cup in 1931. He has abandoned the simple two-lens Galilean telescopic sight used for many years by match rifle marksmen shooting in the back position, and has devised a mount to allow him to use a real telescope of the type favoured by small-bore marksmen in the United States. These telescopes have several times been tried for prone shooting with match rifles, notably by the Irish International, Mr. J. J. O'Leary, but with small success. Mr. Vicars is the first to use one when shooting off the back. The telescope seems to give him some advantage over the simple type. I understand that Mr. Arthur Hale, of the Parker-Hale firm, is experimenting with a commercial mount on the same lines.

WHITSUNTIDE YACHTING

Harwich, Heligoland and Elsewhere

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

AFTER the furious gales of the week previous to the Whitsun week-end any misgivings as to the luck of a yachting holiday were entirely justifiable. What with yachts blown ashore and rescued by tugs and lifeboats there seemed every chance that the events which had been planned would turn out to be fiascos. And a full week-end had been planned, too, what with the opening of the class-racing season at Harwich, the important Heligoland and Maas ocean races, the Southampton-Cherbourg race for the Latine Cup, the sporting North Sea race from Kristiansand to Sunderland, in addition to lesser events such as the Little Ship Club's Calais meeting, and so on.

Happily, however, the worst of the gale had blown itself out by Whit-Friday morning. Tumbling seas inshore and the strongest winds still persisted for a while, but these after-effects only succeeded in cancelling the Maas Race and the L.S.C. Whitsun meet, and the rest of the pre-arranged programme went merrily forward.

Weather delayed the start of the Kristiansand–Sunderland race for 24 hours, but on Thursday four yachts set off on the 370-mile venture. A stray "secondary" was lying in wait for them half-way across, however, and at Bridlington nearly twelve hours separated the winner, Mr. N. King's Maid of Afio, from the second home, Moonshine. Of the other starters Mr. Russell's Foxtrott put into Aberdeen and Mr. Rooke's cutter Spica made Sunderland. All had more or less suffered damage in the crossing.

Coming farther down the coast we reach Harwich, where the class-racing season made its début with a programme of some 70 entries. In the absence of the big class and non-existence of any 100-tonners, the Twelves held premier place and provided a spectacle of fine close sailing. On the first of the two days' racing, in ideal racing weather with a true breeze, a good class turned out—Sir William Burton's Marina, Mr. Fairey's Evaine and Mr. MacAndrew's Trivia, the neck-and-neck duellists of last season, Mr. Sopwith's Blue Marlin (last year's Alanna) and Mr. Paul's Little Astra. The first race in the class was a victory for Evaine, but only by 24sec. from Marina; Trivia was third and Blue Marlin (who seems to want more tuning up) was fourth. In the second day's racing (on Whit-Monday) Evaine scored her second win of the season, in a reefed-mainsail breeze, with Trivia exactly 1min. behind her at the gun. Harwich is always strong in the handicap fleet, and the bigger class contained the ex-15-metre Lady Anne, Blue Peter, Noreen, Aralus and the ex-12-metre Vanity V. On the first day Lady Anne scored a well-earned win; on the second the wind suited Blue Peter.

And while at Harwich we must refer to the Maas Race for the smaller ocean racers. Owing to the weather conditions prevailing on the Friday, the decision was taken not to send the small ships across the North Sea. Five out of the nine entrants were thus sent on a shorter course to Felixstowe. In a ragged start Mr. J. Bunting's Dirk II was the first across, and finished first by a lead which even Brambling could not overcome.

Weather or no weather, however, the larger ocean racers were sent off from the Crouch on their Heligoland course—and, in the offing, found almost ideal conditions. Thirty-two out of the 39 entrants faced the gun at the start, and were sent off in three sections at ten-minute intervals. All the starts were inclined to be ragged, and the German entrants on the average seemed to make more of it than our own people.

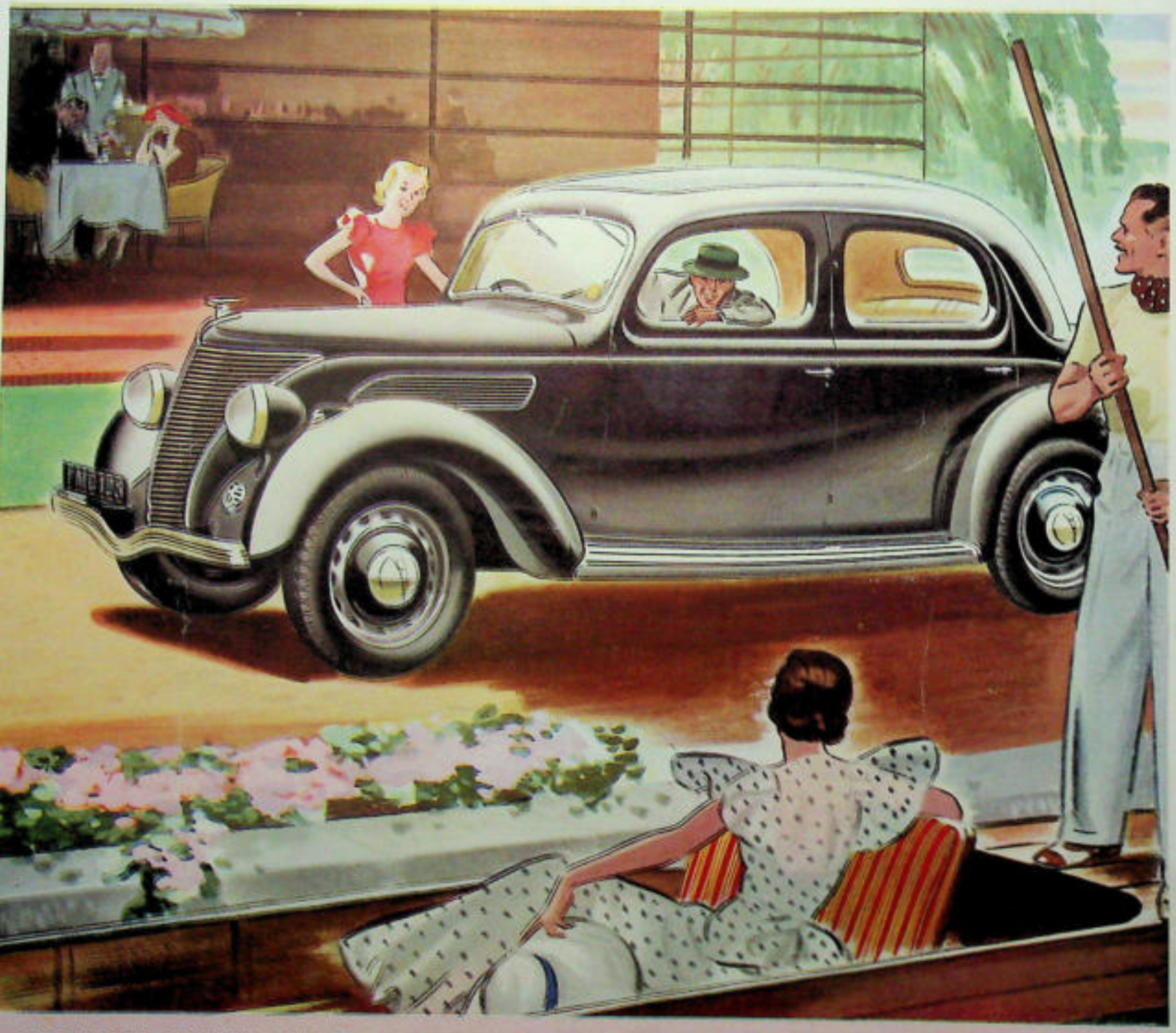
Clearly there was divergence of view as to the wind likely to be encountered "outside," for some crossed the line reefed well down, others had spinnakers set. The latter view was clearly the right one, and the first 60 or so miles was admirable spinnaker weather. The weather, indeed, was on its best behaviour, and with a fine true breeze the redoubtable German Admiralty entrant Asta was, as usual, first home. Hard on her heels, however, came the smaller ships, so that she could not save her time. On corrected times, in fact, Colonel King's Ortac emerged the winner in the "open class"—for the second time—with Dr. Perlia's Westwing (German) second, and the R.N.S.A.'s Maid of Malham third. In the "A" class of cruisers, Mr. Jones's McNab was the winner, and in the "B" class the prize goes to Mr. W. Ahren's fine Norwegian pilot-cruiser Gudrun III.

A thoroughly satisfactory race this, the more so since not only were the crack British off-shore racers clearly able to dispose of "foreign competition," but also our own forecast was vindicated.

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AN ARTIST'S MEMORIES OF THE HORSE SHOW

Sketches by
Geoffrey White





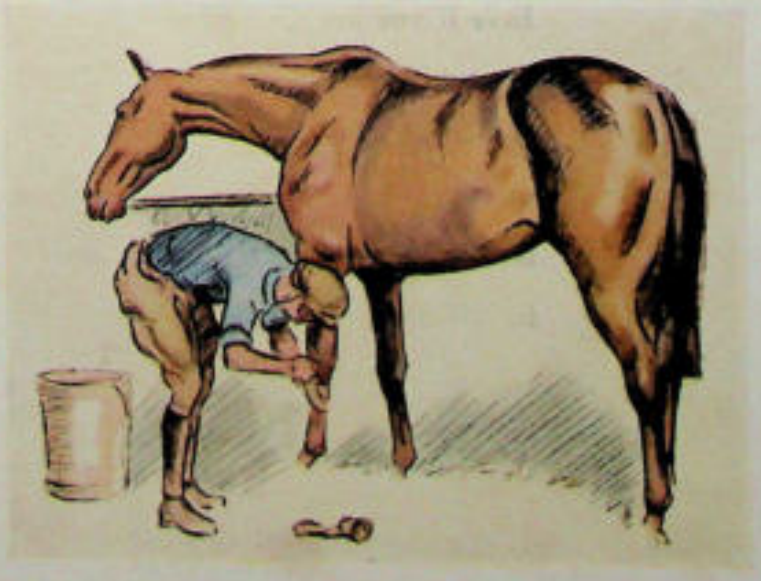
HAUTE ÉCOLE FROM VIENNA

ONE of the outstanding memories of the Olympia show of 1936 was the exhibition given by the trainers of the historical Imperial Spanish Riding School of Vienna. Illustrative of the highest art of horsemanship it was a feature which will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness a spectacle which delighted the Austrian court as long ago as 1667.

Throughout the centuries since then the traditions of the Riding School have been carried on despite all changes in régime. It is to be hoped that no political measures will interfere with them and the famous Lippizaners, which we hope to see again in the ring at Olympia.

THE SPECTACULAR AND THE SPADE WORK

TWO contrasting pictures by Geoffrey White, showing the act which receives the applause, and the painstaking grooming behind the scenes, which contributes so much to the success of the show. Most popular of all features with the general public at the International Horse Show is the Jumping, to which Continental competitors add much brilliance. In the illustration above, the artist has depicted the suspended action before the hindquarters are gathered together to clear the bar.



This England . . .



Evening over Salisbury Plain

BROAD acres well tilled must you have if you would grow corn—wheat, oats or the handsome, bearded barley. And much old and intimate knowledge must you have if you are to keep your land "in good heart" as the phrase goes. For the farmer discovered how to rotate the crops and refresh the soil centuries before the scientist learned about the food of plants. Again, the schoolmen of to-day can tell you why the great ale of old England was good for men—food and tonic in one. But the greater wonder is the wisdom of the olden men, knowing not the "why"—knowing only that in the struggle for life, beer such as Worthington (an ancient favourite) would keep them in good heart.

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SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM THE UNITED STATES

THE TEXAS RANGERS' PONIES

Mr. Charles Wrightsman's Texas Rangers will be the highest handicapped team in our Open Cups this season, and few will be surprised if they win the Hurlingham Champion Cup. The last time this team was in the country, in 1936, the Open Cups eluded them, for Templeton, another American side, won the only two completed. With Mr. Cecil Smith, Mr. Tyrrell-Martin and Mr. Aidan Roark it is a team of talent. They are beautifully mounted on ponies many of whom have already played in international polo, and what impresses one particularly, apart from their obvious quality, is the "easiness" of them all. The best player in the world will play better on a perfectly-schooled pony. It is indeed always remarkable how thoroughly an American-trained pony knows his business and does it. That is the American genius for leaving nothing to chance: that and the willingness always to pay a stiff price for the very best. Mr. Wrightsman's ponies have been collected all over the world and include several who played against us in the Westchester Cup matches in 1936. They came over here straight from winning the Pacific Coast Championship and are fit and hard as nails. We can give only a small selection in the space available and so have chosen our subjects with a view to showing some of the diverse types which make up a really grand string.



Bunny J., a light bay mare from Texas, one of the most outstanding ponies in appearance and performance and played by Mr. Cecil Smith. A pony very hard to fault



Dynamita, a red roan mare, is an old friend, played by Mr. Iglehart in 1936. Her conformation suggests her land of origin, Argentina, where she was bred by Mr. Duggan



Be Idle, a bay mare from Hawaii, bred by Mr. Dillingham. A genuine pony; not showy in appearance, but of a grand type. This pony, too, played against us in 1936



Pampita, a chestnut Argentine gelding who gained the proud distinction in 1934 of being acclaimed as the best playing pony in the United States, was played by Mr. Pedley in 1936



Bocha, a big chestnut Argentine gelding bred by Mr. Duggan. A pony of lovely quality and a glutton for work. He, too, was played by Mr. Pedley two years ago against us. Played by Mr. Cecil Smith



Cleopatra, a brown mare, is a promising recruit new to the string and played by Mr. Wrightsman. She is a wonderfully fast light-weight pony and has won eight races on the flat

(Photographs by W. A. Roark)

THE INVADERS FROM THE ARGENTINE: A SELECTION OF SIX

PONIES PLAYED BY THE GAUCHOS

Mr. Loewenstein's Gauchos have so far had little success on their first visit to this country, though one of the side, Mr. Hesketh Hughes, is, of course, an English international. Their style of play, robust and depending on pace and weight, does not seem suited to our conditions in London, though they are certain to improve with experience, having also Mr. Roberto Cavanagh, one of the finest players in the Americas, and Mr. Ricardo Santamarina, a phenomenally powerful and accurate striker of the ball. Their ponies have one thing in common, pace and strength, and they are an exceptionally big lot, Mr. Santamarina's averaging nearly 16 hands high. If any criticism may be made, the ponies lack the handiness so essential on our London grounds. The Argentine pony in recent years, thanks to the introduction of the best thoroughbred blood, has improved enormously in appearance and quality. They have, too, the virtue of a most equable temperament for the most part. Argentina is now recognised as the foremost breeding country of polo ponies, and they outnumber those of different origin by a vast percentage in the first-class polo of to-day. Occasionally one seems to trace characteristics of their native forebears, and sometimes we still see the old type of Argentine that we were accustomed to years ago, but nowadays most of them look, and are, thoroughbred horses. On this page we present a few outstanding performers in this fine string.



An outstanding pony, Sol de Oro, a chestnut gelding by Marfeo, sire of many fine ponies, by the famed Craguenor. This big pony, standing 16 hands, is exceptionally fast and is one of the best of Mr. Santamarina's string



Another by Marfeo, Mr. Hesketh Hughes's Tercio Polo, a brown gelding who played in last year's Argentine Open Championship and has played consistently well so far this season. Mr. Hughes is well mounted this year



Piraña, a very useful chestnut mare, played by Mr. Cavanagh. She is fast, as are all of them, and a real good type of pony, compact, strong and with a liking for polo



Milonga, a brown or black mare by Dark Emerald, won a first at the big Palermo show last year, is exceptionally fast and one of the best played by Mr. Loewenstein



Paraguay, a chestnut gelding, played by Mr. Santamarina, has played in international polo and is outstanding in appearance, with a grand action. He also is about 16 hands



Patroncito, Mr. Hughes's brown gelding, from Chapalmalal, was bred by Mr. Martinez de Hoz at the most famous estancia in Argentina. He is a really good player

(Photographs by W. A. Rouch)

FROM A CROP OF OATS TO A POLO GROUND

An Interesting Suffolk Experiment

By THE HON. A. J. WATSON

WHY is it that polo, the finest game in the world, has never really appealed to the British public in the same way that it has to the public of the United States of America, where polo could almost be described as a national game, and where 50,000 spectators will often be present at a match?

The majority of people will say that the English climate is entirely unsuited to the game; this may be 25 per cent. of the trouble, but the remaining 75 per cent. is due to the totally unsuitable soil and subsoil that most of our present-day grounds have been made on, including all the London grounds. In fact so unsuitable is the soil that even after a light rain the ground becomes sodden and slippery, and, therefore, dangerous for play, and in any case would cut up so much that good polo would be out of the question.

A would-be spectator arranges to go and see a game of polo and arrives at the ground only too often to find a notice put up "No polo to-day," rain the previous night having made the ground unplayable. After this has occurred once or twice this member of the public will prefer to spend his future spare time in some other way. It is the same with many would-be players. There are only a few people nowadays who are prepared



WATERING THE GROUND
A "Rainer" sending out a jet before full pressure is applied



"ON SUNDAY, MAY 10TH, EIGHT MONTHS AFTER SOWING, EIGHT CHUKKERS WERE PLAYED ON THIS GROUND"

to go to the expense of buying and keeping polo ponies, and perhaps only being able to play them at irregular intervals owing to the vagaries of the weather. If, however, grounds could be found or made that could be played on in almost any weather how much more popular the game would become with both players and spectators alike. This article has been written to show how this can be done in the hope that it may be of assistance to any person or club contemplating making a polo ground.

What, then, is the best way of trying to outwit the English climate so that polo can be played both in really wet weather and in really dry weather on a perfect surface? For an answer to this question one must look to golf, as it cannot be too strongly stressed that the best country for a golf course is also the best for a polo ground, namely, land with a very sandy soil, heathy land on which bracken and gorse grow well but on which thorn hedges and roses do badly. In most parts of England there are districts where this kind of land is to be found.

Now what are the advantages of a sandy soil for polo? They can be summarised as follows:—

1. Sandy soil is self-draining, with the result that the ground does not cut up after rain, so can be played on immediately after a heavy storm (like a red hard tennis court).

2. Is non-slippery.

3. Encourages tough wiry grass, such as is found on the fairways of good golf courses.

4. Never gets baked hard like a heavier soil, however dry.

5. Is fast to play on even in wet weather.

What now are the disadvantages?

There is only one, namely, that sandy soil being self-draining and, therefore, porous, does not retain moisture, so that the grass growing on it gets burnt up much more quickly than on a heavier soil, although, as has already been pointed out, the actual ground never gets "baked" (but on the other hand dust is much more prevalent, which is unpleasant for both players and spectators). But this is a difficulty that can be overcome in the same way that it has been overcome on the majority of our golfcourses, *i.e.* by artificially watering.

The reader will probably say: "How can this be done? A polo ground is 12 acres, whilst eighteen golf greens only amount to about 3 acres in all. It would be an almost impossible task."

That this is not so has been amply proved, as the reader will see for himself later in this article.

The district bordering the coast of Suffolk where the writer lives, has a dry sandy soil, a soil that does not naturally grow good pasture. However, a flat field, 15 acres in extent, growing a poor crop of oats, was chosen for the sight of the proposed polo ground. The oats were cut off green in June, 1935, and used as cattle fodder; the land was ploughed three times by a tractor (one way only so as to fill in the furrows), and was then twice harrowed so as to get a good seed-bed. Next, 20 tons of lime were put on and harrowed in; this is essential as sandy soil nearly always lacks lime, and is consequently sour. On September 7th the field was drilled in both directions with a mixture of permanent grass seeds, about 36olb. to the acre.



NEAR THE COAST OF SUFFOLK
A view of play in progress on a Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1937

The ground was then lightly rolled; the weather being warm and wet the seed germinated almost at once, and within twelve days the field was quite green all over. Nothing more was done to it till the following spring, when the field was harrowed and rolled several times, after an application of 5cwt. per acre of nitrate of chalk. On Sunday, May 10th, eight months after sowing, eight chukkers were played on this ground, and play continued every Sunday till the end of August, a total of 125 chukkers in all; the surface of the ground was in good condition, and was playing very true right to the end of the season.

(Continued on page 1486)



THE RIDING BURBERRY



THE RAMSAY BURBERRY

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THE EQUI-PEDE

THE RIDING BURBERRY

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(*Continued from page* 1484)

That the public take a keen interest in polo is borne out by the fact that over 15,000 people entered the ground to watch the games on the seventeen Sundays that play took place, despite the fact that the district in which the ground is situated is extremely remote, being eight miles from the nearest railway station and ten miles from the nearest small town.

It might be mentioned here that eight chukkers of polo were played and a gymkhana took place on this ground on August Bank Holiday Sunday at 3.30 after continuous rain for 48 hours previously (the rain only ceasing at 3 p.m.), and there was no sign of turf cutting up or of ponies slipping.

Fortunately, the early summer of 1936 was very wet, and the young grasses got a good start. Most of August, however, was very dry, and it was soon found that the grass was beginning to break up under the wear of constant galloping; also clouds of dust were thrown up, much to the inconvenience of everyone and it was foreseen that unless the ground could be watered by artificial means the surface would very quickly deteriorate. It was owing to this that the writer made exhaustive enquiries in the U.S.A., the Argentine and Germany as to the most up-to-date methods of artificially watering large areas, and the following description is given in some detail, as the system evolved is unique in this country and is, it is thought, a great advance on the old method of watering. (This old method consists of watering through fire hoses and nozzles, a system both very costly, owing to the large staff required to drag the hoses about, and also owing to the constant expense of renewing the hoses which experience has shown quickly wear out under this service. Also the amount of water distributed on any one area with this older method is entirely a matter of guesswork for the man holding the nozzle.)

Approximately 600yds. from the ground, and at a 60ft. lower level, is a pond (an old duck decoy pond) about 2 acres in extent. This pond is fed by springs, which vary little in output winter or summer, the average depth of water being 18in. Here a perforated cylinder, with shingle filter, 3ft. in diameter, has been placed, and out of this a 3-in. suction pipe leads to a 4-valve pump located in a shed about 75ft. from the bank of the pond. This pump is worked by a 7 h.p. paraffin engine, which pumps the water at a rate of 5,000 gallons per hour up to a concrete pool at the side of the polo ground. This pool holds 75,000 gallons of water, and is used as a swimming bath. Out of the pool there is a suction pipe leading to a centrifugal pump worked by an old 50 h.p. Rolls-Royce engine (bought for £15!). This pump is mounted in the car chassis, and is connected direct to the engine shaft immediately behind the clutch, the whole outfit being clamped down to a concrete floor in a shed by the side of the pool. This outfit can pump 25,000 gallons of water per hour.

Down each side of the polo ground, immediately behind the boards, 2ft. underground, is laid a 3-in. pipe with hydrants in sunken boxes at regular intervals of 50yds. Also down the middle of the ground a similar pipe is laid, the only difference being that the box lids are covered with a thick fibre mat, so as there is no danger of a pony injuring itself should it happen to step on the lid.

When it is desired to water the ground (best done in early morning or late at night) a 2½-in. canvas hose pipe is connected to the hydrant. At the other end of the hose pipe is a high power revolving sprinkler or "Rainer" capable of spreading 6,000 gallons of water per hour over a circle 60yds. in diameter. These "Rainers," unfortunately, are unobtainable in this country and have to be brought direct from Germany, a country which has carefully studied this type of irrigation for commercial purposes. Three of these "Rainers," set at equal intervals, can cover the whole width of the polo ground and 60yds. of its length, so that in five settings of, say, one hour each the whole ground (300yds. in length) can be watered with about 90,000 gallons or approximately with rather more than one-third of an inch of rain.

One man, with ease, can do the whole operation, for as soon as one setting is finished he rolls up the hose and puts it in a wheelbarrow to take it to the next hydrant, whereupon he rolls out the hose again to one of the "Rainers" which he has previously moved to a new position. (Also an operation easily carried out, as each "Rainer" is mounted on a steel tripod with two pneumatic wheels and a handle.)

In conclusion, in the humble opinion of the writer, there is no reason whatever, provided the right soil is chosen, and provided there is any water supply, stream, lake, or pond within reasonable distance, that the best polo grounds in the world should not be found in England.

WESTCHESTER CUP PRELIMINARIES

Some Possible British Players

THE Whitsun match between Hurlingham and Ireland proved, for one thing, that our season is not yet very well ordered. We are challenging for the Westchester Cup next year at Meadow Brook, and the chances are that the games will be played in June, not in September, yet until quite recently there had been no serious talk of a trial for our probable side. Fortunately an occasion of sorts presented itself in the Empire Cup at Hurlingham, which was seized by the Selection Committee. One would have imagined that here was a grand opportunity to have a try-out of men and ponies. The necessities of the London season, however, made this impossible, and so one of the most likely No. 1's was not on the ground; the other played at No. 2. Our crying need is of a No. 2, and everyone hoped to see Mr. Aidan Roark playing in that position. Not a bit of it. Though the programme announced it, he did not go there until the fifth chukker, when the game was won and lost.

Apart from that, the ponies purchased by the H.P.A. might have had a gallop round without hurting anybody's feelings, but these have only recently been put into work, and are not likely to be fit till July. It is to be hoped that before the end of the London season some team, selected on Monday's form, will receive an examination, preferably mounted on ponies of international qualifications, against the strongest side that can be got together. That might include Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. Cavanagh, if that can be arranged.

Apart from showing us a really enjoyable game of polo this match, though it was not an official trial, gave one player his first chance this season to show what he can do: to another again the opportunity to demonstrate his extreme value as a player and director of operations. Of our two most likely backs, each showed characteristic play, and heaven knows I do not propose to uphold one or another, for I have a vast admiration for both. We had looked forward to seeing Mr. Aidan Roark at No. 2, but he showed quite enough of his quality at No. 3 to substantiate his claim for consideration as the No. 2 against America next year.

Mr. Skene suffered the consequence of one great performance in the Champion Cup last year: namely, that people insisted on judging him as an international ready-made instead of as a coming international. Monday's game showed that he is the latter, and when, as he often did, he came through to No. 1, his hitting was accurate and his ponies' pace and performance showed that at least two of them, brought over at the behest of the H.P.A., unquestionably have the qualities needed of an international pony. I speak of Ebony and Sea Foam. Mr. Balding combines the ability to play great polo with the gift of controlling the tactics of a side without detriment to either. That is a rare gift. For the two backs you may take your choice, but if Captain Guinness could be mounted on seven Rufinos, for instance, I am not sure that he would not be mine. The ponies played in the match were a very uneven lot, and so the value of it was not so great as it might have been.

The Selection Committee, under the energetic chairmanship of Lieutenant-Colonel Gairdner, a fine polo player and a distinguished and experienced player of ball games, have now taken a most active part in the selection of our side, the mounting of it, and in making plans to ensure they may go into the test with the best possible chance. For the moment they have already some thirteen ponies bought from the fund as a nucleus to our string, of which we hope to see something later on, and their energies are now concentrated in obtaining the services of the best ponies obtainable to mount their men. There are scores of first-class ponies who might fill the bill in England to-day; there are others in India. So far as the team is concerned the probability is that for No. 1 they have in mind Mr. Hughes, if he can be mounted, and Mr. Skene. For No. 3 Mr. Gerald Balding, all by himself; for back either Mr. Tyrrell-Martin or Captain Guinness. For No. 2 the problem persists. Perhaps it will be Mr. Aidan Roark: it looks like it; but, if not, who? I am sure I cannot give the answer.

The plan is that our team, six or eight, should go over to America early in the year, and should there get down to it, either in California or at Aiken, in Carolina. For various reasons I am inclined to favour the latter. I hope that it will be possible for Lieutenant-Colonel Gairdner to be spared from his military duties long enough to go out in absolute command, and the judgment and experience of General de Lisle would be of incalculable value to all concerned. Major Leaf as master of the horse is perfectly qualified. Teams in America have for years past been built up round one player. Cannot we take a leaf out of their book and do the same round our only proved great player?

At all events there is a happier promise in all directions this year than for years past, and there is plenty of reason for hope. Conditions change from year to year, and we no longer live in the years before the Great Calamity. Polo is a different game from what it was 25 years ago, and that, I believe, has at last been realised.

The Tidworth final in the Inter-Regimental tournament is, weather permitting, to be played this afternoon between the 10th Royal Hussars and the 12th Royal Lancers, and that should be a great game to watch between possibly the two strongest teams in the Army, both most admirably mounted. The 10th have gradually been built up into a really formidable side, largely by the hard work and example of their present Colonel (who is incidentally the chairman of the International Selection Committee), and their achievement in winning the Inter-Regimental last year in face of repeated casualties and the consequent reshuffling of the team, was a triumph of team-work.

They have some magnificent ponies, including a number of new ones since last year, and will, I think, start as bare favourites. The 12th, for their part, are almost as well mounted, and have been going well together so far. Unfortunately for them, they are shortly losing their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. McCreery, owing to accelerated promotion, and that will be a very serious loss, for, both in precept and example, he is of inestimable value to the side. At Aldershot on Monday, the first ties between the 1st Battery R.H.A. and the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 4th Hussars and the King's Dragoon Guards, are due to be decided, and the London ties are also due to be played during next week. The 15/19th Hussars have already qualified for the semi-final by beating the 4/7th Dragoon Guards in the Northern Section at Toulston.

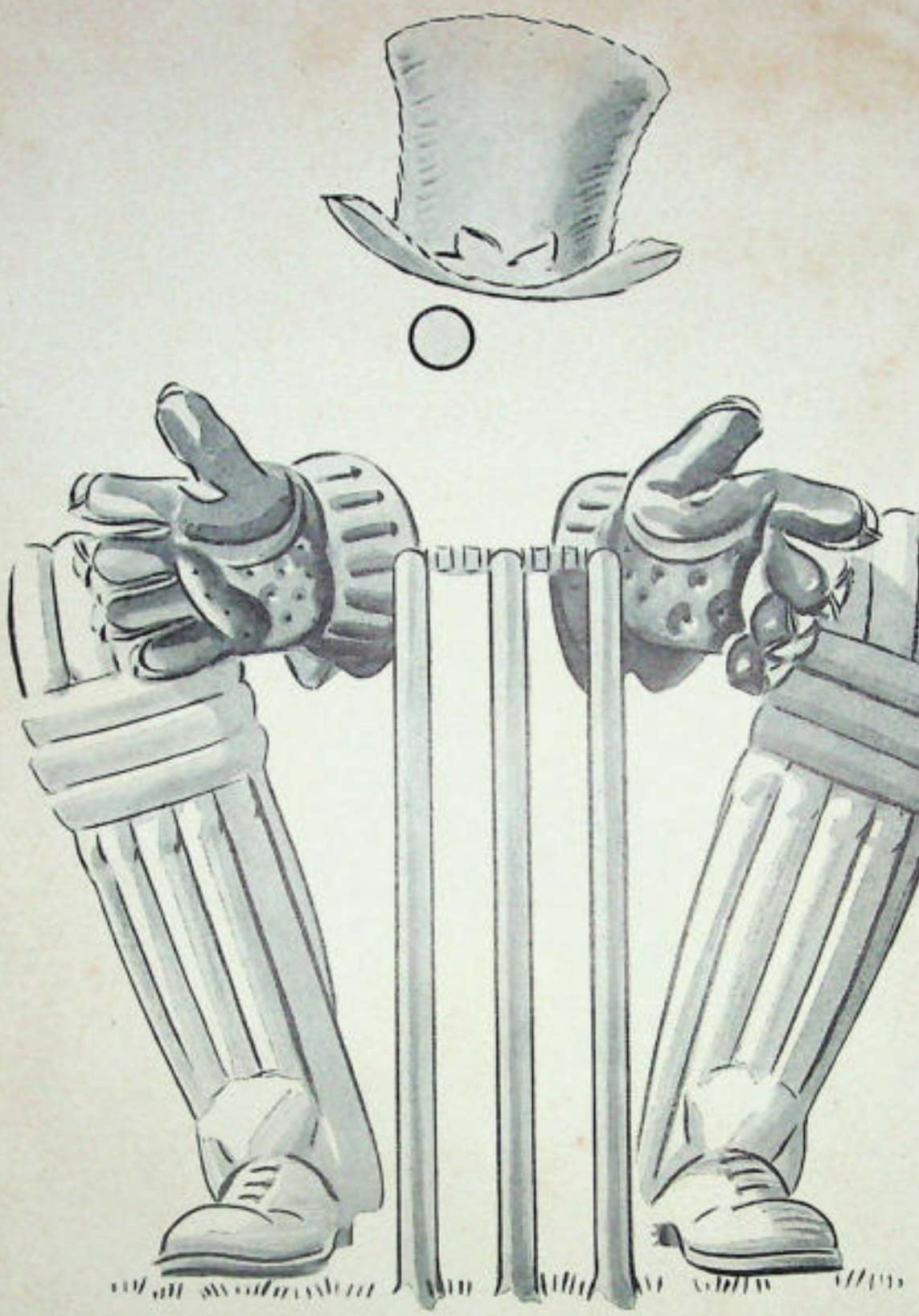
I saw the first ties at Tidworth last week, which were played on the Perham Down grounds, owing to the recent wear and tear of the Fisher ground after the very welcome rain. In the first tie, the 12th beat the 9th Lancers by 8—6 after a rather scrappy game, which was largely accountable by the bumpy state of the ground, which had not been played on before this season. There was a terrible deal of missing and neither side was ever really able to get going. The 12th, however, were distinctly the better together, and the form of this match cannot be taken as indicative of their real strength.

The other tie between the 10th and the Queen's Bays on the lower ground, was one of the best games I have seen this year. The pace was grand from the start, and though the 10th won in the end by four goals to one, the Bays might well have reversed the result with a little more luck. The brothers Fanshawe put up a great show, especially Major G. E. Fanshawe, and if only an unkind bump at the end of a fine run by Mr. Hibbert at the very start had not robbed them of an early goal there might have been a different tale to tell. The 10th were always well together; Captain MacMullen at No. 1, playing "wiciously wenomus" after a nasty cut on the chin, did a grand job of work, and Captain Archer-Shee played a very sound game at back.

After the rather regrettable incidents in the matter of umpiring last year, the games were umpired by official umpires from the London clubs, and there were no complaints. To-day's match is, I believe, to be umpired by the "old firm" from Roehampton, Colonel S. Kennedy and Major M. Cox, who are a remarkably competent pair at this most abominably difficult job. Modern polo is played at such a pace that even a minor infringement may have dire consequences, and those who hold a strict umpire to be a "wery weary warmint" for continually stopping the game for fouls are, I think, barking up the wrong tree.

The death of Captain P. A. Gill, polo manager at Ranelagh, has cast a deep gloom over the polo-playing world. It was feared early in the season that his serious illness would not permit him to return to his duties, but we hoped against hope that he might recover. It was a losing battle. "Gillo" endeared himself to all who knew him, and the passing of such a lovable character leaves a gap that cannot be filled. He was himself a fine player, and almost up to the end enjoyed his hunting to the full. In the war (he retired in 1897 from the 3rd Dragoon Guards) he served with the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars on the Western Front, and his cheerful disposition made those poisonous months in the first winter in Flanders endurable to his brother officers and the men under his command.

JEMADAR.



"It isn't Cricket...."

said Johnnie Walker



". . . . that makes us take a short holiday from distilling in the summer months. It is because there are certain processes in the distilling of whisky which call for cool weather and *naturally* cool fresh water; even a swift-running Highland stream is not quite cold enough all the year round for all the processes of fine distilling.

"This holiday we give to whisky-making is just one instance of the care taken in distilling, maturing and blending the Johnnie Walker you enjoy on a fine summer day. When you hear the soda fizz into the glass and the ice tinkle, you know, (if you have asked for Johnnie Walker by name) that you are going to have a really good drink."

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

ALSACE wines have won a considerable measure of public favour in France during the last 20 years—that is, since the return of Alsace to France—but they are not yet very well known in England. This is due, on the one hand, to the fact that English wine merchants and hotels who have stocks of Hocks and Moselles are not keen to introduce to their customers a rival to those old favourites; on the other hand, to a conservative bias on the part of a large section of the public against all newcomers among wines. For all that, the wines of Alsace are slowly but surely gaining recognition in England, and there is no doubt that they deserve the attention of all wine-lovers.

Alsace, with its back to the walls of the Vosges, faces east and the Black Forest rising beyond the fast-flowing fateful waters of the Rhine. It is a land of contrasts: of sombre, pine-clad mountains, and of colourful, sweet-scented meadows; of undulating cornfields and picturesque vineyards. Its vineyards have given wine to the civilised world for the last thousand years. Alsace wines were imported into England long before the Norman Conquest, by the Esterlings, and later by the merchants of Cologne, who enjoyed for a time what was practically a monopoly of the sale of all Rhenish wines in London.

Cologne was then the chief wine mart for all wines sent down the Rhine from Strasbourg, Mayence and Coblence, a privilege which passed on to Bruges at a later date, and later still, during the sixteenth century, to Antwerp. When, in 1648, the Treaty of Westphalia ceded Alsace to Louis XIV, it did not alter the course of the Rhine nor did it remove the barrier of the Vosges Mountains, and the people of Alsace continued to send their wines down the Rhine not only for shipment to England, but also for sale in the Low Countries and Denmark.

During the Napoleonic wars there was a great demand for wine for the armies in the field, and as the wines of Alsace were among the most popular as well as the most easily procurable, the acreage of the vineyards rose from 52,000 acres in 1788 to 64,000 in 1829. But as soon as peace was once more assured, it was not over the Vosges but across the Rhine that the wines of Alsace were sent.

In the 1848 edition of Jullien's *Topographie de Tous les Vignobles* we read that the wines of the Département du Bas-Rhin (Strasbourg) were sold mostly in Baden and various places on the German side of the Rhine, whilst the wines of the Département du Haut-Rhin (Colmar) were sold sometimes in Switzerland, but chiefly to consumers in Bavaria and Württemberg, as well as to the principal wine merchants of Cologne and Frankfort. During the German occupation of Alsace, from 1871 to 1918, Alsace wines were eagerly sought by the important shipping houses of Mayence, Coblence and other German centres of the German wine trade, that had built up a world-wide trade in Hocks.

Germany no longer buys the wines of Alsace, at her own door; she imports wines from far-away Chile instead, a sure proof that economics and politics do not run on parallel lines, and Alsace now turns to France and to the world for markets where her wines can be sold under their own names.

It is somewhat unfortunate for the wine growers of Alsace that their villages and vineyards mostly possess difficult names for people outside Alsace to pronounce and remember, and this is the reason why the wines are marketed under the names of the grapes from which they were made, as well as those of the different firms engaged in the wine trade there. Thus the best white wines of Alsace are shipped under the names of Riesling, Traminer, Pinot or Gentil, which are those of grapes of distinction; the more ordinary wines are sold as Sylvaner, Knipperlé or Zwicker, names of more common species. When these appear on a label of Alsace wine, in conjunction with the name of a well-known shipper such as Dopff of Riquewihr, Boeckel of Mittelbergheim, Hugel of Riquewihr, and others of the same high standing, one may be sure of a genuine and attractive wine.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of June 9th, 1888.

SAFETY Bicycles. "In one respect the ordinary bicycle will never be able to compete with the safety, viz., in verticle action, as the rider is, for his own safety, compelled to keep his weight well behind the centre round which his pedals revolve. He has, however, the counterbalancing advantage of direct action, instead of his power passing through a chain, &c., to the driving wheel, and those who are thoroughly conversant with every kind of velocipede know that there is no machine which is so pleasant to manipulate as the ordinary bicycle."

State Assistance. "British beer did not become what Allsopp, Bass and Guinness are, *i.e.*, a staple consumption of half the world, through State assistance in teaching better methods of fermentation, nor did British cutlery or broadcloth reach their present acknowledged superiority by Government aid to perfect their manufacture. There is no more reason why the British buttterman, if he really be behind (which we somewhat doubt), should receive an impulse onward by State assistance than did the weaver or scissor grinder."



BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL WORK IN THE SCHIFF COLLECTION
A pair of Limoges candlesticks, second half of the 16th century, and a Limoges Tazza, late 16th century

IN THE SALEROOM

THE DAMIRON COLLECTION of Old Italian Majolica and Hispano-Moresque Ware to be dispersed at Sotheby's on June 16th, is well known amongst collectors. Formed during the last 35 years of only the best examples to be obtained during that time, it includes the finest period, 1480–1530. It was on exhibition as recently as 1937 at Hanley, and was the subject of two articles in *Apollo* in August and November of that year, written by Bernard Rackham.

THE MORTIMER L. SCHIFF COLLECTION of fine decorative furniture, objects of art, tapestry, sculpture and rugs to be disposed of at Messrs. Christie's rooms on June 22nd and 23rd, would need much more space than can be devoted here to do it justice. It includes some important Fukien porcelain, a fine white porcelain made at Te-Hua, in the Province of Fukien, in the second half of the Ming Dynasty (1506–1644), and sometimes called Blanc de Chine; Chinese and Persian potteries, fine sculptures and bronzes, including the famous statue of Cupid by Edmé Bouchardon, which should realise some thousands of pounds; miniatures; French furniture by some of the most famous makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and tapestries, Italian rock crystals, and terra-cotta reliefs.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

RECENTLY I have been reading two books of what I would call ornithological research; books describing a definitely scientific enquiry into a particular aspect of ornithology. I found both books of absorbing interest. And I am myself not an ornithologist, not a specialist, but merely a student of bird life, a keen amateur.

* * *

One book is a work of major importance. As important a piece of research as any completed since bird-watching developed into the science of ornithology. It is *Studies in the Life History of the Song Sparrow*, by Margaret Morse Nice, and it is published in Volume IV of the Transactions of the Linnean Society of New York, and is obtainable from Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby at the very modest price of 6/-. As yet only the first part is available. But that is enough to be going on with.

* * *

It is really a brilliant piece of work. I do not think it would be possible in the English language to find words of praise that would be too strong. I am not going to indulge in panegyrics. I am not even going to review the book. I have not the space, even had I the knowledge. But I am going to beg every reader who has any interest in birds, no matter how small or how amateurish, to buy the book and, having bought, to read it. If having done so you are not enthusiastic; if having done so you have not a fresh and keener interest in birds; if having done so you do not feel that you would like in a humble way (among the house sparrows of your back garden for example) to try something of the same sort, then I'll—well, no, I won't eat my hat, but I will be very surprised.

* * *

For eight years the author has concentrated on the study of this one species. The technique was based on the recognition of the individual in the field by means of coloured bands and on repeated census over a given area to check the status of the community. There was also the opportunity to examine at intervals the individual in the hand; and this was, of course, an important feature of the work. The first year was devoted to an intensive study of two pairs, and this first year formed the foundation for the later work which at one period included the observation of 75 banded males. The method adopted was almost entirely that of observation. There was but a minimum of experiment and no collecting (mark that, no collecting), the idea being to discover what actually does happen in a population of wild birds. Well, the author was able by this method to trace individuals throughout their lives, to establish their family histories, to discover the residences of relatives, and all sorts of other interesting facts, even down to the inheritance of egg colouration and characteristics in song. The author must know more about the song sparrow than anyone else; more about this bird, I should say, than anyone knows about any bird anywhere. Do buy this book, and just see what you can do by perseverance, intelligence and without the aid of the gun or the collecting box. And I hope this book will stimulate some Englishman to undertake a similar investigation into a common English bird.

* * *

The other book is called *Bird Flocks and the Breeding Cycle*, a somewhat forbidding title, I must admit. But it is by F. Fraser Darling, who wrote *A Herd of Red Deer* (which is one of the best books I have read for a very long time), and Dr. Fraser Darling can write. It is obtainable from the Cambridge University Press, and it costs 6/-.

* * *

Dr. Fraser Darling went for two years in succession to Priest Island, which is off Wester Ross in the North-west Highlands, to observe the social behaviour of breeding flocks of sea birds. The book is the report of his observations, and in particular of those that bear on his main theory, which is that the habit of living in flocks is an important influence on individual birds, and particularly on their success in mating, nesting and bringing up their young.

* * *

It is, of course, a serious scientific enquiry, but it is of great interest to the amateur. For it gives him—as well as the scientist—definite lines of thought, which he may (again if he has the perseverance) follow with benefit to himself and to ornithological research.

* * *

It, too, is a book based upon observation and more observation and no collecting. It is excellent; it should be in the hands of everyone who is interested in birds more seriously than just as visitors to the bird table. It is thought-provoking, and intensely stimulating, if not altogether convincing. But it is no more than a suggestion that there is work to be done.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILD LIFE IN INDIA

SIR,—Old-time sportsmen in India at the present moment are sad witnesses to the changes that are taking place in all the game districts around them, and with a new turn in the administration of that country they see that conditions are not going to improve at all in the near future—especially regarding wild life conservation.

During a recent visit to that country I noticed marked changes in the space of a few years in the different districts travelled over, and areas where once roamed tigers, herds of deer, buffalo, &c., are now depleted of most of the larger fauna. Assam in particular has suffered a complete change in parts, and unless something is done soon about it, the story of the prairies and the American fauna will be repeated. In areas outside Reserved Forests and known as Unclassified Forests, a tremendous amount of killing has been perpetrated by native poachers, and these people, with no sense of sportsmanship, are destroying everything—including females and young ones. Most of the latter are often wounded only, and left to die a lingering death later on after many days. Cannot the different officials, including Deputy Commissioners and Police Officers who control these districts, do something about it? The Unclassified Forests outside the Reserves are under their jurisdiction, and if stricter game laws were introduced there might be a change for the better. But they must have proper backing by the head of the Province. Besides this, a Game Society is very essential, and every European and Indian of standing should be asked to contribute. This Society can also co-operate with the Forest Officers regarding poaching in the Forest Reserves, which, by the way, are always being entered for unlawful killing, due to inadequate protection.

The other Provinces that need consideration besides Assam are the Central Provinces, Behar and Orissa, Bengal, the United Provinces and the hill districts of the Punjab. Each of these ought to have a Game Society of its own to stop killing by villagers, and funds collected to provide reliable game wardens, rangers and guards. During the years of depression poaching became rife, simply because there was an inadequate number of guards and wardens owing to a reduction in the personnel in the Forest Departments. Burma, for instance, suffered very much by this short-sighted policy. Funds are needed badly for the protection of animals and birds, for without funds nothing can possibly be done to improve the conditions in the various provinces; and it cannot be emphasised too strongly that every sportsman and naturalist who is really a lover of nature, whether here or abroad, be asked to maintain Game Societies by contributing generously to a common Game Fund, as is done in the U.S.A. This money should be used primarily for employing guards, rangers, and wardens and rewarding them for information.

In 1931 an important declaration was made by the Prime Minister (the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) at an International Conference held in Paris for the Protection of Nature, and the following is an extract:—

> "In the territories for which they are responsible His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom *regard themselves as trustees* for the Protection of Nature, not only in the interests of their present inhabitants, but in those of the world at large and of future generations."

It is my sincere hope that this letter will catch the eye of those who may be responsible as well as all true sportsmen.

Yours faithfully,
London, W.1. R. C. HANSON.

'WARE WIRE!

SIR,—The following translation from the local paper describing a recent hunting accident may be of interest, especially in view of the dangers of electricity and modern mechanical progress generally:

"An accident, which, by a miracle, did not end more tragically, occurred last Wednesday while the Equipage 'Par Vaux et Forets' was hunting in the forest of Compiegne. La Trace, 1st Piqueux and Mr. Grierson were bringing on some stray hounds that they had stopped on a false hunt, and were trying to put them on to the main body of the pack, with which they were out of touch. On coming out of some woods to cross the Compiegne—Crepy en Valois road, some 200yds. from the village of Vaudrampont, they failed to see that the gale that had blown all night and morning had brought down a large beech tree, whose branches in turn had brought with them the three high tension wires of the Compiegne—Crepyline, carrying 6,000 volts. The wires were lying flat to the ground, and La Trace's horse, being in front, came down first, crashing to the ground as though felled by a thunderbolt, his feet inextricably entangled with the death-dealing metal. La Trace was thrown forward on to the road, and suffered no harm except for a burnt boot (having had to kick himself clear), and a certain amount of shock. La Trace was not yet clear when Mr. Grierson's horse came down likewise, being in point of distance but a yard or two behind, as the two horses and the hounds were crossing the road obliquely; he was thrown absolutely clear and was quite unhurt. The two unfortunate horses were electrocuted practically instantaneously. We are indebted for these details to an eye-witness of the accident, Monsieur A., who was cycling by at the time, and who also added that the hounds, too, received their share of the current, and dashed off, yelping with pain or terror, or both, in all directions. We afterwards learned that there were none of them any the worse, and all returned to kennels that night.

"La Trace and Mr. Grierson are no doubt also to be congratulated on the fact that they had time to have their clothing dry after the heavy rain that had fallen an hour before, and that Providence and the poor conductability of leather was on their side. We understand that an inquiry is being held as to the question of the responsibility of the electrical company, as apparently the automatic short-circuit cut-outs functioned on two of the wires but not on the third."

One could hardly imagine a more horribly "modern" accident.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. GRIERSON.
Par Vaux et Foreta Staghounds,
Compiegne, France.

BADGER'S TEETH

SIR,—In *Wild Life on Exmoor Throughout the Year* the author, Mr. Hendy, makes the statement that in the lower jaw of the male badger the incisor teeth are five in number, in that of the female, six.

I would challenge this statement. In two skulls I possess of undoubted male badgers, the incisor teeth in the lower jaw number six in both.

Badgers in Sussex are not infrequent victims to motor cars and trains. Both the skulls mentioned above belonged to animals killed in this way. One badger was run over by a motor car just on the outskirts of Brighton during the early hours of January 15th last and was brought in there to the taxidermist, who informed me that it was the largest and heaviest badger he had had in the course of 50 years, turning the scale at 40lb.

The other skull, although not much inferior in size to the first, is that of an animal killed near Barcombe Station by a train. Unfortunately, this one was not weighed.

Judging by the number of otters brought into Brighton, these, too, are frequent victims to the live wire. A man at Lancing actually saw one electrocuted on the line there, weighing 20lb.

Yours faithfully,
Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

TREATMENT FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE?

SIR,—I think the following might interest your readers and perhaps someone could give me an explanation. We have a Clumber spaniel bitch, aged eight years. She was suffering from Bright's disease (the water test established this fact) and was gradually becoming paralysed in her hind-quarters as well as showing a brown discharge from mouth, nostrils and eyes. Her water was tainted with blood. Then she started epileptic fits—spasms—and falling to the ground and unable to get up again.

We decided to put her down and the vet. injected seven or eight capsules of Nebutol into the chest, with no visible result. He then gave her a weak injection of morphia; no result. He then gave her a further injection of Nebutol, five capsules into the stomach cavity, and, as the Clumber was still wideawake and quite conscious, he started to try and force her to sniff chloroform (enough in the glass to chloroform a horse). She fought this violently, so I stopped him and we lifted the dog into a good bed of straw, where she slept for about fifteen hours. When the kennel door was opened she walked cheerfully into the house and asked for food. She was quite steady on her legs and better than she has been for eighteen months. This was April 16th, and she is now a different dog, able to move about fairly quickly, interested in life; the blood has disappeared from the water and the brown discharge has ceased from the eyes, nostrils and mouth, or very nearly so. I want this tale published in case, by accident, we may have found a cure or at least a palliative for Bright's disease for humans as well as for dogs.

Yours faithfully,
Hellens, Much Marcle, via Gloucester. HELENA GLEICHEN.

NIGHT SIGHT OF SALMON

SIR,—I am much inclined to agree with Mr. W. U. Goodbody's suggestion (in his letter quoted in your issue of May 21st) that salmon have poor power of sight at night. After a certain degree of darkness they rarely take a fly. During night-time, in June, 1937, I hooked several, and two of these were hooked between 12 and 12.30, but it is to be remembered that on the North Coast of Scotland there is a certain amount of light in June even at this late hour.

Some years ago I remember watching a salmon being played at night on a trout rod. It had been hooked when there was yet some considerable light, but darkness came on long before it was landed. It made repeated efforts to go up-stream, just as it would do if it had intended to "run" in time of low water at the darkest hour of the night—darkness giving it a feeling of security even in low water.

Yours faithfully,
Hope, Sutherland. J. D. MILBURN.

CHARACTER AND INTELLIGENCE IN DOGS

SIR,—So much has been done in the last few years to improve dogs of all breeds that, from the point of view of producing fine animals and show specimens, it is quite remarkable. To many people breeding and showing dogs is a fascinating game and shows have not only added to the interest in breeding dogs, but also to their value.

But I feel that we should now go a step further and pay more attention to a dog's intelligence and character, and to do this it will be necessary to treat each dog as an individual and, as far as possible, make a companion of him. So many people want to breed as many dogs as possible, not only in the hope of producing something outstanding in the show world, but in order to have more sales, and I feel that if these people will concentrate more on the intelligent dogs and make them members of the family, instead of a registered name and number, that they will help their breed and do away with many of the faults of the present-day show dogs.

I do not mean that big kennels are necessarily wrong, for their owners are the principal people who have done so much to improve dogs of all breeds, and more often than not they spend much more on their kennels than they ever make out of them. And it is through them that the breeding and care of dogs is so much better understood than about twenty years ago.

But I do think that there are too many people who take up dog breeding as a means of making money and cannot give them the time and care that is needed. It is often a temptation to breed from dogs that are nervous and even bad-tempered because they have the correct show points, and then, instead of taking extra trouble with the puppies, they are often sold to people who know very little about dogs, and this in the end gives that particular breed a bad name.

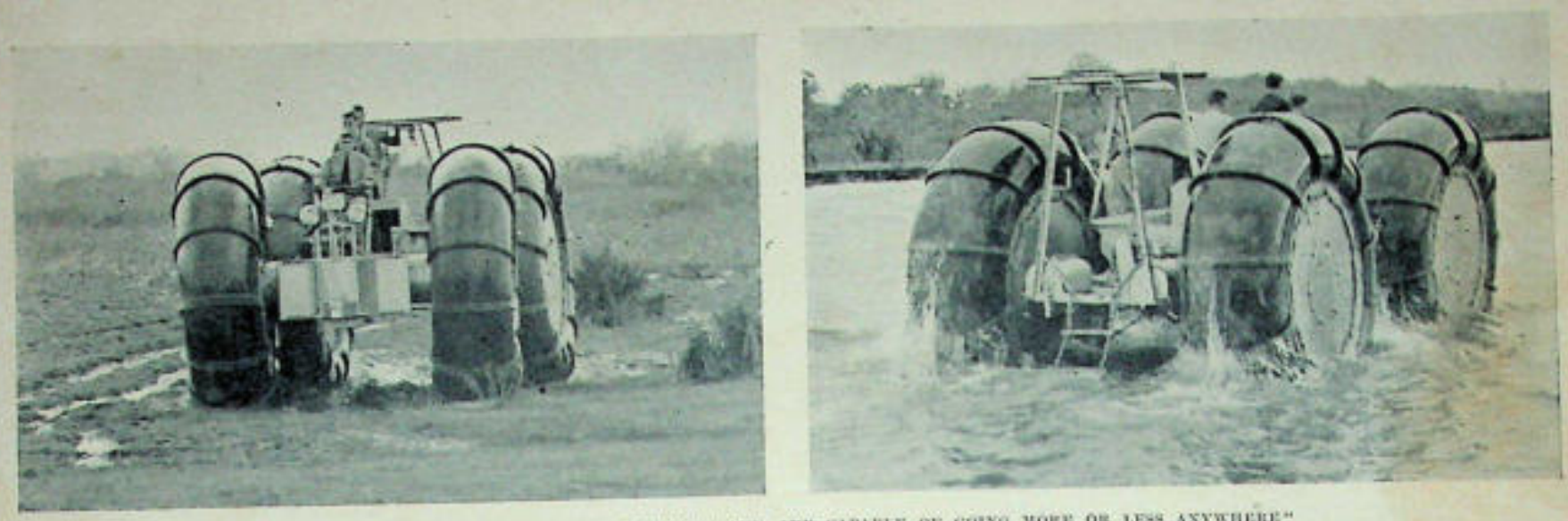
In the case of shooting and sheep dogs it is quite different, as they are valued for their intelligence and trained for their work in the world, and I do not see any reason why other breeds should not be trained as companions and ready to take their place as pets and watch dogs. For this reason I think that breeders should consider a dog's character, as well as their show points.

In my experience, I have never had a bad-tempered dog, but a nervous dog is often difficult to handle, and therefore inbreeding in that case would be a great mistake. Instead, for a nervous and shy dog a mate should be chosen more for temperament than for show points. Some of the nervous dogs are highly intelligent and easily managed by anyone they care for and who understands them.

I suppose some dogs, like people, are born criminals and should be treated as such, but fortunately these cases are rare and breeding from them would be a fatal mistake, and again, like people, a dog may have been misunderstood and badly treated when young.

But I do not intend to go into the complicated question of breeding, as anyone with common sense and a love of animals can, I feel sure, do a lot to develop character and intelligence in their dogs, and if this is not done it will be hard on both animals and owners, as life has become so involved that unless a dog is intelligent, he can no longer be a joy and companion to his owner.

Yours faithfully,
Steep Hill House, Chobham, Surrey. ARMAH PECK.



"THEY ARE REALLY WONDERFUL MACHINES AND ARE CAPABLE OF GOING MORE OR LESS ANYWHERE"
(See letter "A Swamp Buggy")

A SWAMP BUGGY

SIR,—I am enclosing some pictures of a swamp buggy that may be of interest to your readers. There are only two such machines in the world and they are used for survey purposes in the Everglades, Florida. They are driven by a Ford V8 motor and can float when necessary and also steer when floating. I believe their tyres cost about £250 each. They are really wonderful machines and are capable of going more or less anywhere.

Yours faithfully,
A. D. CRABBE.

Guards Club,
Brook Street, W. 1.

KELT FISHING IN SPRING

SIR,—The following is an extract from a letter received by me from a gentleman in the U.S.A. which may interest and surprise some of your readers of the angling fraternity. The Miramichi is an excellent New Brunswick salmon river and my correspondent a very well-known American:

"Mr. —— and I are planning a week's salmon fishing on the Miramichi river in New Brunswick early in May. I suppose you have heard about this river, which is almost unique, as there is a spring run of salmon down stream to the ocean soon after the ice has left the river, these salmon being strong and full-fleshed and putting up a vigorous fight in the swift and rather turbulent water. Two years ago I hooked one salmon weighing only 12lb., but it took nearly an hour to land him. If you have never seen this spring run of salmon, you will probably find my account hard to believe."

Yours faithfully,
W. V. GOODBODY.

Invergarry House,
Invergarry, Inverness-shire.

MINORU'S EYESIGHT

SIR,—I read Mr. Dawson's letter about Minoru with interest, and am much surprised to hear the horse arrived in Russia with a blind eye.

He was certainly not blind when he won the Derby for his then owner, H.M. King Edward VII.

I enclose a small print of the colt's head which is part of a photograph I took of the Royal Minoru group, and which was selected by His Majesty, because he said he could "see his horse's countenance." No blindness about this!

Yours faithfully,
W. A. ROUCH.

161, Stroud, W.C. 2.

BEHAVIOUR OF RAVENS

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Michael Blackmore's accounts of a pair of ravens who are habitually accompanied by a third raven prior to the nesting season. While this is a particularly interesting instance, this addition of a third bird to a mated pair is not unusual among birds generally. I can go further and state that in my experience it is an invariable practice of a percentage of certain species. Those that come specially to mind are oyster-catchers, shelduck, redshank, mallard, greenfinches and goldfinches, in whom these trios are a feature of the spring season. Right up to the very time of the nesting, through February, March and April, oyster-catchers especially are constantly to be observed in threes.

While Mr. Blackmore writes of his ravens "tumbling together, evidently on terms of mutual familiarity," he may perhaps be able to discover in this "tumbling" a certain animosity between two rival males contending for the female; or, if not that, a formal pattern of militant display (in which the female shares) resulting in the intruder male eventually accepting moral defeat, without the necessity for physical strife, before the actual nesting begins. The remarkable way in which this display formula is tacitly accepted as defeat by the intruder (and possibly it is sometimes a female) is best seen in the complex display of the oyster-catcher, too long to describe here. For I have no doubt at all that the intruder bird is a young male (and perhaps female) not previously mated, seeking a mate. Possibly the intruder may sometimes be an immature bird, which fact would account for the tolerance of many mated males, a tolerance that ends once the nesting actually begins—when even the close ties of a family of swans are no longer proof against the exigencies of a nesting territory, and the cygnets are chased away. In extreme cases, such as the fulmar petrel, the immature birds (some two-thirds of the nesting population) pass the summer on the nesting cliffs, cheek-by-jowl with the nesting pairs.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD PERRY.

Rockcliffe.

SIR,—I notice one of your correspondents is interested in the behaviour of ravens when nesting.

I have here two tame ravens (two years old) which, this year, nested in a larch tree on the lawn in front



"NO BLINDNESS ABOUT THIS"
(See letter "Minoru's Eyesight")

of the house. They laid four eggs in early March, and I also noticed that in the early part of February, they were also visited by a wild raven several times, with which they seemed to play, accompanied, of course, with much cawing and tumbling about in adjacent trees.

Yours faithfully,
C. WYNNE.

Rhûg, Corwen,
North Wales.

VIXEN WITH LITTER IN THE OPEN

SIR,—With reference to the letter in a recent *Field* under the above heading I well remember about ten years ago finding a "nest" of six fox cubs in the second week of April. The nest was a very simple affair in a bare spruce wood. The cubs were not more than 48 hours old. I have made several inquiries as to whether it is a rare occurrence for foxes to have their litters above ground, and have heard of at least two previous cases. It must, however, be exceptional, as in the case of your correspondent, for a fox not only to have its cubs above ground, but also in the open. I presume that the cause may have been either that the cubs had arrived before the vixen had got her hole properly prepared, or that she was disturbed in the place where she was going to have her litter, or, possibly, that a badger had taken possession of the earth shortly before the cubs were due to be born.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. STRANG STEEL.

39, Portman Square,
W. 1.

SIR,—In March, 1935, I was rabbit shooting near Newdigate and found four fox cubs in a small hole which did not extend a yard. It was so shallow that I was able to open it with my heel. Having left the cubs quite comfortable, I proceeded on my way, but before I had gone 50yds., I found another litter of five cubs under a small bramble bush. They were unquestionably two different litters. I was certainly surprised to find a litter above the ground, but still more so to find two so close together. I returned the following day with my camera, but as I had expected, both lots were gone.

Yours faithfully,
D. N. DALTON.

Silver Trees,
Kingswood, Surrey.

EARLY MAYFLY

SIR,—The Mayfly made what I believe to be its first appearance here on the Windrush on May 8th. Is this a record for the river? I wonder whether anyone can remember an earlier hatch?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MILLER.

3, Regent Street,
S.W. 1.

SPRING IN STRATHSPEY

SIR,—Those who, like ourselves, come up here regularly in May look forward with pleasure to the journey north, and whether it be made by motor via the Sma Glen or by rail it is most enjoyable, the trees and fields being so fresh and green at this time. Our own wood is carpeted with anemones and violets, to be followed soon by wintergreen and large clumps of delicate vivid green oak ferns, while the larger ferns like Shield, Male, Lady and Hard are at their best between July and October.

The birds then are also plentiful, and what pleases us most on our arrival is to listen to the delightful rippling song of the curlew as he flies rapidly round in the neighbourhood of the nest. The snipe also can be seen from our house flying excitedly high in the air, and it is interesting to watch his repeated downward movements against the wind when the drumming takes place. In the early part of the month nests with eggs of some of the less common birds such as capercailzie, woodcock, golden plover, great spotted woodpecker, crested tit and tree creeper can be found if one knows where to look for them, but later one is more likely to come across the young of these birds. Last year, as late as July 5th, I found nests of mistlethrush and bullfinch close together with eggs, but in July and August it is more usual to see straggling flocks of about twenty mistlethrushes in the woods. Coots nest regularly on a small loch on the farm, although each year the young are devoured by pike. We actually saw one seized and dragged under water. An old bird was also seized, but, after a struggle, escaped. Birds become scarce here during the summer months, but in autumn flocks of various kinds visit us on their way south.

Yours faithfully,
D. AITCHISON.

Boat of Garten,
Inverness-shire.

CORGI CANDOUR

SIR,—I was interested both in "Canis's" review on *The New Book of the Dog* and Mr. Ash's indignant letter in reply. Your reviewers sometimes suffer for their candour, but I have noticed they generally manage to defend themselves quite ably!

I have not read the book, but one point in "Canis's" remarks caught my eye at once. If Mr. Ash really did state that the Pembroke Welsh Corgi is an Alsatian cross (or even might be one) he deserves severe censure, and I tremble to think what will happen to him when the Corgi breeders see that unfortunate statement. Can he not have read *The Welsh Corgi*, by Thelma Evans?

In spite of his assertions in his letters, one may state definitely that the Welsh Corgi was in existence as a breed long before Messrs. Ash, Lee, Walsh and Dalziel were born at all. This may have been thoughtlessness on the Corgi's part, but it is an undeniable fact. Only comparatively recently has he come to the show world and therefore under the notice of the canine experts.

As for the Alsatian's contribution to Corgi origin, I am amazed that Mr. Ash should dream of such a ridiculous theory. With "Canis," "we cannot see the slightest resemblance." I may be all the firmer in my statement as I breed and train both the animals thus libelled.

Yours faithfully,
Stornoway. H. V. BEAMISH.

MOORHEN NESTING IN BASKET

SIR,—I enclose a photograph I took on April 23rd in a garden of a country house near Billingshurst, Sussex, of a moorhen nesting in a basket on a small pond.

The owner of the house had placed the basket in the pond, hoping that the bird would nest in it, as in the past it had ruined most of the long-leafed plants around the pond in making a nest. The birds took to the basket very quickly, and this photograph was taken a day or two before the eggs



NESTING OUT OF MISCHIEF
(See letter "Moorhen Nesting in Basket")

were due to hatch. Moorhens, as a rule, are difficult to approach, but this bird did not move until a few seconds after the photograph was taken.

Yours faithfully,
Littlecroft, A. P. G. ISCE.
West Clandon, Surrey.

CANINE LIKE FELINE

SIR,—We have an elderly mongrel bitch (nine years old), used as a watchdog at the manager's bungalow. This morning I saw the bitch playing with a young rat, as a cat plays with a mouse. She allowed the rat to almost escape, then retrieved it by the tail, putting it down in another place and walking away. She then pretended to go asleep, or wandered off almost out of view of the rat, which endeavoured to make use of the golden opportunity by dashing to freedom, only to be retrieved again and always by the tip of the tail.

I could stand it no longer and went to the rescue of the rat—the bitch turned on me, but fortunately I had a stick. The rat immediately ran up the stem of a rose bush and saved its own life. One of the African house boys told me the rat came down to earth after a couple of hours and ran like lightning to the nearby bush. Had the rat been teased by a cat it would have been so wounded that it would have died from injuries received by the first bite, which although not immediately fatal would have enfeebled it sufficiently for the cat to tease it.

Surely it is unusual for a canine to imitate a feline by taking fiendish pleasure in refined cruelty?

Yours faithfully,
G. PERCY ASHMORE.

P.O. Box 40,
Oda (Western Akim),
Gold Coast Colony.

DOVEDALE-MANIFOLD APPEAL

SIR,—It is disappointing to learn that the National Trust have announced that so far only £3,000 has been given or promised towards the £13,000 required to preserve nearly 1,000 acres in the Dove and Manifold valleys. The capital sum must be raised before the end of September if these two beautiful valleys are to become a National Park. If everyone who has visited and enjoyed the natural beauty of these lovely valleys would contribute a shilling to the appeal fund, the object of the National Trust would be more than attained. The headquarters of the Appeal Fund is 7, Buckingham Palace Gardens, London.

Yours faithfully,
Alvaston, A. B. LOXGBOTTOM.
Derby.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON

SIR,—The above species, which is not uncommon along our coast-line, apparently has changed its form of diet, as no fewer than three farms in different districts have been raided quite recently, and three ducks killed. One of the farmers concerned drove off the raider, and placed a trap near "the kill," and succeeded in securing a very fine specimen. Hitherto full-grown ducks were not interfered with.

Two golden eagles were killed in this district some years ago, and these noble birds are now extinct in the county. Their crime was the slaughter of sheep.

The chough, which I understand is scarce in England and Wales, is quite common in these parts, in spite of the presence of large numbers of its common enemy, the raven. They are easily trained and make excellent pets.

Yours faithfully,
Ardara, E. GALWEY-FOLEY.
Co. Donegal.

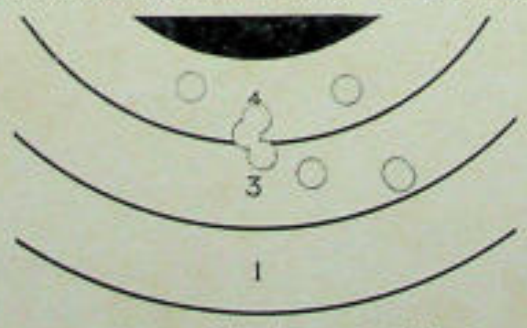
MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES OF ROWING

SIR,—In your issue of the 14th inst. you published a letter on the "Mechanical Principles of Rowing." Part of this letter seemed to me such an obvious case of "getting hold of the wrong end of the stick," that I, an antique Cantab, and by no means a Wrangler (in the Tripos sense), felt sure some weighty individual would call your attention to Mr. Shortt's shortcomings, but as nobody seems to have done so, here is my contention. Is not the blade of an oar in the water the fulcrum of a lever, and to all intents stationary? And does not the force which drives the boat through the water depend *entirely* on the pressure put on the rowlocks by the men behind the oars?

Yours faithfully,
The Dial House, F. E. T. BRISCOE.
Lower Bourne,
Farnham, Surrey.

A GOOD GROUP

SIR,—At the request of Major Nawabzada Rashiduzzafar Khan of Bhopal, we are sending you a target showing a group of eight shots recently fired by him from a .450 double-barrel Nitro rifle which we built for him in 1925. He asks if you



would consider its publication, as he thinks it would interest many of your readers. It would seem that this is remarkably good shooting from a double-barrel rifle thirteen years old.

Yours faithfully,
43, Sackville Street, JOHN RIGBY & Co., LTD.
London, W. 1.

AT THE EBB OF THE TIDE

SIR,—A shepherd, whose hill faces the sea, has recently told me that he has noticed that sheep never drop their lambs at the time of the ebb tide, but only at the time of the incoming tide. I have not myself established the truth of what he asserts, but I have no reason to suppose that he might have been pulling my leg. I should be very interested to know if any readers of the *Field* have any knowledge of this matter.



THOR'S CAVE IN THE MANIFOLD VALLEY
(See letter "Dovedale-Manifold Appeal")

Yours faithfully,
128, Piccadilly, W. 1. C. M. B. RENSHAW.

BOLSKUMMEL

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

An Entertaining Thought

Have you, as a host, ever thought which liqueur people like best? Just ask for a few opinions and you will find that Kummel is by far the most popular. This is not surprising when you realise that apart from its attractive flavour it is an exceptionally fine digestive.
When ordering Kummel it is worth bearing in mind that Bolskummel, as the original Dutch Kummel is called, is Double-Distilled from the finest caraway seeds in the world. Lucas Bols first discovered this liqueur nearly four centuries ago. To-day, Bolskummel is still made from his secret recipe.

VERY DRY
TO SUIT THE
ENGLISH
PALATE



STAG WITH FRACTURED SKULL

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph of a head killed last season by Colonel J. H. Porter on the Coire-na-Craig beat of the Atholl Forest.

The beast was not resident on the ground, which does not usually carry stags except during the rutting season, and it had evidently returned to its usual rutting territory, although when noticed it was alone and not associating with the hinds.

When first stalked it was disturbed and galloped off for about 300yds., after which it surprised the stalkers by immediately lying down again.

The injury has fractured the pedicle to such an extent that the bone extending round the ear is completely parted from the skull, and this can clearly be seen in the photograph.

Evidently the beast must have received an extraordinarily heavy blow in some previous season at a period when the horn was grown and hardened.

Ghyllbeugh, Yours faithfully,
Longhorsley, EDWARD REED.
Northumberland.

HUNTING IN MUZZLES

SIR,—I wonder whether any readers have heard of a similar incident to this. During the month of February the New York State Health Commissioner issued an order requiring all dogs to be muzzled in Nassau County, Long Island, because of an alleged outbreak of rabies. This order was enforced on the Meadow Brook hounds, which hunt on Long Island.

The bitch pack not only hunted in muzzles but killed their fox!

My informant is a late M.F.H. of the pack, who happened to be out with hounds the day of the incident. Yours faithfully,
N. WHITEHOUSE.

17, Rue Des Marronniers, XVIe, Paris.

THE ORIGIN OF SNOOKER

SIR,—May I submit my quota of evidence on this important matter? Lord Kitchener was a genius, but he was not a universal genius and I am certain never invented snooker or any other billiard table game. My knowledge is derived from the fact that at Pretoria, in 1901–02, I used to play a game of billiards almost every night for six months with Lord Kitchener from 11 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Bar my own self he was about the worst player I have ever met. I have never doubted that my old friend, Sir Neville Chamberlain, invented the game of snooker. I was at Ootacamund in 1882–84, and there must still be some of that very crowd left who can testify to the belief then current that snooker owed its birth to Neville Chamberlain's fertile brain. Yours faithfully,
1, Hyde Park Gardens, IAN HAMILTON.
W. 2.



THE BONE ROUND THE EAR COMPLETELY PARTED
(See letter "Stag with Fractured Skull")

LACK OF FEAR IN STOAT

SIR,—While fishing in Co. Wicklow on Easter Sunday I had the following experience which may interest your readers. Hearing a noise upon the bank, I turned round and saw, a few yards away from me, a stoat dragging along by the throat a small dead rabbit. At my approach the stoat dropped the rabbit and ran away into a gorse bush. I remained standing motionless, with the rabbit at my feet. The stoat circled round several times, finally approached, seized the rabbit again and dragged it into a bush. I took the rabbit from this bush, and stood in the open with its hindlegs under my fishing boot. The stoat returned, ran over my boot and pulled the rabbit from under it. When I followed the stoat it took fright and ran down a hole. I laid the rabbit at the mouth of the hole, and after a pause the stoat came out and renewed its efforts to release the rabbit from under my foot, watched from a short distance by another stoat, presumably its mate. At its unavailing efforts the first stoat stamped on the ground with its forefeet. Presently I took my foot from the rabbit, which was then dragged down the hole.

I have never seen a stoat show such a lack of fear for a human being.

Yours faithfully,
Bally Olaf, CYNTHIA SMITH.
Dundrum, Co. Durham.

ROOSTING OF SHORT-EARED OWLS

SIR,—On two occasions, recently, I have seen a short-eared owl—probably the same individual—roosting in Scotch fir trees during the day time. In both instances the bird was unmistakably a short-eared, as evidenced by its light plumage and its zigzagging flight. It flew in front along the bank of the dyke so that I was able to see it twice settle on the lower branches of trees and several times on the ground, finally waiting until I was only 15ft. away before doubling back again.

There seems to be an impression that the roosting site of the short-eared owl is always on the ground, where, indeed, I have found them on many previous occasions. Although they may be seen alighting on the tops of fairly large bushes after being disturbed, I have never found them roosting in trees, as was the case in this instance. Perhaps some of your readers could throw some light on the point? Yours faithfully,
BRIAN LAWFIELD.

219, Hills Road, Cambridge.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, plead for £16 towards the cost of new artificial limbs for a London cobbler aged 31. He has been a cripple from birth, and had both legs amputated when in his early 'teens. He was trained in boot repairing, employed with one man for nine years, and now he has set up a small business on his own. His takings amount to about £5 weekly, £3 of which is spent on materials, rent, lighting, &c., and the balance of £2 is left for himself, his wife and their baby. He urgently needs a new pair of artificial legs, for his present ones are beyond repair and cause him great pain. The lowest estimate is £24 for a new pair, and towards this sum £8 has been raised, but the remaining £16 depends entirely on the generosity of *Field* readers. Please help us to collect this sum, for he is independent and hardworking.

IN THE CITY

Gold Shares

AT a time like the present, when markets in general give every indication of falling to even lower levels, gold shares stand out as one of the few groups which may be expected to resist the general trend. Within the next few weeks the Rand mines will be declaring their half-yearly dividends. The present may, therefore, be a suitable time to consider the prospects of some of the leading South African gold-mining investments.

EAST RAND PROPRIETARY MINES, LTD.

This company, which has a capital of £1,800,000 in 10/– shares, was registered in the Transvaal in 1893, and although dividends have been paid for the last seven years, the mine is only now reaching the full stage of its development. Heavy capital expenditure in recent years has gradually made this one of the best mines on the Rand. This capital expenditure will continue during 1938, but it is expected that by the end of this year the expansion programme will have been completed. Output should then increase considerably, and shareholders can reasonably look forward to receiving bigger dividends over the next few years.

The company has reserves of high-grade ore which, it is estimated, will give the mine a life of about 35 years. On account of the large capital expenditure no increase in dividend is looked for in the current year, but the present rate of 35 per cent. should be maintained, and on that basis the shares are an attractive lock-up investment. The yield at the current price of 60/– is £6 17s. 11d. per cent. (allowing for tax at the reduced rate).

SIMMER & JACK MINES, LTD.

This company was incorporated in 1924 as a reconstruction of the Simmer & Jack Proprietary Mines. The latter company first started gold production as long ago as 1888. The property now consists of 2,066 mining claims in the Central Witwatersrand, of which slightly more than half are held under lease from the South African Government. The Government receives a rental and 5 per cent. of the company's annual profits. Only 81 of the claims are non-reef bearing, while over 1,000 have yet to be exploited.

The issued share capital consists entirely of 6,000,000 shares of 2/6 each. One million of these were issued in 1934 at 7/6 per share in order to finance a new shaft known as the South Deep Shaft. In that year a big expenditure programme was inaugurated, and this will probably be completed by the end of the current year. The South Deep Shaft has cut the reef, and operations have probably been started. The milling plant is being extended so that from September onwards the company will be able to treat 118,000 tons of ore monthly.

Various setbacks have occurred since 1924, but it is believed that improvements which have been effected in the underground organisation will prevent any recurrence of these troubles in future.

Dividends have been paid every year excepting 1928 and 1929. In 1937 two dividends of 4½d. per share were paid, and in view of the better developments and improved production it is probable that larger distributions will be paid in the future. Profits for the first half-year are likely to be some £70,000 higher, and it is anticipated that the June payment will be 6d., followed by a similar payment in December and by a total of 1/3 or 1/6 for 1939.

At the present price of 16/– the shares yield approximately £5 10s. per cent. on last year's dividend. In view of the probability of considerably higher dividends in the next few years the shares should show gradual appreciation.

PACTOLUS II.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Escapes from the Zoo are not common, and usually the period of liberty enjoyed by the escapee is of short duration. Nearly a year ago, however—ten months to be exact—a black genet (commonly described as a "bush-cat"), a cat-like animal related to the mongoose, escaped from the Cat House. There was the usual hue and cry, and an extensive search was conducted. He was not found, and after a while he was "written-off" and forgotten. Last week an official saw a black cat crouching in the corner of a shed near the Hippopotamus House. Stray cats are not popular in the Zoo, so he went to turn it out. Closer approach proved it to be, not a stray black cat, but the missing genet. He is now back on the strength, looking extremely well for his holiday. Indeed he is so plump that it seems that the many losses in the water-fowl enclosure were not, after all, entirely due to rats.



New Books

LOWLAND GATHERING

Simpler Things of Shooting

IT is a strange fact that for one man willing and able to write with authority and distinction on shooting, there will be half a dozen who can do the same for hunting or for fishing. Why this is so I cannot say, but so it seems to be. Possibly the fact of the gun being of its very nature an egotistical weapon may account for this; yet surely it is less egotistical than the rod, which breeds its ten Waltons for every puling Hawker. In modern times there are few books indeed that will be able to hold their own in any company. *Shooting Days* gladdened many dug-outs in the Great War, and since then there has been *Heather Mixture*, the best of Mr. Patrick Chalmers, especially his verse, and Mr. Peter Scott's *Morning Flight*, a book which owes a great deal of its fame (and its present price in the secondhand catalogues) to its illustrations. But even taking the last hundred odd years of shooting literature how little of it is read to-day.

The immortal Colonel is a well-known name to most; I wonder how many read him thoroughly. The greatest book ever dedicated to saltpetre is probably the *Wild Sports of the Highlands*. No young man to whom I have ever recommended it has failed to respond to its charm—a charm reflected a hundred years later by Hesketh Pritchard's *Sport in Wildest Britain*. Yet neither of these books holds a position in the world of the gun such as *Handley Cross* does in the world of the horse. Who did not read Payne-Gallwey 30 years ago? How many young men do so to-day, unless it be for his measurements of a gunning punt, which have not yet been improved on? It is probable that those who buy shooting books want up-to-date information: they turn more to books like Major Gerald Burrard's *Modern Shot Gun*, and so by the laws of supply and demand the book which recaptures the best of the shooting world, half gunner, half naturalist, with a touch of the unconscious poet, seldom come our way.

Thus *Winter and Rough Weather*, by W. G. M. Dobie, makes a remarkably welcome appearance. Mr. Dobie combines all the qualities that I have recounted as my *desiderata*, for he gives his chapters a literary flavour without appearing priggish. Most of his chapters appeared in the *Field* in the "Gun Month by Month" series, and it is clear therefore that they stand well in the estimation of this paper. Yet in their new setting they have none of that rehashed aspect that reviewers so quickly learn to recognise. They are interlarded with Mr. Balfour-Browne's charming sketches and some verses in light vein by the author. It is, in parenthesis, rather a curious fact that the three writers who have conducted this series since its inception have all been Lowland Scots, all hailing from within fifty odd miles of each other.

One does not take long to find out how lie Mr. Dobie's sympathies. One need hardly go beyond his title. He loves the simpler things of shooting, his spaniel and a couple of young aspirants to share them with him. If the dawn flight demands the endurance of blast and blizzard he accepts them good-humouredly, and if the sky clears at sunrise to display the beauties of the first half lights he will remember them as well as or better than the right and left of teal driving down the gale. But he loves one other thing as well. In his own words:

> ". . . I see the morning mist
> Draw up the hillsides, leaving clear
> Mountains of blue and amethyst;
> The narrow pony-track that winds
> Through passes where I long to go;
> The stags among the watchful hinds,
> The lonely corries touched with snow. . . ."

Mr. Dobie loves deer-stalking with an ardour that dims not with the years. His stalking chapters are of his best, and to those who, like myself, are bold enough to assert, even in 1938, that stalking is the greatest sport this country has to offer, some of his descriptions will be only a little less prized than Scrope, St. John or Augustus Grimble.

Though limited in scope and modest in compass, this is, within these limitations, one of the few new shooting books which I have read with real delight in the last 20 years. I most thoroughly recommend it. M. T. S.

Winter and Rough Weather. By W. G. M. Dobie. (Heinemann; 8/6.)

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE

THE English were still stay-at-homes long after the Scots were treading the roads of Europe: and Scotland is now the most cosmopolitan country in the world.

These are two of the claims made for his country by Mr. A. G. Macdonell, writing in the special Scottish number of *The Geographical Magazine* on the great part played by the Scot in the Empire—a part which, he says, is founded on a strange paradox.

It was the brutality of England's French king, Edward Plantagenet, that was the original cause why Scotland, France's "ancient ally," ultimately helped England to seize France's overseas empire and a great deal more besides.

The English trained an Empire civil service among the Scots by mistake, according to Mr. Macdonell. The faster the English developed their wonderful instinct for fighting at sea, the closer they drew their mantle of isolation about them. "The one nation was cutting itself off from the outer world by the creation of a navy which was going, ultimately, to hand it a good deal of the world on a platter. The other nation . . . was fighting its way into the outer world by its own exertions, and in the end it found itself fully qualified to colonise and administer the vast slabs of the earth which the other nation's navy had secured."

It was, says the writer, "as if they had tried to kick a man in the pants and had inadvertently kicked him into the governorship of Southern Nigeria."

The only attempt the Scots made to found an empire on their own ended in failure. That was the Darien Scheme, which was to be Edinburgh's reply to London's East India Company. The English have never tolerated competition in this their own private sphere of empire-building, says Mr. Macdonell, and they duly destroyed the Darien Scheme.

The turning-point in Anglo-Scottish history, according to the writer, was when that typically English genius, the Earl of Chatham, had his typically English flash of poetry and created the Highland regiments of the British army. The kilt was proscribed after 1746, and the carrying of weapons had been forbidden to the clans. But when Chatham raised the Highland regiments he gave back at one stroke the two treasured privileges of the north-west of Scotland. "And the simple mountaineers were so enthusiastic in their rush to resume the tartan and the dirk that they did not stop to notice that they were enlisting on the wrong side."

The rest of the issue maintains the usual high standard, both in text and illustration.

The Geographical Magazine. (May, 1/–; 42, Chandos Street, W.C. 2.)

The Best Open-Air Book of the Month published during May is "The Aga Khan's Horses," by R. C. Lyle, with illustrations by Lionel Edwards. Putnam; 15/–.

ARCTIC SOLITUDES

THERE is one story which never loses in the telling and that is the story of a phase of Polar exploration. There is always such a sense of detachment about it, as of the doings of people from another world, so remote from our present life are the rigours and the hardships and the conditions of men with nothing but ice and more ice for their constant companion. I do not like the title of this book. *Hell on Ice* seems to be wrong—although the existence of the characters in this narrative was hellish. Rather do I like the book's sub-title, "The Saga of the Jeannette," for it finds place also for the pangs of a gallant little steam barque which sailed away through the Golden Gate in quest of the North Pole by way of the Behring Sea.

Told most perfectly by Mr. Ellsberg, using a dominant character as his spokesman, we hear in this saga of a gallant ship drifting far beyond the inhospitalities of Northern Siberia, of her being frozen into the clutching "pack" for two years and of her being crushed. Her men take to their sledges and their boats, and after incredible hardship some of them reach the frozen tundra off the Lena Delta, where to-day, high up above the great bay, rest in Arctic solitude Jeannette's captain with nine of his crew. From journals, from minutes of enquiries and from a host of other sources Mr. Ellsberg has derived the whole story. Here one will read with sympathy of a gallant commander's tribulations and of his struggles with his men as well as his struggles with the ice. Herein, most brilliantly told, is a saga not only of a ship, but of man at close grips with nature, one of the most powerful and moving stories it has been my privilege to read. J. I.

Hell on Ice. By Edward Ellsberg. (Heinemann; 12/6.)

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Dividends on Ordinary Stock	35%

POINTS from the Speech of Mr. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW (Chairman) at the Annual General Meeting of THE EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED, on June 1st, 1938.

SATISFACTORY BUSINESS.

While the Report and Accounts for the past year are satisfactory, nevertheless we must all feel regret that the expansion in our business that has continued year after year since the existing Company was formed in 1920, was in the past year arrested—let us hope but temporarily.

Until the end of the year 1937 we recorded a normal expansion in our Sales, but during the last four months ending March 31st, 1938, we experienced a considerable recession, due to the fall in public consumption. It is well known that many important manufacturing businesses throughout the country experienced a similar falling off in business, and I have read the expression of many thoughtful views on the reasons for this state of affairs. It appears to me that during the past year we have all been brought to realise more clearly the very disturbed conditions existing throughout the world—and reflected in our country by the continued increase in the heavy burden of taxation, the fall in investment values, and the consequent curtailment of public spending.

COMPETITION.

We have had to meet competition by price cutting during the period under review—not, for us (who have spent 35 years in developing and fostering this trade) a novel experience, and we are aware that some of these competitors are sustaining actual trading losses in selling their goods at the prices they do. It is fortunate for this Company that the complete reorganisation of our manufacturing facilities, begun now some six years ago, enables us to view this competition with composure and to maintain in the face of it our business and our profits.

REPORT AND ACCOUNTS.

The surplus of Profit, over the sum required for the Dividends we recommend to you, amounts to £151,000.

The various items of Capital investment (Buildings, Plant and Machinery, Subsidiary Companies and Trade Investments) have not yet had time to be reflected to any considerable extent in our profits. It is, however, our hope and expectation that we shall obtain advantages in the future. We do not anticipate any considerable expenditure under these heads during the coming year.

DIVIDENDS.

The Dividend of 35 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock we recommended for the year calls for the payment of £56,500 more than the similar Dividend of a year ago. Whilst the surplus profits would have admitted of the payment of a Bonus, we came to the conclusion that, having regard to the disturbed conditions of the world and our widely spread interests, we should best be discharging our duty by following the more prudent course of retaining this surplus in the business.

PRESENT YEAR'S TRADING.

Whilst Sales in the new year have not opened well (at this time last year we were benefiting from the Coronation festivities), the strength of our Trading position, assisted as it will be by considerable saving in costs of production, gives me the hope that I shall come before you a year hence with a satisfactory report.

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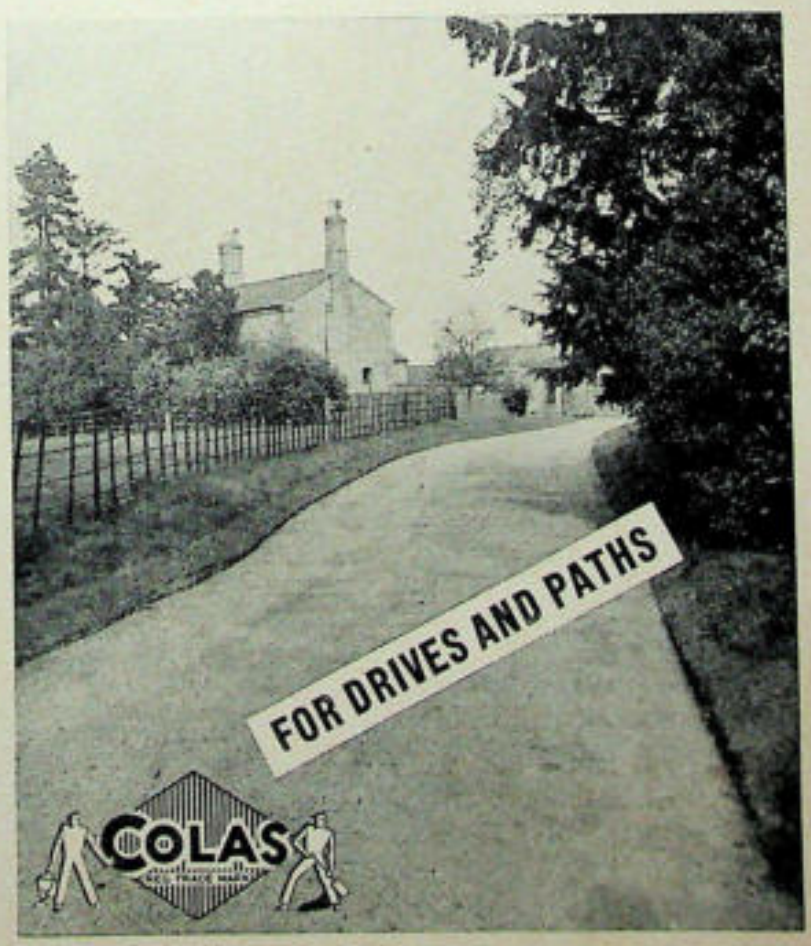
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A "JORROCKS" COMPETITION FOR "FIELD" READERS

Can You Supply the Answers to these Queries?

Below is a set of questions based on remarks made by the immortal Jorrocks. Readers are asked to supply the answers. All that it is necessary to do is to write the numbers of the questions on a sheet of paper and the replies opposite to them. For the first set of correct answers received, or the nearest complete set, a prize of £5 will be given, and second and third prizes of £3 and £2 for the second and third correct sets of answers received or those that are nearest in order of merit.

Envelopes should be marked "JORROCKS" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to THE EDITOR, THE FIELD, FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4. *The closing date of this competition is Thursday, June 30th.*

1. Explain what Mr. Jorrocks meant by the following remarks, and the occasions upon which they were made:
   (*a*) "Hurrah! Blister my kidneys if *is* a frost, the dahlias are dead."
   (*b*) "Confound all presents wot eat."
   (*c*) "There's nothin' so queer as scent except a woman, and tradesmen undersellin' and 'ounds choppin' foxes in cover is more a proof of their wice."
   (*d*) "Gabriel Junks is seldom wrong, and my corns are on his side."
   (*e*) "I wouldn't be a Master of Muggers, not for no manner of money."
   (*f*) "Such a lot of stay makers."
   (*g*) "You never see a bosky Batsey waiter, which is more than can be said of all dog 'uns."
2. On what occasions have we evidence that Charlie Stobbs kissed Belinda? How many times? On whose authority?
3. Who suggested the application of a horse blister to a human being? For whom and for what purpose? What did Mr. Jorrocks suggest as an alternative treatment?
4. Give the context of:
   (*a*) "Hellish dark and smells of cheese."
   (*b*) "I did boil the exciseman."
   (*c*) "Old 'un got his monkey full of brandy."
   (*d*) "More boots—more breeches, more breeches—more boots."
5. What made James Pigg decide that Mr. Jorrocks was mad? And what made the Chancellor decide that he was sane?
6. Of whom were the following said:
   (*a*) "—— being the daughter of a Leeds manufacturer she could not, of course, bear the idea of anything connected with trade."
   (*b*) "—— had a cross of blood in her, her sire being a gent, her dam a lady's maid."
   (*c*) "—— sat a horse with firmness, ease and grace until he began to move."
   (*d*) "—— was so tall that he might pass for the author of Longfellow's poems."
7. What grounds have we for deciding that Mr. Jorrocks was well acquainted with Shakespeare's works?
8. To whom did Mr. Jorrocks attribute the following statements:
   (*a*) ". . . there was no young man wot would not rather have an imputation on his morals than his horsemanship."
   (*b*) ". . . that the reason why one seldom got a hegg well biled was, 'cause the cuk was always a-doin' summut else at the same time.'"
9. What was the real name of:
   (*a*) Slender.
   (*b*) Old World.
   (*c*) Whiskey Jim.
10. What reasons had Mr. Jorrocks for saying:
    (*a*) That he was the hardest rider in England.
    (*b*) That his hounds were the best in England.
    (*c*) That he was a Post Office Directory and not a Peerage man.
11. Name any books that we have direct evidence that Mr. Jorrocks read.
12. What price did:
    (*a*) Duncan Nevin consider the outside price for a horse?
    (*b*) Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs pay for his champagne?
    (*c*) The Cut-'em-down Captain pay for his oats?
    (*d*) Mr. Jorrocks pay for his horse carnosses?
13. Whom were referred to as the following, and on what occasion:
    (*a*) "Word-mangling, grammer-strangling, cutation-cramming cocks."
    (*b*) "A verra foolish, noisey, gobby, insufficient 'and man."
    (*c*) ". . . miserable, road-riding, dish-licking cub . . . preter-pluperfect tense of 'mabage.'"
14. Give Mr. Jorrocks' views on the following:
    (*a*) Water drinkers.
    (*b*) Coursing.
    (*c*) Leeds.
    (*d*) Soldier officers.
15. What did:
    (*a*) Mr. Jorrocks say was "more beautiful than the Lord Mayor's Shew"?
    (*b*) James Pigg say would "gar a man live for ever"?
    (*c*) Roger Swizzle say was "the best of all wines"?
    (*d*) Mrs. Jorrocks say were "foolish, moon-struck, stage-play sort of botherations, that breed bastibes"?
16. How did Mr. Jorrocks translate the following:
    (*a*) *Impendet omnibus periculum.*
    (*b*) *Lusus naturæ.*
    (*c*) *Necessitas non habet leges.*
    (*d*) *Mors omnibus est communis.*
    (*e*) *Cum grano salis.*
    (*f*) *Virtus parco pritio licet ab omnibus.*
17. Who or what were referred to by Mr. Jorrocks as the following:
    (*a*) The Old Customer.
    (*b*) Qualified Days.
    (*c*) A Classical Stableman.
18. Translate the following remarks of James Pigg, and state the occasions on which they were made:
    (*a*) "Squire Stobbs 'couped his creels' over an 'edge."
    (*b*) "Gin ar warn't afeard o'boggin mar neif, ard gi thou a good cruck i' thy kite."
    (*c*) "Sink, they dinna mak their yets hafu wide enough."
    (*d*) "Woons man, we maun be uncommon kittle then ar guess."
    (*e*) "T'ard gouk was aye axin' me about the hus."
19. To what did Mr. Jorrocks compare:
    (*a*) The three degrees of comparison?
    (*b*) A fiddle without a stick?
    (*c*) The funds?
    (*d*) The girl you are courting?
    (*e*) A fish fags ware?
    (*f*) 'Oss gruel?
20. On what occasion did:
    (*a*) Mr. Jorrocks offer to bet five pounds to a fiddler's farthing?
    (*b*) Mrs. Muleygrubs decide that you should never say anything before children?
    (*c*) Mr. Jorrocks wish he was an eagle?
    (*d*) Captain Doleful think that good sometimes comes out of evil?



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PYRETHRUMS ARE INVALUABLE FOR CUTTING, AND MAKE DELIGHTFUL EDGING PLANTS

The Country House

HEUCHERAS AND PYRETHRUMS

Valuable Plants for Indoor Decoration

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

CHERRY and coral-red flowers afford the best contrast to the blues of the Lupins, Anchusas, Campanulas, Nepetas and Columbines that dominate the June herbaceous border and in mixed jars of flowers for indoor decoration the vivid colours of Heucheras and Pyrethrums are invaluable.

The Heuchera species, *H. sanguinea* and *H. brizoides*, are now seldom grown, for the showy modern varieties have supplanted them. *H. sanguinea Oxfordensis* is one of the most striking. It is a remarkable blood-red, and a vigorous grower, but it is not tall-growing. In this respect, the well-known Pluie de Feu, Pink Pearls, the vivid coral-coloured new variety, Petworth, and the crimson *H. sanguinea splendens* are better for they attain quite 18in. Like the type, all the hybrids have a long flowering period—from June to August. They all associate delightfully both with the almost too popular *Nepeta Mussini* and the tall-growing *N. grandiflora*. *H. brizoides gracillima*, a lovely feathery pink, attains 2½ft., and associates well with Campanulas such as Telham Beauty, with powder-blue bells. The white variety is charming. Rosamund is not quite so tall-growing, but with its profusion of branching stems hung with large coral-pink bells it is a first-rate border plant.

Some Heucheras are good front-row plants, and have conspicuously fine foliage. *H. Americana*, for instance, has foliage veined a rich bronze red. *H. hispida* has bronze-green leaves. The popular *H. tiarellioides* (a hybrid between *H. sanguinea* and *Tiarella cordifolia*) has the attractive leaf colouring of the *Tiarella* and pretty pink flowers. The less-known white variety has attractive marbled foliage.

Heucheras are not plants for heavy soils. They need a well-drained soil and full sun, and should never be disturbed unnecessarily. Seed germinates slowly, and increasing the stock is therefore often done by dividing the roots in autumn. These plants have dark, twisted, scaly crowns and long, thin roots with few fibres. Consequently they are far from easy. The plants have to be lifted and the soil shaken off very carefully. With a sharp, clean knife divide the crown, allowing two divisions with as much root as possible for each. The roots should be carefully spread out in the prepared hole and made very firm. It is important not to bury the crowns. They should be left a good inch above the soil. In a spell of drought they need watering when first planted. Heucheras are not deep-rooters, and if well-decayed manure is incorporated on very poor soils it should be in the second spit. Heucheras need to be planted in fair-sized groups if their colouring is to look effective. Single plants look poor.

Pyrethrums, like Heucheras, are invaluable for cutting, and they make delightful edging plants for the kitchen garden, especially in mixed colours. Garden varieties are descended from *P. roseum*, which grows wild in various parts of the Near East. These plants do best in very well-drained but rich soils. A cold, heavy soil needs to be liberally lightened with sand. Poor sandy soil should be enriched with very well-decayed manure.

Many people cut down their Pyrethrums in order to secure a second bloom, but as with Lupins and Delphiniums, it probably does the plants no good. If this custom is practised the plants should be given a top dressing of well-decayed manure and kept moist through spells of drought.

Pyrethrums, like Delphiniums, should be planted in late summer. If planting is deferred till autumn they are more likely to perish, as they have no chance of getting well rooted in their new quarters. If late summer, i.e., end of August or early September, is impossible, planting should be deferred to the end of March.

Pyrethrums grow quickly, and soon make solid, ball-like roots. To increase by division the roots should be lifted and divided by cutting with a clean, sharp knife, as it is impossible to pull them apart. Replant in fresh, well-prepared soil at least 15in. apart. Freshly-planted roots should never be watered. It is apt to make them rot in the centre. Consequently increasing by division should be carried out when the soil is in a nice, moist condition.

Raising from seed is done either in February or March in gentle heat or in April in a cold frame. If not large enough to plant out by early September, it is wiser to leave them till spring.

Modern hybrids are numerous and some of them are first-rate border plants. I prefer the single kinds, especially for indoor decoration, for the doubles are apt to look heavy, especially in mixed bouquets of flowers. Mr. Amos Perry's strains of Pyrethrums are well known, amongst the pick being the free-flowering, vivid crimson Albert Victor and Eileen May Robertson, with large, soft, shell-pink flowers. Harold Robinson is a very large, crimson-flowered variety with stiff stems. Beauty of Stapleford is a lovely new variety, a good pink with a white centre. The best single white is S. H. Wright. Virgo is an effective double kind with sulphur-coloured flowers.

Some Pyrethrum species are more valuable for their foliage. *P. parthenium aureum* (Golden Feather) is commonly used as an edging plant for its foliage, the flower stems being cut away as they are produced. The variety Golden Moss is the best for this purpose. It is a perennial, but is generally treated as an annual. *P. ptarmiciæflorum* attains only 6in., and the silvery foliage is effective both for edging and in the rock garden.

HOUSING RURAL WORKERS

"GRANTS under the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts are intended to help the poorer classes of cottage owners . . . and it is abominable that such a grant should be applied for by a wealthy University College." Thus quoth a certain councillor of a certain county council in connection with an application for a grant for modernising a farm labourer's cottage.

The Ministry of Health, when applied to, deplored the attitude of the council, but was powerless to intervene. Thus a much needed improvement was not carried out, and the farm worker continued to live amidst surroundings which might be described as primitive, unhelped by an Act expressly designed to ameliorate his living conditions. In point of fact, the Acts were passed in order to assist tenants and not landlords, and the conditions attached to a grant ensure that the tenant shall remain in occupation for twenty years at the local agricultural rent, generally 3/- per week, plus 4 per cent. interest on the landlord's balance of the cost of the improvements.

Unfortunately, the application of a form of means test to owners applying for grants is in many areas putting a spoke in the wheel of progress; and when one finds in the published returns, for instance, that in one half of a county 784 houses were dealt with whilst in the other half only 39 applications were granted, it is obvious that the Acts are not working as smoothly as they might and that much more can be done.

It is true that there are flaws, such, for instance, as the fact that whilst grants or loans are allowed for improving an existing cottage or for altering an existing building into a cottage, yet no assistance is authorised for the owner who seeks to demolish a decrepit cottage and build in its stead an entirely new dwelling. A few councils composed of men capable of taking the long view have made grants and loans in these cases, but the great majority of applications, in respect of entirely new cottages, have either been rejected or they have never been made on account of the attitude of the responsible official or officials.

In all cases no work must be put in hand until it has been approved by the council, and the very considerable preliminary work can be much simplified by a polite request for advice addressed to the county architect, an official who, in most cases, will prove most helpful; though one case is recorded where the architect said, "Before we give you a grant you will have to scrap all the windows (windows with diamond panes which were a feature of the neighbourhood) and you will have to put a dampcourse all round the house (which stood on sand and was bone dry) and it will cost £300." The owner in this case was averse to spending £300 when £100 would do, and ultimately he carried out the necessary improvements himself for £80, but it was not possible to take advantage of the Act.

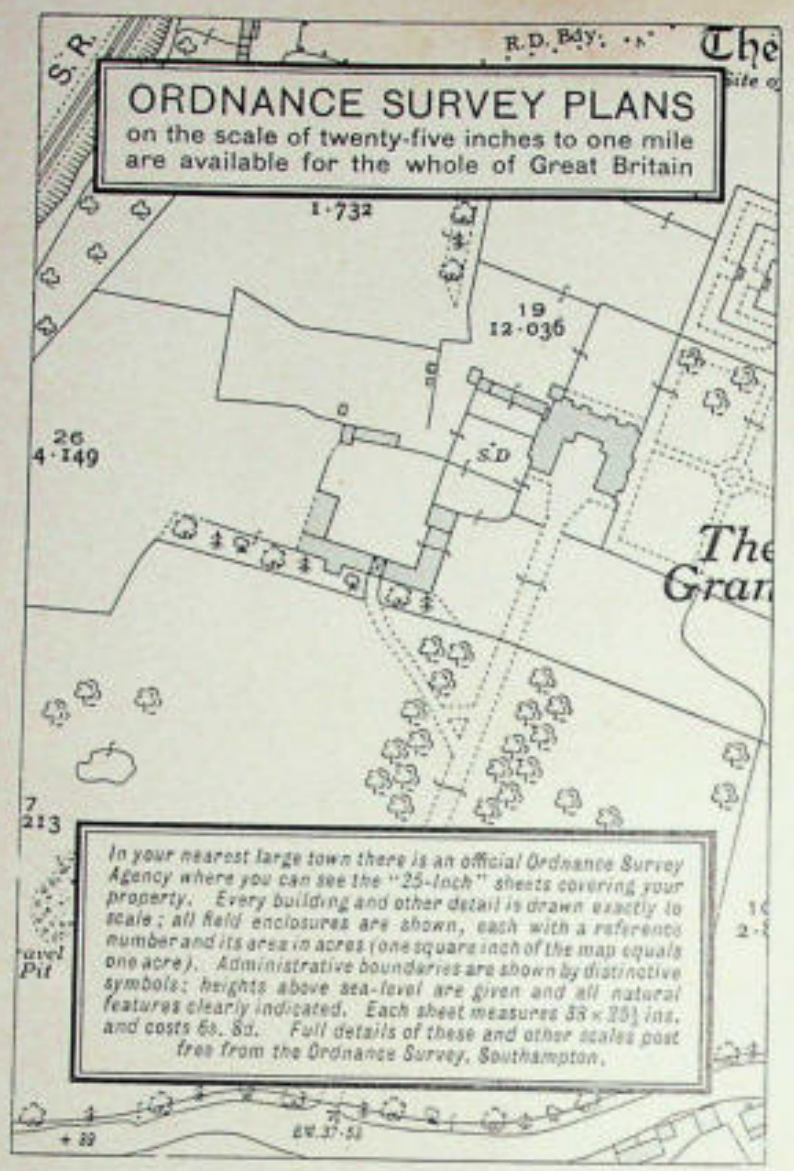
Similar examples of excess of zeal on the part of officials are by no means rare, but the council is to be commended which, when appointing a new surveyor, instructed him that his first action should be to travel round his district in his car and acquaint himself with the standard of the district before he commenced condemning cottages. In this way many perfectly sound cottages are preserved and modernised by the aid of grants, which otherwise might have been condemned and demolished.

Another frequent cause of a reduction in the number of cottages occurs when three small cottages are converted, with the help of the Act, into two larger cottages, a proceeding which is often extremely advisable in the interests of the comfort of the tenants.

Of the discomforts commonly encountered in cottages perhaps none are so distressing as dampness, with its inherent encouragement of rheumatic and bronchial complaints. Damp rising up the walls can be cured by inserting a slate or felt dampcourse, but, of course, the mere absence of a dampcourse should not be considered a defect on a dry site, nor can it be remedied directly in stone or flint-built houses. Penetration of damp through the face of walls can be prevented by external application of boiled linseed oil or some proprietary compound, but if the wall be saturated and the insertion of a dampcourse is not practicable, then the best remedy is to replace the internal plaster with waterproofed cement rendering carried below the wall plates and right up under the eaves.

The alternatives are lining with either canvas or matchlining or patent wall board kept ¼in. or so away from the wall by battens, and then covered with wall paper which in cottages should always be light, and not patterned, if the rooms are to look larger than they really are. Low ceilings can often be remedied upstairs by raising the joists, but in other cases they must be suffered if considerable expense is to be avoided.

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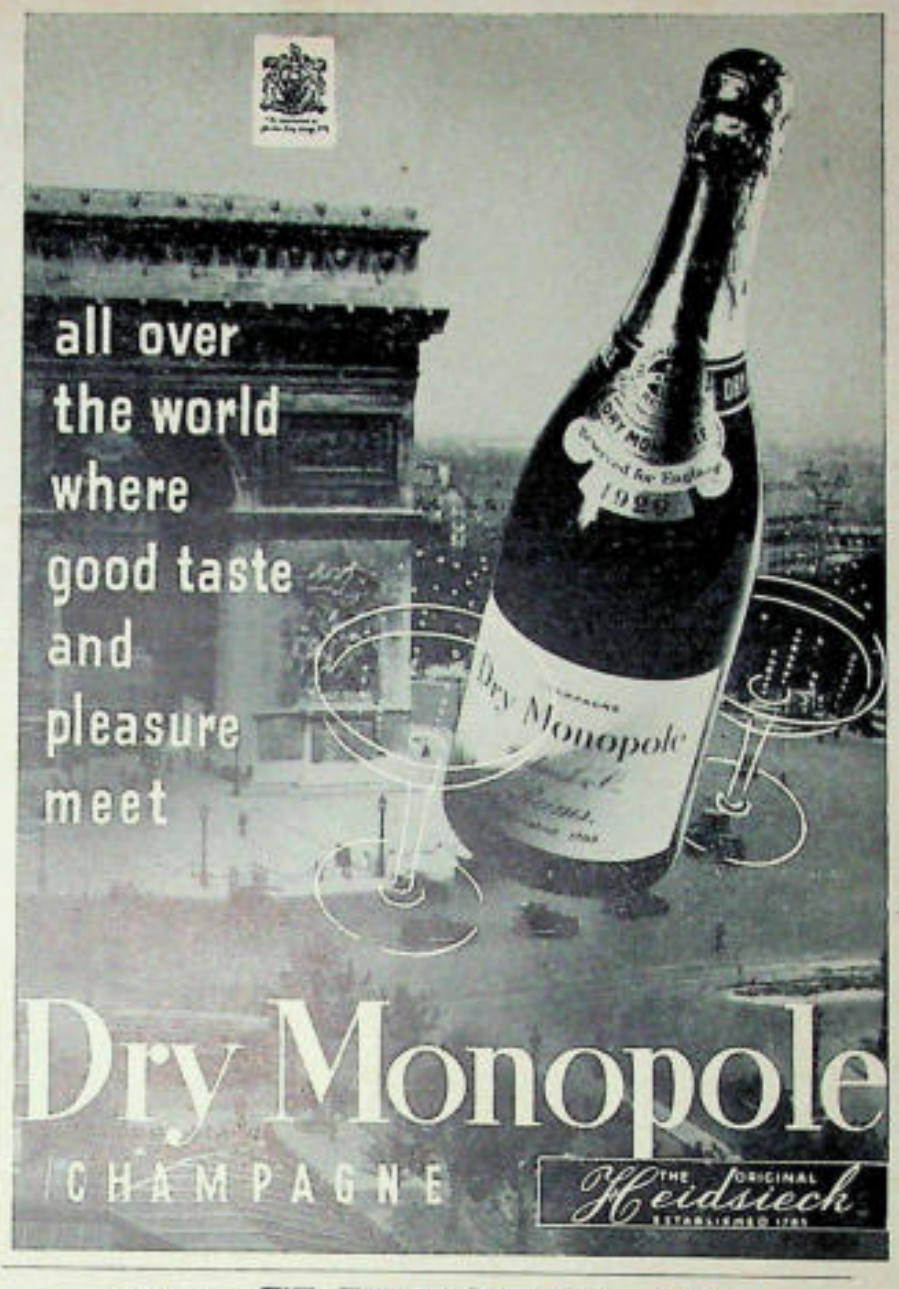
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ROYAL COUNTIES AT BOURNEMOUTH

Excellent Entries in Livestock Classes

A SINGLE case of foot-and-mouth disease and rotten weather did their best to ruin the Bath and West at Plymouth; and that show despite the absence of cattle, sheep, goats and pigs was a great success. The weather on the opening day of the Royal Counties was not good—though nothing like so bad as the weather at Plymouth—and the attendance was excellent. Also for the first time this year we saw a really large entry of livestock.

But on the first night came the gale. It really was a gale: not just a newspaper gale. It came in great gusts, some of which must have attained a speed of 100 m.p.h. The show ground at Talbot Village was placed on a high and exposed plateau and received the full force of the gale, which came suddenly and without warning.

With a roar like thunder an imposing line of trade stands with flaunting fronts on the south side of the ground facing the jumping ring collapsed like a child's castle of bricks knocked down in a burst of temper. And gust followed gust, sweeping away tents and marquees. The poultry tent went, and while many of the pens remained undamaged many crumpled and the occupants dispersed to find what shelter they could. I was told that the birds in that tent were worth in the neighbourhood of £10,000, and though many dispersed, clucking protestingly, not one was lost.

Cattle were frightened—as were human beings—and some of the beasts were paraded round the show ring in the middle of the night to keep them away from the flying wreckage. Quite unperturbed were four very large and very phlegmatic pigs, who slept serenely the while canvas cracked and poles tumbled around them.

Rescue work was carried out by the light of hurricane lamps and motor car headlights. No one was injured and no livestock—though the poultry and rabbit exhibits were wrecked—was lost. Unless you count bees as livestock. A bee tent was carried away—and the bees were inside. I was unable to discover if any of the bees were lost, or, alternatively, if any of the bees were recovered.

Altogether the show ground presented a sad scene with wreckage strewn everywhere. And the next morning there were many men with strained faces and eyes that were red for want of sleep. The damage was estimated at £5,000. But the show was open the next day, and the full programme was carried through in the main ring, and the attendance was remarkable.

There was an excellent entry of shires. Sir Ernest Wills' Littlecote Prince Edward was champion entire colt, and the same owner's Littlecote Prince William was reserve. Sir Ernest Wills also provided the champion mare or filly in Littlecote Duchess, who also won the gold medal. Littlecote Prince Coward was the best entire colt in the 1936 class, beating Mr. G. C. Wadsworth's Goldfinder Fearnone, who did so well at Plymouth, and Littlecote Prince William, of whom we are surely going to hear a great deal more, was the best entire colt in the 1937 class. Littlecote Duchess, born in 1936, naturally won that class, and of her, too, we are going to hear a great deal more.

The cattle classes were all very well supported. I was particularly glad to see good classes of Devons, Sussex, Dexters and Kerrys. Cattle, like everything else in the world, are becoming standardised and stereotyped. The picturesque is giving place to the useful everywhere. And in cattle many grand old breeds are dying out because the Dairy Shorthorn or some other breed brings in the cash. That, of course, is inevitable. But I have a hankering for the uncommon, and at how many shows to-day do you see Dexters and Kerrys, at how many the Welsh Black Cattle, the Blue Albion, the Longhorn, the Belted Galloway, the Dexter and the Kerry? At all too few I think. If any or all of these breeds were to die out English stock farming would be the poorer. So I was glad to see the Dexters and the Kerrys in particular.

Dairy Shorthorns showed a very high standard. The challenge trophy for the best exhibit was won by Messrs. Hobbs and Davis, of Lechlade, with Kelmscote Marjorie 47th, as good an animal as I have seen. The best bull proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Barclay's very level Buryhill Imperial Bates. Major G. Miller-Mundy, as usual, did well in the cow-in-milk classes, though his beautiful animal, Knells Elliot Fernleaf 2nd, had to be content with second place to Kelmscote Marjorie 49th in her class. These two should do more than well this year.

Mr. H. B. Brandt took the silver medal for the best Sussex bull with Petworth Royal 5th, and Mr. L. O. Johnson that for the best cow or heifer with his lovely heifer King's Barn Dusky 7th. Both animals were truly representative of a breed which deserves wider recognition.

H.M. the King had two excellent Devon heifers in Climsland Rosabel and Climsland Princess, who took first and second in their class, and a nice deep bull in Whitfield Beacon, who was first in his class.

Redpolls, a breed that is swiftly increasing in popularity, were well represented. Lady Denman's beautiful cow Parham Maureen won the challenge cup for the best cow or heifer and Mrs. T. Lindsay the silver medal for the best bull with Chipstead Dixon, a nice low-slung, deep-chested animal. Lady Loder won the challenge cup for the best group, and I do not remember seeing a more level group. Ayrshires, too, were good, with Mr. Hugh Wylie's Threave Beauty 2nd outstanding, though I liked, also, Viscount Lymington's heifer Drumcruelton Yellow Oak and Mr. Hugh Wyllie's well-balanced bull Drumfork Pilot.

The Ovaltine Dairy Farm did very well in the Jersey classes, and also took the challenge cups for the best group and the best pair. The best female was Mr. M. F. North's Southview Olivia, and the best bull, Mr. L. W. Cornell's Ovaltine Wonderful Lad. All the Jersey classes were well supported and of a standard. So, too, were the Guernseys, in which Mr. Eric H. Rose's very fine bull, Leweston Rose Lad, took the challenge cup for the best exhibit, and the championship prize for the best bull. Mr. V. Dunkill's cow Fernhill Pretty 8th, proved to be the best female. Of the others (though it may be rather invidious to make selections when the general standard was so high) I liked Lady Ralli's heifer Furze Down American Lass, and Lord Swaythling's bull Fernhill Kismet 10th. The Aberdeen-Angus classes saw Mr. P. C. Stovold and Mr. J. J. Cridlan sweep the board. Mr. Stovold's heifer Princess of Gloagburn proved to be the best exhibit, though Mr. Cridlan has a very nice bull in Grandee 4th of Maisemore.

The best Dexter was Mrs. E. Carlos Clarke's Ellens Gettsburg, a good, well-knit bull. Lady Loder's cow Murrell Peach Blossom cannot have been far behind. Mr. H. E. Mitchell and Mr. N. R. Steel, both of Haywards Heath, swept the board in the Kerry classes.

Pig classes were well supported, and I was glad to see Gloucestershire Old Spots, though the entry was small. The challenge cup for the best pig in the show was won by Mr. R. P. Chester's Wessex saddleback boar Brandon David 6th, with the Watford Corporation's Middle White sow Watford Gracious Lady as reserve. Of other animals, I liked Mr. F. W. Gentle's Berkshire sow Highbury Raja Girl 2nd, Mr. L. K. Osmond's Large White boar Beelby Boy 9th, and Mr. F. W. Gilbert's Large Black boar Chellaston Boy Scout.

CREAGHT.

MILK INVESTIGATION

IN 1934 the need for authoritative information on the economics of milk production in England and Wales was recognised by the Milk Marketing Board. In order to secure such information on a national basis a scheme was prepared by the Conference of Agricultural Economists.

This interim report contains the results of the second year's working of the scheme. Most of the report deals with the costs of production on farms selling milk mainly on a wholesale contract (wholesale group), but it also includes the figures of producers of Grade A (T.T.) and Certified milk (graded group), and of producer-retailers (producer-retailer group).

The cost of production of producer-retailers and of producers of graded milk was 1.58d. and 2.44d. per gallon higher respectively, than in the wholesale group. Certain features associated with different types of production were emphasised by the costs; for example, miscellaneous expenses in the graded group were 1.98d. per gallon (wholesale 1.18d.), and herd replacement cost in the producer-retailer group was 1.40d. per gallon (wholesale 1.06d.).

In the wholesale group it was found that the cost of foods in the winter was 7.02d. per gallon compared with 4.00d. in the summer, due to the change from the feeding of concentrates to grazing. In the same group the cost of labour over the year was 2.15d. per gallon. This cost in the summer (1.92d.) was about ½d. per gallon less than in the winter (2.41d.). Family labour accounted for 0.51d. per gallon or 24 per cent. of the total cost of labour during the year. The other items of cost, miscellaneous expenses and herd replacement, amounted to 1.18d. and 1.06d. per gallon respectively.

The costs of wholesale producers with level and non-level delivery contracts were also compared. On the former costs were 0.74d. higher than on the latter. On farms with Accredited licences the costs were 0.37d. per gallon higher than on non-accredited farms.

The movement of costs between 1934–5 and 1935–6 was examined by comparing the figures of 350 farms in the wholesale group, 22 in the intermediate group, 10 in the graded group, and 41 in the producer-retailer group, for which records were available in both years. In all groups the net farm costs fell appreciably in 1935–6. The extent of the fall was from 9.39d. to 8.99d. in the wholesale, from 13.98d. to 13.05d. in the graded, and from 11.51d. to 10.70d. in the producer-retailer group. The fall was mainly due to a decline in food costs, but there was also a fall in the cost of miscellaneous expenses in the graded group and in the cost of herd replacement in the producer-retailer group.

Costs of Milk Production in England and Wales. Interim Report No. 2, October 1st, 1935, to September 30th, 1936. Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Parks Road, Oxford. pp. 58. 1938. 1/6.

AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS

IT is becoming difficult for readers of the daily Press to differentiate between what is really information and what is intended to produce an increase of circulation. Everything is presented as a crisis, and we are assured that the present situation is the worst since some past and pregnant date—in politics it is invariably "since 1914." Having raised a general alarm, the best way of sustaining interest in the subject is to declare, after a judicious interval, that owing to this and that there is no cause for anxiety and that, as Snow White says, "everything's going to be all right."

The drought which afflicted the end of the spring came as manna to the Press, and, whenever the Central European situation was not grave and tense, was rightly represented in the headlines as causing the greatest anxiety and loss. Now that the rains have come, it is being discovered that the crops are not all ruined, that the farmers must grumble at something, and that anyhow the Czech crisis provides much better copy. In fact, only the farmers themselves are left to deal with the far-reaching problems of a dry and frosty season.

I have lately seen a good many parts of the country, and I have never before realised the disastrous effects of long-continued drought and frost on grasslands. In the valleys there is little enough mowing grass, but on the hills and in the higher parts of the country there is practically nothing. Many cattle and sheep are in an extremely poor condition, and farmers in the north have had to sell numbers of them at a considerable loss. Hunters are still eating their heads off in their stables, and there seems to be no prospect of turning them out for the next few weeks. Only the anxiety for the present prevents the most serious forebodings as to what will happen to next season's rations.

A recently issued report emphasises the increasing part which the production of milk plays in the life of agricultural England. The consumption of milk has risen by nearly 50 million gallons, and this provides employment for a vast number of men and women. The drought has raised many problems of production, and the increase in cost has risen. Farmers have never had the opportunity of departing from winter conditions, and to make matters worse many fields which had been reserved for hay have had to be used for grazing. There has been a double loss here, for in addition to losing the potential profit from this hay, farmers have not, so far, been able to increase the price of milk. The Milk Marketing Board has this question under consideration, but whether the prices are increased or not, the loss sustained so far will have to be borne.

The outlook for wheat is more reassuring. A few weeks ago reports led us to expect a universal famine, but it is now clear that the world production of wheat will be greater than ever. The United States and Canada will have a considerable surplus of which to dispose. The rains in Italy have probably come too late to save the crops as a whole, but in this country the next few weeks will decide the farmers' fate. The prices paid for wheat in the local markets have not so far been exceptional, but they have, at all events, been firm.

No mystery is more profound to the man-in-the-street than the farming life of England. One authority reports the prospects to be excellent: another equal authority points out that the situation is desperate. The Government seems to be on the point of announcing that food defence plans are imminent: then briefly answers the question in the House of Commons with a "No, sir." Yet faith in the ability of our farmers to "come out strong" never wavers, for they have to do not only with schemes and plans, but with the seasons of nature, which revolve and must be obeyed.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

GREAT GOOD HORSES OF THE SHIRES

"He Can Move Great Weight with Ease and Economy"

ALTHOUGH the origin of the Shire breed is necessarily wrapped in obscurity, it is nevertheless possible to trace the descent of the heavy English cart horse almost as far back as the history of our country extends. For many interesting facts we are indebted to Mr. R. C. Reynolds, the eminent veterinary surgeon of Liverpool, the result of whose researches is to be found in the first volume of the *Shire Horse Stud Book*.

Although it may be difficult to adduce historical proof for many of Mr. Reynolds's assertions, it is interesting to observe his contention that the chariots of Boadicea and Cassivelaunus must have been hauled by horses of great power, the progenitors of the heavy draught horse famous throughout the world to-day as the Shire horse.

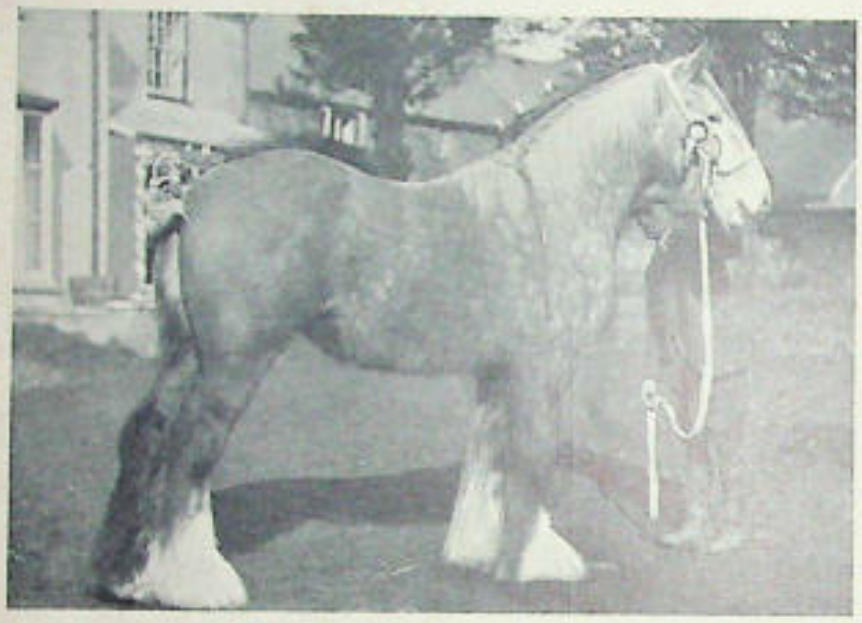
There can be no doubt that the early development of the breed depended largely upon military necessities. In the days of the tourney and joust, when horses were called upon to carry a knight in armour weighing upwards of 20st. or even 30st., supreme strength was vitally necessary. The late Sir Walter Gilbey, although referring to a subsequent period, emphasised this point in a speech in 1879, when he said: "I have taken some trouble to forage up history with regard to the breed of Shire horses. I find trace of them as far back as 200 years. They were chiefly used for cavalry purposes, who wore very heavy armour, and consequently wanted very heavy horses to carry them. All writers of the period in authorised works then written called them 'the Shire horse,' from the fact that they were bred in the Shires."

The Shire horse of to-day is obviously a different animal from that in use in those early days of our history, and has—by careful and judicious selection—been vastly improved since the pioneers took up the responsibility of establishing the Shire Horse Society over half a century ago.

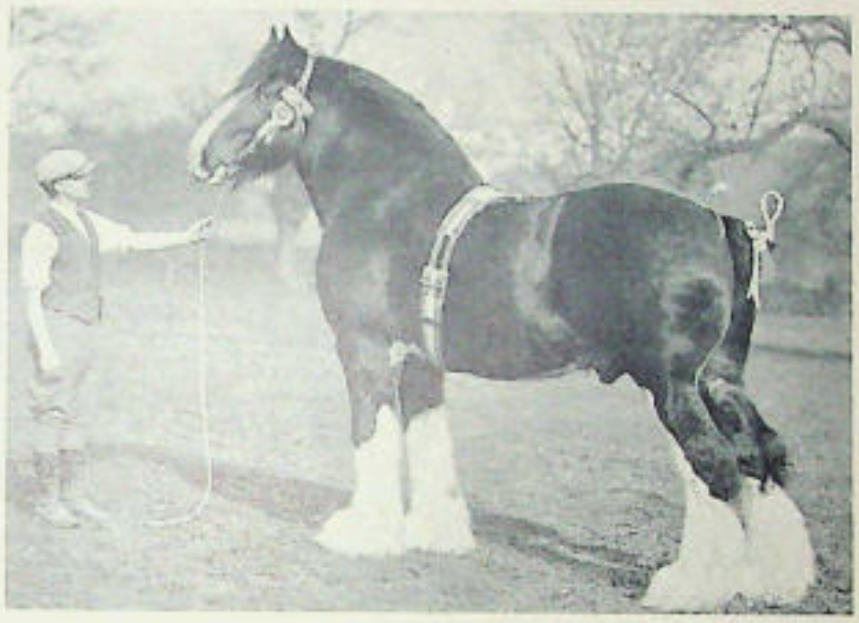
It was their initial task to blend into one fabric the Shire horse—the big horses of the Midlands and the wide, heavy horses of Lincolnshire and the Fens. Their ancestry was rooted in the war horses of the tournament yard and of the tented field. Pedigrees were scant and unrecorded until the society commenced its beneficent work, and systematically established authentic records of the earlier volumes of the *Shire Horse Stud Book*.

In their research for the Old English draught horse, horsemen found a horse of great size and power, enormous muscle, big top, deep middle, powerful loins, but with round bone, coarse feather and feet not sufficiently wide. Action was a minor consideration at that period.

These critical pioneers observed that amongst these horses were specimens of outstanding merit, and that fulfilled their ideals. They impressed and

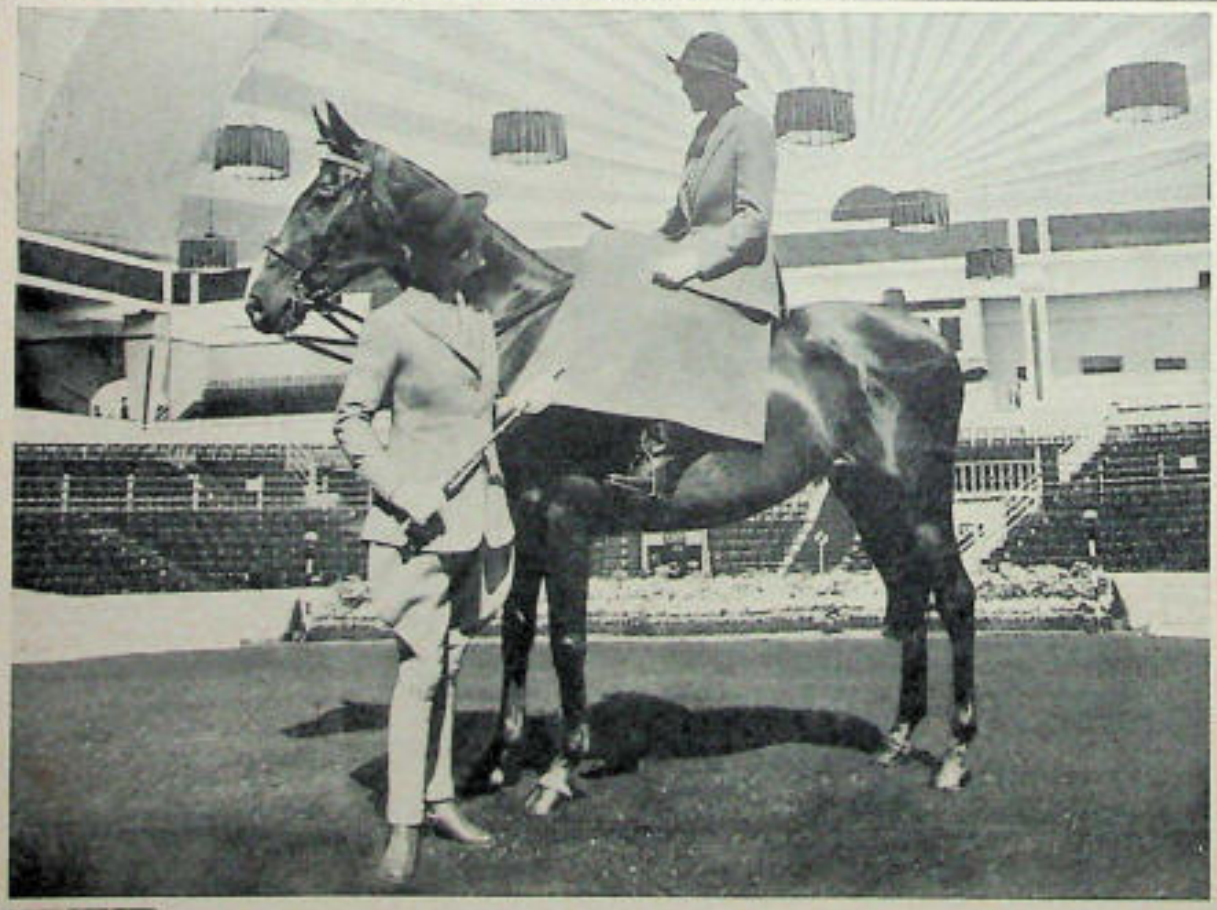


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secured these good horses on the concrete ground that as such had been bred from within, thereby they could be so improved. It is due to the persistency and prescience of these early breeders that to-day we see on the land, and in all cities and towns of England and Wales, great, good horses of the Shire breed. The claims for this universal usage are based on three essentials—he can move *great weight* with *ease* and *economy*. Proof positive was in evidence in the official tests at Islington, when three variations of pulling under working conditions on granite setts, on wood blocks and on the tan itself established for the Shire horse records that remain unbeaten.

A modern first-class Shire gelding stands to-day from 17 hands to 17 hands 3in., weighs 17cwt. to 22cwt., girth 6ft. to 7ft. round chest, and is of value from 100 guineas to 200 guineas. After successful exhibition, his services are eagerly sought by brewers, coal merchants, and municipal bodies, &c., not only for work, but also as a distinctive effective medium of publicity—in a word, he is the best possible advertisement for his owner.

His activity and commanding appearance attract all eyes, and stamp him as the premier draught horse of the world, as he can move big loads within circumscribed areas with greater ease and less wear and tear than any other motive power. In addition to their great massive stature, they possess oblique shoulders with room for the collar to rest on; deep middle, ribs well-sprung and strong loins, sweeping quarters, deep breech and powerful thighs, wide chest with muscular forelegs well set under them, 11in. to 12in. of flattest bone, pasterns springy but not too long, and deep, solid feet, broad knees and flat hocks, with nice silky feather—in a word, a majestic animal. Geldings of a lower standard make from 55 to 100 guineas when five years old, and find their way into commerce after two-and-a-half years' service on the farm.

Dual advantage accrues to the farmer breeding Shires, by producing and using his own power. Worked on the farm until five years old, a profitable money return eventuates on his disposal to the commercial user. But there is further opportunity of breeding a stallion, and, if a good stallion, worth from 500 guineas upwards at five years old. Good colt foals, likely to make first-class stallions, will make from 80 to 200 guineas, while 20 to 40 guineas pay the breeder for a second-class foal.

The utility of the breed, with its special adaptability to the needs of both breeder and user, is now most firmly established throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its influence as a top cross on any other breed, reproducing size, power and constitution, is universally recognised, and therefore the obligation is imposed on all Shire breeders to maintain that supremacy handed down to them.

For agricultural work the Shire possesses advantages which are well known, and until the advent of the mechanical era they knew no rival in this sphere. In fact it is claimed to-day that the heavy horse is more efficient and more economical than its mechanical competitor, and that the Shire still holds his own on the land. It is further claimed that there need be no fear of serious displacement of the agricultural horse by the tractor. To be of any real economic advantage a tractor would be required to displace at least two-and-a-half pairs of horses, an impractical proceeding, on the comparatively small farms of the country. Moreover, tractors are not adaptable to the varying circumstances and requirements of farm life and work, or, in other words, are fair weather birds.

Mr. James Wyllie, of the Department of Economics, South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent, conducted a very valuable series of investigations a few years ago on the comparative costings of horse labour and tractors, taking sixteen farms for horse labour with an average of five horses per farm, and seven farms employing nine tractors. A report of the investigations is published in pamphlet form and may be obtained from the secretary of the college, price 1/-. Mr. Wyllie's conclusions were that, covering a period of three years, the average annual cost per tractor was £86 (the third year was £119 17s. 8d.), of which depreciation formed 34 per cent., repairs and renewals 23 per cent., petrol and oils 42 per cent., and sundries ½ per cent. The average cost per horse per annum was between £36 and £37. The average number of hours worked per tractor per annum was only 580, while the average number of hours worked per week for horses was about 33 hours. The average cost per tractor-hour was 3/- as compared with 5d. per hour for horse labour.

That the advantages of horse traction are realised by the ordinary farmer there can be no doubt, as is proved by the following indications of the great increase in breeding. The number of pedigrees registered in the Shire Horse Stud Book have regularly increased year after year since 1929. The number of heavy stallions licensed under the Horse Breeding Act, 1918, have regularly increased year after year since 1924. Over the same period the number of mares served has risen from 6,098 to 18,778. The 1937 census of horses on agricultural holdings discloses an increase of well over 12,000 more foals and over 16,000 more unbroken horses (one year and above) than at the time of the 1935 census.

Although figures are not available for the present service season, it is known that there is a further advance, and the foreign breeder has not failed to take advantage of the demand for horses in this country, as there has been a tremendous increase in imports of heavy horses in the last year or two.

During the 60 odd years of the Shire Horse Society's existence there has been a marked change in the class of men in whose hands the breeding of Shires rests, a change which, had they lived to see it, would have gladdened the hearts of those who established the society. Their ideal was to evolve the finest type of draught horse out of the old English cart horse and, above all, to popularise it. The frequency with which the farmer now carries off premier honours at the London Show and the wonderful uniformity of the winning animals show how thoroughly the aims and ambitions of these far-seeing men have been realised. The wealthy breeder, with whom the raising of Shire horses has been a hobby for very many years, has played a most valuable part and will continue to be one of the chief supporters of the breed, but the tenant farmer is now taking a more important share in the production of Shires, since it is one of the few profitable parts of his business to-day. And with such a sound and practical foundation to rest upon, the future of the breed is assured.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

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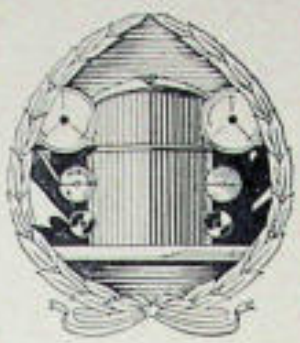


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GRACE AND BEAUTY: JACK BARCLAY'S OWN 25-LITRE SPECIAL SEDANCA FOURSOME COUPÉ BENTLEY IN A SUNNY GLADE ON SALISBURY PLAIN. THE COACHWORK WAS BUILT BY JAMES YOUNG

A CAR TO PRODUCE PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP

Impressions of the Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I WAS very favourably impressed by the run I had recently on one of the new 14 h.p. Lanchesters. I do not think I have ever driven any vehicle which requires less effort to handle, or one which possesses a greater degree of comfort in the back seats than the car which was placed at my disposal for this purpose—a Roadrider de luxe, priced at £365.

Effortless driving can only be obtained by a combination of essential features such as extremely light steering, good road holding and suspension, light clutch and brake operation, a faultless gear change, driving comfort, and, probably not least of all, a smooth-running power unit. All these points are possessed by the 14 h.p. Lanchester Roadrider. The steering, which is Marles cam gear, although light to a degree, is nevertheless accurate; it is certainly not too low-geared, as one might expect when emphasising lightness.

The road-holding qualities of this vehicle are decidedly good, which may be attributed partly to the method adopted of front wheel independent suspension. In this instance, large coil springs are employed and the torque produced by braking is controlled by radius arms. Rear suspension is carried out on orthodox lines, although the back springs are abnormally long, and hydraulic shock absorbers are fitted all round; the net result is excellent road holding and extreme comfort.

A fluid flywheel and a pre-selector four-speed gearbox are both employed which accounts for light pedal action, smooth take-up and simplicity of gear operation. On the other hand, this model is also available with a four-speed synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary clutch, second, third and top being synchronised and the gear lever being placed in the central position.

If this type of transmission is chosen, there is a saving of £25, the complete car then working out at £340, but I should imagine, however, that the majority of buyers would prefer the self-change, speed gear, even though it costs more. I must admit that I have always been in favour of the pre-selector gearbox; it has many advantages, and, apart from permitting instant operation of the gears, the lever itself is situated conveniently beneath the wheel, and, therefore, does not restrict the driver if he wishes to use the near-side door.

Several years ago, not long after this gearbox was first introduced, I realised its possibilities, if incorporated in a racing car, and had one specially made and fitted to a 12-cylinder Sunbeam I owned at that time. It proved highly satisfactory, and it was not long before others realised its sterling qualities, and to-day nearly all our racing cars are equipped with the Wilson gearbox, and, since they have proved they will stand up to the gruelling treatment they receive on road and race track, it can be taken for granted that they will not give any trouble when used under touring conditions.

Next we come to the braking system, and in this instance Bendix mechanical self-energising brakes are employed; this method is so well known as to need no comment, but I would like to emphasise that I found the brakes extremely efficient and little pressure was required on the pedal.



"I DO NOT THINK I HAVE EVER DRIVEN ANY VEHICLE WHICH REQUIRES LESS EFFORT TO HANDLE"

The engine of the Roadrider is a 6-cylinder unit, having a bore of 61.47 mm. and a stroke of 101.6 mm., the R.A.C. rating being 14.06 h.p. and the tax £10 10s. per annum. The valves are overhead and are operated by a camshaft driven by a roller chain; the crankshaft is counter-balanced and is carried on four large bearings.

The carburettor is an S.U., fitted with a large silencer, while the petrol tank holds 12 gallons of fuel with a reserve supply of 1½ gallons. The consumption is low for a car of this type, working out at between 22 and 24 miles per gallon. The motor runs smoothly and quietly, and I noticed no periods; there is an ample reserve of power and the maximum speed of the car is in the region of 75 m.p.h. while 50 m.p.h. can be reached on third gear.

Turning to the coachwork, the lines of the four-door body are pleasing to the eye, and both front and back seats are comfortable—the latter to a marked degree. There is ample head and leg room, and plenty of space for carrying luggage in the rear boot, the spare wheel being accommodated beneath this compartment.

Forward and side vision is exceptionally good, the windscreen being deep and wide and the pillars not too thick; these are all-important points and contribute towards road safety. Thick pillars are, I consider, an abomination, since they restrict vision.

Reviewing the car as a whole, it has left me with a very favourable impression, and I was particularly struck with its light controls and effortless driving.

Two types of body are available on this particular chassis, a four-door 6-light saloon, and a four-door 4-light sports saloon, the latter costing £10 extra, namely, £375 for the complete vehicle. A very wide choice of colours is available, without extra charge.

I consider that the 14 h.p. Lanchester is ideal for the lady driver, and the car has a character which would certainly tend to produce pride of ownership.

25/30 H.P.

"My experience shows me that few cars—not of course including the ultra small ones—can be run more cheaply.

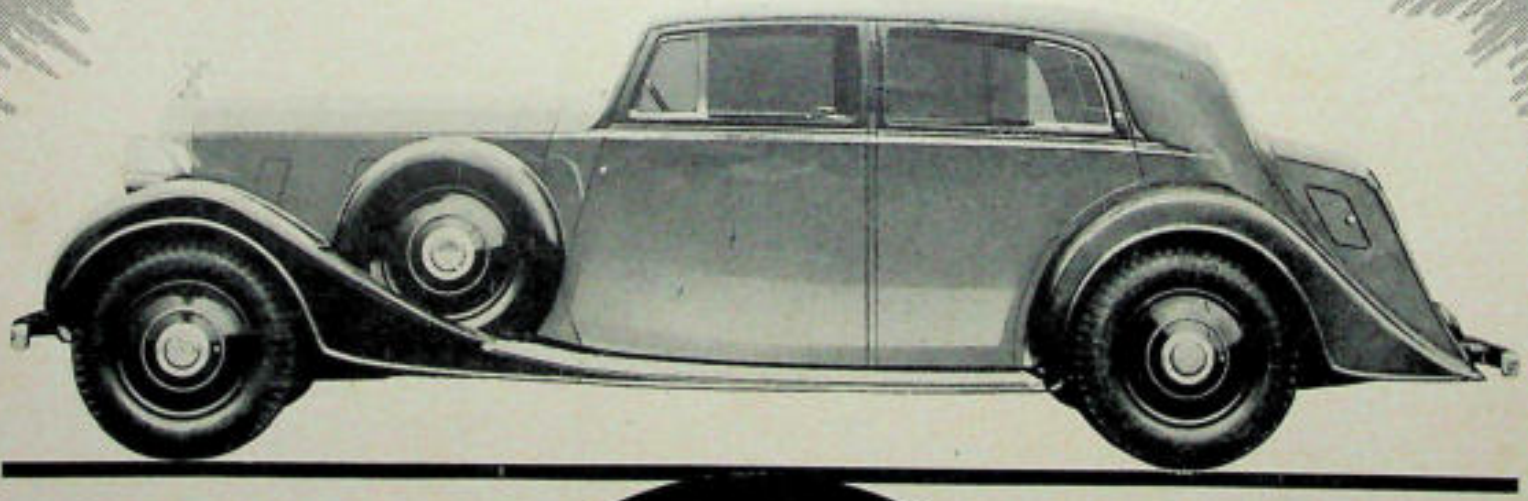
Anyone who can produce the necessary capital to buy a 25/30 Rolls-Royce would find that repair bills, petrol, oil and tyre outlay are ridiculously small, whilst it is one of the few motor cars which has a constant second-hand value, and when depreciation is taken as a percentage of the capital, I doubt if any other car can show a lower figure."—*Sphere*

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By Appointment

DOWN THE WATERS OF THE RHINE

"Here Legend Laid the Foundations of History"

By COLONEL B. GRANVILLE BAKER

FEW nations have so rich a store of legend as the German people, and their Rhine is ready to tell you about them. This great river joins the Alps to the North Sea as it were by a silver band studded with gems, the latter being cities, towns, villages, each with its place in history and legend, each with a character formed by its past to meet and assimilate any changes the future may bring. Here legend laid the foundations of history giving the glory of romance to colour the atmosphere in which the German nation rose to manhood.

Out of the mists of Saga came hunters, warriors, leaders from dark primeval forest, to find a place in the sun and to expand in its light. This they found, as valleys running south and west led them to the banks of the Rhine. Gods, demi-gods and heroes came with them to this golden treasure. Jealousies arose and strife among the demi-gods, the Nibelungen: they killed their hero Siegfried, and themselves perished at a traitor's hands after they had left their stronghold on the banks of the Rhine.

Siegfried had killed the dragon for them; you may see the place any day, you cannot miss it, the Drachenberg, part of the Seven Mountains that rise out of the broad, smiling plain through which the Rhine moves majestically towards the sea.

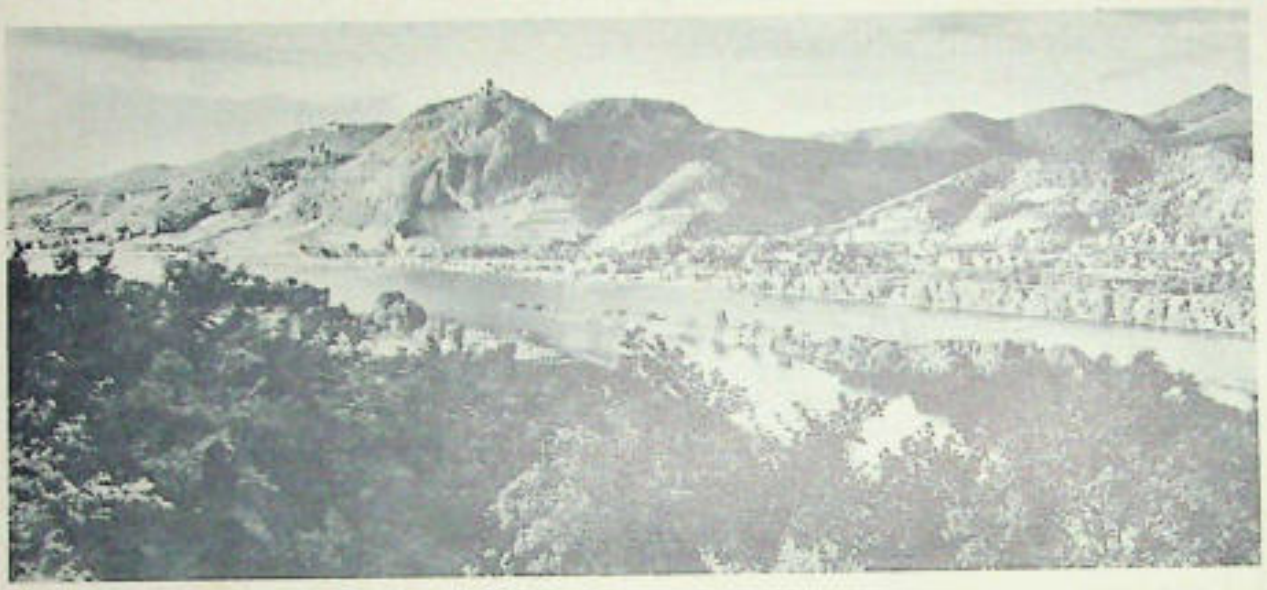
Out beyond the blue horizon another drama was enacted, mingled legend and history, when Lohengrin, son of Parsifal, his boat drawn by a swan, came to fight for Elsa of Brabant. An historic figure appears in this romance in the person of Henry, a German King. So there must have been something of history in the story; moreover, a noble family that hails from those parts, blazons a silver swan on its coat of arms, which is surely proof enough for all lovers of legend.

The streams that join the Rhine from the east brought the Teuton warriors, those that make their way out of the mountains to the left bank of the river carried those hosts westward. Up the River Mosel to Trier, Treves, Augusta Treverorum, city of Roman palaces whence Constantius Chlorus, father of Constantine the Great, set out for Britain, where he made York his headquarters.

The great Prætorian gate, the Porta Nigra, still shows scars the Teutons left after they had wrenched from their sockets the iron clamps that held the blocks of stone together. They fashioned themselves swords and spear-heads out of that iron. The heavy industry has since then moved across the Rhine where in Wuppertal, Germany's restless energy finds full occupation at Essen, Barmen and other great manufacturing centres.

Over the Eifel Range from Trier and at the foot of the Ardennes, lies yet another ancient city built on Roman foundations—Aix-la-Chapelle(Aachen), which, curiously enough, also stands in historic relation to York, the birthplace of Alcuin, the learned monk whom Charlemagne attracted to his court. Here in the capital of his Empire, the great Carolingian Emperor built the first cathedral of his period. He built it with German hands that cunningly united Italian and Byzantine architecture, and so it stands symbolical of Charlemagne's great ambition to gather the fragments of ancient Rome's possessions, east and west, into one Holy Roman Empire. To further this ambition, he had planned a canal joining Rhine and Danube, a plan which was carried into execution many centuries later.

The great Emperor lies buried at Aachen; his work lives after him. So also does that of yet another Englishman, who came to these parts about two centuries before Alcuin died as Bishop of Tours. Winfrid the Saxon, called St. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans, must have come up the Rhine from the Lowlands until he reached the confluence of rivers at Coblenz. He then turned into the valley of the Lahn to work among the pagan Hessians. A hard people, but loyal and very enduring, they awaited the vengeance of the heavenly powers as Winfrid struck at Wotan's sacred oak. The tree fell with no other sounds than those of its cracking branches. Then the Hessians knew Wotan was but a one-eye god, and so they became good Christians. Theirs is a lovely country, the winding river Lahn, its sloping hillsides covered with beech forest under which at this time of year you may walk for miles, knee deep in lilies of the valley.



"THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS THAT RISE OUT OF THE BROAD, SMILING PLAIN THROUGH WHICH THE RHINE MOVES MAJESTICALLY TOWARDS THE SEA"

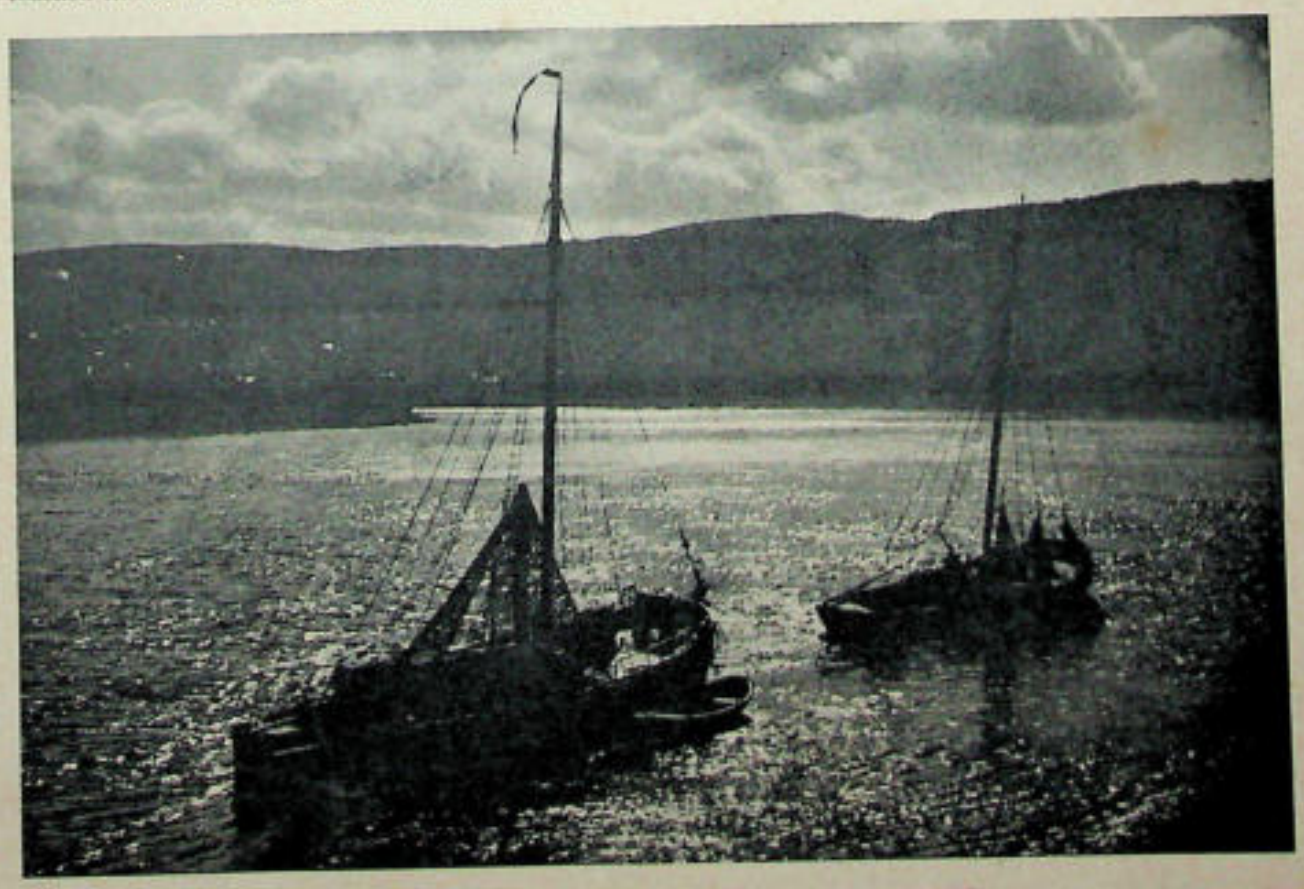
Here, on your way up the Rhine, its most characteristic feature strikes the dominant note—the terraced vineyards. They will be decked with tender green at this season. Romans introduced the vine and left it as a legacy to those that came after them.

Germans never neglected this goodly heritage throughout all the days of their stormy history. Commerce flourished where man was occupied in husbandry, and centred on cities that rose from the ruins of Roman colonies. Cologne gathered to itself the trade that passed up and down this imperial waterway, trade controlled by a powerful merchant guild, the Hansa. In gratitude for benefits gained by commerce, Cologne city beautified herself with countless churches, chief among them being the great cathedral, a glorious monument to the piety and sense of beauty of past generations. And where there is great beauty there you will find places where those who love it congregate to praise it in the arts, in song and in painting. There is Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace, with a famous university: and Düsseldorf, the home of artists.

Here, in this favoured land, the gay spirit of the Latin colonist survives. The Rhineländer has a pretty wit, and an immense capacity for enjoyment coupled with an insistence that the stranger within the gates should share in the general jubilation on such special occasions as Carnival or the feasts that are more or less related to the cultivation of the vine.

For those of all ages, from Roman pro-consuls to modern industrial magnates and others who are affected by the strain of work and worry, there are healing waters; at Aix-la-Chapelle, as the name proclaims, at Godesberg with the ruined tower that stands up so bravely among the foothills that fall away toward the plain, Honnef Rhöndorf at the way up to the Seven Mountains, Bad Neuenahr, Bad Münster am Stein, Andernach gateway to the Eifel, with its extensive parks along the bank of the Rhine. And if you are really quite well and just in need of a pleasant change and good company all the way, there are many other places to which old father Rhine bids you welcome. He will tell you of the Lorelei and point out wicked Bishop Hatto's tower in midstream. He will encourage you to explore for yourself those picturesque little towns of which the ancient gateways stand hospitably open.

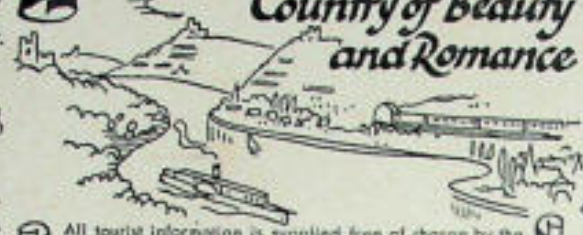
The mountains draw close in on either bank as you move further upstream, Taunus on one side, Hunsrück on the other, yet leaving plenty of room for those quaint little places that seem to be sitting up for you especially. A kind people and courteous, with that happy sense of humour which is at its best when the guest among them shows appreciation for the efforts made to ensure his well-being. Therefore, go and get to know them, they are worth it; go and be one of them for a while.



WHEN EVENING FALLS UPON THE WATERS OF THE RHINE

Rhineland

Country of Beauty and Romance



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Rhine Valley · Ruhr Valley · Lower Rhine · Bergisch Land · Eifel Ahr Valley · Sieg Valley · Moselle Saar Valley · Seven Mountains · Nahe Hunsrück · Rhenish Westerwald

The Rhine in Flames

Seven Mountains, July 2nd
Middle Rhine, July 30th

Aachen (Aix la Chapelle) — The town of Charlemagne — The well-known spa — International horse-show (12 to 21. August).

Düsseldorf - on the banks of the Rhine - the fashionable cosmopolitan city famed for its artists colony and for the beauty of its parks and gardens celebrates its 650 th anniversary in a Festival Week with special entertainments from August 12 to 21.

Wuppertal (Elberfeld-Barmen) — twin city with the unique Suspension Railway — cultural centre of the Bergisch Land — Zoo.

Köln (Cologne) - hospitable Rhenish metropolis - venerable Hansa city with world famous Cathedral and countless churches, museums and collections harbouring the heritage of a 2000 year old civilisation. Happy days - gay evenings! Delightful excursions to the romantic countryside of the Rhine. Pleasant hours in the terrace cafes beside the river bank.

Bonn - Beethoven's birthplace, fair town of the Muses, largest terrace gardens on the Rhine, famous University.

Bad Godesberg - Kur and Congress town opposite the delightful scenery of the Seven Mountains and the frowning crags of the „Drachenfels".

Honnef/Rhöndorf - the Health Resort at the foot of the Seven Mountains - favourite centre for holiday makers.

Bad Neuenahr - Thermal springs, cures for diabetes, ailments of the gall and liver, kidney, stomach and intestinal troubles, imposing Kurhaus and well-kept public gardens.

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ONE of the smallest European countries, but also one of the most varied in scenery, history and in enterprise, Belgium is well worth visiting. Ostend makes a good starting place. You can arrive there by boat or 'plane, then motor along a fine road that goes by the shore from the French to the Dutch frontier, a distance of 58 miles or so. Near the Dutch end you come to Knocke and Le Zoute, both magnificent seaside resorts; to call them towns would be misleading, they are something far more intriguing than that, though they have all the advantages of one. Here are charmingly built houses in various types of architecture, surrounded by trees and flowers, in attractive avenues; first-class hotels, and a golf course which is reputed to be one of the finest in Europe; you can ride, dance, bathe, play tennis or fly—for there is a fine aerodrome.



THE QUAY OF THE MIRROR AT BRUGES

From Knocke and Le Zoute it is easy to visit the many towns of the country which are rich in varied interests. Furnes, which is not far from Ostend, should be visited on the last Sunday in July, as a most picturesque sight, "The Penitents' Procession," takes place on this day. Hundreds of men and women process in long robes, carrying crosses round the town, their faces veiled in cowled hoods. The little town is still curiously medieval in appearance.

Tournai is interesting, as it is here that the bells are made for the carillons for which Belgium is famous. After having seen the bell foundry go to Mechelin (Malines) to hear the world-famed summer carillon concerts, which are held every Monday, and to see the tapestry weavers at work. This work requires endless patience, as even a most expert worker may take a week to complete a square foot of the tapestry; but the Belgians are an industrious people, so the output is more than one might expect.

Antwerp, the leading Continental port, with its beautiful cathedral which took 200 years to complete, is one of Belgium's oldest towns. It teems with interesting places to visit, and a small but delightful museum which should certainly be seen is the Plantin Moretus Museum; it includes the residence and the workshop of the famous printer, Plantin, and here are priceless books and intriguing old manuscripts.

It is always interesting to have a bird's eye view of a town, and that can be had in Antwerp, from the top of a skyscraper, said to be the first and highest in Europe; it is a business place, but the public are admitted to the terrace, from which a marvellous view of the town and harbour can be seen.

Brussels, the lovely capital, would take days to see properly; there are so many historic buildings, and all the sights which make up a beautiful city. The Forêt de Soignes is only a short distance away; it is the great place for riding, both on horseback and bicycle. Belgians are great cyclists, and there are special tracks provided for them here, as well as on most of the main motor roads.

In Brussels, as elsewhere in Belgium, the food is most excellent; beer is the national drink and, in spite of the grape industry, no wine is made in the country. Hoylaert, near the Forêt de Soignes, is the centre of grape culture under glass, from where the grapes are sent in beautifully packed baskets by air to the London and Paris markets.

Bruges, with its belfry, its canal and its lace makers, has been the subject of so many pictures, and described by so many writers, that no one would be likely to omit a visit while in Belgium. Ghent, the city of flowers, the centre of the horticultural trade, known also as the town of monuments, has a beautiful cathedral, Saint Bavon, and includes among its treasures the famous altar-piece of the Mystic Lamb by the brothers Van Eyck.

The Ardennes district is quite different from the rest of Belgium; it consists principally of lovely wooded ridges and valleys, and here is Spa, that lovely little watering-place that has added another word to our vocabulary.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE KIRKSTONE PASS INN

HOW many times a week do you hear folk saying that they want to get away from people? And then they add that motor cars go everywhere to-day and there is not a place left in England where one can spend a holiday alone, or at any rate almost alone, for most of us like some form of company after a few days' solitude. If you are among that number then the hotel I am writing about this week may well interest you.

By name, the Kirkstone Pass Inn, it is situated nearly 1,500ft. above sea-level, and is three miles from Ambleside and six miles from the Lakes of Ullswater and Windermere. Could you wish to be farther away from congested roads and holiday crowds? Yet you are not isolated, like the inhabitants of some Swiss villages, for motor cars can make the steep ascent of Kirkstone Pass, and the hotel has its own garage.

It is claimed that the inn is 350 years old, and certainly its licence was granted over 100 years ago by a certain Vicar of Troutbeck. The vicar was fond of a glass of ale, and was ever urging his parishioners to "do as I say, not as I do."

There is much to admire in this Cumbrian inn. Old beams, stone floors and steps, and some splendid oak furniture speak of the world of yesterday. Surely here the most restless soul will find peace, and the most tired city worker will find the quiet which will be his best holiday tonic. One has only to read the Visitors' Books to discover the vast number of people who have found happiness and contentment here. There are poems and drawings and the signatures of many notable people in these books.

I remember passing the inn years ago, though I did not stop there. The occasion was a coach trip over Kirkstone Pass. The "Kirkstone," from which the hotel obviously derived its name, is some 200yds. from the inn, on the left of the road descending to Brotherswater. The road, it is interesting to note, has a gradient of 1 in 4; the Struggle a gradient of 1 in 3. I believe that there are still a few coaches making the trip over the Pass. At all events, I hope so, for my journey was a milestone in my young life, and somehow I do not like to think of all the old things going in the cause of progress. I recall how the coachman used to entertain his passengers by blowing his horn, and then we'd all listen intently for the echo, which is very strong here.

Into the Kirkstone Pass Inn of to-day have been installed electric light and hot and cold water. It is a comfortable, homely little inn, without any claim to being within reach of theatres or cinemas. The menu is not complicated. It consists chiefly of home-produced farm butter, eggs, hams and bacon, but believe me those Cumbrian folk know how to provide a good square meal which will give real pleasure to any honest man and woman.

Only stay here and you will learn to love wandering about the hills, while you may catch, at intervals, something of what the wind is whispering so constantly among the fells. Drifting slowly back to the inn at night perhaps a yellow moon, appearing suddenly and silently from nowhere in particular, will come to keep you company, and you may feel then—as Ruskin did—that "mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery." For the moon lights up the surrounding district and everywhere hills peep o'er hills.

Certain spots always have their insensible attraction for certain moods, and the Kirkstone Pass Inn is the place for those who like being off the beaten track, and who enjoy long walks amid beautiful scenery.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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(Continued on page 1515)

BRIDGE

DUPLICATE PLAY

Hands from the World Bridge Championship

By A. E. MANNING-FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

LAST year was held at Budapest, under the auspices of the International Bridge League, the World Bridge Championship, which was won by the famous Austrian team captained by Dr. Paul Stern. With the rather infelicitous title *Beating the Culbertsons*, a book has been published recently (Werner Laurie; 5/-) giving details and analysis of the 96 hands played in the final. From the 22nd hand onward Austria held the lead, ultimately winning with a score of 4,740 points, thus being the first team to win the Championship of the World.

To those who want to improve their game by examination of how the experts bid and play I commend a study of this carefully compiled book. It is to be commended especially for the frank, pungent and impartial criticisms, and for the practical instruction it affords. There is no attempt to gloss over or explain away errors. Indeed, the author admits that "mistakes such as are not likely to occur in everyday play" were made by the various players, a comforting admission for those who imagine that the pundits can do no wrong.

The systems adopted by the Viennese and Culbertson teams differ in several material respects. But, after careful perusal of the book, I hesitate to say whether the Austrians owed their victory to their rather elaborate and artificial system or to the fact that they made fewer mistakes than their opponents. What actually happened was that, on a large number of hands, while the bidding was different the final contract was the same. On both sides game contracts were missed and slams missed or declared and not made, while there are several examples of wrong contracts and wrong doubles.

In slam bidding the Austrians had the greater success, and it was on these they won the match.

In the 96 hands there were twelve slams bid and made. Of the twelve, five were grand slams.

The Viennese bid and made four and the Culbertson team two.

Here is an example of grand slam bidding:

HAND 81

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

A-B vulnerable. Dealer Y. The Austrian bidding was, A and B taking no part:

Y	Z
One Club	One No Trump
Two No Trumps	Three Clubs
Three Spades	Four Clubs
Five Clubs	Seven Clubs

Now to understand the bidding it is necessary to know the Stern System. It has what is called the "Weak One Club Bid." This indicates a hand just short of the requirements for One No Trump, which on their system is a strong call. It indicates a hand of pattern 4, 3, 3, 3 or 4, 4, 3, 2 or 4, 4, 4, 1.

It is forcing for one round.

When partner replies with One No Trump, as Z did in this case, it is forcing to game. Z made the grand slam, scoring 1,440 points.

At the American table the bidding was:

Y	Z
No bid	One Club
One Spade	Two Clubs
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

Y made all thirteen tricks, scoring 520 points. The author claims that this is a triumph for the Weak One Club Convention. Although Y's opening bid of One Club guarantees only the minimum count of eighteen points the only question for Z is whether he should aim at little slam or grand slam.

Y's bid of Two No Trumps showed no additional values, but his bid of Three Spades and his raise to Five Clubs encouraged Z, who, it is stated, "correctly placed him with Ace of Hearts, King of Spades and King of Clubs." Even so, the grand slam is not there if either A or B holds Clubs Q, J, 6, which might well be the case.

While willing to applaud the enterprise of the grand slam bidder I cannot agree that this example shows anything more than luck. Further, the successful issue might depend upon the lead.

CHESS

ENGLAND v. HOLLAND

THIS match was played in London on June 5th and 6th. The teams were of ten players, each of whom contested two games with his opposite number. England were at full strength, but Holland lacked the services of Jhr. van den Bosch. After the first day's play the score was 5—5. On the second day there was a very interesting struggle. With eight games finished, Holland were leading by a point, but the two games still in progress were in favour of England. Eventually both were won by the home team—the one at Board 5 after adjudication—and England won by 10½ points to 9½, thus exactly reversing the score of last year's match at Amsterdam.

We give below the full score of the match. On the first day Holland had the white pieces on the odd-numbered boards; on the second, England.

ENGLAND.		HOLLAND.	
W. A. Fairhurst	0	Dr. Euwe	1
C. H. O'D. Alexander	0	S. Landau	1
P. S. Milner-Barry	½	Dr. G. S. Fontein	1
Sir Geo. Thomas, Bt.	½	A. D. de Groot	½
T. H. Tylor	1	L. Prins	0
H. Golombek	0	T. D. van Scheltinga	1
R. J. Broadbent	1	G. R. D. van Doesburgh	0
Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson	½	W. J. Mulsing	½
E. G. Sergeant	0	E. J. A. M. Mubler	1
A. Lenton	1	C. Vlugsma	0
	5 5½		5 4½
Total	10½	Total	9½

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

The twenty-sixth game of the series.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	17. B to R 3	P to R 4 (g)
2. P to B 4	P to Q B 3	18. Q R to B sq	B to Kt 5
3. P to Q 4	Kt to B 3	19. B takes B	P takes B
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	20. B to Kt 5	K R to Q sq
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	21. K R to Q sq (a)	R takes R, ch
6. P to K 3	P to K 3	22. Q takes R (b)	P to K 4 (d)
7. B takes P	B to Q Kt 5	23. Q to Q 6	Q to R 3 (e)
8. Castles	Castles	24. B takes Kt	P takes B
9. Q to K 2	Kt to K 5 (c)	25. Q takes B P	R to Q sq (e)
10. P to Kt 4 (h)	B to Kt 3 (c)	26. Q to Kt 2	P takes P
11. Kt to K 5 (d)	Kt takes Kt (c)	27. P takes P	Q to K 2 (e)
12. P takes Kt	R takes P	28. Q to B 3	Q to R 2
13. Kt takes B	R P tks Kt (f)	29. Q to K 3 (g)	Q takes R P
14. R to Kt sq	Q to K 2	30. P to B 6	Q to R 6
15. P to B 4 (g)	P to Q B 4 (h)	Drawn (g)	
16. P takes P	Kt to B 3		

(a) This position was also reached in the 17th game of the match. White (Dr. Euwe) continued with 10. B to Q 3.

(b) This move was introduced by Sämisch in a tournament game against Dr. Alekhine at Garmisch-Partenkirchen last July.

(c) If 10. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 11. P takes Kt, B takes B P; 12. R to R 3, B to Kt 5; 13. R to Kt 3 (P takes B is also good) and White wins a piece. The continuation 13. . . . B takes P; 14. R takes B, Q to B 3; 15. K to Kt 2, Q to Kt 3 can be adequately met by 16. Q to Q sq, preparatory to 17. B to K 2.

(d) Offering a pawn for attacking chances.

(e) Better than B takes Kt, which Dr. Alekhine played in the game mentioned in note b.

(f) Not 13. . . . B takes R because of 14. Kt takes R, Q takes Kt (if B to B 6, then either Q to B 2 or B to R 3); 15. Q to Q 3, Q to Kt 5; 16. B to R 3, Q to B 6; 17. R to B sq, Q takes Q; 18. B takes Q and wins.

(g) Threatening P to B 5.

(h) Black gives back the pawn to get more freedom.

(i) Preparatory to B to Kt 5, after which White's Queen's Bishop's pawn would fall.

(j) Best. If, instead, 21. Q to Q Kt 2, then 21. . . . R to Q 4; 22. B takes Kt, P takes B; 23. Q takes P, Q to R 8.

(k) Not B takes R because of Q takes P.

(l) Black should first play R to Q sq and then P to K 4.

(m) After 23. . . . Q takes Q; 24. P takes Q White would have the better position for the end-game.

(n) If, instead, 25. . . . Q takes Kt P, ch, then 26. Q to Kt 2 and after either (1) 26. . . . Q takes Q, ch; 27. K takes Q or (2) 26. . . . Q to B sq; 27. P to B 6 White would have very good winning chances. The text-move threatens R to Q 7.

(o) Threatening Q to K 6, ch. If, instead, 27. . . . R to Q 8, then 28. P to B 6, R to Q B 6; 29. R takes R, Q to K 8, ch; 30. Q to B sq, Q takes R; 31. Q to Q sq, threatening perpetual check at Q 8 and K R 4.

(p) If Q to Q Kt 3, then Q to Q 2. With the text-move White gives back the extra pawn and forces a draw.

(q) White exchanges Queens and then each player loses his Queen's side pawn.

A PRETTY FINISH

The following game, played in the Gastineau Cup (Championship) Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, shows a pretty finish by E. G. Sergeant, the winner of the tournament.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. R. Spitz.	WHITE. E. G. Sergeant.	BLACK. R. Spitz.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	11. P to K 5	Kt to K R 4 (*d*)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	12. B to Kt 3 (*e*)	P to K Kt 3
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	13. P to K 4 (*f*)	P takes P
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3	14. P to Q 5	P takes P
5. Castles (*a*)	B to Q 2	15. Kt takes P	K to R sq (*g*)
6. K to K sq	Kt to B 3	16. B to Q 2	B to Kt 5 (*h*)
7. P to B 3	B to K 2	17. B to B 3, ch	Kt to K 4 (*i*)
8. P to Q 4	P takes P (*b*)	18. Kt takes Kt	B takes Q
9. P takes P	Castles	19. Kt tks Kt P, ch	Resigns (*j*)
10. Kt to B 3	R to K sq (*c*)		

(a) Alternatives here are B takes Kt, ch (to be followed by P to Q 4) and P to B 3.

(b) A bad move. It gives White control of the centre and allows him to free his Q B 3 for his Queen's Knight. Black should, instead, play 8. . . . Castles.

(c) B to Kt 5 is better.

(d) Not 11. . . . Kt to K Kt 5 because of 12. P to K B 3, Kt to B 3; 13. Q B takes Kt with a big advantage in position to White.

(e) Threatening Kt to K Kt 5, followed, if B takes Kt, by Q takes Kt.

(f) This move and his next are very good.

(g) If 15. . . . K to Kt 2, then 16. Q to Q 2, threatening 17. Q to R 6, ch, K to R sq; 18. B to Kt 5. If, instead, 15. . . . K to B sq, then 16. B to R 6, ch, Kt to Kt 2; 18. Kt takes B, R takes Kt; 19. Kt to Kt 5.

(h) If 16. . . . B to B 3, then 17. Kt takes B, Kt takes Kt; 18. B to B 2, followed, if 18. . . . R takes R, ch, by 19. Q takes R, Q to K B sq; 20. Q to K 3, R to K sq; 21. Q to B 4, K to Kt 2; 22. P to Kt 5 or, if 18. . . . B to K B sq, by 19. Q to Q 2 (threatening Q to R 6 followed by Kt to Kt 5), K to Kt 2; 20. Q to B 4, threatening 21. P to Kt 4.

(i) If 17. . . . B to B 3, then 18. B takes B, ch, Q takes B; 19. Kt takes B and wins.

(j) In reply to K to Kt sq White plays Kt (Q 5) takes B, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3965

By Dr. VOX ROHDEN.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at K Kt 8, Queen at K 6, Rook at K Kt 4, Bishops at Q R 3 and K R 7, Knights at Q sq and Q R 4.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q B 5, Bishop at Q Kt 8, Knight at Q 4, Pawns at K R 3, Q Kt 3, K 5 and Q Kt 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* Fourth Hon. Men., *Deakes and Rates*, 1930.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3964

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

THE LATE MR. R. P. MICHELL.—We deeply regret to hear of the death of one of our veteran players, Mr. R. P. Michell. He was a regular competitor in the British Championship Tournament and in the Gastineau Cup (Championship) Tournament of the City of London Chess Club. The latter event he won in 1926. He twice played for England in matches against Holland and eight times in cable matches against U.S.A. On two occasions he was a member of the English team in the International Team Tournament. He was a frequent competitor in the Premier Tournament at Hastings and in 1925 was one of our representatives in the International Tournament at Marienbad. A very kind-hearted man, he will be greatly missed by his numerous friends.

FAIRHURST v. AITKEN.—A recent match at Glasgow between W. A. Fairhurst, the British Champion, and J. M. Aitken, one of the leading Scottish players, ended in a victory for the latter by 5½ points (4 wins and 3 draws) to 2½ (1 win and 3 draws). A remarkable success for Mr. Aitken; and it is to be hoped that he will be seen in the British Championship Tournament in the near future.

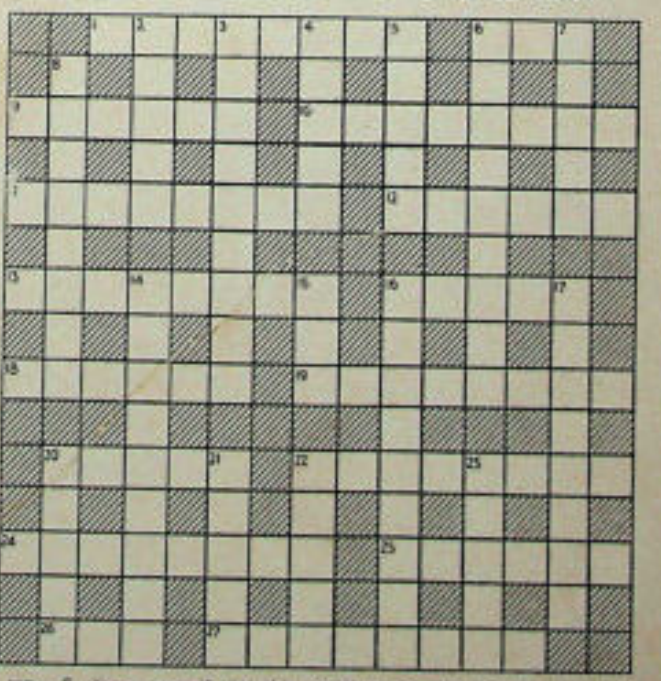
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 468

ACROSS.—1, Found in patches in gardens. 6, The outcome of fire in the forest. 9, Of which one's garden may be a part, or the whole. 10, An Italian in the vegetable garden? 11, The Trade Union Council in the middle of the vegetables. 12, A lanky vegetable. 13, These are a bright yellow—with silica presumably. 16, A shady bit of work by the gardener? 18, Gin is the heart of the garden border. 19, The gardener's lay needs it no less than the vines. 20, London pests. 22, Berries, or the shrubs that bear them. 24, "You'll need lots of water and ——" 25, In winter it "hangs by the wall." 26, You can see by this that 24 have them. 27, These should not be at sea in a garden.

DOWN.—2, A piece adrift. 3, Trousers for the caterhorse? 4, Mockings. 5, It takes one of these at sea to bring the best out of a man. 6, Find this out—if you can. 7, Some warmth in this greeting. 8, Flower-like, but more like a star. 14, One way of coming to terms. 15, It's out of order. 16, Rinse a rag (anag.). 17, How to handle the baby. 20, Solid notes. 21, A greasy kind of reward. 22, A vessel. 23, "Two poor for a ——, and too proud to importune" (Gray).

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. 467

Published June 4th

		N	I	G	H	T	I	N	G	A	L	E		
	B		C		A		A		N		O		P	
B	A	D	E	G	G		G	O	O	D	W	O	O	D
	B		H		G		O		M		E		R	
B	U	B	O	N	I	C		F	E	R	R	E	T	S
			C		S	A	G	A	S				H	
D	R	A	K	E		R		R		B	U	X	O	M
	O		E	V	E	R	G	R	E	E	N		L	
L	A	D	Y	F	I		I		E	G	R	E	T	
	D				C	E	R	E	S		A			
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S	C	O	R	P	I	O	N		A	P	I	A	R	Y
	E		T		S		O		R		S		T	
		W	H	E	E	L	W	R	I	G	H	T		

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Canoeing

Canoeing in France.—At the moment the exchange is particularly favourable to a canoeing holiday in France. The rivers in that country are particularly suited to extensive tours. Canoeists intending to cover the canals need to obtain a permit if they intend to use the locks. The rivers of France include the Rhone system in the south, the Garonne and the Loire in the west, and the Seine and the Meuse in the north. The Rhone affords an extremely interesting and beautiful voyage. Difficult near the source, it is easy after Lyons. The tributaries of the Rhone, including the Durance, Isère and Saône, should be done separately, and not in the course of a voyage down the parent river. The Garonne is a fast mountain river, and the portion above Toulouse, where the Canal du Midi enters, is rather dangerous. From Toulouse to Bordeaux, however, it is fairly easy, and should present no difficulty to the average canoeist.—*A. D., Carlingford.*

Cricket

Hampshire Record.—In reply to your query, the highest individual score made for Hampshire in first-class cricket is 316 and was scored by R. H. Moore against Warwickshire in 1937. He reached a century before lunch, batted in all six hours and 20 minutes, and hit three sixes and 43 fours—190 runs from boundary strokes. He took part in an opening partnership of 108 with McCorkell, and a fourth-wicket partnership of 267 with C. G. A. Paris.—*M. K., Leeds.*

Declaration of Innings.—We hope the following quotation from the *Laws of Cricket* will answer your question: "The in-side may declare their innings at an end in a match of three days or more at any time on the second day; in a two days' match the captain of the batting side has power to declare his innings at a close at any time, but such declaration may not be made on the first day later than one hour and 40 minutes before the time agreed upon for drawing stumps; in a one-day match at any time."—*G. H., Hove.*

Formation of First-class Counties.—The dates of the formation of the various first-class counties are as follows: Derbyshire, 1870; Essex, 1864-5 (dissolved in 1866) and re-formed in 1876 and 1886; Gloucestershire, 1871; Hampshire, 1863; Kent, 1859 and re-formed 1870; Lancashire, 1864; Leicestershire, 1873; Middlesex, 1864; Northamptonshire about 1843 and re-formed 1878; Nottinghamshire, 1859; Somerset, 1886; Surrey, 1845; Sussex, 1836 and re-formed 1839 and 1857; Warwickshire, 1863-4 and re-formed 1882; Worcestershire, 1865; and Yorkshire, 1861.—*R. E. G., Northumberland.*

Country House

Fertilizers for Tennis Lawn.—Although the tennis lawn has been neglected, there is no doubt that good treatment will bring about rapid improvement. The moss indicates poor surface drainage and lack of plant food. Heavy rolling when the soil is moist, and trampling, particularly at the "service" ends of the court, compact the surface layer and make it difficult for the grass shoots to penetrate, hence moss gets in. After cutting, the surface should be raked hard to remove as much moss and matted fibre as possible. To aerate the soil, the hardest parts should then be pierced at 3in. to 4in. intervals to a depth of 4in. or so, using a fork with very thick prongs or a spiked roller. Alternatively the turf could be eased gently with a grape fork until the surface cracks. Fertilizer should then be applied. The complete fertilizer should not be given until next spring, but treatment with the other mixture recommended should begin now and be continued until the middle of August, withholding application during dry spells. Fertilizers must not be applied during drought, otherwise the turf will be scorched. Grass cannot use fertilizers until they have been dissolved by rainfall and carried down into the soil. Apply when a shower of rain is expected, or water the dressing in with a hose. For a full-sized tennis court, allowing 6ft. at the sides and 12ft. for the run-back at each end, about 25lb. would be needed for each dressing, or half that quantity, excluding the surrounds. Treatment will produce a dense compact turf in which weeds and moss cannot grow, but it must be done to schedule for the best results and the lawn must be kept short. Suitable fertilizers can be obtained in ready prepared form from any agricultural merchant.—*J. T. L., Ilkley.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Double Hare-lip of a Puppy.—After a protracted labour a twelve-months' old pekingese bitch gave birth to three whelps as her first litter. Two of the whelps died within a few minutes of birth; the third died on its fourth day, and was sent for post-mortem examination. It was a very weakly constructed little creature and its mouth was deformed by a deep double hare-lip. This type of deformity, with or without the addition of a cleft-palate, is heritable in certain strains, particularly of pekingese. Under the circumstances the bitch should not be bred from again. Though she might throw outwardly healthy whelps if mated to a dog of another strain, a proportion of such whelps would probably carry on the tendency to the deformity. There is another very prevalent cause of death among new-born puppies; it is an infection by a germ known as a *beta haemolytic streptococcus*. Since this infection is also a frequent cause of abortion or sterility in bitches, and of a distemper-like disease in dogs and bitches, the advice of a veterinary surgeon should be invited whenever trouble occurs in new-born litters.—*E. N., Kent.*

Shooting

20-Bore Gun.—Unfortunately you omit to mention the length of chambers or the load at present employed. Assuming you are using standard 2¾in. cartridges loaded with 24 grains of Diamond Smokeless E.C. or Empire powder and ¾oz. of shot, you might find an increase of 1 to 2 grains of powder and ¼oz. of shot meet your requirements; it is, however, difficult to make any statement without having your gun tested, which test we suggest your gunmaker would be pleased not only to carry out with various loads, but recommend the one most suitable. The using of one size of shot throughout the season has many advantages, and under such circumstances size 7, as you suggest, would no doubt give satisfactory results. As, however, your bag includes wild ducks we personally would prefer a slightly larger size—say, No. 6. Much depends on your gun, which may give better shooting with the former size. No doubt the firm you name would supply cartridges to any special load required. The patterns from a full choke of all calibres cover 16in. at 20yds., 26in. at 30yds., and 40in. at 40yds.—*C., Pfilleigh's.*

Travel

A Holiday at Turnberry.—The Turnberry Hotel was founded in 1900 and has, so to say, assembled all the attractions of the largest hotels to be found in London or on the Continent without eliminating those of the English or Scottish home. Hot and cold water and central heating are installed throughout, while there are hot sea-water baths and a sea-water swimming pool inside the hotel. The windows of the restaurant provide a view of the solitary Ailsa Craig on the left and steep peaks of Arran on the right. It is perhaps to its remoteness that Ailsa Craig, the home of countless birds, owes its popularity with thousands of guillemots, razor-bills, kittiwakes, lesser black-backed and other gulls, which have decided that here is the ideal place for an avian city. Perhaps, too, the proximity of the Gulf Stream and consequent climatic conditions may have influenced the choice of nesting birds. Turnberry, by the way, is an official meteorological station, and the returns show that there is here an average of over four hours' sunshine daily throughout the year, an average daily temperature of 49 degrees, and a total annual rainfall of only 33in. You will find much to attract you in the vicinity. There are two splendid golf courses, with broad springy fairways and greens as true as the heart of a golfer can desire, while in a sheltered part of the hotel grounds are hard tennis courts on which an open tournament is held every July. Good horses are stalled in the hotel stables, and can give riders a gallop over the sands in the face of a shrewdly invigorating wind from the sea. If you want exclusive salmon fishing you can arrange for it by making previous application to the resident manager, but there is also plenty of free fishing in the neighbouring rivers. Boats are always available for those who prefer sea fishing.—*K. M., London.*

German Visa for Holders of British Passports.—You will require a visa for travel in and through Germany. They are required by holders of British passports issued to citizens of the following parts of the British Empire: Great Britain and Northern Ireland, British India, Indian Native States, Aden, Eire, Mandated Territories of New Guinea, including Nauru, Palestine, including Transjordania. No German visa is required by holders of British passports issued to citizens of Canada, Australia, Union of South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Southern Rhodesia. A German visa is required by holders of British passports issued to citizens of all other British Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories not mentioned above. The German visa can be obtained from the German Embassy, Passport Dept., 18, Belgrave Square, London, S.W. 1 (Tel.: Sloane 2231). Hours: 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., and also from German Legation, Dublin, German General Consulate, Liverpool, German Consulates in Glasgow, Accra and Lagos. For the time being no application form is necessary and no particulars (except dates of journeys, as specified below) need be given apart from those shown in the passport. Application for the visa can be made personally, through a third person (travel bureau) or in writing. If the application is made in writing this should be done at least three days before departure, and a registered addressed envelope must be enclosed together with the applicant's passport. Travellers who are in countries abroad en route for Germany can obtain their German visa from German Consulates in those countries. (It should be noted that the German visa *cannot* be obtained on arrival at the German frontier.) The following types of visa are issued and the *type required must be specified when the application is made*: *Transit Visa* for one double transit journey (outward and return) through Germany. Each of the journeys to be not longer than three days, including day of entry into and day of exit from Germany. The second transit journey must be completed within six weeks of the date of the first entry into Germany. Cost 3/0. *Three-Month Visa* for one journey to Germany; allows one entry into Germany and one exit from Germany during the validity. Cost 13/6. *Twelve-Month Visa* allows unlimited entries into and exits from Germany (including Austria) during the validity. Cost 27/-. *N.B.*—Only one visa is required for each passport, even if the names of more than one person (*i.e.*, husband, wife and children) are included in the passport. Wherever the word "Germany" is used above it must be understood that this description includes all parts of Germany, including Austria.—*C. H., Sevenoaks.*

Yachting

Books on Navigation.—The standard work on navigation generally, which is *The Admiralty Manual of Navigation*, Vol. I, published by J. D. Potter, Minories, London, E. There is a second volume of this, but it is highly advanced; the volume recommended above is "heavy," but extremely thorough, and, presuming a knowledge of mathematics, contains everything for coastal and deep sea work. There is also *The Navigation of Small Yachts* (2nd edition), by John Irving, published by E. Arnold, Maddox Street, London, W., at 15/-. This covers the same ground as the Admiralty book, but is adapted to yacht practice and eschews the mathematical theory, dealing only with practice. The author wrote it to cover the coastal and deep sea navigation syllabus of the Little Ship Club, and it has served this purpose for a number of years. You will also find extensive chapters on navigation in the two volumes of the Lonsdale Library—*Cruising and Ocean Racing* and *Motor Cruising*, published at 21/- each.—*J. A., Trinidad.*

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 18th

Fixture Cards for use in the current issue of "The Field" must reach the office not later than the first post on the preceding Tuesday morning

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (June 11th), Newbridge, near Llanymynech; M., Montgomery Bridge on Severn; Th., Llanelltyd Bridge, Dolgelley; S., Dyssynni Bridge, Towyn—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (June 11th), Horsham Bridge (R. Derwent)—10.

BURE VALLEY.—Friday (June 17th), Benacre Sluice—10.

CREDITON.—Saturday (June 11th), Granite Lodge, Stover (S. Devon); W., Woodford Bridge (Upper Torridge); S., Pilton Bridge (Barnstaple)—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (June 11th), Hellingly Station; W., Robertsbridge Flour Mills; S., Etchingham Village—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (June 11th), Carnarvon Arms (R. Exe); Tu., Roughmoor, near Taunton (R. Tone); S., Axe Bridge, Colyford (R. Axe)—10.30.

DARTMOOR—COURTENAY TRACY JOINT WEEK.—Monday (June 13th), Totnes Station (Dart), (D.O.H.); Tu., Dart Bridge (Dart), (C.T.O.H.); W., Dart Mert (West Dart), (D.O.H.); Th., Lopwell (Tavy), (C.T.O.H.); F., Maggie Bridge (Walkham and Tavy), (C.T.O.H.); S., Spitchwick Ledge (Dart), (D.O.H.)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (June 11th), Brantham Mill—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (June 11th), Where leave off June 8th; M., Lake District; W., Lake District—10.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

Prepaid Terms of Subscription, including postage, Home and Abroad.

	Inland.	Canada.	Elsewhere abroad.
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12 months	3 3 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
6 months	1 11 6	1 10 0	1 15 0
3 months	0 15 9	0 15 0	0 17 6

Cost of binding half-yearly volumes (26 issues) in dark green cloth, gold lettering—15/- each. Carriage extra.

The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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THE BEST CHILD RIDER AT RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

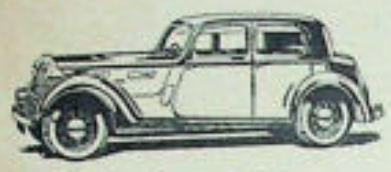
Miss Anne Coates, on Kavora Kismet, being presented by the Lord Mayor of London with the City of London Challenge Cup, awarded to the best boy or girl rider. She also won the Queen Mary Challenge Cup for the best children's pony.

Capt. G. E. T. Eyston
says
(in "The Sunday Pictorial")

". . . without question, a peer among British cars. It is a car in which are blended external grace and dignity, craftsmanship of a very high order and the sort of road performance about which passengers speak with generous approval."

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THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

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Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

THE UNIVERSITIES AND HENLEY 1533
YOUNG CRICKETERS IN A SUCCESSFUL TEST MATCH BAPTISM 1534
IS BRITISH BLOODSTOCK LOSING GROUND? . 1535
BIRD LIFE IN THE LONDON AREA 1537
RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW 1538
THE RISING GENERATION AT RICHMOND . . 1539
THE RANGERS SWEEP THE BOARD 1541
POULTRY AND THE NATION 1542
CHUKOR, MARKHOR AND IBEX 1544
A LADIES' WIMBLEDON 1545
A SCHOOL FOR YACHT HANDS 1546
GREAT SHOOTING COUNTIES: GALLOWAY . . 1548
HOLIDAY ANGLING PLANS 1550
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1552
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1552
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1552
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Grouse Migration Inquiry; Poultry Pioneers; Do Dogs Reason? &c. 1553
IN THE CITY 1558
NEW BOOKS 1559
GOLF PLAYERS FROM THE SPECTATORS' ANGLE . 1560
THE THREE COUNTIES AT GLOUCESTER . . 1561
FROM A WEED TO THE BORDER 1563
UNDERWOOD 1563
WATER IN THE GARDEN DESIGN 1566
ROAD CONGESTION REMEDIES 1568
CLASSIFYING THE PILOT 1571
KORCULA, OUTPOST OF ANCIENT VENICE . . 1572
"NEARER" TO NORWAY 1573
HOY, THE GEM OF THE ORKNEYS 1576
CARDS AND CHESS 1579
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1580

THE TEST MATCH SPIRIT

WE have frequently pointed out that in cricket, as in most other games, the old saying that there must be as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it remains as true as ever it was. It has become a fashion to belittle the modern generation. The methods and deeds of players of the past become more and more hallowed with the years. Were they such giants, these famous old players, with whom it is impossible to compare the present players? Undoubtedly they were, although most of their records have long since been beaten. They set a standard which has become legendary, but none the less real in its stimulus to the game. But genius is progressive. After W. G. Grace—Hobbs; after Hobbs—Bradman; after Bradman—who can yet say? His successor in greatness may be in Australia or he may be in England now; we have more cause to think so, with players like Edrich, Compton and Hutton making their mark so decisively, than we have had for years.

It may not be too much to say that a new era in English cricket opened at Nottingham last Friday, when Hutton and Barnett scored 219 runs for the first English wicket against Australia. Experience will show whether that is an over-statement of what appeared to be a new animation in the English batting. Faint heart never yet won a Test match, and there has been more than a suspicion in the last two rubbers against Australia that the English teams have been afflicted with a bogey akin to that which has so often marred Harrow's chances against Eton in recent years. The bitterness of missed opportunities was tasted as seldom before when the last English team to visit Australia failed to drive home the advantage of victories in the first two Tests.

Australia then set us a fine example of fighting cricket; and it was partly the lesson of that tour which was consummated at Nottingham last week-end. We say partly because the growth of a fresh spirit of enterprise in English cricket was apparent last year. Admittedly it was enterprise in batting rather than in bowling. But we saw that batsmen were again being encouraged to substitute vigorous attack for passive defence. And that is precisely the transformation which was seen when England went in to bat at Nottingham. Whatever may be the result of the Tests, we may look to the future with renewed confidence while that spirit prevails. And in speaking of enterprise, we should not overlook the part played by the Selectors, who themselves showed fresh initiative in bringing new blood into the England team. Often in the past we have seen players reach and pass their best before they were chosen for England, while Australia has reaped reward from giving young players their chance. This time the Selectors took talent as they found it and were well justified in their choice of Hutton, Edrich, Compton, Wright and Sinfield as newcomers to Test cricket.

We have great batsmen in the making; but we cannot speak so confidently about bowling. The Australians have in county matches exposed a tendency by many bowlers to bowl short. Few of our bowlers have command of length as players like Larwood, Tate and Rhodes had it. But there are signs that some bowlers are taking more trouble to master the arts of length and spin, and there never was a finer opportunity for new bowlers of genius to assert themselves.

VERMIN AND THE POLE TRAP

A RECENT police court case in Norfolk aroused considerable comment in the newspapers, and since it intimately affects those whose interests are bound up in everything pertaining to the gun, some comment is probably called for here. An official of the Dumb Friends League, having managed enter the domain at Holkham without permission, found that pole traps were in use, and brought proceedings against the Holkham Estate Company. Since evidence clearly showed that those concerned with the management of the company had not approved and would never approve of the use of pole traps, which are admittedly cruel, the prosecution failed. This disposes of the case against the Holkham Estate, which, as is well known, is one of the great English properties and which for 150 years has been conducted in accordance with the best traditions of the shooting world. The *Field* do not for a moment uphold the admitted cruelties of the pole trap, but it must be remembered that keepers live very close to Nature.

CYCLISTS AND THE ROADS

International opinion is united concerning the menace which the cyclist user of the roads presents, according to reports of the Hague Road Congress. Special tracks and the compulsory use of them is advocated, with the proviso that they should be properly separated from the road. The main objection to such tracks in this country lies in the danger which exists where they join the roadway, especially at crossings, but could well-designed paths be provided, road casualties would be greatly reduced. It is always difficult to understand why there should be opposition from cyclist organisations when measures for the safety of bicycle riders are suggested. There is no doubt, however, that the time is coming when regulations for cyclists will be tightened up, despite protests. Some of the recommendations put before the House of Lords Select Committee on road safety stress the importance of having rear lights fitted to bicycles, of prohibiting cyclists from riding more than two abreast, and from overtaking on the near side.

A LOVER OF RACING

An amusing story is told about that extremely good and game horse, Mr. J. V. Rank's Knight's Armour, who ran at Ascot. All through the winter he had often seen and passed the horse box waiting to take away Mr. Rank's jumpers to their engagements. At last the day came when he himself was to go racing; he apparently suspected that something was afoot from the first, but when it became obvious that it really was his party at last, he fairly strode up to the box, and, entering it with tremendous *élan*, stood there with a look of ineffable complacence on his face. Would that all racehorses were as fond of their work!

BARRELS THAT BEND

When Bisley is in the air and the experts are busily discussing the merits of rifle barrels, it is rather amusing to come across an old letter, written by a correspondent to the *Field*, describing the behaviour of rolled barrels once used by the Government in the Enfield rifles. These, he remarked, were miserable affairs, so soft as to bend on the smallest provocation. About 85 years ago a wonderfully clever workman at Enfield had the knack of straightening these barrels by means of a mallet on an end-grain block of wood. So accurate was his eye that "barrels that put their bullets systematically on some spot wide of the actual aim" after a few taps of his mallet would, on being retaken to the "bank" for trial, be found to shoot true. It is not quite so simple to-day.

TWICE OPEN CHAMPION

Ralph Guldahl, who won the United States Open Golf Championship at Denver, is the first player to do so for the second year in succession since Bobby Jones accomplished this feat in 1930. With one round to play, Metz (Chicago) led him by four strokes, but then scored a 79 to Guldahl's 69, and so finished with a total of 290 to the winner's 284. Guldahl will be remembered by players in this country as a member of last year's Ryder Cup team, when he beat Padgham by 8 and 7 in the singles, and with Tony Manero beat Lacey and Cox by 2 and 1 in the foursomes.

COARSE FISHING OPENS

It will be interesting to see how the long spring drought affects the majority of coarse-fishing rivers which opened their season last Thursday. It is not likely that the slower-flowing streams will show the effect of water shortage seriously, for the best of the fishing is in the lower-middle reaches, and since there has been no warm weather to speak of, the water, in spite of its smaller quantity, is likely to be about normal temperature. Swifter-flowing streams, some of which have run down appreciably, may suffer from the weed having got to the surface. Apart from the fact that fish are rather apt to be slightly out of condition, the first few weeks of the coarse-fishing season generally provide some interesting sport. Sewins can be more easily located before the weeds become too prolific and the "general post" which takes place in the spawning season is sure to have peopled them with fish new to their surroundings and not so suspicious of angling wiles as they become later on.

THE FAVOURED FIELD

A field in which the grain's gold lances gleam,
A field of shimmering scented meadow-grasses,
A well-cropt field through which the shepherd passes,
Guiding his flock by its slow silver stream,
A cliff-fringed field that hears the sea-birds call
—All these are fields for English pride to gloat on,
For English eyes and English hearts to dote on—
And many an English county boasts them all.

But some few favoured shires possess a field
Unlike the rest; more like a coppice-bower,
There, summer-long, the green aisles teem with flower,
There, in due time, their ripened fruit they yield
—A fruit far-famed, in which strange gifts combine,
Which grants the cup we share with friends and neighbours
Power, both to calm our rest and speed our labours
—The twofold bounty of our English Vine!

G. M. H.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

OF all the reflections murmured by the curious who pay a visit to my collection of "bygones" I wrote about last week, the commonest is this: "How extraordinary that the old people should have been able to do such magnificent work by means of such primitive-looking tools!" A more pertinent observation, that only a certain degree of familiarity with them could urge upon the mind, is that their primitive structure was an indispensable condition of such consummate workmanship. Simply by fingering and musing among my "reliquiæ," I have been led to a conclusion that no amount of derisive criticism has ever induced me to modify, and it is that, comparatively speaking, the better the tool the worse the craftsmanship that makes use of it.

In my collection, for instance, I have a pair of "shell-augers," a mortising axe and a "tomahawk," presented to me by a master mason and made for his grandfather by the local carpenter. These augers have none of the advantages of drilling point and spiralling rod; the axe, with "J. Bostock" inscribed on the blade, looks as though it might have been wielded by Girth the Swineherd, and the "tomahawk" is true to its name. Yet all four of these rough-and-ready antiques were employed upon boring and moulding work requiring the utmost precision, structural address and aesthetic finish in making field-gates, oaken doors and decorative timber-work of all kinds.

Some of my bygones are indeed as naive and uncouth as are the woodcuts of the men who once plied them or their prototypes—the Tanners, the Plasterers, the Fullers, the Pewterers, the Tylers, the Chandlers, the Pessoners, the Orfevers and others of the trade-guildsmen who marched in procession under their allegorical banners before the performance of a miracle play. I have a very early wheel-less chaff-cutter, worked by foot-treadle, chained wooden lid, scooping fork and long knife with a weight attached to its base, that seems to justify the banal and plausible argument that mechanical contrivances come as a boon to man to release him from drudgery. I have a breast-plough so unwieldy and prehistoric that it can only be pushed by a man waddling like a duck as he grasps the handles at right angles to the long shaft riveted to the share. Only the other day, a friend of mine was walking along the street of a Midlands hamlet with a shepherd and a cowman when they met a man carrying a breast-plough. "Hullo, there's a man with a breast-plough," said my friend. "Ah, but he ent got his pail o' water with he," said the shepherd to the cowman. "What on earth would he want with a pail of water?" said my friend, easily falling into the trap. "To dip the share in when it gets red-hot," gravely replied the shepherd.

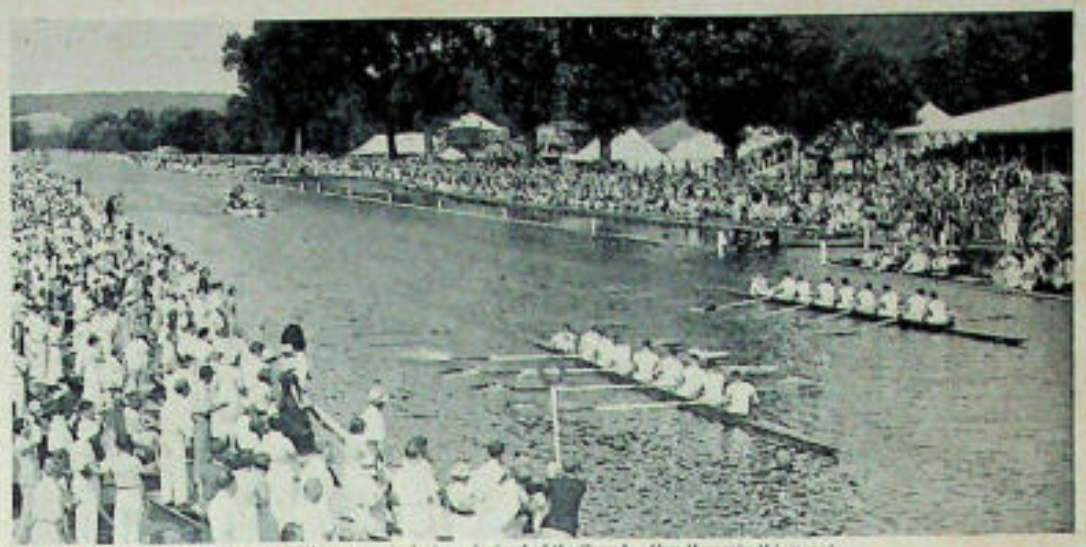
A seed of truth was hidden in the flower of laughter. In the old days a man and his mate, with these hand-ploughs, could clean an acre of stubble and burn off all the weeds before sundown. There is no need to labour the point that a tractor would have been as a hare to a tortoise over the same piece of ground. But even in this extreme example the breast-plough retains some of the honours. With it a man must think himself into the soil; he has its problems to solve, a dozen at once; he is what mediumistic jargon calls *en rapport* with it. The essential meaning of drudgery is the severance of that personal contact by which the genius of man penetrates the labyrinthine secrets of the earth, not for the sake of knowledge, and still less for that of commercial exploitation, but simply to live upon it.

Rude they may be, the superannuated effects of the older husbandry. But there are none of them—not even the harvest bottles or cider kegs holding anything up to a gallon—that do not possess an unerring rightness of line and rhythm of shape, quite apart from any deliberate ornamentals wrought upon them. That is true even of such prosaic and utilitarian objects as the glazed brick from an eighteenth-century malthouse, the bed-key with which the village carpenter unlocked the old wooden box-beds, the great pit-saw, the beeskip of straw and bramble-pith and the sheep-"canister" hung round the neck of the old Sussex bell-wethers. Among them I have a linnet's nest, with its full complement of eggs and lined with the hair of my sheep-dog. The hen-bird was killed by that foreign rogue, the little owl, so that the work of Nature now reposes beside these works of man. The nest not only looks perfectly at home among them all, but of the same type and character of craftsmanship as the specimens of human make. In true country life, the principle of aesthetic creation appears to run through almost the whole hierarchy of evolution. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an advertisement in an Indian paper:

"One Fox-Terrier and three C.-B. Cockerels.—Make excellent watch dogs and good hunters; 2 months old; wormed."



Jesus College beaten by the Germans Wilkins crew in last year's final of the Grand. Can they win this year?

THE UNIVERSITIES AND HENLEY

A Comparison through the Mays and the Eights

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

EVER since I left Cambridge and the Mays behind at the end of last week, I have been trying to make a comparison between the crews I saw rowing there and those I watched during Eights Week at Oxford. But in making this comparison—with the prospects for Henley Regatta specially in view—I have done my best to keep the results of the last two Boat Races out of my mind. For this reason: I have often wondered whether the moral superiority aroused as a result of a series of Boat Race victories is, in fact, as powerful as it is made out to be. It certainly seemed to be so in the ten years before 1937, when the long run of Light Blue victories at Putney appeared to bring, in an almost magical way, victories to some crews at Henley which, on plain comparison, were not particularly superior to their Oxford rivals.

"Very true," we were told, "but there's the winning spirit in them."

I always believed this to be true, and I still believe that it holds good of the University which claims a long run of Boat Race victories. But so far Oxford has only won twice running since the War, and is that enough to make any difference?

Will the Oxford victories of the last two years have any considerable effect on college rowing at Henley?

And so I tried to get an idea of the immediate prospects as if in ignorance of former results, and attempted to judge the position merely on the question of rowing—good, bad or indifferent. It is an extraordinarily hard task! Even so there is no getting away from the fact that the May boats at Cambridge are, on the whole, and with a few outstanding exceptions, boat for boat inferior to those that rowed in the Eights at Oxford. Against the shorter time allowed for practice for Eights Week may be balanced the effects of illness which has been rife at Cambridge lately—and this in a way makes the general comparison easier.

Let us start with the Grand. It is in this event that we may be treated to one of the most exciting races for years. While extra-University entries are still rather unknown quantities, the prospect of a race between Trinity, the head boat at Oxford, and Jesus, which retained the headship at Cambridge for the fourth year in succession, is enough to excite more than mere partisan blood. That Oxford college crew is the finest boat of its kind that I have ever seen, built as it is round a magnificent nucleus in Rowe, Waldron and Young. They row in a style which—by comparison with their Cambridge rivals—must clearly be called "orthodox," for it combines a terrific swing with a beautifully drawn-out finish.

If they meet Jesus in a heat (dare I say the final?) of the Grand, there is no knowing what fast times will be recorded, for although not so well together as they were last year, the Jesus crew are a tremendous fighting force whose pace, despite the fact that they had clear water all through the Mays, is undeniable. With two Presidents in Langton and Burrough, as well as such well-known racers as Coulton, Savill and Fairbairn, they are likely to make a Trinity victory all the more glorious—for I believe in such a race Trinity would win. That length of swing must tell over the last half of the course at Henley.

I think it is unlikely that New College, who fell to Trinity on the last night at Oxford, would survive long in the Grand. They are a young crew who, under the leadership of Bourne, should have an excellent chance of winning the Ladies' Plate. Their opposite number at Cambridge—Trinity Hall—should certainly have a chance in the Grand. Stroked by Sanford, one of the most successful Cambridge oarsmen to-day, and having such a six as Keppel, they are likely to prove fast by the time Henley comes. But at present they are a little ragged and ponderous.

I feel rather sorry for school crews in the Ladies' Plate this year. The college entry is particularly good. We may now realise fully the wisdom of the stewards of Henley Regatta in keeping schools and colleges separate in the earlier heats, for I doubt whether there are many school crews which would survive against Clare and Lady Margaret, who made three good bumps at Cambridge, or New College, St. Edmund Hall and Magdalen at Oxford. Magdalen were rather a puzzle in Eights Week, but with a few changes in the order of rowing they would do well to go in for the Grand. With Garton, the new president, Forbes, Stewart, Burnell and Doughty (who stroked the Isis eight so well) they should be strong challengers to Jesus or Trinity, Oxford, if only they can produce a good deal more pace than they did at Oxford.

Another entry I should like to see in the Ladies' Plate would be King's, who made four very convincing bumps in the Mays; but if, as I believe, they are only sending a four, it looks as if the Visitors' Cup might come their way. Other entries to be watched in the Ladies' Plate should be Balliol, Christ Church and Oriel, who, with Hodgson, Huse and Pepys, should be fast; and Queen's, for whom Kirkpatrick is rowing well, and Selwyn and Magdalene from Cambridge.

Whether Trinity Hall will race their successful Visitors' four of last year for the Stewards' Cup is rather dependent on the results of the heats in the Grand, I suppose, but in the lack of any known strong challenge in that event, I should imagine their chances of a victory there are strong. So with the Goblets—Sanford and Keppel, of the "Hall," with Pepys and Huse from Oriel, should give the winning Vesta R.C. pair of last year a definite run for their money.

To sum up. The prospects for Henley so far as the two great Universities are concerned are definitely bright, with the greater brilliance, if anything, on the Oxford side. Oxford are stronger in the Grand with Trinity and a probable entry from Magdalen, while the Thames Cup, which does not attract many college crews now, will almost certainly go to a non-University crew; New College, Clare, St. Edmund Hall and Lady Margaret should fight out the Ladies' Plate with again the chances rather in favour of the Oxford crews. The entry for the Stewards' is still very open, but I doubt whether there is a four at Oxford to beat a possible entry from Jesus or Trinity Hall should they decide to take the chance.

The Visitors' and Goblets might well go between crews from Oriel, Trinity Hall, and King's, with a probable entry from a number of other good college fours and pairs, whose pace is often only revealed in the last week of practice. Indeed, it is not yet certain at the time of writing what the entries are likely to be. Finally, I believe we shall see another battle of styles over the regatta course—a battle which seems to be perennial in its regularity and the complexity of its results—yet at the end I have an idea that orthodoxy, which has stood Oxford in such good stead recently, will have the upper hand.



HUTTON DRIVES O'REILLY IN CHARACTERISTIC FASHION DURING HIS INNINGS OF 100 AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS
As cool as Sutcliffe and almost as assured, Hutton played an innings of extraordinarily old-headed craftsmanship for a cricketer as young as he is. He and Barnett put on 219 for England's first wicket

OUR YOUNG CRICKETERS MAKE GOOD

New Players in a Successful Test Match Baptism

By NEVILLE CARDUS

TRENT BRIDGE last week-end was a grand place for lovers of cricket to be in, Australian as well as English. The spacious old field witnessed the making of history; records crashed hour by hour. England's first-innings total of 658 was the highest ever made by us against Australia: the innings contained four individual hundreds, an unprecedented occurrence.

Paynter and Compton scored 206 together, the most prosperous fifth-wicket stand up to the moment of writing: Paynter's 216 not out exceeded all other innings hit against Australian bowling by an Englishman, and Paynter is English, even if he does come from a place called not Oswaldtwistle but Clayton-le-Moors. All these lofty deeds were done in a team which, before the match began, was supposed to be suffering from an "inferiority complex."

The first cause of England's revival was Barnett of Gloucestershire. His attack on O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith before lunch on Friday had a tremendous moral effect on both sides. He was lucky to begin with, goodness knows. England were altogether lucky to begin with. Hutton played a ball into his stumps in the first five minutes; pace from McCormick beat him fairly and squarely; but the bails declined to fall. Barnett was missed from McCormick when he was three—a hard chance to Brown at backward point; but Brown is a great field-man who most times snaps up everything.

Later on Barnett, his score now 51, was missed at mid-off by Bradman from the sort of chance that Bradman invariably holds with the utmost ease and unconcern. I stress these facts, because though we have every right to rejoice at England's batting in this glorious innings of 658, we must not expect ever again this summer to see the Australians so inexplicably fallible and out of mood. Nothing "came off" for them; Paynter gave the easiest stumping chance conceivable when he was 88. It was fumbled by Australia's Barnett, who for hours had kept wicket beautifully. Every cricketer knows that sooner or later a day comes on which he can do nothing right. Nearly all the Australians suffered their bad day last week all on the same day.

Barnett for half an hour on the Friday morning was out of form. He seemed doomed to brief life. Then he took his courage in both hands, as though saying: "I must hit my way out of this mess." And hit his way out he did, by means of strokes as dazzling as any I have seen for years. His drives and square-cuts were powerful, yet easeful. He put O'Reilly to the sword, moved the infields, and called for run-savers in the straight-deep. Hutton, cool as Sutcliffe and almost as assured, played an innings of extraordinarily old-headed craftsmanship for a cricketer as young as he is; he and Barnett held England's first wicket until the total was 219. Barnett failed by only two runs to score a century before lunch, and he reached one gloriously from the first ball after lunch. Yet, for all this stirring work, England were not winning in the middle of the afternoon. Hammond failed—tricked into a forward lunge by a clever in-swinger by O'Reilly. Edrich seemed too much in a hurry. And so England, at one time, were 281 for four; three wickets fell for 62, and the runs came slowly now. Australia got on top again. On the perfect pitch 281 for four was not at all out of the way. It was an absurdly easy wicket. Fleetwood-Smith could not turn the ball an inch on it—he who can turn a ball several inches at Adelaide.

Compton joined Paynter at a moment of responsibility. Whenever England bat first against Bradman and the rest, on a flawless turf, they are under an obligation to reach 500 *at least*. Compton, during his baptism of fire, behaved like a great cricketer in the making; he was not only steady, but, at the sight of a loose ball, quick and graceful. He flicked to leg like Duleepsinhji (nobody has ever flicked to leg like Ranjitsinhji). And Eddie Paynter played an innings with an accent, full of strokes which said "Gra-adely" and "By gum." He is not elegant (why should a Lancashire lad be elegant?). He was sturdy, strong, brave—dour until the difficult hour had gone, belligerent afterwards.

On Saturday morning he spread about him the flavour of lusty Northern character. He drove all over the place, on the earth and above the earth. He cut and pulled and edged and glanced, took risks—and made the enormous crowd happy. During the Paynter-Compton stand, the Australian fielding wavered and became loose here and there. Ames played a useful and stylish innings; but a score of 46, amongst so many centuries, was, as Tom Webster said, "only a mishit." Hammond declared the innings closed at half-past three on Saturday afternoon; he was right not to declare sooner. Bradman is Bradman—and there are others.



A SOUND PARTNER FOR HUTTON
After a shaky start, Barnett "hit his way out of the mess" and only failed by two runs to score a century before lunch

Australia made a mistake, I think, not to include amongst their attack a steady "stock" bowler. McCormick was admirable for an hour or so on Friday; on a Lord's wicket he might have been most unpleasant. Even on Trent Bridge's amiable mead and pleasaunce, he should have accounted for two English wickets in the first quarter of an hour of the tussle. And I cannot believe that O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith will often again bowl as harmlessly as they did on Friday. (Though they will find pitches just as unfriendly to their arts at Manchester and Leeds.) The great thing is that English batsmen—and, moreover, young English batsmen—have shown that the Australian spin-bowlers really are mortal and, therefore, prone to error. The rubber will from now onwards be a trial of skill; in other words, England will not fail for reason of an "inferiority complex." The issue will be settled in terms of technique.

When Australia's innings opened at half-past three, I fancy that the most optimistic Englishman was already resigned to a drawn match, and to the spectacle of our bowlers quickly reduced to sweat and toil not less hopeless and vain than that of the Australian bowlers had been. And for half an hour Fingleton and Brown batted with ominous calm. We sat and watched and cursed the Trent Bridge wicket. We said that it was "cruelty to bowlers." Then Wright came on and worked a remarkable transformation. He bowled Fingleton in his first over—but this was another incredible stroke of luck for England; the ball was a frightful long-hop, and Fingleton, to his bewilderment, played on.

The change caused by Wright came to pass now, with the advent at the wicket of Bradman. On the same stretch of turf that had rendered Fleetwood-Smith's and O'Reilly's spin a matter of vain twistings-into-knots of the fingers, Wright turned the ball, sharply if not much. He proceeded to worry Bradman; bless me if the young man did not attack Bradman, who was obviously ill at ease, as though feeling the weight of responsibility. Several times did Bradman falter, mistime his stroke, against Wright. When he was seven, he was drawn forward by Wright and compelled to send a quick return, which Wright, probably excited nearly out of his skin, failed to hold. Few bowlers have ever drawn Bradman's bat forward; few bowlers have ever got him away from the great base of his incomparable back-foot technique. Wright must be encouraged.

None the less, Bradman seemed to emerge from self-doubt. He drove Verity to the off and glanced him to leg. But he sent a sliced stroke from Farnes perilously close to Edrich's left hand in the gully; and when Sinfield bowled at him his method again became strangely interrogatory. Never before

had I watched a Bradman so unsettled in mind as this. You could see that he was a great batsman, but for once a great batsman struggling. A nicely flighted ball from Sinfield put him into two minds, at least, and Ames caught him at the top of his (Ames's) voice. The crowd promised to go crazy with joy as they saw Bradman walking away from the wicket. Shortly afterwards, Brown, also playing for close of play, fell to a catch at the wicket off Farnes, who bowled magnificently. The wonder was that the English attack struck life out of the pitch. Hammond rang the changes artfully, and things "came off," as cricketers say.

On Monday, McCabe played one of the greatest innings Test match cricket has ever known. I spoke to Sidney Barnes about it—Barnes, the master of all bowlers, living or dead. He said, "I have never seen a better—he couldn't be kept quiet." I suggested that he himself, at his best, might have "kept him quiet." With the modesty of a great artist, Barnes answered, "Well, I don't know that I could have—he is so quick on his feet, so easy."

At half-past twelve Australia were apparently beaten beyond redemption. The score, in response to England's 658, was a beggarly 194 for six. All the recognised batsmen, except McCabe, were out—Brown, Fingleton, Bradman, Badcock and Hassett. McCabe's only helpmates now were Barnett, O'Reilly, McCormick, Fleetwood-Smith. McCabe attacked the steady bowling with the utmost calm. This is what he did—33 out of 43 for the sixth wicket; 43 out of 69 for the seventh wicket; 42 out of 56 for the eighth wicket; 72 out of 77 for the last wicket—the last in half an hour. In all, he scored 232 out of 300 in just under four hours; he flashed 213 out of 272 while seven wickets fell—in three-and-a-quarter hours.

His dazzling strokes contained no sense of effort; he batted with exquisite touch, poise and courteousness. His brilliance never became flamboyant. This was the cricket of an aristocrat. He concealed violence under the dress of good taste and style. Seldom have I witnessed lovelier driving, or cutting of more suppleness. Shortly after lunch Australia were 263 for seven, with Barnett out. The "hutch" was open. But McCabe controlled the bowling; O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith were almost spectators. And when the ninth wicket fell at 334, McCabe just demolished the English attack, ball by ball—still without turning a hair, without the slightest show of violence. In one over he hit sixteen from Wright, and every stroke possessed elegance and magnanimity. He wore the robe of Trumper; he is the only living descendant of the incomparable Victor. Others put up records; McCabe in a dark hour for his side plays cricket which compels affection as well as admiration.

Until McCabe launched his attack, the English bowling and fielding were keen and accurate. Wright again spun the ball, but he was worked too hard. Farnes achieved pace and hostility. But England's bowling is not yet good enough on a batsman's pitch. Verity and Sinfield both need sun and rain.

Australia followed on at ten minutes to four, 247 behind. McCabe's innings gave them a chance of saving the match, a totally unexpected chance. He resurrected his team from the dead. Naturally Brown and Fingleton, at the second attempt, took no risks. Had either of them got out through the vanity of a dangerous stroke, he would have betrayed McCabe's valiant rescue. There was indeed no reason why Fingleton and Brown should have scored at all. The brand had been plucked from the burning—was that not good enough?

I regret to record that a large section of the crowd "barracked" Fingleton and Brown while they scored 89 in two-and-a-quarter hours. But on Friday, between lunch and tea, England scored only 105 in two-and-a-quarter hours, after the lunch score had been 169 for none. England were not then in the dire state of Australia, when Fingleton and Brown set about the bitter task of trying to haul ashore the salvage achieved heroically by McCabe. There is virtue in defence when backs are to the wall. On Monday, Australia showed us both ways of saving a game—the Cavalier way and the Roundhead way. Yet many folk were apparently not satisfied. Partisanship is myopic, not to say blind.

On the last day we saw the English attack toiling in the sun against stubborn Australian batting. The final scores were:

1st Innings:	*2nd Innings:*
ENGLAND—658 for 8 wickets declared. Paynter, 216 not out; Barnett, 126; Compton (D.), 102; Hutton, 100.	ENGLAND—Did not bat again.
AUSTRALIA—411. S. J. McCabe, 232; D. G. Bradman, 51; W. A. Brown, 48.	AUSTRALIA—427 for 6 wickets. W. A. Brown, 133; D. G. Bradman, 144 not out.



FLOGGING THE BOWLING

Paynter, who scored 216 not out and shared in a record fifth wicket partnership with Compton, played steady cricket when England were in danger of collapsing, and later attacked the tired Australian bowling



A GREAT CRICKETER IN THE MAKING

Going in to bat at a critical period Compton proved sound and reliable, and scored a century in his first Test match against the Australians



A DRAMATIC MOMENT AT TRENT BRIDGE

Wright just fails to hold a hard return from Bradman who, as can be seen in the picture, has been drawn forward. Few bowlers have ever got the Australian away from the great base of his incomparable back-foot technique

ROUND THE WICKETS

GENUINE hitters are becoming fewer and fewer in first-class cricket. No county, it seems, will now give a place to a hitter as a hitter alone, as Sussex did with Colonel A. C. Watson and Gloucestershire did with C. C. Dacre some years ago. Somerset appeared to have found another Jessop when Gimblett first appeared in the side, but as an opening batsman he has curbed his style and, for the time being at any rate, has become an ordinary player. For genuine hitters now we must look among the bowlers, who have nothing to lose by the failures that must come to all batsmen who take their lives in their hands; and yet there are really only two players whose big hitting will be remembered along with their bowling—J. Smith, of Middlesex, and Wellard, of Somerset, though Andrews, also of Somerset, will sometimes attack the bowling as vigorously as Wellard.

Last week Wellard had a triumphant slam at the Gloucestershire bowling, with the result that he carried Somerset to a surprising victory in the very last over of the game. The position when Wellard went in was that Somerset had 112 to get in 65 minutes, with only three wickets standing. Wellard hit 68 out of 81 put on for the eighth wicket, including six sixes, in 40 minutes, and though the Gloucestershire bowlers stood the gruelling well enough to dismiss both him and Buse, who had played steadily for over three hours for 79, the wicket-keeper, Luckes, finished the match with proper courage, hitting two fours in the last over. Taunton has not seen a more exciting finish for some years.

In different circumstances, Wellard's feat was eclipsed by Smith when Middlesex took ample revenge from Sussex for a defeat by 210 runs last season, by running up a score of 577, to win by ten wickets. Smith scored as many runs as Wellard in half the time and took 61 runs off 21 consecutive balls, his analysis being 6-6-2-2-2-1-6-6-1-2-6-2-0-6-1-2-6-4-2-2-2. Smith's methods are always the same—he gets runs or gets out—and to that extent he is a more genuine hitter than Wellard, who is not always in the same mood. Against Sussex R. W. V. Robins had one of his best days, too—and Robins is as entertaining as any batsman when he is in form. His 137 struck a contrast between free scoring strokes all round the wicket and Smith's pure hitting. It is to the credit of Sussex that their fielding remained brilliant through all these batting fireworks.

In his last season of county cricket Woolley is almost qualifying as a hitter. Always, of course, his strokes have carried the force of perfect timing; to see Woolley lean nonchalantly on his bat and watch a fieldsman chasing the ball to the boundary has been one of the joys of his art. But this season Woolley seems to have taken on a fresh abandon in attacking spirit, more noticeable perhaps because he has become an opening batsman. Typical of his "rejuvenated" dash were two innings last week—47 in 40 minutes, including three sixes, against Hampshire, and 78 out of a first-wicket partnership of 128 with Fagg against Lancashire. In the Lancashire match Woolley resumed as a bowler, too, taking four wickets for 69, when Lancashire were hurrying for runs in the second innings. What a fine example Woolley remains, in his fifty-second year.

Warwickshire had some curious experiences in their matches against Derbyshire and Yorkshire. To say that Dollery and Buckingham pulled the Derbyshire match out of the fire is to put it mildly: their partnership of 220 runs after five wickets had fallen for 39 in the second innings not only won the match against all odds but easily beat the previous highest sixth-wicket score of 145, made over 40 years ago by Willie Quaife and Welford. Dollery was almost Test class a couple of years ago and Buckingham has improved as a batsman wicket-keeper. None the less, the Yorkshire bowlers, Bowes and Wilkinson, found the flaws in Warwickshire's batting when they put the side out for 41, and Warwickshire's struggle to avert defeat gave Robinson a chance to demonstrate his skill with slow off-breaks bowled round the wicket.

Nichols, of Essex, has drifted rather out of the limelight as a fast bowler, but I was struck by the liveliness and devil that remains in his bowling when I saw him attacking the Surrey batsmen on Saturday. Nor did he lose anything in fire during a long spell after tea, and had a most entertaining duel with Gover, who did everything but touch the flying ball until at last he gave the expected catch behind the wicket. Daer, the new Essex bowler, who is fast enough to make the wicket-keeper stand back but is not as fast as Nichols, is strongly built, but at present lacks control over his length, though he has an easy, natural action. The Oval wicket suited neither him nor Nichols, but Nichols did lure the batsmen into mistakes. Peter Smith bowled his slow leg-breaks with his usual accuracy but could get no life out of the wicket, and, without Farnes, the Essex bowling did not look very formidable.

F. I. W.



"WINNER BRED IN FRANCE"

Is British Bloodstock Losing Ground?

IT will not be denied that the best three-year-old colts over a long distance of ground—twelve furlongs or more—seen in this country in the present season are Bois Roussel and Legend of France. Which is the better of them will be settled when they meet in the Grand Prix de Paris on the 26th. The fact that both were bred in France has caused concern among English racing people.

Is British bloodstock losing its supremacy? Is it failing to produce the best stayers? This is by no means the first time in the history of the Turf that these questions have been asked. There have been other times when French-bred horses have vanquished our best performers; but these occasional eclipses of our bloodstock quickly passed, and the British racehorse has never surrendered his position as the best in the world.

Evidence of this pleasant fact can be taken from the continued demand abroad for our best blood. The present crisis in the affairs of the British Stud—if it is permissible to go so far as to call it a "crisis"—has been brought about to a large extent by the wholesale importation of horses from France in recent seasons. In years of financial depression French owners have been willing to exchange their thoroughbreds for hard English cash. Many agents of English stables are constantly on the look-out in France for likely winners at reasonable prices. The result is that scores of French-bred horses are now in training in this country. Inevitably they have won their share of races.

It would be idle to pretend that the legend "winner bred in France," which has so often appeared in English racing returns lately, is comforting to the British breeder. But when he comes to look into the pedigrees of those winners it is a consolation that they are bred largely on English lines. Take, for example, the colts whose names appear in the first paragraph of this article. Although they were foaled and reared on the other side of the Channel, one does not have to look far to find their English origins. Bois Roussel is out of an English mare. On the other side he belongs to the St. Simon male line, and his sire, Vatout, was the grandson of a mare imported from this country.

As a fact there is little that is really French about the breeding of the Derby winner. As for Legend of France, it is something to the credit of English breeding that he is the son of an English horse standing in France. These simple facts should suffice to prevent anyone from getting into a panic as to the future or the present position of British bloodstock.

There is every reason to suppose that England and France will go on interchanging their blood to the benefit of each country. The St. Simon male line has for some obscure reason failed to flourish in its own land, yet in France it has done remarkably well through Rabelais, Prince Chimay and Massine. One of the best sons of the last-named, the French Derby and Grand Prix winner Mieuxcé, is now standing in Norfolk. No doubt in due course Bois Roussel will take his stand at an English stud. In this way the St. Simon line returns to the old country and this should prove of genuine advantage to the future of the British thoroughbred.

French breeders are under no misapprehension as to the continued value of British blood. In recent years Blandford and Pharos headed the winning list in France. A glance through the list of stallions standing in that country this year shows that many of the best are of English breeding. On the whole, there would seem to be no real cause for alarm among the breeders over here.

At the same time, it is important for our racing authorities to do what they can to encourage the production of good stayers. This can mainly be done by increasing the number of long-distance races; or, if this is impracticable, by increasing the value of our chief long-distance stakes. That there is already a tendency in this direction is indicated by the institution of such races as the White Rose Stakes, the Ormonde Stakes and the Aintree Derby, to say nothing of the large increase in the value of the Ascot Gold Cup. The more inducements offered to owners to keep their stayers in training the better it should be for the stamina of the British thoroughbred.

Under existing conditions many brilliant young horses have been retired to the stud without having passed through any really searching tests of staying powers. It is pardonable to infer that English racing history this year would be quite different had not Bois Roussel been so fortunately purchased less than two months before the Derby by Mr. Peter Beatty. The actual date of purchase was April 10th, on the afternoon of the colt's success in the Prix Juigne. There is more than one English owner who claims to have had the chance of buying him for less than the amount Mr. Beatty gave for him.

The majority of French racing people were convinced that he was a dear colt at £8,000. Having become prejudiced against the son of Vatout in this way, they flatly declined to fall in with the notion that he would be good enough to carry off the highest honours in his new country. Thus very little money was won over him in France.

It is a coincidence that Bois Roussel and Legend of France should be trained in the same locality, Mr. Herbert Blagrave's stable being only a short walk from the more famous Beckhampton establishment, which has been the home of no fewer than seven Derby winners. Towards the end of the last season Mr. Blagrave was looking round for good-class young horses. It is said that he went after one of the Irish-trained cracks, but the price was too high. He, therefore, proceeded to France, and for rather less than £3,000 purchased Legend of France, who had no engagements in England.

This colt has proved a remarkable bargain. His success at Kempton Park early in May was impressive enough. His victory in the long race at Hurst Park early last season was one of the finest performances any three-year-old is likely to accomplish this season against older horses. For Fred Darling's stable he served an invaluable purpose as a trial horse for the Derby. Perhaps one day we shall know exactly how Legend of France was galloped with Bois Roussel. The result was sufficient to engender some amount of hopefulness, if not of confidence, in Mr. Beatty's colt at Epsom.

Unfortunately, none of the English entries seems good enough for the Grand Prix, but there is an unbeaten Italian colt called Nearco who has done so well lately that people are already comparing him with Donatello II, who came so near to taking the corresponding race to Italy a year ago.



A COCK REDSTART AT THE NEST



HEN WOOD WARBLER AT THE ENTRANCE TO HER NEST

BIRD LIFE IN THE LONDON AREA

The Sewage Farms and the Parks

IN a previous article I outlined the salient features of the gull and duck population of the Thames and the reservoirs within 20 miles of London. Before turning to the birds of the countryside around London it might be well to consider the occurrences of "waders" in relation to London's ornithological features. Waders are never numerous on passage at the artificial reservoirs as the concrete banks offer little scope for feeding, but odd birds of many species of the *Limicolæ* have been reported from time to time. When drainage operations or drought have been responsible for a fall in the water level in autumn, thus exposing areas of mud, many species have been reported, as at Staines in 1927 and in the Lee Valley in 1933. The sewage farms and waters with natural banks offer better conditions for these species, and even the avocet was seen a few years ago at Brooklands. Most of these farms in the area are very small and the abolition of the old-fashioned types and their replacement by a large modern centralised farm in the Stanwell district will tend to reduce the number of records of waders, which are not attracted by the sprinklers and filter-beds that will gradually take the place of the old system of tanks and flooded fields.

It is worth noting that the green sandpiper now regularly winters in small numbers in the Lee and Roding Valley district in Essex. Naturally few of the waders breed in the area, but red-shanks have colonised several localities, and there is an astonishing old record of a pair of ringed plovers breeding on Edmonton sewage-farm in 1901. The proximity of buildings does not seem to deter waders from alighting at the reservoirs or sewage farms, but few of these offer sufficient open mud to attract large numbers. The fact that 24 species of the *Limicolæ* were seen in the area in 1936 is, however, convincing evidence of the variety which occur from time to time, and suggests that greater numbers of some of the species would probably be seen if feeding conditions were more suitable. Passage of waders is most observed in autumn, but though they are not so often seen in spring, many species probably pass through the area, and quite recently, for example, on one farm I saw golden plover, ruff, dunlin and green sandpiper in addition to the usual lapwings, redshank and snipe.

It is not so much, however, on account of their attractiveness to migrating waders that sewage farms are an important factor in bird population, but rather by reason of the large numbers of commoner species which use them as feeding-grounds. Prominent among these are starlings, greenfinches, tree sparrows, meadow pipits, pied wagtails, lapwings, snipe and various species of gulls. The presence of these flocks in large numbers on fairly open ground facilitates the study of fluctuations in their numbers, which is far more difficult when the birds are scattered in small numbers over a larger area of country.

It must not be thought, however, that rare visitors are only to be found outside London, for the royal parks have a well-deserved reputation for producing extraordinary records. Within the last few years Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have seen black-necked, red-necked and Slavonian grebes, red-throated diver, snow bunting, merlin, scaup and slag amongst other unusual visitors, while red-breasted merganser and Arctic skua have been seen in St. James's Park. Even away from the parks inner London has many unexpected visitors; black redstarts have occurred on several occasions, one staying for six weeks in Westminster in 1936, while two others have been so obliging as to visit the grounds of the Natural History Museum. Buzzards have been seen circling over inner London, and while this list could be continued almost indefinitely, I cannot refrain from recalling the puffin which, so the story goes, was found wandering, slightly oiled, outside an hotel in the Strand. This species, incidentally, has been found on several occasions in built-up areas, though not always in such suspicious circumstances!

So far I have referred only to the inner London parks, but Richmond and Bushy parks, as well as open spaces such as Hampstead Heath and Wimbledon Common are of considerable ornithological importance in the area. Not only has Richmond Park, for example, attracted Dartford warbler, great grey shrike, pintail and other interesting species during the past year, but it boasts of more permanent attractions such as a heronry of about 50 nests, and a considerable breeding population of redstarts in the numerous old oaks. While the decay of most of these trees is a cause of general regret, it has at least the compensation that it makes them attractive to hole-breeding species. It is a striking fact that a park so near the centre of London should be visited by about 90 different species annually, and should have a breeding population of over 50 species. In addition to the redstarts and herons, wood warbler, tufted duck and great crested grebe are probably among the most interesting breeding species. In Hampton Court grounds a pair of tufted ducks bred last year for the first time, while redstarts again frequent the numerous old trees in Bushy Park. Interest in the bird-life of the parks has been stimulated by the annual reports of the Bird Sanctuaries Committee of the Office of Works.

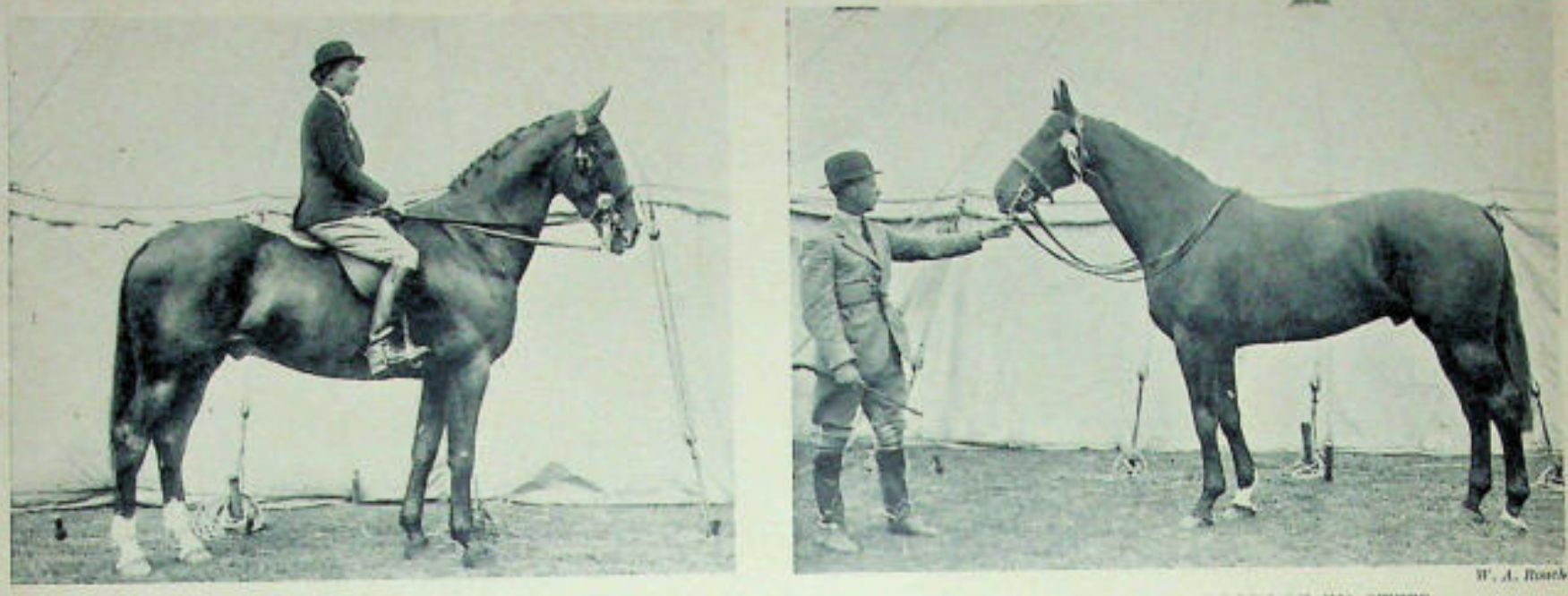
In winter most of these outer parks and open spaces are visited by parties of lesser redpolls and siskins, while bramblings also appear in numbers which vary considerably from year to year. Hawfinches are to be seen in the early morning underneath the hornbeams in Richmond Park, and from all accounts this is the time when most birds can be seen, for later the park becomes too populous for much successful observation. Goosanders are among this park's most striking winter visitors, small parties visiting the Penn Ponds for feeding. It is of interest to note that for three successive years a stone curlew has been seen in the park in April.

RICHARD C. HOMES.



WINTER

A group of tufted duck at the edge of the ice



W. A. Rouch

(LEFT) MERRIMONTH, WINNER OF THE EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES CHALLENGE CUP FOR LADIES' HUNTERS, RIDDEN BY HIS OWNER, MISS ELEANOR KEITH. (RIGHT) MR. BERNARD SELBY'S SIR ROGER II, THE CHAMPION HUNTER

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

Olympia's "Trial Stakes"

By CAPTAIN J. E. HANCE

THERE is a school of thought, or rather lack of it, apparent to-day, which so misjudges the spirit of England as to believe that one may please the man in the street by criticising the pageantry of the world of fashion. Such an attitude displays a lamentable misunderstanding of the national character. The Englishman, whether from Melton or Hoxton, Bicester or Balham, loves to see a horse, but he loves it all the more if there is a man with a top hat associated with it. Take away the fashionable element from Ascot or Richmond and you have a race meeting and a show, but of an ordinary kind. It is just the superb polish, which lends to these events a perpetual glamour which no amount of repetition can remove.

The show opened in delightful sunshine, and the morning session with a class for novice hacks, the judges for all the hack classes being Captain Guy Lucas and Major W. E. Lyon. This class was won by the Hon. Noreen Stonor's Cadogan Mercury, the runner-up being Lady Hickman's Cygnet. It is impossible, in this short article, to give all the placings in every class, but I can give some of the chief results.

The Novice Park Hacks was won by Lady Hickman's Cygnet, Miss Stonor's horse not being entered in that class. In the class for hacks under 15 hands, Cadogan Mercury reappeared, and was again awarded the first prize rosette. The last hack class of the day was the Open Class, which came on just before luncheon, and was won by Miss Lena Ramsden's Red Raider, ridden and trained by my son.

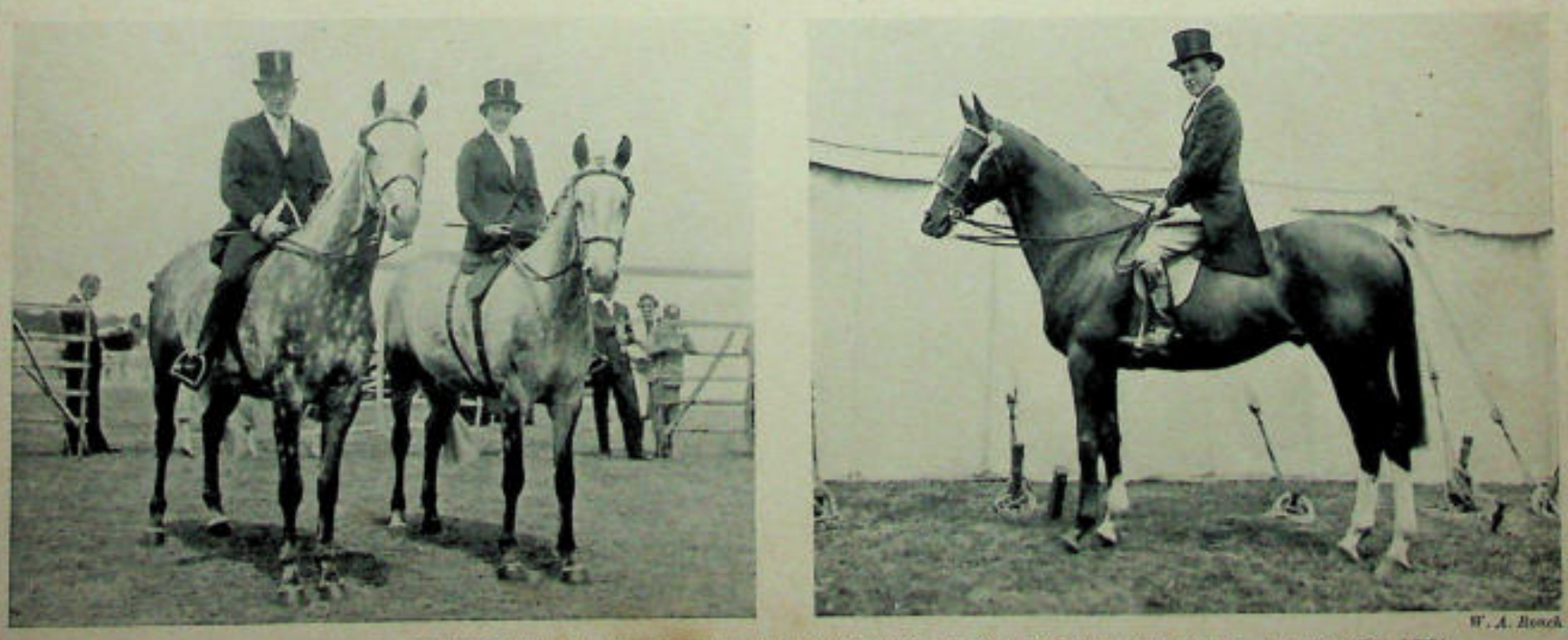


LIEUTENANT S. R. M. JENKINS, 4/7TH ROYAL DRAGOON GUARDS, ON SUSAN
Winner of the Albert Duke of York Challenge Cup for Officers in Uniform

The afternoon programme was witnessed by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who arrived with the President, the Earl of Athlone, who was accompanied by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. H.R.H. was received by the acting Vice-President, Sir Archibald Weigall and Lady Weigall, and the members of the Reception Committee. It was evident to all, that at a horse show Her Royal Highness was more than at home. Soon after her arrival Colonel Part's hounds arrived, and gave a remarkable demonstration. The huntsman first of all took his hounds to one end of the arena, sending his whipper-in to the other. *He then went there himself leaving his hounds absolutely alone.* At the sound of his horn they raced to him, and you could have covered the whole pack with a sheet—a remarkable display, and much appreciated by Her Royal Highness and onlookers alike.

The Coaching Club also met and paraded during this afternoon, seven in number. They arrived as a club and not in a competitive capacity, but each received a souvenir. It would be difficult to allude to the coaches or harness class without thinking of the late Bertram Mills, and it will be so for many years to come. In a class for coaches or brakes which had been driven to the show, Mr. Bernard Mills kept up the family tradition of winning the second prize, being beaten only by that wonderful lady whip; Miss Josephine Colebrook. The way this young lady keeps a team so beautifully balanced is worth going a long way to see. Other winners of Harness Classes on Thursday were Mr. Alexander, Mr. Minoprio, Mr. Nigel Colebrook and Mrs. Henriques, the latter winning the W. S. Miller Challenge Bowl with Fleetwood Juliet.

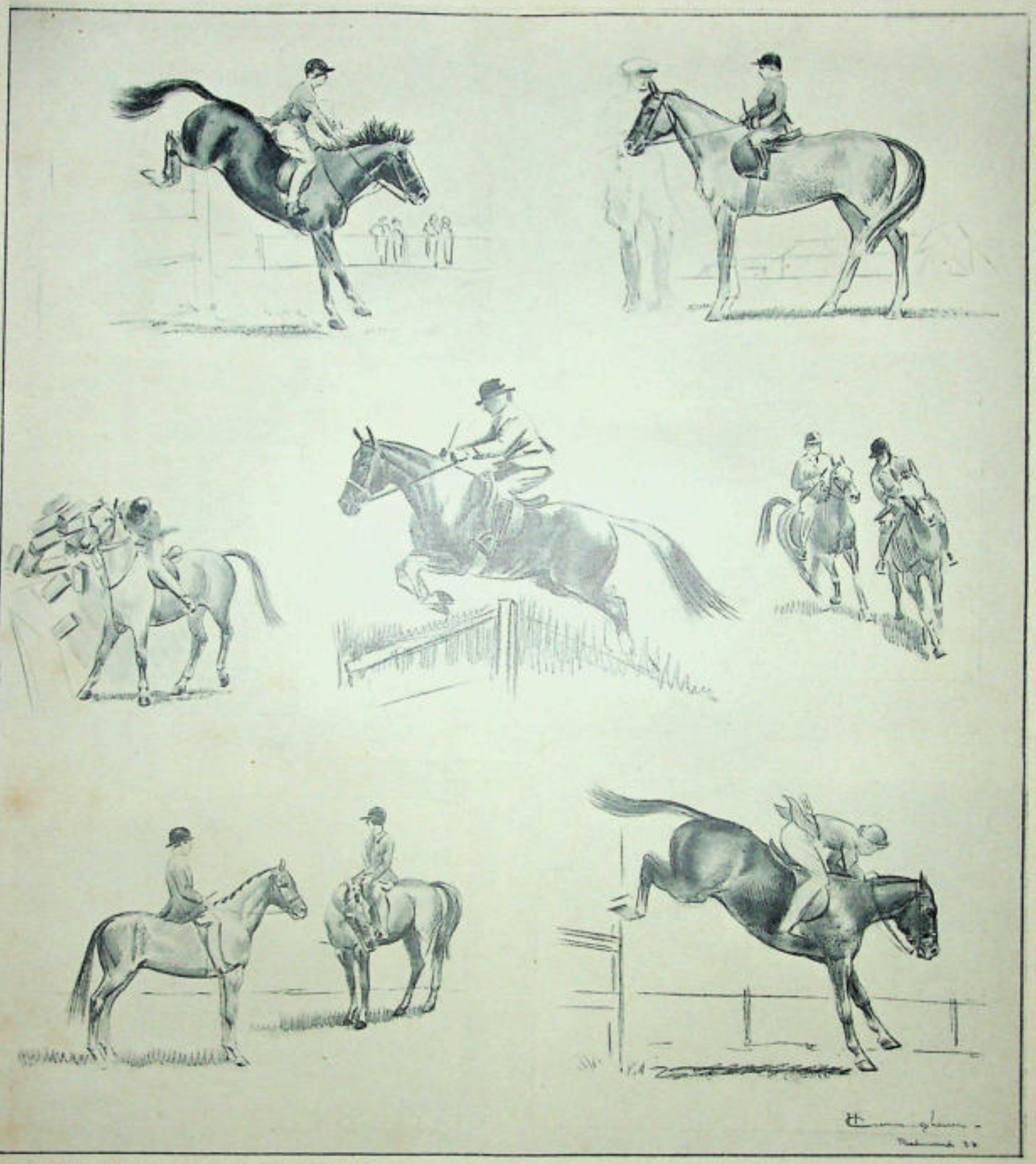
Friday—or as it is generally called, "Children's Day"—though sunny in the morning, showers fell



W. A. Rouch

(LEFT) MR. R. E. PRITCHARD ON IRON DUKE AND MISS C. HOWIE ON JOHN SILVER, 1ST PRIZE IN THE HACK PAIRS. (RIGHT) MISS LENA RAMSDEN'S CHAMPION HACK RED RAIDER, RIDDEN BY MR. R. HANCE

THE RISING GENERATION AT RICHMOND



IN THESE SKETCHES BY MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, THE TOP LEFT-HAND PICTURE SHOWS MISS AUGUSTA MUIR ON MR. W. E. GARDNER'S JOBY DOING A CLEAR ROUND IN THE CHILDREN'S JUMPING CLASSES. THE SMALLEST COMPETITOR, AGED 5, IS ON THE RIGHT. PATCH, ROBERT HANSON'S CLEVER PIEBALD PONY, IS IN THE CENTRE, AND MISS P. MILLET IS SEEN JUMPING ON MASTER J. NESFIELD'S SWEET WILLIAM

more or less throughout the day. As usual the entries in the various classes were as numerous as ever, and it would be impossible to deal with them efficiently if one had anyone but very experienced judges, but as the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings and Captain Lucas had charge of these classes they not only coped with them, but kept up to time also.

During the day the show was visited by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Earl of Athlone, the Marchioness of Cambridge, the Lord Mayor of London and sheriffs, who arrived in semi-state, and the Mayor of Richmond.

The chief winners of the Pony Classes were Miss Rosanne Mills (a granddaughter of the late Bertram), Mrs. K. V. Coates and the Hon. Noreen Stonor. The Queen Mary Challenge Cup for the best pony in the children's riding classes was won by Mrs. K. V. Coates with her pony, Kavora Kismet. The City of London Challenge Cup for the best boy or girl rider in the show is always a difficult matter to decide in these days, but the judges decided that Mrs. Coates's daughter, Miss Anne Coates, was the winner. I only hope she has the same luck as my daughter, who won this cup twice, and I always consider it was this which started her successful career.

The Children's Jumping Classes were as keenly contested as ever. For the class under thirteen years of age (would not this have sounded absurd 20 years ago?), which had 20 entries, these youngsters enjoyed themselves for an hour riding "over the sticks," and even then the result was a dead-heat between Miss Augusta Muir on Mr. W. E. Gardner's Joby and Miss P. Millet, who rode Master J. Nesfield's Sweet William.

The class for the older children under fifteen years of age also ended in a dead-heat, being won by Mr. W. E. Gardner's Jess, ridden by Master George Buckingham, and Robert Hanson's piebald pony, Patch. Miss Muir eventually won the Furnivall Challenge Cup for these two classes. The Cup awarded by Mr. Tom Walls for the best boy rider in the show was won by Master Maurice Tatlow.

During the afternoon the class for "Pair of Hacks" was judged. The entries were not so numerous as usual for this class, which is very attractive (to watch!). The various movements which competitors are asked to give to show the public how well the horses were trained were excellent, and the result was that Miss Dorothy Ramsden's John Silver and Mrs. A. Simmonds's Iron Duke (I call them Mr. Pritchard's pair) were first, and Major Faudel-Phillips's and Mrs. Gordon Smith's pair second. After this the Viscount Lee of Fareham's Cup for the best hack in the show was won by Red Raider after a long-drawn-out

(*Continued on col. 3, page 1540*)

ALGERIAN SPAHIS SEEN AT OLYMPIA



A SQUADRON OF THE 6TH ALGERIAN SPAHIS LED BY LIEUTENANT ROBERT DE KERSAUSAN DE PENNENDREFF

One of the most interesting displays at the International Horse Show is that given by the 6th Algerian Spahis, who, by permission of the French Government, are visiting this country for the first time



SOME OF THE HORSEMANSHIP IS OF AN UNUSUAL AND ARTISTIC CHARACTER AND THE FEATURE IS ENTIRELY NEW TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC



TRUMPETERS OF THE SPAHIS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE UNIFORM

A twenty-five minute display is given in which the trumpeters take a leading part, playing continuously throughout the whole period

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

(*Continued from page* 1539)

battle with Cadogan Mercury, who was placed reserve. The Archibald Weigall Challenge Cup for double-harness horses was won by Mr. Minoprio and the Gale & Polden Trophy for harness ponies by Mr. Alexander Dollen. For the Shetland Pony class for harness ponies Mrs. Noel Ducker received the first-prize rosette.

Saturday was a grand day and a huge crowd attended. Princess Marie Louise, Princess Helena Victoria, the Marchioness of Cambridge, and Lady May Cambridge and the Duchess of Norfolk visited the show. This was the hunter's day, and some of the owners (and riders !) looked at the hard ground with a certain amount of apprehension. I knew what it was like, as I had tried it out on Thursday (unsuccessfully !).

The judges on Saturday for hunters, Major H. de Freville and Major K. P. Wallis, seemed to enjoy their strenuous day. Major Wallis even seemed to enjoy it when one of the light-weights took charge and raced round the ring eight or nine (extra) times ; after this procedure he appeared entirely unruffled and returned the animal smilingly to the owner (he did not, however, award it a prize !).

The entries were numerous and of a high standard. Owing to this standard, Mr. Bernard Selby will have cause to remember this show, as he won the Earl of Athlone Cup for novice hunters (Radway), the Saddlers' Cup for middle-weight hunters (Percy III), the Lady Helen McCalmont's Cup for heavy-weights (Sir Roger II) and the Richmond Champion Cup (Sir Roger II). The Edward Prince of Wales Cup for ladies' hunters was, however, won by Miss E. Keith on Merrimonth, and Mr. A. H. Ashcroft won the Romer Williams's Cup for hunters, the champion excepted.

The Police Class had, as usual, a huge number of entries, and they also had two judges who really know how to judge this class, both horses and turnout. They were Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie and Major Leo Williams. It took them about four to five hours, and then they both rode the last 20 ! At the conclusion the winner was Constable Rennie of the Metropolitan Police, on Pip, the runner-up being Sergeant King, also of the Metropolitan Police, on Quis.

The jumping throughout the show was, as usual, full of interest. The winners on the first day were Captain D. W. A. Cleeve and Messrs. Carter and Carter equal first, Miss Irene Chambers third. On Saturday the Duke of York's Cup was won by Lieutenant R. M. Jenkins, the Coronation Cup by Mr. Snodgrass and the Turner Challenge Cup by Captain Cleeve with Hazel.

So ended another great show, and all associated with it are to be congratulated. The Earl of Athlone, who seems to be present every minute the show exists, Sir Archibald Weigall, the newly appointed acting vice-president, the many-times chairman, Mr. John Hatton, and the most courteous committee in England are all responsible for providing the public with a splendid annual spectacle.

A USEFUL NEW HORSESHOE

The "Superior" horseshoe put on the market by Humane Horseshoes, Ltd., is a rubber shoe reinforced by a flexible steel frame of which the lip alone is visible. Owing to its flexibility, which makes the shoe pliant, it can adjust itself to hooves of different shapes without becoming warped in use ; added to its great durability, the "Superior" horseshoe represents a most important invention for the economical use of a horse. It is shock absorbing. Very elastic and firmly connected to the frame, this horseshoe lessens all shocks to which the bones, joints and sinews of a horse's hoof are continually exposed on the hard road surface. It prevents the horse becoming prematurely worn out, and is particularly useful for horses with sensitive hooves after inflammation of the bones, cartilage or sinew. It also prevents serious accidents to a great extent.

The "Superior" horseshoe prevents slipping. Horses thus shod never slip on asphalte, cement or pavements made slippery by rain or the oil from motor cars, so frequently left on the road ; there is no waste of effort on starting or stopping. They are made and adjusted *cold* in the same way as the ordinary horseshoe *hot*. The nail holes are punched in the right places, the shape can be as desired. No special tools are required. The farrier need only be careful to adjust the shoe properly.

Motor cars have rubber tyres chiefly for comfort and because they are non-skid. These shoes follow that principle. In addition, their use materially lessens the noise of horse traffic in the streets.

Another useful adjunct produced by this firm is an all-rubber combined dandy and curry-comb.



CAPTAIN DAWNAY TAKING AN OFFSIDE DRIVE, LORD COWDRAY RIDING HIM, IN THE FINAL OF THE ASHTON CUP AT BURLINGHAM

RANGERS SWEEP THE BOARD

An Impressive Display at Ranelagh

THE Texas Rangers won the Ranelagh Open Cup last week by beating the Jaguars by twelve goals to six, and by the time these notes appear they will probably either have won the postponed Rochampton Open Cup or be well on their way to winning it, for, for the life of me, I cannot see who is likely to stop them. Now that we have had some opportunity to watch Mr. Aidan Roark we are wondering why he is playing from a handicap of 7. The reason, presumably, is that he has not been playing much polo during the last two seasons, but from what we have seen of him he is certainly worth eight goals and possibly one more. No doubt the Handicapping Committee will take steps about it at their next meeting, which will probably be held this week. With him Mr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, who played a great game in that final, behind him, and Mr. Cecil Smith at No. 2, those Rangers are very formidable indeed, especially as Mr. Charles Wrightsman, beautifully mounted as he is, seems to be very "well in" at three goals.

For the sake of the London season generally, I confess I should like some team to lower their colours, if only in the interests of variety. The Gauchos are gradually feeling their way to better things, and once they settle down to play real polo they may very well (and I hope they will) annex one Open Cup before the end of the season. They have great ability, but so far they have lacked a directing brain on the field, and no amount of individual hard work and brilliant play will make up for a lack of team work. Hitherto, even Mr. Cavanagh has not once shown his real form, and the side has never once been really well together, except perhaps in their first tie in the Ranelagh Cup against Cowdray. The Knaves also have been disappointing, for Captain Roark has seldom been his real self, but, who knows? they may have achieved the proud distinction of beating the Rangers in the semi-final round of the Rochampton Open Cup by the time these notes appear in print.

Reverting to last Saturday's match, we were all eagerly looking forward to a game in which Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. Gerald Balding appeared on opposite sides. Though the Jaguars were fighting a losing battle from the third chukker onwards, Mr. Balding continued to play a wonderful game and did not suffer at all by comparison with Mr. Smith, who on this occasion was not the outstanding personality on the field that he generally is. That is not to say that he was out of form—far from it—but there was another player on the ground of almost equal calibre. So far as the actual game was concerned it was a great contest for the first four chukkers, after which the Jaguars, who for various reasons lacked the services of some of their best ponies, began to fade out of the picture. Incidentally, Mr. Wrightsman, who had a really bad smash into a goal-post in the semi-final round against the Gauchos, must be accounted a lucky man, for he might easily have broken several ribs, if not worse, but actually he escaped with only a wrenched shoulder and a bad bruising. On Saturday he seemed little the worse and played a great game at No. 1.

I believe there is a possibility of a Jaguars team, with either Mr. Roark or Mr. Tyrrell-Martin included, going to America in September for the championship and Larry Waterbury Cups at Meadow Brook. They have some splendid ponies of real international class, and they might do very well. At all events it would be a very sporting enterprise, and I, for one, hope that it may eventuate.

In the meanwhile the Selection Committee are very busy about their duties, and they have, I believe, co-opted Mr. Balding, so that they may have the benefit of his wide experience of polo abroad, especially with regard to the pony power of our prospective Westchester Cup team. Whatever the result of the challenge next year we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that our team is as well equipped and organised as it is possible for them to be. There is no date definitely fixed for the series at Meadow Brook, but I believe there is a chance of the matches being played early in the summer instead of in September, which was the original intention. If that is the case there is not much time to spare. It is the intention to hold, if possible, two more set matches between teams that will comprise most of the "probables" for our team, one at Ranelagh and another at Rochampton, if this can be arranged. The mounting of the players may offer some difficulty, but in view of the importance of the occasion it is necessary that each man should have ponies to play equal to polo of the highest class and suitable to his requirements. By that time it is possible that the Hurlingham ponies will be fit to play in fast polo and to see them in action at last will be most interesting.

The Inter-Regimental Tournament is now well under way, and last week a game that many regarded as the virtual final was played at Tidworth between the 10th Royal Hussars, winners last year, and the 12th Royal Lancers, who won in 1936. The result was a victory, by a quite unexpectedly wide margin, for the Twelfth. Somehow or other the Tenth never looked like the side they can be, and, though they are admirably mounted, their ponies were disappointing in their performance. The Twelfth, almost or quite as well mounted, played from the start like a good team. Their players, in my opinion, are all exceptionally good horsemen, their hitting on the perfect surface of the Fisher ground was generally accurate, and on the day they were immeasurably the better side. I am not sure that the tactics the Tenth endeavoured to employ were advisable in the match; they were certainly not successful. It seemed that the special idea was to mark Captain Horsburgh Porter very closely at the expense of opening out the game. The effect was that the Tenth were continually bunching together and often interfering with each other. At all events, they never got going at all and their shooting at goal when the chances came was by no means accurate.

Of the other regiments entered possibly the Royal Scots Greys are the most formidable, while the Royals have showed up well in their match with the Life Guards. Their combined play was a pleasure to watch, and one movement in particular sticks to the memory much better than many pieces of play of greater individual brilliance. Mr. Hamilton Russell was taking the ball down the boards, and then, responding without hesitation to a shout from Captain Lloyd, he put it across to the centre, and his back came through and scored with fine opportunism. It was a simple piece of combined tactics such as must have given General de Lisle, the father of combined tactics and a former commanding officer of the Royals, great pleasure, for he was present to watch them win. They have had lots of practice in London. The Greys, of course, have Captain Guinness, who can be a host in himself if he is on his day, and Captain Findlay, whenever I have seen him this season, has been playing a very good game. They should in any case be well together when the time comes. Considering the continuous increase of mechanisation, Army polo seems to continue in a healthy state despite the many difficulties that present themselves. It may be that next year the arrangements for this tournament will have to be slightly altered to accommodate forthcoming troop movements. It is indeed strange that the match between the Life Guards and the Royals in the Inter-Regimental should have been the subject for comment as the meeting of two horsed regiments. Times change indeed!

The *Field* have several times appealed for better programmes for the London tournaments which include lists of the ponies as well as the names of the players. At Tidworth such programmes were printed, to the edification and pleasure of those who attended the game. Perhaps in a few years' time the London clubs will awake to the knowledge that many people who watch polo are quite as interested in the ponies as they are in the players and act accordingly.

JEMADAR.



W. A. Rouch

WINNERS OF THE FIRST OPEN CUP OF THE SEASON—THE RANGERS

Left to right: Mr. C. B. Wrightsman, Mr. Cecil Smith, Mr. Aidan Roark and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin



Poultry and the Nation—VI

METHODS OF REARING AND MANAGEMENT

Ley Farming Methods Mean Healthy Stock

By THOMAS H. TURNEY

ON my father's mixed farm, before reaching the great age of ten years, willingly working for my mother as many boys do, I had had considerable experience with the hen hatching and rearing of chicks. From the point of view of health and stamina in the stock produced I have never found a better way, although in the past twenty years I have successfully experimented on a large scale with many modern methods.

The greatest danger with modern methods is that conclusions as to their value are drawn much too quickly. With every method I have tried I have produced what appeared to be excellent stock. It was only by keenly watching the stock, often for more than one generation, that I was able to detect the relative value of the various methods.

Stamina

The heavy losses in the laying trials of this country which have increased from under 5 per cent. to over 17 per cent. in fifteen years, and the even heavier losses on some poultry farms, have made the question of breeding for stamina more important than increase in production. In fact, without sufficient stamina economic production is not possible.

The old saying, "Well begun is half done," has immense significance in the production of healthy poultry, but where do we begin? Most people would probably go as far back as the breeding stock which produce the fertile eggs. I would go farther still and inquire at the very least as to the methods of producing and rearing this breeding stock, and as to the way the breeding stock is maintained. No matter how excellent the strain, if the methods of rearing and maintaining breeders is debilitating, then surely weakened offspring will result.

It has long been realised that pedigree and performance are valuable guides in fixing any desirable qualities and that the highest success in breeding depends upon mating the right male with suitable females. This necessitates restricting the natural freedom of mating in the breeders; hence with poultry up went the permanent wire pens. This appeared to work and the idea was extended, and it became common for large flocks to be mated in pens of limited area. Many of the best strains have for generations been kept in permanent pens for years on the same ground, which has been stocked with little but poultry. The relatively heavy dressing of poultry manure, and the general method of cutting the grass two or three times in the year usually results in a very coarse type of herbage. This means that the poultry in the pens seldom get an opportunity of eating any succulent young grasses or clovers, the class of herbage aptly described as the "prince of feeds" for grazing animals by Professor Stapledon (surely the world's greatest teacher on grassland management). Alternatively, too heavy stocking by poultry results in a mud patch in winter and a pen as bare as a desert in summer. It is now being generally realised by practical men and by the scientists that, taking the long view, the health and stamina of poultry depend on a generous supply of succulent young herbage and frequent contact with fresh soil. It may well be that the evils of the permanent pens are cumulative over the generations.

Vertical wire to form permanent pens which confine poultry to stale and often unsuitable ground is bad enough, but how much worse is horizontal wire on which chicks are placed to keep them from contact with the ground altogether? An increasing number of chickens during the last ten years have been reared for one, two or even three months on wire. Not only do these birds lose whatever advantages may come from contact with clean soil and further advantages from almost daily small feeds of succulent young grass, but, what may be more serious to their natural development, they cannot use their legs to scratch; in fact, even walking is very restricted. For chicks to develop under such paralysing conditions may well be a predisposing cause of what is spoken of as "true paralysis."

Here is a case of one evil after another. Owing to over-stocking the permanent wire pens, the contamination ground cannot be used for rearing the weakened offspring, on account of risk of coccodia, gapes, parasitic worms, &c., and therefore indoor methods have to be adopted, and only too often chicks are placed on wire. Is it surprising that in a few generations chicks are produced that are not easily reared even under almost hothouse conditions, and when they are nearly reared die before reaching maturity.

If the chicks are (1) bred from stock that has been reared outside, (2) given litter in which to scratch from the start, (3) put outside on Mother Earth at five weeks, and (4) intended either for table purposes or for egg production only, probably very little harm results. That most of these four important conditions have not to an increasing extent been observed is surely the main reason why the losses in public laying trials in this country have increased from under 5 per cent. to over 17 per cent. in fifteen years.

Those of us who rear outside know the discomfort of wind and rain, intense cold and snow, and the daily trouble of filling and trimming lamps. Being on a clay land farm, I realise, too, that grass runs can soon become mud runs in really wet weather even when they are moved daily as with the portable folds. Even under these conditions, however, it is surprising what sturdy chicks can endure and how small the losses in worth-while chicks, with sufficient attention. After much practical experience in rearing every year many thousands of chicks outside, and some experience with indoor systems, I hold the definite opinion that there is at present no alternative to outside rearing so far as the breeders are concerned. It is certain that an increasing number of successful breeders have arrived or are arriving at this same conclusion.

Ventilation

Is there a poultry farmer anywhere who gives sufficient attention to the all-important question of ventilation, from the day the egg is laid till the adult bird is finally disposed of? He should see that his egg and incubator rooms are sweet and airy. By using his nose he can test the condition of the air in his incubators, under his hovers when the chicks have been there for some hours, and in the growing-on arks and houses late at night or early morning before the birds are out.

In a similar way he can stand near the birds in their laying quarters on a still night. His nose may then discover for him reasons why his stock is debilitated. How can one expect really sturdy

stock if, say, during their growing stages under the hovers they have been breathing bad air for perhaps twelve hours out of the 24? If some of the many poultry farmers who are always experiencing trouble would use their noses as well as their eyes, as here advised, their discoveries might amaze them—not that the birds die when they grow up, but that they ever live to grow up.

The air they breathe is no less important than the food they eat. Direct draughts should be



CHICKS ARE HOUSED IN SLATTED-FLOOR FOLDS WHICH ARE MOVED DAILY

avoided if possible, but fresh air is essential. It should be remembered that, except when brooding, Nature designed the hen to spend the night on the branch of a tree with the sky for a roof, and that the natural brood was some dozen to fifteen chicks; now 100 hens in a house, under a roof not far above, and 100 chicks under a hover, are considered small units.

Cod Liver Oil

I will not venture to condemn the feeding of cod liver oil to poultry. Its principal effect has been to make it possible to rear chicks intensively. Therefore, holding the views I do on the importance of outside rearing of breeders, cod liver oil has, in my opinion, done more harm than good up to the present. The point to emphasise is that outside reared and healthily maintained stock can do without it.

Poultry and Ley Farming

As a general farmer assisting in the management of several large farms which practise alternate husbandry, I would like to point out the immense advantage we possess in our clean and ample green new pastures for rearing our chicks and maintaining our laying flocks in the healthiest possible condition. With us, the poultry manure is no liability or source of danger, as it may be on a specialised poultry farm, but assists in the building up of the fertility of the ley which can be ploughed up and well dressed with lime long before the soil becomes infected with various poultry parasites, and the fertility cashed by cropping with, say, sugar beet, potatoes and cereals.

Later, this land can be generously dressed with basic slag and reseeded with the leafy strains of grasses and clovers, providing again ideal conditions for profitable poultry farming. It is understood that land heavily stocked with poultry may need a potash manure from time to time, but on this question of complimentary manuring it is well to take the advice of the Agricultural Adviser who will be familiar with the local conditions. The point to stress is that balanced manuring, coupled with adequate grazing, is vitally important in producing the type of pasture on which poultry, as well as other farm stock, will do best. Thus, with alternate husbandry (grass-arable farming as taught by Professor Stapledon and long practised by our friends in the north), the farm helps the poultry and the poultry helps the farm, both being maintained in a healthy, productive condition.

Breeding Stock

I must devote a few words to the details of the methods of husbandry that I and so many other farmers have found very satisfactory. On the general farm where I personally supervise, breeding stock is carefully selected and as a further precaution, all pure breeding is done from second-season hens, not because breeding from pullets is necessarily bad, but because time and observation together are, perhaps, the best of all selectors.

The Baby Chick

The first two or three days the chicks spend in a "nursery school," which is a well-ventilated house, divided into small temporary pens surrounding pyramid hovers, exactly the same as those used in the outside folds. In two days the chicks can be trained to go in and out of the hovers without serious risk of the chilling which can easily occur if this lesson is learnt in an outside brooder. So many excellent chicks can be ruined in the first week by chilling.

Getting Them on the Grass

Having learnt their lesson in the nursery school, they can safely be placed in the outside folds, and the trap-door soon opened to allow them access to the grass run. Within a week the chicks can be fed and watered entirely in the grass run, a fresh run being given each morning. They are given four feeds a day for five weeks in the order of wet mash, grain, wet mash, grain, being given at each feed as much as they will readily clear up. After the first few days dry mash is not used. In mixing the wet mash some skim milk is used. Being on a general farm practising alternate husbandry, there is ample chaff available which is used freely for litter in the small portable brooder house attached to the grass run. This chaff litter is swept out clean each morning on to the previous day's run, and with the chicken droppings makes a first rate organic manure and is spread directly on the land. At two to four weeks, according to the weather, slats instead of boarded floors are placed under the hovers, thus increasing the ventilation as the chicks grow—a very important point. The 150-size chick hovers are used and from 75 to 100 day-old chicks placed under them.

Keeping Them Moving

At five to six weeks old the chicks are transferred to slatted floor folds with larger runs, again moved daily, where they remain for a further three weeks. At this and the next stage three feeds a day are given in the order of grain, wet mash, grain.

Free Range

They are then placed on "free" range, which with us now means a large temporary wire pen an acre or so in extent, where a few hundred chicks are given their liberty on well grazed young grass. This pen is moved to new ground every month or so, and the pullets taken to their laying quarters at some five months old.

The Laying Flocks

The laying flocks also have controlled free range and are usually kept in units of 1,000 birds housed in a dozen laying arks, in temporary pens of about four acres which lasts them perhaps two months, when they are given another well-grazed pen of about the same size. Thus they get new clean pasture some five or six times a year. Where is there a pedigree breeder who gives his best birds such an excellent chance to prove their worth as is here given to commercial stock! Fortunately all farm stock like to graze where poultry have been, thus that coarse type of unpalatable herbage, seen on so many poultry farms, can be avoided. The laying flocks receive only two feeds per day—wet mash and grain. At all stages gravel grit and oyster shell of appropriate sizes are always before the birds.



BIRDS ON CONTROLLED FREE RANGE, KEPT IN UNITS OF ABOUT 1,000 BIRDS IN TEMPORARY PENS OF ABOUT FOUR ACRES, AN AREA WHICH LASTS THEM ABOUT TWO MONTHS

Ploughing Up Before Trouble Comes

When grass leys have been thus folded they are ploughed up in rotation long before they become infected with parasites. By these means, not only poultry but also sheep and cattle can be indefinitely maintained in a healthy, vigorous and productive condition, to the mutual benefit of both the stock and the land.

In conclusion, I would like to point out that there is tremendous scope for healthy development of poultry on the general farms of England, especially on those farms which adopt the flexible system of ley farming. Those of us, and there are many, who can practise these ley farming methods with poultry can look to the future with confidence.



"FORE FEET TOGETHER ON ONE MINUTE LEDGE, HIND FEET AT FULL STRETCH BEHIND HIM ON ANOTHER"

CHUKOR, MARKHOR AND IBEX

Sport on the North-West Frontier

ONCE every two years the garrison of Chitral, on the North-West Frontier of India, is relieved. Upward from Dargai, 30 miles north of Nowshera, the long escorting column winds its way over the Lowarai Pass (10,000ft. in height) and into the long narrow valley of Chitral. Here they leave the relieving garrison and escort back to India the relieved. The escorting column is necessary, for the route lies largely through tribal territory where "things may happen." With the column's departure the new garrison (one Indian infantry battalion with some gunners and sappers) settle down to two years on their own, and to many it can be a memorable two years.

Game abounds, both small and big, and the country is safe, and escorts, except in one or two nullahs near the Afghan borders, unnecessary. Nearly all British officers of the Indian Army are at any rate small fame "shikaris," and the chukor drives in the Shishi and Broz valleys are things to be remembered. The butts are pukka affairs, stone built, with a proper regard to "the birds" flight, and the fun fast and furious. The Chitrali beaters encircle the head of the valley high above the guns and descend systematically, rousing the birds. Since they beat similarly in their own favourite sport of hawking the drive is very thoroughly carried out and few birds break back.

During the drive one requires a hundred eyes and a grim determination to stick to one's original choice. A pack swings into view away above one on the hillside, and scuds contouring towards one. Gently you swing round on your shooting stick, positioning yourself for the covey.

Swish, swish! and away over your left shoulder "whooshes" another lot you had not spotted, and drops, wings set, at 60 miles an hour down the hillside. The temptation to speed their retreat is great, but don't! If you do, the original pack will probably serve you the same trick, and so *ad infinitum*.

The alternative to shooting chukor is to hawk them. This requires an invitation from one of the local Adam Zadas, as the ruling caste are called, but invitations were freely given a few years ago, and probably still are. Chitral hawks are caught full grown and trained through starvation and are not too safe with anyone except their masters or trainers.

The most sought after of Chitral's big game is, of course, the markhor. Perhaps nowhere else has one a chance to study this, the finest mountain goat in the world, so closely. Most of the markhor shooting is done in December during the rut, but it could be done at any time, provided one climbed high enough. Mark the "high enough."

The combination of the rut and December's heavy snow made a trip to a markhor nullah then an experience not to be missed. From one's very tent door one could see markhor of all sizes and sexes, and watch families feeding and playing, oblivious of men. The game laws were strict, though, and no more than two heads per season could be shot in the preserved nullahs, and the heads had to be at least 40in.

Their agility was amazing for so large an animal, and one instance stands out in my memory particularly. It was in a nullah called Swir, and we had spotted, and were stalking, an old markhor who was rather restless. Every time we made a bound we found him still a little too far off for a certain shot. Suddenly he disappeared, and a minute later reappeared equally suddenly, leading a large herd up a completely vertical cliff-side opposite us. The range must have been about 400yds. It was a sight for the gods. Up they went, big and little, "Billy" and "Nanny," like flies on a wall, and then he stopped. His feet were splayed like "the Wembley lion," fore feet together on one minute ledge, hind feet at full stretch behind him on another. As if in doubt he looked down, sheer to the valley, hundreds of feet below, and, I swear, shook his head.

"Shoot! Shoot now!" excitedly whispered my shikari. "He will start at the shot and fall into the valley below. He is a good fellow at least 45 inches. Shoot quickly—now!"

I shook my head. "Oh Darup Shah," I said, "it's Shikar I want, not—murder. If I can climb to within a hundred yards of him and then shoot, Yes! but this way, No! We watch." And we did.

Even as I spoke the grand old Billy seemed to sink slightly lower, almost crouching, then up he catapulted, ten, fifteen feet; feet together for a fleeting second on a small crevice, and then again up, on to an—to us—invisible ledge. Then he calmly and sedately walked away up the cliff-side and disappeared over the top. His family followed, making even less fuss over the difficult place, just rocketing up and away in a most unconcerned fashion. Had I been wearing a hat and not a Balaclava helmet I would have doffed it in sheer admiration.

Ibex were found in the valleys north of Chitral. Agram, which bordered on Russian territory, was the best nullah. November was the best month in Agram, if one could stomach the appalling cold. It had to be felt to be believed, but some idea may be gathered from the fact that yearly the village was vacated by its inhabitants in that month, nor was it re-occupied till spring was well under way; while never before had I seen running water turn to ice in front of my eyes. One slept fully clothed, and one's bedding roll must have reached 120lb.; shaving was a fool's act, and if done never repeated.

The limit for Chitral ibex was 36in. (I believe 2in. more than Kashmir) and Agram certainly held heads from 42in. to 44in. Wolves were a source of trouble, and many a hard three days of work would eventually be spoilt by these brutes. The stalking and climbing seemed easier than when after markhor, although working at greater altitudes found many of us with "bellows to mend."

Oorial were found in many of the nullahs, but were really only shot as a side line. Their heads did not run anything like as big as the Salt Range variety, although their bodily build seemed definitely bigger.

Rumour credited a certain officer with the unique method of bagging an oorial by fright. It was a sizeable beast, and well within shootable limits. For some unknown reason, for he was an experienced shikari, the officer got a bad go of "buck fever" just as he took aim. The bullet flew high and dislodged a piece of rock of some size, which crashed down past the quarry, who, apparently expecting a rock slide or similar danger, leapt forward, forgetful of the fact that it was already standing on the edge of a precipice.

But the main shooting was, of course, after markhor and ibex, but panther and bear could also be brought to bag, and if lucky (oh! so lucky), a snow leopard.

The shikaris were mostly Kaffirs from the Kaffir villages on the Afghan borders, and were grand stalkers and marvellous hillmen. They claim to be the descendants of Alexander's armies who had remained behind in Chitral during his descent on India.

As judges of heads they were amazing and the responsibility for an officer or a man shooting an undersized beast was theirs, and they paid a fine as well as the actual sinner. Too many undersized beasts jeopardised their employment.

A cheerful, robust race, with a great sense of humour, during our two years in Chitral we owed not a little of our enjoyment to them when after chukor, markhor and ibex.

DRUKWAN.



"AWAY OVER YOUR LEFT SHOULDER 'WHOOSHES' ANOTHER LOT YOU HAD NOT SPOTTED"

A LADIES' WIMBLEDON

Interest Which Centres on Women's Events

By J. E. COLLETT

THIS is Ladies' Year at Wimbledon. Possible winners of their singles championship are scattered over the programme, and the results in the Wightman Cup match will no doubt have been valuable to the officials responsible for the seeding, but I do not know how far they may be taken equally to indicate the destination of the title.

If a forecast were to be made from the Wightman Cup alone, indubitably Mrs. F. S. Moody would be the selection. She played at times with her old fire and force, and although, on occasions, her mobility might have been questioned, reflection shows that in refraining from undue running she was sensibly conserving energy. Her splendid sprint to the net after a drop shot which won her the last point in her single against Miss K. E. Stammers instances this. There is something rock-like in her calm, and in the strange psychological influence she exercises over her opponents, causing them to hit rather to her will than to their own. Of such things is the essence of championship made up, and no other woman in the list has them to a like extent. People have beaten her at moments when the spirit, so to speak, deserted her, but this does not happen to her at Wimbledon.

If it had not been for the 40 minutes' interval, caused by rain, Miss Stammers might have beaten her in the third set. It is possible, because the genius of Miss Stammers, at those rare times when it is being continually expressed, is the more brilliant. Because of her inconsistency she cannot be backed with confidence to win any given match. On the other hand, she has for some time been striving after form, which had threatened to desert her, and in the process has hardened her concentration and developed a sounder court craft and more reliable mental processes. She may now be considered the equal of Miss M. C. Scriven as a tactician, and to remain her superior as a stroke maker.

Mrs. Fabyan has a great deal of the rock-like quality of Mrs. Moody, and certainly a sweeter rhythm. In the Wightman Cup steadiness won her the match against Miss M. E. Lumb, who is a compound of whipped forehand drives, a back-hand unnecessarily sliced (because she can hit a strong, flat one) and a rather deficient tactical inspiration.

We have now Miss A. Marble, that volatile artist, who might stride to the championship down a pathway paved with optimism. In the Wightman Cup, Miss Stammers beat her because she managed to get in more of her best at better-selected opportunities. On the previous week-end Miss Marble had beaten Mlle. J. Jedrzekowska pretty soundly. No argument can be based on the result of a single match, but in a year so full as this of past and present mistresses of the racket it is doubtful whether the Polish girl has sufficient variety of strokes to surmount the manifold difficulties presented by the fortnight's quest for the title.

The reputation of Mrs. Heine Miller has been founded, perhaps, more upon the loveliness of her movement than on the excellence of her strokes. She had, and still retains, that method of addressing the ball which denotes ranking class, but possibly she lacks the power required in present conditions.

The Australian ladies have been rather a disappointment. Miss N. Wynne, soon after landing, jumped straight into the news as a future champion; she has done little else since but hazard that reputation. On the other hand, she is a player who, at her best—which is of a manful type—is able to beat anyone. Her main fault is that she often wants to get rallies over too quickly. A sufficient number of patient days at about top form would carry her far.

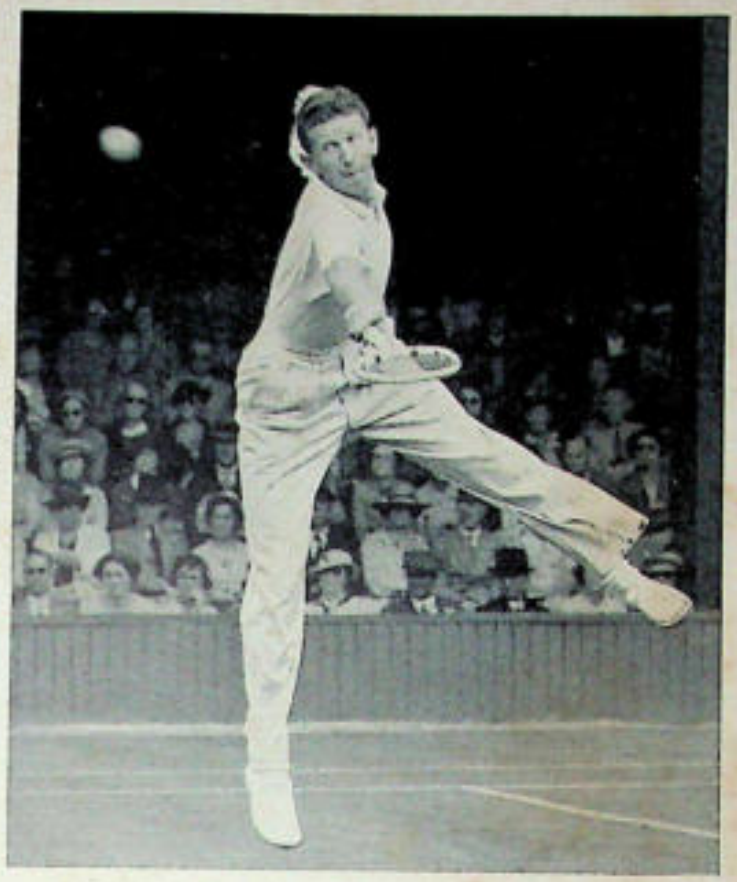
A few days before the opening date Miss H. Jacobs was carrying her arm in a sling; thus her chance, never so good this year, may have been further discounted. She must be left with little said, in common with Sta. A. Lizana, who appears in these days to be unable to reproduce her past form. Two other players, both with a definite claim to the honour of seeding at all events, are Mme. R. Mathieu and Mrs. S. Sperling. Both ladies come to Wimbledon usually in the guise of players with great names, whose current handicap is unknown, but this year, Mme. Mathieu has attained her life's ambition of winning the French championship. This, for a player of her peculiar temperament, will give her the additional urge which, if she had had it before, might have carried her past some centre-court crises. As to Mrs. Sperling, that dour, deliberate baseliner, with the stride of a runner, is certain once again to make her characteristic close bid, but she will be lucky if it succeeds.

The men's entry cannot aspire either to the romance or to the suggestion of uncertainty which grace the ladies' list.

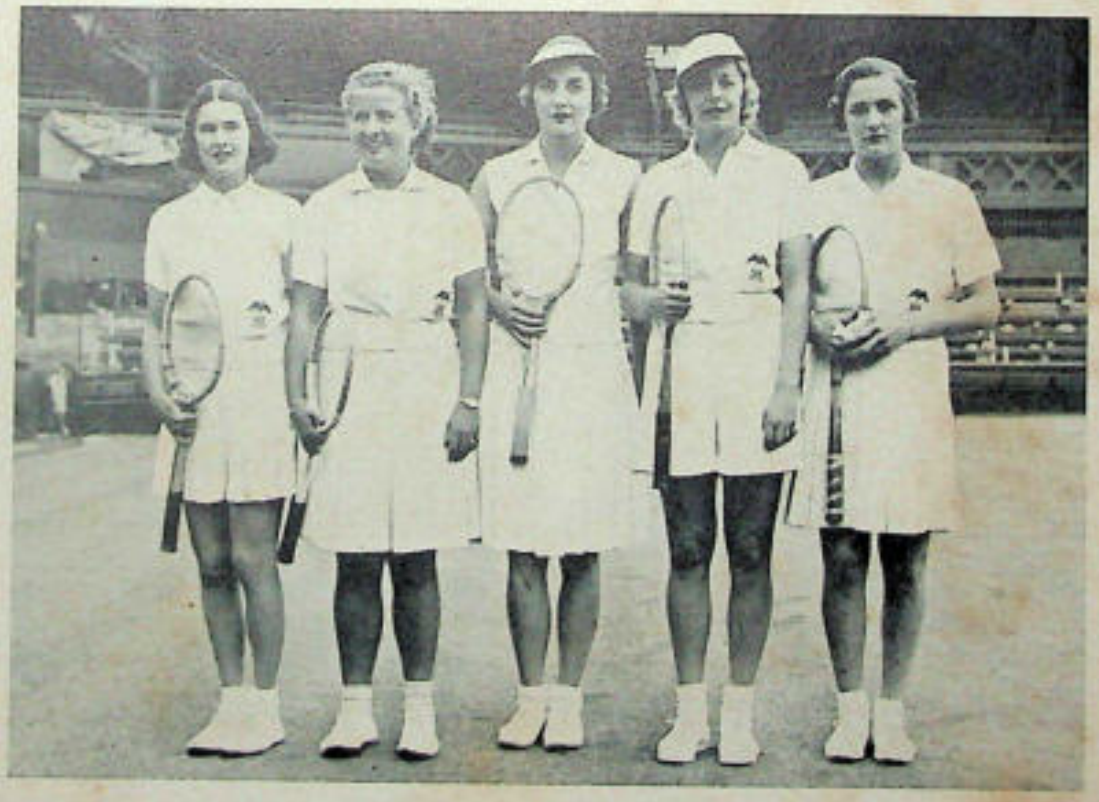
All it seems to come to is who can beat the reigning champion, D. Budge. Before the final of the French championships, out of which Budge pounded him vigorously in straight sets, R. Menzel might have been considered a probable candidate. The strength of his game in previous rounds suggested improvement, but actuality was probably represented more closely by Budge's score of 6/3, 6/2, 6/4. The Jugo-Slavians, D. Mitic, J. Pallada and F. Puncec, constituted the now familiar speculative entry of players with Continental reputations, which are seldom demonstrated as highly at Wimbledon, and despite various preceding results I should be surprised if a champion emerged as either of the three.

A certain reluctance to throw himself into the game with his old vigour and sense of artistic aspiration appears to be limiting the ability of H. W. Austin this year. His secession from the Davis Cup broke too many links with a glorious past for him to be able to bridge the gap and regain complete concentration. But, with a return to form, he is not too old to win a championship which others older than he have achieved.

As to our other players, the short history of our



THE REIGNING CHAMPION, DONALD BUDGE
Speculation in the Men's Singles seems to resolve itself into who can beat him. In the French championships he defeated R. Menzel 6/3, 6/2, 6/4



THE WINNING WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM
From left to right: Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, Miss Dorothy Bundy, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, Miss Alice Marble and Miss Helen Jacobs, who was unable to play owing to an injured arm



F. PUNCEC AND J. PALLADA
Two Jugo-Slavians from whom a threat to Budge might materialise

life this year in the Davis Cup should not be brought up to discourage, during the next fortnight, those genuine triers who took part in it. On the other hand, it would show ignorance of recent performances in home tournaments to omit the claims of J. S. Olliff. He is a player of mind and method that only a slightly exaggerated idea of the value of finesse against force has kept out of the spotlight. His game lately has become vitalised, and for a man of his physical strength and sure eye the addition of power is a personal factor.

The majority of judges think that the greater promise of France lies in Y. Petra, but his name does not appear in the list of accepted entries. France must fall back on H. Bolelli and C. Boussus, neither of whom can be reasonably supposed to be able to beat Budge, playing as he is. The Germans, without Baron G. von Cramm, do not appear as a particularly startling proposition.

At the time of the hard court championships at Bournemouth, Kho Sin Kie shaped as true ranking class, but subsequent events have shown that although he beat an Austin who was not in championship form, in the final, the difficulty he had in shaking off his compatriot, W. C. Choy, in a previous round was the more indicative of his game.

All three doubles events are as open as can be. The holders of the men's doubles, D. Budge and G. Mako, have not a great deal of proven first-class opposition, but there is quite enough of it (G. P. Hughes, for example, is in partnership with F. H. D. Wilde) to give them anxious moments in every round. The holders of the ladies' doubles, Mme. Mathieu and Miss A. M. Yorke, would appear to be much more seriously threatened. The draw being favourable, I should give Miss E. M. Dearman and Miss J. Ingram as the combination most adaptable to Wimbledon conditions. They proved their merit beyond doubt when they beat Mrs. Moody and Miss D. Bundy in the Wightman Cup.

The mixed doubles, as ever, are the most open event. The holders, Budge and Miss Marble, should win again; joyous experiment is the essence of a mixed, and no other pair incorporate it so well or know better how to curb it in combination. On the whole preview the betting seems to be about 4 to 1 on an American clean sweep.



THE SPINNAKER WAS VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE AND FOR SOME IT PROVED A FICKLE JADE

A SCHOOL FOR YACHT HANDS

Sea Apprenticeship and Shore Job Instruction

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

ONE of the more pressing domestic problems in yachting of recent years has been the discovery of suitable "talent" for young yacht hands. Time was when plenty of youngsters were available, youngsters who to all intents and purposes had served a small-ship sea-apprenticeship before they reached the deck of a yacht. Of late, however, the economies of a present-day world have made their presence felt and the flow of young hands has dwindled and dwindled.

Various things can be blamed for this. One, no doubt, is the non-continuity of service in the average small yacht engagement. It is work for the summer and for the summer only—for the beginner at least. In years gone by he could probably find useful winter employment in the longshore or deep-water fishing fleet, but such openings are greatly restricted nowadays. In any case the increasing use of "power" to catch a nation's breakfast reduces the importance of the fishing fleets as a yacht-hand training ground. Then, again, the wages and conditions of service are, on the surface, sometimes considered to have an adverse effect upon directing youthful interest towards yacht forecastles.

To a very considerable extent the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy have also had to consider their "youth-position" of recent years. For them, however, the solution to the problem has lain in training-ships and training-centres, not to mention such admirable voluntary movements as the Sea Cadet Corps. Herein has lain a reservoir of youth-power from which a valuable percentage went to sea and did well there—for the simple reason that the youth from the Cadet Corps or the training-ship or sea-home had learnt as much of "the trade" as was possible without actual sea experience. Quite probably similar measures will have to be adopted to provide the young personnel of the yacht service and this year sees the launching of the first "Yacht Hands' College."

At the head of a quiet little creek, which most yachtsmen have passed to port as they sail into the Dart—Warfleet Creek, stands Warfleet House with its large boathouse and a slip. A group of yachtsmen have just converted the House into a training school and, starting in June, accommodation for about thirty lads ranging in age between fifteen and eighteen, will be found there for their first term, which will last until the spring of next year. Uniform is provided for them and there is no fee other than a "premium" of £5 which is returned in the form of pocket money. The House will be run as a ship, the dormitory being fitted and furnished with canvas cots like a forecastle.

The boys will be divided into watches and, under the instruction of competent masters, will learn, at just the right age, every mystery of the good yacht hand's art. There will be boat sailing and rowing, deck duties and boatswain's work, stewarding, cooking and elementary navigation. Expert training will be given in yacht engine work and in coping with ordinary running repairs. Finally, to make an admirable curriculum even more perfect, additional training will be given in car-driving, gardening, and so on—just those extra accomplishments which encourage an owner to retain a good young hand in his house during the winter as well as in his yacht in the summer.

This Warfleet House Centre is a project which deserves every success and the whole-hearted support of every yachtsman—and will get it. The promoters of the scheme, yachtsmen who by their generosity have made it possible, are to be congratulated. Nor must one forget those public-spirited members of the yacht industry who have placed typical examples of their engines, fire-fighting gear, galley appliances, boats, and so on, at the disposal of the training centre in order that instruction shall proceed upon the soundest of practical lines.

OFFSHORE ADVENTURES

Further Details of Heligoland Racing

LAST week-end circumstances combined to prevent me giving anything but the barest notes of the offshore racing. Now that fuller details are available it is possible to piece together a more intimate account. I will first take the big North Sea event to Heligoland. It is common knowledge, now, that Ortac won the premier event—on corrected times—for the second year; also that the German Admiralty's trusty ketch Asta was first home at half-past ten on the Sunday morn. It is of interest to note that in the weather that prevailed Ortac made good a mean speed of a fraction under seven knots, and Asta a mean speed of about seven-and-a-quarter knots, and this despite the wide difference of rating.

To start with the competitors had a strong sou'-wester—a dead run to leeward for them—and despite the weight of the wind the spinnaker was very much in evidence for the first twelve to fourteen hours. For some it proved a fickle jade. The new Erivale, indeed, found that a carried-away spinnaker could prove one's undoing; it caused the German Helgoland to carry away her boom, the Maid tore her spinnaker and I believe even the redoubtable Ortac had trouble with a double spinnaker suit. Then trouble of another sort struck Asta, for getting her boom over before the wind cost her a topmast.

After the burst of strong dead-run sailing, the wind eased, and even grew patchy. Half-way across, and the Genoas began to come out, and the fleet headed up for the island. As said before, Asta was first home, followed by another German entrant, Jucunde III. Within two hours of the leader, Albatross V and Austern-Fischer crossed the finishing line, virtually neck and neck; an interesting performance this, for these two ships are both built to the German 100 square metre Seefahrtkreuzer Rule. Banba was close on their heels, and then came Ortac, Brenna and the Maid.

Corrected times, of course, told a very different story. Asta was a long way behind then, but Ortac, the German Westwind, and the Maid all "crossed" within three-quarters of an hour. Indeed, little more than ten hours (corrected) separated the whole fleet, first to last, and if, after a 310-mile race a better tribute were needed for the R.O.R.C. time scale, I have yet to learn of it.

And the "final analysis" of this race can only, I think, point to the fine sailing of all concerned and also to the fact that the ships built to the R.O.R.C. rule—Ortac, Phryna and the Maid, were well in the van on corrected times.

The second Whitsun event to which reference must be made is the Bristol Channel offshore race. There, as in the North Sea, there were "ocean" events for large and small ships—but the weather was less generous. The small class provided a sail over for Mr. Davies's Beau Geste—the only one of three entrants to finish the course and, incidentally, without pulling down a reef. Beau Geste is a very neat product of Dr. H. Butler's designing board.

The big class found the circuit to St. Govens via Lundy ringed with an unpleasant sea—five started, but only two finished. Freckles, with damaged gear, put into Ilfracombe, to be followed by Myrtle and Mr. Keeling's Sunbeam.

This left only last year's victor, Grey Dawn, and the modern Laurent Giles designed Fairlight (Mr. K. Hann) in the race. And the latter showed her clear intention of winning—and this was fulfilled—by being back at Lundy on the homeward journey before her competitors passed outward bound.

J. I.

FOR SOLENT YACHTSMEN

Published at 2/6 by G. F. Wilson & Co., Ltd., of Eastgate Printing Works, Southampton, *Yacht Racing on the Solent*, as its name implies, gives particulars of value to all who sail in those waters, together with details of international and Solent classes and charts giving position of lights, buoys, &c.

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Nicll Baskin

LOCHINCH, THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL OF STAIR, ON WHOSE ESTATE SOME OF THE MOST VARIED SHOOTING IN GREAT BRITAIN IS TO BE HAD

Great Shooting Counties

GALLOWAY: GREEN FARMSTEADS TO OLD UNTAMED HILLS

GALLOWAY is a country of contrasts and improbabilities. It is a country of heather and bog, of green dairying lands and dark, craggy hills, and scattered everywhere throughout it are patches of the old untamed hills, a mass of bracken and whins, and hawthorns growing thickly tangled between rooty tufts of heather. To the south lies the Solway Firth; to the east, the lower fertile ground of Dumfries; and northwards, the farming land of Ayr. The Galloway hills lie almost entirely in the county of Kirkcudbrightshire, east of Newton Stewart and west of New Galloway. West again, on Newton Stewart, is a belt of low ground sloping down to the sea, intersected by deep, slow-running rivers.

To the east of Newton Stewart rises a dark huddle of hills which reach their highest point in The Merrick, at some two-and-a-half thousand feet. This is a wild, raw tract of country, where the ubiquitous rock thrusts through its spare covering of soil in an endless grey mass, broken only by treacherous silver flows. There are great tracts of unkeepered ground where the heather has fought a losing battle with coarse bent grass, but there are several fair grouse moors where the heather is looked after, and here, also, is the only deer forest in the South of Scotland. This is the country of the Bruce, of the covenanting Martyrs, of Crockett's "Raiders."

From the bald summit of The Merrick one may look southward to the Isle of Man and rain-swept Ireland, and to the North the whole broken coast-line of the West of Scotland lies spread like a panorama before one. The mighty peaks of Arran rising stark and mysterious to the far blue heights of Goat Fell seem to start up sheer from the waters of the North Channel, and beyond them the long low horizon-line of the Mull of Kintyre.

On the foot-slopes of the hills the bent gives place to rock and heather, with patches of dark woodland between tumbling burns, and then the low lands run westward to the sea. This is undulating ground, with low heathery moors between green farms, but here also are the flat mosses of sphagnum, bent and black heather, with here and there a conically-shaped field of arable rising from the centre of them.

From field to field the scenery changes quickly, as though the primitive countryside were struggling to reassert itself. It is a wet land and an acid soil, and the green armies of the bracken creep inward from the fringes of the moorland. Here is a field dotted thickly with hawthorn trees; next door to it a long glen choked with brambles and whin bushes runs seawards to the west, but on one face of the glen is an unexpected root-field at an angle of 30 deg., divided from the scrub of the glen by a drystone dyke.

Everywhere throughout the land are dotted the ruinous old grey stone towers of a bygone era, covered with a rank overgrowth of weeds and nettles, and inhabited only by jackdaws.

The sport of Galloway is as varied as its landscape. It is *par excellence* a country of mixed bags and rough shooting, though there are pheasant rises in both countries as good as anything in the length and breadth of Great Britain. There are few shootings that cannot boast of a dozen varieties killed in a day once or twice in the season; and few, even in the lowlands, without a brace or two of grouse. As many as twelve varieties of wildfowl have been killed in a day on inland shootings, allowing no waders but snipe and golden plover.

But, like everything else nowadays, Galloway shooting is "not what it was." The blackgame have left the county, and no longer figure largely in the bags of December days. Of my own home it was written in 1910 that it should be capable of yielding between 100–150 brace of blackgame in a good season—now it would be impossible to shoot ten brace if one wished to.

The partridges, too, have deteriorated, due to the laying-down of arable land to permanent pasture. In the month of October, 115 years ago, a match was undertaken that as many partridges could be shot by one man in a day in Scotland as could be killed on the same day in England. The two places chosen were Holkam, in Norfolk, and Monreith, in Wigtownshire. Lord Kennedy, a crack shot of his day, was asked, and consented, to do the shooting at Monreith; and Mr. W. Coke, a nephew of Coke of Holkam, shot in Norfolk.

Lord Kennedy refused to follow coveys into rough ground, holding that this would be unfair, though Coke's umpire agreed that he should do so, and shot over a pair of black pointers that had never worked except on moorland. But despite these disadvantages he killed 93¾ brace at Monreith to Coke's 96 brace at Holkam. One field, where a large proportion of the Monreith bag was made, still carries the descriptive name of Waterloo.

Nowadays about a hundred brace to a party of guns is near the limit. At Lochinch, the very sporting property of the Earl of Stair, the day's record is a little over 180 brace, and about 1,000 brace are killed in an average good year.

Lochinch is representative of almost every type of Galloway country, and, possessing some of the best of Galloway sport, it may not be out of place to quote throughout this article some of its recent bags. It is an ideal combination of ground, with moorland, woods, arable, and rough, marshy land.

A series of bad nesting seasons, coupled with the mystery of grouse migration, have lessened the grouse in Galloway during the past few years, and it remains to be seen whether light shooting will in time restore the grouse to their former strength. In general, there has been less disease than elsewhere in Scotland, but the sheep-tick has been responsible for much damage, and it is possible that the grouse were shot too heavily in their good years. The gradual ousting of the heather by bracken has restricted the feeding grounds, so that in many places the grouse seem to arrive with the harvest to feed on the stooked corn.

The record grouse year at Lochinch was 1927, during which 6,525 grouse were killed, 560 brace being accounted for in the first eight days. The best of these days was 315 brace to a party of seven guns, two of whom were boys sharing a butt. The record day, however, was on August 24th, 1931, when six guns killed 638 grouse, 10 snipe, 12 hares.

Apart from the grouse moors in Galloway, there are innumerable small mosses, each holding a few brace, and these, driven in October, may send a pleasing mixture of grouse, pheasants, partridges, snipe and an odd teal over the guns, and in days gone by would no doubt have held many blackgame.

Wildfowl and snipe play a large part in Galloway shooting. Wherever a single suitable flight pond is fed it is certain to yield a possible 40 or 50 duck on the first night, and there is more than one estate where, without any feeding at all, a hundred duck may be killed at the natural flight. The White Loch of Myrton, at Monreith, holds in a hard winter anything up to three or four thousand duck in the daytime, and here I have seen mallard, wigeon, teal, shoveler, pintail, tufted, pochard, scaup and golden-eye on the water together. The loch is kept as a sanctuary, but it is possible that a dawn flight on to it might yield three or four hundred duck.

All the grey geese but the pinkfeet winter in Galloway in fair quantities, fortunately almost entirely on preserved shootings, where the ravages of the visiting wildfowler cannot touch them. On the whole, they meet with lenient treatment, and are shot with the discretion they deserve. A steadily increasing flock of yellow-billed Bean geese winter on one shooting every year, never visiting the salt water at all and living in a state of comparative peace which it is very pleasant to see.

The snipe vary, as they do everywhere, with the particular season and its weather. There are shoots in Galloway where it is not difficult for three or four guns to kill somewhere about a hundred snipe, but the pick-up is often next to impossible. There is little of the Irish type of bog with its red grass, but many small overgrown marshes, which are more easily driven than walked. On September 20th, 1936, five guns killed, at Lochinch, 115 snipe, 18 teal, 1 shoveler, 32 rabbits and 1 various. This is, I believe, the record for Lochinch, but there have been many other days of not far short of 100 snipe.

Two bags of golden plover from Lochinch are well worth quoting, both made comparatively early in the season. September 25th, 1933: 155 golden plover, 5 mallard, 1 teal, 5 snipe, 6 pigeons. This was followed, on October 3rd, 1936, by a bag of 131 golden plover and 5 grouse. Both bags were made to five guns. These must approach record figures, for, apart from two phenomenally



exceptional nesting covert, and even on a smallish shooting where no rearing has been done for 20 years it is possible to shoot well over a hundred really high pheasants in a day. An average season's total for Lochinch, where virtually no rearing is done, is about 1,500 pheasants, and up to 400 are shot the first time over. About the foot of the Galloway Hills there are hanging coverts that would shame many of the most famous rises in Great Britain—deep ravines with seemingly precariously balanced coverts perched on the lips of them, where the pheasants start their flight with a hundred feet below them.

The classic example of a mixed bag remains with Galloway. On December 3rd, 1931, Lord Stair and four others set out to fill every column in the game book, with the following result:

4 grouse	1 pochard
2 blackcocks	1 tufted duck
1 partridge	88 woodpigeons
6 cock pheasants	2 stockdoves
3 roedeer	1 mallard
3 brown hares	1 wigeon
1 blue hare	3 teal
4 woodcock	1 shoveler
4 snipe	4 golden-eye
2 golden plover	4 various
1 grey-lag goose	11 rabbits

—a total of 148 head, comprising 21 genuine varieties. It would surely be difficult to find another county in Great Britain to boast a day like this.

Those who have shot in Galloway will remember it as a country of variety both in scenery and sport,



(ABOVE) A TAN CAIRN ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF THE GALLOWAY HILLS; (BELOW) A BURNHEAD IN THE HILLS

destructive discharges from monstrous punt guns in the last century, no figure comparable to them would appear to have been recorded. Golden plover are rather local in Galloway, keeping to their favourite field for no apparent reason, and on the whole are somewhat difficult to circumvent.

Much Galloway country is peculiarly suited to woodcock, and in a hard season they come in in great numbers from the North. I have several times seen upwards of 30 shot in progress of a covert shoot, and last year two guns at Corsewall, on Loch Ryan, killed 48 in a morning's shooting. On December 23rd, 55 were killed in a day at Lochinch, the bags for one week being, 37, 46, 39, 29, 55, 18, and the total for the season, 415. Woodpigeons throughout the season may be depended upon to empty rapidly a bag of cartridges. In general, they seem to be scarcest in September, when they congregate in the north-west corner of Wigtownshire, where the crops are earliest. At this time one gun has shot 169 in three hours on a stubble-field, and on September 18th, 1935, a party of three killed 164 pigeons and 4 salmon. The record year at Lochinch was 1930, giving a total of 3,037 pigeons.

Galloway remains a most remarkable country for wild pheasants. An ideal combination of arable and rough provides feeding ground and a country in which every mile has its own strange fascination, from the chasing cloud-shadows on the Kirkcudbright hills to the rolling green lands of the Mill of Galloway.

GAVIN MAXWELL.

"FIELD" GAME FARM CERTIFICATES

It is proposed to re-inspect all Game Farms holding the "Field" Certificate during 1938 and issue new certificates in the place of the former ones. The proprietors of Game Farms holding this certificate or anxious to have it awarded are requested to communicate with the Shooting Editor of the "Field."



MACHYNLLETH BRIDGE
Fishing for sea trout on the Dovey, which holds bigger fish than any other Welsh stream

HOLIDAY ANGLING PLANS

Why Sea Trout Fishing Finds Favour

By H. D. TURING

WITH midsummer hard upon us, it is odds that many anglers are considering, somewhat anxiously, where that valuable annual vacation may best be spent. The more methodical have doubtless made their plans already, and many men, of course, have their usual water and are well content to pay it a longer visit than their customary week-end affords. To the man, however, who takes his holiday, perforce or by preference, in the summer, the trout stream, or even the coarse-fishing water, within range of his domicile offers, as a rule, little attraction; partly because it is "too near home," and partly because the eight weeks or so which include the dog days are not usually very profitable either for brown trout or coarse fish—the season of the one is over till the back-end; the season for the other, the best part of it anyhow, has scarcely begun.

Unless one has the entrée to a salmon water which has a run of grilse, sea trout are about the only fish likely to provide the sport which the holiday spirit demands. The trouble with sea trout is that they are "not always there." Like other migratory fish, the best sport is to be had shortly after they have come into a river. They may be expected to enter during a spring tide, at the new or full moon, and such periods can be foreseen by reference to a calendar, but they may also come in at any time there is a spate, and in our climate that can never be foreseen.

For all practical purposes sea-trout fishing south of the border means a visit to the west coast. Cornish and Devonshire streams, most of them, have a run of sea trout, also those in Lancashire, and further north in Cumberland, though the best of the fishing there comes later in the autumn than fits in with most summer-holiday plans. The Welsh coast is probably the nearest point to most parts of England for the man in search of sea trout. Nearly all the streams emptying to the west and south-west—Dovey-Teifi-Towy—have a run, though they are apt to become too low very quickly for daytime fishing unless rain falls fairly often.

The most famous of them for its sea trout is the Dovey, and for summer fishing it has also the advantage that it is a quiet-flowing stream running, in its lower reaches, through a rich valley with few pools or waterfalls. This makes the fishing less interesting, but it has the advantage that a small amount of rain will put some colour in the water so that there is a better chance of fish taking the fly during daylight hours than in the more typical spate stream. Regular night fishing, after 11.30 p.m. in summer, is not allowed.

Dovey sea trout present an unsolved problem: Why do they grow so big? Enormous fish have been taken from the Dovey. There is a rather doubtful record of a 23-pounder caught in the nets; "doubtful" because it may have been a salmon; but there are authentic captures of sea trout only a few pounds less, and every year a number of fish which run into the 'teens are taken by rods. A Dovey sea trout which has been at sea only one year returns as a fish of 1½lb. or thereabouts, and those which have stayed away two years return as 3-pounders—or more. It may be, of course, that, like the Tweed sea trout, they have adopted the regular sea-going habit of salmon, and follow the herring shoals, or whatever it is that salmon do, instead of haunting coastal and estuarial waters as seems to be the more normal habit of most sea trout. Or it may be that there is something in the river water where they are bred which gives them a good start. In fish, like plants, a good start seems to be half the battle in subsequent growth, though why it should affect sea trout and not brown trout is difficult to explain.

These big fish, however, come in before the summer fisherman arrives. He may get one, but it will probably have been in the river for some time. For his principal sport he will look to the younger fish—sewin they call them in Wales, corresponding to the herling or whitling further north—fish of 1lb. to 1½lb. which run in July and August; but they give excellent sport. The snag for the angler visiting the Dovey is possible difficulties in obtaining a permit. The association—New Dovey Fisheries Association (1929), Ltd.—has a rather special constitution. Local residents have certain rights on the water; representatives of local authorities and other public bodies sit on its board; and visitors' tickets at 10/- per day are strictly limited. But particulars can be had from the hon. secretary of the association (Mr. E. P. Humphreys, Cambrian House, Machynlleth) which, incidentally, publishes an attractively illustrated handbook about its waters.

Border streams, though farther afield from the South of England, also offer possibilities to the summer-holiday angler. There is the Annan, for example, which is controlled very largely by the Upper Annandale Angling Association, whose secretary is Mr. Alexander Schoolar, Annandale Estate Offices, Moffat. There is almost always a good run of herling into these border rivers in July and August, though they are small fish compared to those of the Dovey. Most of them run ½lb., perhaps, though pounders are not uncommon. Tickets at reasonable rates can be obtained for most of the water from the mouth up, and accommodation can be obtained in the villages.



ANOTHER HOLIDAY POSSIBILITY—LOCH FISHING IN THE ISLE OF SKYE

Sometimes catches of herling are phenomenal; one hears of several dozen in a day, but it takes good running water to get them well upstream. The Upper Annandale Association's water starts a few miles above Lockerbie and runs into the upper waters. It has the advantage that brown-trout fishing is always available when sea trout are not in; a typical "half-pound" water, though fish up to 1lb. are fairly plentiful. One of the attractions of the water is that most parts of it are easily accessible either by car or the local 'bus, since there are roads paralleling the river on each side of its valley. Also the water is easily wadeable in most reaches.



RARE OLD SILVER

Simply by examining the Hall-Marks a collector would see at once that this solid silver tankard was made by John Dwaves in London in the year 1701-2. The tankard is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



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It is clearly in the interests of all who buy, that products of high repute should be made recognisable by a distinguishing mark. For this reason Bass, the Vintage Ale of England, is recognised by the first trade mark ever registered in this country — the Bass Triangle. Let all for whom none but the best is good enough see that their ale is certified by this significant symbol of quality.



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THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

WHAT is Hermitage? It is a wine that ranked for a long time among the greatest wines of the world, and yet one which is practically unknown to the present generation. There never was a very great quantity of Hermitage wine made, but after the vineyards had been desolated by the scourge known as the *Phylloxera*, there was so little available that Hermitage was merely a name, the name of a wine that one read about now and then, or heard old people mention, but a wine which few men and women who were born during the first quarter of the present century had ever tasted.

Hermitage, however, is definitely coming back into favour; its vineyards were replanted before and since the War on a sufficiently important scale to make supplies once more available upon the chief markets of the world. There are both red and white wines made upon the "Coteau" or Hermitage Hill, and both have been receiving a great deal of attention and a marked measure of appreciation from wine-lovers, in England and elsewhere, during the past few years.

The Hermitage Hill is but a molehill, some 50 miles south of Lyons and about the same distance from the great Cévennes Mountains in the West, and the greater Alps in the East. Although it rises to a height of 820ft. above sea level, the "Hill" does not look it; it is less than 500ft. above the level of the Rhône. It is a cone-like granite rock which has stood for ever so many centuries in the way of the "rushing arrowy Rhône," as Byron called the great river, forcing its waters to alter their course as they rush between the little town of Tain, on the left bank at the foot of the "Hill," and the more important city of Tournon on the opposite bank.

It was upon the twelfth day of May, in the year of grace 1225, that that noble knight Henri Gaspard de Stérimberg, a Crusader lately returned from the Holy Land, was granted leave to build an *Ermitage* at the summit of the forest-clad Hill of St. Christopher, above Tain, a town upon the main road from Paris to Marseilles, and of greater importance then than it is now.

The holy man built himself a cell and a chapel. Then, like Noah on Mount Ararat, he planted a vineyard. His successors planted more vineyards on the top of the hill, and the people of Tain also planted more vineyards upon the lower slopes of the same little hill, so much so that the time came when there were no more trees to be seen on St. Christopher's Hill, which was completely covered with vineyards; the wine which they gave was known as wines of the Hermitage; the hill itself lost its original name and became the *Coteau de l'Ermitage*.

The French revolution swept away the hermit and his Hermitage, but not the vineyards of the *Coteau*, most of which were still owned during the greater part of the nineteenth century by some of the old local aristocratic families, wholly unpractical and unbusiness-like people, who were far more anxious to make good wine than to make money.

They used to make three sorts of wine: *Red Hermitage*, from the *Petite Syrah* grape; *White Hermitage*, from the *Roussanne* grape, and, best of all, but only occasionally, when the summer was particularly fine, a *Vin de Paille*, which Cyrus Redding described, in 1875, as "vinous, luscious, almost unctuous *Hermitage Paille*, with its volume, its marrowy richness, its delicious smoothness, combined with an indescribable refreshing sharpness, free from the slightest acidity."

Such wines are no more; the men who made them are no more; the vines which gave them are all but gone. The *Grosse Syrah* grape has replaced almost everywhere the less prolific *Petite Syrah* and the *Marsanne* grapes, for white wines have now all but replaced the more shy-bearing *Roussanne*. Many vineyards have not been replanted since their destruction by the *Phylloxera* some 50 years ago; they were too far up the hill and too costly to look after. But there are, for all that, both red and white wines made from the present vineyards of Hermitage in sufficiently large quantities to supply the limited band of wine-connoisseurs throughout the world who enjoy a glass of Hermitage as a change from Burgundy and other Rhône Valley wines. The *Syrah* grape gives to the red wines of Hermitage a bouquet and flavour, upon which its vinous reputation firmly stands, which one would look for in vain in any of the other fine red wines of the world.



First Class Tip

"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin.
LONG DRINK—add soda.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of June 16th, 1888.

ASCOT. "Why are grand stands necessarily such hideous erections? . . . There in native ugliness the long line of building protruded itself on to a prospect that God had made beautiful, and man had tried to deface. In the distant future our children will probably be able to lay 6 to 4 on something that does not win from some palatial structure, the flowing lines of which may perchance afford them some consolation under their losses."

The Mayfly Season. "One of the most curious incidents of this Mayfly season that has come to my knowledge is the capture of an undoubted sea trout in the Itchen above Winchester. I cannot discover that such an event has happened before."—RED SPINNER.

IN THE SALEROOM

THE MORTIMER L. SCHIFF COLLECTION of pictures and drawings by old masters is being sold at Christie's on June 24th and the English mezzotints and French coloured prints on June 27th. Very seldom is there an opportunity of viewing or obtaining such drawings, as they contain some by Boucher, Clouet, Fragonard, N. Lavreince, J. M. Moreau (Le Jeune), and Watteau, including No. 55, "A Study of Three Women," and No. 57, "Head of St. John the Evangelist after Rubens." These are typical of the wonderful quality of the collection. The pictures include works by Jean Bourdichon, Bartholomæus Bruyn (the elder), Corneille de Lyon, three by Adriæn Isenbrant (an artist whose works seldom come on the market), Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Peter Lely, Bernard Van Orley and Roger Van der Weyden. One of the Van Orleys, No. 77, "The Legend of Saint Martin," is believed to have belonged to Charles X, and No. 84, "The Dream of Pope Sergius," by Roger Van der Weyden, painted about 1450, is believed to be part of a large altar piece painted for St. Peter's Church, Liége.

At the same rooms the late THOMAS TAYLOR'S COLLECTION of old English silver is being dispersed on June 28th. It is a wonderful collection of 179 lots of rare collectors' pieces, well known to silver lovers. Part was exhibited as far back as 1897 at the Blackgate Museum, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the whole was loaned to the Laing Art Gallery in the same city. Nearly all English, the pieces date from as early as 1540.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

GILBERT WHITE deserves, I think, the title he is sometimes given—the Father of Natural History, even though he was not by any means the first naturalist to put his findings into print. But Gilbert White was a simple man, who did not think the observation of everyday things—things which he had seen many times before—beneath him. And it is just because he did observe and note down the small things of every day that his work is of such value; and it is just because he wrote about the things he saw and not about the things he thought he might have seen that his work is read to-day.

* * *

Every countryman knows all about Gilbert White, and I suppose every educated man in the English-speaking world knows something about him. But how many people really know anything about Selborne? Selborne and its proposed bye-pass have figured in the *Field* and various daily papers recently, but Selborne itself is, I fear, better known to many Americans than to many Englishmen. That, of course, is a failing of English people. I know many who know the Austrian Tyrol, many who know the Norwegian fjords, who do not know the highlands of Scotland and the beautiful coast of western Ireland.

* * *

So I am pleased to hear that the pageant "The Antiquities of Selborne" (shown to the world by the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, in the County of Southampton), which was produced with so much success in 1926, is to be produced again on Wednesday, July 20th. Last time the pageant owed much of its success to the fact that it was produced by Miss Mary Kelly, hon. secretary of the Village Drama Society, who also wrote the words (by the way, you can get the book of the pageant from Dulau & Co., of Margaret Street, W. 1, for 1/—and a jolly good shilling's worth too), and this year Miss Kelly will again produce, and rehearsals have, indeed, started.

* * *

Most Hampshire villages have a history, a very considerable history in some cases, and in most cases that history is forgotten. The parson, perhaps, knows a little; the local antiquary, perhaps, if there is one, knows a little more; the village nine times out of ten neither knows nor cares—the selling of teas to passing charabancs means more. Selborne is more fortunate. It has a history and it had a historian in Gilbert White, the naturalist, who collected much information and published it in his *Antiquities of Selborne*.

* * *

The pageant, as arranged by Miss Kelly, depicts scenes from Selborne's history as contained in that book by Gilbert White. And Selborne has had quite an exciting history. If you go—and if you can you should, for you will be entertained, and you will also help deserving local causes—you will see the granting in 1049 of a hide of land to Radfred, the priest, by Queen Edyth, the wife of Edward the Confessor, as is stated in the *Domesday Book*. And that, I suppose, was the official birth of Selborne.

* * *

Later you will see the fight in Selborne Woods, in which the Black Prince beat the rebel, Sir Adam de Gurdun, and, by sparing his life, turned him into a loyal King's Man, who is still gratefully remembered in Selborne for his gift of the Plestor (as the village green is called) to the Prior of his day. But the Priors did not always find it easy to keep their Canons in order, so next you will see the stern and searching visitation of William of Wykeham, going into such details as to whether they actually dared "to sleep naked in their beds, without their breeches and their shirts." And finally you will see the "Departure of the Highlanders from the Village." Readers of Gilbert White will remember how sorry the girls of the village were to lose these soldiers, whom at first they had regarded with such amazement. Barring the amazement, times have not changed overmuch.

* * *

The pageant will be held, by the kindness of Mrs. Bibby, in the garden and park of "The Wakes." Largely these grounds were laid out by Gilbert White himself; the events depicted happened within a few yards of the "The Wakes"; and Gilbert White wrote his account of them in the rooms which face the stage. No better or more natural setting could have been found than the grounds—and they are beautiful—of Gilbert White's home. And you may also see his rooms and steep yourself in associations, which, if you are a lover of Gilbert White (I am), you will be anxious to do.

In these days of petrol pumps and advertisement hoardings, it is as well to remember that the real England lies in the villages—and that these villages have associations of inestimable value. B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GROUSE MIGRATION INQUIRY

SIR,—An effort to solve the problems connected with grouse migration is being made by a committee consisting of Colonel Lord George Scott, convener; Sir Douglas Ramsay, of Banff, vice-convener; Lord Elphinstone, K.T.; Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, K.T.; Professor J. W. Ritchie, of the Chair of Natural History, Edinburgh University; Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald, F.L.S., Naturalist Editor of the *Field*; Mr. H. Mortimer Batten; and Mr. C. E. Stewart, W.S., secretary.

At a meeting of this committee held in Edinburgh on May 31st arrangements were confirmed for the issue of rings for the present season, and a memorandum detailing instructions on the method of ringing grouse was approved.

Any person desirous of undertaking the ringing of grouse this season should apply for rings to Professor J. W. Ritchie, The University, Edinburgh.

Yours faithfully,

43, Castle Street, Edinburgh. C. E. STEWART, Secretary.

POULTRY PIONEERS

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the space you have recently given in the endeavour to bring to the notice of your readers the importance of poultry keeping, both as a source of food supply to the nation and as an asset to British Agriculture. The days when poultry were kept by the farmer's wife as a source of pin-money are fading into a dim memory. It is well to recall some of those early pioneers.

In respect of my own county I would like to associate the name of the late G. A. Palmer—no one did more to promote interest in poultry keeping on the general farm than he did. The interest I have taken in poultry keeping these last 30 years I owe to his sound advice. Many of his methods are to be recommended even now in preference to some modern methods.

I was one of the early competitors at both open and county laying tests and am surprised that, even after many years of trapnesting and scientific methods of breeding, egg production has not risen. During 1923–4 I sent out three pens of Black Leghorns to the National, the Middlesex and our own county test, then run by a local paper. With the three entries I won gold, silver and bronze medals. The average was over 220 eggs per bird. No trapnest had ever been used on the farm. I well remember how those birds were selected for the National Test. The test commenced those days beginning November. The flock of pullets from which the selection was to be made were housed in the middle of a stubble field. It was snowing hard when we reached the house, the birds had been accidentally released. Chasing was the only method of catching. Finally, the shepherd dog completed the task. The six pullets were sent off that afternoon to arrive at Bentley next morning. They led their section from the commencement, but fell into the third place the last month, only about five eggs dividing the three leading pens.

The poultry stock to-day are suffering from an overdose of domestication. The finest tribute we can pay to the labours of those early pioneers is to release the industry from this yoke of high mortality. This can be done if we will adopt common-sense methods. Some of us have seen the red light and have been able to clear our own farms from the scourge. This can be the experience of all.

Yours faithfully,

The Laurels, Gorse Lane, Anstey, Leicester. A. C. MOORE.

DO DOGS REASON?

SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to the many who hold very divergent views on this subject. Some time ago I shot a mallard, which fell on the opposite side of a stream some 20ft. wide, having steep banks about 2ft. above the water level. I had with me a two-years-old cocker spaniel which is a particularly good water dog. It swam across the stream and gathered the duck, but on reaching the edge of the bank was not inclined to jump down into the water with the duck in his mouth. After some minutes' unsuccessful coaxing, I pretended to walk away. Looking over my shoulder I saw the cocker gather himself together and attempt to jump across the stream. Needless to say he landed right in the middle of it, and presently emerged, still holding the mallard, swam ashore, and after delivering the goods, proceeded to cough up quantities of water which he had shipped owing to his involuntary dive.

Three weeks later at the same place I shot another duck which again fell on the far side of the stream. The same dog was with me. He swam over, gathered the bird, but this time absolutely refused to jump down into the water with the bird in his mouth. I again tried walking away, but this time it had no effect. After about ten minutes' run up and down the bank he found a place where he could get down to the level of the water. Having done so he put the duck on the water—found that it floated quite well—pushed it out into the stream, and then quietly slipped into the water after it, gathered it and brought it to hand, but this time had not filled himself with water by jumping down with the bird in his mouth.

I cannot help feeling that credit must be given for something more than instinct in this case.

Yours faithfully,

Norton-on-Tees. S. E. D.

SIR,—In a past issue of the *Field* I read a letter "Instinct or Intelligence." It was in part about a dog which carried his dish of food to eat it beside the man who usually fed him, who happened to be too unwell to do so on this occasion. Well, here is another story which is similar in one particular, *i.e.*, dish-carrying. I have an Aberdeen terrier, Dougal, who is a quiet and sensible, rather than a bright, dog. He "learned" to carry his food dish because another dog which I owned used, on finishing his own dinner, to go over and try to steal from Dougal's. After this had happened a few times he seized the plate by the rim nearest him and incidentally spilled a lot of his food. The drawback to this, however, was that the dish tipped so far up that he could not see where he was going. A few days later he seemed to have thought out another plan and seized the rim of the dish on the *far* side. He could thus see his way, but tipped out most of his dinner in doing so and thus was still out of luck.

I merely mention this dish-carrying to account for an incident which happened a few weeks ago. I feed Dougal about dusk every evening and occasionally give him more than he can eat. One morning I heard angry barks, and, on looking out of the window, saw him driving off some crows which were stealing his left-over scraps. Then he went off and lay down. The crows came back when he was at this safe distance, and again he drove them away, and, obviously with great effort, ate every scrap he could find, save one, a large piece of rain-soaked bread which he could not eat.

Then he lifted his food basin and placed it completely over this piece of bread, went back to his place and watched the crows come back, but made no effort to chase them away—a real example of the proverbial "dog in the manger." Now was this a case of thinking, instinct or intelligence?

Personally, I think it was accident, but who can say what is in a dog's mind?

Yours faithfully,

500, Transit Road, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C. H. LECKIE-EWING.

INCREASING BRACKEN

SIR,—On a property which I own in the North of Scotland I have the twin problems of bracken and the provision of humus and manure for the ploughland.

Last year I constructed a pit, 30ft. long, 10ft. wide, and rather over 3ft. deep. I filled this with young bracken, cut when it was about 7in. or 8in. high, and chaffed it with an ensilage cutter into ½-in. lengths. For every 3in. of the chaffed bracken I spread 1cwt. of Adco, using in all some 15cwt. of the manure.

I was induced to use Adco on account of reports of its being employed in Norfolk to deal with refuse straw.

This spring, on examining the pit, I found the contents had turned black. I sent a sample to the Scottish Board of Agriculture, and received a reply from which I understand that I have obtained a valuable manure 300 per cent. richer than farmyard manure.

Encouraged by my success, I have planned to enlarge the scope of the venture and to increase the amount of bracken to be dealt with this year, in the hope that it will enable me both to keep down the growth and to enrich the starving fields.

Yours faithfully,

110, Mount Street, W. 1. E. HORNE.

PLUMAGE DISTINCTION IN OYSTER-CATCHER

SIR,—I read with interest "B. V-F.'s" note on the absence of plumage distinctions between male and female oyster-catchers. Searching for the secret of the oyster-catcher's remarkable display (lightly dismissed as a meaningless social display, a false half-truth), it was of the greatest importance to me to discover some sexual distinction obvious in the field. I have heard it said that the white slotting at the shoulders of the male is much larger than in the female, but this is quite incorrect. There are differences in the size of the shoulder slotting, but these are only occasional, and are probably an age distinction. With one exception, male and female oyster-catcher are similarly plumaged in the field; and, alas, this distinction is practically valueless in so swiftly-moving a drama as the piping quadrilles. It concerns a plumage feature common to many species of waders and plover, namely, that the black breast-circle of the male is perfectly rounded, clean-cut against the white of the belly, and glossy; whereas the female's is shaggy at the edges and duller, affording an obvious parallel to male and female lapwing. I believe, too, that while the male calls "keevee" very loudly and clearly, the female's cry is a shriller, more staccato "kivy"; but of this I am not certain.

The snipe is another puzzler, but fairly easy to differentiate in the spring and summer, when the male rarely flies more than a yard or two without vibrating his wings with that rapid motion common to so many wader males in the nesting season—I do not allude to the drumming.

Yours faithfully,

Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

HOUSE-SPARROW ON DARTMOOR

SIR,—In a recent Naturalist's Notebook appears the remark, "stonechat, blue tit, kinglisher and, of course, a house-sparrow"; but why "of course"? Dartmoor is one of the last places in which I should expect to see such an eminently civilised bird.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

THE EAGLE AND THE LAMB

SIR,—As it has been suggested that eagles do not interfere with lambs, I think a letter I received from the keeper at Inverinan, Kilchrenan, this morning may be of interest. The letter is as follows:

"I thought it might interest you to know of an experience I had with an eagle on the evening of April 18th. With two other keepers I went to a fox den in Inverinan Glen, which is very wide. We were not long in ambush when an eagle flew overhead carrying a lamb, which we could see clearly struggling in the eagle's talons. It (the eagle) flew to the other side of the glen, where it landed with its quarry near the top. We thought by this time that the lamb was dead, as it did not seem to move, as we watched from a distance. The eagle stood beside the lamb for ten minutes, and then flew off, leaving the lamb, which after a few minutes rose to its feet and started to bleat. When darkness fell and we had finished at the den for the night, all three of us made to examine the lamb, which we found very easily, and apart from two specks of blood on its head, there was nothing else to be seen the matter with it. We put the lamb into a game bag and took it home, and delivered it next day to the farmer whom we thought was the rightful owner. The lamb is doing well now on the bottle after its great experience, and I would like to know from you, who have a great experience of such things, if this is very rare."

I should say the incident is unique, as the eagle never saw the keepers. The bird might not have been hungry.

Yours faithfully,

Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

SWANS REQUIRED

SIR,—I wonder if you could tell me where I could buy some young adult swans, pinioned, and if you could also tell me what price they ought to be? I should like two hens and a cock. Perhaps you would be good enough to publish this letter, in the hope that somebody might have some swans to offer.

Yours faithfully,

Stoke Place, Slough. LADY H. HOWARD VYSE.

DRIPPING WEATHER AFTER DROUGHT

SIR,—May I draw your attention to the enclosed quotation from Gilbert White's *History of Selborne*, which might interest your readers:

"No one that has not attended to such matters, and taken down remarks, can be aware how much ten days dripping weather will influence the growth of grass or corn after a severe dry season. This present summer, 1776, yielded a remarkable instance; for, till the 30th May the fields were burnt up and naked, and the barley not half out of the ground; but now, June 10th, there is an agreeable prospect of plenty." (p. 304 White's *History of Selborne*).

Here in the Midlands the drought broke appreciably at the very end of May, and it seems to draw a close parallel to 1776.

Yours faithfully,

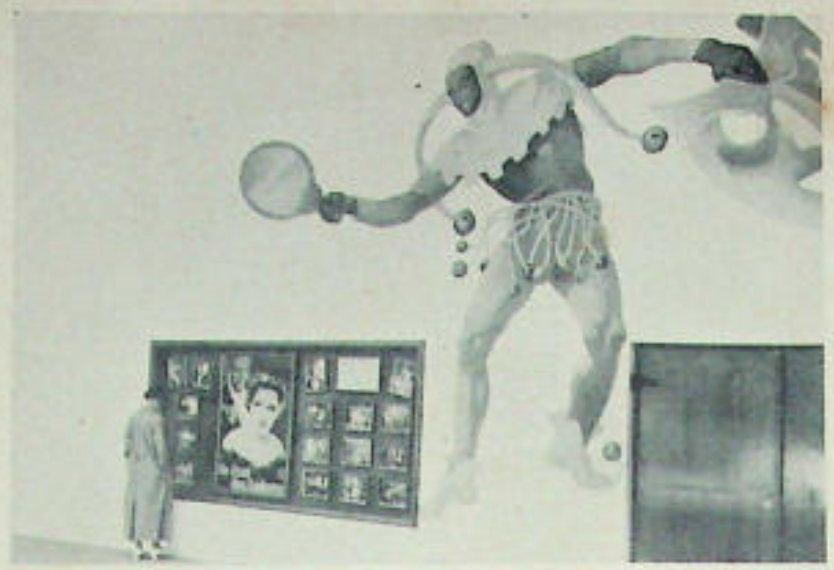
Castle Donington, Derby. A. N. DALTON.

MURAL PAINTING

SIR,—Visitors to Bavaria and Austria are greatly impressed by the beautiful paintings adorning the churches and larger buildings of the villages. The pictures, usually symbolical, are painted on the smooth outer walls, many being of ancient origin, so that it is most pleasing to find the old custom continued on modern buildings with equal success and skill.

The photograph shows the front of a modern cinema at Mattenwald. Some idea of the size of the painted figure, a jester, with tennis racket and mask, representing sport, comedy, and drama, can be obtained by comparison with that of the girl in the photograph.

Yours faithfully,
F. R. MARSHALL.
Nottingham.



SPORT, COMEDY AND DRAMA ON AN AUSTRIAN CINEMA
(*See letter "Mural Painting"*)

CAN WE FOSTER WATER FLIES?

SIR,—Mr. C. E. Pain, in his article "Can We Foster Water Flies?" does such scant justice to William James Lunn, for so many years water-keeper to the Houghton Club, Stockbridge, that a protest seems called for.

Lunn invented the fly board, and can, and no doubt will, tell anybody all he knows of their working, and especially of the ailments to which the eggs deposited upon them are subject. He has bred and reared through all their stages practically every water-borne fly normally taken by trout, and from his long experience of the Test has found an answer to most questions on the disappearance and reappearance of fly on definite stretches of water.

With regard to weed cutting, if common sense is used and not a chain scythe, your contributor can rest assured the larvæ on the cut weed will very soon find a home on growing weed.

Perhaps Major J. W. Hills can be persuaded to finish a history of Lunn's work which he has only sketched in *River Keeper*.

Yours faithfully,
Fairfield House, R. E. McEWEN.
Droxford, Hants.

[Though the fly board has proved exceptionally useful for transferring larvæ from one reach to another, there are knowledgeable men who are doubtful whether it represents a gain or a loss to a water if left *in situ*. We do not think our contributor's article detracts in any way from Lunn's valuable observations.—ED.]

BRACKEN DISEASE

SIR,—Regarding the article appearing in your issue of May 28th about spreading disease among bracken, we would point out that, in our opinion, the statement which implies that the action of the Holt Bracken Cutter is responsible for, or conducive to, bracken disease is erroneous. So far as the West of Scotland Agricultural College is concerned, this is not our finding. Disease has been found after cutting by other machines, but seems to be of little economic value in the eradication of bracken. We ask you to publish this letter so that there may be no misunderstanding.

Yours faithfully,
K. W. BRAID.
JOHN MALCOLM.
The West of Scotland Agricultural College.
6, Blythswood Square, Glasgow, C. 2.

DUTY PAID

SIR,—In the May 14th issue of the *Field*, your Point-to-Point correspondent (when writing a review of the United Hunts Meeting at Lingfield) mentions that Mr. G. Freeman Jackson's Duty Paid has been unbeaten in her races this year.

Unfortunately, this is not a fact. Duty Paid was beaten by Mr. Barkaway's Querist, ridden by Mr. Duncanson, in the Nomination Race at the Shorncliffe Garrison Races held at Braybourne this year.

Yours faithfully,
The Thatched House, G. T. RAWLINGS.
Barham, near Canterbury.

MALLARD DUCKLINGS

SIR,—Recently I witnessed a very interesting and unusual sight of eleven mallard ducklings falling from a nest in the hollow of a large beech tree on the Welbeck Estate. The height of the nest would be 12ft. from the ground and was lined with bracken. My attention was first drawn by seeing the old duck leave the nest, and directly afterwards out tumbled the ducklings, and not one was hurt—all very strong and healthy—after falling from their lofty abode.

The lakes are within 700yds. of the nesting-place, so I turned them on to short grass to enable them to travel easier, while mother mallard fluttered around and eventually took charge of her brood, who by now, I hope, are going swimmingly.

I thought this unusual incident would be of interest to your readers, as I have never seen or heard of a duck's nest being so high from the ground.

Yours faithfully,
Belph, Whitwell, W. L. HARDWICK.
Worksop, Notts.

LONDON BIRDS

SIR,—The article in the *Field* of May 28th is a reminder that the countryman condemned to live in London may, if he looks for it, find some consolation for the rush and the roar and the fumes.

Before leaving it myself may I, through your ever-welcome paper, remind those that care for such things that not so very far from Oxford Street there is a quiet byway of small Regency houses, called Park Village East.

Here in the half light of a winter's morning, newspapers and even tea are apt to be forgotten in the memories brought back by the rustle and whistle of wings, as mallard and tufted come flighting by the bedroom windows.

Now in the early summer the tufted are gone, but a mallard and his duck have brought off a thriving family of seven from the long grass below the garden wall.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of all is to come back from a long, tiresome day, to sit in peace and wait for the blue flash of a passing kingfisher.

Sometimes, if the wind is in the right quarter, alien sounds are carried by it from the Zoo that bring back safari memories; cool streams and cedar forests, thorns and hot dust and freedom.

Yours faithfully,
34, Park Village East, ANTHONY SANDFORD.
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

A MARVELLOUS MIMIC

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see a photo of a female lyre-bird (*Menuran novæ-hollandiæ*) at her large stick nest. The photograph was taken in a thickly-timbered gully only a few miles from Sydney, and was was obtained by adopting a rather ingenious device. A friend and I had set up our cameras near the nest and settled down behind some bushes awaiting the arrival of the bird to feed her chick. We heard her scratching on the forest floor and occasionally caught glimpses of her, the swollen pouch under the mouth indicating successful hunting and raising our hopes that she would soon visit the nest to disgorge this store-house of titbits. But waiting became tedious, the only visitor to the nest being a honeyeater in search of nesting material, whose presence elicited a shrill call of alarm from the young lyre-bird. The mother responded instantly, dashing through the undergrowth and leaping on to the rim of the nest cavity, where an anxious inspection of the interior was made. The incident gave my friend an idea. Tying a piece of green twine around the sapling shown to the left of the photo, he retreated to his hiding place and pulled the twine sharply, the action causing a slight movement of the nest and again eliciting the young bird's alarm note. In this way we brought the parent to the nest and secured two or three photos in about ten minutes, after which the chick became used to the slight movement and ceased to react to it.

A definite bend sideways can be noticed near the end of the female's tail, for she carries it in a curved position in the domed nest for nearly six weeks while incubating the single egg. She is a model mother, undertaking the whole of the work of nest building, incubating and rearing the chick. The base and framework of the nest are built of sticks and twigs, but the central portion is beautifully woven of moss and fibres, the nesting chamber itself being marvellously smooth and soft. The structure usually takes a month to complete, the incubating period is approximately six weeks, and the chick remains with the female for a few weeks after it leaves the nest.

The Australian lyre-bird is one of the few birds that nest in the winter, and it is worthy of note that while the embryo dies in the case of most birds if incubation ceases and the egg becomes cold, the embryo of the lyre-bird appears to suffer no harm under similar circumstances. It can be left for a relatively long period even at a fairly advanced stage of incubation, and although the nest has been wet and sodden and the egg icy cold the chick has hatched successfully.

The lyre-bird is confined to Australia, ranging from Southern Queensland to Victoria. It is without doubt the world's most remarkable bird mimic, reproducing with amazing clarity and accuracy not only the songs of other birds but all kinds of diverse foreign noises such as the barking of dogs, the creaking of an axle, the whistle of an engine, and the rustling of feathers. If it has a "star" turn, perhaps it is the reproduction of a chorus of kookaburras, or laughing jackasses—a weird and ribald cacophony that echoes through the forest and seems an incredible production for one voice-box. The lyre-bird's plumage display, in which the famous lyre-shaped tail plays a prominent part, also helps to establish its claim to fame in an avifauna which has many distinguished members. The displays are given to best advantage on the so-called "dancing" mound, a circular clearing raised about 3ft., of which there may be several used by one bird in a given locality.

The introduced fox has taken heavy toll of the lyre-bird, while the collector was also a menace until substantial legal penalties were enacted to safeguard this unique and primitive Australian bird.

Yours faithfully,
Sydney. N. L. R.

TROUT FEEDING ON VOLES

SIR,—While fishing in a small tributary of the Test recently, I killed a trout weighing just 1lb. on a dry fly. On opening it I found a young water vole 5in. long. Is this not very unusual?

There is a great shortage of fly on this water, and the fish, as a whole, are in poor condition and have no fighting powers.

Yours faithfully,
65, Burton Court, R. A. QUIRK.
S.W. 3.



THE LYRE-BIRD AT THE NEST
(*See letter "A Marvellous Mimic"*)



THE LATE MAJOR E. W. SHACKLE
(See letter "A Fine Sportsman")

A FINE SPORTSMAN

SIR,—Many pictures have appeared in the Press from time to time of the late Master of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds, Major E. W. Shackle, of Seymour Court, Marlow, but all have been of a sporting nature. The photograph I enclose, the last taken of him, has a dual interest. Few of the many people who knew him in the hunting field were aware that his one sedentary recreation was "Patience"; that, leading the full, busy life he did, he found the greatest relaxation in sitting down, after dinner, for two hours at his solitary card games. And this is how he died, seated peacefully at his table, a card in his hand.

Major Shackle was well known as a sportsman. He rowed in the junior sculls at Marlow Regatta in 1879. An excellent tennis player he won a number of championships in Middlesex. He rode with success in many Point-to-Point races, and on the occasion of his 100th Point-to-Point victory some years ago he was presented with a statuette of his favourite horse by members of the Hunt at Sonning.

Yours faithfully,
88, Alderney Street, MARGARET WORLEY.
S.W. 1.

SWIFT RISING FROM GROUND

SIR,—I have often heard it said that the swift is unable to rise from the ground should it ever have the misfortune to land. Last week I had the good fortune to find one as I walked along a village street. It was lying on the ground with its wings outstretched, and I thought the bird was injured, as it lay quite still, and permitted me to pick it up without any struggle. After I had admired its beautiful head colourings, I opened my hand and it flew away, apparently quite uninjured, to join its fellows screaming along the village street.

Yours faithfully,
Littlecroft, H. B. RENTON.
Devizes.

BADGERS AS PETS

SIR,—Some six months ago I wrote to the *Field* on the subject of white badgers, and, as a result of the publication of my letter, I received many very interesting replies and some inquiries with regard to Broc's life in captivity. Although I have kept foxes and badgers all my life, I find that there is still much to be learnt about these unusual pets—Broc in particular.

To have the experiences of your readers who have kept badgers as pets would, I feel sure, be of interest to us all, and of some assistance to those who keep them now. The questions usually fired at me are chiefly: Do badgers make safe pets? Where can I get one? What is the best age? What is the best place to keep them? Will they breed in captivity? What food do you recommend? Are the young cubs or pigs?

A week ago I went to Sussex to look at two badger cubs advertised for sale. These cubs were about three months old and had been reared on a bottle. They gave an astonishing display with a little girl of five. The favourite game was hide and seek, the little one hiding in the bushes alongside a wood and the cubs, acting like worried puppies, scenting her out. Unaware of the strong affection the child had for her strange playmates I purchased them on behalf of a friend and unfortunately placed them in the car in the child's presence. I shall long remember the sad little face quickly disappearing into tiny arms which bore unmistakable evidence of baby Broc's rough play.

Yours faithfully,
Fair View, F. W. STOKES.
Wokingham, Berks.

A TAME IBIS

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of a tame ibis may be of interest to your readers, and I give a brief history of the bird.

In 1929 an Anuak Chief gave me the young bird. I fed him on meat, and it was only while he was quite small that he was shut up for safety's sake from wild cats, &c. He never had his wings clipped, nor was he in any way restricted but flew about as he liked. In 1930 he left in the early rains and returned some months afterwards with his family. This he has done every year since. He is in no way shy after his absence, but goes straight into the kitchen and pecks my cook to draw attention. The photograph shows the old bird himself.

Yours faithfully,
Gambeila, J. K. MAURICE.
Sudan.

TWO HOURS WITH PYTHON

SIR,—Going along the main road from Zeerust to Rameetsa about 9.30 one morning in July, we came on a Mafeking car drawn up at the side of the road; the driver, a man, was standing beside his car with a shotgun in his hand. As we passed we saw two python lying coiled up beside him. We stopped, and he told us the following: As he came along just an hour before us he saw one snake come out of the grass on to the road, so he passed and then got out. He killed it, as he thought, with one charge of shot, but as he turned he heard a slight rustle and saw another coming from the same direction. He waited until it got beside the other before he shot it also. Both were head shots—no marks on the bodies at all. There was still a slight movement in both, but that is usual with snakes. He said he did not want the skins, so we arranged to put them in a marked bush until we could pick them up on our return. Meanwhile a Capecart came along with three natives in it. They stopped and were very interested. We asked them to help us drag them into the bush, but they did not seem to want to, so we proceeded to drag them by the tails; the smaller one was quite easy, but the larger and much darker one was a bit difficult.

Our party consisted of two women, a young boy and one man who had to do it all. As we got the second snake near the bush where its mate was lying, to our astonishment it rose about 3½ft. from the ground with open mouth and hissed viciously. It gave chase round the bush and our friend had his work cut out to keep hold of its tail—about 3ft. of the snake was on the ground and the tail and head right off the ground.

For quite three or four minutes we watched our friend and the python chasing round the bush, which I need hardly say was exciting if not dangerous. The man who had shot them meanwhile was banging away at its head each time it came round in front of him. It did not appear to see him and was only trying to get at the man who had it by the tail. After a few minutes he succeeded in getting it right on the head and it dropped.

Yours faithfully,
The Manor House, G. LAIRD.
Blandford St. Mary.



"WORCESTER XVI MILES"
(See letter "Signposts, Old and New")

SIGNPOSTS, OLD AND NEW

SIR,—In these days of change it is interesting to see an old signpost, with its quaint wording, left standing beside a modern one. The arm with the hand pointing right shows "the way to Oxford," and the distance on the reverse side, while the arm with the hand pointing left shows the distance "XVI miles," and round on the reverse side, "the way to Worcester." So it is with the other two arms. The signpost stands on the Cotswolds in a stretch of road known as the "Five Mile Drive."



THE HOUSEHOLD PET
(See letter "A Tame Ibis")

It bears date 1662, and no doubt in those days the mounted traveller could ride round a signpost to see what it said on the reverse side, but in these days the motorist wants to see everything at one glance.

Yours faithfully,
Elmsleigh, E. M. BOOTY.
Exmouth.

DEATH AT THE NETS

SIR,—When playing lawn tennis the other day I drove a ball across the net and was amazed when it appeared to explode in a cloud of feathers.

What actually happened was that a thrush had seized that moment to fly across the court, and in doing so had collided with the ball with fatal results.

The ball and bird fell on the far side of the net. Whose point was it?

Yours faithfully,
Tudor House, W. G. MCMINNIES.
Salperton,
Near Cheltenham.

[Logically the stroke should be played again.—ED.]



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RURAL FLOODLIGHTING

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the windmill at Cranbrook, as it appears by floodlight. Floodlighting normally suggests either historic national buildings or famous business houses, but this Kentish mill would take, I think, a good deal of beating as an artistic subject—even the chimney stack looks attractive.

Yours faithfully,
E. EVENDEN.

Stone Street,
Cranbrook,
Kent.

FIELDFARES

SIR,—With reference to the letter in the *Field* of May 21st, 1938, the following details as to the departure of fieldfares from the N.E. coast near Whitby, Yorkshire, may interest your correspondent:

1938.—May 6th, 7th and 10th, large numbers passing N.E.
1936.—May 7th and 9th, small flocks passing N.E.
1935.—May 15th, 15 to 20 passing.
1929.—May 5th, passing.
1927.—May 7th, one passing N.E.
1926.—May 4th, several.
1924.—May 11th, numbers rising high towards N.E.

I have only given May records; most of these birds leave here in the evening, rising to great heights and pointing N.E. seawards. The observations were all made about eight miles from the coast.

Yours faithfully,
W. S. MEDLICOTT.

Partridge Hill,
Goathland, Yorkshire.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in your correspondent's letter on the above subject published in your issue of May 21st.

We see a great deal of the arrival and departure of migrant birds along this north-eastern part of the Suffolk coast, and we find that fieldfares are often to be seen in our coastal fields and marshes long after all the redwings have left. It is no uncommon thing to see them well into the month of May.

In his *History of the Birds of Suffolk*, Dr. C. B. Ticehurst, writing of the fieldfare, says: "The last birds do not pass through until the end of May, and almost every year one may see quite large flocks during the first week of that month, a considerably later date than with the redwing; the latest dates recorded are May 22nd and 30th."

Yours faithfully,
F. C. COOK.

91, Beresford Road,
Lowestoft, Suffolk.



"BEHOLD, A GIANT AM I"
(See letter "Rural Floodlighting")

GLOSSY IBIS IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—There are a pair of glossy ibis here. They were first reported on May 10th, and were seen at intervals, anyhow, up to the 23rd. They were, moreover, seen "toying" together, so there is every prospect of them breeding.

They are sometimes in the gullery, but the gulls mob them. They have now taken up their abode in some pools in the marsh (Spynie), where they can commonly be seen fishing just as they do in Egypt.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MCNAB.

Scotland.

MODERN MOTOR BODIES

SIR,—Though many improvements have been made in the engines of motor cars during the past ten years, the bodies have deteriorated both in appearance and comfortable seating accommodation.

I habitually drive high-powered cars, not because I want to go fast, but because I want to travel in comfort. My present car of 33 h.p. is ten years old and due for replacement, but I cannot find any car with the same room in it. A 25 h.p. car, the biggest the firm make, was recently brought for my inspection. It had no more room in it than a 12 h.p. car of ten years ago. The front seating accommodation consisted of two bucket seats almost on the floor, and a lot of valuable space at the back was taken up by a protruding luggage boot, a most unsightly excrescence.

The modern streamlined body takes up a lot of room and, though purely a matter of personal opinion, it has, to my eye, by no means a pleasing appearance.

Yours faithfully,
OLD JOE.

Hants.

COUNTRYMAN'S QUERIES

1.—*In what county are the kennels of the following packs of hounds: The Melbreak, the Zetland, the Fitzwilliam, Linlithgow and Stirling, Ledbury?*

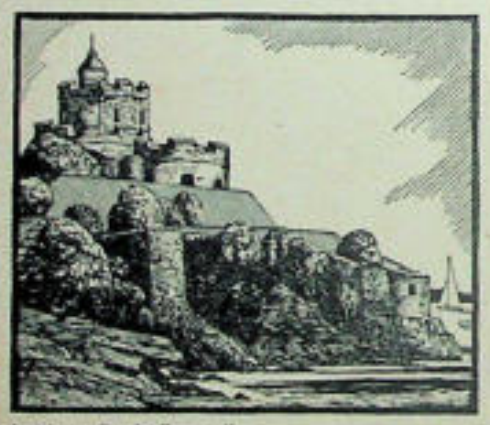
2.—*What are the pluralities of the following: Pheasant, snipe, wild goose, dotterel, lark?*

3.—*Where was the record brown trout landed, and what did it weigh?*

4.—(a) *In what novel is there a description of Haphazard's Derby?*
(b) *What young man, about to launch out in life, met an old school-fellow driving in a "spanking black tandem with scarlet wheels"?*
(c) *Who rode Cockbird to win the Colonel's Cup?*
(d) *What well-known hunting man wrote the song usually referred to as "Tosti's Good-bye"?*

5.—*How is the cock partridge distinguished from the hen?*

(The answers to these questions will be found on the Answers to Correspondents page at the back of the issue. Readers are invited to send similar sets of simple questions, with answers.)



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W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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T.T.18E

IN THE CITY

Some More Gold Shares

IN last week's article attention was drawn to the attractions of gold mining shares, and the view was expressed that the leading investments in that market might be expected at least to maintain their values over the next few months. Here are particulars of some more promising shares in that market.

WEST RAND CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD.

This company was incorporated in the Transvaal in 1903 and milling started in 1908. The property now comprises over 2,000 mining claims situated in the Western Witwatersrand and crushing is proceeding at the rate of over 2,000,000 tons per annum. Work is at present in hand on further extensions to plant and equipment which when completed will give the company a crushing capacity of over 2,500,000 tons per annum. Heavy development expenditure prevented the regular distribution of dividends until 1932, but since then dividends have been paid each year and shareholders may reasonably look forward to slight increases over the present rate of 25 per cent. as the new plant comes into operation. The mine has an estimated life of 30 years.

The issued capital consists of £2,125,000 in 10s. ordinary shares and £25,000 in £1 deferred shares which are entitled to 25 per cent. of the net profits. The former are obtainable at around £2 to give a yield of £6 5s. per cent., or £7 6s. 4d. per cent. if allowance is made for Dominion income tax relief.

LUIPAARDS VLEI ESTATE & GOLD MINING CO., LTD.

This company has a total of 1,852 mining claims in the Far West Rand immediately adjoining the properties of the West Rand Consolidated, Ltd. Control is in the hands of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., and in view of satisfactory developments a big expansion programme has been planned. Shareholders have recently been invited to apply for over 1,400,000 new shares at 15s. per share in order to provide funds for this programme. The issued share capital will amount to some £500,000 when the new issue has been completed.

A new deep shaft is being sunk and new milling plant is to be installed which will bring the total output capacity up to 100,000 tons monthly. As a high percentage of the ore sampled has been payable a conservative estimate shows that earnings, when the new plant is completed, should exceed 2s. per share after taxation.

Half-yearly dividends of 6d. per share are being paid and the company should have no difficulty in maintaining this rate on the increased capital. At the current price of 17/- the yield is nearly 6 per cent. and the prospects of higher future payments have thus not been discounted by the market.

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LTD.

Both the Central Mining and the General Mining groups are interested in the management of this company, and they have the option to apply for 50,000 shares at 75s. per share before July 1st, 1940. The present issued capital is £1,162,500 in 10s. shares.

This is another mine with a long life and with prospects of increased dividends when the capital expenditure programme has been completed. As in the case of Luipaards Vlei and Simmer & Jack, mentioned here last week, a new shaft has been sunk and the plant is being enlarged. The new developments should be completed by the end of 1939, by which time the monthly output should exceed 175,000 tons, comparing with 110,000 tons now.

Durban Deep is an important producer and the properties are quite close to those of the two companies mentioned above. The current annual dividend of 25 per cent. does not give a particularly high return, for the gross yield at the present price of 58s. for the 10s. shares is only £4 18s. 10d. per cent. But as the dividend rate may easily be doubled by 1940 or 1941 the shares are by no means unattractive.

PACTOLUS II.

THE CHILDREN'S ZOO is proving even more popular than the old Pets' Corner. New exhibits to this Zoo will be some Galapagos penguins, six of which were brought back by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith from a recent cruise in the Pacific. Galapagos penguins are among the smallest of all penguins and the only ones which live actually in the tropics. They are fond of diving and so a little spring-board will be fitted to their pond. One exhibited in the New York Aquarium became the pet of New York, and thoroughly enjoyed showing off to large audiences. It would not be surprising if London did not also lose its heart to these lively miniatures. Monkey Hill is now a much more entertaining place than formerly. The 79 rhesus monkeys and seven guinea baboons play all day long, and have developed some extremely intricate pastimes.

New Books

HIMALAYAN RESPITE

From Snow Plumes to Primulas

THE author of this book turned with relief from the siege of major peaks to the delights of a botanising and mountaineering holiday in Garhwal, and chose as his centre one of the loveliest valleys in the Himalayas, on account of its mountains and its flowers.

He gives a sympathetic account of the merits of the four porters from the eastern Himalayas who accompanied the expedition. Yet I hope that the well-deserved praises of these splendid men will not make mountaineers in Garhwal forget that among the inhabitants of this country are the Bhotias of Mana and Niti who, when equally well trained and given the same attention and confidence, will give equally good results. At the same time it should be realised that they may not give so much satisfaction if treated admittedly as second fiddles to their colleagues from the eastern Himalayas.

Mr. Smythe is a skilled artist with the camera, witness the beautiful illustrations in his book, *The Mountain Scene*, and we should be grateful to him for his enterprise in attempting to depict the colour of this wonderful country, but unfortunately the results are disappointing—the greens are harsh and ugly, and the views of flowers and mountains lack definition or distinction in colour. The book itself is perhaps the best that this excellent writer has produced. His mind is always alert for impressions of every kind, and is especially sensitive to the beauty of the hills. It is one of his claims to distinction that he comes nearer to being a professional mountaineer than do many of his fellow-climbers who for some mysterious reason look askance at professional mountaineering, and, unlike Mr. Smythe, have adopted careers that only enable them to devote an insignificant proportion of their time to the hill-worship that they profess.

Of Garhwal the author says: "Is there any region of the Himalayas, or even of the world, to excel this region in beauty and grandeur?" And, again, "The mountaineer is never far from valleys; indeed, little or no further than he is when climbing in the High Alps." It is remarkable that in this country everything seems to be finer and larger than in Europe. Even the stinging-nettles sting more fiercely, and the flowers are the most beautiful in the world.

The mountaineering achievements of the author and his companion, Mr. Oliver, were as notable as the flower collection made by Mr. Smythe. The ascent of Mana Peak, the great neighbour of Kamet, verging on 24,000ft., must have been one of the finest ascents yet made in the Himalayas. The story of the climbing finishes with two magnificent failures on Nilakanta and Dunagiri, to set against the triumphs on Mana, and on that supremely beautiful mountain Nilgiri Parbat, the peak of 22,000ft., on which the rate of climbing was at a thousand feet an hour. In the intricate topography of the great snowfield recently discovered south of Kamet the reader may agreeably lose his way, as Mr. Smythe did when he pitched his camp in a mist, and then sat waiting for the curtain of fog to go up and reveal to him where he was.

The author's concluding remarks are that it will be a happy day for Himalayan mountaineering when the complete conquest of high altitudes is achieved. It is the pursuit of the big peak that tends to become such a devastating obsession, and the writer of this charming book contrives to express much of the pleasure that he has derived from a care-free holiday that was regardless of height-records. C. F. M.

The Valley of Flowers. By Frank S. Smythe. (Hodder & Stoughton; 18/-.)

HISTORY WITH A PURPOSE

IN *The Story of the Horse* Major Lamb has drawn a sketch map of the history of the horse, and has done it very successfully; in no place has he gone into any great detail such as would have made the book a clumsy and unreadable "mine of information." Rather has he confined himself to the broad outlines of the subject, and by so doing has shown the way which has to be travelled and has made it easy for those who are interested in any special phase of that history to acquire the general knowledge which is necessary before a detailed study of a period can be undertaken.

This book is eminently readable and comes at a time when it is of particular interest; it is a history with a purpose, and that purpose is to show how the horse and military tactics have been mutually inter-dependent through the ages. In his very interesting elaboration of this aspect of the question Major Lamb sets forth many of those arguments so dear to horse lovers and apparently so little appreciated by the War Office, but he does not elucidate the final contention of the Powers-that-be, which is that conditions to-day call for mechanisation which, with our comparatively small standing army, must be complete if it is to be satisfactory.

Certain details of the book are open to question, as, for example, the theory that the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings of Egypt, were, in fact, none other than the Israelites, and the subsequent statement that it was "undoubtedly the power conferred on the Egyptians by the Libyan horse that enabled them to overcome the Hyksos," when the author has himself said in the same paragraph that "Thotmes . . . beleaguered Avaris, but was unable to reduce it. . . . When, in despair, he was about to raise the siege the Hyksos offered to capitulate provided they could go unharassed whithersoever they chose," which would seem to imply that they were never actually "overcome."

Major Lamb has not appreciated the true meaning of the description of Mr. Boothby as "huntsman of the first pack of hounds in England," and has taken the word "first" as applying to time, when it should of course be applied to quality; this is a hoary old fallacy which has misled many historians in the past and should not be perpetuated. Nevertheless, the book is a good one, and as a most successful and entertaining introduction to a fascinating subject should be the means of interesting an ever-increasing public in an essential and hitherto somewhat neglected branch of knowledge about the horse. R. A. W.

The Story of the Horse. By A. J. R. Lamb. (Alexander MacLehose & Co.; 12/6.)

SOUTH AFRICAN TROUT PROBLEMS

IT is some time since we had a book on South African trout fishing, so "Kingfisher's" book should have a ready welcome. It should have a welcome over and above the fact that it fills an hiatus of some years' standing, for he writes interestingly of the results of the acclimatisation which has meant so much to Englishmen divorced from the streams they used to fish at home, and deals with the peculiar problems which seem to attach to all trout when they are transferred from their naturally cold streams into climes where the sun plays so important a part in a water's biology.

Probably the most noticeable difference in the habits of trout in less temperate climates is the rate at which they grow and the comparative ease with which they can be caught. "Kingfisher" writes largely of the Eerste river, where rainbow trout in particular seem to thrive amazingly. His own catches have been notable: "My own record, covering 20 years' fishing week-ends and public holidays only, shows an average per season of 241 fish," and it includes 200 between 2lb. and 3lb., and over 50 fish above that weight topped by a 6-pounder. As usually happens, and it is one of the curiosities of trout in comparatively hot climates, these fish take fancy flies more readily than imitations of the natural insect. It seems as if, in changing their habitat, they had reverted to a simpler and less suspicious nature; or perhaps it is simply that quickly-growing fish retain their youthful carelessness while acquiring a grown-up appetite.

The author himself favours the Invicta as his choice of the best fly for South African waters and down-stream fishing as the most productive method, claiming, and with some show of reason, that a profitable method of fishing is a good one. Though this is in no sense a guide-book, it contains much information which anyone contemplating a trout-fishing winter in South Africa would find very useful.

Trout—Flies. By "Kingfisher." (Heath Cranton, Ltd.; 10/6 net.) H. D. T.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

AS a photographer Mr. Hoyningen-Huene is already famous. He possesses not only supreme technical skill, but also an appreciation of beauty in movement that is quite unique.

This is his first book. He explains in his preface that it is composed of extracts from his diary which have no scientific interest. "I have purposely omitted all sordidness of realism in my photographs, and have concentrated on the plastic and heroic side of an Africa which is slowly disappearing with the ever-increasing supply of European and Japanese manufactured goods. Some day, when the entire black continent is clothed and reduced to comparative banality, these documents may prove of interest, revealing a naturalness of form and movement never found in a world of organised artificiality." To describe his photographs is quite impossible; they are alive, beautiful, satisfying and stirring. In studies of the human figure the photographer is at his best, but his studies of scenery, wild life and architecture are all striking and original in conception. But it is his studies of figures in motion which appeal so strongly and in which his art is evident at its highest perfection. A fresco of a mass dance; the pace and force of a pillar-like warrior still yet vibrant; the tracery of arms lifted high, shooting with bow and arrow; the poetry of limbs in a dance by three native girls; these particularly impressed me in a collection which I shall always treasure.

This book is a memorial to a life that is dying; whether that is for good or evil need not concern us here. What matters is that the author in producing this book has produced some of the finest photography—of its type, I think, the finest—of the age. Of the text, it is enough to say that I hope to read more of this author's work. He has a style similar to his camera—brief and explicit, procuring in a flash the atmosphere which he is breathing. I do not know when I have seen a more beautiful book; and how it was produced at the price is beyond me. R. V-F.

African Mirage. By Hoyningen-Huene. (Batsford; 12/6.)

YACHTING WORKS OF REFERENCE

"THIS truly wonderful register of yachts" was the description applied to *Lloyd's Yacht Register* fifty years ago in the *Field*, and one which is more than justified to-day. In 1888 new features included the racing colours of yachts and their Y.R.A. rating "so far as known," and there were 4,344 on the register as against 2,867 in 1887. To-day there are 7,839, and the details concerning yachts and clubs are encyclopædic. There are the alphabetical list, the details of new construction, index of clubs and officers, plates of national flags and international code of signals, flags of yacht and sailing clubs, illustrations of distinguishing flags of yachts, lists of signal letters and late names of yachts, sail numbers of racing yachts, yachts arranged according to tonnage, particulars of yacht builders and designers, and names of yacht owners and those who have obtained Masters' certificates. A subscription of 2 guineas for *Lloyd's Register* will save time and trouble when details of yachts are required. The offices are at 71, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

Another well-known annual also mentioned 50 years ago is *Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide*, obtainable for a shilling from 60, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1. It contains a mine of information on technicalities of value to everyone afloat.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The June number of *British Birds* contains a most interesting article on swallow migration by H. N. Southern, who is well known to *Field* readers. There are also stimulating articles on the landrail and on the incubation periods of various birds. The usual notes, some reviews and some correspondence complete a good issue.

In the June issue of *Discovery* is an article by Dr. Fraser Darling, beautifully illustrated with his own photographs, on bird flight. The other articles more than maintain the high standard set by the new publishers, and we are glad to see that good travel articles will have their place in future.

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WATCHING GOLF

Players from the Spectators' Angle

By E. R. TIPPLE

WHICH golfer do you prefer to watch? And what kind of golf interests you, as a spectator—a monotonous exhibition of hole after hole accomplished in par figures or the adventurous type of game, shots all over the course, some brilliant strokes, some diabolically bad?

These questions produce varying answers according to individual ideas. With three people who are keenly interested in the game, I was discussing the popularity of exhibition matches and how these exhibitions encourage and inspire young golfers as well as arouse endless arguments between the older players as to the respective merits of those participating. Then these two questions were asked.

An eight handicap man said at once that he would not go out of his way to watch Henry Cotton. He added that "Cotton's methods are too artificial and, besides, it is dull to see holes being done in par after par with hardly a serious mistake to relieve the monotony."

Before he could enlarge on his ideas of the Open Champion's play, a keen young lady golfer announced that to her Cotton was the ideal golfer.

"He takes such care yet produces amazing shots without apparent effort," she remarked, and added, "I could watch him day after day and always learn something."

A former lady champion told us that she likes to watch Alfred Padgham. "He plays golf without bothering about the countless theories of the game and really appears to enjoy each round." In this way an argument that could have continued indefinitely was begun. I agreed that Cotton was a great golfer to watch, but added that when playing brilliantly he was apt to be uninteresting.

Does the ordinary club golfer really enjoy seeing his course made ridiculously easy? Does it help him to watch experts hit drive after drive straight down the middle of the fairways then follow them with accurate iron shots which rarely win the green? He can never hope to emulate such feats and he is asking for trouble if he attempts to copy their methods. Yet, perhaps, now and again he likes to see golf played as it should be, copy-book fashion. Such an exhibition proves to his satisfaction that the game can be mastered.

For those who prefer less automatic golf, players like Perry and Lacey are always interesting to follow. Both are bold, attacking players, capable of winning any tournament, and yet liable to hit a few really wild shots. They are never dull, and supply that desired variety which appeals to so many people. They hit the ball with almost gay abandon and never seem to mind if it finishes in an awkward position.

The ordinary player all too frequently finds himself in trouble. Rarely a hole goes by without his having to recover from the rough or out of a bunker. Watching Lacey or Perry make recovery shots from similar places to which he himself is so accustomed cannot help being interesting and instructive. From lies so bad that he can hardly move the ball a few yards he sees these experts hook out nicely on to the green and down goes the putt to save a much-needed stroke. That makes the spectator think. Such is human nature that the ordinary golfer has a fiendish delight in seeing first-class players in difficulties. It is some compensation for his own efforts!

The Whitcombe brothers have their admirers. I like to see their forceful strokes. They hit the ball firmly and with such confidence. They are particularly brilliant with iron clubs. And short approach shots which are played so decisively are a joy to see. But we will not mention the putting, as that is another story! Providing he does not allow machine-like golf to make him dissatisfied with his own lot I think the club golfer can enjoy exhibitions even if the adventurous games make the greater appeal.

The critic of faultless play remarked that of all golfers he has seen Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered and H. Malik, probably the first Indian player of all time, in their 'Varsity days, impressed him the most. Their contrasting styles—Tolley's gigantic length, Wethered's superb iron shots, Malik's fine swing—he observed, will remain for ever in his memory. And one could go back to old times, and picture Tait, Ball and Hilton, the peerless Vardon, Ray, with his pipe—up to the knees in thick grass, but still cheerful—famous golfers whom thousands have flocked to see in action.

Of the lady golfers, Miss Leitch and Lady Heathcote Amory, formerly Miss Wethered, stood out by themselves. The spectator with Miss Leitch would see powerful iron shots, and a swing which, though far from easy or graceful, was full of purpose. For myself, I would never tire of watching Miss Wethered. I have never seen anyone hole awkward length putts so easily and regularly. Such consistent putting is rare, and even experts can be worse than club golfers on the greens.

In modern tournaments, watching golf is a difficult business. You are lucky if you see two shots per hole. Championships and Walker Cup or Ryder Cup matches develop into mad scrambles for the spectators. Incidentally, it is refreshing to note that there are few if any hard and fast rules relating to the Walker Cup matches. Since the series began Great Britain has always played America, but any other country could challenge if they wished. Some comment was made on the inclusion of Irish players in the British team now that Ireland is separated from this country; but it is not generally known that players from Australia or South Africa could be included if the selectors thought fit, for it is a British side and the choice is not limited to any one particular country. Whether fresh rules will be formulated for the future is uncertain, but the sporting spirit of the contest has flourished under its free and easy conditions.

ENGLAND v. FRANCE

IN the annual international match played at Sunningdale, England overwhelmed France by eight matches to none with one halved. Pennink, Crawley and Stowe of the British Walker Cup team participated together with Tolley and Thirlk, two of the selectors. The individual successes were obtained with the greatest of ease, and the English amateurs gained another notable triumph. It is obvious that the standard of French golf is well below that required for internationals.



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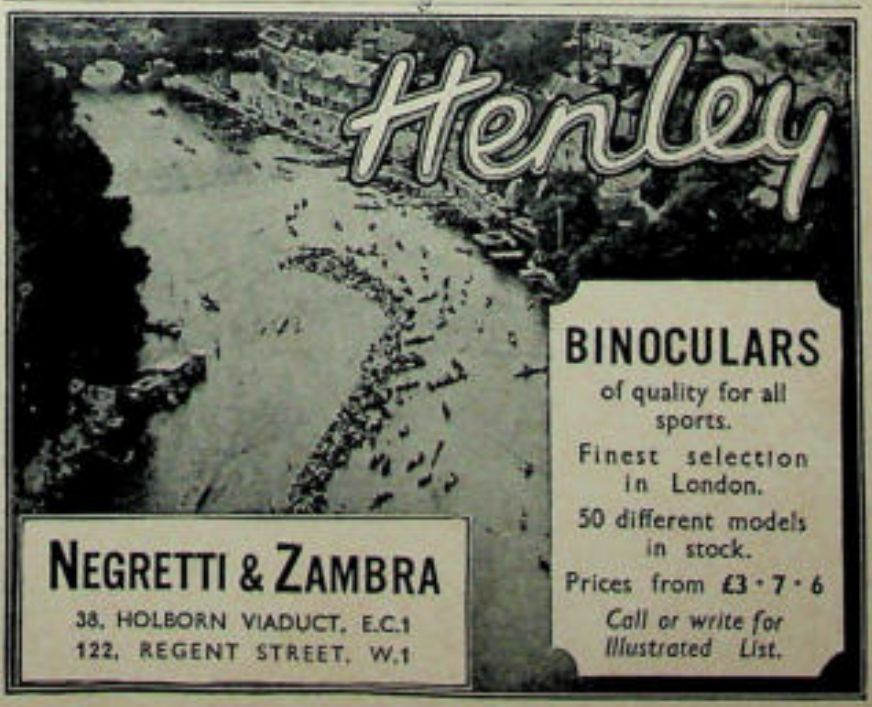
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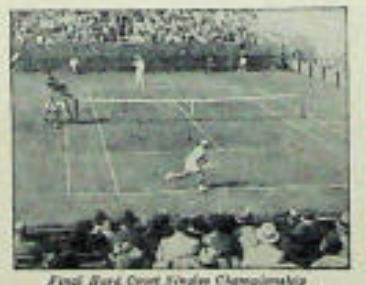
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THE THREE COUNTIES AT GLOUCESTER

Fewer Entries Than Last Year, but a High Standard Maintained

ENTRIES this year numbered 1,962 as against 2,067 at Hereford, but the standard was as high as usual. The cattle classes were very strong, and although we no longer see the enormous classes of Herefords that were once such a feature, there were quite enough on view to make one realise what a force this breed still is in beef production.

The grand champion male was Mr. R. S. de Q. Quincey's Tarrington Punch, which had already won the Shropshire and West Midland Championship. He is a most impressive bull, smooth-fleshed and with great scope and substance, and he parades well. The supreme champion female was Mr. John Parr's three-year-old heifer Peach, a nice level animal.

Shires were not numerous, but the type and quality was good. A very nice gelding, good in feet and bone, Townsend Simon, exhibited by Mr. Stephen Pitt, won the Shire Horse Society's bronze medal for the best gelding. Mr. G. C. Wadsworth took the championship prize for the best female with Gilfach Maid of Honour, a nice animal that moves well and has plenty of bone. But I, personally, liked Townsend Simon as much as any Shire I have seen this season.

Messrs. Hobbs and Davis took the female championship for Dairy Shorthorns with Kelmscote Marjory 47th, a cow as good as anyone could possibly want to see. Both championships in the British Friesian classes were won by Mr. G. B. Radcliffe with two of his 1936 imported animals. Tarvin Geertje is an excellent dairy type with a grand udder, and Tarvin Joost, a four-year-old bull, is a striking animal. Mr. Hugh Wylie's well-balanced bull, Drumfork Pilot, which won at the Royal Counties, was the best bull among the Ayrshires. Mr. W. T. Vint won the class for Ayrshire cows in milk with Silverwood Vera, but the competition in this class must have been very close indeed, and I think we shall hear more of both Mr. W. H. Slater's Muirlaught Eva and the Countess of Sefton's Milantae Nina.

Redpolls were well represented in four classes. Sir Guy Hambling took first prize for bulls calved on or before January 1st, 1936, with Yoxford Stormer, and Mr. Trevor Price the first prize for bulls calved in 1937, with Cicester Loyal King 2nd. He also took third place in this class with Cicester Loyal King 3rd, and I have an idea that we shall hear more of this animal in the future. The best cow proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Heyworth-Savage's Bradwell Clarissa, an animal that would hold her own in any company.

Sheep attracted a somewhat larger entry than usual, but were useful rather than outstanding as a whole. Pigs were good. Messrs. N. Pomeroy & Son's Stokehampton Sunshine won the bronze medal for the best Large Black, beating the Earl of Dartmouth's Patshull Susan—narrowly, I should guess. The silver medal for the best Large White boar went to Mr. R. E. Jenkinson's Watford Noble King 3rd, and that for the best sow to Mr. W. W. Ryman's Wall Broende 12th. Mr. Ryman's Wall Majestic 53rd was reserve to the champion boar and is going to win his owner many prizes.

CREAGHY.

THE ESSEX AT BRAINTREE

THE feature of the Essex Agricultural Society's Show—the most comprehensive that the society has yet organised—was undoubtedly the record entry of Punches. The Shires were not so well represented, the exhibits coming mainly from three breeders. Percherons, also, were lacking in several classes.

This was the first time that His Majesty the King had exhibited Suffolks and Red Polls at this show;



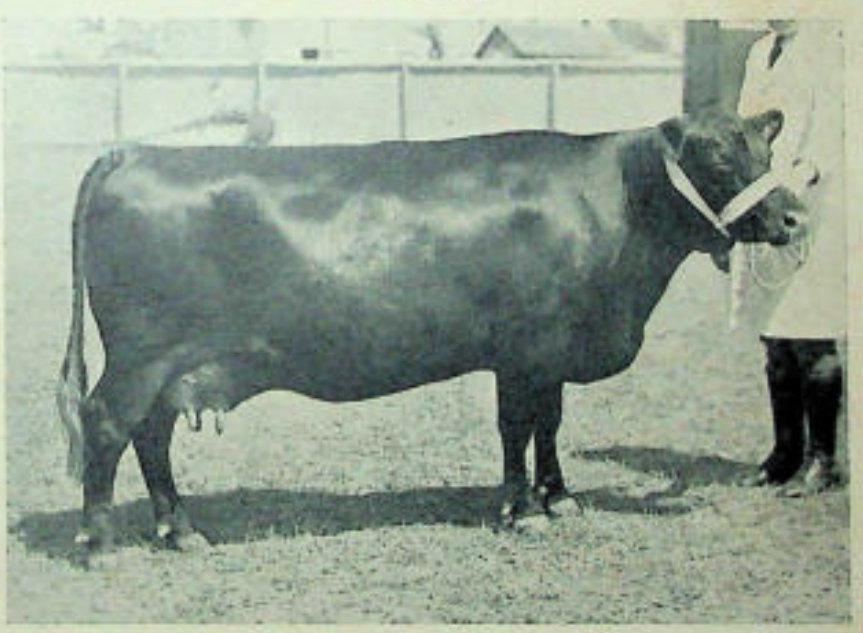
MR. R. S. DE Q. QUINCEY'S TARRINGTON PUNCH, SUPREME CHAMPION HEREFORD BULL AT THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW



H.M. THE KING'S SUFFOLK GAST MARE, VERNONS MARGUERITE



CAPTAIN C. S. SCHREIBER'S CHAMPION RED POLL BULL, BRIGHTWELL PROSPECT



MRS. WALTER SCRIMGEOUR'S CHAMPION RED POLL COW, WISSET PLEASE

Mr. J. J. Cridlan, of course, took three first prizes—this is a habit of his—and his magnificent old bull Prince Pike of Maisemore, who did so well at Bournemouth, took the championship of his breed. He parades magnificently and although so heavily fleshed he is smooth. I like, too, Mr. Cridlan's young bull Grandee 4th of Maisemore, of whom we are going to hear a great deal more.

Dexters, Longhorns and Gloucesters were all represented. In the Dexter class for bulls calved in or before 1936, Mrs. E. Carlos Clarke's Ellens Gettsburg, which won at Bournemouth, could only secure third place. Ellens Gettsburg is a good bull, and this speaks volumes for the standard. I was glad to see the Longhorn again—a grand old English breed that has suffered from the modern trend to specialisation. Mr. R. S. Walter's Sutton Victor proved to be the best bull. I liked, also, the same owner's heifer Sutton Vivienne. Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Elwes' Colesbourne Primate was the best Gloucester bull. The Earl of Bathurst and the Duke of Beaufort both did well with this breed. I should like to see Gloucesters featured at more shows.

In the Shire classes Mr. W. J. Thompson was successful with Heaton Lady in the filly class and he had the best three-year-old filly in Cooxton Lady Grey. An imported filly from the Canewdon Farm, Ltd., led the three-year-old Percherons. Canewdon Farm also had the best yearling filly in Elsick Pearl and the best brood mare in Holmes.

Suffolks were excellent; and that is all anyone could say. Mr. F. Sainsbury won the three-year-old filly class with Wratting Sapphire, which was also the champion. The winning gast mare was H.M. the King's six-year-old Vernons Marguerite.

Red Polls had the biggest entry for all the years they have been exhibited at Essex shows, and the classes were so strong that additional prizes were given. Captain C. S. Schreiber provided the best bull in Brightwell Prospect, the King having the reserve in Cicester Quaker King. The champion cow was Mrs. Walter Scrimgeour's Wisset Please, with Colonel R. C. Batt's Gresham Rosemary a worthy reserve.

LUSNAGILE.



ACHILLEA PTARMICA, THE PEARL, IS STILL ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR YARROWS

The Country House

FROM A WEED TO THE BORDER

Some of the Most Popular Yarrows

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AMIDST the flaunting splendour of the June border one of the most richly coloured flowers is the cherry red Achillea Cerise Queen, a much improved variety of one of our commonest weeds. Even from a distance it catches the eye and stands out from all its neighbours. Indeed, the colour is so vivid that it is not easy to associate with other flowers excepting white flowers such as Gypsophila Bristol Fairy, which flowers weeks earlier than *G. paniculata*.

Many of the Yarrows are amongst the most desirable border plants, the most popular being *A. ptarmica*, The Pearl, which the late Mr. William Robinson described as "one of the loveliest white flowers we possess." It associates delightfully with the scarlet Lychnis. *A. ptarmica* is also one of our native Yarrows. The leaves have a pungent aromatic scent, and hence the old name Sneezewort. The leaves when dried and powdered were used in snuff, also medicinally.

All the Yarrows are of the easiest cultivation, flourishing in any soil and requiring only full sun. The only exception is *A. rupestris*, which does best in part shade. The stateliest species is *A. eupatoria* (*Syn. A. filipendula*) a native of Caspian Sea regions. This is usually listed as growing 4ft. high, but some forms in good soil attain 7ft. and 8ft. Gold Plate attains quite this height. With their impressive flat heads of golden flowers these towering plants associate well with other giants such as the Japanese Plume Poppy, *Bocconia cordata*. The flat heads even when brown are decorative, but this Yarrow will continue flowering into late summer and autumn if the top heads are cut off. In rich ground and with adequate moisture the lower heads soon open out. This grand plant is amongst the few stately subjects that requires no staking, and its stately bearing is a joy throughout the season.

Then there are the Yarrows of lesser stature, but none the less desirable. *A. Herba rota* has sweetly scented foliage, and is a good rock garden plant. The white flowers are produced on 6-in. stems. *A. tomentosa* remains even longer in flower than *A. eupatoria*. The type is a native of sub-alpine parts of Southern Europe and parts of Asia, and a rare native of hilly parts of Scotland and Ireland, but the variety most commonly grown in gardens is that named in honour of Edward VII, in whose reign it was raised. The silvery rosettes are lovely in spring, and shortly each rosette spreads to nearly a foot across, the grey buttons of buds opening slowly to corymbs of pale yellow flowers. All through the summer new rosettes are thrown up, and not till winter has set in in earnest does this continual bloomer disappear from sight. A Grecian species, *A. ageratifolia* (*Syn. Anthemis aizoon*) also has silvery leaves and white corymbs of flowers. Both these species like a spot exposed to full sun in the rock garden.

Many of the Achilleas have notably good silvery foliage. *A. Wilczki*, for instance, has serrated handsome grey leaves, which looks as though the white "fur" had been reversed. *A. chrysocoma*, has thick woolly foliage and vivid yellow flowers. *A. Grisebachii* has glaucous silvery foliage and snow-white flowers. *A. argentea*, sometimes called the Snowy Alpine Yarrow, has charming silvery foliage. *A. Kellerii* has lovely slender silvery leaves. The Serbian Yarrow, *A. serbica*, is amongst the pick of the silver-leaved Achilleas, and rather taller growing than those mentioned, most of which grow about 6in. high. The gem of the alpine species is *A. Huteri*, which makes hummocks of aromatic foliage and in flower attains about 4in. The Grecian *A. umbellata* makes a silver carpet, and the white flowers are borne on 6-in. stems. *A. rupestris* is the earliest to flower, for its masses of snow-white corymbs of flowers almost smother the prostrate foliage in early May. *A. Lewisii* is a very pretty dwarf with cream-coloured flowers throughout the season.

Two taller growing species have the merit of pleasingly scented foliage—*A. ageratum*, popularly known formerly as Sweet Maudlin (this name was also applied to Costmary), and *A. moschata*, also known as the Musk Milfoil, from the scent of the leaves. Both grow about 2ft. high, the former having yellow flowers, and the latter white flowers.

All the Achilleas are easily raised from seed. This should be sown in June either in the open ground or in boxes of very sandy soil. Or they can be increased by cuttings, also taken in summer and struck in sandy soil in part shade. If to be increased by division this is best done in autumn, and as the plants are for the most part vigorous growers a large stock can soon be raised in this way. Once planted the Achilleas need little further attention, but with the exception of *A. eupatoria* they usually need staking.

The rock garden species do best in sandy soil or stony loam, and the addition of mortar rubble is decidedly beneficial. In cold parts it is advisable to give these species protection from excessive moisture. It is not the cold of our winters that kills those from alpine parts, but the damp.

UNDERWOOD

WHO has not viewed with growing concern the gradual decline of the prices paid for coppice and underwood, and the increasing acreages of uncut and over-mature produce with which the woods have become littered? It is one of the characteristics of the traditional English woodlands that the main crop of oaks should be widely spaced and the ground below occupied by underwood, chestnut, ash, hazel and the like, which is cut every twelve or fourteen years. This type of woodland arose through excessive cutting of oak trees by previous generations, and its management entails the cutting of the underwood in rotation, and of the timber in each area in the year following.

The result of the present difficulties of selling underwood has been that the timber has had to remain, as it can neither be seen nor felled when surrounded by coppice. The unfortunate owner has therefore lost both on the swings and on the roundabouts, being unable to sell a proportion of the timber as well as the lower growth.

It is often said that the bad market is caused largely by a shortage of cutters, nevertheless men can always be found if one takes pains to inquire. Some owners, not prepared to allow their woodlands to get into a state of stagnation, have employed underwood cutters at piecework rates, and have themselves used the produce for estate fencing and other uses and sold the surplus. Rates of payment vary considerably but, for the benefit of anyone who contemplates employing a cutter, the following prices, which apply in Sussex at the present time, are set out:

Large poles	10/– per 100
Medium poles	8/– ,,
Stakes	2/– ,,
Thatchwood and bean sticks	6d. per bundle of 25
Pea boughs	2½d. ,, ,,
Binders	9d. ,, ,,
Faggots	10s. per 100

and, in addition, about £1 per acre for clearing up and burning the waste.

Men undertaking this work will earn about 45/- per week.

If required to be sold, this produce must be carted to a hard road, unless the wood is well served with tracks over which lorries can run. Stacked where it can be loaded on to a lorry, the various products realise the following prices:

Poles	20/– to 50/–, according to size, per 100
Faggots	16/6 per 100
Bean sticks	1/– per bundle
Pea boughs	9d. ,,

The net result, if the owner sells the whole of the products, will generally be that the total sum realised is approximately double the labour bill for cutting and hauling to roadside.

Should it be desired to use some of the poles for making up fencing materials, this can be done by the underwood cutters during the summer at piecework rates, as follows:

5ft. 6in. fence posts, 9/– per 100, plus 2/– for hot creosoting.

5ft. spiles, 5/– per 100, plus 1/– for hot creosoting.

6ft. 6in. intermediate posts, 10/– per 100, plus 3/– for hot creosoting.

8ft. tree stakes, 8/– per 100, plus 1/6 for hot creosoting.

10ft. rails, 1/3 per 100ft. run, plus 3d. for hot creosoting.

Although made up for estate use, the owner will have no difficulty in selling them at the following prices by a hard road:

5ft. 6in. fence posts ..	40/– per 100
5ft. spiles.....	16/– ,,
6ft. 6in. intermediates	50/– ,,
8ft. tree stakes	35/– ,,
10ft. rails.....	7d. to 9d. each

From these figures it is clear that in normal circumstances it will be profitable for an owner to employ a cutter and his mate the whole year round. During the winter they will cut the underwood, and during the summer make up the fencing posts and rails and do any fencing necessary. The advantage of the piecework system of payment is that they need not be watched, as they are paid by results.

The indirect advantage to the owner of having his woods regularly cut over and the timber released for selection, felling and sale, needs no stressing. With our present-day knowledge of wood preservation, the softest and most perishable woods can be used for estate purposes, and it must be very thin and poor underwood that is not worth cutting.

REGINALD DAVEY.

WATER IN THE GARDEN DESIGN

Beautiful Effects from Simple Pools

By RICHARD SUDELL

IN garden design water plays an important part. Its mobile surface ripples in the slightest breeze, and when still its water reflects the sky. Where movement can be promoted, either by artificial or natural means, the effects are enhanced. In natural scenery the combination of moving water and landscape is one of the greatest charms of nature. To introduce water effectively in the garden there are, however, a number of practical factors that have to be borne in mind.

First the water supply. Not one garden in a hundred has a natural stream, and the supply is usually obtained from the local water company. Where water is on the meter the consumption of it is easily measured and can be used economically without much cost, but where a flat rate is charged, a constantly running tap in the garden to produce a waterfall can be a costly item. Happily, in recent years a number of engineering firms have made simple and inexpensive apparatus for circulating water, either for a cascade waterfall or through a fountain. The cost of these mechanical aids is very low, and the consumption of power for a small pump is only equivalent to that of a single electric light or a little more.

Where it is desired to introduce a pool into a formal garden or courtyard, the design of the pool itself is largely governed by the surrounding garden. Even the material used for paving the sides of the pool will also be suggested by the texture and nature of the surrounding material. For example, if paths are paved with random square York stone the same material would be used for edging the formal pool.

The pool itself is constructed in concrete. For those interested the Cement and Concrete Association publish a useful leaflet on the subject of formal and informal pool construction, which will be sent free on application.

The point to remember is that if a simple reflecting surface is desired it is not necessary to make a very deep pool, 12 inches being ample to obtain the desired effect. If water lilies are to be grown a slightly deeper pool will be needed according to the type of water lily, but here again the depth can be limited according to the variety used. The Pigmy lily will grow in 1 foot of water, the Marliacea need about 2 feet in which to grow.

The colour of the pool itself can be carried out in blue or green and blue of any desired tint by use of one of the special paints sold for this purpose.

The garden laid out on informal lines or a rock garden will suggest the use of an informal pool. Actually, in construction this type is a little more difficult, because of the uneven shape to construct, but the sides can be "dished" so that the water varies from 3 feet in the centre with an upward slope at the sides enabling varying types of water plants to be grown. Where a series of informal pools is constructed, these, by being arranged at different levels, can be linked together to form a cascade. Each pool is lined separately with concrete, and the water simply overflows from one to the other. A small circulating pump is sufficient to lift the water from the bottom pool to disgorge itself, concealed under a rock, into the top pool.

Where water is circulated in this way there will be no necessity to get rid of the surplus water, in fact there will be a certain amount of evaporation which will have to be made good from time to time. A simple method is to arrange a tiny trickle of water from the source of supply to be constantly running into the top pool. It need only be a thin pencil-like jet during dry weather. If a small informal pool were constructed on dew-pond principles there would be a natural replenishment during the night.

In the paved garden a charming little feature can be devised for children consisting of a small rectangular pool connected by a rill with a lower pool. The water need only be shallow, about 6 inches in depth, and by careful design it can be made an attractive and fascinating feature where there are young people.

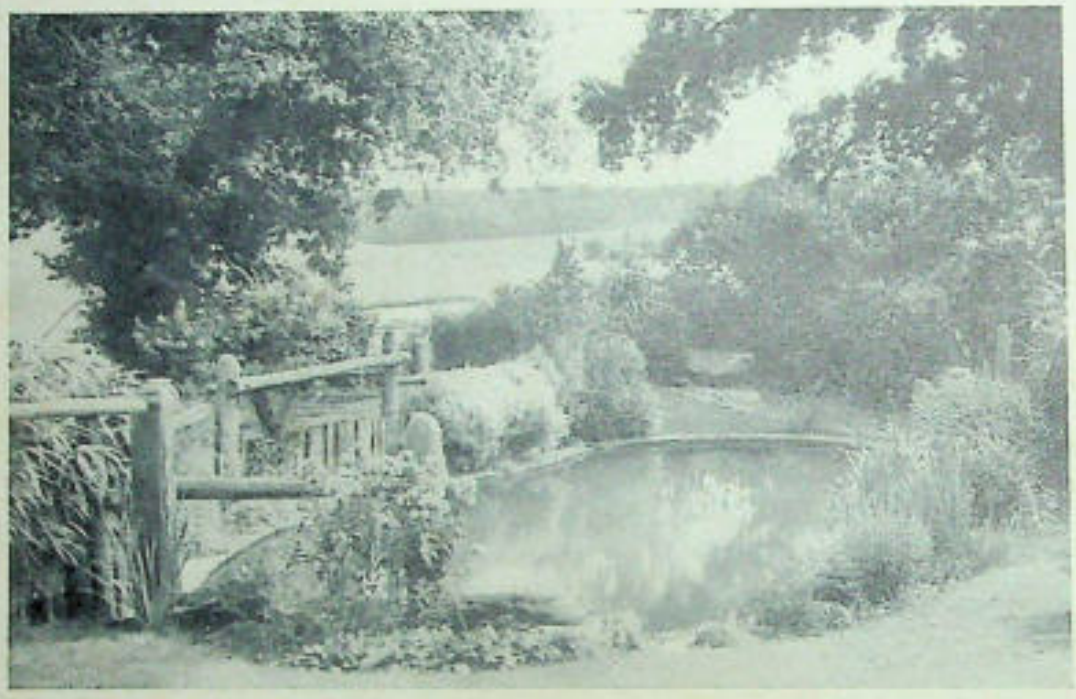
A novel use of water in the formal garden where there is a suitable wall is to make a dripping well. This consists of a small semi-circular dish approximately 3 feet in diameter, paved with coloured blue and green mosaic under the water and on the wall. The water then drips from a mask or point in the wall, causing ripples in the pool which reflects the colours both above and underneath the water. This little feature is more suitable for the adornment of the town garden. It should be in a sunny position to get the full effect from the rippled surface.

Planting in water can be carried out at any time. Where water lilies are used the best time is May, as the plants are then beginning to make growth. It is essential that water lilies should have a container either built into the pool itself or consisting of a wicker basket filled with heavy loam and decayed manure. The lilies are planted in this and need no further attention beyond an occasional thinning out.

Where aquatics are used the type of plant will depend on the amount of soil or root room that can be provided. If it is desired to have a small area made as a bog garden at the side of the formal pool, a small seepage can be arranged from the side so that the soil is kept constantly moist. In such a bed containing peat and sandy loam, many of the beautiful bog plants such as primulas, orchids, Japanese iris, trollius, knot grasses, mimulus can be grown.

There are many other problems that have to be remembered in connection with water. Green scum appears in the summer time. This can be removed by the use of copper sulphate. According to the size of the pool, 1oz. to 14,500 gallons of water will not be harmful to fish. It should be tied up in a muslin bag and swirled in the water.

Where fish are kept plant life is important to provide shade, and a few overhanging stones and some pebbles in the bottom will provide shelter for them.



A NATURAL SPRING FEEDS THIS GARDEN POND FROM THE HIGHER GROUNDS

In the lower corner of the garden it makes a pleasing feature in the landscape and its waters are also used for watering nearby plants



T. Fall

MRS. E. L. GREW'S BASSET HOUND WALHAMPTON AMBASSADOR

THE BASSET HOUND

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THOSE who want to hunt hare on foot have the choice between basset hounds or beagles, either of which are capable of showing good sport. As it happens, the vast majority plump for beagles, only two packs of bassets appearing in the *Field* list of hounds for the past season. One was Major C. de Lisle Bush's at Eastington Park, Gloucestershire, and the other belongs to Miss F. Barlow-Massicks at Kelham House, Newark. This lady has a mixed pack consisting of 10 couple of 13in. beagles and 8 couple of bassets. Though basset hounds may not kill quite so many hares, at least this may be said of them, they will hunt in a manner that will please all who appreciate hound work, and they have glorious voices. Their cry would have suited Sir Roger de Coverley, who had his little whims about the music of his hounds.

After the formation of the Association of Masters of Basset Hounds a few years before the war clouds burst, there were prospects of basset packs becoming more numerous, the annual shows being the means of exciting interest. The death of Major Godfrey Heseltine three or four years ago, and the consequent dispersal of the Walhampton pack, was a sad blow. This pack, started in the New Forest by the Major and his brother, Colonel Christopher Heseltine, as long ago as 1889, served two purposes, each of which was useful. It gave sport and it also ensured the breeding of hounds of the right type, the Walhampton bassets winning any number of prizes at shows.

Most of the modern show hounds that Lord and Lady Chelmsford, Mrs. Elms, Mrs. Grew, Miss Sawyer and a few others are exhibiting come of this family. Fortunately, Mrs. Elms bought that lovely bitch, Ch. Walhampton Nightshade, and several good dog hounds, which prevented the blood being lost entirely. Nightshade was a bitch of exceptional merit, one of the best I have ever seen, and was a fitting crown to Major Heseltine's life work.

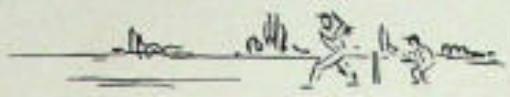
Some hounds of high quality have sprung from the survivors, and one of them, Velvet of Reynalton, a seven-months-old puppy that came out at the Ladies' Kennel Association show in May, is really remarkable. In one's wildest dreams one could not imagine the wealth of loose skin that envelops her head and neck, the deep dewlap and the long, low-set ears.

These features that are so desirable in a basset, which should have the head of a bloodhound, are exaggerated in her, so that she actually looks to be overdone, a thing that I never thought could be said of any hound. It is quite possible, however, that she will grow up to this wrinkle and then be one of the most wonderful that we have had, because in body, substance and forelegs she is everything that can be desired. She is the outcome of the mating of a litter brother and sister, both of them champions, and son and daughter of Ch. Walhampton Lynnewood and Ch. Walhampton Nightshade. It is a pity that Velvet is a rather pale lemon and white; if she were a tricolour or had either a rich tan or partly black head her appearance would be improved.

It would give me great pleasure to find bassets occupying the position that they once had in the show ring. In the 1890's and for a few years of the new century we had some wonderful classes made up by hounds from the kennels of really good sportsmen. In 1896 as many as 90 were entered in the Kennel Club Stud Book. Being handsome little hounds, they are well worth anyone's breeding, and, as far as their disposition goes, no one could wish for anything more kindly. In the old days, breeding for show purposes did not impair their usefulness. Many of my puppies from the orthodox show blood were sold to reinforce packs.

The first basset to be exhibited was the late Sir Everett Millais's Model, which he bought in Paris in 1874, and by 1894 he had bred 415 puppies. There is no doubt that Lord Galway had a few prior to 1874, and another of the earliest importers was the Earl of Onslow.

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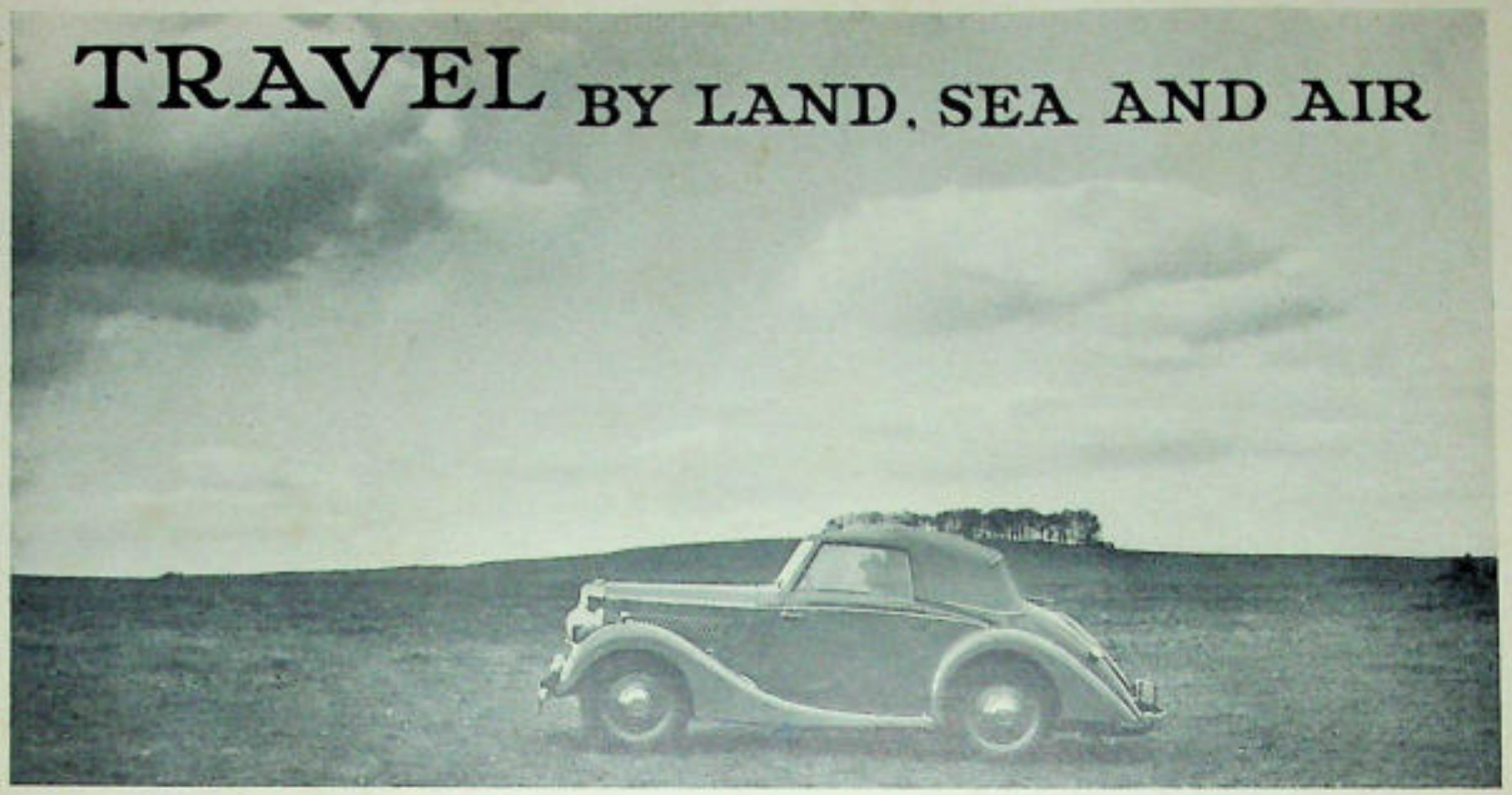
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A 16-H.P. RAILTON COUPÉ ON SALISBURY PLAIN NEAR DEVIZES

ROAD CONGESTION REMEDIES

Thoughtless Parking at Traffic Lights and Corners

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

ROAD congestion is continually getting worse and especially is this so in London and our big cities. Motoring for pleasure's sake is becoming less and less possible, and for my own part, I never venture out on the roads during the week-end unless I am obliged to, and I have come to regard the driving of a car only as a means to an end.

I expect there are many who hold the same view, and it is certain that conditions will steadily go from bad to worse unless drastic measures are adopted. In the long run, this unhappy state of affairs will react on the motor industry and sales will become curtailed, and yet there are several ways of dealing with this problem, which, if adopted, would undoubtedly ease the situation considerably.

In common with multitudes of others, I drive up to my office in London every day, and when nearing the outskirts of the Metropolis, the trouble commences. It is quite a common occurrence to arrive at the end of a long line of vehicles which are being held up at a traffic signal, but when the light goes green, often only a few of the cars in front are able to cross over, and consequently a great delay takes place and frequently I have to wait for four or five minutes before my turn eventually comes. If this performance is repeated at subsequent traffic halts, much valuable time is lost, and I contend that a great deal of this congestion can be avoided, since it is invariably caused through vehicles being parked in close proximity to the lights and road junctions.

Almost every morning on my way up to town, at the points which are particularly bad, I find brewers' drays drawn up alongside the pavement unloading their cargo, thus reducing the width of the road available to half its normal size and only one car is able to file across the junction at a time, instead of two. It is rather an extraordinary fact that a public house appears to be situated at every important road junction and that the early morning rush hours seem to be the time selected for restocking these establishments.

Surely it would be simple to deal with this particular problem by introducing legislation prohibiting these vehicles from loading or unloading between certain hours of the day. I cannot see that any great hardship would be caused to anyone if a law were passed whereby this work should cease after 7 a.m.; and at any rate, if a certain amount of inconvenience is experienced by those connected with the brewers' business, it would have to be endured by the few for the convenience of the majority, which seems only fair.

The law which I am suggesting should be introduced ought to apply to all vehicles, since I have so often seen thoughtless motorists parking or sitting in their stationary car immediately alongside traffic signals, thereby blocking up half the width of the road. An obstruction of this kind introduces a bottle neck, and nothing causes congestion more quickly than this, and yet it would be so simple to obviate.

The next point I would like to deal with is filtering. When a police officer is on point duty and is holding up traffic, it is left to his discretion whether he permits filtering or not, but I really do think a definite ruling should be given on this subject.

On my way up to Town every day, I pass through St. James's Park and turn left at Marlborough Gate, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the policeman on duty, if holding up traffic proceeding down the Mall, allows vehicles to turn left towards St. James's Palace. On one occasion recently I carried out the same manœuvre, which in the past I had always been permitted to do, when I was suddenly ordered to stop, and as there were only one or two cars passing up Marlborough Gate at intervals, I could see no reason whatever in preventing me from doing likewise.

I consider our police most considerate, and they understand the art of regulating traffic to a marked degree, but there are occasions when drivers are held up unnecessarily, and therefore one never quite knows whether one is entitled to filter or not. Any method by which congestion can be avoided should be practised, always, of course, providing it does not cause danger to other road users.

I often wonder why bus and tram stops are permitted at road junctions and at traffic signals; not only does this cause great inconvenience to all traffic, since one of these public vehicles may be at rest whilst the lights change colour more than once, but it is definitely dangerous as well. Quite often when the light has turned green and I am beginning to move off, pedestrians suddenly emerge in front



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CLASSIFYING THE PILOT

Are Further Licence Grades Necessary?

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

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

A SIGNIFICANT move has recently been made by one of the light-aeroplane clubs, which has introduced a pilot's classification of its own. Those who qualify for the grade are issued with a gold badge, the holder of which has had to demonstrate his practical proficiency to handle most types of private machines with ease and who has had a good record. Special privileges can, of course, be accorded to those who possess this distinction, which, apart from its practical value, should also act as incentive to freshly qualified pilots to increase their skill by regular practice.

The scheme, interesting and valuable in itself, draws attention to the whole question of pilots' licences. The official regulations lay down two grades, one, the "A" licence, being the private pilot's certificate, the other, the "B" licence, being that required by all pilots "flying a machine for hire and reward." This system was adopted immediately after the War, when commercial flying began; and there can be no doubt that it does meet the broad requirements of the case. Nevertheless, changed and changing conditions seem to indicate that the time for revision is at hand.

One of the weaknesses is the great gap between the standards required of applicants for the two classes. The tests for the "A" licence are no more than is sufficient to indicate reasonable ability to control an aeroplane in the air and on the ground. The "B" licence applicant has to attain—and rightly so—a much higher level, and has not only to produce evidence of considerable practical experience in the air and pass both practical and written examinations, but undergo a stringent medical examination.

So far as the private pilot is concerned there is little point in his qualifying for the "B" licence; the medical test alone might well rule out his chances of success, no matter how experienced he might be. Yet, as things stand, there is nothing to differentiate between the amateur with many hundred hours to his credit and of considerable skill, and the newly qualified beginner. Thus, when questions of hiring arise, he has to produce satisfactory proof of his ability to be trusted with a machine; and this may be demanded on many different occasions. The "A" licence is, frankly, a minimum qualification, and the absence of higher degrees recognising experience and skill handicaps to some extent the keen and practised amateur.

In the commercial field the question is more complicated, but certain obvious weaknesses are apparent. Whatever his future work may be, the pilot must secure the full "B" licence. Thus, the pilot of short-distance machines has to have the same qualifications as the pilot of the long-distance Empire air-liner. This would seem to be an anomaly. If the "B" licence represents the minimum qualifications that a commercial pilot must possess, even if his work is confined to short daylight flights over familiar routes, then the standard is clearly not that which it is reasonable to demand of the pilot in charge of machines engaged in flights over both land and sea, and in both daylight and darkness. On the other hand, if the tests for the "B" licence have been set by the minimum necessary for the long-distance pilot, they impose an unnecessarily high standard on the internal-air-line pilot, for example. This fact is recognised in the United States, where a restricted transport licence is issued.

In addition to the ordinary "B" licence, there is, of course, the master pilot's certificate, but this is hardly in the same category. Its issue is determined by volume and variety of experience more than by actual tests of qualifications.

The question of sub-dividing the commercial licence into two or more sub-grades has been under considera-



A FLIGHT OF GLOSTER "GLADIATORS" FROM NO. 87 SQUADRON, THE FASTEST BIPLANES IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF AEROBATICS

tion for some time past, and the rapid change taking place in commercial aviation must do something to accelerate the change. The Maybury Committee, it may be remembered, suggested the issue of a special air-transport licence to pilots, not supplanting the "B" licence, which they regarded as not altogether satisfactory as an indication of proficiency under modern conditions, but additional to it, and indicating practical qualifications in commercial operation.

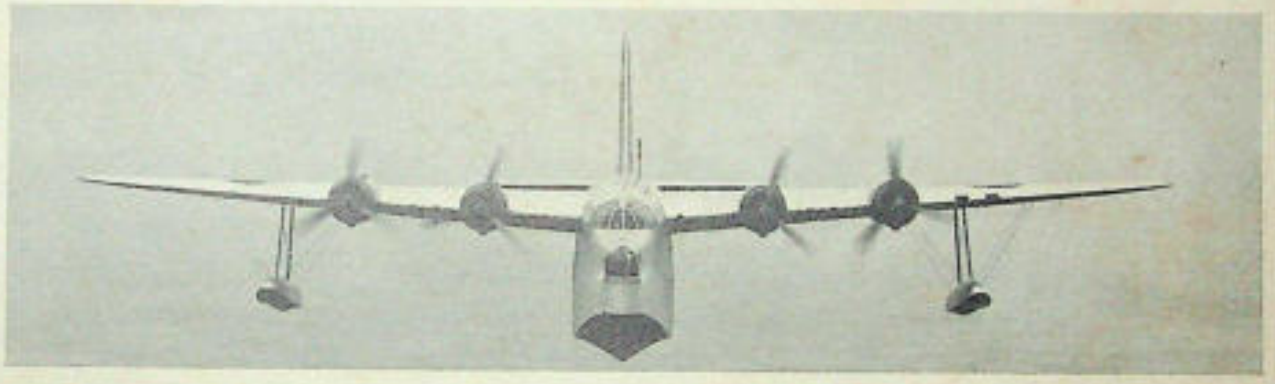
Whether the issue of a private pilot's licence intermediate between the existing "A" and "B" is necessary may be a matter of opinion. That hirers of machines should think so and attempt to set up unofficial standards is not surprising; and there seems little doubt that if a new advanced private pilot's category were introduced, the better amateurs would benefit in increased facilities. Behind this is the larger question, whether, under the changed conditions of flying, the standard for the minimum "A" tests should not be revised with a view to making it more exacting.

The main point, from the angle of aviation as a whole, is that pilots' licences should maintain a definite value; they must not be allowed to descend to mere formalities above which unofficial organisations have to impose their own tests.

A licence must, in the interests of all, have a positive value, and indicate a definite degree of skill that can be instantly referred to basic standards

of the radiator of the stationary bus, and a collision is only just avoided. If all these vehicles were obliged to set down and pick up their passengers say at a minimum distance of 25yds. from legitimate traffic stops, this would both tend to remove a considerable amount of congestion, and at the same time would be the means of making the roads safer.

There are many other practical suggestions of this nature which I should like to put forward, but because of their simplicity, I doubt very much whether they would ever be adopted. The practice of parking vehicles in narrow thoroughfares should certainly be prohibited, and if only the Minister of Transport would spend a day driving around London he would soon realise how bad things really are.



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Korčula, Outpost of Ancient Venice



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SET in the almost incredible blueness of the Adriatic Sea, and about half-way between Split and Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast, is the island of Korčula. On an arm of this elongated piece of land, softly gleaming with that mellowness which only age and a bye-gone perfection can bring, lies its capital, also named Korčula. As the boat approaches the landing place, bringing seemingly no loss of illusion as the dreamlike little town comes closer and closer, one almost feels that Korčula is too good to be true; too ethereally beautiful to last.

Yet Korčula is one of the oldest towns in the Adriatic. Although the present buildings are almost all Venetian, and dating merely from the fourteenth century, its origin goes back to those pre-Christian days when the Greeks (who called the island "Black Corfu") were masters of the Adriatic lands. From that time onwards one fairly justifiably assumes—helped by a little historical data—that there has always been a settlement on this very Greek-like site now crowned by a cathedral on the same high ridge where doubtless once stood a pagan temple.

These earlier colonists are forgotten, however, in wandering up and down the narrow *calli* of this miniature city. For the stamp of those Venetian craftsmen has obliterated all evidences of the races which went before them. Moreover, the palaces and princely dwellings which they built are equal in grace, dignity and beauty to any in Venice itself.

Aesthetically, it matters not that many now rear their roofless heads, victims of desertion during the great sixteenth-century plague. It matters less that the majority of the remainder are now converted into tenement houses (with the outstanding exception, of course, of the Palace Arneri, visited by the Duke of Windsor when King Edward VIII). The exteriors still retain their purity of outline, broken only by balconies of grill or stone. Peep inside half-opened doorways and cool courtyards with noble balustraded entrances will delight your eyes.

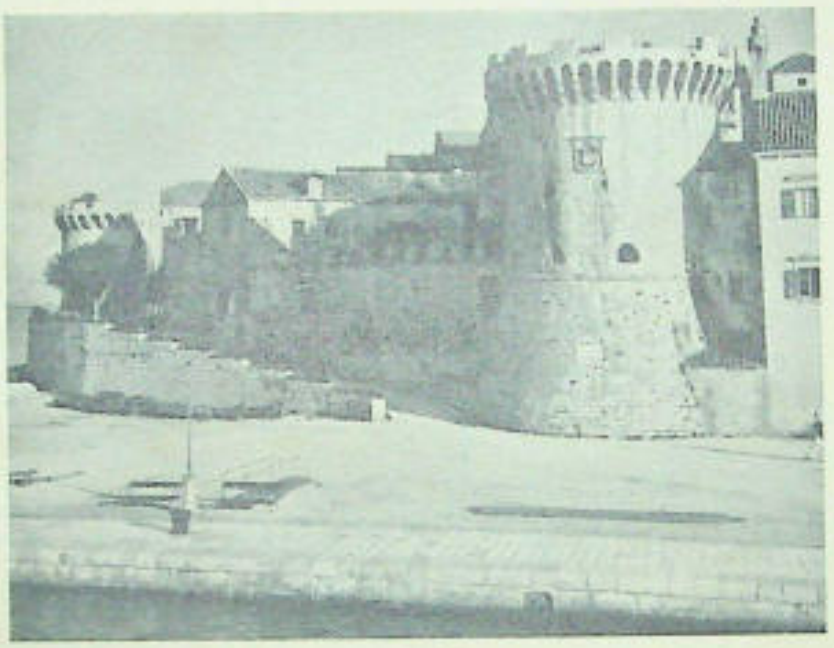
Look up as you explore and count the weatherbeaten stone shields of former princely families, of many now the only existing relic. In this small outpost of ancient Venice (most English villages cover a far greater area) there are at least a hundred such reminders of Korčula's more glorious past.

The fourteenth-century Duomo, or cathedral, of St. Mark (whose winged lion appears so many times on the city walls) has an unusually plain façade. This, however, makes a perfect setting for the extraordinarily beautiful main porch with its scroll work, medallions, lions, &c. Above is a round window of unusual delicacy. Inside the Duomo is somewhat dim and, apart from various treasures (including a Tintoretto over the altar) and early baldachin, does not at first make any outstanding impression. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Jackson, that famous authority on Dalmatian architecture, devotes to it 20 pages of his monumental work, *Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria*.

There are seven smaller churches in Korčula, most of them locked and untended. A woman caretaker, however, will speedily open the Franciscan church, built in 1301 and containing several highly interesting old pictures and vestments. Noteworthy is the Florentine altar group, dated 1747, of a highly polished dark brown colour and carved out of one piece of wood.

Even the watch towers of Korčula are as ornamental as they once were defensive, with their rounded shapes and crenelated tops. They date from 1420, after the Venetians had finally consolidated their position by ejecting in turn temporary conquerors in the form of Genoese, Hungarians and Bosnians.

Conversation with the natives—in lieu of English, the Italian and German languages are pretty well known—soon elicits the fact that many Korčulan families bear the name Polo. While they do not all claim descent from the famous explorer, Marco Polo undoubtedly had connections with the island, if he was not actually born there.



"EVEN THE WATCH TOWERS OF KORČULA ARE AS ORNAMENTAL AS THEY ONCE WERE DEFENSIVE, WITH THEIR ROUNDED SHAPES AND CRENELATED TOPS"

Most English visitors are surprised to find themselves directed to the "British Fort," a rounded fortification set high up in the beautifully wooded Alexander Park, and from which a glorious view over the neighbouring islands can be seen. The fort is perfectly genuine, however, being a souvenir of two years' British occupation (1813–1815) during the Napoleonic Wars.



THE MAIN DOORWAY OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL, OF ST. MARK

As an island, Korčula is a veritable paradise for those in search of a natural holiday without sophisticated aids. Here you will find no dress parade or dance-band café life. On the other hand, there are two pleasant sea and sun bathing enclosures at Korčula, one modern hotel (Bon Repos) and an older quayside one (de la Ville).

There is even a diminutive bus which runs between Korčula and Velaluka, a small resort on the west side of the island, and which passes through Blato—a place which wakes out of its slumbers every April 28th, when the "Kumpanija," an historic sword dance commemorating a rebellion against Venice, is executed in traditional and ancient costume.

Lombarda is another attractive little village about four miles from Korčula. The bathing here is good, but even better is the famous "Grk" wine, made from the same species of grape as that which was planted there by the Greeks two thousand four hundred years ago.

Other small fishing villages on the island can be reached by boat, as well as those on the nearby mainland peninsula, Sabbiocello. Nor must the ancient Franciscan monastery on the islet Badia remain unvisited. Its Turkish spoils of war and present-day cloistered peace somehow strike no incongruous note in such green and romantic surroundings.

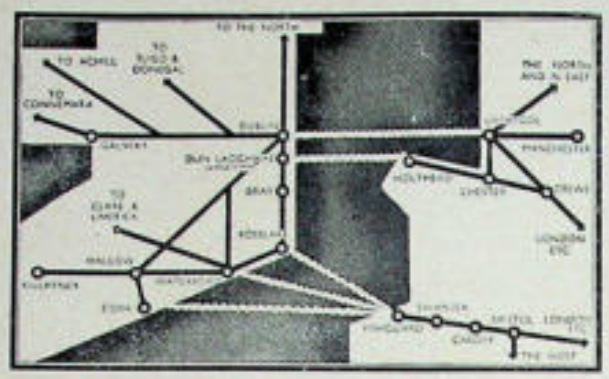
Boat-building, quarrying, fishing, olive, grape and fig growing—these occupations fill the lives of the Korčulans far more than the gentle influx of tourist visitors. Although, alas, the native costume is no longer worn, Korčula—reputed, by the way, to be the last home of the European jackal—is definitely still an island unspoiled.

LILIAN GRAY.



"ONE ALMOST FEELS THAT KORČULA IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

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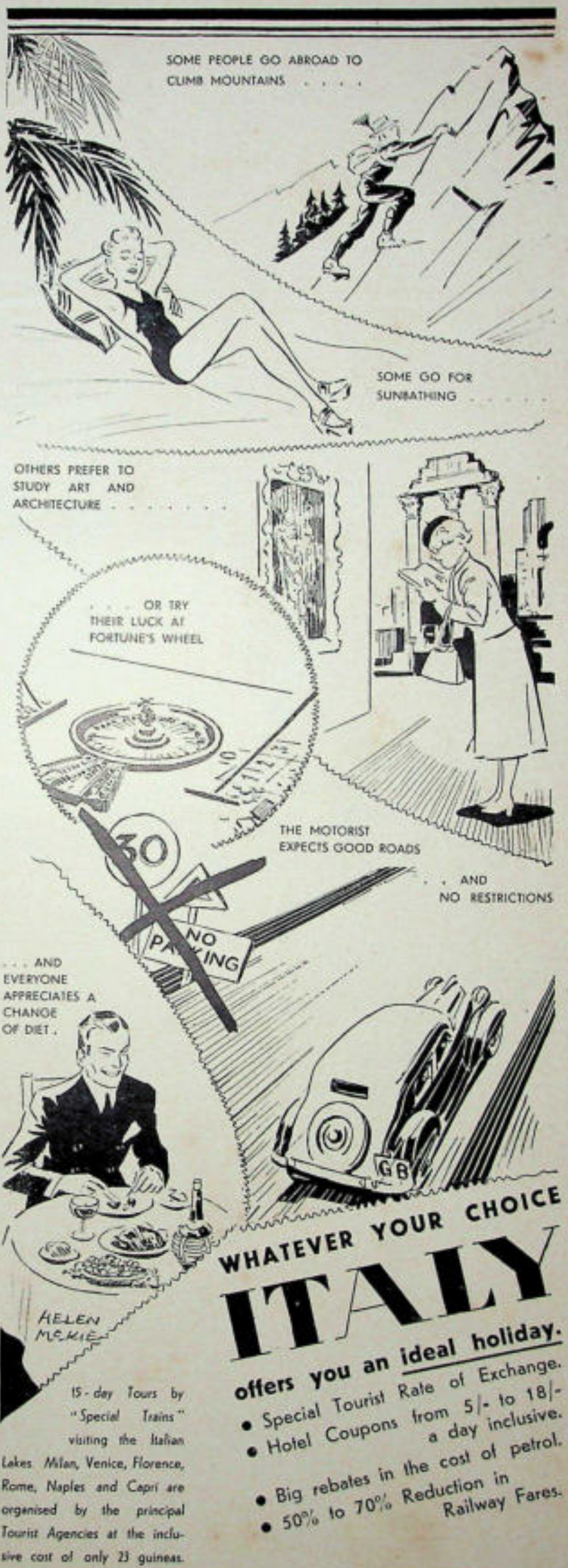
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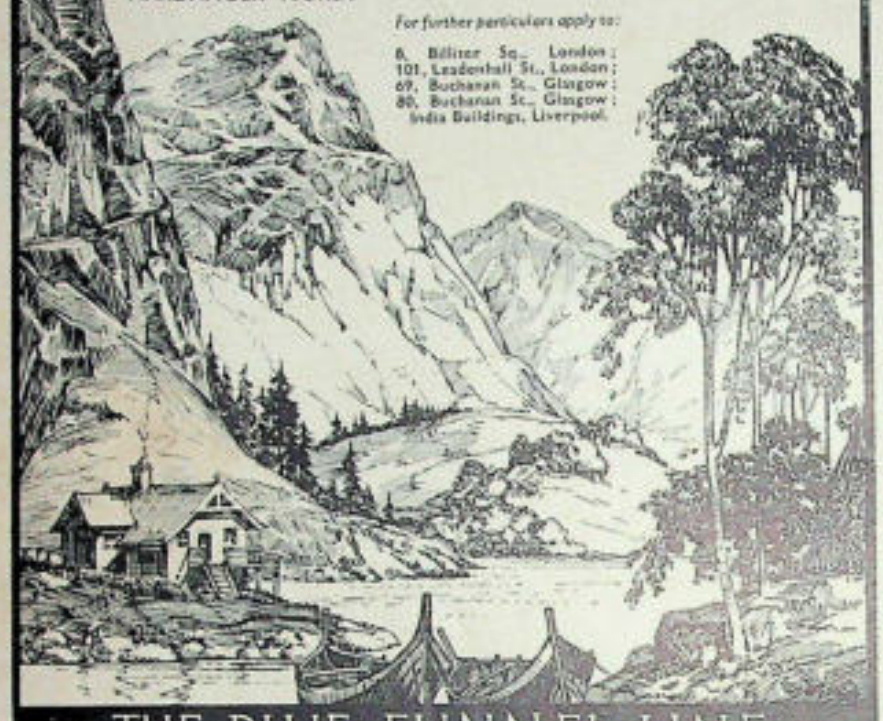
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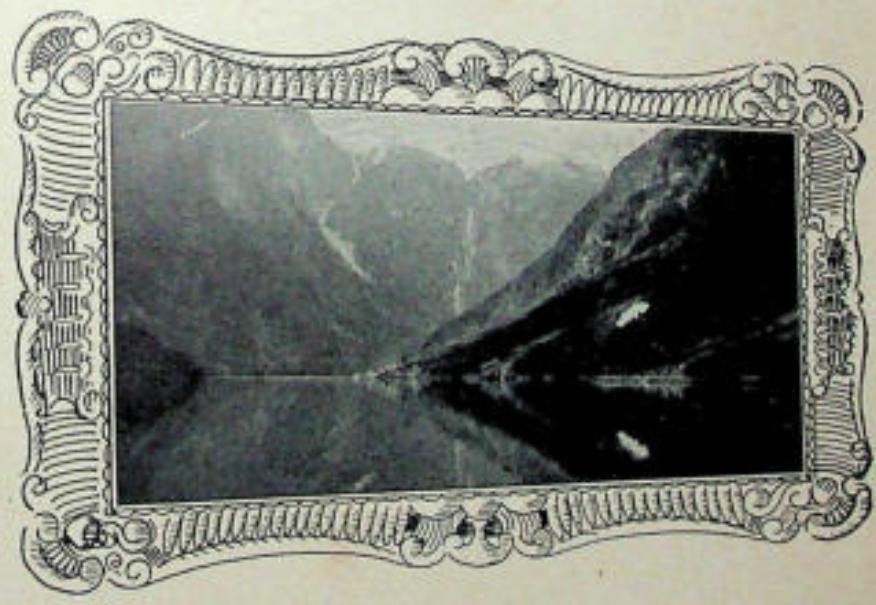
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THE MARKET PLACE AND PORT AT STAVANGER, WITH THE VEGA MOORED TO THE QUAY IN THE BACKGROUND

NEW ships making speedier passages from Newcastle have brought England into closer contact with Norway. And not only has the North Sea been conquered in the matter of time alone. Vessels which ply between the two countries, far from being ferries, are ocean liners, both in tonnage and the material comforts they afford.

At Whitsun, when the M.V. Vega joined the Venus on the service run between Newcastle and Bergen by the B. & N. Royal Mail Line, she forged a new link in the sea communications of the two countries. Of 8,000 tons and a speed of 21 knots, she is a magnificent ship. Her cabin accommodation, both first and second class, is of an order which can stand comparison with new liners many times her tonnage. Lounges, smoking rooms, dining rooms and sun decks are all on a luxurious scale, and a holiday in Norway can truly be said to start from the moment a foot is placed upon the Vega's deck. Those at all nervous of even a short voyage can face the North Sea with confidence in the stability of their vessel and with surroundings calculated to make them forget they are on the water.

The dining saloon of the Vega can be taken as a model of artistic design in its lighting and *décor*, and the fine metal work of the gratings and bracket lamps add grace to a modern simplicity of line. The service and catering can be said to reach the heights of Norwegian excellence, and no more fulsome praise can be given than this.

Those who know the beauty of the fjords and salmon rivers of Norway need no incentive to return to them, but with added facilities of travel there are many holiday makers in Britain to whom Norway, with the grandeur of its scenery, should appeal more and more each year. As one of a party which made an initial voyage on the Vega, both to gain acquaintance with the ship and the country, I can testify that the experience is one to be repeated.

Our itinerary, though a short one, included the ports, the countryside and the fjords, and lay from Stavanger to Bergen, thence by rail to Voss, from there to Stalheim by road, on to Gudvangen, and by the Nærø and Sogne fjords to Balholm on the return journey to Newcastle.

After eighteen hours' voyage we moored to the quay at Stavanger which, in common with Scandinavian ports, is of a cleanliness unknown in England. A fleet of cars took us by winding roads to the new aerodrome, of which the Norwegians are justly proud. It would seem impossible to imagine landing an aeroplane in this rugged country, but there, on a high plateau, is one with two great runways in the form of a cross which could rival many a better-known airport.



"FAR BELOW, A TWISTING RIBBON-LIKE ROAD THREADING ITS WAY BESIDE A RIVER"

On each side of the road as we progressed were vistas of wide stretches of blue water, and farmland was being worked among the rocks where in parts it would seem a hard job to cultivate an acre. Stocky, pale chestnut horses were encountered drawing carts to and from the market at Stavanger.

Coming back to the port we visited the twelfth-century cathedral and were struck with its handsome round arches; but of all erections in Stavanger, may I say, with all due respect, that the dominating statue of the illustrious figure in the market place shown wearing a top hat must leave a lasting impression. Somehow one cannot get away from that top hat, which seems so worthy of a place among our London treasures. Quaint winding streets and wooden houses, some green, some cream, some red, characterise Stavanger, and everywhere is neatness and refreshing cleanliness. As we left the quay and looked back at the town range upon range of rugged mountains loomed up through the haze beyond it, while the buildings of the port sparkled brightly in the sunshine.

Our passage to Bergen lay through skerries similar to those of the south of Sweden. It was 24 hours since we had left King's Cross, and, though north of the Orkneys, the weather in this last week of May was as warm as any summer's day. Hundreds of islets stud the deep blue waters of the fjord, some just barren rock and others bearing slight vegetation with, here and there, the red roof of a house peeping from behind a sheltering boulder.

Bergen's quays provided a study in ships' funnels, and I walked its cobbles past the old wooden Hansa buildings and the big stone troughs, where housewives can choose their fish alive, to the great square, surrounded by fine shops and classic buildings, which is only marred by a modern monstrosity in glass that has found a place at one of its corners. Pleasant open-air cafés and prettily laid-out gardens give the port a gay air, and the villas on its outskirts mount the side of a hill which overlooks the town from a height of over 1,000ft.

A funicular performs an almost vertical journey to the Fløien restaurant at the top, and at midnight I looked down upon the town from here to see its lights patterning the streets like jewels framed in a wide expanse of water with the mountains ringing it round.

In the morning steamers were leaving the harbour at an early hour, carrying young people bent on simple open-air enjoyment, and the bands of the competitors in a musical fête were playing spirited airs on board as they got under way.

From Bergen to Voss the railway follows a lovely valley. It runs by the side of fjord and stream, and passes many pretty hamlets, of which Bolstadöyri struck me as one of the most beautiful. Stretches of emerald grass fall down to the water's edge, and every now and then there are strips painted yellow with buttercups. Cascades descend from great heights to a river which swirls over rocks, then surges along until its surface is again broken by a series of miniature rapids. Forbidding-looking crags capped with snow are succeeded by softer mountain scenery where delicate silver birches cling to the steep sides.

In similar fashion the winding road to Stalheim leads by rushing torrent and waterfalls. Then from the hotel, perhaps even more famous for its ski-ing in winter than as a summer headquarters, came the grandest sight of all. On one side the view is over the valley through which we had come, on another side it commands a prospect of a gorge with, far below, a ribbon-like road threading its way beside a river; a river fed by great waterfalls and flanked by precipitous snowclad mountains. By steep descents and hairpin bends our way went through this gorge to Gudvangen, where we regained our ship (looking like a toy boat on a pond) and proceeded along the Nærø Fjord, one of the finest of Norwegian fjords, to Balestrand (Balholm) on the Sogne Fjord.

Very appropriately, a fine spectacle was reserved for the finish, when the ship anchored off the Kviknes Hotel in the twilight which plays the part of night in Norway. All the windows of the long building were lit up, at the back was a cluster of white houses and, dwarfing the lot, a huge white peak stood out against the sky and the darkening waters. R. N. R.



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THE OLD MAN OF HOY

"This lonely pillar of rock stands 400ft. above sea level in one of the most inaccessible parts of the coast"

OF all the Orkney Islands, Hoy is at once the most beautiful and most interesting. Situated in the southern group, it faces the open Pentland Firth and receives the full force of Atlantic gales and billows. Rightly has it been called the Gem of the Orkneys, for it has the finest scenery of them all. It is a mass of torrent-scarred hills with glens of the wildest Highland type where, in summer, the wild flowers bloom and the thyme fills the air with its perfume.

Hoy has a glamour of its own which captures the heart. On a summer evening when the sun sets in apocalyptic glory over the sea, Hoy is at its best—purple and gold clouds, deep blue hills, and fresh green grass on the slopes.

Approaching Hoy from Longhope, which lies at the southern end, there is an immediate consciousness of coming into a new type of country, unusual in the Orkneys. The scenery changes from pleasant fields to heathery uplands; the roads become rougher and rougher, and there is an air reminiscent of the Scottish Highlands. On all sides are hills, winered with heather, and below, stretching out like a fairyland, the sea, dotted here and there with small green islands. The sea flashing in the sunlight, the green of the islands set in the deep blue of the sea, the white clouds scudding overhead all combine to form a picture worthy of an artist's hand.

The parish of Hoy is interesting to many because within its boundaries Sir Walter Scott wrote part of *The Pirate*. He visited Hoy as one of the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses. When he was there he apparently stayed at the manse, and the visitor is shown the room where he worked during his sojourn on the island.

One of the scenes in the book centres round the Dwarfie Stone, a mass of sandstone about 30ft. in length and 14ft. in breadth. It has been hollowed out, and on either side of the entrance door are two chambers, each with a stone bed and a hole in the roof to serve as a chimney.

No one seems to know much about the origin of the stone, but an ancient writer about Orkney has a theory which is interesting. "Who hewed this stone or for what use it was we could not learn," he says. "The common tradition among the people is that a giant with his wife lived in this isle of Hoy, and used this stone for their castle. But I would rather think, seeing that it could not accommodate any of gigantic stature, that it might be for the use of some dwarf as the name seems to import or, it being remote from any house, might be the retired cell of some melancholic hermit."

Hundreds of visitors have engraved their names on the stone. One interesting inscription in Persian states that its writer spent two nights in the small chambers, but had to leave because the midges tormented him so much.

The scenery on the west coast of Hoy is among the most magnificent in the British Isles. The cliffs rise to 1,200ft. at St. John's Head, where the sea beats relentlessly at the foot of the great cliffs. On stormy days the air is full of salt spray, the booming of the waves against the rocks sounds like thunder, and the world seems full of the fury of the gale as it tears its way across the island.

It is on this side of Hoy that the little village of Rackwick lies. Situated in a small bay, guarded on each side by two great headlands of red sandstone, it presents a beautiful picture on a fine day. The waves break in white foam on the golden sands, while the hills stand sentinel round the village from which peat smoke curls lazily into the air. At Rackwick, more than at any other place in Orkney, life is to be found at its most primitive. Many of the cottages have only holes in the roof for ventilation. There are no modern conveniences here at all. The chief means of transport is a little iron wagon drawn by an ox by which the peats are brought home from the hills.

Not far from Rackwick is one of the sights of Hoy—the Old Man of Hoy. This lonely pillar of rock stands 400ft. above sea level in one of the most inaccessible parts of the coast. To reach it entails a long walk over the heather, pleasant in summer with the heather blooming and the air filled with the scent of clover and thyme, but impossible in winter when the ground is completely waterlogged.

Life at Rackwick is very simple and sweet. Here no wars or rumours of wars disturb the peaceful atmosphere. Here the clash of politics and the hum of the busy world seem very far away. Here in the open spaces of the islands, the visitor may learn something of the beauty of the world. On a summer night, when the moon casts her silver light over the sea and the stars shine in the blue dome of the heavens, a sense of peace enfolds the islands. Thus may we leave Hoy wrapped in the wings of a northern night with the sea lying shimmering in the moonlight and the Ward Hill, crowned with a garland of stars, standing sentinel over the lazy village.

GILBERT W. MOORE.



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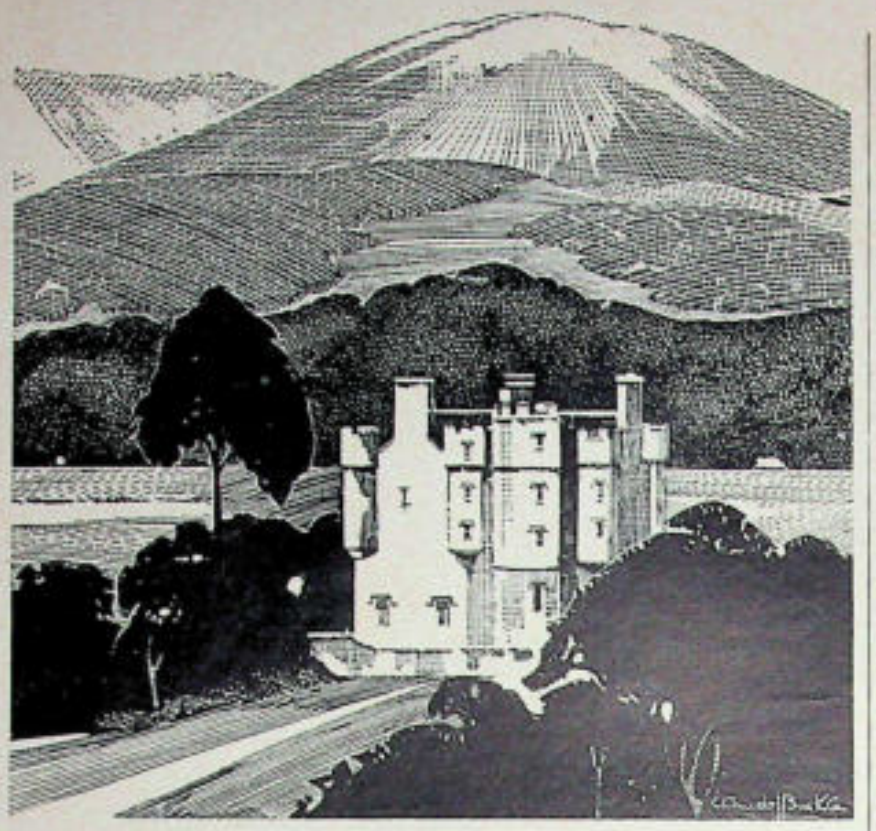
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE OLD MILL HOTEL

CERTAIN months always seem to suggest certain localities as being better than others. For example, in June I like to spend my week-ends on a waterfront—sea or river, it makes very little difference. Like the Rat and the Mole in that delightful book *The Wind in the Willows*, I am always eager to talk river-shop, which is long shop and talk that is endless, running on like the babbling river itself. I have sometimes lain awake on stifling summer nights thinking of my luckier friends aboard their cruisers round the coast, or those sleeping in some pleasant country inn near an attractive stream. And we who, for our sins, are town-dwellers when the summer sun lights up gloomy squares and dusty streets, chafe at every sunlit day that passes as worse than wasted.

Yet the week-end—perhaps what the "heaven-born" call a "long week-end"—frequently comes round and time becomes our own for a few hours. Certainly, in June, and other months for that matter, I would advise a visit to the Old Mill Hotel, at West Harnham, near Salisbury. You can get what you want of river and country life here and still be within striking distance of London for your return on Sunday evening. It is unfortunate that no careful record has been kept, or traced, of the origin of this interesting building. It is fairly obvious that it was ecclesiastical, for in the north wall there is a niche, while there is little doubt, apart from its general appearance, that it is very old. Here and there are fragments of Norman stonework, and everything points to the building having been considerably altered in Tudor times.

Some people think the edifice was originally built as an hospital, especially as early documents in Salisbury Cathedral mention that one stood on or about the site. There seems some justification for such a theory. At each end of the two long rooms which occupy the whole length of the building above and below, there are great fireplaces, which seem to point to the fact that they were used for some domestic purpose before the building was converted into a mill about 1500.

The exterior of the present-day restaurant is checkered in 14-in. squares of flint and sandstone, giving a very decorative effect, and over the doors are carved archways. You will find that the original old bars remain in the windows and that the walls are over 4ft. thick. In the south wall there are two squints, one of which is in excellent preservation, and it is quite possible that they were used for handing out alms. In the floor there is the original eel trap with very early iron gratings.

But I believe new visitors to the Old Mill will first of all be most interested in the roof. It is of very decorative construction, supported by queer posts, and those solid, heavy beams which were the pride of our ancestors. The sides are held in place by arched beams, cut right and left from one piece of timber. And it is interesting to note, too, that three times since the Old Mill was built the upper front wall has collapsed, yet on each occasion, such was the excellent construction of the roof the joints never came apart, and each time it was slowly lifted and a fresh front wall rebuilt to support it.

A feature about the place is that nothing modern is allowed in the building, except the telephone and three bathrooms. The furniture you will find genuine antique, while some of the chairs are copied from an old Dutch chair found in a negro's hut in Haiti. There are some grand old candlesticks which came from Moscow just before the revolution; the cuisine is excellent, and—best of all to some of us—the inn is entirely surrounded by water and just the place to talk river-shop.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.

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(Continued on page 1573)

BRIDGE

DUPLICATE PLAY

The World Bridge Championship

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

THE following hand from the match between the Viennese and the Culbertson teams at Budapest is particularly interesting:

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

A B vulnerable. Y the dealer.

At Table 1 (the Austrians Y and Z) the bidding was:

Y	B	Z	A
No bid	One Club	No bid	One Diamond
One Spade	No bid	No bid	Three No Trumps
Four Spades	Five Clubs	No bid	Six Clubs
No bid	No bid	No bid	

Here it is to be noted that in spite of Y's call of Four Spades, A was not deterred from bidding a little slam in Clubs. Dr. Stern writes that it may be debated whether Six Spades would not have been a profitable sacrifice for Y and Z.

At the other table with Y Z Americans the bidding was:

Y	B	Z	A
One Spade	No bid	One No Trump	Double
Two Spades	Three No Trumps	No bid	No bid
No bid			

Opening lead by Z 8 of Spades. B made twelve tricks.

The comment here is that Y's (Mr. Culbertson's) opening bid of One Spade was "psychic" and that A and B allowed themselves to be deterred from an "easily biddable contract of Six Clubs." This, it is remarked, was one of the occasional successes of Culbertson's psychic bids. Here we have the spectacle of diverse bidding, one side bidding and making the little slam and the other contenting itself with a contract of Three No Trumps and making twelve tricks.

Whether Y makes a semi-psychic bid of One Spade or not B, in my opinion, should call Three Clubs straightaway and he would do so on the Simple System. After that there is little difficulty in A arriving at a contract of Six No Trumps or Six Clubs. To make Six Clubs it was necessary to find the Ace of Hearts with Z. If he held ♡ A, J, 10, B must lose two tricks in the suit.

The second example reveals some rather spirited and peculiar bidding at Table 2.

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

Both sides vulnerable. B the dealer. At Table 1 the bidding was:

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	No bid	One Heart	Two Clubs
Two Diamonds	No bid	Two Hearts	No bid
Two Spades	No bid	Three Diamonds	No bid
Three Hearts	No bid	Four Hearts	No bid
No bid	No bid		

B, having passed on the first round, made three bids subsequently and A was able to make his contract of Four Hearts.

At Table 2, however, with Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson Y and Z, the bidding went:

B	Z	A	Y
No bid	No bid	One Heart	Double !
Re-double	Two Clubs	No bid	Two No Trumps !
Double	No bid	No bid	Three Clubs
Three Diamonds	No bid	No bid	No bid

Z led the 10 of Clubs and B made only eight tricks.

The comment of Dr. Stern is that the Three Diamonds contract, although it could have been made, was "preposterous." A and B had shown strength throughout the bidding and A undoubtedly ought to have called Three Hearts. It is to be remarked that Y's double of One Heart was "psychic." But its nature was exposed by B's re-double. Y's bid of Two No Trumps was a second psychic and would have been punished if left in undoubled.

B's double, however, gave Y his second chance. But his escape into Three Clubs would also have involved penalties. When B called Three Diamonds A should not have left it as B's calling, in spite of his initial pass, was highly encouraging.

Well, now you know how the experts bid. And you may derive profitable lessons from both hands. The first point to which I would direct your attention is that, even when vulnerable, they do not as a rule fail to call up. They do not exhibit that ghastly fear of penalties which haunts so many players.

The second point is their fallibility. This will be useful to you if properly applied at your clubs. When you get "ticked off," as you may and will at your club for making an unsuccessful call or a bad double or re-double or for getting into the wrong contract, just say: "That reminds me that the Austrians or the Culbertsons on a similar hand made the same mistake."

You will find it has a wonderfully subduing effect on your critics, who will probably not be able to contradict you!

CHESS

ENGLAND v. HOLLAND

The game between Dr. Euwe and the British Champion on the first day.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) This is not a good move. Black should, instead, play P to Q 5.

(b) When he played 10. . . . P takes P, Black had intended to continue with 11. . . . Kt to B 3, followed, if 12. B takes K Kt P, by 12. . . . B to Kt 5. He had overlooked that White could play 13. Q to B 6, to be followed, if 13. . . . B to K 2, by 14. Q to R 6. As a result of this oversight he found himself with nothing better to play than the text-move, which leaves him with the inferior position.

(c) Played to force a weakness at Black's Q 4.

(d) If P to Q 3, then B to B 3.

(e) Kt to Kt 5 is slightly better.

(f) P to Q 3 is better, but Black would then have a very difficult game. With the text-move he plays for a counter-attack on the Queen's side.

(g) Here, too, P to Q 3 is better.

(h) If, instead, Q takes Kt P, then Kt to R 6 and wins.

(i) If 26. . . . Kt to R 4, then 27. K to R sq (threatening P to Q Kt 4), R to R sq (if Q to Kt 2, then Q takes Q followed by R takes P); 28. P to Q Kt 4, Q to Kt 2; 29. Q takes Q, Kt takes Q; 30. B takes P.

(j) A very strong move.

(k) An alternative continuation is 32. R to R sq, Q to B 4; 33. Q to K 6, ch, K to R sq; 34. R takes P. The line Dr. Euwe chooses is stronger.

(l) Threatening 39. Kt to R 6, ch, K to Kt 2; 40. Q to B 7, ch, K takes Kt; 41. P to K Kt 4.

(m) An interesting game. Mr. Fairhurst was never allowed to recover from the ill-effects of his tenth move.

The following game was played on the second day.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. W. A. Fairhurst.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. W. A. Fairhurst.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	12. Castles (K R)	Castles
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	13. Q R to B sq	B P tks P (f)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	14. K P takes P	B to B 5
4. B to Kt 5	P to K R 3 (a)	15. Q R to Q sq	P to K 4
5. B takes Kt (b)	Q takes B (c)	16. B P takes P	Kt takes P
6. Q to Kt 3 (d)	P to B 3 (e)	17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
7. Q Kt to Q 2 (f)	P to Q R 4 (g)	18. Q to Kt 4	B to Kt 5
8. P to Q R 3	P to K 5	19. Q R to K sq	B to R 6 (g)
9. Q to B 3 (h)	P to B 4	20. Kt to B 3 (as)	K R to Q sq (s)
10. P to K 3 (i)	Kt to B 3	21. Q to K 7 (t)	Drawn.
11. B to Q 3 (j)	B to Q 3		

(a) This move is of doubtful value. Either B to K 2 or Q Kt to Q 2 is preferable.

(b) Best. If, instead, B to R 4, then B to Kt 5, ch, followed by P takes P with a good game for Black.

(c) In our opinion 5. . . . B to Kt 5, ch is preferable, *e.g.*, (1) 6. Kt to B 3, B takes Kt, ch; 7. P takes B, Q takes B, or (2) 6. Q Kt to Q 2, Q takes B, to be followed eventually by B takes Kt, ch.

(d) Preventing B to Kt 5, ch and threatening P takes P.

(e) If P takes P, then Q takes B P and White's Queen is very well posted.

(f) A novelty, the usual move being Kt to B 3. The object of the text-move is to give White's Queen more mobility than she has after Kt to B 3. Dr. Euwe considers the move to be very good.

(g) If 7. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 8. P to K 4, P takes K P; 9. Kt takes P, Q to Kt 3; 10. Kt to Kt 3 (B to Q 3 is also good) and White has the preferable game. The object of the text-move is seen in the following variation: 8. P to K 4, P takes K P; 9. Kt takes P, B to Kt 5, ch; 10. Q takes B, P takes Q; 11. Kt takes Q, ch, P takes Kt and Black has a fairly satisfactory game.

(h) Mr. Fairhurst subsequently expressed the opinion that Q to B 2 would have been better.

(i) 10. B P takes P, K P takes P; 11. P to K 4 is a better continuation.

(j) 11. B P takes P, K P takes P; 12. B to Kt 5 is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(k) Here, and at the next move, P to K 4 is a good alternative.

(l) This is not good. After the game was over, Dr. Euwe expressed the opinion that he should have played 19. . . . B to Q 3, *e.g.*, 20. Kt to K 4, B takes Q; 21. Kt takes Q, ch, P takes Kt; 22. P takes B, P to R 6; 23. P takes P, R takes P and Black has the better chances in the end-game.

(m) Not P takes B because of Q to Kt 4, ch, followed by B takes Kt.

(n) Not K R to K sq because of Q takes R P.

(o) If P takes B, then B to Q 3, followed by Q takes Kt. After the text-move Mr. Fairhurst, who had only ten minutes in which to make his next fifteen moves, suggested a draw and Dr. Euwe agreed. After 21. . . . Q takes Q; 22. R takes Q, B to Q 3; 23. R takes Kt P, B to Q B sq; 24. R to Kt 6, R to Kt sq; 25. R takes R, B takes R White is a pawn ahead and has some winning chances, but Black has two powerful Bishops. A win for White, even if possible, would be extremely difficult.

PROBLEM No. 3966

By the late E. BRUNNER*

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

BLACK (11 pieces): King at Q R sq, Rook at K 7, Bishops at K Kt sq and K 6, Pawns at K Kt 2, K 3, Q B 3, Q 5, Q B 5, Q Kt 6 and K R 6.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Die Schwalbe*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3965

1. R to Kt 6 (threatening 2. Q takes Kt, ch). If 1. . . . K to Q 6, then 2. Q takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . K to Kt 4, then 2. Q to Q 7, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to K 6, then 2. Q to B 6, ch, &c.

TOURNAMENT AT NOORDWYK.—An international tournament is now being played at Noordwyk. The competitors are Dr. Euwe (Holland), Bogoljubow (Germany), Dr. Tartakower (Poland), Spielmann (Austria), Keres (Estonia), Pirc (Jugoslavia), Eliskases (Austria), Sir George Thomas, Bizt, (England), Landau (Holland) and Schmidt (Estonia). At the end of the second round, Sir George Thomas, Keres and Eliskases were leading with one-and-a-half points each.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

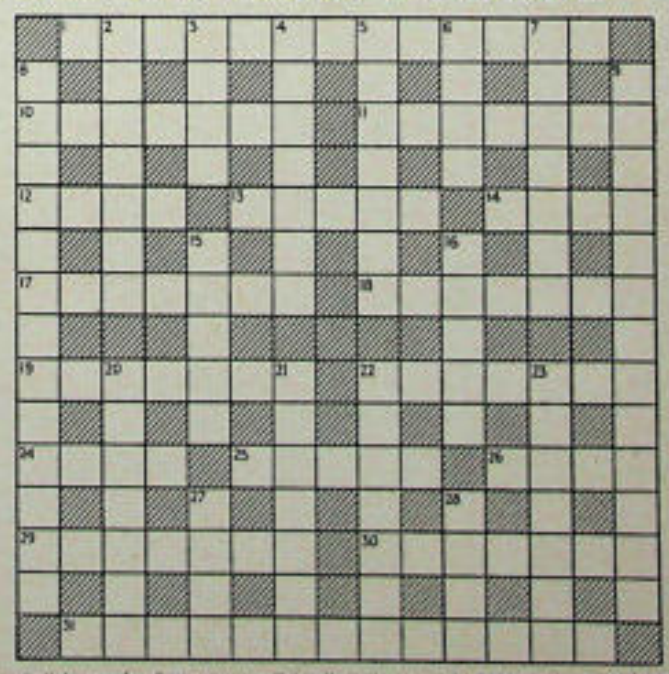
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 469

ACROSS.—1, It must be admitted that the shorn lamb has not got this footballer. 10, They are runners seldom seen on the wing, yet it is often they who do the shooting. 11, Frequently forestalls a dribble. 12, Cock is for self-assertion. 13 and 25, There's really only one team in it, even including the referee. 14, This point may be useful for educating the young in a general way. 17, Not the playing fields of Eton, but the "Leeds" of Rome (in an accusative fashion). 18, The goalkeeper's trainer might perhaps describe himself as counsel for this. 19, Adit for face value and no "make up" about it. 22, Watchful order for those in service (two words). 24, Its plural has a general significance. 25, See 13. 26, This man is of a most melting disposition (and probably feels his best at zero hour). 29, Latin "Chaplonians"? 30, Norma seems capable of fleecing. 31, Just the ghost of the eleven?

SOLUTION TO No. 468

Published June 11th

		C	A	B	B	A	G	E	S		A	S	H	
	A		P		R		I		T		S		E	
E	S	T	A	T	E		B	R	O	C	C	O	L	I
	T		R		E		E		R		E		L	
L	E	T	T	U	C	E	S		M	A	R	R	O	W
	R				H						T			
C	O	W	S	L	I	P	S		G	R	A	F	T	
	I		T		N		I		R		I		E	
E	D	G	I	N	G		T	R	A	I	N	I	N	G
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P	O	T	A	T	O	E	S		I	C	I	C	L	E
	N		T		I		I		E		B		Y	
	E	Y	E		L	A	N	D	S	M	E	N		



DOWN.—2, "A sample of our own medicine," as Cæsar might have said. 3, Vehicle of self-expression in India. 4, Seven of these for a broad highway. 5, Swell. 6, Such a speaker is positively inhuman. 7, A team maybe, but of no association at all. 8, A bit of a league (of the Expeditionary Force ?). 9, Footballer—with a "bow window," possibly. 15, "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." 16, See ten. 20, Oil?—tush (anag.) 21, European city. 23, Out of date money. 27, One of the pieces of eight. 28, This is well on top of the Foreign Legion, among others.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Trout for Examination.—Our biologist reports that the trout you sent were in excellent condition, well fed and of good shape. The only abnormal symptoms were: (1) The eyes, which had blood-red areas around them. (2) The gills were rather pale. In two cases there was an excess of mucus and in the other case the gills were almost blue. (3) Between the pectoral fins in one case there was a blood-red area. Internally there was no sign of trouble at all. The liver and spleen were normal in colour. The gall bladder somewhat distended with bile, suggesting that no food had been taken for some hours. There was some excess of fat around the gut. The evidence suggests a death which came via the gills, which again suggests a possible absence of oxygen in the area where the fish were overcome. There was not the slightest sign of disease.—*H. W., Sussex.*

Country House

Eradication of Pond Weeds.—The keeping of ducks is one of the easiest and most effective ways of clearing duck weed from ponds, but since this is not feasible in this particular instance, resource must be made to other methods. Carp certainly help to keep down weeds by eating the young growth in spring, but it is far better to obtain complete clearance by chemical means. Treatment with copper sulphate (bluestone) will destroy floating vegetation like duck weed and fresh-water algæ when used at the rate of 1lb. per 125,000 gallons of water. In calculating the volume of water to be treated, take the average depth by width by length in feet, and convert the result to gallons by multiplying by 6¼. The copper sulphate should be placed in a sack and dragged through the water until the chemical is dissolved. The process should be repeated after an interval of one week to complete eradication.—*F. S. F., Lyndhurst.*

Application of Fertilisers to Lawns.—Fertilisers should not be applied to lawns during drought owing to the danger of their scorching the turf. Moreover, plants cannot use fertilisers until there has been enough rainfall to dissolve and carry them down into the soil. Where a lawn is always kept well watered, however, they could be applied and hoed in afterwards with perfect safety. Under normal conditions there is no risk, but it is best to apply fertilisers on a day when there is no dew on the leaf and a shower of rain is expected, or to water them in afterwards. With granular fertilisers, which do not adhere to the grass blades, there is little or no risk of scorching. On large lawns application should be made by throwing the material upwards with a vigorous sweep of the arm so that it falls in a light, even spray. The complete fertiliser should be withheld until next spring, but treatment with the sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of iron may begin now and be continued as recommended until mid-August. Fertilisers of the required analyses can be obtained in ready prepared form from any agricultural merchant.—*E. W. C., Northumberland.*

Sterilisation of Small Swimming Pools.—Water in a small bathing pool can be sterilised easily and cheaply by regular treatment with "Chloros," which contains 10 per cent. by weight of available chlorine. Treatment will also inhibit the growth of green slimes. For a pool of 20,000 gallons used for week-end parties, a convenient method is to dilute ½ to 1 pint of "Chloros" in about 20 times its volume of water, and to spray this mixture over the surface of the bath as evenly as possible, using a watering can. After "Chloros" has done its work nothing but a little common salt remains in the water, but a small residual of free chlorine must always be present to keep the water in a sterile condition. If bath and water are clean to begin with, a single application given the evening before bathing will render the water germ-free, but if the water has been left standing all week, the pool becomes contaminated with surface drainage and organic matter such as algal growth, insects and dead leaves, when one dose is too small. It is then necessary to add the "Chloros" at least twice weekly, and every second day during exceptionally hot weather. Regular treatment will keep the water sterile indefinitely, but as it becomes turbid, owing to the accumulation of suspended matter which the disinfectant cannot remove, it must be renewed. Water should be changed as often as possible, but when treated regularly one change per month might be sufficient. Full information on the use of "Chloros" for the sterilisation of swimming bath water can be obtained in booklet form from I.C.I., Ltd., Millbank, S.W. 1.—*R. A., M., West Malling.*

Cricket

First-Wicket Record.—The record partnership in first-class cricket set up by J. T. Brown and J. Tunnicliffe, who scored 554 for Yorkshire v. Derbyshire in August, 1898, was beaten by Holmes and Sutcliffe, who scored 555 for Yorkshire against Essex, at Leyton, in 1932.—*W. G. L., London.*

Garden

Application for Cut Branches.—After you have cut the branches off the beech trees, first apply a dressing of a germicidal nature such as light creosote and then Stockholm tar. It is usually necessary to give a second dressing of tar.—"The Tyke." *Malton.*

Pruning Roses.—The article by Dr. Bealford was published in our issue of March 19th. The light pruning he advocated has been crowned with success this year. An experiment was made with some roses which had been allowed a year or more's growth.—*F. W., Surrey.*

Kennel

Training Labradors.—Labradors are trained exactly like any other retrievers, and, being hardy dogs, they require no particular attention beyond a good, dry kennel, free from draughts, and ordinary feeding of meat and biscuits. A useful book is R. Sharpe's *Dog Training for Amateurs*, price 7/6.—*D. S. P., Carlow.*

Beagles and English Setters.—To give you the information you want would really fill a column of this paper, if it were to make a picture of the two breeds about which you inquire. English setters are handsome dogs of middle size, long-coated, well-feathered, and are used for finding game, which they point when they scent it, and they remain in a rigid attitude until the shooter can get in his shot. Beagles are small hare-hunting hounds and are hunted in packs. They are marked like a foxhound and vary in size from 10in. to 16in. Those of 12in. or 14in. are often preferred because they can be followed comfortably on foot. You have both these breeds in America.—*E. L. C., Alabama.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Phosphorus Poisoning of Birds.—A correspondent sent us the bodies of a sparrow, a blackbird, a starling and a chaffinch which he had picked up dead in his garden. From another correspondent we received a Carolina duck, but no information of the owner's observations. Each of these five birds had died of phosphorus poisoning, the source of which is usually rat poison.—*M., Yorks; J. W. P., Essex.*

Avian Coccidiosis.—We are reminded by the following five cases of coccidiosis in old birds that we shall soon be reporting the annual crop of deaths of poults from this contagious germ infection of the bowels. The five cases comprised two grouse, a cock pheasant, a bantam hen, and a two-year-old fowl. The droppings of these birds would have been teeming with the germs of coccidiosis, which are capable of remaining viable on the ground for some twelve to eighteen months. Thus ground infected with these germs is dangerous to any species of bird, especially youngsters which are highly susceptible to the disease. Disinfecting the ground is difficult enough on a poultry farm, since it necessitates dressing with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and keeping the dressed land free of birds for at least two years. During this interval the land is better put down to arable or grazed by farm animals. We know of no practicable method of treating a moor on which infected grouse have been picked up. Curative treatment of an infected flock is practicable on a poultry farm and sometimes on the rearing field where movement of the coops can be undertaken each day. But the control of the disease among wild birds is an unsolved problem.—*E. A. T., Wilts; G. B. J., Northumberland; F. D., Essex;* W. *M., Dumbarton; J. C., Belfast.*

Turf

The Lamb.—The Lamb was bred in County Limerick by a farmer of the name of Hornby, and was by Zouave. He was purchased by Lord Poulett and won the Grand National in 1868 and again in 1871, being ridden on the first occasion by that very brilliant amateur rider Mr. George Ede, who rode under the name of "Mr. Edwards"; on the second occasion he was ridden by Mr. Tom Pickernell. This horse, like some other National winners, had rather an unfortunate end, being sold in 1872 to Baron Oppenheim for the sum of £1,200 and going to Germany, where he broke a leg at Baden Baden in September of the same year, and had to be destroyed. The Lamb was a grey and stood 15.2 hands, but it is doubtful whether he was the smallest horse to win the National, as Abd-el-Kader is officially described as being "under 15.2 hands"; this latter horse was the first of three who won the race twice in succession and is noteworthy, as the first time that he won it he set up the record for the race and on the second occasion only took 1½sec. longer.—*J. F. McD., Inverness.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

THERE was a full catalogue at Knightsbridge last Monday, when the following were the principal transactions:

POLO PONIES

Property of Mr. N. Morrison: Yarasto, b, 7Ogs.; Upa Nera, br, 9Ogs.; Sierra Chica, b, 12Ogs.; Rio Velado, b, 5Ogs.; Iolandrina, br, 14Ogs. Property of Sir Ian Walker: Brutus, ch, 8Ogs.; Fly-by-Night, b, by Taberlin, 12Ogs.; Geisha, b, by Collier, 13Ogs.

HUNTERS

Property of Wing-Commander Waller: Dueller (1931), b g, by Black Gauntlet, 5Ogs. Property of Mr. F. Barkaway: Querist (1929), by Junior—Armada, 125gs.; Gay Glance (1932), b m, by Walter Gay—Glaneuse, 10Ogs. Property of Major W. B. Hacking: Banker, br g, by All Alone, 65gs. Property of Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. W. W. Harrison, M.F.H.: Patrick, b g, by Killiney's Pride, 16Ogs.; Griselda, gr m, by Kosciusko, 10Ogs.; Solomon, br g, by Convent Run, 145gs. Property of Mrs. Murray-Graham: Honest Valet, ch m, by Simon Orb, 28Ogs.; Quick Work (1930), blk g, by Presto, 15Ogs. Property of Mr. J. Banbery (Royal Scots Greys): Royal Fox, ch g, by Crown Solicitor, 20Ogs.; Dingle, b g, by Defiance, 18Ogs. Property of Mr. H. L. Cattrill: Elton Grange, br m, by Grasemere, 14Ogs.; Fortunate, ch g, by Fortune of War, 21Ogs.; Tittle Alarm (1931), b g, by False Alarm—Land Tail, 78Ogs. Property of Captain F. T. Hill: Lisnabin, b g, by Cottage, 13Ogs.; Holly, br g, by Iron Hand, 9Ogs.; Jerkin (1933), br g, by Celebrate—Jenny Firkin, 28Ogs.; Undertone (1933), b m, by King's Oven—Sans Tremor, 57gs. Property of Mr. H. J. Morton: Grander, b g, by Castle, 12Ogs.; Tresmount, b g, by Free from Pride, 9Ogs. Property of Mr. W. F. Ransom: Lady Sampshire (1932), b m, by Sampshire—Lady Josephine, 13Ogs. Property of Captain M. A. A. Little (Royal Horse Guards): Divan, b m, 155gs.; Desire, blk br m, 28Ogs.; Cottage Rambler, blk g, by Cottage, 17Ogs.

HORSES IN TRAINING

Property of Mr. R. O. G. Maxwell: Blasé, b g, by Duke of Brandon, 5Ogs. Property of Mr. F. V. F. Cazalet: Escalus (1932, bred in France), gr g, by Bellonda—Maillane, 52gs.; Le Sarrasin (1930, bred in France), blk g, by Mouskowa—Syrie, 54gs.; Organdi II (1933, bred in France), b g, by Pharos—Après l'Ondée, 28Ogs.; Artist's Find, blk filly, by Romney, 21Ogs. Property of the Hon. G. R. Mildmay: Roberton Point (1930), ch g, by Golden Orb—Pointe Rêve, 38Ogs.; Rassam (1933, bred in France), ch horse, by Guido Reni—Barlêchon, 44Ogs. Property of Mr. G. S. Grenfell: Le Tilleu III (1931, bred in France), b g, by Pinceau—Mrs. Tittlemouse, 10Ogs. Property of Mr. W. Adlam: Kingsfurze, blk g, by King David, 10Ogs. Fell Pony, property of Mr. R. B. Charlton: Lionel Fan, blk pony mare, by Lionel Mite, 62gs.

COUNTRYMAN'S QUERIES

The following are the answers to the questions on page 1558:

1.—Cumberland, Durham, Huntingdon, Midlothian, Worcestershire.

2.—Nye; wisp; gaggle, skein when flying; trip; exultation.

3.—A trout of 39½lb., caught on Loch Awe by Mr. W. Muir in 1866.

4.—(a) Henry Kingsley's *Ravenshoe*; (b) Pendennis met Henry Foker in Thackeray's *Pendennis*; (c) George Sheraton in the *Memories of a Fortunate Man*; (d) Whyte-Melville.

5.—In the rock partridge the median wing coverts are marked with a longitudinal pale buff stripe running down the shaft, and on each side of the shaft the feathers are mottled with grey and brown. In the hen these feathers have the same buff stripe, but instead of being mottled they are barred with buff and dark brown.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed: and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

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GOOD LUCK TO ENGLAND'S TEST CAPTAIN

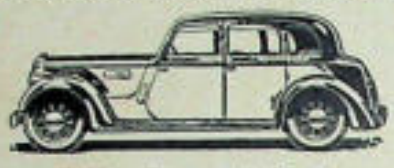
W. R. Hammond, who is again leading England against the Australians at Lord's this week

The Hon. Maynard Greville *says* (in "Country Life")

"It may truly be said that this Rover model in its price class now occupies a position equivalent to that of Rolls-Royce in the highest-priced category, and it may quite rightly be called the Rolls-Royce of medium-priced cars. After driving this car for a short time no one can wonder at the general feeling of satisfaction of Rover owners."

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover Company, Ltd., Coventry.

THE FIELD

ESTABLISHED 1853

THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

Holborn 3682

CONTENTS

FRUIT-FARMERS FACING RUIN 1597
A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL 1597
SALMON IN LOW WATER 1598
A CHAMPION CUP FORECAST 1600
OLYMPIA'S FINEST HORSE SHOW 1601
TEST MATCH MISCELLANY 1602
WHICH IS THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD? 1603
SOMETHING NEW IN MARKSMANSHIP 1604
SERVICE! A PAGE FROM THE PAST 1605
WHEN COARSE FISHING OPENS 1606
PETER SCOTT'S WILDFOWL 1607
MAN OVERBOARD! 1608
NATURE STUDY ON SKIS 1609
POULTRY AND THE NATION 1610
THE FOODS OF ADULT PARTRIDGES 1612
IN THE GIANT ELAND COUNTRY 1614
ART OF GOOD LIVING 1616
FIFTY YEARS AGO 1616
A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK 1616
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Bird Psychology; Cattle in the Highlands; Sea-Eagles in the Water; &c. 1617
IN THE CITY 1620
OARSMEN FOR HENLEY 1621
GOLF ON A LEAGUE SYSTEM 1621
COTTAGERS' LILIES 1623
CHEAP FENCING 1623
PREPARING A NEW GARDEN 1624
OLD-FASHIONED POINTERS 1624
SAFE MOORINGS FOR SMALL VESSELS 1626
A "CLOSED CIRCUIT" KING'S CUP RACE 1628
A SHORT TOUR IN KENYA 1631
CARDS AND CHESS 1633
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS 1634

THE NEWS FROM EVEREST

RUMOUR had it that the attempt on Everest had been abandoned, but the latest news received by *The Times*, on Monday, from Mr. Tilman, leader of the expedition, was to the effect that the North Col had been occupied.

The innovations in organisation that were predicted in the *Field* (December 26th and January 22nd) give this year's expedition a special interest. The party is so small and mobile that if the attempt failed and the Tibetan authorities were to sanction another expedition, a similarly modest effort would be far easier to repeat than the unwieldy undertakings that have been organised recently.

This year every member of the party of seven is a climber capable of taking part in the final assault, and there are no specialists exclusively preoccupied with particular duties, as leader, doctor, transport officer, or wireless operator. Consequently, the climbers can each take a hand at running the expedition. Tilman can do any leading that may be required, another climber is medical officer, other members can take their turn at supervising transport, and the wireless work is no longer a preoccupation, as no transmitting set has been taken. Oxygen was only carried with a view to use in emergencies.

This year, too, an effort was made to live on the country, as far as that is possible in such a desolate region, and the double advantage must have been gained of reducing the weight of tinned food and mitigating the danger of vitamin deficiency. As we have previously pointed out, this general reduction in the scale of the venture should result in a remarkable economy in costs, and, in addition, has obviated the arduous secretarial and administrative work which it had hitherto been believed must be carried on by a special staff in London.

Unfortunately, owing to the plan of action that has always been adopted—and it is difficult to imagine any other—the best organisation in the world can achieve nothing unless several fine days occur together during the month immediately preceding the monsoon, and on Everest fine weather rarely lasts for long. When it is considered, too, that five members of past expeditions have succeeded in reaching the prodigious elevation of 28,000ft., only 1,000ft. below the top of the mountain, it is hard to imagine that others will be able to do any better in future, unless they are favoured with exceptional luck. Such luck, however, is possible, and a monsoon has even been known to occur so late as to result in an extra month of fine weather.

An interesting but not very hopeful alternative plan in the event of failure in the earlier attempt is the suggestion that the expedition might wait and make another in the clearer weather that comes in the autumn. Although it has been assumed as a certainty that while the monsoon is in action the prohibitive snow conditions above 23,000ft. make any attempt on Mount Everest out of the question, there is no such degree of certainty about the conditions in autumn, when the monsoon has come to an end. Yet the cold in autumn must be formidable, and it is only the violence of the westerly gales that can remove the snow from the difficult rocks near the summit. Moreover, at present there is a lack of evidence whether the necessary calm intervals are likely to occur after the snow has been blown away.

At any rate, if the party were unsuccessful and decided to wait till the monsoon is over, they might bring back valuable information about the autumn conditions on the mountain.

RURAL EDUCATION

MR. KENNETH LINDSAY, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, in a speech in the House on Monday, waxed eloquent on reforms in rural education. At present, in twelve of the most rural counties, 50 per cent. of the boys had no instruction in gardening, 50 per cent. of the girls no training in domestic service. In senior schools, now being established, this was being changed. Boys learnt what would be of use in agriculture, grafting, and budding and tillage. The courses in these schools had been adapted to country needs, and 82 per cent. of the children in them went back to their villages for employment. Admirable, of course. But since the National Government came into office more than half a million arable acres have gone out of cultivation; in the last thirteen years nearly 200,000 men have left the land; we grow fewer acres of barley, fewer acres of oats, and of turnips and of swedes and of mangolds and of potatoes. We have more cattle than before the War, but we feed them mainly on imported food. During the first five months of this year we spent £3,000,000 for meat from abroad and £6,000,000 more for dairy produce. All that is true and shameful. It has nothing to do with Mr. Lindsay; it is to do with Mr. Morrison, who seems to do nothing about it at all. But what is Mr. Lindsay advocating? The education of country children in agricultural pursuits, so that they—a steadily declining they—may return to work on the land the Government neglects for wages the farmers, through no fault of their own, cannot make competitive. It does not make sense.

ROYAL SHOW NUMBER

Next week's issue of the "Field" will contain a special section devoted to the Royal Show with particular reference to the mechanical side of Agriculture. The "Field" Stand will be by the main show ring at the Peterborough Agricultural Show on June 28th, 29th and 30th, when members of the staff will be present and will be pleased to assist readers in any way possible.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE

The present attitude of Our Dumb Friends' League in regard to sport is a matter of deep regret, the more so in view of the many years of sane and balanced service the League has offered to animals in the past. Two or three years ago its policy appeared to undergo a considerable change. Its attitude became increasingly hostile to sport and sportsmen. Its activities made it clear that it was in fact, if not in name, an anti-blood sports society; and in this course the majority of its present members seem to concur. Whether those who subscribed its very considerable invested income in the past would have agreed to this is certainly open to doubt. Matters have reached a state when the situation would probably be all the better for clarification. Accordingly a number of prominent persons, associated in some degree or other with field sports, have withdrawn from the League when its activities were made known to them by the Field Sport Society. But there remain a certain number of persons interested and taking part in sport among its patrons, and it would be interesting to know what the League thinks of such a situation. Experience has shown that it is always regrettable when such issues are forced to the front, for they are rarely clear-cut nor are they capable of exact definition, but here, unfortunately, is a state of things where all parties would like to know how they stand.

DEMOCRATIC HENLEY

This year Henley opens on a new note, for, with the revision of the amateur definition, a crew from the Metropolitan Police will make its appearance in the Thames Cup, and W. E. C. Horwood will scull in the Diamonds. It will be interesting to note how the newcomers develop. Horwood has long held the N.A.R.A. Earl of Iveagh Cup for that association's Championship Sculls and the police have represented the Thames A.R.A. prominently in the competition for the Desborough Cup for Championship Eights. The police, at all events, should have a call upon physique in making up a crew.

MIDSUMMER ON THE TROUT STREAM

A burst of real summer last week brought to the trout streams the genuine evening rise—not that half-hearted affair when a few trout seem to make one or two excursions to the surface as though fulfilling a social obligation with the minimum expenditure of energy, but the kind of rise which sticks in the memory; when suddenly every fish in the river seems to have made up its mind to win the competition for the greatest number o. flies swallowed; when big and small alike jostle one another with their fast-spreading rings. Shall we ever find out what the fish are taking on these occasions before the rise is over? Occasionally the favoured of fortune finds a fly which fish will accept, and his experience is followed by many rods the next evening with profit—to the trout. But perhaps it is better to snatch hope while it is available; too often, like war news, "it may be contradicted to-morrow."

WASTDALE

The mountains of steep Wastden
Have only clouds for crown:
And from the gashes of the rock
The misty becks pour down.
But in the dale of Wastden,
Like a string of clustering pearl,
The hawthorn white should all delight
The throat of a fair girl.

All round in Nether Wastdale
The Screes with ebon jowl,
Like monks in miserere,
On the black water scowl.
But flaming under Buckbarrow
Burns the pure golden flower
Of whin and broom that Cumbrian kings
Should covet for a dower.

EDMUND CASSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

TOWN opinion, that is to say the ruling opinion, is so riddled with misconceptions of the psychology of country people that it is safe to say of a Cockney that he would be on easier terms of understanding with a Parisian taxi-driver than with a labourer, say, of Ryme Intrinsica. The extreme example of a delusion held by popular and educated urban views alike is that country humour is almost invariably unconscious. Country people are a cause of laughter in others but incapable of provoking it by their own intentions. Such an impression is likely to be fallacious for the good reason that the countryman, being less subject to the herd-impulses, mob-sentiments and second-hand mechanised thinking of the urban mind, is more of an individual than the townsman.

Letter-writing or the misuse of words are examples in point because, though country dialects were once so rich in first-hand metaphor and imagery that Shakespeare himself found them a profitable mining field, yet literacy or, shall I say, clerkliness in the sense of facility in the use of a standardised language, has always been an artificial medium to the rustic. In one village, the farmer chairman at a parish meeting referred to the recent death of the squire as follows: "We see his vacant chair and we miss his vacant face." Removed out of his own proper element (as at a meeting), the rural mind will sometimes use dimly apprehended words and phrases and indulge in rhetorical flourishes foreign to his normal conversation. He will mix his metaphors like the speaker who said that he had "buttered his bread and must lie on it."

Here are further instances. "That be all right, Tom. If anybody does I a good turn, I allus likes to recuperate." The village football secretary often refers to an unregistered player as an "illegible man." The parish councillor will ask for a paragraph in the minutes to be "dilated," while a ploughman, discussing problems of digestion with a friend, declared that he always reckoned to "devasticate" his food. These malapropisms all illustrate the countryman swallowing our pachyderm latinisms like a python, but failing to "devasticate" them. It is the forthright Saxon speech invading the effete Romano-British polysyllables and in proud and childish glee marching off with the spoils. When the villager, returning from an inquest on a man found dead on the hillside, replied to an enquiry on the verdict by "In accordance with the medical evidence, exhaustion lacerated by heart-failure," his rendering was equivalent to his putting off his work-a-day dress for a black coat and butterfly collar—but tying his tie somewhere round his ear. The flood that rolls between rural and official speech is bridgeless.

Letters addressed by cottagers to the Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths show them handling their pens as gingerly and fumblingly as Walter Pater, say, would have handled a mowing scythe. Any of them would rather walk five miles and back again to deliver a verbal message than put it on paper and post it in the letter box. The latter is harder work for him than the former, just as it would be harder work for a trout to wriggle gasping for five yards along the bank than to swim five hundred in the stream. Hence appear such titles on the envelopes as "The Revd . . ." "The Register R.," "The Recorder of Births and Deaths," and the "Controller of Births and Deaths." "Dear Sir:—I will send the Rent for Monday Morning for shore because I had word to go to see my brother at gloster because he dont expect to live," is the letter of a man whose normal rhythms of daily life have been dislocated and current mode of expression put aside. But the following talk between two village women belongs to a totally different category: "Poor 'oonsan! Er got that slapey (sleepy) cancer." "Slapey cancer?" "Aye. It took her suddin, then it spread like a 'ouse afire. And now it's just lying dormouse." Here the rustic mind is on its own ground. It knows that the corn midget is a living symbol for sleepiness as well as Carroll did, so that "lying dormouse" is very much more graphic, concrete and expressive than our stereotyped "dormant." The humour here is not really unconscious at all. We think it is so because our speech has ceased to be freshened and fertilised by country scenes and sounds.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Palestine newspaper:

"At this time of the year, much interest is manifest in trials of candidates for classic races. All well-known owners are testing their two-year-olds for the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby or both."



A Cambridgeshire Orchard

FRUIT-FARMERS FACING RUIN

State Aid Imperative to Save the East Anglian Industry

IT has been suggested in certain quarters that the extent of the damage to the great East Anglian fruit-growing industry by frost and drought has been greatly exaggerated. That was to be expected. But it does not happen to be true. There has been no exaggeration.

Taking it generally, the farmers in this district have been ruined. Some—the number probably will not exceed half-a-dozen—have some chance of retaining their farms (in some cases these farms have been held by one family for more than a hundred years). But most of the farmers are in serious financial difficulties, and many know that unless some help is coming to them they will have to leave the farms in which they have spent a lifetime of hard work, and they know that the journey from the farms that have been their homes will be the journey to the office of the Official Receiver.

Some of these farmers are big men, farming orchards of 1,000 acres and more, but the majority are not. This majority is formed mainly of ex-service men and their wives and their families, wresting a living from three or four acres. They have done so, in the face of many difficulties, for eighteen years: now they know they are beaten.

Normally, this district that has been so ravaged would produce £1,000,000 worth of fresh fruit annually. Large-scale growers would produce some £3,000 worth of fresh fruit each year. This year such a grower may, with luck, harvest something between £25 and £50 worth. And already there are queues at the unemployment exchanges (sometimes a cottage converted for this unhappy purpose), and hundreds of men are receiving public assistance. That is tragic enough. But many of these farms are family affairs, and men who have been working for their fathers are not entitled to unemployment pay. And, again, men who occupy three acres or more of land are not entitled to public assistance. And that is tragic. These men have no hope of drawing any money for their crops until next summer—the summer of 1939—and perhaps not then. Without assistance, they will be starving by Christmas, and that is not exaggerated.

Of course, you are sorry. When you read about this sort of thing in the daily Press you are sorry. You feel sorry when you read about an outbreak of foot and mouth disease, and read that some farmer has had so many cattle, so many sheep, so many pigs destroyed. You feel sorry—but you are detached. They do not happen to be your pigs, your sheep, your cows. And so it is with the fruit-farming disaster. You are sorry—genuinely sorry in many cases, I have no doubt—but it does not happen to be your fruit; it does not happen to be your home and your living; it does not happen to be your wife and your family that are facing destitution.

And if that is true of you—and that it is true you will agree if you think honestly for a moment or two—it is even more true of the urban dweller. To him the fruit-farming industry means little. He can still buy bananas and apples and oranges in the shops. The greenfly that attack his suburban roses are much more important. There is that little unconscious competition with the fellow next door, whose roses don't attract nearly so many greenfly. He is sorry when he reads about the fruit-farming business (if he reads about it), but he is sorry only because the news is not cheerful. Cambridgeshire is a long way from Peckham, or Rusholme, or Tyneside, or Camberwell, or Wallasey. He is detached. The matter does not hit him personally.

And that is true, too. But if it is true of you and the townsman, who is going to help? Only one body can help—the Government. Aid will have to come from the Government (if there is to be aid), and, unfortunately, the Government has a great deal to think about, and, unfortunately, the general run of politician has but little interest in agriculture. The main body of votes comes from the towns.

A national concern is all that interests the politician as a rule. But just what does he mean by a national concern? His own nation's concern, or someone else's? But lest you should think that this fruit-farming disaster is a local, a Cambridgeshire, concern, I would hasten to point out that it is anything but that. I have dealt, so far, with the personal aspect only. There is a national aspect which is even more serious.

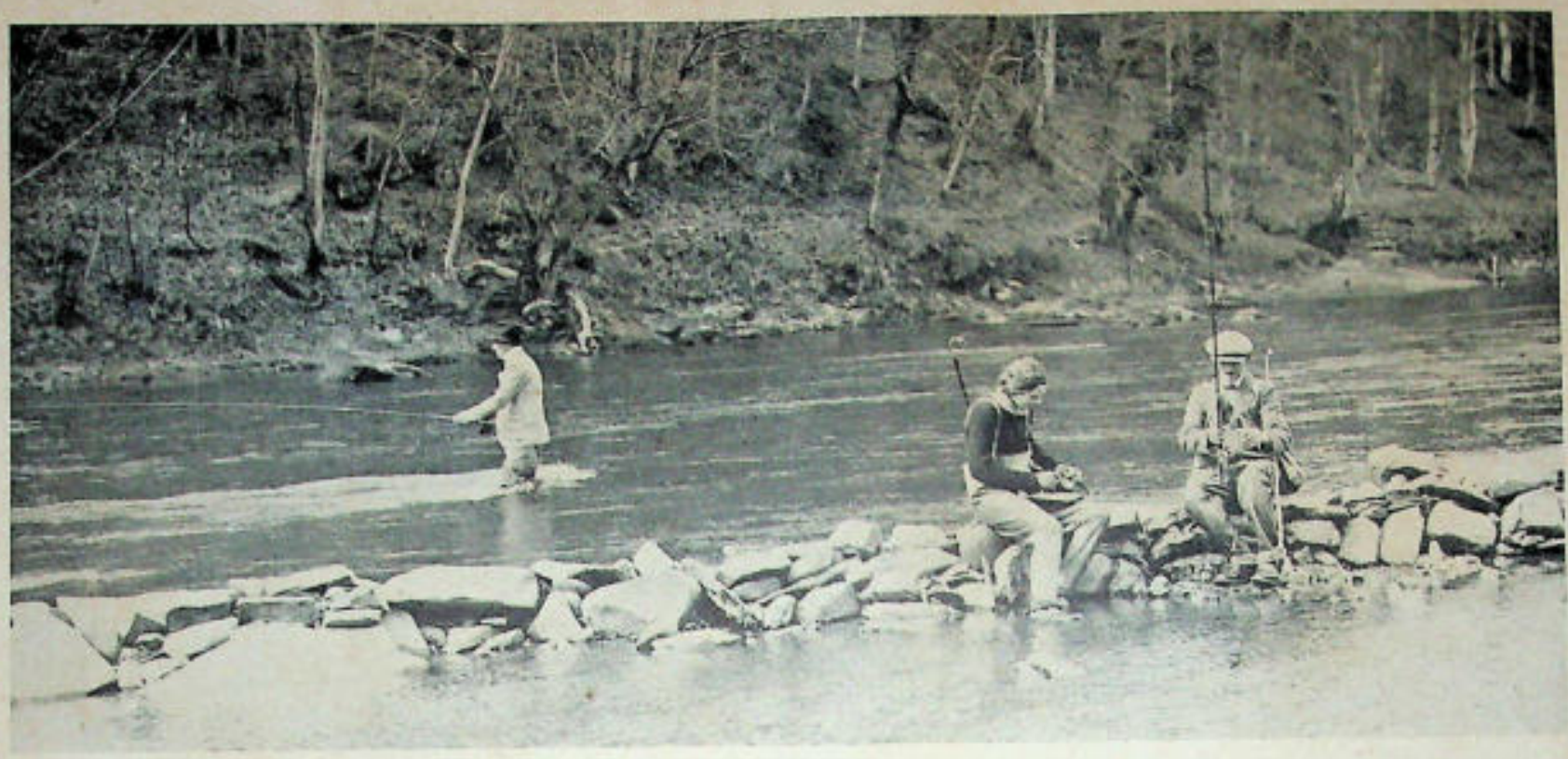
There are hundreds and hundreds of acres of fine young orchards which should be in full bearing. They are black—as black as if a fire had swept through them—black with aphis. Black because the owners or tenants had no means of carrying out the essential winter tar-wash spraying. Even should some means of temporary assistance be found at once, even should the trees be sprayed in the coming autumn, they cannot possibly bear fruit until the summer of 1940.

The Government alone can help. We have all heard a good deal lately about State intervention in agriculture. We have seen a good many examples of it in progress—or not in progress. Here is an instance where State intervention is not only necessary but imperative.

I am—readers of my periodical articles in the *Field* will know this quite well—a believer in State intervention. I believe that more and more State intervention is inevitable. But I am a believer not in State intervention *in* agriculture (which is what we have got in bits and pieces at the moment) but in State intervention *for* agriculture (which, with the exception of potatoes, we have never had). I do not like all Mr. Morrison's boards and marketing schemes. But I do like the great success, the forthright policy, of the Potato Board. I can see no reason why other boards should not work the same way: or, at least, I can see—as reason—the Board of Trade; but I can see no reason why certain branches of British agriculture (to which the politicians will cry urgently for help in any major calamity despite the treatment accorded British agriculture in peace time) should be used only as bargaining instruments.

Immediate help is necessary if the Cambridgeshire fruit industry is to be saved from ruin. That is the Government's job; and if it is a good Government, protecting the interests of its people as individuals in a nation, that help will be forthcoming. I believe it is a good Government.

But the matter does not end there—and cannot end there. There will have to be a drastic revision of the existing tariffs on imported fruit, so that home growers in normal years have a better chance in our own markets. They should have the best chance in our own markets. CREAGHT.



ON THE WYE AT BUILTH WELLS
The angler casting is Lieutenant Hume Kidston. His sister, Mrs. Belville, is seated on the rocks

SALMON IN LOW WATER

Indolent and Cautious Fish Which Have to be Dealt with Discriminately

IT has long been recognised that summer salmon fishing and fine tackle are synonymous if reasonable success is to be achieved; we are no longer content to wait for the porter-coloured floods, now so short lived, of our fathers, and to put by our rods and turn to other pursuits as soon as the flood runs to sea and is gone. Never has the necessity of this same adaptation of method to circumstance been more clearly demonstrated than in the latter part of this spring season when rivers ran down to, and almost beyond, lowest summer level at a time of year when at least a sufficiency of water ought to have been encouraging to both fish and fisher.

At this season most rivers rely to some extent on springs, and peat and flow ground replenished by the waters stored from winter's snows, while others in Scotland, such as the Dee and Spey, rely more directly on the snow melted from the high hills from day to day by the sun and the warming south-westerly wind. Last winter there was little snow to fill up the underground reservoirs, and what little remained on the surface was removed early by the unusually high temperature of February and March. Water temperatures up to 50°F. in the latter month in Scottish rivers right up to the north coast must be almost unique.

In April and May the only hope of getting a reasonable number of fish, or quite often a single fish, for a week's hard work has been to fish with the finest tackle and the smallest flies. Many have been faced with conditions and situations with which they have been quite unfamiliar, and many must have wished that they had been better acquainted with the methods of those more accustomed to deal with the small waters of the summer months. Advice has been sought from the tackle maker, the local gillie, friends, acquaintances, strangers, in fact anybody who might even remotely be thought to be able to help in the distressing circumstances. This, that and the other method has been recommended, and much has probably been made of the greased line method as a means of charming fish when all else fails.

When the water gets low and the temperature rises salmon move up into the runs and stronger streams. Many of their usual lies have become too shallow even when the current has remained strong enough to bring sufficient oxygen in the less-concentrated state in which it is found at the higher temperatures; the deep and slow water has become distasteful, unless no other remains to them, probably on account of the increasing difficulties of respiration there. Low water is also normally gin clear, and fish can see every detail of objects which float past them. If the fly, or whatever it be, is on the surface they have usually little distance to go to get a close-up view of it, and they can see objects which in higher water would be far out of their range of vision.

Perhaps none of us are completely satisfied as to the real basic impulse which causes a salmon to take a fly. All the evidence is against a desire to feed as the reason, and we are left to such intangible ideas as curiosity, anger, and so on. Whatever it be it is clear that unless the object presented is of the size and type to stir up a salmon that is ready to be interested the fish approach the subject in the manner of a rather detached spirit of enquiry. While not prepared to commit themselves they are ready to examine the subject, and if it is found to be suitable, with no threatening trimming such as an over-thick cast attached, then they are willing to continue the investigation by the only means at their disposal—that is, in their mouths. If at the stage of closer inspection the object proves to be alarming in any way, then they are quite definitely not going to proceed, but are classed as short-rising or shy fish, and so on.

Apart from a cast that is too visible the one thing that determines whether a willing fish is to be a "taker" or only a "short riser" seems to be the size of the fly. If it be altogether too big, then they are simply indifferent; if it be approaching the correct size they will have a look at it, and then retire whence they came. If it be still smaller then all should be well.

But bound up with these last two stages is indubitably the speed with which the fly is travelling. If it be of doubtful size just loafing along on a somewhat idle current then the fish has plenty of time to come up and have a look at it, satisfy its curiosity, or what you will, and return to its lie still a free fish. If on the other hand this same fly is bobbing along with greater speed, impelled either by the current or the cunning hand which controls the rod, then that fish has to make up its mind quickly and act without hesitation. Herein lies one of the secrets of low-water fishing. The fly must not be too large to alarm the fish, it must not be too small to fail to arouse their interest, its size and speed must combine to attract attention and to arouse to action. When inevitably using small sizes the larger hook will obviously hold better than the smaller, so that, provided the speed is not too great, a size larger hook and a



LIGHT TACKLE ON A DARTMOOR STREAM
"The only hope of getting a reasonable number of fish, or quite often a single fish, for a week's hard work, has been to fish with the finest tackle and the smallest flies"

slightly increased pace is better than a smaller fly allowed to drift more slowly.

So critical is the size limit imposed by the fish on the fly that to fish the water effectively and with the greatest chance of success a change of fly must be made not merely when moving from pool to pool, or because it is thought that another pattern should be tried. It is often desirable, and even necessary, to change the size of fly once, perhaps even twice, when fishing down one piece of water. In the strong, rapid, concentrated current at the head of the stream the largest fly of the day will not be out of place; in turbulent water, its form and details are well obscured in the aeration and general disturbance, its size is depreciated by the speed at which it is hurried along.

As the water spreads and the current slackens somewhat this size may be over-obvious to even the most enthusiastic fish. If there be others lying where the fun of the stream spreads still wider across the pool, then only the smallest size will attract attention without alarming. All this changing and consideration may seem to involve a great deal of trouble and a frequent, if temporary, cessation of fishing. But unless we are prepared to take some trouble and expend some thought we are not likely to catch many of these fish rendered indolent and cautious by low water conditions. A few flies of the appropriate size and of thin dressing (the pattern in my humble opinion is not of moment) in one of those handy little celluloid boxes in a convenient pocket renders a change a matter merely of a moment or two.

A great deal has been written, and spoken, about the efficacy of a greased and floating line when rivers are low. In a line thus treated there is no particular magic. It is purely a means to an end. When long casting is required and the fish are lying far off it helps to keep the fly in the most desirable position, viz., near the surface. When fishing strong streams and turbulent waters it serves the same end. At all times it allows one to see exactly how the current is treating the line, precisely where the fly is and with what speed it is travelling. Above all it allows one to exercise a control on the movement, speed and position of line, cast and fly that is impossible with a line that is sunk below the surface.

By appropriate motions the fly, if travelling too fast, can be slowed down; if swimming too slowly it can be speeded up. Similarly the fly can be allowed to drift down and fish exactly over some known good lie or it can be taken across another where speed and decision are the essence of the contract if a fish is to be tempted to its doom. The ideal water for greased-line fishing is a river of medium or large size where appreciable currents flow through the pools and other places where the fish lie. In the smaller rivers its advantages are not so obvious. It is undoubtedly still of help, but the possibilities of its full development and employment are limited by the restriction of space in which to make the necessary movements. In any case the line used is so short and the fly so very much under the rod point that direct regulation and control are fairly easily possible even if the line be not greased.

Whether a greased line is of great advantage when fishing has to be carried out in comparatively dead water is a question on which opinions may differ. Some may say that a floating line in such circumstances appears to create more disturbance than one sunk below the surface. The greater disturbance may well, however, be more apparent to the angler than it is to the fish. If long casting is necessary then it almost certainly is an advantage, though at both long and shorter ranges an expert may produce the same result and, what is of more importance, catch as many fish by using a sunk line and controlling the depth at which the fly works by holding the rod at the necessary angle and pulling the line in through the rings at the correct speed.

PISCATOR SENIOR.



Neil Lucas

THE THURSO, CAITHNESS, ABOUT HALF-WAY ON ITS COURSE TO THE SEA
When water gets low and temperature rises salmon move up into the rivers and stronger streams

THE MAYFLY MUDDLE

Naturalists Who Poach Anglers' Preserves

I THINK Charles Cotton started it—on paper, at any rate—when he wrote: "I am to tell you that we have four several flies which contend for the title of mayfly, namely, the green drake, the stonefly, the blackfly and the little yellow mayfly. And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last named should, the first two having so manifestly the advantage both in their beauty and the wonderful execution they do in their season."

Since Cotton's day the blackfly and the little yellow mayfly have apparently scratched, but the green drake and the stonefly are still in the running for recognition of their rightful claims to be heralded as Queen of the May, mother!—respectively on the placid chalk streams and the rickety moorland rivers. The stonefly, the mayfly of the North, does actually hatch out in bulk in May, so that it has calendar support for its claim. So, really, has the green drake, in spite of the old joke that it is called the mayfly because it hatches out in June, for, just as to-day will be yesterday to-morrow, the early part of June was the latter part of May before the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar in 1751.

But if the blackfly and little yellow mayfly have dropped out, another claimant has joined the Mayfly Board after Cotton's allotment. For in parts of Cumberland (I have specially in mind the valley of the Cumberland Derwent) the grannom has long been known as the mayfly, and much confusion has at times arisen through local correspondents reporting huge rises of the mayfly when neither green drake nor stonefly was in evidence. It is scarcer now, but earlier in the present century grannom did hatch out in such thick clouds on the Derwent that Cockermouth was plastered with them, and all outdoor painting had to be suspended until the hatch was over.

And now, as if confusion were not sufficiently confounded, certain of our latter-day entomologists have at one fell swoop put the finishing touch to the terminological shemozzle by lumping the whole of the *Ephemeridæ* under the general heading of "mayflies." In the name of common sense, why? And echo answers, "Ask me another." According to the new-fangled system the early olive dun of March and April, the March brown, the B.W.O. of July and August, the July dun, the August dun, the autumn dun, and a score or two others, the angler does not associate with the merrie month are all designated mayflies. I may be obtuse, but I can only see about as much sense in the method as I can in that of the fond parents who, having had their darling offspring baptised John Alexander Hubert Reginald Donald Cuthbert William, always called him Thomas because he was so much like his Uncle George. Anyhow, I have now registered my protest and feel a little better. W. C. P.

A CHAMPION CUP FORECAST

Mr. Aidan Roark's Impressive Form



UNREHEARSED INCIDENT

Dilemma of a distinguished International player in a recent Rochampton match

I BELIEVE that the Frank Hargreaves Cup match at Roehampton on June 30th will be made another occasion for a try-out of some of our probable internationals. The conditions of the match are sufficiently elastic for the purpose, the material is at hand and so why not ? I fancy the Roehampton team will probably consist of Mr. Bob Skene (No. 1), Mr. Aidan Roark (No. 2), Mr. Gerald Balding (No. 3) and Mr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin (back). The "visiting team" may be a mixture of Texas Rangers and Gauchos, but of that I am not sure at the time of writing. The Selection Committee, under the energetic leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel Gairdner, are certainly not allowing the grass to grow under their feet, and they are acting wisely, in my opinion, by refraining from the obvious procedure of holding set "trial" matches.

All the same, I do wish that there could be more opportunities for such matches as that proposed, for they are, to my way of thinking, more entertaining than the oft-repeated clash between, say, the Jaguars and the Knaves, in that or other of the innumerable tournaments that congest our season, apart from present considerations. Moreover, in the circumstances such games provide valuable data. By the end of this month I think that several of the H.P.A. ponies will be ready for fast polo, and this game at Roehampton will give us all a chance to see how they go in fast polo. From what I hear, some of those who have already been played in slow chukkers have gone well, with lots of promise, and I for one shall eagerly look forward to seeing them out.

The form of Mr. Aidan Roark in this last week, added to what we had seen before, suggests that one great problem of selection is in a fair way to being solved. In the Champion Cup, last Saturday, he was the outstanding player on the ground. Admittedly the Rangers were not very much extended by Cowdray Park, but it was by no means a runaway affair. It cannot be often that Mr. Cecil Smith, with his peculiar genius, is relegated to a back seat on such an occasion, but that day Mr. Roark definitely was the player who took the eye. The team which I expect to represent Roehampton on the occasion I alluded to must reflect very much the selectors' present ideas as to their team. If there were more opportunities, I should like to see Mr. Hesketh Hughes playing in front of the same three, for, whatever may be said of his methods of equitation, he is a thoroughly good No. 1 for the big occasion, full of fire and courage, a powerful and often very accurate shot for goal, and he has, too, experience. That is not to disparage Mr. Skene, who has already shown us what he can do, and is a great player in the making. I am not sure, however, that he has quite "arrived."

It is a difficult choice to be made, and there is also the question of Captain Guinness. If he has the ponies to suit him (and he has played two this season which most emphatically do) he can produce amazing form which compensates for the possibility that he may give away a couple of goals before he gets started. At all events, we can do no more than see what we shall see, and the odds are that all these six, with perhaps two additional young players, will join the challenging "squad." The probability is that the series will be played early in the summer, which is all to the good for obvious reasons, and our team would thus be fresh instead of stale after the rush of a London season.

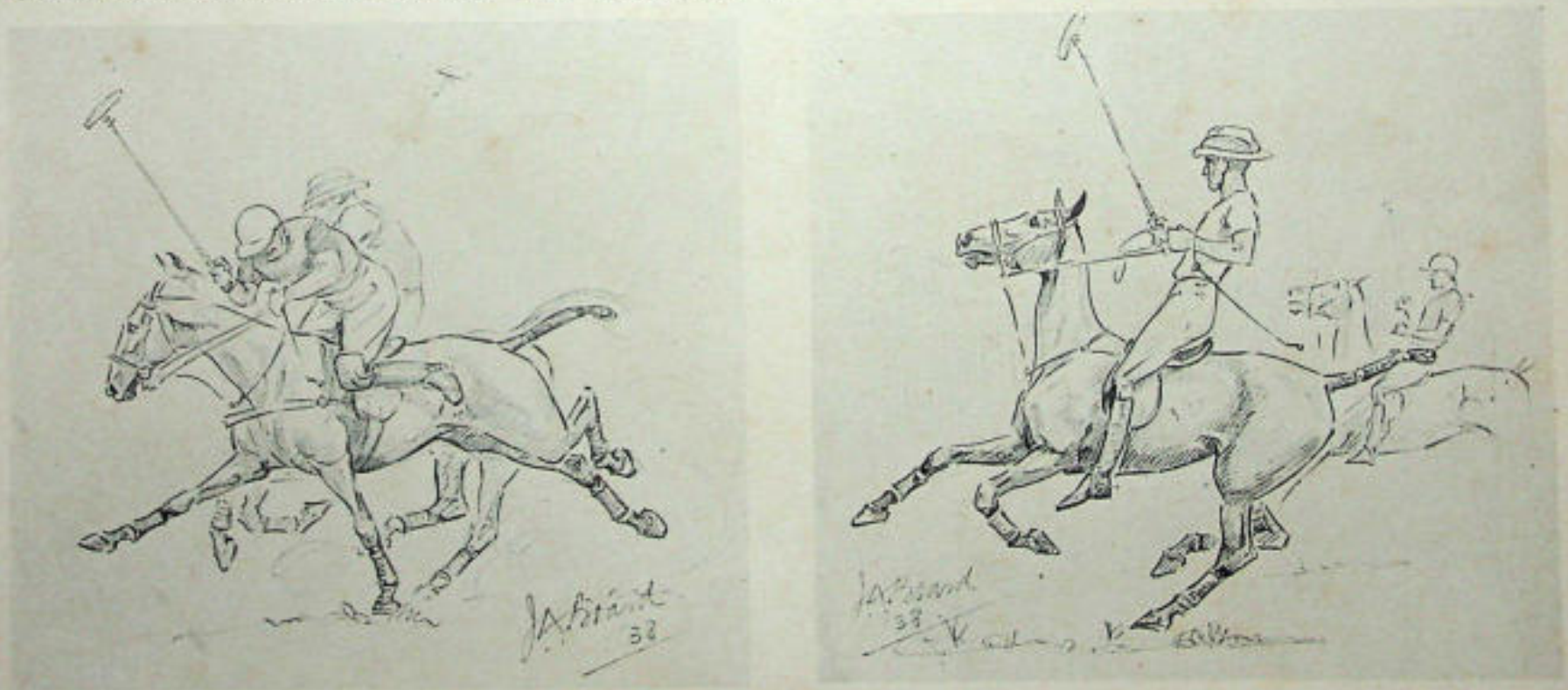
Those who deplore this possibility on the grounds that "it would ruin the London season," do not, in my opinion, argue the case clearly. It might well afford the chance for some new blood to come to the fore, and surely that would be all to the good ? I doubt whether there would be much of a falling-off in the public attendances (by which the clubs exist), and in any case the end would be justifying the means.

These notes are being written with only one tie of the Champion Cup decided. When they appear we shall know (if the weather allows it) who are the finalists. The Rangers are the obvious favourites, and I think, barring accidents, they are almost safe to be the winners. Their form has been several goals above their handicap, and they have not been extended. Their way to the final should be pretty clear, for although Somerley House, their semi-final opponents, are steadily improving, they have not quite the quality to stop them. The Gauchos, who had a bye into the semi-final, seem to be coming into form after a disheartening season. They obviously have lots of polo in them, and they have certainly begun to go much better as a team—to say nothing of the improvement in the handiness of their ponies. Any success they may have between now and the season's end will be popular. Apart from this, and the observation that, in spite of the presence of Mr. Balding, the Jaguars have not quite got into their stride, I propose to leave the Champion Cup to the event.

Next week brings the Inter-Regimental to an issue, and since I saw the Royal Scots Greys in their second tie at Hurlingham, I am not so sure that the 12th Lancers will have things all their own way. Admittedly the Greys met a badly depleted team of the Royals, to whom, on handicap, they would have had to give a start of 8½ goals, and only won by 11 goals to 6, but their combination was very satisfactory, the result of some hard work by all concerned. They have, of course, Captain Guinness, and an international player in a Regimental team is apt to be devastating to the opposition, and Captain R. L. Findlay has been playing good polo whenever I have seen them this season.

One of the pleasantest features of Ascot week was the grand match on the Queen's Parade ground at Aldershot, in which the Texas Rangers gained a comfortable victory over the British Army. It was a delightful occasion, on a beautiful ground, and there was a very large concourse of spectators. As the game started at 5.30 p.m., colour was given to a gay scene by many who had come on after the racing at Ascot. It was all great fun, and the Army, though outplayed, did put up a good show, and the result was a game well worth watching. Afterwards the teams were entertained to dinner, and then went on together to the Tattoo, where, I gather, "a good time was had by all."

It seems to be only in London where polo is played before scanty crowds for, put on a game of any interest in the country, and presto ! the ground is filled. At Penshurst they report large attendances at their Saturday matches (which, incidentally, must be bringing in quite a useful little income), and the same tale is told from every quarter. This week the Stoke d'Abernon spring tournament is being played, and no doubt that very pleasant ground will be packed with spectators. It is situated not too far from London by a pleasant route, and the beauties of the ground make it a delightful place to spend a summer afternoon watching brave men and fair horses. No ! polo is not a dying game, and perhaps the time is coming when the London Clubs will fill their stands to their capacity every Saturday and most of the week also. JEMADAR.



A PAIR OF POSSIBLE FORWARDS

On the left, Mr. Hesketh Hughes on Tercio Polo by Morteo by Craganour, and on the right, Mr. Bob Skene and Ebony, two Australians who both stand a chance of representing us next year. These sketches are the work of John Beard

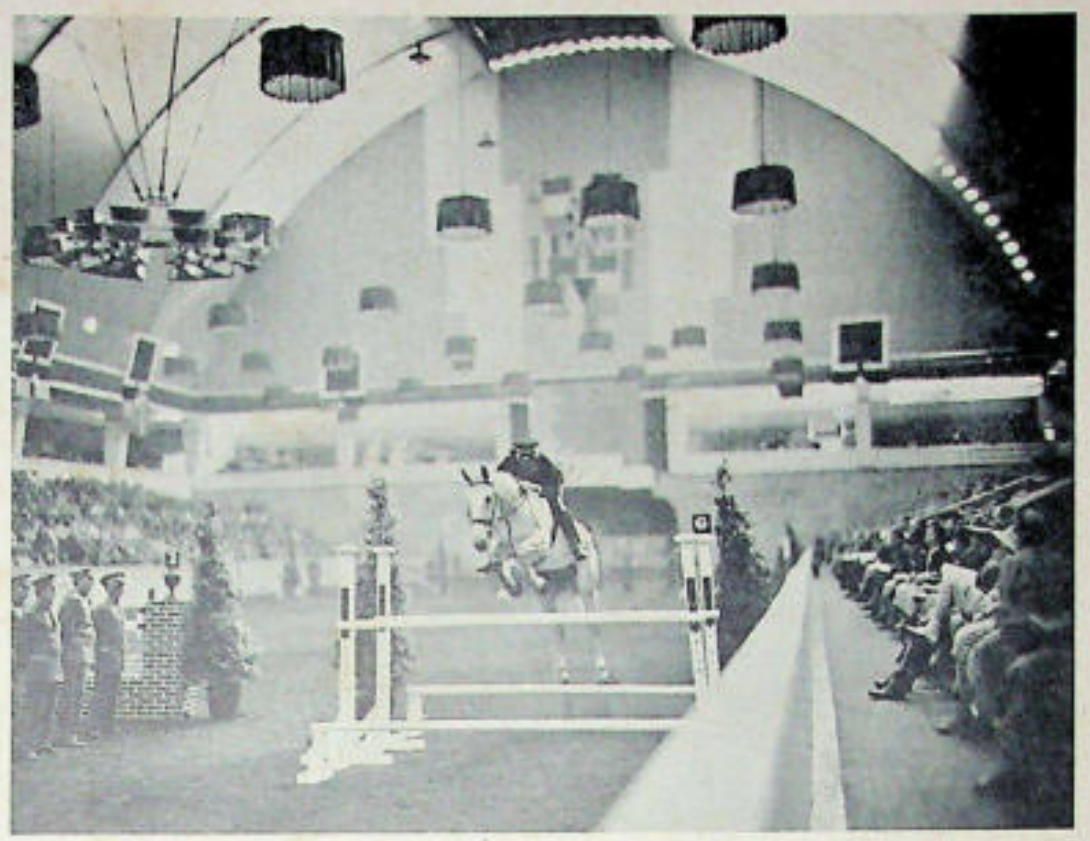
OLYMPIA'S FINEST HORSE SHOW

IF ever you want to see a slice of English life cut right through so that the various segments and their border lines are exposed to view, go to the International Horse Show, and watch the people walking round outside the ring or sitting in their seats watching the show. If you go on the right day you will see everyone from Their Majesties the King and Queen to the coster and his wife, all drawn by one interest, the manipulation of the horse.

Last week several things struck me about this year's show, and I will try to tell you what they were. I have seldom seen so many people present on the first day, especially in the afternoon, which was remarkable, because that other show, Ascot, was at its height, though, of course, the horse does not occupy nearly such a prominent position there as at Olympia, where he is the *fons et origo* rather than the *casus belli*.

I thought the general London public were taking a far more intelligent and expert interest in the hack and hunter judging than formerly, and it seemed to me that the horse show as a whole, rather than parts of it, is now really beginning to interest that public: there was intelligent applause and extremely intelligent comment, where I did not, perhaps rather stupidly, expect to hear it.

What I call the "bread for the Roman mob" shows are good this year. The Wiltshire children's pageant is really excellent, though the comment, sensible and audible as it is, could perhaps be lightened by a few mild jokes; and parts of it are terribly reminiscent of a certain record by a well-known comedian, who imitates pedagogues of "the weaker sex." I thought the minuet, charming as it is, disproportionately long, and it might have been shortened with advantage; but these are small matters comparatively, and I think that most people will enjoy the children immensely. I saw them three times running, and when one has to be at Olympia almost every day, one cannot say fairer than that.



THE GREATEST ATTRACTION OF ALL—THE JUMPING
Lieutenant A. C. Readman (Royal Scots Greys) on Jubilee



TRUMPETERS OF THE 6TH ALGERIAN SPAHIS, WHOSE CONTINUOUS FANFARE WAS A FEATURE OF THE DISPLAY

The Spahis, who perform by the kind permission of the French Government, are a more difficult proposition to criticise justly. It smacks of bad manners to criticise such pleasant visitors; but as the French are probably the least hypercritical of all the nations of Europe, ourselves included, elegant "soft soap" would no doubt offend them more than honest criticism.

It seems to me that it would have been better if these magnificent and romantic-looking troops had carried out routine manœuvres, accompanied by their own band. What they actually did was "to cover the gold watch with chocolate sauce," as a German would say, by carrying out rather ordinary stunts, such as shooting out balloons with blank cartridges, tossing up gaily decorated wire caskets with their swords, and charging and shooting off their rifles, none of which feats is very impressive, though the troops themselves are.

As the show does not finish until the day of publication of this issue, a full description must wait till next week. Suffice it to say here that the conch-horn blowing in the ring was, as always, superlative, and varied so effectively that it never becomes dull. I understand that there was a certain amount of discontent concerning the judging of certain dressage tests, but since I know less than nothing about dressage it would be indiscreet to say any more about that.

It was pleasant to see the British Army doing so well in the eliminating rounds of the jumping; it is a different thing altogether from last year, and not only the entrants, but Mr. Hore-Belisha, are to be congratulated on the change that has taken place. With any sort of luck at all we should be there or thereabouts. When you read this you will know for certain whether I am right or wrong.

A. H. V. L.



A FOX HUNT AT OLYMPIA. THE YOUNG FOLLOWERS TAKING THEIR FENCES ACROSS THE ARENA

TEST MATCH MISCELLANY

Australia's Extraordinary Fighting Powers

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IT is to be hoped that the Test match at Lord's will be played on a fair stretch of turf. The wicket at Trent Bridge the other week favoured too much the team that won the toss. I have not read anywhere yet a description of what really happened to the wicket at Trent Bridge. On the opening day Fleetwood-Smith could not turn the ball an inch—and he can usually turn the ball even on Sydney's or Adelaide's flawless surface. But on the fourth day at Nottingham inches of dangerous spin were not only possible but they occurred often, when Wright and Verity bowled. This is not only the Australian view. A. E. R. Gilligan has confessed in print that the poor recognition at Nottingham of the Australians' superb defensive struggle caused him to feel "ashamed" that he was an Englishman. No doubt this was a rhetorical expression. But I applaud him for it up to a point. He was always a chivalrous cricketer. And, frankly, much unchivalrous criticism was directed at the Australians at Trent Bridge, mainly because they would not oblige by losing. Not only part of the crowd but a part of the London Press behaved rather like schoolboys: it was not that the critics could not see the ball turning on the last afternoon—they patriotically *would not* see it.

Before the War M. A. Noble batted six or eight hours to save Australia from defeat at Manchester. He was cheered by public *and* Press. But Fleet Street had not then gone in for "stories"; and cricket was not in those green and salad days regarded as selling copy. On the fourth day, at Nottingham, the Australians scored some 320 runs in five hours and three-quarters—not a shabby amount, considering the acute situation. At Melbourne, a few years ago, Hobbs and Sutcliffe batted all day on a good wicket, after England had won the toss; neither of them got out in five hours of complete mastery. They scored about 269 for none, certainly less than 300. But in the so-called land of "barrackers" they were not "barracked."

We must not allow a few peevish partisans and a few sensationalists to ruin cricket in England. The Test match at Nottingham was a great match, with each side contributing glories of skill and character. It was not the fault of the Australians that all the effort was wasted by the four-day limit. And it is certain that if Hammond had been in Bradman's terribly responsible position, on that last and crucial morning, he would have governed his play by the spartan attitude of mind exhibited so unselfishly by Bradman—who, you know, can hit a cricket ball hard when he is free to do so.

As I imagined, there was only one alteration for the second Test from the fine if frustrated combination of English cricketers that cheered us all up at Nottingham. Sinfield, perhaps, is not a dangerous bowler on a good wicket. For the uses of Lord's, Wellard, of Somersetshire, is my choice. It is advisable, if you are going in for cricket as a profession in this country, to get yourself born in the right fashionable county. I am aware that the Selection Committee spend much time walking up and down the land in search of likely England players. But even I, who see much more cricket in all parts of England than Mr. Warner or Mr. Perrin sees—even I was surprised the other day when I discovered that Wellard has taken 67 wickets this season, so far, at 18 runs each. Now I do not judge by averages as a rule; but most of us know that Wellard is a splendid cricketer, and that, granted he is in form, he must always come into the running for a place amongst our most useful all-rounders. He is of the type of bowler needed in the England team to use the new ball with Farnes; and, of course, he is a far better batsman than James Smith, if not as humorous.

The wicket at Lord's this week-end will, we may be sure, rise superior in easiness to the every-day Lord's wicket. But I imagine that from the outset a fast bowler will be able to strike some life from the ground, in dry weather. For this reason, I expect a few hostile overs from McCormick. Not half enough credit was given to McCormick for his vital work and admirable persistence during the first hour of the game on the Trent Bridge wicket. With a little luck he would have dispatched Barnett and Hutton in two or three overs. I make this point not pessimistically but in the hope of dispelling a dangerous lightheadedness. The great axiom in war (I mean real war as distinct from Test cricket) is to estimate the enemy at his strongest point.

Bradman is probably amused when he reads in our loyal broadsheets that he has "no bowlers"—only O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith. The Australians will go into action at Lord's as confident as ever. They believe that they could have won easily at Nottingham if they had batted first. I am relieved to know that the English players at Nottingham were not as blind as some of the critics to the extraordinary fighting powers displayed by the Australians in a cause more than half lost at one time.

The English team should be better at Lord's even than it was at Nottingham, though possibly Barnett's dashing methods will take on a riskier aspect. Hammond, proud captain of some of the youngest and most promising Test match players we have assembled in this country for many years, will no doubt have learned much from the lessons taught at Nottingham. It is not for any critic to offer advice to a great and experienced player. But we are all entitled to our private views, and I am not alone in thinking that a mistake in tactics is made whenever the field is set entirely protectively for Bradman. On several occasions recently, even in every-day matches, I have noticed that as soon as Bradman comes to the wicket the field is set mainly to save fours. Extra-cover, for instance, gets as close as he can to the rails. Bradman is not likely to try to hit fours if he knows he stands little chance of getting fours. He can score comfortably in singles and twos. Moreover, he is always playing well within the margin of safety whenever he is forced to withhold his brilliant strokes. A. C. Maclaren once laid down a first principle of generalship—"Never block a great batsman's favourite strokes. You only handicap your chances of getting him out by compelling him to score with nicely placed pats and pushes."



A USEFUL ALL-ROUNDER

Wellard, the Somersetshire fast bowler, who is among the selected for the Lord's Test Match

The most ludicrously defensive field was set by England at Trent Bridge on the closing morning, and England at the time had heaps of runs in hand. The wholly protective field against Bradman was exploited in Australia by G. O. Allen, with the result that Bradman at once became a sounder batsman, scoring 50 an hour. He is a master at placing the ball—and you simply cannot tire him out by compelling him to run his runs. Defensive tactics are useless against great players. Bradman is a positive force and cannot be matched by negation or evasion.

England, I fancy, must win at Lord's to win the rubber at all. The wicket there should suit our bowlers. At Leeds and Manchester and the Oval the batsmen will probably control the situation.

ROUND THE WICKETS

IT was a pity that the match, Gentlemen of England *v.* Australians, at Lord's, followed so closely upon the Test match, for neither side was fully representative, and the match came as a sort of anti-climax in which the Gentlemen's side, with one or two exceptions, did scant justice to amateur talent. One interesting selection which probably surprised many people was that of R. J. O. Meyer, who has played only occasionally for Somerset since he came down from Cambridge several years ago. In his Cambridge days, Meyer was a potential England player, chiefly on his medium pace off-breaks, which he bowled with unusual control. But, like many another young amateur who might have played for England, he had to put work before pleasure, and was lost to first-class cricket when he went out to India.

When Meyer had taken five Australian wickets for 66 last week, we were left to reflect how useful he might have become if he could have played regularly. Apparently he retains much of his old skill in bowling off-breaks, though the wicket would not help him enough to bowl round the wicket successfully. F. R. Brown was another who reminded spectators of talent that might have been England's if he could have continued to play regularly for Surrey after his Cambridge days. He was always a big hitter as well as a leg-break bowler, and his 88 in less than an hour against the Australians restored a measure of respectability to the Gentlemen's score, which at one time threatened to be pretty thin.

Essex departed from tradition when, with D. R. Wilcox, the captain, playing for the Gentlemen against the Australians at Lord's, they placed the leadership of the side in the hands of a professional, O'Connor, although three amateurs were included in the team. This was a commonsense move which should do much to discourage what at times has been a farcical practice among the counties of appointing any amateur captain rather than a professional. O'Connor has always been a popular personality and has had long experience with Essex, while the three amateurs in his side were comparative newcomers—one of them, W. G. Spencer, was playing for the first time. That O'Connor failed to achieve a victory was not so surprising when Essex found themselves playing the fourth innings on a dusty wicket, even though they had no more than 205 to get. The fast bowling of Wellard and Andrews had nearly all the batsmen struggling.

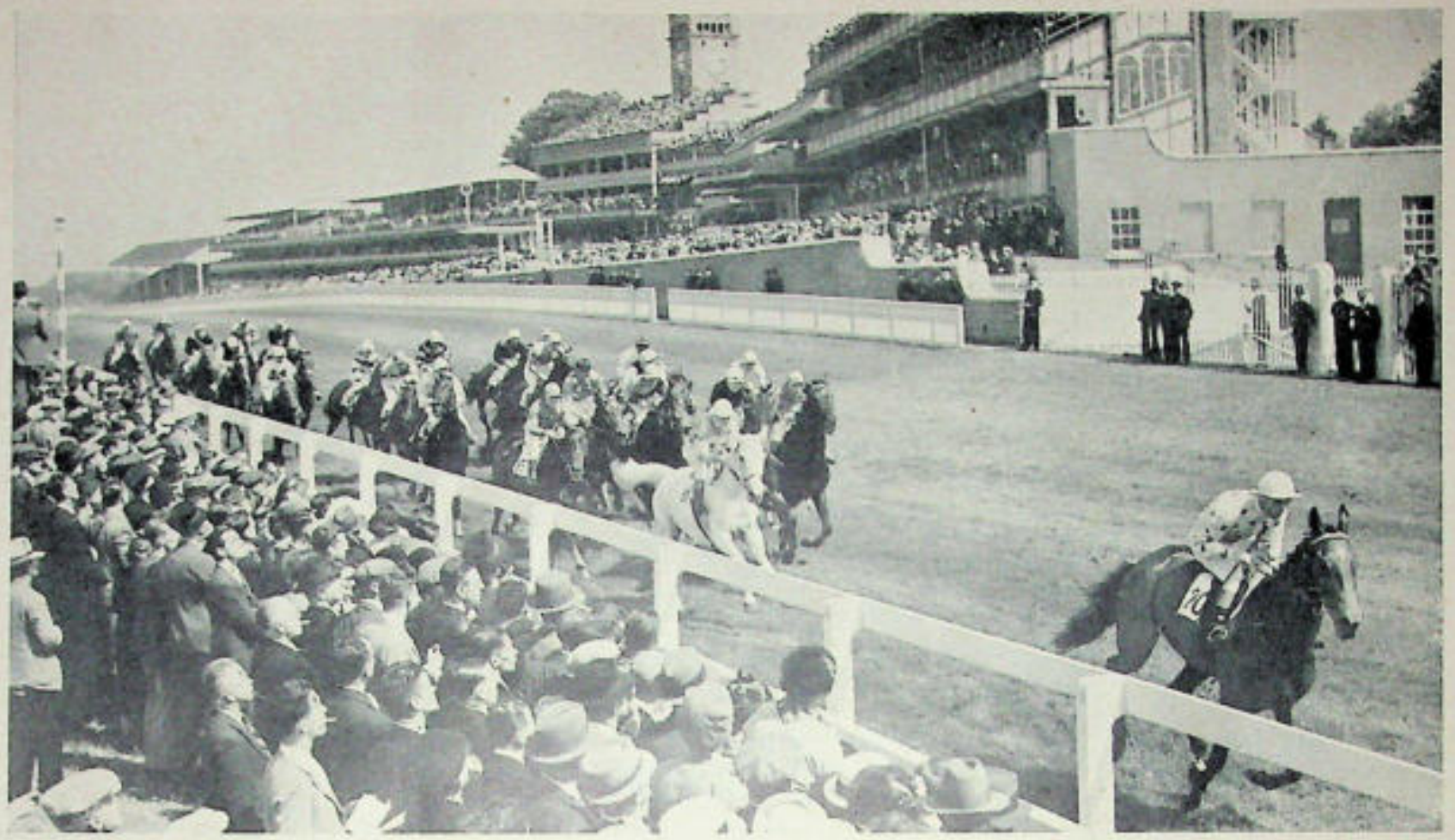
This was one of four matches in which the side leading on the first innings eventually lost. Hampshire turned the tables on Derbyshire surprisingly on the last day, thanks to some good bowling by the Rev. J. W. Steele and Boyes, and an old-fashioned last-wicket stand, in which Walker farmed the bowling so well as to score 39 out of 40 runs put on. But the finish was exciting, Hampshire having only 37 runs to spare when the last Derbyshire wicket fell after five minutes of extra time.

The Sussex *v.* Notts match at Hove took a different turn. Notts saved the follow-on by only ten runs and although they dismissed Sussex for 183 in their second innings, the odds against scoring 325 in the fourth innings looked something like fifty to one. But then the strength of the Notts batting when the side is on form was seen, and with Gunn playing a discriminating innings of 82 a four-wickets victory was achieved. Looking down the score, one is reminded how completely Larwood and Voce have dropped out of the limelight in these days. There is something tragic in the way these once great bowlers have been forgotten, though they still take wickets and make runs enough to keep their places in the Notts team. It is perhaps not generally realised that Larwood is yet only 33 years old and Voce barely 29.

My suggestion last week that Woolley, in his last season of county cricket, might almost be classed among the game's big hitters received fresh support when, against Worcestershire, he scored 136 in under two hours, including two sixes and eighteen fours. In his palmiest days Woolley was no more daring than he is now. But Smith, of Middlesex, more than reiterated his claim as the big hitter without equal in first-class cricket to-day, when he played another astonishing innings against Gloucestershire, scoring 50 in eleven minutes and 66 in sixteen strokes, as follows: 2, 4, 4, 6, 1, 6, 6, 6, 1, 6, 2, 6, 6, 2, 2, 6. The three successive sixes were off Sinfield's bowling, and his other five sixes were off Emmett's bowling.

Neither of the University teams appears to be really adequately equipped in bowling this year. Last week I watched Cambridge bowling against Surrey and could not help feeling that the attack was lacking in menace and guile. There was variety, it is true. But the faster bowlers, Rees-Davies and Kaye, seemed never quite sure of themselves, and the slow bowlers—Hewan and Wild, right bowlers, and Carris, left-hand—did not often deceive the batsmen by flight or spin, though Carris could obviously turn the ball, even on a good Oval wicket. The best bowler seemed to be D. C. Wilson, who was, I thought, unlucky to get no more than two wickets, both caught and bowled. Bowling medium pace, he varied his flight and pace more than most of his type. Sad to see was the inefficiency of much of the University fielding, though the absence of Yardley and Gibb at Lord's may have unsettled the side a little.

F. I. W.



IRISH STEW MAKES THE PACE SOON AFTER THE START OF THE ASCOT STAKES, WHICH WAS WON BY FRAWN

WHICH IS THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD?

Pointers From Ascot Running

ONE of the most thrilling features of the meeting at Ascot was the vindication of public form among the two-year-olds. Usually the meeting produces several new youngsters of outstanding quality. This year the early form of the two-year-olds is working out astonishingly well. Had backers been strong-minded enough to confine their attention to the races for first-season performers at Ascot they would have come out of the meeting well on the right side.

The winning two-year-olds of the week were Panorama, Belle Travers, Dhoti, Meadow and Portobello. All these had been previously unbeaten excepting Belle Travers, and most of those who saw that filly run at Epsom were convinced that she would win the next time out. Opinions are equally divided as to which is actually the best of the two-year-olds.

From the pedigree point of view Panorama and Portobello come out less satisfactorily than the others, as both are bred for sprinting. The first is a son of Sir Cosmo who, himself a non-stayer, has sired nothing but smart short-distance performers so far. Portobello is by another sire of sprinters, Portlaw, and as he is a gelding, it can safely be predicted that he will eventually become a high-class participant in five- or six-furlong handicaps.

On the other hand, there is no reason why Dhoti should not develop into a good stayer. His sire, the Solario horse Dastur, was unlucky enough to have been beaten into second place in the Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger, but, as a reward for his consistency, he won the Irish Derby and the Coronation Cup as well as good races at Goodwood and Ascot. There was never any question as to his stamina, and it is satisfactory to observe that he has quickly made his mark at the stud.

On the maternal side, Dhoti is remarkably well off for staying qualities, his dam, Tricky Aunt, being by Son-in-Law out of Rectify, by William the Third. It will be agreed, therefore, that the Chesham Stakes winner has a notable staying pedigree. Though he will never be big in physique, he has clearly demonstrated that he has all the gameness of his father. Up to the present he has never been really extended on the racecourse, and the Aga Khan can look forward hopefully to the colt's classic prospects.

A treat is in store for racegoers when Dhoti and Meadow first oppose each other. The victory of Meadow in the New Stakes was one of the best performances at Ascot. It could not have been in his favour that he was obliged to race on his own on the far side of the course. One will not venture to cross swords with Lord Hamilton of Dalzell by asserting that it is still a disadvantage to be drawn on the top ground on the straight course, though the fact remains that most of the winners came from the stand side last week.

Meadow was one of the exceptions and his victory was the more creditable in that he was opposed to a strongly fancied colt in Diadoque. Meadow's triumphs have to be placed to the credit of that highly successful stud farm established by the late Mr. J. J. Maher and now carried on with equal success by Mrs. M. E. Maher. The Manton colt is brother to Silver Crest, being by Fairway out of Silver Mist by Craig an Eran from Silver Queen, by The Tetrarch. Thus he belongs to a family in which Mr. Maher placed great confidence. Sir Abe Bailey made a bargain when he bought the colt

(*Continued on col. 3, page 1604*)



MR. WILLIAM WOODWARD'S FLARES, WINNER OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP



W. A. Rouch

MR. H. G. BLAGRAVE'S COUVERT, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

SOMETHING NEW IN MARKSMANSHIP

Another Phase in Army Shooting

By CAPTAIN E. H. ROBINSON

THE shadow of a great change in the distribution of the different kinds of small arms lies over the Central Meeting of the Army Rifle Association which starts at Bisley on June 27th. Machine-guns and light machine-guns are more and more being given the work that used to be done by the rifleman.



THE NEW SNAPSHOOTING TARGET

The new disappearing target to be tried out at the Army Rifle Association Meeting represents a man taking aim over the sights of a Bren gun. The dark portion is the gun and its magazine. Captain H. J. Cann, Assistant Executive Officer, National Rifle Association, and a sergeant of the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment are inspecting the target

This does not mean that the rifle is out of date or a "museum piece," as has recently been stated by uninformed writers in the daily Press. The rifleman is to be given special tasks and accuracy has become more important than ever before. The machine-gun can spray the landscape and keep the enemy's heads down. The rifleman will have to become a stalker and sniper capable of seeking out his target and hitting it with his first shot. At Hythe plans are already in preparation for training the large number of super-riflemen that will be required.

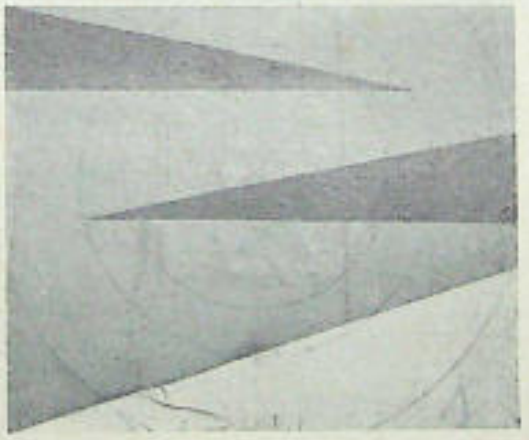
Though the proportion of stalkers and snipers, using telescopic sights, will not be large in each rifle battalion, there must be big reserves of really skilled marksmen. In the case of war the senior privates will immediately be promoted and the N.C.O.s will be wanted as trainers. Also there is likely to be a heavy wastage in this kind of work. Stalkers cannot be trained in a hurry.

The chief innovation at the A.R.A. meeting is the introduction of the new "convertible landscape" target. From this the familiar "tin hat" half-circle black aiming mark has disappeared. Its place is taken by two dark brown triangular slips on a sand-coloured background below a light "sky." This target is used in the new musketry course lately introduced and is not an easy one on which to make high scores, particularly when the bull is only 15in. in diameter, as it is at the Central Meeting.

The difficulty with these targets is that the point of aim has to be chosen according to conditions of light as well as strength of wind. They are intended to represent a small section of country in which an enemy appears in the area covered by the bullseye. The thin edge of the dark brown triangle partly covering the bull area is an almost impossible aiming mark. The soldier has to think and use his ingenuity in finding a portion of the target which, with suitable adjustment of his sight, will allow him to hit the bull.

To train the kind of rifleman now required he must, as soon as possible, become used to vague marks. Though no one pretends that the new target is much like anything that will be seen in the field, it has the advantage that it compels the soldier seeking his marksman's pay to direct his fire by means of an ill-defined aiming point. In war the rifleman's target is almost always ill-defined. The "tin hat" mark is still to be used for elementary training. It is placed in the centre of the landscape target, from which the dark brown triangles have been removed.

The snapshooting and "jumping Jimmy" targets which have been used at Bisley for Army shooting for very many years are also likely to be soon replaced by something new. At the Army meeting a new kind of disappearing target is to be tried out. It represents a man using a Bren gun or anti-tank rifle, and, at 200yds., looks remarkably like it—



ANOTHER NEW ARMY TARGET

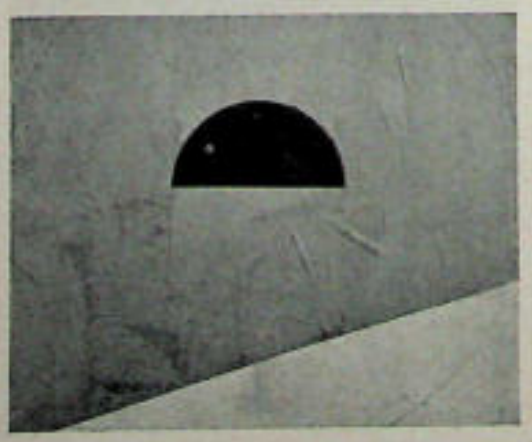
The "tin hat" aiming mark no longer appears on the Army large 6ft. by 6ft. targets to be used at all 500 and 600yds. competitions in the Army Rifle meeting this year. It is similar to the target used in ordinary training save that the bull is 15in. instead of 24in. in diameter. The soldier has to choose his aiming mark as best he can

when it can be seen. The colouring of this target is very deceptive, but it is good fun to shoot at.

For the first time the gas respirator will be worn in Central Meeting matches. The new rifleman may often have to do his work in "gas conditions." Respirators will be used in the third practices of both the Roupell and Army Hundred cups, at 300yds. In the Roupell practice competitors have to fire ten rounds in four minutes. In the Army Hundred cup practice ten rounds are fired in 45sec., during which the magazine is reloaded.

Captain J. A. Barlow, in the new edition of his well-known *Practical Rifle Shooting*, has something to say about shooting in respirators and also about how to tackle the new targets. The landscape targets are to be used in all practices at 500yds. and 600yds., and in all fire-with-movement practices.

The Royal Navy and Royal Marines hold their Central Meetings at the same time as the Army. They are shooting their championships, but are not concerned with the new targets. They have successfully withstood the desire of the Army to use its convertible landscape target in the Methuen Cup match, in which all services will be engaged. For this match, therefore, the targets will be the ordinary National Rifle Association marks as used under "Standardised Service Conditions" for the "Queen Mary" and Territorial Army King's Medal competitions.



ELEMENTARY ARMY TARGET

Used in the Army for elementary training, this target can be quickly converted to a "landscape" by stripping off the "tin hat" and pasting on the two triangular dark brown strips of the ordinary large target

WHICH IS THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD?

(*Continued from page* 1603)

for 6,100gs. at Doncaster, and now Mrs. Maber can look forward confidently to another big average at the yearling sales.

Belle Travers, an easy winner of the Queen Mary Stakes, hails from Worksop Manor, where she was bred by Mr. J. Farr. It is not surprising that Mr. T. Lant should have favoured this filly when she came up for sale at Doncaster, as he is the owner of her brother Maltravers, one of the best two-year-olds of his year. By reason of her make and shape Belle Travers should be a better stayer than Maltravers, though one cannot escape the fact that her breeding suggests speed rather than stamina. Her sire is Mr. Jinks, and though her dam is a Blandford mare she goes back to Lady Americus.

In this way Belle Travers, like Mumtaz Mahal, Mahmoud and other great winners of the past 20 years, belongs to a family which would not be eligible for the *Stud Book* had not Lady Americus and Americus Girl been admitted to that volume before the passing of the much-discussed Jersey Act of 1913. American breeders have never ceased to clamour for the repeal of that legislative movement, and greater force than ever will be given to their appeal now that the Gold Cup has been won by a horse debarred by the existing restrictions from the English Stud Book.

There is no indication at the moment that the Jockey Club are wavering in their attitude towards the American strains which were ruled out 25 years ago. A point to be considered is whether conditions are different to-day from those existing when the English racing authorities made their hard-and-fast rule. It is clear that those who are responsible for the purity of the Stud Book will need a great deal of convincing that they have been wrong in putting up the bar against American strains of obscure origin.

In two places in his pedigree Flares finds himself an outcast so far as the English book is concerned, though in his own country and in France his breeding is accepted as being as pure as the driven snow. Perhaps the most notable feature of the pedigree of the latest winner of the Gold Cup is that Flying Fox stands at the top as well as at the bottom. One of the greatest of Flying Fox's Sons, Ajax, was responsible for Teddy, from whom came Sir Gallahad III, who in America sired Gallant Fox, to whom Mr. William Woodward has been indebted for the brothers Omaha and Flares.

Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort has always strongly contended that Omaha was a most unlucky loser of the Gold Cup. That trainer seems to be under the impression that Omaha was a greater horse than his younger brother, whose success last week in the Gold Cup was partly due to the comparative mediocrity of the field and partly to the fact that five- and six-year-olds were for the first time in the history of the race excused the task of conceding any weight to the four-year-olds.

It is reasonable to argue that if Senor had enjoyed the 4lb. allowance from the older horses, he and not Flares would have gained cup honours at the royal meeting. After the race Lord Glanely was disposed to lament that Chulmleigh could not be trained for the race owing to the hard ground, the opinion of his trainer being that the St. Leger winner of 1937 is a good deal in front of Bucklegh, who came so near to success. For the owner in question we can only wish better luck next year.

Whilst it is a far cry to the Gold Cup of 1939, one colt who bids fair to be a formidable competitor for it is Foroughi, whose runaway win in the King Edward VII's Stakes was one of the genuine surprises of the week. Possibly this greatly improved half-brother to Felicitation will have to be reckoned with in the St. Leger, though the stable idea at the moment is that Sadruddin will be the Aga Khan's best in the last of the season's classic events.

FINE WEATHER AND FINE SHOWS

Unless downpours mar the finish of the Championships at Wimbledon and the four days of Henley, the sporting and social functions of the year, barring a wet Derby Day, can, on the whole, claim to have enjoyed very fine weather. There are farmers and countrymen, however, who, while not wishing the weather to damp these brilliant gatherings, would have welcomed a few of the thunderstorms and downpours that even Aldershot was spared. It must have been a record for nights at the Tattoo, and everyone is lavish in praise of it. No, not everyone, for a Mr. Frank Owen has a lot to fault. He wishes massed tanks instead of massed battalions with obsolete rifles and bayonets, and a realistic air attack. He finds the massed bands and arms drill of the Guards a bore. We of simpler tastes are sorry for him, as we admire the skill and splendour of it all.



COMMANDER G. W. HILLYARD



H. L. DOHERTY



E. R. ALLEN



H. S. MAHONY

Commander Hillyard is known to all visitors to Wimbledon to-day, and the great brothers Doherty are commemorated by the memorial gates. How many of the spectators at the "New" ground have recollections of their play and that of the other giants of the past who are shown serving on this page? H. S. Mahony was champion in 1896 and many amusing stories are told of the Allen brothers. In looking at the picture of "H. L." and the empty benches beyond him it is difficult now to realise that he is playing in a Davis Cup match

SERVICE! A PAGE FROM THE PAST

Former Giants of Lawn Tennis in Action

OLD lawn tennis photographs that I took thirty or more years ago bring back memories of the days when lawn tennis was played as a game and not so much as a business, and when the old Wimbledon, with the late B. C. Evelegh (beloved of all men and women) at the helm, was a delightful social function.

Times are indeed changed. The players now turn professionals and there is money in sport to-day, and, always provided it is honestly made, I think none the less of any amateur who, by virtue of his skill, can better his financial position by openly becoming a professional. There are giants of the game to-day, but it is sometimes forgotten that we of the older generation also had great players thirty and forty years ago.

Comparisons are odious, and I have no wish to compare the players of the past and present, but I would ask for nothing better than to be able to see again, shall we say, the matches when S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley beat the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty in the doubles championship, at the old Wimbledon in 1902. With that break, from 1898 in doubles the brothers were champions for eight years, and they shared nine years of the singles between them. For some ten years or more they were in a class by themselves.

"R. F.," the greatest of all stylists, was, to me, the better of the two. To see him kill a high lob from the back of the court was an education. The stroke was not a cannon-ball effort, but a deliberate smash to the exact spot where he intended the ball to go.

Of the Gloucestershire pair, Smith was, as a singles player, not far behind the famous brothers. He was essentially a base-liner, and owed his success mainly to the accuracy and length of a severe forehand drive. He would keep his opponent continually on the run, driving alternately to each corner of the base line, then, catching him on the wrong foot, would make a winner by sending an extra fast one to the same place as his last shot.

I remember a game he played against H. L. Doherty at Eastbourne, at which tournament Smith was almost invincible in open singles. "H. L." was so done when the game was called two sets all and one love game in Smith's favour that he had to retire.

From the singles championship point of view, Wimbledon was not a happy hunting ground for Smith, and he had very hard luck on more than one occasion, notably in a match against Norman Brookes, the Australian. Brookes was very good, if not a stylist. He played with a very old-fashioned looking racket, and poked his volleys back, holding the handle short and with his hand directly above the head of it.

He and Smith had a great game, but at two sets all, and Smith leading 4-3 and 40—15 in the final set, Brookes drove a ball a good 2ft. over the base line. The linesman called out as Smith played the ball, but owing to the cries of "Played," the umpire evidently did not hear, and, the linesman not insisting on his decision, the game went on, being ultimately won by Brookes. They were four games all instead of Smith leading by 5/3. As Brookes won the next game to lead 5-4, and Smith the following one to make it five games all, it will be seen that Smith should have won the set at 6-4 and with it the match.

In the final of the all-comers, Riseley once played against his doubles partner, Smith, in one of the most strenuous games ever seen in the centre court. After two sets all, if I remember rightly, 84 games were played, and in view of their coming struggle against the Dohertys, a racket was spun to decide the issue, and again Smith's Wimbledon bad luck held. Riseley won.

Against the Americans, Smith was supreme. In a Davis Cup tie versus Holcombe Ward, then champion of America, he won 6-1, 6-0, 6-4. Ward, going up to the net on his reverse twist service, was passed on either hand at will. In the third and last set the American stayed at the back of the court and lobbed the ball back to his opponent to treat as he liked. Doherty and he seemed to get a much better grip over the American service than the majority of our players.

There are two men who will, I imagine, never forget the first time they played against the "Ward service"—Commander G. W. Hillyard and C. H. L. Cazalet. They were drawn against Ward and Dwight Davis in the doubles championship. Until that match was played the service had never been exploited in this country, with the result that the ball was seldom returned into court, often going over on to the railway lines on one side, or over the stands on the other.

OLD TIMER.







S. H. SMITH, A GREAT PLAYER OF THE DOHERTY ERA, AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS SERVICE; H. W. AUSTIN AFTER DELIVERING; AND WYLIE GRANT (AMERICA) DELIVERING THE "WARD SERVICE"



AN AUTUMN MORNING BY THE RIVER MOLE AT COBHAM, SURREY

WHEN COARSE FISHING OPENS

Knowledge We Need to Better the Sport

By H. D. TURING

THERE is no doubt that June 16th has suffered the fate of other festivals, and nowadays is passed by almost unnoticed by the majority of anglers except perhaps by that large body of stalwarts who specialise exclusively on bait fishing. Even for them, however, and in the Midlands they represent the vast majority of fishermen, swimming the maggot or upstream worming for trout in spring and early summer has made the opening of coarse fishing an incident in the fishing season rather than the sort of glorious occasion it used to be some forty years ago, when Paddington platform was stiff with men in mackintoshes, seated on what looked like seamen's chests, accompanied by a bundle of rods and a mass of impedimenta which would remind one to-day of a railway terminus during the War.

Like other opening days, too, it has suffered from the growing conviction that mid-June is too early for fish to be in condition. In truth, most coarse fish up till midsummer are inclined to be slimy and unpleasant to handle. July 1st would really be a more suitable opening day. The date is open to the objection that, if the close season is to be maintained at three calendar months, it would not begin until April 1st, by which time, in an early season, some of the fish will have started spawning, or almost so.

It was this consideration, no doubt, which induced the Yorkshire Board to institute a close season starting with March and ending with May, but this also has the objection that fish are still more out of condition when fishing opens. A four-months' close season, March to July, would be all to the good, but there will inevitably be some opposition to be met, and it may be that the larger fishery boards which depend on coarse-fishing licences for their revenue would hesitate to recommend it, though there can be little doubt of its benefit to the sport as a whole.

At the moment the development of coarse fishing has become rather lop-sided: its progression has been all in one direction. The improvement in its tackle has been extraordinary. Instead of the old 12ft. to 18ft. rod weighing upwards of a pound, and usually rather top heavy at that, one can now get feather-weight rods of 10½ft. weighing rather less than 8oz., and as light in the hand as the average fly rod. But it is, perhaps, the introduction of the fixed-spool reel to coarse-fishing practice which has made light tackle so much more readily useful to the average angler than it was in pre-War years. It is one of those cases where an invention devised for one purpose has shown to greatest advantage in another. The older method of casting a light float from a revolving reel, which necessitates giving the drum an impulse by flicking its rim with the finger, is perhaps the prettiest of all processes in the art of casting, but it is uncommonly difficult to acquire, and the fixed-spool reel has obviated the necessity for its use.

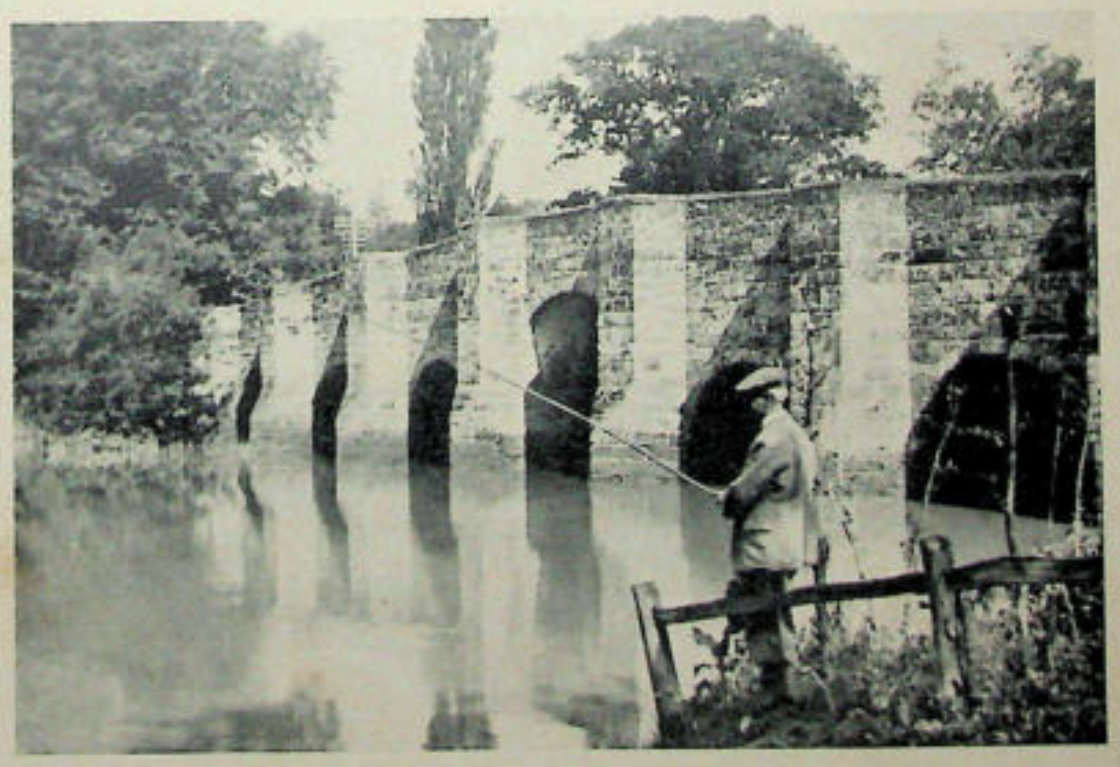
Moreover, the loose line which these reels cast when used with a very light bait does not matter in float fishing, and the very light lines which have been evolved to suit them are perfect for casting these pith-like floats.

To-day one can go out as lightly equipped for roach, perch, or dace—or for chub, too, for that matter—as any trout fisherman. A bag of gentles, and a tin of that excellent introduction "cloud bait" (if comparatively still water is to be visited), take up little or no more space in the fishing bag than a fly box, and one can move about as freely as the seeker after trout. Admittedly, there is one difficulty; perhaps two. The first is a suitable seat. However active a man may be, there are times when one wants to settle down definitely to a swim, and a seat is a distinct advantage. No one yet seems to have been able to devise a seat which is at the same time firm and comfortable and also readily portable. There are plenty of contraptions which will pack into a small compass, but they occupy some time in being so compressed. What is wanted is a seat which can be opened out with much the same ease as a folding landing-net, and carried slung to the belt without giving its owner the appearance of an itinerant organ grinder.

The other difficulty is the carriage of minnows when perch fishing. There are times and waters when live minnows for perch will beat any other method of fishing hollow, but their transportation is cumbersome. A bait-can for stock purposes can hardly be avoided, but it can be anchored at some convenient point in the stream if some smaller receptacle can be carried for immediate supply over half a mile or so of water. A bottle with a wide neck, not quite filled with water, will keep minnows alive well enough for an hour or more, since movement in carrying will keep the water aerated. The trouble is to get the minnows out. Pouring a small part of the contents into an aluminium cup with a sieve at the bottom serves fairly well, but the bottle requires fairly constant replenishment from the river, which is sometimes a nuisance. Here is a problem for the man of inventive mind to solve.

But though improvement in coarse-fishing tackle has been an outstanding feature of post-War fishing, our knowledge of coarse fish and their habits has lagged lamentably behind. Here trout fishing has had the advantage. Halford's study of fly life on south-country streams, Mr. Skues's expansion of dry-fly practice to include the nymph, the work of Mr. Martin Mosely, and other investigators into the food and habits of trout, have gone on hand in hand with the development of technique; but as yet little more is known about other freshwater fish than had been discovered a generation or more ago. The Yorkshire Fishery Board has been making some preliminary investigations into the spawning habits of roach, and the Freshwater Biological Association at Wray Castle is now starting on a three-years' investigation into the spawning habits of coarse fish in general; but it is evident we are only at the very beginning of any knowledge of practical use in fostering coarse fisheries.

There are a multitude of other questions crying out for answers. That scientific methods of re-stocking for keeping up the supply of fish should have the first consideration may be admitted, but there are other important points on which information is urgently wanted. What, for example, is the cause of the shortage of perch after they have arrived at ½lb. or so in weight? In nearly all waters containing these fish there is a plentiful supply of what are presumably yearlings or two-year-olds, but bigger fish, which are a real prize, are regrettably few.



ON THE ARUN AT STOPHAM BRIDGE, SUSSEX

Then, again, what causes the overwhelming increase in chub in such a river as the Avon? And where do the barbel hide in the periods in between those rare years when great catches are made? And, above all, how can one make a really good coarse fishery? There is work and to spare here for scientists and practical observers alike.

PETER SCOTT'S WILDFOWL

Despite five previous exhibitions, and the necessarily somewhat limited scope of his chosen subject, the sixth and present exhibition of Mr. Peter Scott's work, which was opened at Messrs. Ackermann's Galleries last week, is as well worth seeing as ever. Whatever conflicting opinions may be held on his technique, which is no subject for the layman, there is no doubt that to the eye of the sportsman or ornithologist his work is likely to remain unsurpassed. Mr. Scott was a pioneer of this style and treatment of birds, and a very real and deep knowledge of his subjects and their varied settings gives the necessary suggestion of authenticity to his paintings. He is a master of effect, and sunshine and shadow, dawn and dusk, are during incidentals to his theme. This summer exhibition has become an institution among the growing body of wildfowlers whose migration to the Ackermann Galleries in mid-June is as regular as that of Pinkfoot or Greylag; and they will do well not to miss seeing more than fifty pictures that will make them feel for a few minutes that it is no longer midsummer in Bond Street, but a freezing winter morning on a northern estuary with the wild geese flighting overhead.



PINKFEET PAIRED



THE AFTERNOON TIDE—BRENT GEESE



MAN OVERBOARD!

A Double Spinnaker Rig Danger

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THERE is a problem in connection with the modern vogue for twin spinnakers, and this problem concerns the man who, to use a Service expression, "absents himself from his ship or place of duty without leave"—by falling overboard when under way. This matter of "man overboard" is of itself far from new; it is, after all, a mishap that can occur even in the best regulated of yachts; it is, moreover, a mishap which usually occurs at the most inopportune moment. Now, on the grounds that prevention is better than cure, the victim is not generally encouraged to make a hobby of his overside falls, and at the same time under usual sailing conditions he is safeguarded as much as possible.

If the mishap occurs in an ordinary cruising yacht, then the economics of man-power urge the immediate recovery of the "absentee"; if it occurs during an inshore race, then immediate attempts at recovery are demanded by the Y.R.A. rulings, under which the race is held. And all this takes no account of normal instincts of humanity, so that by including this latter factor everything works directly in favour of the speedy recovery of the fallen.

Both the fall itself and the sea technique of recovering a man overboard seem to be capable of analysis. Firstly, the chance of "man overboard" seems to be greater in rough water than in smooth, greater when racing than when cruising, greater in strong winds than in light, greater under a press of canvas than when snugged down, greater under sail than under power. This analysis rests upon the obvious fact that in a hard-fought race there is continuous need for sail drill; in hard weather there is need of reefing and sail changing, often enough entailing work upon the uneven platform of a yacht's deck, and more often still at the extremities of that deck where foothold is small and handhold smaller. It does not seem that time of day is much of a factor, although a night mishap is perhaps more probable than a day one when ocean racing, is not very probable in a wisely-handled cruiser and is extremely unlikely in an inshore racer! The course or point of sailing does not seem to affect the issue in the least.

Then for the man who falls overboard. In the well-found yacht where a good look-out is kept, a lifebuoy kept hanging—not lashed down—near the helmsman may be thrown *near* him and provide him with support until more positive help can come. Even a strong swimmer may need such aid, for his clothes, once sodden and deflated, can become mighty heavy on him. On the other hand, the chances seem to be nearly even that a man overboard has been knocked overboard by a boom, or has injured himself in the fall—factors which make immediate support imperative—and usually the existence of injury or otherwise cannot be ascertained till afterwards.

In any case, the principal preoccupation of those left on board must be to get their absentee out of the water and aboard again, and to that end the obvious solution is that there must not be the slightest delay in getting the ship round on to the reverse course and back to the man in the water. It is generally admitted that in yachts, especially with the dinghy hoisted or stowed inboard, the time lag in manning a boat is wellnigh criminal, and in any event the accident may easily happen under sea conditions most unfavourable to dinghy work.

To sum up thus far, therefore, the whole crux of the "man overboard" problem is to get the ship back to the man at the earliest possible moment. In the power-driven ship this presents no difficulty, but under sail, handling and seamanship are called for, and handling—and quick handling—demands commanding sail, particularly abaft the mast. What I am leading up to in this way is a firm expression that it may never be my misfortune to fall overboard from a yacht travelling at speed under twin spinnakers.

This is a rig which is barred from ordinary inshore yacht racing by the wording of the Y.R.A. rules. One of the paragraphs of Rule 38A requires the spinnaker to be shipped and used (from a boom) only on the side opposite to the main boom. The use of two mainsails is prohibited in the same rule and, as one cannot very well imagine a racing yacht preferring a single spinnaker to a spinnaker and mainsail goosewinged down-wind, the effect of the rule is, I think, to bar the use of double spinnakers in a race under Y.R.A. Rules. When cruising pure and simple the twin spinnakers seem to me to hold no advantage at all over the usual squaresail set with the mainsail as well. One is left, therefore, with only the conditions of offshore racing, and here, under clearly defined conditions, there is an important amendment to the Y.R.A. spinnaker rule.

In the "Open" class of ocean racers, and where—as, I believe, in the Maas Race—the use of twin spinnakers is specifically permitted in the sailing instructions, a yacht can ship and use a spinnaker boom on the same side as the main boom, and, also, she can carry two spinnakers at the same time provided that both booms are shipped forward of the shrouds, and so on.

Here, then, is the crux of the problem. An ocean-racer can, when specifically so permitted, sail under the double spinnaker rig in her "Open" class, and this means to say that at the time she will be setting no after-canvas in a cutter, and in a yawl none that will have much manœuvring value. We thus have unavoidably, as I see it, a ship which cannot on the instant be turned round to pick up a man overboard. No matter how smart the crew, there must be some time lag before after-canvas is hoisted and set and the spinnakers are dowsed. How long this time lag would be obviously cannot be determined, but I do not think myself that even with a prompt alarm of "man overboard" a yacht under twin spinnakers, and in a wind of, say, force six or seven, could be got under manœuvring control and back to the man in the water in ten minutes, or even more. This evolution-time may seem small when read here, but it is a long, long time to the man in the water, especially if he happens to have hurt himself in falling.

The vogue for the twin spinnaker no doubt justified the ocean-racing authorities in making provision for this rig in their race schemes; the fact that the rig seems to have been used very little indeed in British ocean racers suggests that little harm would come if it were now prohibited when racing for *all* offshore classes. One has such belief in the wisdom of the offshore rule-makers that to make such a rule now at the start of a season, and before there can be an incident of any sort, would be in keeping with their traditions. To permit such a ruling to persist even in the "Open" offshore class, is, I think, denying an element in that safety factor which, in other directions, the offshore rule-makers are at such pains to make complete.

REGATTAS OF THE EAST COAST

The "Twelves" Open Their Season

THE slight pause in yacht-racing activities which the Y.R.A. has provided at the conclusion of the Cinque Ports Regatta also affords us onlookers a slight opportunity of weighing up initial estimates of "form." And what a fickle jade "form" can be.

Viewed dispassionately, an analysis of nine days' racing in a crack class shows one yacht towering, in terms of prize flags, head and shoulders above the rest. "The fastest of them all," some would say—and yet I doubt it. Not only is there a reason for a yacht winning a race but there can also be a reason for another yacht losing—and a comparison of such reasons often put a very different complexion upon a first impression.

It is futile, of course, to repeat a lament on the absence of big cutters. They were not there at Harwich, or Southend, or Ramsgate, or Dover—because they are not anywhere. I do not think Harwich missed them, Ramsgate did not, Dover may have done and Southend certainly did.

The Twelves, as the next best class, certainly made up for the loss of the big 'uns, for ever since the start of the season they have put in some magnificent racing. The fleet has consisted of five "cracks"—Mr. Fairey's Evaine, Sir Wm. Burton's Marina, Mr. McAndrews's Trivia, Mr. Soqwith's Blue Marlin (ex Alanna) and Mr. Paul's Little Astra. Altogether there have been at Harwich, Southend, Ramsgate, Deal and Dover eight days' racing for this fleet, and, including the Down Swin match, nine days. The results are best tabulated:

	Firsts	Seconds	Thirds	Points	Fig. of Merit
Evaine	7	2	0	32	3.55
Trivia	2	3	2	16	1.77
Marina	0	3	3	9	1.00
Blue Marlin	0	0	2	2	0.3
Little Astra	0	1	0	2	0.25

There cannot, on the facts of this analysis, be any doubt as to Evaine's position at the head of the Twelves thus far. Indeed, it seems that she has solved last year's tussle with Trivia very decisively, for she opened off with six firsts running.

Blue Marlin has not yet found her form and Little Astra would have made a better showing, on points, had she had better luck. Twice she was leading the fleet home—then, on one occasion, she split a jib and lost her chance; on another, off Southend, she went ashore in a squall. Marina's showing is perhaps not really so far behind as it looks; she is now in her fourth season, and that in a "hot" class where the rest are new Nicholson ships.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of these early regattas has been Evaine's handling. Whether the winds were strong or light or have throughout been admirable, Mr. R. Garnham has been responsible for her victories even more than the ship herself.

J. I.

KENYA IN KENSINGTON

An exhibition of pictures illustrating native progress in Kenya has been staged at the Imperial Institute in South Kensington, and will remain open till July 2nd. To those who still imagine that the 18,000 odd Europeans in Kenya are an abandoned crowd of bright young persons, busily engaged in liquidating their inhibitions in the few intervals when they are not oppressing the native population, these pictures will come as something of a surprise. "Pagett, M.P." will see something of the many steps that are being taken to raise the standard of native life, from medical training to mechanics, and from small holdings to mental institutions.

NATURE STUDY ON SKIS

Wild Animals and Their Tracks in Winter

IN my many winter wanderings on skis through the Alps I have always been fascinated by the tracks made by the mountain beasts and birds in the snow, and have tried to puzzle out their meaning, where they were going, whether peaceful or hunted.

For one who can understand the tale of the tracks, the mountains become alive, and one can read of the doings of their many attractive inhabitants whom one so seldom sees, since most of them go about their business in the twilight and grey dawn. Often I have gone alone into the forest where no skiers ever penetrate, following the squirrel's track from tree to tree to the place where he dug out some fir-cones, or to where the roe-deer had pawed up the snow to lay bare some juicy bilberry clumps.

Sometimes I have abandoned my skis and scrambled on foot up some precipitous mountain side on the fresh trail of an ibex, and been rewarded by the sight of his fine head and huge sweeping horns watching me disdainfully from the brow of a crag. These animals are strictly preserved, but for all that they are extremely shy and very hard to approach, both for that reason and due to their precipitous habitat.

The ibex leaves a coarse, broad slot, very different from the neat, narrow one of his smaller and lighter relation, the chamois. He lives on the rocks and ridges of grass laid bare by the sun and wind, spending the night in company in deep clefts or under overhangs in the cliffs, and these places have a smooth floor of hard-beaten droppings.

The chamois is far more plentiful than the "steinbock," and therefore easier to find; in severe weather they come down from the high open ground and feed off the pine and fir shoots in the glades in the woods, but they are usually to be seen on steep slopes where the wind has blown bare the small tufts of grass on the rock outcrops. The chamois track, usually that of two or three in single file, is delightfully sharp and neat on hard snow, but in soft it is deep and well brushed by their thick winter hair, with sharp, deep hoof-holes. It is always coarser and deeper than that of the roe-deer, a lighter animal with a far smoother and shorter coat; the latter has long, thin legs, and moves his hooves closer together, even in soft snow. The roe-deer lives almost exclusively in the forest, and only rarely comes out on to exposed ridges at low altitudes in order to feed on low plants. The deep scratches under the forest trees, where they have scraped away the snow over the bilberry and rhododendron bushes with their fore-feet, are very distinctive.

The squirrel and the roe-deer live much together, and their tracks always cross and re-cross in the woods, the deer a steady peaceful wandering, the squirrel in short staccato bursts from tree to tree. The mountain squirrel is black, with a white stomach and long tufted ears; his track is very distinctive, a series of blunt chevron marks, the hind-feet wide apart in front and the fore-paws close together behind and between them.

The commonest track of all, which dashes to and fro over all the high slopes above the tree-line in bewildering confusion, is that of the snow-hare. This animal, pure white in winter, is distinct from the brown or grey-hare, and has quite a different spoor. The grey-hare's track is only to be found low down, in or near the woods, while the snow-hare ascends to 9,000ft. The latter has a shorter stride, and the mark of his front fore-foot is always overlapped by that of one or other of his hind-feet as they come down in front, while the former always has all four prints well separated and clearly defined, two abreast in front, the hind-feet, and two in line behind, the fore-feet.



THE TRACK OF THE FOX

The fox is a solitary animal, and his prints are not often found; the only fox tracks I saw last winter were high up above the tree-line. Once only have I seen one, in a glade in a wood at 4,500ft.; he had a heavier coat than in summer, and a particularly fine and dark brush. The broad, well-spaced track is easy to recognise by the marks where his brush trails in the snow behind.

Far more common than the fox's spoor is that of the stone-marten. This little carnivore lives surprisingly high up, and his tracks are often met crossing and re-crossing glaciers. He always comes around the Alpine huts at night searching for food, sleeping by day in some hole under a rock. His track varies greatly; usually it is a "leaping" track, the feet going in pairs slightly aslant, but at times the prints of fore and hind-feet do not overlap exactly, and an unmistakable set of "threes" is the result. He seems to change his gait in the middle of a long, straight run for no apparent reason, running in "threes" for perhaps ten yards and then reverting to "pairs."

His cousin the pine-marten has a very similar track, but if anything rather broader. In the "leaping" gait the prints are not quite so slanting, and the "walking" gait is smaller, broader, and the prints far closer together than the fox, with which it might possibly be confused. He lives chiefly in the larch forests at about 6,000ft. Both the martens are nocturnal, and hardly ever seen.

The neat little trail of the stoat or ermine is very common, as a rule a series of very widely separated pairs of prints, but when going downhill in heavy snow his whole body strikes the snow at each bound and leaves a long entire or double streak. They go very high, often far above the glaciers; only once have I seen one, almost invisible except for his beady eyes and the black tip of his tail.

Even the mice leave tracks, the little shrew a curious indeterminate scrabbling mark, the house-mouse a series of tiny well-separated pairs abreast.

Of the bird tracks, the ptarmigan is the only one I have found worthy of note. The blackcock and the capercailzie occasionally dance on the snow in the spring, but usually live exclusively in the branches. The ptarmigan is fairly common above the tree-line, and the mark of his three-toed feathered feet is unmistakable. They never take to the wing unless forced to, "freezing" into the snow until one is almost on them; as a rule it is only the red and black of their heads or their soft clucks that give them away.

COLIN W. WYATT.



HARE AND WILLOW GROUSE TRACKS



THE TRAIL OF ROE-DEER



THE STONE-MARTEN

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Green Cross Society a copy of their latest booklet *National Parks and Paradises*, by Millicent H. Morrison (obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son for 1/-). This booklet shows how almost every nation of importance has set aside a National Park—some several—to conserve its wild life, and to afford its people mental, spiritual and physical enjoyment. Britain has not such a park, though with one or two exceptions, the British people have a fondness for animals not to be found elsewhere. The booklet may be regarded as another step in the campaign for such a park, and deserves a wide circulation.



Poultry and the Nation—VII

POULTRY ON THE GENERAL FARM

Insufficient Use is Made of the Advantages of the Whole Farm

By A. K. SPIERS ALEXANDER, A.C.P.

"LET'S go to the farm for some eggs." That used to be considered one of the pleasant things to do when staying in the country—one of the town-bred ideals of good natural things. There was a certain amount of sentiment about this—the city dwellers carried back memories and liked to associate "nice brown country eggs" with visions of green daisy-sprinkled fields, stacks and barns, and cheerfully cackling hens under blue holiday skies. Sentiment for once was right, and that the farm is the natural and proper place for the hen has been demonstrated with disastrous clearness. As long as poultry were left in their proper surroundings, and treated like other farm stock, all went well, but when they became involved in a get-rich-quick boom, and were commercialised to a fantastic degree, there followed in due course a complete collapse of poultry health.

It is common knowledge that the poultry industry is at present in a sorry plight, and chief amongst the troubles is the appalling mortality that is taking increasing toll of our flocks. The blame, and serious blame there is, lies entirely at one door—that of the specialist poultry farmer. In the farmyard hen he thought he saw a money-making machine. He took her away from her natural surroundings, in which she flourished, and subjected her to mass-production, factory methods, and to a chain of progressively artificial presumptions. So good was the stamina of these naturally kept birds when all this started, that for a time the long-suffering hen appeared to thrive and show extraordinarily good profits under this treatment. The poultry "experts" rubbed their hands in glee and forced the pace—the 300-egg-a-year bird was hailed with delight; winter breeding, winter laying pullets into lay at four-and-a-half months old, breeding from precocious little cockerels and immature pullets all brought higher profits. The demand for stock was terrific, and it was produced quite regardless of quality. But the cumulative effect of thus thwarting Nature at every turn through a number of poultry generations, gradually undermined the rich heritage of natural stamina. The result is, that the average birds of the specialist poultry farm of to-day are very poor stuff, unable to withstand the ups and downs of hen life. As the ability to remain healthy and live useful lives decreased, the poultry farmer tried to evolve more and more marvellous artificial ways of making life easier for his weakly birds. Super incubators in super-heated rooms, battery brooders or intensive brooder houses to keep the chicks away from the "infection of the soil," growing birds kept on wire netting floors, single-cage laying batteries and the like, all in a desperate attempt to persuade the jaded-stamina modern bird to live!

Feeding has reached the very peak of artificiality, and the mixing room on a modern poultry plant is more like a chemist's shop than anything to do with a farm. Night feeding by artificial light, codliver oil, wonderful mineral mixtures, iodized foods, "doped" drinking water, internal disinfectants and every conceivable drug came into everyday use. This is all going on because commercially-minded people have insisted on trying to force the hen to their will—have tried to make her do things and live in such a way that is impossible for any animal, however domesticated. Nature has put down her foot, and said that the limit has been overstepped, but the commercial poultry keeper will not recognise that he is beaten, and is still putting up a hopelessly losing fight to have things his own unnatural way.

This is all very depressing, but there is still a decidedly cheerful side to the poultry picture, and that is the case of the good farm hen that has been left alone. Happily, at least half our poultry population is to be found on the general farms up and down the country, and the great majority of these have gone on quietly with their sane and natural poultry keeping, uninfluenced by the hectic flare-up of commercial or specialised poultry farming. When it is said that the poultry industry is in a desperate state, it should be added that this refers to specialised poultry farming and not to the poultry of the general farm. The average small flock found ranging round the farm premises are as healthy to-day as ever they were, and still decidedly profitable. Hardy "mongrel" stock is proverbial, but it is not because they are "mongrel"—many are certainly not—but because they have continued to live natural lives and have therefore retained their original stamina.

The hen is essentially an out-door animal, fully equipped to rough it and work hard for a living. Her body is well protected by a thick covering of feathers, and from her preen gland she takes oil to render them waterproof. She was intended to be out in all weathers and roost in trees. Modern rearing of chicks in draughtproof intensive houses and laying stock protected at every turn, makes these resisting powers unnecessary. Oil glands cease to function properly, feathering gets soft and thin, and down go such birds with colds and worse if they get wet or chilled. Hens are provided with a crop or temporary store for food, and with a strong gizzard where, with the help of sharp grit, hard foods are milled until they are suitable for easy digestion. With modern all-dry-mash continuous feeding, the crop is not used and the gizzard has no work to do—so a constant trickle of unprepared food goes into the digestive organs, where it cannot be fully assimilated, and owing to its dryness and coarseness is apt to set up irritation. This in turn harms the mucuous membrane lining the walls of the tract, further impairing the digestion, making life easy for internal parasites and giving entry for harmful germs into the blood stream.

Farmyard life, on the other hand, suited the hen, and it was not really far removed from her wild-state existence, in that she foraged round for most of her food, and roosted in some semi-open building. She remained extraordinarily hardy, and although all sorts of natural infections abounded, as they do at all times and places, her physique was such that she could throw them off with ease. Everywhere in Nature there are parasitical worms of various kinds, coccidia and other "germs" that attack bird life, but it is only when resisting powers are lowered by some unusual cause that they can gain a dangerous hold.

The jungle fowl only laid enough eggs to bring off two broods of chicks a year—probably about 30, and these all during the natural spring breeding season. The farmyard hen laid a lot more than this, not because she was forced in any way, but because she could obtain food in plenty, so did not have to devote nearly all her energies merely to keeping herself alive. Strains of better layers and better table birds were gradually developed, but they were still kept in a very natural out-of-doors way, that did nothing to weaken their stamina by materially changing their habits. The fancier

breeder, who kept poultry as a hobby helped greatly in this work, and as his birds were pets and he only kept a very few, whose individual needs he could study, he did no harm to their health and strength. He is, in fact, to be thanked for the making of all our excellent pure breeds, that were such healthy, profitable and beautiful birds.

So things went on very happily. Farmyard stock improved, and grew from the little flock that rushed to the backdoor when the farmer's wife threw out the scraps, to the field flock that produced a lot of table eggs and birds for sale. Roosting houses on wheels were used, and by moving these about the birds got full advantage of the farm, ranging meadows before the grass grew high, running in the orchards, following the upland haysel, "shacking" after harvest, and making the best of the whole farm rotation.

Just before the War specialised poultry farming came along, and seized on the general farm poultry and fancier's birds as has already been described. It is significant that the commercial poultry farming community has been built up on the average from townsfolk—office business brains and city outlook; not country stock, sense and faith in the land. The boom was at its height just after the War, and large profits were being made, so that commercial poultry farming attracted numbers of ex-soldiers. In many cases they had no farm training at all or any idea of country life in the broad sense, but just started poultry farms haphazard. The more hens one could keep, the more money one made—the amount of land did not matter much, it was simply a matter of how much capital was available for houses and hens. Quite a number did make small fortunes; quite a number quickly went out of business, but there emerged the highly artificial and gradually tottering system of modern specialised poultry farming.

Towards the end of the poultry boom, there was a second coming of the hen to the general farm, and this was a sorry affair. Farmers were having a bad time in all directions, and they began to look with envy at the profits commercial poultry farmers were still making. The farmer-man had never been very interested in "chickens," regarding them as "the wife's pin money," and not part of the serious scheme of farm things.

Reluctantly, and against his own good stock sense, he tried modern poultry farming—he started keeping the townsman's hen, and in many cases hired the townsman to teach him the job. So one saw completely isolated specialist poultry farms built up within the general farms—small wire netting pens, large fixed laying houses, intensive brooder houses and all the outfit employed by the little poultry keeper on his very limited area. Practically no use was made of the natural advantages of the whole farm, and so, when the tide turned and "disease" started, these almost intensive poultry farms within the general farms, suffered just as much as the hopelessly overcrowded plots of the out-and-out poultry farmer. These half-hearted farmer-poultry-farmers soon saw the coming disaster, said they had had enough of poultry, sold up and got on with ordinary farm work. Not so the specialist poultry farmer—he had nothing but hens to live by, and he has gone on in many cases until driven bankrupt. But there are many intermediate plans between the little farmyard flock, and the large ultra-specialist poultry farm, whereby a good profit can be made and good health maintained with free range birds on the general farm.

Apart from the health of the poultry, there is the economic side of things to be considered. The general farm offers so many natural advantages that make it easy for poultry to be profitable. No extra rent has to be paid because hens are kept, there is much free food for them or at first cost at worst, and unless large numbers are kept, there is no paid labour entirely for the poultry. The specialist poultry farm has to charge every single item directly against the hens, before a penny of profit can be made. Rent, interest on considerable capital invested in all sorts of appliances, depreciation and upkeep, a heavy labour bill, special transport and haulage, and, of course, all foods bought with at least two profits added to its production cost. The general farm will always be the cheapest place to produce both eggs and table birds, and it is from general farms and small holdings that the great bulk of imported poultry produce comes to this country. It is rare to see a specialist poultry farm in other countries, but—especially in nearby European countries—one sees far more poultry on each general holding. As a serious branch of the whole farm work, and sharing in the general advantages of the farm as a whole, poultry will pay well, but when called on to be the sole earners and saddled with very high establishment charges, even if healthy, they are faced with a hard task.

Only recently hens have at last been recognised as being grazing animals. Grubs, worms, insects, &c., and wild seeds were always welcome extras to their diet, but young, succulent grass was their main food. It is thought that the failure to provide good grazing and removing the desire to graze by the continuous feeding of milled and high protein foods, is the chief cause of the breakdown in poultry health. They have been denied the "A" vitamin that should give them protection against infections and a powerful bodily growth factor. This is especially the case with baby chicks, as from the very first they must begin grazing on young, sweet grass, so as to store up resisting powers against all the adverse things they are bound to meet in life. Grass is not only a supplier of protective substances, but a valuable food—the cheapest food poultry can be given. Free grass will supply their protein needs even better than expensive fish or meat meal out of sacks. Here, then, is yet another reason for giving poultry every chance on the wide acres of the farm, and a simple way back to better national poultry health. A flock of birds can be used just like a flock of sheep or any other grazing animal. For instance, a hundred hens will keep an acre of good pasture mowed and need only light corn feeding in addition. On this they can lay about 150 eggs a year each, which is paying, especially as the mortality will probably not exceed 5 per cent., with consequent low replacement charges.

No matter for what purpose, poultry will do well on the general farm, if only the farmer will take the same interest in them, and treat them in the same intelligent country fashion as he does his other stock. They should be regarded as part of the whole farm, used to improve the land—they are the best of "harrows" for scratching out old matted pasture, for example—to profit by otherwise wasted foods, and so swell the general takings. Their manure is valuable and will save much of the money spent on "artificials," both as distributed about by the birds themselves, or collected dry from their roosting houses and used in preparing for root and other crops. Fixed poultry houses are quite out of place—the birds should be moved about to help the scheme of farm rotation, and to give them the chance of living cheaply and healthily.

The farmer must make up his mind what type of poultry work will best suit his farm and his markets. He has many branches to choose from—table eggs and table birds, birds from general flocks, pure breeds kept to produce eggs to sell to the hatcheries, the production of three-month pullets, stock birds, hatching eggs or chicks, or any combination of these. There is profit to be made, and there is no need to fear disease if sane methods are adopted, birds kept from maturing too fast for their size and strength, and good grazing provided at all ages and seasons.

The poultry industry is needed in this country—it produces national necessities, not luxuries, and could meet all home requirements if put on its feet, but there are grave hardships in the way that need State regulation—marketing, foreign and Empire competition, and the high price of food-stuffs. The producing side of the industry needs cleaning up—the menace of the "diseased" plant and the distribution of stock from it, must be removed. There are, and always have been, some excellently-run specialist farms doing good work, but the hopelessly overcrowded, dirty little poultry farms are jeopardising our whole industry and should be treated like plague spots. The first step towards recovery is to give our poultry space—to acquire land rather than appliances, and to make the best use of healthy farm stock and conditions. There can always be commercial plants for large-scale production of table eggs and table birds, but their "raw material" must come from the wide open spaces. The commercialists should limit their activities to one generation only and for obtaining their stock say, "Let's go to the farm for some eggs"!



FOLDING POULTRY AMONG STOCK, AS THIS FARMER IS DOING, IS ECONOMICAL AND IMPROVES THE PASTURE



M. S. Wood

HEN PARTRIDGE CREEPING INTO HER NEST

THE FOODS OF ADULT PARTRIDGES

Some I.C.I. Experiments

The enclosed notes have recently been issued by I.C.I. in pamphlet form and can be obtained from Thames House, Millbank, without charge. They seem to be of such outstanding interest that we reproduce them herewith.

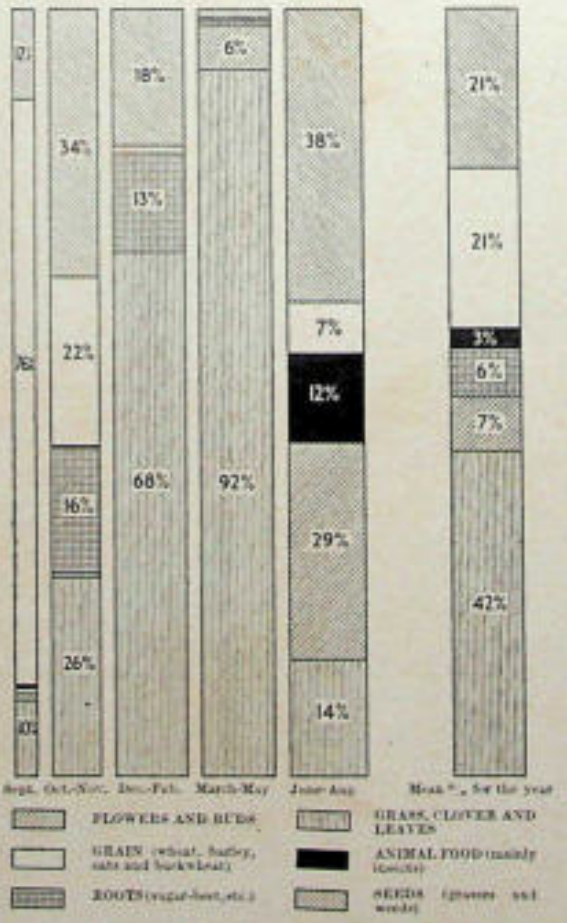
BETWEEN 1933 and 1937 every opportunity was taken of collecting the crop contents of wild partridges. Altogether during that period, 429 crops of adult English partridges and 29 of red-legs were examined at the Bureau of Animal Population. As these crops came at different times of the year from many different areas in England and Scotland, the sample analysed may be claimed to be truly representative of the foods taken by wild partridges in Great Britain.

In the crop of a freshly killed partridge the various food items are always in a remarkably well-preserved state. Even the most fragile insects remain whole in the crop, whereas they are crushed to an unrecognisable pulp immediately they pass to the gizzard. Detailed analyses and identifications of all the different food items were therefore confined to the contents of the crop, food in the gizzard being usually in such a fragmentary state as to render accurate identification and measurement impossible.

The contents of each crop were carefully sorted out into the different species of seeds, leaves, roots and insects, the numbers of each counted, and the volume measured. This sorting, counting, measuring and identifying of each component of many crops was necessarily a slow and tedious process, but its results justify the trouble involved, because we now have for the first time incontrovertible knowledge of what a wild partridge eats at different seasons of the year.

The comments which follow are based upon a consideration of the diagram and the two tables. This diagram is in effect the adult wild partridge's diet sheet for the year. Studied in conjunction with the figures on which it is based (see Tables I and II) it shows not merely what he eats at different seasons, but displays his preferences, and suggests that there are periods when he takes what he does only because he can find nothing better.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature shown by the diagram is the enormous quantity of green food eaten during the winter and spring months—more than two-thirds of the total volume in winter, rising actually to 92 parts in every 100 in the spring. In our view, this is the strongest possible argument in support of winter feeding, for a diet composed *entirely* of green food (clovers and grasses) is almost certainly one of necessity rather than of choice so far as the partridge is concerned. If grain and seed were readily available from December to May, the green columns in the diagram would be very greatly reduced in height and importance. This is clearly shown by a consideration of the figures for September, when, though green food is equally available, only one-tenth is taken. Indeed, in the whole period from June to November, when grain and seed are to be found in comparative abundance, the partridge shows in no uncertain manner that he prefers them to greenstuff. This has been confirmed again and again at the observational feeding stations for wild partridges at Knebworth, and with partridges kept in captivity.



As we have pointed out, the fact that most partridges are to be found on the grass and clover leys during winter and spring does not necessarily mean that those are the ideal feeding grounds. It is more likely that the partridges are forced to exist on greenstuff because there is practically nothing else for them at that time of year on the average partridge manor.

Many people will no doubt be surprised to see from the diagram what a minute proportion of insect food (one-fortieth part only) is taken by adult partridges in the course of a year. For a long time there has been a belief, expressed in every conversation on the foods of partridges, and repeated and copied in nearly every book about game birds, that the partridge lives largely upon insects. We were as surprised as anybody to find so very few insects in the crops. But the large numbers of birds examined at all seasons, and their wide distribution over the country, make any doubt impossible. The only period in which insects form an appreciable proportion of the food is during the summer months, and then less than one-eighth of the total volume of food for those months consists of insects. Thus, even when insects are abundant, and at a time when young partridge chicks are practically living on them, the old birds show no particular preference for them. For the rest of the year insects are practically ignored. Of 398 partridge crops examined between September and May, only 29 contained any animal food at all, and this represented only one part in 500 of the total volume of food eaten. Ants and their pupæ ("eggs") are more commonly found than any other insect.

TABLE I

Percentage by volume of different kinds of food eaten by adult partridges throughout the year (see diagram).

Food	*Sept.*	*Oct.–Nov.*	*Dec.–Feb.*	*Mar.–May*	*June–Aug.*	*Mean per cent. for Year*
Grass, clover and leaves ..	9·9	26·5	68·0	92·2	14·3	42·2
Flowers and buds	0·2	0·2	—	0·0	28·7	7·2
Roots (sugar-beet, &c.) ..	0·4	16·4	13·3	0·3	—	6·1
Seeds (grasses and weeds) ..	11·0	34·5	17·8	1·2	38·5	20·8
Grain (wheat, barley, oats and buckwheat	76·3	22·4	0·7	0·1	6·5	21·2
Animal food (mainly insects) ..	0·6	0·04	—	0·02	11·8	2·5

One often sees partridges busily feeding in autumn and winter where farmyard manure has been spread on the field, and this encourages the idea that they are eating insects and grubs. Actually, they are almost certainly picking out the grains and seeds which are invariably present in such manure.

The diagram shows the September food distinct from other periods of the year because September is essentially the month for stubble feeding. It will be seen that this is the only period when grain forms a really high proportion (three-quarters) of the food; by November there is little scattered grain to be found on the few stubbles which have been left for leys, and the proportion of grain eaten during October and November drops to one quarter.

(*continued on page 1614*)

This England . . .



Danesbrook—Exmoor

SO sweet a stream might be elsewhere than in England but for its name. Danesbrook; from what old tale of raid and rapine is such a name begot? East and west, south and north, we suffered in our making. Wolves from forest and sea, from castle and court beset our cradle, and the English soil was anointed in blood and sweat. A rough youth; and though our ways be smoothed yet does the old courage live on in us. So have we imposed upon ourselves those pleasant hardships that men of all tongues call "sport." Thus do we keep the wholesome delights of our fathers—the keen excitement of the hard-won fight, ease after stress, and great ale for our renewing. Aye, Worthington—for it was theirs also.

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

During the late autumn, however, the partridge makes up a large part of his ration from seeding weeds on the stubbles. In October November it is more than a third of his total food. The quantity of knot-grass seed alone eaten during those two months should make certain of the farmer's good will towards the partridge. Incidentally, and for the further encouragement of the farmer, the diagram gives no support to the belief that partridges eat a lot of the corn sown during autumn and spring. From December to May grain of any kind was practically absent from all the crops examined. It is only when grain is lying—September/November—that any high proportion is taken, while the proportion eaten when crops are standing—say from June to August—is low and is known to be almost entirely made up from fallen grain.

TABLE II

Seeds and grains most commonly eaten by partridges, with their percentage volume and occurrence in the crops examined (in order of importance by volume).

Name of Plant	*Per cent. of Total Volume Food*	*Per cent. of Crops in which it occurred*
Barley (*Hordeum sativum*)	15·2	18·5
Knot-grass (*Polygonum aviculare*) ..	9·5	30·5
Wheat (*Triticum*)	8·7	17·8
Meadow grass (*Poa annua*)	4·3	34·9
Chickweed (*Cerastium vulgatum*) ..	3·0	14·5
Orache (*Atriplex patula*)	1·9	10·6
Oats (*Avena sativa*)	1·8	8·3
Bindweed (*Polygonum convolvulus*) ..	1·3	25·0
Buckwheat (*Polygonum fagopyrum*)	0·9	1·3
Buttercup (*Ranunculus*)	0·8	6·5
Knapweed (*Centaurea scabiosa*) ..	0·6	1·6
Italian rye-grass (*Lolium italicum*) ..	0·5	2·6
Fescue grass (*Festuca pratensis*) ..	0·5	2·5
Brome grass (*Bromus arvensis*) ..	0·5	2·2
Willow weed (*Polygonum lapathifolium*)	0·4	0·4
Hempnettle (*Galeopsis ladanum*) ..	0·2	1·1
Eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*) ..	0·2	1·0
Chickweed (*Stellaria media*)	0·2	13·0
Red fescue (*Festuca rubra*)	0·2	0·8
Campion (*Silene* and *Lychnis*) ..	0·1	4·1
Goosefoot (*Chenopodium album*) ..	0·1	1·6
Fumitory (*Fumaria officinalis*) ..	0·1	1·0

Note.—The low percentage volumes shown for the seeds and grain are due to the great bulk of food being made up of green-stuff, flowers and roots (see Table I). Some of the very small seeds, such as meadow grass and the two species of chickweed, rank low in percentage volume, but are nevertheless important since they are eaten by so many partridges.

It has not been generally recognised that partridges are very fond of certain flowers and flower-buds. During early summer one often find the crop of a partridge tightly crammed with buttercup flowers and buds, and the green unripe seed capsules of such weeds as chickweed and scarlet pimpernel. Food of this nature makes up more than a quarter of the total volume eaten during the months of June, July and August.

Sugar-beet seems to have been adopted as an important food during late autumn and winter, particularly in the eastern counties. Partridges rarely pick at the growing roots, but after the beet has been harvested and the cut-off crowns are left lying on the fields, they peck out the pulp with avidity. On most Norfolk and Suffolk shoots one is almost certain to find sugar-beet pulp in the crop of a partridge killed during December or January. Since these old beet-fields are often left unploughed up to the end of February, sugar-beet becomes an important—often the only—alternative to green-stuff; and that the partridge avails himself so freely of this alternative when it is present is further evidence that greenstuff is a case of "Hobson's choice."

There is little doubt that sugar-beet, taken at that time of year, is a great help to the partridge, as it provides many of the nutritive properties lacking in a diet of greenstuff alone. A mixture of sugar-beet, grass and clover is, in fact, a fairly good substitute for a grain and greenstuff mixture, though a mixture of grain, seeds, greenstuff and sugar-beet, as shown in the October November section of the diagram, is undoubtedly better. Proper winter feeding with grain and seed should therefore be particularly successful where partridges have an abundant supply of sugar-beet as well as greenstuff.

Unfortunately, the sugar-beet crowns are usually ploughed in by March, so they are of little help during that month—often the most difficult of the whole year for partridges.

The crop contents of the smaller number of red-leg partridges examined were found to consist of grain, seed, sugar-beet and greenstuff in similar proportions to those found in English partridges. The quantity of sugar-beet eaten by the French bird is noticeably high, but most of the birds examined came from beet-growing areas. Beech-mast was found in the crops of several red-legs, but never in the English partridge. The quantity of insect food taken is equally negligible in both species.



TRIUMPHANT ENTRY: THE MAIL REACHES MESHRA EL REK AT LOW WATER

IN THE GIANT ELAND COUNTRY

A Corner of Equatorial Sudan

THERE are few parts of the world which offer so great a variety of shooting as the Sudan. It provides the ordinary stock African expedition, buffalo, lion, elephant, &c., with trimmings in the form of the local antelope. There is the desert shoot in the west which is unique in its way, and terribly attractive. There is the Red Sea hills, one of the very few hill shoots in Africa in the Cashmere sense. And to those with a taste for the rarities there is the Giant Eland and the Nile lechwe, species that cannot be shot elsewhere in British Africa. The opportunities are diverse, the range catholic. It is as good a place as elsewhere to start in, and nobody can be said to have finished with the big game of the world until they have a fairly varied experience of what the Sudan has to offer.

I have recently spent six weeks in the Equatorial Province, and I had some opportunity of judging ways and means. Let me hasten to add that these are only the notes of a casual visitor, and do not pretend to be those of one who claims to be an "authority," whatever exactly that overworked word denotes.

There is, since the Imperial Airways stopped calling at Juba, more or less one method only of getting into the Equatorial Province, and that is by boat, either to Shambé, Meshra El Rek, or Juba. This takes time. One can fly to Khartoum in three days, but from there it will be at least a week and probably ten days before one can reach one's base. Moreover, boats to Shambé and Juba run only once a fortnight and boats to Meshra El Rek only once a month. One's calculations must therefore be based on these facts. There is no possibility of fitting in a few days extra if one has been unlucky. One is inexorably bound to those boats. Probably, if one wanted to shoot in the area which I am going to describe, one would do best to go in via Meshra El Rek and out by Shambé (or vice versa), as this gives one a greater freedom of movement, though it is a little farther by road, and therefore more expensive.

Now if one is going to shoot in this country, one can approach it from two points of view: Either that of the man making his first trip, who will want as varied a bag as possible; or the man with some experience who will, if he is worth his salt, want a Giant Eland to the exclusion of all other species. In both cases the area of country between Wau and the White Nile offers an attractive field for a shooting trip.

First, as regards game. There is big game in abundance. Buffaloes there are, of course, in great numbers, as in most parts of Africa to-day, though the heads do not run as large as they do farther south in parts of Kenya or in Northern Rhodesia. There are lions to be had, though Equatoria is not a recognised lion country, like Darfur or the Serengetti; there are elephants in the Aliab country and at Shambé; for purposes of photography there are white rhino. There are roan in considerable numbers carrying quite some good heads; there are tiang and hartebeeste everywhere, and all the usual number of duiker and oribi and similar small fry. There are any number of kob, and that part of the province is probably the line of demarcation or rather of junction between the Uganda and Sudan types.

Besides these comparatively common beasts there are three real prizes: the situtunga, Mrs. Gray's (Nile) lechwe and the Giant Eland. To those who care to venture a little farther south in the province, there are two more real rarities—the bongo and the yellow-backed duiker. (What a wonderful double event to bring off on one shooting trip—bongo and Giant Eland in one fell swoop! Has anybody ever done it? Not that I know of.) Certainly no one area in Africa holds more prizes. The bongo and the yellow-backed duiker are not actually in the area which I visited, being found further to the south, but the situtunga, the Nile lechwe and the Giant Eland are. Situtungs are found near Meshra, on the Nile and in other parts of the area. A good head was shot during the time I was in the country. The Nile lechwe are found within striking distance of Meshra, near Tong, and at Shambé. The best heads in this area are undoubtedly to be had at Shambé. There are probably more Nile lechwe at the present time than there have ever been, thanks to careful protection.

The Nile lechwe is one of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most beautiful, trophies to be had in Africa. It is, too, to the collector a piece which he must have; a queer local outcrop, sparsely distributed, and separated by thousands of miles from its only brethren, the lechwes of the Zambesi. But it is not a difficult beast to stalk compared with many animals one could name. Personally, as a student of Abel Chapman, &c., I went out fully expecting to find Mrs. Gray extremely difficult to bring to bag. I was disillusioned. The Nile lechwe, provided one goes to the right place, is a certainty.

There remains the Giant Eland. I regard the Giant Eland as one of the dozen real prizes of the big-game world, a fine trophy, a great hunt, interesting country, a rarity. And I believe that it is easier to bag a Giant Eland to-day than it has ever been. It must be remembered that the Sudan is the "newest" of the African countries. It was not taken over till 1898–1900, and Darfur not till 1917. Allowing for the interval of the War, the country was comparatively little known, or opened up, till 1919. The Giant Eland, as is well known, is a terrific traveller. He will move 40 miles or so at the smallest olfactory offence. His habitat is never localised like, say, your Mrs. Gray.

Consequently exact knowledge of his habits over a number of years is needed to make certain of his probable movements. Moreover, he seems to be on the increase; he has been very carefully preserved for a good many years (only one head has been allowed to each sportsman in a lifetime), and he is so difficult to hunt that he is of little interest to the native hunting for meat. My own opinion is that the Giant Eland is easier to-day than he has ever been, yet in saying that I do not mean he is not difficult. He is still one of the most worth-while quarries of the world; perhaps, as some think, the most worth while in the world.

Yet there have been half a dozen cases of recent years where a lucky sportsman was sent out and got his head on the first or second day. Not that that need be expected without very considerable luck. But it may serve to illustrate my point, and I think it should be a fair generalisation to say that the ordinary visitor from England, if he allowed himself a month in the Giant Eland country, would be either unlucky or inept if he did not bag his eland, in view of the information



"AND IS THERE HONEY STILL FOR TEA?"

available—and readily available—to-day through the Game Warden and the District Officers.

For shooting a Giant Eland the best time of year would seem to be January or May. The reason for this is that in February, March and April the various tribes are all out in the woods either hunting or collecting honey or both. This, of course, has a very disturbing effect on the game, especially the eland. Supposing a party of natives arrive in the area where one is hunting, the eland are almost certain to move off, and so, though one will not of necessity be interfered with, it is by no means certain that one will not be. This applies, I think, alike to Zande, Jur and Bongo (the tribe, not the Boöcerus), but not to the Dinka, who are predominantly pastoral. (I shot my Mrs. Gray with a large Dinka encampment half a mile away; neither the kehwe nor the Dinkas behaved as if aware of each other's existence.) Thus in January the grass is short enough for shooting and there is no disturbing human element in the forest. In May one gets a first-class month for shooting if prepared to put up with a certain amount of rain, and the country is delightfully green. Till the rains break one is, to a certain extent, circumscribed by lack of water for porters, but never in the desert sense of the word shortage. One peculiarly muddy water hole we camped by was more prized than Abana and Pharpar.

There are, I suppose, places where Giant Eland are found in Dinka country, but they cannot be many. There are also certain places where native-hunting and honey-gathering is restricted. But in choosing a good month to go these facts should be borne in mind, though I do not for a moment suggest that Giant Eland cannot be, and are not, shot in those months.

Now as regards locality. Giant Eland are found scattered from the west of the Equatorial Province right down to the Nile on the Uganda border, and on the French and Belgian Congo border. There are a number of places to go to. The Duke of York's camp, south of Rumbek, where the King hunted Giant Eland, has been a popular place; and the record Giant Eland was shot near Amadi two years ago. I myself saw only two areas. One in Jur country, based on the Tawa China Rest House on the Wau–Tong road, about 20 miles from Wau. This comes under the D.C. Wau. A good eland was shot there this year, and there are undoubtedly other eland there. The other is at the No. 2 Rest House from Tong—20 miles from Tong on the Wau road, the eland area being south of the road. This is, in my opinion, an absolutely first-class place for eland. There are any number of them about, and in the area south of the Rest Camp there is no native-hunting. The area comes under the D.C. Tong, and Beng Aliab, the Chief at Tong, is a first-class man who really understands hunting and tracking. Good trackers do not grow on every bush either in the Sudan or anywhere else, and Beng Aliab found for me a pleasant and most competent man called Kiddi, whose village is near the Rest House. He would have shown up well even with a Gond tracker in the C.P. Giant Eland are never a gift; that is what makes them worth while, but I am absolutely certain that this area offers an unrivalled chance of getting one.

Now as to the cost. Shooting in the Sudan is not cheap till you reach your ground; after that it is very cheap indeed. One has to travel long distances by lorry and boat. The fare for the sportsman and his servant to Meshra and back to Khartoum will be £35. His licence will be £60, unless he is a serving soldier or an official. His stores, which he will buy cheapest in Khartoum, will not come to less than £10, and will probably be £20. The Game Warden will hire him everything else at a very modest rate—camp kit, tents, &c. The sportsman is advised to make arrangements well in advance for rifles and ammunition as these are not obtainable locally. A servant taken on in Khartoum will cost £6 a month with a small clothing allowance. The servant that the game department arranged for me was an absolutely first-class man, who spoke very good English, and proved to be a pearl of great price. Incidentally, he was a competent skinner.

There is an alternative plan to taking one's own servants, and that is to employ a merchant called Mekki, who lives at Rumbek. He will provide a complete safari outfit on simple lines, all servants and a lorry at a reasonable rate. He has a good all-round knowledge of the district and its game, and though he does not claim to be "a white hunter," he is something of a shikari himself. He is a pleasant man in camp and speaks English. The chief expense in the province itself will be hiring a lorry. The best offer for a lorry that I got was from a Greek merchant in Wau called Demetrios Eriddes, who charged me four piastres a mile and 50 piastres a day when not travelling. This lorry was a good one. On this basis my expenses for a lorry would have been about £25. Actually I hired a lorry from Mekki and, including the cost of getting to and from Rumbek, this cost me about £35, though the lorry was a better one. No cars are available, though actually, for the sportsman whose needs are small, a car would probably be all that is required. One's lorry is only half loaded and one is accordingly over horse-powered. One's remaining expenses—porters' food, &c., should not be more than £10—£15 a month. That part of the business is very cheap indeed. My whole trip, excluding licence and journey to Khartoum from England (the two biggest items, of course), cost £100.

I formed the opinion quite early in my stay that there is still a lot of game in the Equatorial Province. It is, of course, hunted by certain of the tribes, and in some cases over-hunted, but not apparently to the same extent as in some other parts of Africa. The situation there as regards disappearing game wants most careful watching, but is not yet hopeless. On the day I arrived I saw a large bull roan 20yds. from the road about ten miles from Meshra. It gazed at us placidly at 20yds., and finally made slowly off. One could certainly not have wanted to shoot it. I thought of those *hippotragi* farther south that Samaki and I had pursued with so little success for so many long and weary days—wild as hawks and nervous as Viennese Jews.

But beyond that it is extremely invigorating to spend a month or two in a country so competently managed. It gives one that Kipling feeling. And the natives are perfectly delightful. One sees the primitive savage, as he has always been, naked and unashamed, and as in a very few years we shall never see him again. The Dinkas, in particular, were enchanting, simple, proud, possessed of a sense of humour, and not caring a damn for anybody. One cannot leave this subject without paying some tribute to the work done not only for game but also for visiting sportsmen for so many years by Major W. R. Barker, the Game Warden, and his predecessor, Captain H. C. Brocklehurst. There are many delightful tribes in the Sudan, but none more generally acclaimed than the Pongos. And from everybody else in the country one receives a degree of hospitality which has to be encountered to be believed.

So much, then, for this little corner of Africa. Whether one goes for a general shoot, or whether one goes for Giant Eland only, I thoroughly recommend it to those who find in this morning's top headlines ("Boy birched for branding sweetheart," *Daily Mirror*; "Anglo-Italian Relations," *The Times*) an urgent desire to get themselves to a place where such things find their right perspective.

M. T. S.



"MORE PRIZED THAN ABANA AND PHARPAR"

BELOW, A BONGO HUNTER



THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ SIMON

BEFORE passing in review other well-known French wines, let us take a flying trip to Hungary, the most wonderfully fertile land in the whole of Europe, a blessing which, in the course of history, has many a time proved to be a curse.

Tokay is for many people in England the only wine of Hungary; it is the best, rarest and dearest, but by no means the only one, as one realises if one considers the list of Hungarian wines of fine quality which the Hungarian State recognises as such. It is a serious offence to use any of the "protected" names for wines other than those produced not only within the administrative boundaries of the district of which the name they bear, but also made exclusively from the species of grapes the name of which is joined to that of the district.

Here is the list of the "protected" fine-quality Hungarian wines, other than those of Tokay, as issued, but, as far as I know, never published in England before:

Veltesi of Sopron.	Kadarka of Szekszárd.
Ezerjó of Mór.	Kadarka of Pécs.
Furmint of Somlyó.	Kadarka of Villány.
Riding of Badacsony.	Kadarka of Gyöngyös (Visonta).
Kéknyelu of Badacsony.	Kadarka of Eger.
Furmint of Badacsony.	Szamorodni of Tokajhegyalja.
Muskotály of Badacsony.	Máslás of Tokajhegyalja.
Auvergnas gris of Badacsony.	Forditás of Tokajhegyalja.
Riding of Balatonfüred.	Aszu of Tokajhegyalja.
Essencia of Tokajhegyalja.	

Viticulture was introduced by the Romans some 2,000 years ago in that part of Hungary west of the Danube which they called Pannonia. Hungary has been an important wine-producing country ever since, but whilst the vast and rich "Great Plain" produces a large quantity of very ordinary beverage wines, the Northern Heights produce a comparatively small quantity of fine wines, both table and dessert wines, but none comparable, as regards breed and general excellence, to the best wines of the Hegyalja vineyards which are responsible for the different grades of Tokay wine.

There are five grades or qualities of Tokay wines, all of them made from the Furmint grapes grown in vineyards within a small district strictly defined by Hungarian law, and under the strict supervision of the local Excise officers. The finest Tokay wine is that which is called Tokaji Essencia, or Tokay Essence. It is the richest and rarest, being made from over-ripe berries and in exceptionally fine years only; it keeps longer than any Hungarian wine—longer, even, than any wine made anywhere else, with the possible exception of some of the pre-oidium Madeiras.

The next best Tokay wine is that which is known as Tokaji Aszu, or Tokay Ausbruch; it is a sweet dessert wine, luscious, delicious and capable of improving for many years, if properly kept. The Aszu is made of a mixture of both the ordinary ripe grapes and a certain proportion of over-ripe or sun-dried grapes—the excellence of the Aszu depends upon how many of the latter were used at the time of the vintage. A Tokaji Aszu "One Hod," for instance (Hod being the name of the measure used), is not so good nor so expensive as the Aszu "Two Hods," and when one comes across an Aszu "Five Hods," which is the highest number of Hods ever given to Aszu, you have a wine so near to the Tokay Essence that you must expect to pay very nearly the same as for the Essence.

The next grade, Tokaji Szamorodni, is more of a table wine, rather rich all the same for a table wine, but not comparable in sweetness to the Essence or Aszu. The same remark applies to both the Máslás and Forditas grades of Tokay.

Besides the name of the district where the Tokay vineyards are situated—Tokajhegyalja—the label bears the descriptive name of the State-guaranteed quality of the wine—Essencia, Aszu from one to five "Hods," Forditas, Máslás or Szamorodni—and the name of the owner of the vineyards.

Year	Port	Claret	Burgundy	Rhenish	Sauternes	Champagne
1919	2	3	5	4	3	4
1920	6	7	3	7	2	6
1921	2	5	4	7	7	7
1922	5	3	0	2	2	0
1923	4	5	6	3	4	4
1924	6	6	4	2	5	1
1925	3	2	2	5	1	0
1926	3	5	6	4	3	6
1927	7	1	0	4	2	0
1928	2	6	5	1	4	7
1929	3	7	7	5	6	6
1930	2	0	1	4	0	0
1931	7	1	0	1	1	1
1932	0	0	2	3	0	2
1933	4	5	5	6	3	6
1934	6	6	6	7	4	6
1935	7	3	4	3	3	2
1936	3	4	1	1	4	1

Revised for the year 1938

0 = no good 7 = the best

Year	Moselle	SaarRuwer	Rheingau	Rheinhesse	Nahe	Palatinate	Franconia
1919	2	1	5	4	2	5	3
1920	6	5	7	5	6	6	5
1921	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
1922	2	1	1	2	2	2	1
1923	3	2	3	4	3	3	3
1924	2	1	3	3	3	5	3
1925	3	3	4	4	4	6	3
1926	1	1	2	2	2	1	2
1927	3	2	3	3	4	4	3
1928	2	1	1	2	2	3	1
1929	5	4	5	5	4	5	4
1930	1	1	2	2	2	2	1
1931	2	2	2	1	1	3	2
1932	3	3	3	4	4	3	3
1933	6	6	6	6	6	5	6
1934	6	7	6	7	7	7	6
1935	6	5	6	5	5	6	5
1936	1	1	1	2	1	2	1

0 = no good 7 = the best

GREAT YEARS OF WINE

Here are two useful charts which give the comparative merits of port and French and German wines of post-war years. They have been published by the Wine and Food Society for the benefit of its members and of others interested in wine. While it is stated that every care has been taken to make each card an accurate index of fact, it must be remembered that there is some good wine in every bad year, since the exception proves the rule. The cards are reproduced by permission of the Society. They are printed on a stiff celluloid base of the size shown, which fits the waistcoat pocket, and can be had from the Secretary of the Wine and Food Society, 6, Little Russell Street, London, W.C., for 5/6 a dozen, or from the Society's branches.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the *Field* of June 23rd, 1888.

KENNEL Club Rules. "Considerable changes are required, and first and foremost should come one dealing with the prevalent custom of 'trimming' dogs, as it is now by courtesy called. Ten years ago it would have been deemed 'faking,' and as such render its perpetrators liable to certain pains and penalties of a derogatory character."

IN THE SALEROOM

A THREE-DAYS SALE is being held at Sotheby's, commencing June 29th, of valuable printed books, illuminated and other manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents, the properties of many well-known collectors. Amongst a surfeit of historical gems is a Heatheote heirloom, a collection of six double-page maps and charts on vellum, *circa* 1650–57, made by Nicholas Comberford. There is also Holy Willie's Prayer, in the original, by Robert Burns, which Sir Walter Scott considered more exquisitely severe than anything which Burns afterwards wrote.

Christie's are selling Jakob Goldschmidt's collection of Chinese porcelain on June 29th and 30th. It is of very high quality, and many pieces were exhibited at the Chinese Exhibition in Berlin, 1929. The late Viscount Fielding's historical portraits and pictures will be dispersed on July 1st at the same rooms. Sir William Fielding, a faithful adherent of Charles I, was killed near Birmingham in 1643, and his son Basil, supporting the Parliamentarians, actually met his father in conflict at Edgehill. The outstanding pictures are a series of seventeenth-century portraits by Van Dyck, Balthasar Gerbier and Daniel Mytens.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

FROM time to time in these columns I have reviewed books on the birds of various parts of the British Empire. Perhaps to some English readers such reviews seem rather unnecessary. They have not seen the birds and are not likely to see the birds—save possibly in a Zoo—and do not, therefore, wish to read about them. If they do not wish to read, I have always imagined they would not read. But one reader once wrote—following a review of *The Birds of the Kenya*—to say that he thought I was using space that might with advantage be utilised in some other way; which was horribly shattering to my pride.

* * *

But the *Field* is read all over the world. And I have always imagined that there might possibly be one or two people in Kenya interested in the birds of that colony. There are, too, for I have had letters from them, and from other parts of the world—and even letters asking for particulars of books that I have not reviewed, and in some cases of books that have not yet been written. Furthermore—I have said this before, but it cannot be repeated too often—ornithology is not a parochial science. The true ornithologist—the true naturalist of any description—is interested not only in the wild life of his own district. All of which means, of course, that I am about to review another book on the birds of foreign parts.

* * *

That book is *The Birds of Canada*, by P. A. Taverner (John Murray; 18/–). Well, the birds of Canada are only about a week away—and not so long hence they may be only a day or so away. And though one cannot say that any of them reach us regularly—as do many African birds, which are as much British as they are African—some (as for example many of the waders) are common both to Canada and Great Britain. And I, personally, find it interesting to read about them in a country I do not know at all.

* * *

But the book was not written for the stay-at-home English, but for the Canadian. And it was written for the purposes of awakening and stimulating interest in the study of Canadian birds, and to assist those, in whom it may awaken interest, in identifying the various species. All the birds known to occur in Canada are dealt with, and certainly anybody who reads and digests this book will have more than a nodding acquaintance with them.

* * *

There is a lengthy and very well-written introduction, which is in no way superfluous (as is the habit of introductions generally). This is followed by an illustrated key which will enable students to identify the species of any bird they may come across. And then there is a description of every species found in Canada with small illustrations in the text: the name in French as well as in English; distinctions, field characteristics, nesting and distribution, economic status, food and habits, and some remarks as to whether the species needs and deserves protection. The index is in English and French, and there is another to check list numbers. Throughout the text scientific names and technical terms have been avoided so far as possible, and familiar words and names used. In short, no pains have been spared to make the book useful and attractive to the student as well as to the man who, without any desire to specialise, does like to know something of the birds he comes across in his daily journeyings.

* * *

In all that this book is excellent. There are two possible objections. It may strike you—as it struck me when I first saw the book—that no one can get all the birds occurring in such a huge area as the Dominion of Canada into one volume without excessive condensation. Well, that objection is no good. There has been condensation—I dare say you could fill three or four volumes on the birds of Canada without undue verbosity—but there has not been too much condensation. Nothing of any importance has been omitted.

* * *

The other objection is more serious. If the book is seriously meant to appeal to the average man as well as the student, and if its purpose is, as is avowed on the dust cover, to awaken the interest of people who do not at present have very much interest in birds, then it is altogether too big and heavy. No one would carry it around on a bird watching expedition. And maybe I am getting old, but I would not fancy it in a week-end suitcase. Now that is no drawback to a first-rate bird book (and this book is absolutely first rate), but it is surely a drawback to a book that has avowedly an educational appeal. Perhaps in any future edition the publishers will consider issuing it in two or three volumes.

B. V-F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PSYCHOLOGY

SIR,—Recently there was published in the Press an account of a hen chaffinch attempting to drag away the corpse of a cock chaffinch which had killed itself by flying against a window, and also a description of a blue tit pecking at the dead body of another of its own species. I have notes of a somewhat similar incident on December 13th, 1926.

My wife saw a dead great tit on the drive of our house beneath the telephone wire. Another great tit flew down twice, pecked at the body, and tried to drag it away. Subsequently this great tit returned, and appeared to attack the corpse a third time, pecking out feathers from the head, and dragging it about, and while so engaged drove off a chaffinch and a blue tit which came near. When I finally picked up the body the great tit scolded at me. It is possible that the tit was killed by colliding with the telephone wire, and my first supposition was that it might be the mate of the other tit, but as three great tits, including the dead one, were present at the time, it seems more likely that this was a tragedy resulting from the eternal triangle. What impressed us was the apparent vindictiveness of the aggressor.

The similarity of the action to that of the hen chaffinch mentioned above is curious. Bird psychology differs greatly from ours; I should suggest that the action of the hen chaffinch may have arisen from the inability of her little mind to envisage the death of the cock. Possibly there may have been some dim idea of rendering assistance. Some of your readers will remember the description by Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, of terns carrying one of their number wounded by gunshot into safety. Some may scoff at the story, but Edward was a good and accurate observer. The blue tit's attack on the corpse was probably vindictive.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

CATTLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—Will some of your readers give us the reasons why the old cattle industry of the Highlands of Scotland should not be revived? Before the days of sheep—not so very long ago—thousands of cattle were raised on the moors and driven to the markets in England. Heather is a "fill-belly," and though not producing much "fat" content, certainly supports life and vigour. There must be many thousands of acres that are no good for rising grouse or deer but perfectly suitable for cattle. Admitting Highland beef takes a year longer to mature, that surely would be more than offset by cheap rent and no outlay on expensive buildings. In addition, a man on a sheltie could look after quite a large herd. The Highland west coast is rarely visited by snow, and should afford winter grazing. Is it the prevailing question of want of capital and initiative, or is it too slow for the "get-rich-quick" demand of the age?

Yours faithfully,

Colliston Castle, W. D. C. KNOX.
Angus.

SEA-EAGLES IN THE WATER

SIR,—Late in the afternoon of March 8th, as I was strolling along the western shore of Durazzo lagoon, my attention was attracted by a great commotion in the water about 500yds. opposite to where I had halted. On turning my binoculars on to the spot, I saw that the disturbance was caused by two white-tailed eagles (*Haliaëtus albicilla*), which, whether they had become submerged while fighting between themselves over some, to me, unseen object of food, or whether they had both been attacking some large fish, were both so soaked that they were unable to take to wing.

After a few minutes of violent beating the water and/or each other with their wings, they separated and commenced to make their ways towards two small islets respectively to the north and south of them. The eagle making for the northern islet had much the shorter distance to cover, but there was a strong northerly wind blowing down the lake which must have considerably handicapped its progress. Both were using their wings as paddles, resting frequently and elevating the wings as high as possible above the surface of the water.

The lagoon is not deep, and in places it seemed that they may have been just able to touch its muddy bottom. Anyhow they had a hard battle to reach safety, and at times I thought that neither of them would do so. The bird going north was the first to make land and for some time after was flapping its wings vigorously in an endeavour to dry them.

During most months of the year, towards sundown, there is a big passage of hooded crows (*Corvus cornix sardonis*) diagonally across the lagoon from the south-east to some communal roosting place at the north end of the Durazzo peninsula. A number of these swooped down on the eagle while it was struggling in the water, and worried it so much while it was drying itself on the islet that, after a while, it walked across to the northern side and essayed to fly. It flew a few yards only and then came down again in shallow water and was able to walk back to the islet. This attempt was repeated, with the same result, but after a while a third attempt carried it to a larger islet a few hundred yards further north, whence, as the light failed, I could not record its subsequent movements.

Meanwhile the other bird, which seemed to be in an even more exhausted condition, but was less harried by the crows and had the wind to help it, had also landed, and was still just visible on the islet it had reached when I left the neighbourhood.

The white-tailed eagle is not a common bird in the Durazzo district, and I think the two in question must have been the pair recorded by R. B. Lodge (*Bird Hunting through Wild Europe*, p. 106 *ff.* and p. 219 *ff.*) in 1906 and 1907 as nesting at Yuba (or Juba), on the other side of the lagoon, in some now rapidly disappearing water-logged forest. I have seen them repeatedly over or in the vicinity of the lagoon since 1928, and young taken from the nest, generally two, are hawked around the town of Durazzo for sale in most years. The several white-tailed eagles exhibited in the Rome Zoological Garden more than probably came from this source.

Yours faithfully,

Durazzo, F. W. BORMAN.
Albania.

THE BIGGEST FRESHWATER FISH

SIR,—The Pirarucú (*Arapaima gigas*) is generally considered the largest freshwater fish. Paul Fountain in *The Rivers Amazon* (Constable, 1914) wrote: "The *Arapaima* averages 400lb. to 500lb.; but I assisted to kill one on the Rio Negro which scaled, even after it was cut in pieces, 628lb."

When that book was published, Mr. Fountain was already an oldish man, and I believe he was recalling observations made some years before. It is unlikely that these figures can now be verified. Certain it is that a cursory inspection of the fish market at Manaos, which is the Billingsgate of the Rio Negro district, shows that the Pirarucú do not average 100lb. Even allowing for intensive fishing the average could not have dropped by, say, 300lb.

As for his big fish with its convincing array of digits, Mr. Fountain did not explain how the fish was weighed. 628lb. might be a coversion from the metric system of a roughly computed 300 kilos. At any rate, it surpasses, by 128lb. all other estimates of the maximum size to which these fish attain.

If this record is omitted, the only authentic report I can find of a large Pirarucú is the 200-pounder caught by Sir Walter Egerton in the Rupununi. It was described in his letter to the *Field* of January 10th, 1914.

I should be most interested to hear whether any of your readers have specific information concerning *Arapaima* exceeding 200lb.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. LEANDER J. MCCORMICK.

HARPOONING WHALES

SIR,—A boat was hunting whales off the south coast of Bermuda recently. At 9.30 a.m. a whale was harpooned and towed the boat in a south-westerly direction until four o'clock; by this time the crew estimated their distance to be about 40 miles from the island and decided to cut loose the tow. The boat eventually made land the next morning. I should be interested to learn of any other similar occurrences.

Yours faithfully,

Bermuda. A. G. G. V.

WILD DUCK'S EGGS

SIR,—One of my tame wild ducks has been sitting on her eggs in the garden by a small stream leading to a pond, under a broom and other vegetation.

My gardener this morning on arrival passed by the nest and noticed on the lawn, about 2 to 3yds. from the nest, one of her eggs. She was on the nest; he picked up the egg and put it under her; she pecked at him and fought it.

Hardly had he turned his back and gone some few yards away when he turned and saw the duck with the egg in her mouth; she came from the nest and put the egg on the lawn some 2 or 3yds. away. He picked up and broke the egg; it had a dead duckling inside it.

She hatched, soon after, six ducklings, the other nine eggs being addled. Although she flew at the gardener and fought he caught her easily, clipped a wing and took her and her brood to a place of safety. Do you know of any similar occurrence? She evidently would *not* have the egg in her nest.

Yours faithfully,

Fitzhead Court, G. STAUNTON-WING.
Nr. Taunton.

A LEOPARD EPISODE

SIR,—Surely the following is a strange occurrence? Some time ago, while hunting on the Luangwa river, I caught six young ducklings (Solitary Duck, *Anas sparsa*). These I kept, and at night they were put into a basket in the bathroom of my tent. One evening they disappeared, having got through the wickerwork of the basket. Being camped on the river I gave up all idea of finding them again, and that morning went out hunting as was my wont. On the way home my tracker spotted a leopard. It was sitting near a small pool, licking itself as cats do. I sat down and waited. Having finished its toilet it came towards me, quite unaware of my presence. At about 6yds. range it turned and gave me my chance. Catherine wheels and various forms of firework were the order for the day for the next few seconds. When it was dead I went to the pool, and there were the remains of *six Anas sparsa* ducklings. You may say how do I know they were my ducklings? I do not, but the fact remains that there were six heads and a good many feathers at the same stage of growth as were those of my birds. Anyhow, I think I should have sworn on it in court!

Salima, Yours faithfully,
Nyassaland. L. M. DUNDAS.

DERBY WINNERS IN SOUTH RUSSIA

SIR,—With interest I have read the notes which appear in the *Field* of April 30th and May 28th regarding Derby winners in South Russia.

In the *Sporting and Dramatic News* of May 8th, 1920, appears an article on the same subject, and as Minoru is not mentioned among the stallions brought to Constantinople, I am sure General Sir Tom Bridges makes a mistake when he states in his book that Minoru was amongst them.

The *Sporting and Dramatic News* gives their number as seven (not half a dozen), amongst them Aboyeur, Louviers, Johnson, one by Spearmint, one by Chaucer, and two more. A photograph of Aboyeur taken at Constantinople accompanies the article in question.

Yours faithfully,

Biskopsgatan 18, G. W. HACKMAN.
Wiborg, Finland.



A Joy for all!

To smoke Chairman is not only to bring joy to oneself: the mellow fragrance of this fine old mixture, unlike so many pipe tobaccos, is equally pleasing to others.

No tobacco can offer more; none can be better; and few, if any, so good.

Ninety pipe-smokers in every hundred will find it just what they want—a tobacco that assures the tranquil enjoyment of a mind content.

Chairman

In 3 strengths: **Chairman**, medium; **Boardman's**, mild; **Recorder**, full. 1/2 per ounce. In 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. vacuum tins. Sold by tobacconists everywhere.

Made by the successors to R. J. Lea Ltd.

P 301



WHEN BEARDED BATSMEN TOOK THE FIELD
(See letter "Australian Cricket")

LAPWING AND SWIFT

SIR,—Is it not possible that the two snipe chicks that the lapwing was brooding with her own four had been hatched in her nest from eggs laid in it by their mother, perhaps under stress of circumstances? It seems not at all uncommon for birds to lay in other birds' nests, whether of their own species or not, and especially in the case of birds that do not make much of a nest, but use hollows in the ground for the purpose. If this be granted, then it seems likely that the lapwing was leading them all across the road when she heard or saw Mr. Sutcliffe's car coming and brooded them for safety, until the car got too close and she flew up.

From Mr. Reeve's account of the swift that struck the wireless aerial it seems probable that, although it "appeared" uninjured, it must have sustained a considerable shock, from which it was not given sufficient time to recover. Had it been allowed to rest for five or ten minutes and then been put on a level elevation it would probably have taken off of its own accord.

Yours faithfully,
Cornwall. NATURALIST.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKET

SIR,—At this time, when public interest is centred in the Australian cricket team visiting this country, I think the enclosed picture may be of interest for it shows the Australians photographed half a century ago.

Yours faithfully,
H. WALKER.
Gayton,
Alford,
Lincs.

AN UNUSUAL NESTING SITE

SIR,—During the last week in April I was surprised to see a wren taking building material into a small unoccupied and empty tit nesting box in my garden. The box is a small one of the type made from a section of a hollow branch, placed vertically, with a small circular entrance in the upper half.

I take it the builder was a cock, as on emerging from the box he almost invariably flew up into an overhanging pear tree and sang.

The nest is not domed and fills the lower half of the box very neatly, its edge reaching slightly above the lower side of the entrance. I fear he has now lost interest in it. Is not this an unusual site even for a "cock's" nest?

Yours faithfully,
The Old Vicarage, J. NIELD CAMERON.
Wetherby, Yorks.



KEPT IN AN OLD POCKET WATCH CASE
(See letter "A Use for Silver Paper")

A USE FOR SILVER PAPER

SIR,—While serving with the 1st Royal Dragoons in India as a farrier-corporal I had a hobby of collecting silver paper from Player's cigarette packets. Having collected a great deal I melted it down and made horse-shoes and various other articles.

I thought the enclosed photograph might be of interest to your readers. It shows a set of farrier's tools which took me twelve months to make from silver paper. I had to make them with my fingers, as they could not be worked in a vice owing to their smallness. I keep them in an old pocket watch case.

Yours faithfully,
4th Queen's Own Hussars, E. BOOLE.
Aldershot.

SNAKE FENCES

SIR,—As a small boy in the "back blocks" of Canada I was always told by the old-timers that the irregular form of "snake rail fences" was chosen because deer—notably the black tail—were unable to judge their take-off and hence would not jump over them.

Since this is an accepted tradition from the Gaspé Peninsula to Vancouver Island there may be something in it.

Yours faithfully,
Bussock Hill House, J. W. PADDON.
Newbury, Berks.

A CRICKETER'S TOMBSTONE

SIR,—Whilst wandering round Canterbury with my camera I came across a remarkable monument in St. Gregory's Churchyard. Carved on the pedestal was the figure of a cricketer gazing ruefully at his wicket, the middle stump down, clean bowled—by Death. According to the inscription, the monument was "erected to the memory of Fuller Pilch by upwards of 200 friends to mark their admiration of his skill as a cricketer and his worth as a man."

I was very interested, as I had often heard my father speak of Pilch and his wonderful feats as a run-getter in early Victorian days. When I got home I looked up "Pilch" in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and found that he was born at Horningtoft, near Fakenham, Norfolk, in 1803. He died at Canterbury on May 1st, 1870. At the age of seventeen he played his first match at Lord's, Norfolk v. M.C.C. From 1836 to 1854 he was one of the Kent eleven. He was 6ft. in height, and had a tremendous reach, which he increased by using a bat of his own designing, of regulation length, but with a very short handle. "His style of play was entirely forward, its feature being the smothering of the ball at the pitch before the twist or rise could take effect."

I will conclude this letter with an anecdote from my commonplace book. Old William Lillywhite, who had a high opinion of Pilch's skill as a batsman (as well as of his own as a "bowller"!) once said to Lord Russell, "Now, my idea of cricket as it should be played is this: me 'bowlling,' Pilch in, Box at the wicket, and your Lordship looking on."

Yours faithfully,
Norbury. JOHN B. TWYCROSS.

HOW DID THE WOODCOCK KNOW?

SIR,—Two months ago I laid down a strip of grass, or what a house agent would call an ornamental lawn, 25yds. long and only 6yds. wide, between the wall of my house and the carriage drive parallel to it, and seeded it down. Owing to the drought, which has been even more intense here than in England, the grass did poorly, and last week, at the end of seven weeks, the soil was still more conspicuous than the young grass. I, therefore, drenched it with a hose throughout one afternoon and knocked off at 4.30 p.m. At 7.30 (just three hours later) my gardener, coming up to the house, disturbed a woodcock which was busy probing away in the newly watered ground within 3yds. of a sitting room window, and this in broad daylight with the sun blazing, and before any woodcock could have been "flighting." That newly soaked patch of ground was probably the only damp bit of soil in the whole countryside where a woodcock might probe and get a meal, and its boldness proves that it was pressed for food; but how on earth did the woodcock find it so quickly and in daylight too? *How did that woodcock know?*

Yours faithfully,
Melrose. C. H. B.

TICK ON BLUE HARES

SIR,—I was much interested to read in Mr. Gray's recent letter that of five blue hares found dead in snares in Birse Forest, Aberdeen, three were found to be carrying several dead ticks each. I am not well acquainted with ticks, but it is a well-known fact that when hedgehogs and birds die the fleas, lice and other parasites at once desert them, and it is curious that ticks should remain and also die.

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, C. NICHOLSON.
Truro, Cornwall.



"CLEAN BOWLED BY DEATH"
(See letter "A Cricketer's Tombstone")

If the bottle is

SQUARE

and the contents are

ROUND

What is the name of the whisky?

Of course it's easy; the name—*by which you should always ask for it*—is



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong



DR. THOMAS MOFFET
(See letter "First Book on Natural History")

BIRD APPEARANCES

SIR,—I should be exceedingly grateful if any of your readers could help me to obtain information regarding the appearance in the British Isles during the past twenty years of any of the following birds: greater or lesser snow goose, lesser white-fronted goose, red-breasted goose.

Yours faithfully,
65, King Street, Manchester 2. MICHAEL BRATBY.

SIGHT IN DOGS

SIR,—The letters on the subject of canine sight tempt me to quote an example which I should not believe had I not actually seen it.

One Christmas I received a large calendar, a photograph of an Alsatian's head. This was hung on the wall not far from, but above, the mantelpiece.

My Alsatian bitch, lying in front of the fire in artificial light, happened to see the photograph upon the wall as she was turning round.

She immediately became alert, sat up, ears pricked, and gazed very intently at the photograph for several seconds. Then, probably seeing no movement, she looked at me, smiled at herself for being taken in, and went to sleep again.

But on several occasions afterwards I saw her steal a sly glance at the photograph.

I had never thought previously that an inanimate photograph could be seen or noticed by dogs, though, of course, they can be stirred by fox's masks, &c.

Yours faithfully,
Stornoway. HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

FIRST BOOK ON NATURAL HISTORY

SIR,—The first book on Natural History published in England was the famous *Theatrum Insectorum* of Thomas Moffet, which saw the light in 1634, 30 years after the death of the principal author, who completed work begun by Wootton 50 years previously and continued by Thomas Penny. It was based on original drawings made by Wootton and Konrad Gesner, for whom Penny acted as literary and scientific executor. Moffet, like Penny a Cambridge man, was his friend and partner, and succeeded him as physician to Queen Elizabeth. After his friend's death, Moffet completed the work, which he dedicated by permission to the Queen.

His professional and parliamentary duties, for he represented Wilton, where he had an estate, occupied all his energies, and the finished manuscript lay dormant. On the visit of James I to Wilton soon after his accession, Moffet obtained permission to re-dedicate the book to the new king, and the correction in pen and ink is still clear in the manuscript, which is preserved in the British Museum.

After Moffet's death his apothecary, Darnell, sold the manuscript to Sir Theodosius Mayerne, who eventually found a printer ready to undertake so costly a work, and it appeared, in 1634, in the form of a small folio of 352 pages, with 580 figures of "Insects" in the pre-Linnean sense. These are often very good and always recognisable, far better than the reproduced woodcuts.

The manuscript is in good condition, in Latin, with a beautiful title-page, with medallions of Gesner, Wootton, who has been called the Father of British Zoology, Dr. Penny, and Moffet himself. This title-page was not used, a pity, as it is much more interesting and beautiful than the rather ineffective one that actually appeared in the book.

The letterpress is interesting, representing the accumulated observations of four naturalists, of whom one at least, Penny, was an excellent man in the field. There are some quaint survivals of mediæval superstitions, but on the whole the quality of the work is good, and we should look upon it with respect, for it is the foundation-stone of British entomology. It is not unreasonable to assume that it was this work which stimulated the interest of the seventeenth-century entomologist, the famous Lady Glanville, whose name has been perpetuated in the Glanville Fritillary.

Yours faithfully,
Worthing. MALCOLM BURR.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows one of the centuries-old oak trees in Bradgate Park in the Charnwood Forest, near Leicester, meeting its doom on Sunday, May 8th, when over 200 acres of the park were destroyed by fire.

In the park stands the ruins of Lady Jane Grey's home, and when she was beheaded in 1552 all the oaks in the park were lopped in her memory. The tree seen in the photograph is one of many which, after surviving their beheading and weathering many centuries, meet their fate at the hands of a careless smoker.

Yours faithfully,
29, Melbourne Road, Leicester. F. LUMBERS.



AFTER CENTURIES THEY MEET THEIR FATE AT THE HANDS OF CARELESS SMOKERS
(See letter "Ordeal by Fire")



AN UNUSUAL NESTING PLACE
(See letter "Sparrowhawk's Nest on the Ground")

SPARROWHAWK'S NEST ON THE GROUND

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph of a sparrowhawk's nest taken here recently as, I believe, nesting by a sparrowhawk on the ground is unusual. The nest was, as you can see from the photograph, under the shelter of a fallen tree trunk in a bed of bluebells and was clearly visible from a path 10yds. away. The eggs were laid apparently on the bare ground touching a piece of potsherd, which had formerly been used by the keeper for rearing purposes.

Yours faithfully,
Lindridge, Bishops Teignton, Devon. E. C. BENTHALL.

HABITS OF SWIFTS

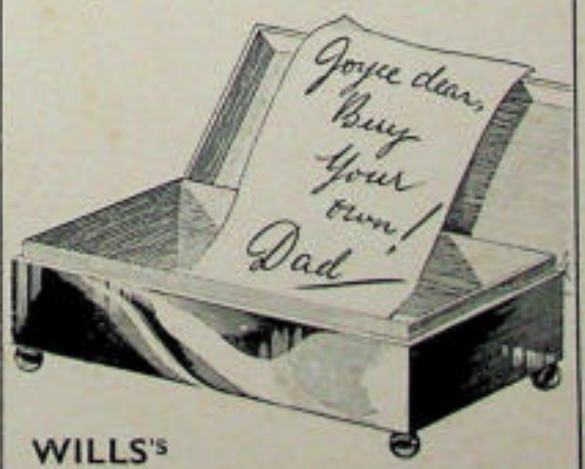
SIR,—Years ago I surprised a swift drinking from a puddle. It rose with perfect ease from a clean hard road, but I do not imagine it could have done so from grass.

One assumes that swifts normally drink by dipping in open water, like the rest of their family, but there was no open water near in this case, so perhaps this bird *had* to learn an unusual habit.

Yours faithfully,
9, Rutland Street, S.W. 7. C. TROUT.

Should a Father warn his future son-in-law?

Of course he should! It's a Father's job to give the bride away. Father should say: "This young woman you are thinking of marrying is a positive menace where a man's Gold Flake cigarettes are concerned. Ever since she took an intelligent interest in smoking, she has insisted on the flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos. Hence the run on my Gold Flake. Be warned, young man, and make her promise to love, honour *and* buy her own Gold Flake."



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

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.8.483

BANTAM V. MOORHEN

SIR,—I witnessed this morning what seems to me to be a curious fight between two birds which I would not have thought possible—an Old English cock bantam and a moorhen.

In my zoo park bantams roam all over the grounds, and many pairs of moorhens nest in the duck and other enclosures.

The fight took place on one of the broad paths with netting on each side. The cock bantam in characteristic position, head outstretched, hackles up and wings partly outstretched, faced the moorhen, the latter keeping his head back rather than forward and standing very upright. In a moment or two they were hopping over each other and striking, the moorhen again with its head back but using its legs exactly as the bantam in spite of having no spurs.

This continued for at least 30 seconds, when they both seemed to decide at the same time that honour was satisfied.

During the whole time of the fight the bantam never succeeded in pecking the moorhen once, and the latter never attempted to peck the bantam.

Yours faithfully,
G. TYRWHITT-DRAKE.

Cobtree Manor,
Maidstone.

FIELDFARES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Alan Greenwell's letter in your issue of May 21st, I saw a flock of these birds on May 17th, near the Hants—Sussex border. They were flying fairly low in a north-easterly direction. I would have been uncertain in my identification had I not found a dead fieldfare in my garden on May 15th. It was lying almost underneath the telephone wires leading to the house, and had probably flown into them.

Yours faithfully,
R. F. BENTON.

Rake,
Liss, Hants.

LAMBING RECORD?

SIR,—I wonder if the following would interest your readers. I bought 47 crossbred ewes last autumn and turned them to the ram on October 1st. They brought 104 lambs. They have reared 100. I wonder if any of your readers have heard of a better record?

Yours faithfully,
T. WADDELL.

Forge Farm,
Bestwood, Nottingham.

BOLS KUMMEL

Founded in Amsterdam 1575

To those who appreciate a finer KUMMEL



IT is interesting to note that Erven Lucas Bols have for several hundred years manufactured near Amsterdam the original Dutch Kummel from a secret formula handed down by Lucas Bols, who founded the firm in 1575.

This fine Kummel, the healthiest of all liqueurs, is Double Distilled from pure grain spirit and Dutch caraway seed, the best in the world.

VERY DRY
TO SUIT THE
ENGLISH
PALATE





THE CATTLE HIT BACK
(See letter "Reprisals")

REPRISALS

SIR,—You may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a road sign which I often pass near Aylesbury. One is tempted to wonder whether the warning is due to a hitherto unsuspected result of the spread of milk bars?

Yours faithfully,
C. W. THOMAS.

Clifton House,
Old Swinford, nr. Stourbridge.

PHEASANT AND CHICKEN CROSS

SIR,—In the woods around our house there are a number of fully-grown hand-reared pheasants. A couple of months ago a cock pheasant flew down into a neighbouring farmyard and fought a big Rhode Island Red cock. Although the pheasant was driven off, he appeared time after time, and eventually killed the cock.

The farmer is now in despair—his newly hatched chicks are obviously crossed with pheasant.

Yours faithfully,
CRANMERE.

Devon.

HOLING OUT IN ONE

SIR,—I read the article, "That Hole in One," in the *Field* of May 21st, in which the writer says that the late Harry Vardon only did a hole in one once, viz., on a Norfolk course in 1903. I do not know if this was in a match or a game, but I well remember the following: About 30 years ago I was at Filey. A cousin of mine, the late Major Lloyd, was also there, and he, one of his sons, and I went to play at Ganton one day. We played a three-ball in the morning, and my cousin did the first short hole in one.

After lunch we got Ray, who was the professional then, to join in a foursome. At this short hole my cousin again did it in one. We finished our match about the 16th hole, and I suggested we should walk in and go round with Vardon, to see him play. He was having a round in preparation for next day. At this same short hole Vardon did it in one. I remarked as we moved off, "That must be a record." He turned to me and said, "I don't think so." But on my saying it was the third time I had seen it done in one that day and twice by the same player, he agreed it must be.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. G. ROY.

Upton Lodge,
Upper Hale, Farnham, Surrey.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

The Clouded Yellow Butterfly in Kent.—A male clouded yellow (*Colias edusa*) passed through my garden at 12 noon, wind south-west, on Thursday, June 9th.—JAMES R. HALE, Yalding Vicarage, Kent.

Wigeon Nesting.—It may interest your readers to know that a wigeon has nested on my marshes (Old Hall Marshes, Tollesbury, Essex). She has hatched out with ten young ones, and they are doing well.—W. H. HORTIN, Guisnes Court, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex.

COUNTRYMAN'S QUERIES

1.—(a) *Who was Mr. Joggleboxy Crowdy and what did he do?*
(b) *Who was Mr. Middleton Biddulph, and where did he mean to stay?*
(c) *What appeared to grow bigger and blacker and bitterer and to whom did it seem so?*

2.—*In whose Gold Cup year was the Cup stolen?*

3.—*What's the difference between a spinner and a dun?*

4.—*Who killed the muckle hart of Benmore and when?*

5.—*How many species of bat appear regularly in the British Isles, and what are their names?*

(The answers to these questions will be found on the Answers to Correspondents page at the back of this issue. Readers are invited to send similar sets of simple questions with answers.)

IN THE CITY

THE NEW DEFENCE LOAN

THE recent issue by the Treasury of £80,000,000 3 per cent. National Defence Loan at 98 per cent, which met with such a magnificent response from the public, has necessitated a slight readjustment of the prices of the other Government stocks, particularly those which most nearly correspond as regards redemption with the new loan. The new National Defence 3 per cent. Loan is now probably the most attractive medium-dated stock available to investors. Dividends will be payable on January 15th and July 15th and the stock is redeemable at par in 1954–58. At £98½ the flat yield is £3 0s. 9d. per cent., and this would be increased to £3 1s. 10d. per cent. if the stock is held for redemption.

Another Government stock due for redemption about the same time (1956–61) is the Funding 2½ per cent. Loan, which stands at £90½ to give a flat yield of £2 15s. 9d. per cent. and a yield to redemption of £3 2s. 6d. per cent. This stock is particularly suitable for sur-tax payers owing to the profit which the holder will receive on redemption. There is no need for the investor to confine his investments to Government securities, however, for there are many corporation stocks, enjoying full trustee status, which in addition to having attractive redemption terms give a slightly higher return than is obtainable on Government stocks. For instance, the Birmingham 3½ per cent. stock due for redemption in 1957–62 can be bought at £99½ to give a flat yield of £3 5s. 6d. per cent. with a slightly higher yield if held to redemption. A similar stock is that of the Plymouth Corporation. This is a 3½ per cent. stock standing at £99½ and redeemable in 1957–62 on which the flat yield is £3 5s. 4d. per cent. and yield to redemption £3 5s. 7d. per cent.

The return on these stocks is low, but safety of capital is surely worth some slight sacrifice of income. In War Loan and similar stocks which have no fixed date for redemption, the investor can obtain a better yield than on the dated stocks, but his capital is unprotected against the risk of rising interest rates and scares regarding the stability of the Government of the country. There is no certainty that interest rates will rise in the course of the next few years, but the possibility cannot be disregarded, and should such a thing happen the holder of undated stocks would be bound to see a decline in the value of his holdings. Dated stocks on the other hand will be protected to some extent by the terms of their redemption.

PARTRIDGE, JONES & JOHN PATON, LTD.

In August of last year this company was mentioned as one of the more progressive colliery companies in South Wales. The £1 shares have, in common with most iron, coal and steel shares, fallen in price and are now quoted at 18/6 as against 23/– when they were recommended.

The accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1938, are exceptionally good and thoroughly justify the comments made. Profits have expanded from £105,189 to £251,916, and the dividend has been raised from 5 per cent. tax free to 6½ per cent. tax free. This remarkable increase has been achieved without utilising any profits from the assets purchased eighteen months ago from the Ebbw Vale Iron & Steel Co. Until the publication of this year's report it has been impossible to make any estimate of the importance of the new venture. This year it was stated that these profits were considerable, but were utilised in reducing the loan to its present level of £1,400,000. It appears, therefore, that the purchase price was considerably in excess of this figure and the properties should have an important influence on future profits.

PACTOLUS II.

THE NEW ISSUE of the Official Guide to the London Zoological Gardens (price 1/–) really deserves a review in full. It is excellently got together, and the photographs are beyond praise. When one remembers the guides one used to get the change is something in the way of a miracle, and this guide is very much better than the last produced under the direction of Dr. Julian Huxley. Furthermore, the letterpress is not, as is usually the case, dull. The guide could be read in Yorkshire or in China, and would still prove as interesting as many books at seven times the price. Though the London Zoo cannot be called perfect, though one can find many faults without much trouble, no one can grumble at the guide—and everyone must acknowledge the many improvements made for the comfort and entertainment of visitors by Dr. Huxley. If one may venture a criticism: it is a pity that the index to "Itinerary" does not come next to the map at the end of the book.

OARSMEN FOR HENLEY

Marlow's Unreliable Guide to Form

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

THE extraordinary thing about Marlow Regatta is that it can be so good, or so bad, an indication of the future results at Henley. Last Saturday at a most successful regatta comprising a record entry of 126 crews and scullers, I came to the conclusion that with the possible exception of the sculling event, very little indication had been given as to the way in which things will go when Henley starts next Wednesday.

The tideway entry for the Grand Challenge Cup is clearly of a high standard judged by the performance of London and Thames at Marlow. London, who won the final over the relatively short course there, are a crew who seem to have a good deal of power in hand—a most useful asset when one considers that the Henley Regatta times are nearly 3½ minutes longer as a rule. By beating Thames (another entry for the Grand at Henley) in 4min. 9sec. they did well, because the stream is very slack just now and fast times over a downstream course were unlikely.

On the other hand, where times are slow for that reason at Marlow, they are likely to be correspondingly fast at Henley, where races are rowed upstream. I think the only real inference one can draw from the Senior Eights at Marlow is that London would still beat Thames over the longer Henley course, for Thames, on their present form, do not appear to be so much a crew, as eight good individual oarsmen. Kingston, who did so well at Marlow last year, were unlucky in having to change their order of rowing, but even so might have a chance of beating London at Henley.

I still believe that one of the University crews—and my choice is Trinity, Oxford—will win the Grand. But neither they, Jesus, nor Trinity Hall rowed at Marlow, and so one must judge merely on practice form.

Clare and Molesey complete an entry of eight for that event, which, unfortunately, will not be defended by the holders, the "Wiking" (for short) Club of Germany, whose terrific trial with Jesus, Cambridge, was a feature of last year's regatta.

London Rowing Club beat Jesus in the final of the Senior Fours at Marlow by a mere half-length. But will they win at Henley? I rather think not in face of a strong entry from Leander and Trinity, Oxford. On the other hand, the time was good for the conditions, and over the last minute at Marlow London rowed with wonderful steadiness in face of a terrific spurt by Langton, who stroked the Jesus four.

Magdalen, Oxford, whose eight has been spoiled by illness, are, however, entering a four for the Stewards' Cup, and with this one crew upon which to concentrate should stand a definite chance of success.

It is a pity that we shall not see Tabor Academy competing for the Thames Cup, which they carried off last year. But Harvard and Yale, and our old friends Kent School, should give us a good indication of what American rowing is like to-day. I think it is highly probable that one of these crews (all, at the time of writing, rather unknown quantities) will win the Thames Cup again; but they will meet some stiff opposition in Bedford, Eton Excelsior—a most progressive club—and the second crews of London and Thames. These last two are frequently a good match for their Grand eights, which gives a sign of promise for future years, quite apart from anything else.

If the Shrewsbury School first eight is of the same high class as their second crew, which won the Public Schools Eights with some ease at Marlow, we are going to see the college entries hard put to it to win the Ladies' Plate. Bedford Modern School also showed some fine pace, and with Eton, Radley, Monkton Combe and St. Edwards all as serious challengers the standard this year should be particularly high.

With Clare, Cambridge, entered for the Grand it seems rather a question of the order of the various heats whether they will be definite competitors in the Ladies', which they won last year. New College on their Eights Week form should do well, but have lately been handicapped by lack of practice, and I think it is doubtful now whether they will find it particularly easy-going against either Lady Margaret or Corpus Christi, who won the Marlow Eights last Saturday.

Oriel should have an excellent chance to win the Visitors' Cup, although Jesus, Cambridge, and Magdalen, Oxford, should be watched. Durham School are the only school crew in this rather closed event, although one would like to see more school entries for four-oared rowing of this sort where the standard at the Universities is not uniformly high.

London Rowing Club are defending the Wyfold Cup for fours, though they are likely to be faced with stiff opposition from First Trinity, Oriel, Royal Chester and Walton, who lost to Oriel in the final at Marlow after a good race.

After the defeat at Marlow of the Vesta pair, Wingate and Baddeley, the holders of the Silver Goblets, it seems likely that the trophies will change hands this year. The two old Cambridge Blues, Laurie and Wilson (rowing for Leander), who beat them, were in their turn defeated by Pepys and Huse, who recently won the pairs at Oxford. But I think that over a longer course the Leander pair would win; and, anyway, they were clearly out of practice at Marlow, judging by a series of unfortunate lurches near the finish! Sanford and Keppel, the Trinity Hall pair, have a great reputation, and of the large entry of ten pairs we should see the finalists drawn from these four.

It seems that political considerations must have prevented that fine sculler, Hasenohrl, from coming over from Austria. I believe that even the Diamond Sculls trophy is held up abroad as well. In his absence the foreign entry is strongest from the United States, where Burk has had a great deal of success. Our best English hope must lie in Jackson, of the London Rowing Club, although Tyler, of Thames, is no mean racer. Horwood has done well lately, and was second in the final at Marlow. Hope, rowing for Leander, is better suited over a longer course than Marlow provides. The Brazilian representative, Branco, has never yet gone very far in the heats of this event, but with such persistence he deserves more success.

Even with a dearth of foreign entries, whose absence is particularly felt in the Grand, Stewards' and Diamonds, the 116 crews and scullers taking part in the regatta which starts at Henley next Wednesday provide a good proof of the popularity of the sport, and with a very slow stream it is possible that record times may be approached or even beaten before the week is over.

GOLF ON A LEAGUE SYSTEM

An Interesting New Tournament

By E. R. TIPPLE

UNTIL this year there were only two match-play competitions open to professional golfers—the Leeds and the *News of the World*. Now, thanks to a brilliant idea of Mr. A. E. Penfold, there are three. So as to give the leading players an opportunity of more match-play, he inaugurated last week at Sandy Lodge a new event run on Football League lines, two points being given for a win and one point for a match finishing all square.

The leading twelve in last season's averages were invited to participate, and during the week each played the other—a total of eleven matches with a possible total number of 22 points.

Percy Alliss, who last autumn won the unofficial match-play championship for the second time, won seven games, halved two, and lost two, so earned a total of sixteen points, which gave him first place. He can be called the leading match-player in the country without fear of contradiction. He played the right type of golf, even if it was not so outstanding as some of the others. For example, he was altogether approximately 22 under 4's, whilst Gadd was 42 under, Padgham 38 and R. A. Whitcombe 34.

After his success in this tournament it was a tragedy to learn that he had not sent in his entry for the Open Championship. Such things, however, have occurred in the past, and two Americans, Snead and Stephens, it is stated, are barred for the same reason. Naturally, the rule regarding the closing date of entries is one that cannot be relaxed, and it is strange that forgetfulness on the part of golfers centres round such an all-important event.

One of Alliss's notable victories was over Henry Cotton. He was always in the lead, and Cotton was far from being his usual consistent self. A few crooked iron shots and some missed putts proved fatal. With one match to play, Alliss and R. A. Whitcombe led with fifteen points, Gadd having fourteen. Although he only halved with the young Irishman, Mahon, who never really found his form throughout the week, Alliss came out on top, for R. A. Whitcombe was beaten on the last green by Cotton.

R. A. Whitcombe probably played the most consistent golf of all. He and Padgham were each round in 65 to finish all square. In this astonishing game, typical of the tournament, there were five two's and only one won a hole!

Young B. Gadd lost only one match—he was beaten by R. A. Whitcombe. This was a fine achievement accomplished by sound golf. Gadd is a powerful golfer with a definite future. He uses his weight for the long shots, has a tendency now and then to sway, but is a determined player. With a rusty old putter he is always dangerous on the greens. Holding the club fairly short for control he hits the ball firmly and with little hesitation. Frequently he saved himself with recovery shots when he appeared defeated and actually halved five games.

Cotton was not at his best. He has not had a lot of tournament golf this year, and it is obvious that his game needs tightening up to prevent those wasted strokes. Against Padgham he was in fine form, and never allowed the former Open Champion a chance, but against Lacey and Alliss he was indifferent. Charles Whitcombe, who headed last year's averages, only won three games, and with a total of eight points was well down the list. That was the chief surprise. He seemed to lack inspiration and played as if he was tired and uninterested.

Sandy Lodge, with six short holes, was made to look very easy by the professionals. The scoring was generally good despite the hard ground. The ball ran so far that the 520-yds. eleventh was reached with a drive and a No. 4 iron and the 520-yds. seventeenth, slightly uphill, with a drive and a mashie! This event provided the last competitive test before the Open Championship.

On the form shown, Alliss, but for his unfortunate lapse, might have been a dangerous contender for the title next month, while Gadd and R. A. Whitcombe—who was never worse than 71—with Padgham and R. Burton, may well be so.

The following table gives the positions of the players:

	Matches. P.	W.	Hlvd.	L.	Pts.
P. Alliss (Templenewsam)	11	7	2	2	16
R. A. Whitcombe (Packstone)	11	7	1	3	15
B. Gadd (W. Cheshire)	11	5	5	1	15
T. H. Cotton (Ashridge)	11	5	2	4	12
A. J. Lacey (Berkshire)	11	5	2	4	12
R. Burton (Sale)	11	5	2	4	12
S. L. King (Knole Park)	11	5	1	5	11
A. H. Padgham (Sunningdale Park)	11	4	3	4	11
W. J. Branch (Leicestershire)	11	3	3	5	9
C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill)	11	3	2	6	8
Alec Mitchell (Verulam)	11	3	0	8	6
P. J. Mahon (R. Dublin)	11	1	3	7	5



AGRICULTURAL REFLECTIONS

THE Bill which is shortly to be introduced into Parliament enabling agricultural committees to confer holidays with pay on farm workers is certain to cause great difficulty to all except those who will benefit by its measures. No one would wish for one moment to deprive these employees of a few days' rest, but unfortunately the provisions of the Bill do not appear to indicate how the farmers are to find sufficient money to pay for their employees' holidays as well as their work. It is well known that the increase in wages, the toll of the drought and the greater expense of agriculture generally have left farmers with little money to spare. Should this Bill become an Act, as it probably will, the only effect can be that employees will enjoy a holiday while their masters will be compelled to do their work for them without reaping any financial compensation which will enable them to go away themselves.

On the larger and better-equipped farms little trouble will arise: it is the small farmer who will be inconvenienced. If the minimum staff which he employs is subject to regular and legal depletion the work on his land will inevitably suffer. There is also the question as to whether a great percentage of farm workers wish to have a holiday. Certainly it is the last thing which many of the old farm hands desire, and numbers of them will probably prefer to spend their enforced holidays working as usual. What the Bill has not taken into account is that in farming, as in other professions such as the Bar, journalism and medicine, it is impossible to say when the workers can get away. It entirely depends on the work to be done at the moment and the surplus money available. Farmers very much hope that some amendments along these lines may be made to the Bill in the course of its readings.

The annual meeting of the Milk Marketing Board reflected the general satisfaction of the farmers with its work. They are naturally glad that the Board has so substantially increased the consumption of milk, but a decided regret was felt that it has not been possible to combine more financial assistance to the farmer with this increase. The Government's Milk Bill was subjected to rather severe criticism. While welcoming the Government's plan to induce a better quality of milk by the distribution of money premiums, the chairman, Mr. T. Baxter, pointed out that the plans to deal with cheap imported products were far from adequate. Part of the Government's scheme is to pay a subsidy if the prices of home-produced butter are above those of imported butter. There seems to be a failure here to recognise that what farmers need most of all is not the Government's money, but the assurance that the Government's plans will enable agriculture to produce better financial results without any such subsidy. It is surely the beginning of a policy of despair to appropriate money in the event of severe competition without having tried to dispose of that competition. R. C.



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The motive unit is a short wheelbase Commer "I.N5" 4–5 ton forward-control chassis, while the horse-box itself, which has been built and equipped to the owners' special design, is mounted on the latest Carrimore semi-trailer chassis incorporating the manufacturers' patented automatic retractor, a simple but ingenious contrivance which permits the space between the back of the driver's cab and the forward portion of the semi-trailer to be reduced to a few inches only, so that increased body length is obtained. Despite its exceptional length the vehicle is capable of turning in approximately 35ft. without reversing.

The accommodation provided is divided into two separate compartments amidships for the horses, with three animals in each, and a compartment at each end for their attendants, the arrangement being such that the horses are under observation throughout their journey. Both economy in transportation costs and comfort for the horses in travelling is assured.

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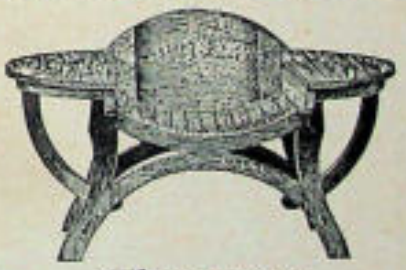
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COTTAGERS' LILIES

Favourites of Other Centuries Still Seen To-day

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

NOWADAYS we associate Lilies chiefly with late summer-flowering plants, but formerly June was the month of both Lilies and Roses. The Lilies that have been grown for centuries in our gardens and that formerly were so popular with cottagers are, with few exceptions, all June flowering, notably the Madonna Lily, the Martagons and *L. croceum*.

The Madonna Lily is the oldest cultivated Lily in Europe, and amongst the oldest cultivated Lilies in the world. Long before the Christian era it was regarded as a sacred plant by the Egyptians, and all though the ages it has been valued for its medicinal properties. In Christian symbolism the Madonna Lily figures conspicuously. In the works of the early Siennese artists this Lily symbolises the flower of Paradise, but owing to its exquisite purity it became, above all, the flower of the Madonna. Pictures of the Annunciation are strangely rare before the fourteenth century, but even in the earliest this Lily is almost invariably depicted either in a vase or as a wand in the hand of the angel Gabriel.

The original habitat of the Madonna Lily is uncertain, though it is found in parts round the Mediterranean, but the most eminent authorities assert that its origin is lost in the mists of time. They regard it as being possibly of Balkan origin, cultivated in very early times by the ancient civilisations of Crete and Egypt and brought to Western Europe by the Phœnicians. The epithet *candidum* (dazzling white) was bestowed on it by Virgil.

Although once regarded as the easiest of Lilies, this is not true of *L. candidum* to-day. Given every care, it frequently fails and succeeds where it might least be expected to do so. Although not a stem-rooting Lily, it likes to have its head in the sun and shade at the roots. Possibly cottagers succeeded so well with it because they gave it also other conditions now regarded as essential for its cultivation—a position well sheltered from cutting winds, shallow planting and left undisturbed for many years. Unless the soil is regularly limed this Lily is apt to die out.

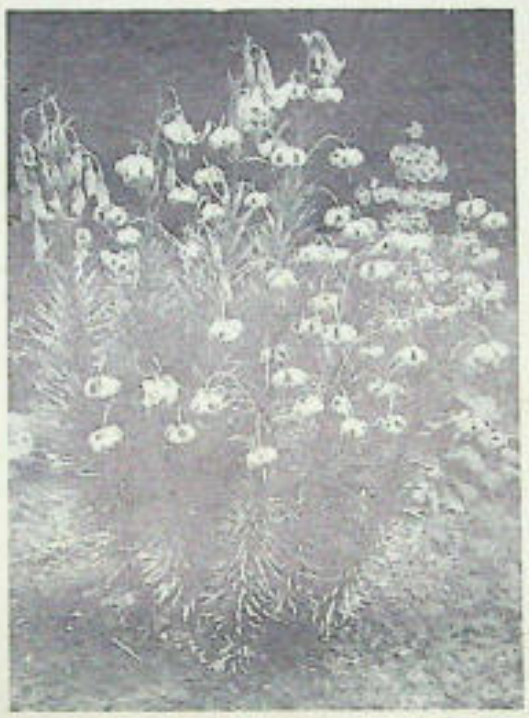
It is also important to plant it where it can retain its foliage for as long as possible, and this in many gardens involves part shade or sufficient shade afforded by its neighbours, for Lilies, unlike Roses, are not plants to grow in isolated splendour. *L. candidum* has a very short dormant period, and does best when planted as early as possible after its blooming period is over, preferably in late August. It is then able to make its foliage which remains green throughout the winter undisturbed. There are several varieties of this beautiful Lily, but with the possible exception of the Salonika form the type is still the most desirable.

The Orange Lily, *L. croceum* (*syn. aurantiacum*), one of the easiest of all Lilies to grow, has been a favourite garden plant at least since the sixteenth century, and for how much longer we do not know. It is beautifully figured in several of the old herbals. It is a native of many parts of Central Europe, Northern Italy, the South of France and most parts of Switzerland. Farrer described it growing in Piedmont up on the dark cliffs where it had the minimum of root room—"on the smallest ledges of the cliffs, till up and down, the sheer and terrible walls twinkle at you from afar with a thousand little sparks of flame that are the golden goblets of the Lily, held up to catch the daylight in the darkness of the precipice and radiate it forth again in living fire."

In cultivated soil these Lilies make finer and far more floriferous plants and grow nearly 4ft. high. *L. croceum* is a favourite plant in North Ireland, and is regarded as the symbol of the Orangemen. It flourishes in almost any soil and does not resent lime, but seems to do best in a good loamy soil with a clay subsoil. It is a first-rate plant for herbaceous borders, and being a stem rooter the shade at its roots afforded by neighbouring plants is all to the good. In common with most stem rooters it likes to have its head in the sun, and the bulbs should be planted about 5in. deep. It increases rapidly, and the plants should be lifted and divided every four years. Care should be taken to secure the true *L. croceum*, for sometimes hybrids of *L. umbellatum* are sent out instead. The dwarf variety of *L. croceum* (*L. croceum Chaixii*) is an attractive plant for the rock garden.

The martagon Lilies, formerly known as Turk's Cap Lilies, are the commonest of the European species, and are found throughout the Continent except in northern parts such as Scandinavia and North Russia. They are also natives of vast parts of Asia. They are of the easiest culture and do not resent lime. In the wild garden they look more at home than in the border, but the white form is worthy of a place in the choicest border. Martagon Lilies should be planted 6in. deep and do best in good loam. As a rule they do not flower their first season. It is better to give the choicer forms such as *L. album*, and the dark-flowered forms, *cattanie* and *dalmaticum*, a position in part shade. The two latter grow nearly 6ft. high. Perhaps the best known plantation of martagon Lilies is that in the wilderness garden of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Tiger Lily, once so popular in cottage gardens, is one of the oldest cultivated Lilies, for it was



"THE MARTAGON LILIES ARE OF THE EASIEST CULTURE AND DO NOT RESENT LIME"

grown for food for centuries in both China and Japan.

The type was introduced into these islands during the first decade of the nineteenth century, and var. *Fortunei*, which, by many, is regarded as the finest form, by Fortune about 1850. Others, however, regard var. *splendens* as the best. These Lilies require a lime-free soil, and they are an exception to the rule that Lilies should not be given animal manure. Well-rotted manure provided it does not touch the bulbs is excellent for them. The Tiger Lilies are stem rooting and should be planted about 8in. or 9in. deep. They are easily increased from the bulblets to be found just below the surface soil or from those in the leaf axils.

CHEAP FENCING

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is not merely the first cost of a fence that decides whether it is economically preferable to any other type. It is also largely a matter of the life of the fence. The last generation used oak almost exclusively, and this timber owing to its great resistance to decay required no preservative treatment. Its life was, if all sapwood had been removed, about 30 years, but the first cost of cleft oak and three-rail fence was, at to-day's prices, from 6/– to 7/– per yard.

Prohibitive as this figure is for most of us, yet the type of fence is still erected in important positions on account of its delightful appearance. In most cases it is being rapidly replaced by fencing constructed from the thinnings of the conifer plantations that our fathers planted. Although larch is naturally resistant to decay so far as its heartwood is concerned, its sapwood, which forms a considerable proportion of the young stems, is prone to decay. So also are the other conifers, Douglas fir, Scots pine, spruce and the rest.

How, then, are we able to use these thinnings for fencing purposes? The answer is that they are preserved with creosote. But surely merely painting the poles with creosote is not very effective, and the cost of a plant for injecting the creosote under pressure is beyond the purse of the average landowner? This is quite true, and we can go further and say that the practice of our forbears, who used to stand fence posts in cold creosote, was little better and did not give any degree of penetration. Excellent penetration can be obtained by using creosote heated in a tank to just under boiling point, but some have been disappointed at the results. These people failed to observe the proper procedure, to understand which one must realise that decay of timber is a matter of infection by fungi.

These fungi obtain access by means of cracks and shakes usually at or below ground level, where the damp conditions are particularly favourable for fungoid attack. Creosote is poisonous to fungi, and in its presence a fungus cannot infect timber. It is thus obvious why a merely surface treatment is of little effect. Undoubtedly the greatest degree of penetration is obtained by the pressure process, when the posts are placed in evacuated cylinders and creosote is forced in under pressure. A plant of this type costs £1,000 or so to instal.

A very effective alternative method is the use of a tank of a size to take field gates and about 4ft. deep. Tanks of this type are usually built on brick flues and have brick chimney and probably a roof to afford shelter in wet weather. The essential point of this treatment is that the posts should be placed in the tank, heated to about 200 deg. Fahr. and maintained at that temperature for an hour. During this time the sap is being driven out of the timber, but little or no absorption of creosote takes place. This latter event takes place only during the cooling process. The posts must be left in the tank until the creosote is cool. This process usually occupies 24 hours for each loading of the tank.

A hot creosoting tank of this type may cost £150 to instal, but the process can be carried out effectively with much more simple and far less costly plant. All that is needed for fence posts is a 90-gallon tar drum and a few smaller drums. The large drum is set on a few bricks to form a fireplace, the earth is filled round and a length of rain-water piping set to form a draught. This tank is then half filled with creosote, loaded with poles, heated for an hour at about 200 deg., and then the poles may be unloaded and stood in one of the smaller tanks in which is cold creosote, for absorption to take place. Finally a few galvanised sheets are arranged on a platform and the posts stood thereon for a time to drain, the creosote being collected by means of a length of gutter and a drum.

By this means all the perishable woods, Scots pine, Douglas fir, spruce, alder, willow, poplar and others can be made to resist decay to an extent almost equal to the heartwood of oak. Fences constructed of these materials may be expected to last for 20 years or more.

Of course the tops of the posts are not immersed in the creosote. These are merely brushed over with hot creosote. But if the posts are treated green, and they should be, then it will be seen that the creosote rises right up the timber, and appears on the tops as little brown spots. Fence rails benefit from end treatment, and being brushed over with hot creosote, but the danger point is always ground level and this receives most preservative.

SERVICEABLE LAWN TENNIS BALLS.—Wimbledon Fortnight brings thoughts of lawn tennis to everyone, and it brought a box of the Spalding L.T.A. official lawn tennis balls to the *Field* which in play proved as excellent as ever. High art goes to the manufacture of these balls, and intricate machinery and care is needed to ensure that they possess resilient unbreakable seams, and to the forming of the patent air-tight lining of the inner core. No gas or chemicals are used for inflation, but compressed air only, which combines to give uniformity in weight, size and bound, with all avoidance of "dipping" or "floating." The price is 7/– per box of six (6/6 to affiliated clubs) from all sports dealers or from Messrs. Spalding Bros.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, July 19th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

PREPARING A NEW GARDEN

How to Obtain the Best Results

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

MANY a man has designed his own house, with or without the aid of a qualified architect. It is always better to use the qualified man, for his knowledge and experience save in the long run. There is no reason at all why the house should not be built to the owner's ideas in the same way that a garden can easily be designed to suit the wishes of the householder.

When building a new house it is advisable to consult the garden architect at the same time as the house architect. The two of them can work so much better together if they start at scratch, so to speak. There are architects, it is true, who know much about gardens and gardening, but there are many who stick to their bricks and mortar and leave horticulture strictly alone.

It may be possible to plan a house without looking at the site, though presumably even this is inadvisable; but it is quite impossible to think about garden design without visiting the land and walking all over it. Plans are all very well, but they are never the same as a personal visit. It is so necessary to know the type of soil, whether the drainage is good or not, what the grass is like, what natural trees are there already, what view there is and if it is possible to use a natural vista or improve upon it. A general survey must be made of the existing conditions. The house site will be pegged out, information will be obtained from the builder as to where the drains are going. It is necessary to know the exact spots of the inspection pits. If the plan is made, preferably on squared paper, the trees it is desired to keep may be marked, while others that are obviously diseased or in the way should be grubbed and burnt.

Much heart-burning can be saved if the builder can be got to put aside the top soil from underneath the house. Builders are apt to mix, quite happily, subsoils and top soils, and to distribute these in a haphazard manner all over the land. The subsoil brought up as a result of preparing the footings of foundations should be placed on one side and the good soil on another. Many is the builder who has been blamed for leaving rubbish heaps of all types for the gardener to clean up. Actually, much of this material can be used in the garden, the brickbats and rougher stuff for making paths, or, at any rate, for providing the basis of them, and the mortar rubble can be stored for composting later on, or for digging into beds that require lime.

One of the first sites to be chosen in the garden must be that of the rubbish heap and bonfire plot. The initial preparation of the ground is bound to entail much burning, and a considerable quantity of vegetable matter will need rotting down. Bonfire ash is useful because it improves the physical condition of soils and adds potash at the same time. The organic matter will soon rot down with the addition of regular dressings of calcium cyanamide, plus an occasional watering, and the heap will thus provide a mass of material which will prove an excellent substitute for farmyard manure.

Where there is a good deal of clearing up to be done, the work should be carried out under supervision by gangs, each having its own job to do. Where there are brambles the man will have to be provided with stout leather gloves and the mattocks used should be sharp and effective. Monkey winches are useful for grubbing trees and thick-stemmed shrubs, and there are winches on the market that can be worked by one experienced man.

As trees are removed and copses or spinneys cleared, the wood should be stacked in suitable sizes for future use. Pea sticks are always in demand in the vegetable garden and so are bean rods, while most modern houses cater for open grates, and logs will therefore prove useful later on.

There is always the problem of the dead stump in the ground. It is quite easy to blow this out with gelignite. This material can be bought in 4oz. cartridges, and there should be no danger as long as the detonators or cap fuses are kept from the explosives in a separate box, and if the explosives are not anywhere near when the actual lighting takes place.

Those who dislike such an idea may burn the stumps down. The method advised consists of drilling some holes in the stump with a ½in. bit about 6in. apart, and then filling up these holes with a solution of saltpetre; 4oz. should be dissolved in 1 pint of water for the purpose. It takes two or three days for the solution to soak in and impregnate the wood. The hole should then be filled with paraffin and set alight. The result is that the whole stump just smoulders away slowly and all that is left is a pile of wood ashes.



WHERE THE GARDEN IS NATURALLY WOODED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CLEARANCE CAN BE MADE AND ROCK AND WATER GARDEN CONSTRUCTED

It is possible to get turf land into quite good order by regular rollings and mowings. The rollings should never be overdone, and if there are definite hillocks it will be better to remove the soil beneath and level, rather than to attempt to "squash" them flat. In addition to mowing, a dressing of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of iron may be given in order to control weeds. Several applications of the following mixture at monthly intervals will make a vast improvement: three parts sulphate of ammonia, one part sulphate of iron and five parts of sand. The sand is merely included in order to prevent scorching, and those who are prepared to ensure that the chemicals go on evenly may dispense with this.

Where there is a quantity of old dead grass it is possible on a dry day to burn it off. This burning helps to remove the mat and provide a certain amount of potash. It does not take long for the roots to send up a fresh sward, and then the "lawn" may be treated as advised above.

Where turf is impossible to reclaim it is better to strip and stack it for composting later on. The danger of turf lies in wireworm, and many gardeners prefer, in consequence, to burn the turf after drying. If it is dug in the wireworm population seems to increase, and if stacked, all the turf used has to be sterilised before composting, or the wireworms will ruin the plants in the frame and under glass.

After stripping, it is usually possible to get a local farmer to plough the land and to subsoil it, and then the proposed lawns can be sown with seed, or turfed as desired.

The planning and preparing of a new garden is no task for the inexperienced, for to obtain the best results, the greatest care and trouble must be taken, especially in the initial stages.



Lorna Countess Howe's F.T. Ch. Banchory Blackfield Gill

OLD-FASHIONED POINTERS

Where Continental Dogs Excel

By A. CROXTON SMITH

JOHN GALSWORTHY in one of his books tells how Lord Valleys visited his kennels after arriving at his country home. He stood chatting with his head man and "caressing the wet noses of his two favourite pointers, with something of the feeling of a boy let out of school."

The dogs gave him "that sense of warmth and comfort which visits men in the presence of their hobbies," and he reviewed in his mind the possibilities of some breeding experiments that he was making. Thoughts somewhat akin to his passed through my mind as I looked at a litter of pointer puppies bred by Lorna Lady Howe, who has a wonderful kennel of these dogs, as well as Labradors and English setters.

There are some remarkably clever English pointers on the Continent, where owners are very jealous about preserving the old-fashioned dish-faced dogs that have no taint of hound blood in them. They are convinced that the hound alloy has been responsible for various faults, including hunting with a low head and a tendency to chase. This blood often betrays itself by rough hair on the breeching. A man who has seen some of these Continental-bred dogs at work tells me that they are very fast and snappy in coming to a point.

One of the most successful breeders is Herr Marr, of Berlin, who had a Scottish grandfather, was born in Russia, and has his kennels in Belgium.

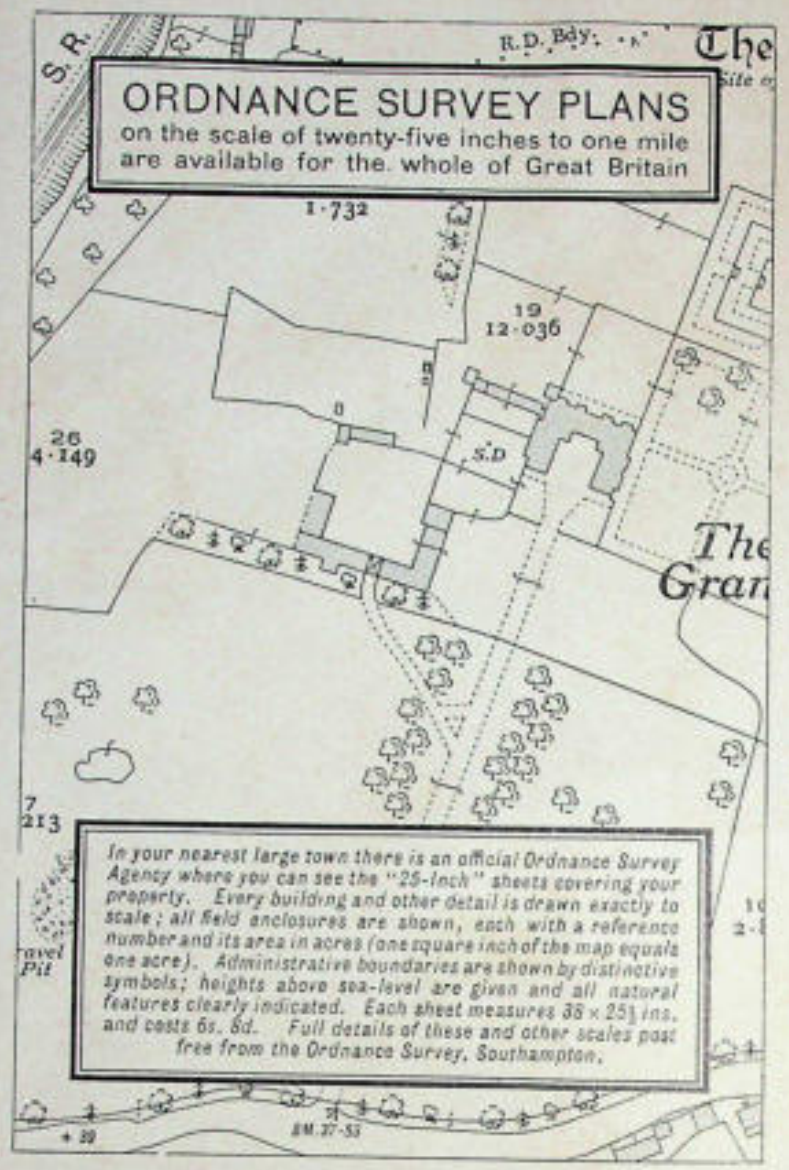
I had an interesting chat with him at Mr. Cruft's last show, where he was judging. Among other things, I asked him how it was that there were so many good English gundogs on the Continent, and his explanation was that as men, as a rule, breed only very few litters it was necessary for them to start with nothing but the best, and they keep to it, having to exercise rigorous selection. Two years ago the late Mr. Isaac Sharpe bought from him a pointer bitch, Int. Ch. Blackfield Gill, that had done big things at shows and field trials. Lady Howe got her soon afterwards, and in the spring of last year she ran her in the All-Aged Stakes at the Kennel Club and the English Setter Club, both of which she won in a manner that delighted all observers. She is now known as F.T. Ch. Banchory Blackfield Gill.

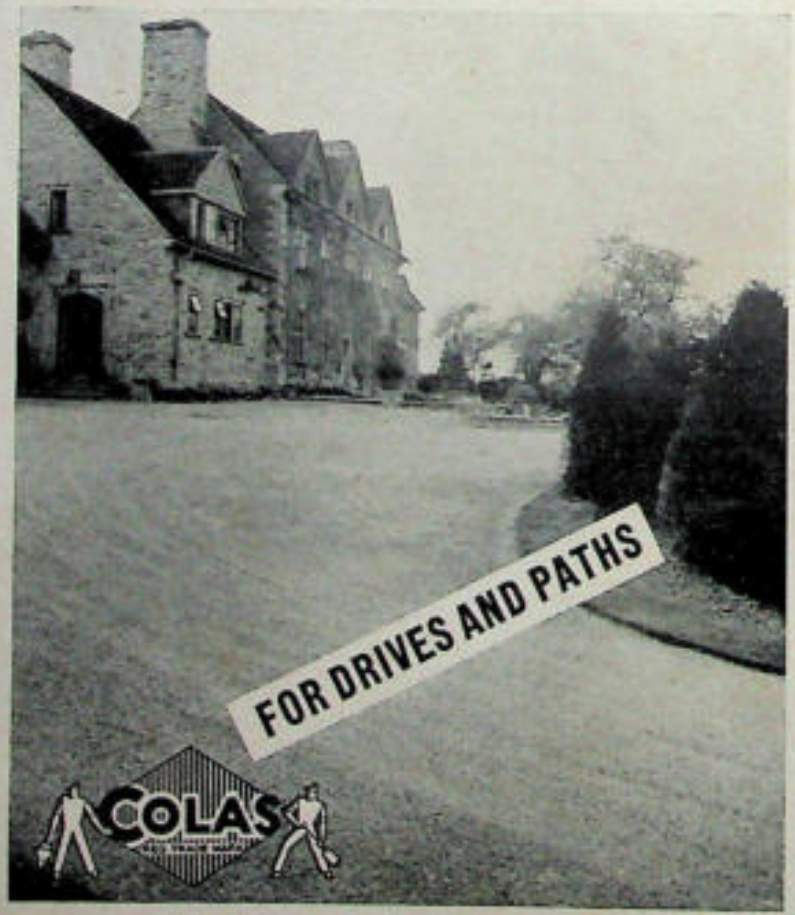
Later on she was mated to an imported continental dog that has given us evidences of his merits as a worker, and when I was at Idsworth recently the resultant puppies were about six months old. The eye at once lighted upon a particular dog with an all-white body and black markings on the head, for he stood out conspicuously, partly on account of his bold outlook and also because of his wonderful type and outline.

He was a joy to behold and all of us coveted him. If he had been out of the way we should have approved the others, but this dog spoilt the eye for anything else. Blackfield Gill herself is a beautifully made bitch, but is somewhat lighter and smaller than the kind that are winning at our shows to-day. Given just a little more of her, she would be hard to beat in the show ring.

Lady Howe, who is determined to keep to the type of pointer so strongly advocated by the late Mr. William Arkwright, has one or two other foreign dogs in the kennels, one of which is Banchory If des Herminettes. After his victory in the All-aged Stake at the English Setter Club trials this spring, the judges referred to him as a dog of classic outline such as one rarely sees in these days. The second in the stake, by the way, was Ginger of Rishangles, another of Lady Howe's dogs, and one that struck me as being of great character.

A good story was told to me about this dog. When he was out at practice one day he was told to work a hedgerow, and set off at full speed. Suddenly winding a brace of partridges, he pulled up so shortly that he rolled over and over, and as he lay on his side he raised his head and pointed, the ruling passion preventing him from wasting time in getting up.





Upper Billesley, near Stratford-on-Avon. Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Ansell. Contractors: Grosvenor Workman, Birmingham. Agents for Colas.

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CLOSE WORK DURING A MOTOR-BOAT RACE ON THE RIVER COLNE

SAFE MOORINGS FOR SMALL VESSELS

South Coast Ports of Call for the Motor-boat Owner

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(*First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record*)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

I HAPPENED to meet two old friends the other day who told me that my article on motor yachting which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago appealed to them both so much that they have decided to buy a vessel and share the running expenses together.

My previous article dealt with the fascination of motorboating and the cost incurred. This week I want to refer to all those places within easy reach of London where small vessels can be safely moored, and as I have always regarded the South Coast as a yachtsman's paradise writing these notes indeed brings back many happy memories to me.

Starting from the Thames, we have Rochester, which by rail is only 34 miles from London and is a very popular rendezvous for the motor-boat enthusiast; throughout the season many regattas are held and there is always plenty of life. There are a number of yards available where repairs and overhauls can be carried out and boats can be laid up here during the winter months.

There is, however, always a strong tide running up the Medway, and at times quite a large amount of barge traffic uses the river on its way up to Rochester and Maidstone, but neither causes any real inconvenience. On the northern side of the Thames there is Burnham-on-Crouch, which without doubt is the most popular resort of the sailing enthusiast; during the season there are never less than a thousand small craft to be seen riding at anchor, but the man who indulges in a power-driven craft only, is not so popular here, for obvious reasons.

Next we come to Dover, and although the outer harbour is a most unpleasant spot to lie in when a strong south-westerly wind is blowing ample shelter can always be obtained in the Submarine Harbour, where there is plenty of water, no matter what the state of the tide may be. Folkestone is useless, since private shipping is unable to lie off the pier and the inner harbour is high and dry at low tide.

We then come to Shoreham, which is used by a great many yachtsmen, but access can only be obtained during certain periods of the tide, which curtails its usefulness. On the other hand, there is an inner harbour, which is very suitable for mooring yachts all the year round, and many yachtsmen who work in the City make full use of this privilege, living on board and travelling up to London every day.

Another very popular resort is Chichester Harbour, a much frequented and certainly lovely spot, Itchenor and Bosham being both so well known to all who keep small ships on the South Coast. This locality is particularly convenient for those who live south of London, since it is within such easy reach and is approximately 65 miles from town. Bosham is a most picturesque little village, completely unspoilt, and the moorings are good unless a very strong wind from the S.W. is blowing, when it is not so pleasant. Itchenor is close by, and at both places there are good yards where repairs can be carried out if required.

There is excellent fishing to be had at the mouth of the river, codling mostly being caught; the scenery is delightful, and there are sandy beaches where good bathing can be enjoyed. It is an ideal spot for the family man, as the children can be put on shore and enjoy themselves to their hearts content. There is, however, a shingle bar about a mile out to sea, which is continually shifting, and the leading marks are not the same now as they used to be; local knowledge is necessary unless entering or leaving at high water or approximately two hours before or after, according to the draft of the vessel.

Whilst on this subject I would like to emphasise one very important point when selecting one's moorings. As most of us have to work for our living and consequently our leisure hours are limited, we do not want to have to wait for a suitable tide, when arriving on board on a Saturday, before we can make for the open sea. Even more important is getting back to harbour again on the Sunday evening in plenty of time, and these points must be taken into consideration in deciding where we intend to moor our vessel. Although Chichester harbour has much to offer, the bar to which I have referred is certainly a drawback, more especially since it is extremely hazardous to endeavour to pilot one's craft past the mudbanks after dark, as there are no leading lights even if the bar has been successfully negotiated.

I so well remember an alarming incident which befell me in 1929, when I was keeping my yacht in the Bosham Reach. The occasion was the Schneider Trophy Air Race, and I had invited several friends to join me to see this event, which was due to take place at 2 p.m. on a Saturday. We all turned up on board on the Friday evening, and found that low water the following morning was at 8 a.m. As we had been reserved anchorage space near Wootton Creek, and had to be in position there by mid-day, it was running things pretty close. We decided to leave our moorings at the first streak of dawn, which, if I recollect correctly, was at about 6.30 a.m. I would have left earlier, but for the fact that navigation in the dark in this region was courting disaster.

As we made for the open reach, and it was just beginning to get light, I was dismayed to see the mudbanks all uncovered, and was commencing to wonder whether we should eventually be able to pass over the bar. As we headed for the sea we could discern most plainly the waves breaking over the shingle ridge, and taking my courage in both hands I decided to risk it, since it was neck or nothing. I knew the only safe course well, but we had left it too late, and, suddenly, as we slowly headed for the breakers, there was a nasty crunch as our keel struck the bottom.

To find oneself in this position on a falling tide is about as bad as anything could be, but, opening both engines up to their fullest extent, we scraped over and were soon in deep water once more. Fortunately, we did no damage whatever, and in due course arrived at our destination with plenty of time to spare, but I shall never forget that experience, which was far from pleasant, and I refer to it to stress the importance of selecting moorings which are accessible at any state of the tide.

There are two spots which I have always favoured in preference to all others, and they are Southampton Water and Poole Harbour.

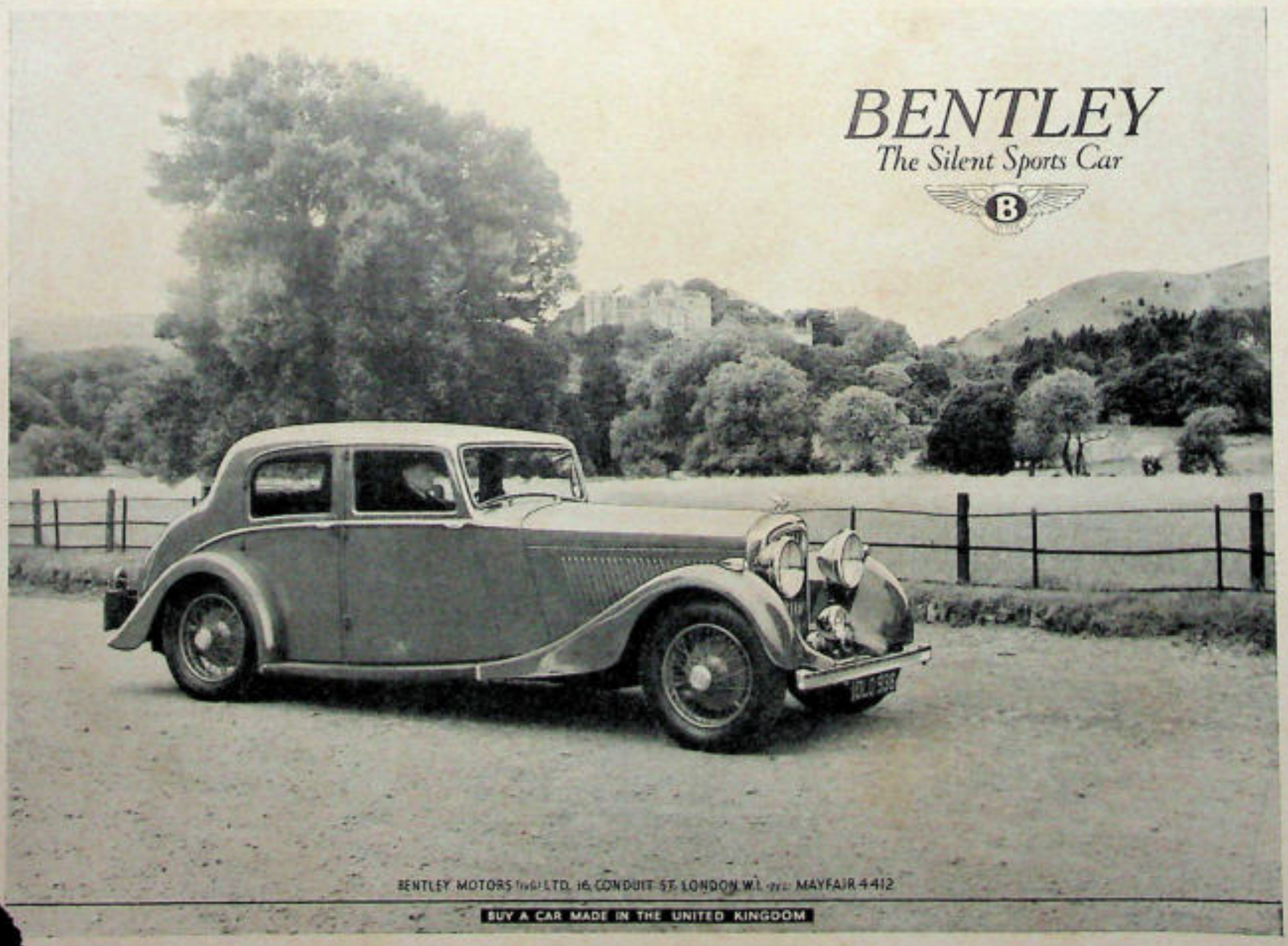
Southampton is most conveniently situated and is only 78 miles by rail from London and slightly less by road. For several years I have had moorings close to Hythe Pier, where it is quiet, although full of interest, as ships of every kind are continually passing by. There is, of course, a certain amount of wash when the large fellows appear, but it never causes any inconvenience, even if on board a small ship.

The town is an ideal shopping centre, and there is a garage close to the quay. There are innumerable yards, some of which are the very best in this country, where repairs and shipbuilding are always going on, and when the season is over there are many firms who specialise in laying up yachts for the winter. Most important of all, there is no waiting for the tide, and one can go out to sea at any time of the day or night, and a better cruising ground than the Solent it would be impossible to find.

The Hamble river is also much frequented by yachtsmen, but as you are obliged to moor your vessel alongside others there is so much congestion that peace and quiet do not exist. I spent part of one season on the Hamble several years ago, but soon had enough, and I still have a vivid recollection of hearing gramophones being played incessantly throughout the night, making sleep impossible.

When, in the early hours, the bedlam ceased, small boats would come alongside, full of merrymakers, who hailed their friends, oblivious of the fact that there were others who were not so anxious as they were to turn night into morning. I certainly do n


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recommend the Hamble for those who wish to relax during the week-end, but if a boisterous holiday is desired, then it is a different matter entirely and would be eminently suitable for the purpose.

Poole is yet another delightful spot; the scenery is magnificent, the harbour is excellent and well sheltered, and there is always plenty going on, although it is also ideal for those who wish to be left in peace. Every facility is available for repairs and for laying up ships during the winter months. There are several golf links and some very good hotels near by, and good fishing can be enjoyed up the reaches. I have spent many enjoyable hours in a speedboat exploring all the creeks and waterways which extend over a very large area around this district.

There is no bar, the channel, as at Southampton, is, of course, lit, and consequently a ship can put to sea at any time. The only drawback to Poole so far as it concerns those living in and around London is the fact that it is 115 miles from town, and the run back by road on a Sunday night during the summer is somewhat tedious, as there is always so much traffic to be encountered, and an overdose of dust and petrol fumes at the end of a glorious week-end on the sea is apt to take the gilt off the gingerbread.

I usually have moorings at both Southampton and Poole, keeping my vessel during the week at Southampton; by adopting this procedure I only have a road journey of 70 odd miles from where I live. On arriving on board late Friday afternoon we usually steam round to Poole (it only takes a few hours, according to the state of the tide) and reach our moorings just before dark. On Sunday evening we cruise back to Southampton, having always spent a most delightful week-end, and then pick up the car and motor home. This suggestion others might well follow.

AN AWKWARD LETTER.—Strange missives reach the Foreign Correspondence Department of Imperial Airways, but the linguists generally manage to deal with them. The other day, however, a letter arrived in a dialect which even the most experienced official was unable to decipher. As it might have been from a prospective passenger, every effort was made to find out what it was all about. But even after the aid of Foreign Consulates had been invoked the riddle remained unsolved. As a last step, the missive was entrusted to a firm specialising in little-known languages. Even these past-masters had no easy task. Actually the letter had been written in an obscure Slavian dialect, and the cost of the translation work on it ran into a sum of several pounds. And, when all was said and done, all that the mysterious letter contained were the words: "Dear Sir,—I beg to apply for a position with your company as a labourer."

A "CLOSED CIRCUIT" KING'S CUP

Novel Features of This Year's Contest

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

TO be flown on July 2nd, the seventeenth race for the King's Cup is planned on very different lines from the events of the last three years. This rearrangement is, no doubt, an attempt to make the race again the popular spectacle it was during its earlier years and to meet the criticisms that have been freely offered after all the recent contests.

Last year, it will be remembered, the King's Cup race consisted of a two-day handicap event, the first day being an eliminating contest that took the competitors over England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Eire, and the second day's racing being over a course that brought competitors back to Hatfield, the starting point.

This year, there is no such "round Britain" feature. The race is to comprise 20 laps of a 50-miles course, based on Hatfield, and with turning points at Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, and Barton Airport, in Bedfordshire. Landings will be compulsory after every five laps, and the racing will be confined to a single day. Though entries will be handicapped, the handicapping will assume a minimum speed of 140 m.p.h. Thus the slower machines, which in previous events have had no chance at all, will be automatically eliminated. The whole trend of the revision seems, in fact, to make the event much more of a race pure and simple than a combined test of performance and skill in cross-country flying, as in previous years.

Neither the restriction to one day's racing, nor the choice of a short course, is an entirely new departure. One-day contests were held in 1924, 1927 and 1930, in all of which years courses of some length were flown. The other occasion, 1933, when a one-day race was organised, also marked the introduction of short-course racing, arranged in a series of heats and handicaps. In 1934, a return to a two-day event was made, but in this year, the first day was devoted to eliminating heats round a short course, with a final of a similar type on the second day. In both 1935 and 1936, a combination of the "round Britain" feature on the first day and a final round a short course on the second day was adopted, to be abandoned in favour of the two-day cross-country race last year.

It is interesting to compare the effect on entries of a short-course principle on its adoption in 1933 and its re-adoption this year. In 1932, entries totalled 46, and the 1933 race saw a fairly sharp decline to 35, a reduction of some 24 per cent. Last year, the entry list included 31 names, while this year, 21 are named as probable starters—a reduction of 31 per cent. There is another curious parallel in the fact that the 1932 entries represented an advance on the 1931 total, as did those for last year on 1936.



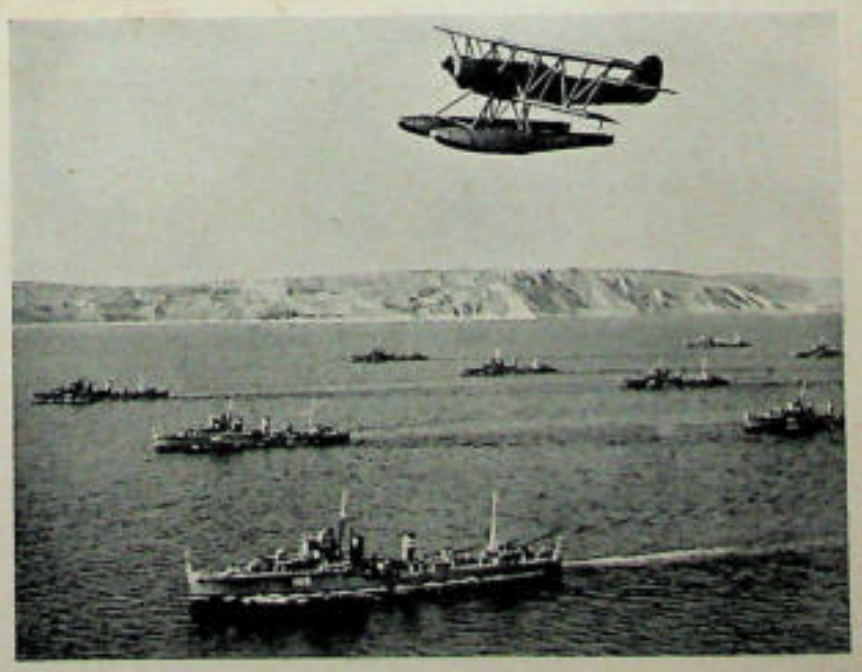
THE STARTERS AT THE LINE IN 1937
The 'plane in the foreground of this view of Hatfield aerodrome is that of Mr. Charles Gardner, who was the winner both in 1936 and 1937

In again adopting close-circuit racing over a short course, the organisers have doubtless attempted to make the event more of a popular spectacle. Compulsory landings every five laps should ensure that there should be no periods of empty waiting at the aerodrome and that the desire of the modern spectator to see "something happening all the time" should be reasonably gratified. This is probably a wise move in the interests of restoring a popular interest that has tended to evaporate in recent years. At the same time, the race has lost its all-Britain character, which served to distribute interest throughout the whole country, and become one more event in the specifically London sporting calendar.

Experience alone can show whether the gain in interest will more than offset the loss in wider appeal, but it is worth remarking that the experiments in the same direction in the years 1933 and 1934 met with widespread approval, and the return to a cross-country course in 1935 occasioned both surprise and criticism.

During the last three years, in fact, criticism of the race has been growing, but this has been due not so much to, and deep-seated dissatisfaction with, the events themselves as to the realisation that the King's Cup should be for aviation what the Derby is for racing. Since 1930, which marked both the peak point in regard to entries—no fewer than 101 machines were nominated in that year—and the mid-way point of the series so far, there has been an almost continuous decline in the number of entries and a falling-off of public interest. The only exceptions to the numerical decline in entries have been in 1932, 1934 and 1937, and it is noteworthy that we are this year practically back at the beginning: 21 as compared with 22 entries for the first race in 1922.

The desire to see the race elevated to the position of a first-class national sporting event, attracting interest from all sections of the public, is natural; but it is not so easy to suggest practical ways and means o doing so. But experiments made by the organisers show that they are fully alive to the responsibilities involved in arranging a race for which the principal trophy is given by H.M. the King, and which has become the only national event in the British aviation year.



A FLEET AIR ARM TORPEDO BOMBER OVER WEYMOUTH HARBOUR
This picture was taken prior to the inspection by His Majesty the King which took place early this week

A SHORT TOUR IN KENYA

A Colony Still in the Making

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY



CARS AT A KENYA WEDDING

Box body or light truck, the settler goes anywhere in them regardless of appearances

KENYA is now only three days by air from London, and being one of the most interesting countries in the world, both to those who love wild life and those who wish to see a colony still in the making, it is more than worth a visit.

The least expensive way of reaching Kenya is by sea, and either the long route, via the Cape, or the short one through the Suez Canal, can be adopted, the fare being the same either way; the Cape route takes, roughly, six weeks to Mombasa and the Mediterranean one only three, and there are plenty of shipping lines from which to choose. The steamer ticket will allow of a two months' break, and the journey on can be made by returning the same way or continuing round Africa.

The inexpensive way will probably be the most popular, and Mombasa being reached, the traveller will take a second-class ticket to Nairobi at a cost of 50/–, for only the very wealthy travel first, and leaving at 4 o'clock in the afternoon will very soon find himself looking down from his tea in the restaurant car on to blue arms of the sea winding between forest-clad hills.

The train continues to climb steadily and by dark it will be much cooler, so that the warm bedding hired on the train is found quite welcome. At daybreak a country of low rolling hills is reached 4,000ft. above the sea, with herds of antelope increasing steadily as the Southern Game Reserve is skirted. Giraffe, wildebeest, zebra, hartebeest, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, warthog and ostrich are sure to be seen; while lion and rhinoceros are not infrequent, and the great snow-capped dome of Kilimanjaro will loom above the southern horizon if the light be favourable.

Nairobi is reached at 9.30 a.m., and there are several comfortable hotels, whose charges run to about 15/– a day for bed and breakfast, in which the traveller can stay and take a look round while he decides on his plans for the immediate future.

Nairobi is long past the tin-shanty stage, and there are plenty of shops, and plenty of agencies anxious to exploit his desire to see the country and its wealth of animal life; but I would strongly advise the man of moderate means to decide early that he cannot see everything; take one "conducted" trip of about ten days and, for the rest of his stay, tour the country in a car which he can hire for about 15/– a day and drive himself. If his stay be for two months or longer, it will pay him to buy the car and sell it on his departure.

It must have a box body to contain all his baggage, and reliability is the chief consideration; the fact that it can do 80 on the Great West Road is no use if it skids all over the dirt roads of Kenya after rain, or packs up mud between the wheels and body. Chains must be carried, though bad weather is not to be expected except in March to May, and in October and November.

If the visitor wants to see something of the big game of the country during his stay at Nairobi, he should drive out seven miles, past the aerodrome, to Lone Tree, and he will see all the game seen from the railway and at very close quarters, with some other species as well.

For his "conducted" trip I would recommend the Serengeti Plains, which are in Tanganyika, but are best approached from Nairobi. It will cost £5 a day, last ten days, and will be very well done indeed. He will see at least 50 lions, some within 10yds. of the car, and will be able to photograph them eating and drinking, and also many thousands of antelope and the great Ngorongoro Crater, several miles across and 2,000ft. deep.

If the Serengeti lions are not approved, or cost is a serious objection, a trip into Uganda, to Lake Albert, will take about a week by rail and cost about £25 there and back. By car is a better way to see the country, and the trip can be made as long as is wished, with divergencies to see beautiful Lake Naivasha or the roseate cloud of flamingos on Lake Hannyngton, and the stupendous depths of the Rift. Uganda is hotter than the excellent climate of the Kenya highlands, but the lake steamers on the 27,000 square miles of Lake Victoria are most comfortable, and at Butiaba, on Lake Albert, a most fascinating excursion is to the Murchison Falls, where the Victoria Nile, born at the Ripon Falls on Lake Victoria, tumbles 400ft. in a welter of rock-torn foam. Also there are hippo., plenty of them, and elephant, unless the visitor be extraordinarily unlucky.

The most beautiful part of Kenya is around Mt. Kenya, whose snow-capped crags tower above rolling forest-covered ridges, between which trout streams hurry and which are the home of many elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo. A lovely country, and Nyeri, its administrative centre, is the best centre for trout fishing in the colony.

Thirty-six miles further north is Nanyuki, with the Loldaiga Hills beyond, on the edge of the escarpment which drops to the wide valley of the Guaso Nyiro. At Nanyuki you can have a drink at the bar of an hotel with your glass and yourself on opposite sides of the equator.

Beyond the escarpment is the Northern Frontier Province, stretching away to Abyssinia, where game is plentiful and water scarce, and experienced companionship is needed before you venture. Here the tribes are mainly of Somali stock, and quite different from the negroid Kikuyu south of them, or the Wakamba and Kavirondo seen in Central Kenya, who again differ from the warlike Masai of the country to the south-west of Nairobi. In the Northern Frontier Province acacia thorn and dom palm replace the green forest of the country round Nyeri, and the sand and gravel of the desert are not as restful to the eye as are the rolling grassy downs of the highlands.

By far the cheapest way to see Kenya is to stay with settlers as a paying guest, or go on safari; it is frequently possible to combine the two. There are many settlers all over the colony who take in paying guests at an average of 3 guineas a week, and as often as not the weekly fee includes trout fishing or shooting, perhaps both; while the settler will easily recommend someone who will take the visitor on safari on really moderate terms, or will even do it himself.

In this way the visitor will be able to see something of how the other half lives in a new country, and to discount impressions, received from books and newspapers, of a country seemingly mainly populated by the ought-to-be-married and rich idlers. He will realise that nine-tenths of the settlers work as hard as, or harder than, any farmer at home, and that droughts and cattle diseases give the settler more reason to grouse than the said farmer. Years of drought and slumps have almost ruined many settlers in Kenya, yet the visitor will find no lack of hospitality.



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The hills soaring faintly in the extreme distance mark the far side of the valley, while the large peak is the crest of Mt. Longonot, an extinct volcano. The photo was taken at a height of about 7,500ft.—2,000ft. above the valley

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE SALOON BAR AT THE WHITE HART, BRAINTREE

YEARS ago, when beer was a man's drink and "gin-and-its" were never heard of, the White Hart was built at Braintree in Essex. It stands at the junction of two Roman roads along which men have been travelling for over two thousand years. Actually the inn is "modern" compared with the roads, though the bulk of the building is something like four hundred years old.

If you will study the Report of the Commission on Historic Monuments in Essex you will find in it it is suggested that the White Hart was probably of L-shaped plan, with wings extending to the south and east, and that in the eighteenth century an east wing was added at the south end. Possibly this was a rebuilding of an earlier wing, for undoubtedly the main part of the building is of Tudor construction, and in its roof, states the Report, is a cambered tie beam and king post with two carved struts.

There are, of course, many old inns in Essex, but I do not think there are any which seem such a delightful jumble of four centuries. Quite recently the owners, Trust Houses, Ltd., restored part of the building and exposed some grand timber work that Essex craftsmen set in place in Henry VIII's or Elizabeth's time. You can see this in the lounge—in wall and ceiling—and also in the saloon bar, especially the portion of the room nearest the entrance. Here the ceiling beams are moulded, as befitted the principal public room of an early inn. Probably the bar, like the lounge, was originally divided into two rooms, though their conversion into two long rooms has added to their convenience and comfort.

Although there are other traces of this timber work in the White Hart, the character of the inn is more of the spacious days of the Georges than of the Tudor era. Obviously, the White Hart underwent a most elaborate modernisation towards the close of the eighteenth century, and again when the place was busy with the coaching and post-chaise traffic.

They were good days. Horses' hooves were for ever clattering on the cobbles outside the inn. First, perhaps, the Colchester "Express," and then the regular coaches from Norwich, Diss, Bury and Sudbury. They were the days which Rowlandson, Pollard and Alken loved to depict on canvas. These artists have caught all the beauty of the gaily painted coaches, the high-stepping blacks, greys and piebalds, the little knot of ostlers and spectators who regularly gathered to watch or assist at the arrival of any form of vehicle, and they have left for this twentieth-century world of ours scenes of a quieter though not necessarily better past.

Some uncommon survivals of the old days are to be seen at the entrance of the White Hart to-day. In the entrance archway heavy gates still hang, while behind that on the left is the door to what was once the little chamber occupied by the inn's night porter. Beyond the arch you enter the old inn yard, a delightful place of tiled and gabled roofs and white-washed walls.

And perhaps you will agree with me that, though the inn has been altered considerably throughout the centuries, it has remained little changed in character.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries from readers concerning hotels.



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(Continued on page lxxii)

BRIDGE

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

Bad Bids which Sometimes Succeed

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

IT is no part of my purpose, nor indeed would it be wise, to advise you to embark upon foolish contracts. I have, in these columns, to be more or less serious. But sometimes it is pleasant to relax. Let us call it the "after-dinner spirit" when everything looks rosecate. We are playing for negligible stakes, and we do not care very much what happens so long as we get our full measure of enjoyment. It may not be Bridge at its best, but it is Bridge at its brightest. Each side is out to "down" the other, and whichever succeeds there will be a laugh over it. We are up to pranks all the time.

Recently I was asked whether I could give an example of a slam made against a side holding all four Aces. By a strange coincidence I received from a correspondent in York the following hand, which he states was played "amongst friends" in the light-hearted fashion to which I have referred.

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

Score game all. Z the dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Hearts	Three Spades	Four Hearts
Four Spades	Five Hearts	Five Spades	Six Hearts
Six Spades	Double	Re-double	No bid
No bid	No bid		

The bidding was, of course, rather crazy. Z's initial bid of One Spade when vulnerable cannot be justified. If he opened at all One Club is better. Yet, having once started, he would not stop and proceeded to a little slam, which A doubled and Y re-doubled. The re-double was a mistake, as it might have driven B into the grand slam in Hearts, which in fact they can make as Y's Knave of Hearts could be caught. But Y credited Z naturally with greater strength than he possessed and could not know that he had made such a poor opening bid.

The amazing part, however, is that Z actually made his contract.

This was the play: A opened with the King of Hearts. Z trumped and led his 9 of Clubs! A, thinking that B must be able to beat the 9, played the 2 of Clubs. Z continued the suit. Ruffing A's Ace of Clubs in Dummy he played a Heart and trumped. Then three Club winners enabled him to discard Y's losing Diamonds, and all Z lost was a trick in Spades.

Tableau!

And, it is recorded, they all laughed heartily.

It is obvious that A should not have been fooled by the lead of the 9 of Clubs and that there was no object in him passing it, since if B held the King and others the play of the Ace would do no harm. That is true enough, but A hoped that B would win the Club trick and return a Diamond, and he expected a big thing.

The second example is a freak:

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

Score game all. A the dealer. The bidding was:

A	Y	B	Z
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Hearts	Four Diamonds
Four Hearts	No bid	No bid	Five Diamonds
Double	No bid	No bid	No bid

As an attempt to save the game Z's bidding may or may not be applauded. After A had opened with Two No Trumps it is doubtful whether many players in Z's position would have considered the apparently sacrificial bid of Five Diamonds worth while. It might be too expensive.

You can imagine with what glee A doubled it, as it seemed to be an impossible contract and better than A venturing Five Hearts with both sides vulnerable. Yet, as you will see, Z made his contract, losing only a trick in Diamonds and in Clubs.

Is there any moral?

I cannot think there is, except that distribution may defeat the most promising array of high cards.

CHESS

BRILLIANT PLAY

The following game, played in the tournament at Kemeri last year, shows some brilliant play by the Dutch master, S. Landau.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Landau.	BLACK. Feigin.	WHITE. Landau.	BLACK. Feigin.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. R to R 3 (g)	P to K R 4 (h)
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	17. P takes P, e.p.	B takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	18. P takes P	K P takes P (i)
4. P to K 3	P to K 3 (a)	19. Q to Q B 2	P to K R 5 (j)
5. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	20. B to B 5 (k)	R to R sq
6. B to Q 3	B to K 2 (b)	21. Kt takes P	R takes Kt
7. Castles	Castles	22. B takes R (l)	R takes R, ch (m)
8. P to Q Kt 3 (c)	P to Q Kt 3	23. Q takes R	Q to B 2 (n)
9. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	24. R takes P (o)	R to B sq
10. Q to K 2	R to B sq	25. B takes B	P takes R (p)
11. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 2	26. Q to Kt 4, ch	K to R 2 (q)
12. Kt to K 5	Kt takes Kt (d)	27. B to Q 4 (r)	Q to Kt sq
13. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2 (e)	28. R to R 5, ch	Kt to Kt 3
14. P to B 4	K B to Q sq (f)	29. P to K R 4	P to B 4
15. R to B 3	Kt to B sq	30. B to K 5	Resigns (s)

(a) In our opinion B to B 4 is the best move here. If, in reply, P takes P, then P takes P.

(b) The Meran Variation (6. . . . P takes P; 7. B takes B P, P to Q Kt 4, &c.) is at present under a cloud. The text-move, however, is hardly satisfactory. Black gets a very cramped game.

(c) This quiet system of development gives White more chances than are afforded by an advance in the centre by 8. P to K 4.

(d) There appears to be nothing better. If, instead, K R to Q sq, then P to B 4.

(e) Not 13. . . . Q takes P because of 14. Kt takes P, Q to Q 3; 15. Kt takes Kt, ch and wins, for if 15. . . . B takes Kt, then 16. B takes P, ch, winning the Queen.

(f) Kmoch has pointed out in *Die Schachwelt* that 14. . . . Kt to B 4; 15. B to Kt sq, P takes P; 16. P takes P, Q R to Q sq is better.

(g) Threatening 17. B takes P, ch, Kt takes B; 18. Q to R 5 and wins.

(h) If P to Kt 3, then P to K Kt 4, threatening P to K B 5.

(i) If 18. . . . B P takes P, then 19. Kt to Kt 5, Q to K 2 (not 19. . . . Q to Kt sq because of 20. B takes B, P takes B; 21. Q to Kt 4, ch; 20. B takes B, Q takes B; 21. Kt takes P.

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

(k) A necessary preliminary to his next move. Black is now forced to move his Queen's Rook and so leave his Queen unguarded, for if, instead, 20. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 21. B to K 6, ch, K to R sq (if 21. . . . K to B sq, then 22. Q to Kt 6, K to K 2; 23. Q to B 7, ch, K to Q 3; 24. Kt to K 4, mate); 22. Q to Kt 6 (threatening R takes P, ch followed by Q takes P, mate), Kt to B 4 (if Kt to B sq, then R takes P, th and mate next move); 24. Kt to Kt 5 and wins, for if either 23. . . . P takes Kt or 23. . . . Q to K 2, then 24. R takes P, ch and mate in two more moves.

(l) Not R takes R because of B takes R.

(m) Analysis after the game showed that 22. . . . B takes B would have given Black some drawing chances, e.g., 23. Q takes R, B to B sq; 24. Q to K 5, Q takes Q; 25. B takes Q, B takes K; 26. P takes R, K to B 2.

(n) If 23. . . . P takes R, then 24. R to Kt 3, rh, K to R sq (if 24. . . . K to B 2, then 25. Q to R 5, ch, K to B 2; 26. R to Kt 7, ch, K to Q 3; 27. B takes Q, K takes R; 28. Q to B 7, ch and wins. If, instead, Q to Kt 2, then R takes Q, ch, followed by Q to Q 6 and wins); 25. Q to R 5, Kt to R 2; 26. Q takes P (threatening B takes Kt), R to K Kt sq; 27. R to R 3, K to Kt 2; 28. Q takes P and wins.

(o) A beautiful move. If now 24. . . . P takes R, then 25. Q to Kt 4, ch, Kt to Kt 3; 26. B to K 6 and wins, or if, instead, 24. . . . P takes B, then 25. Q to Kt 4, ch, Q to Kt 2; 26. B to K 6, ch, Kt takes B; 27. Q takes Kt, ch (stronger than R to Kt 6), Q to B 2; 28. B to R 8, ch and wins, for if 28. . . . K to Kt 2, then 29. B to R 7, ch.

(p) If 25. . . . R takes B, then 26. B to K 5 (if Q to Kt 4, then Q to Q 2), followed, if 26. . . . P takes R, by 27. Q to Kt 4, ch and 28. Q takes R. If instead of 25. . . . R takes B) 25. . . . P takes B, then 26. B to R 5, threatening 27. Q to Kt 4, ch.

(q) If Kt to Kt 3, then B to K 6 and wins. If, instead, 26. . . . Q to Kt 3, then 27. B to K 6, ch, K to R 2; 28. B to B 5 and wins.

(r) 27. B to B 5, ch is better, e.g., 27. . . . Kt to Kt 3; 28. B to K 5, R to K B sq; 29. R to K 4 and Black has no answer to the threat of P to K R 4 followed by P to R 5. After the text-move Black could prolong the game by playing R takes B.

(s) He is helpless against the threat of P to R 5.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, played in a tournament at Prague last January, shows a strong attack by the Czechoslovakian veteran, Dr. Treybal.

(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. K. Treybal.	BLACK. J. Petkevic.	WHITE. Dr. K. Treybal.	BLACK. J. Petkevic.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 3	14. P takes P	B takes P
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. Q to K 2	Castles (K R) (g)
3. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P	16. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3	17. Q to K 4	P to B 4
5. Kt to Kt 3 (a)	P to K 3	18. Q to R 4 (h)	B to K 2
6. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	19. Kt to Kt 5	B takes Kt
7. B to Kt 5	P takes P (b)	20. Q takes B, ch	K to R sq
8. Q takes P	Q to R 4, ch (c)	21. Q to R 6, ch	K to Kt sq
9. P to B 3 (d)	Kt to B 3	22. K R to K sq (i)	Q to Q sq
10. Q to Q 2	B to K 2	23. Q to R 6	K to R sq (j)
11. B to Q B 4	P to Kt 4 (e)	24. B takes P (k)	P takes B
12. B to Q 3	B to Kt 2	25. Kt takes P	R to K Kt
13. Castles (K R)	P to Kt 5 (f)	26. B to K 8 (l)	Resigns.

(a) The late Dr. Tartasch recommended the gambit move, 5. B to Q 3.

(b) A premature exchange. Either Kt to B 3 or B to K 2 is preferable.

(c) After 8. . . . Q takes Q; 9. Kt takes Q White would have a big advantage in development.

(d) If B to Q 7, then Q to Q 4. After the text-move Black cannot play Q to Q 4 because of B takes Kt, which wins a pawn.

(e) 11. . . . Castles is safer.

(f) Premature. He should, instead, play Castles (K R).

(g) Not good, as Black's two Bishops prove to be insufficient compensation for his damaged pawn-position on the King's side. He should, instead, play B to K 2.

(h) Threatening Kt to Kt 5. If now P to B 3, then Kt to R 5 threatening either Kt takes P, ch or Q to Kt 3, ch.

(i) Preventing Q to K 4, and threatening Kt to R 5. If at once 22. Kt to R 5, then 22. . . . Q to K 4; 23. Q to Kt 5, ch, K to R sq; 24. Kt to B 6, R to K Kt sq; 25. Kt takes R, R takes Kt, and Black gets an attack as compensation for the exchange.

(j) Not 23. . . . Q takes B because of 24. Kt to R 5, Q to Q 5; 25. Kt to B 6, ch, winning the Queen.

(k) A strong move.

(l) A neat finish. Black has no defence against the threat of Q to Kt 7, mate. If Q takes R, then Q to B 6, ch, and mate next move. If, instead, 26. . . . Q to Kt 4, then 27. Q takes Q, Q R takes R; 28. Q to B 6, ch, and mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 3967

By S. M. BIRNOW.*

WHITE (11 pieces): King at Q B 3, Queen at K B 4, Rook at K Kt 8, Bishops at Q R sq and Q 7, Knights at Q Kt 6 and Q B 8, Pawns at K R 2, Q R 2, Q Kt 3 and K Kt 6.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K B 3, Rook at K R 4, Bishop at K B 4, Knights at Q R 3 and K B 8, Pawns at K R 3, Q B 3, Q Kt 4, Q R 6 and K R 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First Hon. Men., *British Chess Magazine*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3966

1. Q to K B sq, B to B 7 (if 1. . . . B to B 2 or B 5, then 2. Q takes B, &c. If 1. . . . B to K B 7, then 2. Q takes B P, &c.); 2. Q to R sq, B to K 5; 3. Q to R sq, mate.

TOURNAMENT AT NOORDWYK.—The leading scores at the end of the eighth—and penultimate—round of this tournament were as follows: Euwe and Keres each 6 points, Fine 5, and Dr. Euwe 4½. Euwe and Dr. Euwe each had an adjourned game.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 470

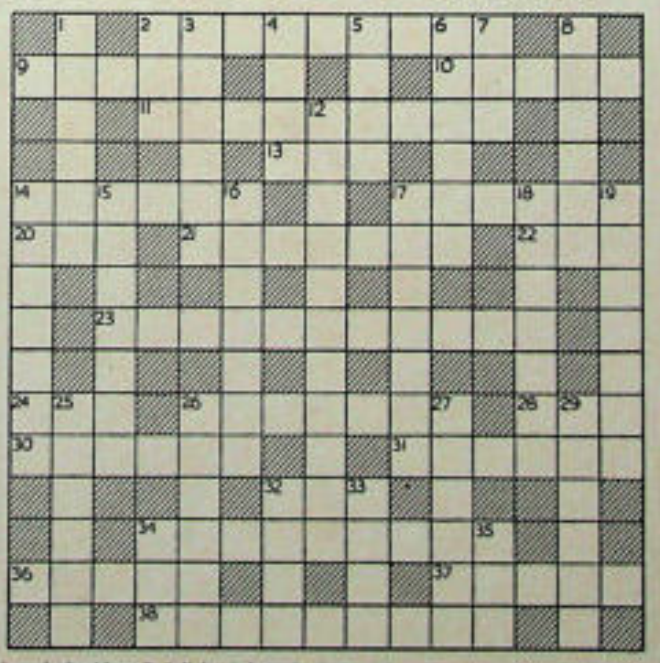
ACROSS.—2, Only uninteresting letters are addressed to these. 9, Ancient Scottish straw. 10, "Got the ill name of —— because they were lones" (Lowell). 11, A puzzling journalist. 12, A Japanese copper. 14, Presumably a classy sort of peasant. 17, It might, or it might not, be a handsome marriage with this. 20, There was one to a Grecian urn. 21, Consider this clue sideways. 22, "Life is not an idle ——, But iron dug from central gloom" (Tennyson). 23, A doubting Thomas certainly is. 24, Most people know the ins and outs of this place. 26, Do these get crabby? 28, Is not indigenous to the Isle of Man, though tailless. 30, Rubbish in the kennels. 31, Begins street arts. 32, A force inherent in a Roman bird. 34, Crowfoot and buttercup. 36, You can't add one to yourself. 37, You will find this in art. 38, Foolish with money though it sounds the opposite.

DOWN.—1, Let down from the sty. 2, An elf's child. 3, Genuine grain—especially towards the end. 4, Consonant with this is poetic. 5, I sprinted in Persia. 6, A well-known brand of pride. 7, Solicitor's breach of promise. 8, An elastic game of bridge. 12, Artful work inherited from the Continent. 14, A brush for the botanist. 15, "Time, that on all things lays his —— hand" (Pope). 16, There's hair and also hare embodied in this dog. 17, Let's bat (anag.). 18, The star turn of the stage. 19, Male experts with threats. 25, You deserve a halo if you get this one. 26, Lady president of the Grecian Magic Circle. 27, Steamship with a doubled list. 29, A drooping with the eyelids—but not in sheep. 32, To wound in the College of Arms. 33, A boat not likely to be seen at Cowes although it sounds as if it might be. 34, The splitting of one's everlasting peace. 35, Try and be outraged over this one.

SOLUTION TO No. 469

Published June 18th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

All questions are answered through the post, and a selection of those of general interest is published on this page.

Angling

Sudden Death of Perch.—On examining the perch you sent there fell from the gill-chamber of each of these fish a small rounded body like a partly shrivelled egg or the cocoon of some insect. Of course, it is possible that this may have been just a queer coincidence, but it is equally possible that the fish may have been attacked by some larva of a water beetle. We have seen fish in the open behave in the manner you describe when attacked by such larvæ, but have never seen this happen in an aquarium. It is not likely that there would be enough chlorine put into the mains to affect the fish, as in modern plants the amount is controlled by an automatic device.—*G. W., Sussex.*

Weed from a Scottish Loch.—The weed you sent is known by the common name of horsetails and by the scientific name of *Equisetum palustre*. It is fairly common in the lochs of Scotland, especially those which are not too acid, and can be introduced by taking a specimen from an area where it is common and planting near the edge of the water where it is desired it should grow.—*R. C. P., Scotland.*

Cricket

Most Hundreds in a Season.—We hope the following quotation from Wisden's will answer your question. "In 1925, when aged 42, Hobbs (J. B.) played sixteen three-figure innings in first-class matches—104, 109, 120, 129, 189, 107, 104 and 143 not out, 111, 215, 140, 105, 101 and 101 not out, 266 not out, 106. Twice he obtained two separate hundreds in a match and he also made four centuries in succession. His 266 not out ranks as the record for either side in Gentlemen v. Players matches. It was during this season that he exceeded the number of hundreds obtained in first-class cricket by W. G. Grace.

"In 1932, Sutcliffe (H.) made fourteen scores of 100 and more in first-class cricket in England, namely, 313, 270, 194, 182, 153 not out, 136, 135, 132, 122, 112, 110 not out, 109, 105 and 104 not out. Twelve of these innings were played for Yorkshire—and six between August 1st and August 29th. He made 110 not out for North v. South and 105 for H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's XI v. India.

"Thirteen three-figure innings in a season in first-class cricket have been obtained by: C. B. Fry, in 1901; Hammond (W. R.), in 1933 and 1937; Hayward (T.), in 1900; Hendren (E.), in 1923, 1927 and 1928; Mead (C. P.), in 1928; and Sutcliffe (H.), in 1928 and 1931.

"In 1913, C. H. Titchmarsh, the Hertfordshire amateur, scored 21 centuries—a number quite unapproached. During the season he made 4,016 runs with an average of 62.75."—*W. D., Winchester.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Disease in Partridges.—Our nine most recent post-mortem examinations of partridges revealed a variety of diseases. There were four cases due to thread-worm infection of the bowels, of which two were trichostrongylosis and two were the less common though more rapidly fatal infection known as capillariasis. One hen died of coccidiosis and a "Frenchman" died of the allied disease known as enterohepatitis; both birds died in the nest. The seventh bird had been caught by a dog; it was in a weakened state and its flight was impeded by a large abscess of the breast, the result of infection of a deep shot wound. Pneumonia caused the death of another bird, and the ninth case was one of the acute contagious germ infection known as pox. We were particularly interested in this last case because the observant keeper stated in his letter that he had noticed similar lesions on a woodpigeon. We requested him to send us the next woodpigeon shot on the estate which showed any signs suggestive of pox. About a week later we received a woodpigeon with pox lesions on the head and feet which the keeper had shot. The presence of pox-infected partridges and woodpigeons on the same estate is an interesting coincidence. It would not do to read too much into these facts, since poultry and the smaller wild birds are equally susceptible to pox and may have been the source of the infection. However, we have been carefully recording the movements during the past three years of immigrant woodpigeons, particularly of those flocks from which cases of pox have been received at this office. Pinxed pigeons newly arrived in the south-eastern counties have been examined, and during the following two months of December and January we have received cases of pox from sites along the pigeons' northerly lines of flight through England. Whether and to what extent these immigrants are responsible for subsequent outbreaks of pox among other species of birds and our resident woodpigeon are questions requiring much additional study. We must not lose sight of the fact that outbreaks of pox among our native birds (pheasants, partridges) and particularly among poultry (fowls) are recorded at all times of the year, so that it is reasonable to assume that pox is endemic in this country. Thus the most careful observation and recording are necessary in order to determine whether any given outbreak is imported or of home production. Towards the solution of this problem we invite the help of our readers in sending with their specimens for examination every particle of their observations, however trivial they may appear. One observation should always be attempted when pox is suspected, viz., endeavour to exclude any outbreak of pox among domesticated poultry or pigeons in the immediate vicinity. By February probably the bulk of the immigrant woodpigeons will have gone north, but they may have left pox behind among some of the resident pigeons. Thus keep a sharp watch from next December on into early summer.—*Q. E. B., Norfolk; A. M., Herts; A. M., Hants; J., Berks; S. P., Suffolk; L. F. R., Essex; W. C. W., Suffolk; D. V. R., Hants.*

Diseases of Aviary Birds.—The following diseases were found in specimens received from fourteen different aviculturists. Ten deaths were due to the effects of chill, and coincided with such dangerous climatic changes as a ground frost overnight following a warm day, or a change of wind into the north or east. The ten cases comprised an Indian shama, a canary, a Pekin robin, and seven budgerigars. The susceptibility to chill is increased for hens during the laying period, also by bullying which results in the victim being deprived of adequate nutrition. An unmated cock or hen is frequently mobbed during the breeding season; commonly we find such birds also show evidence of old age, so that in this respect natural failure of the bird's vitality increases the susceptibility to chill. The eleventh case, a hen budgerigar, which died of egg-binding, might also be included among the former cases since the impaction of the egg was due to cramp of the egg-duct, which usually results from chilling of the bird during the few hours preceding the attempt to lay. A painted finch died of starvation, its body was very emaciated; but the cause was not found; no contagious disease was present. Two other samples, comprising five budgerigars in all, illustrated the penalty of neglect in general cleanliness of the aviaries. These budgerigars died of loss of blood through the attack of red mites. These minute insects, which will parasitise any species of bird, reside during daylight in crevices of perch sockets or the aviary walls, in nest boxes and under the latter; at night they hunt the roosting or sitting birds, which they attack usually on or near the head. The mites suck the bird's blood and when satisfied make their way back to their dark crevices, where they reproduce rapidly during the spring and summer months. Thus an improperly or inadequately cleaned aviary or fowl house may very soon become a danger to the life of the birds. To combat red mite infestation, all litter and nest box material should be burned; the entire interior should be singed with the flame of a blow lamp, particular care being taken to direct the flame into cracks and crevices. The singed walls and fittings should be scraped and thoroughly scrubbed with hot soda water and soft soap, to each bucketful of which a cupful of paraffin is added. Nest boxes should be scrubbed out and, when dry, should be wrapped in clean paper and stored at the end of each season ready for the next breeding season; they should not be left throughout the winter as a permanent fixture of the aviary. Aviculturists would be well advised to study Lord Tavistock's book on parrots, in which one of our most experienced breeders gives so much sound advice on the hygiene of aviaries. The great majority of our correspondents appear to prefer the fixed as against the movable aviary. A fixed aviary must permit of regular weekly cleaning out; consequently, all materials used in its construction, including the floor, should be carefully chosen so that a thorough scrubbing at regular intervals can be done with the least difficulty; purely decorative fittings should be eliminated. Impervious flooring is better than wood, grass or turned earth. Grass and plants can be introduced in tubs or trays and thus permits of regular change of earth and cleaning of the woodwork.—*E. B. H., Devon; G. W. J., Anglesey; B. C., Essex; N. M. P., Glos; H. M., Bucks; E. N., Westmorland; C. T. L., Kings County; O. W. P., Stranraer; H. S. P., Dorset; A., York; M. S. D., Derby; J. T., Worcestershire; D. W., Westmorland.*

Stable

The Legs of a Foal.—The legs of a foal grow as in the case of every other animal, and there is nothing in the legend that they do not.—*M. J. M.*

Travel

Where to Stay.—One of the best hotels near Doncaster is the Markham Moor Inn, which is about 140 miles from London and only fifteen from Newark. It is claimed locally that Dick Turpin rode through the then existing inn on his last desperate gallop from London to York. If you do not mind being on the main road itself you would like Ye Olde Bell Hotel at Barnby Moor, something like 150 miles from London and fifteen from Doncaster. The inn has a great reputation for comfort and good food, and has been greatly enlarged, as the motor traffic on the Great North Road has increased. One of the nicest hotels at Windermere, in the Lake District, is the Langdale Chase, which is situated on a small hill overlooking the lake. Then there is also the Wild Boar Hotel, near Bowness, which is also situated near Lake Windermere. If you do not mind going a little farther into the Lake District itself we would recommend the Waterhead Hotel at Coniston. It is situated, as its name suggests, at the top of the lake of that name (Coniston), and has the additional attraction of very beautiful gardens. Still farther from Windermere are the Prince of Wales' Lake Hotel, on Grasmere; the Lodore Hotel, near Keswick; the Borrowdale Hotel, near Keswick; and the Keswick Hotel, at Keswick.—*H. J. M., Camberley.*

Turf

Skedaddle.—No such horse has ever won or even run in the Grand National. The following names may help you: Schiedam, owned by Lord Eglinton and ridden by Mr. J. M. Richardson, got round without a fall in 1872. Miss Balscadden fell in 1927 when owned and ridden by Mr. D. Thomas, and completed the course (I think) in 1929 when owned by Sir David Llewellyn and ridden by G. Bowden. Nor does the name of the alleged owner, Mr. Child, give us much help, as the only Child, Childe or Childs who have ever been connected with the race as owners or riders are as follows: 1839, Captain Childe owned Conrad, which was ridden by Captain Becher, and fell; 1880, Childs rode Sleight of Hand, owned by Mr. C. Howard, which refused; 1881, Childs rode Buridan, owned by Mr. A. Yates, which refused; 1884, J. Childs rode Roquefort, owned by Captain Fisher, placed third; 1885, J. Childs rode Albert Cecil, owned by Mr. R. Sheriffe, which was sixth; 1886, Captain Child owned Conscript, ridden by H. Escott, fell; 1887, Childs rode Johnny Longtail, owned by Lord Wolverton, which was placed third; 1889, Captain Childe owned Merry Maiden, ridden by Captain Lee-Barber, refused.—*E. H. W., Stoke Poges.*

COUNTRYMAN'S QUERIES

(Answers to questions on page 1629)

1.—(a) Mr. Sponge's unwilling host, who cut walking sticks; (b) A contemporary of Nimrod, mentioned in his account of a run with the Quorn, who is described as firmly asserting that he meant to keep out of the Whissendine; (c) A bullfinch fence to Whyte-Melville.

2.—In the White Knight's year (1907). White Knight dead-heated with Ida who was disqualified for bumping and boring.

3.—The dun stage of the ephemeridæ is the subimago or imperfect form of insect. The spinner is the perfect insect, which, unlike the dun, can reproduce its species.

4.—Charles St. John in 1833.

5.—Twelve. The Noctule, Leisler's Bat, the Great Horseshoe, the Lesser Horseshoe, the Serotine, Bechstein's Bat, Natterer's Bat, Daubenton's Bat, the Whiskered, the Barbastelle, the Pipistrelle, and the Long-Eared.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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The Editor of the *Field* invites articles on all topics which may be of interest to sportsmen, sportswomen, lovers of the open air, farmers and naturalists throughout the world. Articles should be typewritten; stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability should be enclosed; and the name and address of the contributor should be typed at the head of the first page of the manuscript.

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Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible. Illustrations with letters will be inserted if suitable.

Small classified advertisements should reach this office not later than first post Tuesday to ensure inclusion in the current issue. The *Field* is the supreme organ for all advertisements relative to country life and sport, situations vacant and wanted, farm hands, gardeners, gamekeepers, stable employees and yacht hands, grooms, chauffeurs, horses and dogs, secondhand motor cars, guns, fishings, etc.

The *Field* will not accept advertisements for Live Grouse (wanted or for sale), English Partridges (wanted or for sale), Grouse or Partridge Eggs (wanted or for sale), all other kinds of live game wanted—*e.g.*, Hares.

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4.

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